

Reki's Revulsion of Rejection

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/42743850) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/42743850>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	SK8 the Infinity (Anime)
Relationship:	Hasegawa Langa/Kyan Reki
Characters:	Kyan Reki , Hasegawa Langa , Chinen Miya , Nanjo Kojiro Joe , Sakurayashiki Kaoru Cherry Blossom , Higa Hiromi Shadow
Additional Tags:	Slice of Life , Fluff , Light Angst , Post-Canon , Romance , Friendship , Hanging Out , Light-Hearted , Happy Ending , Mental Health Issues , Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder , Rejection Sensitive Dysphoria , Kyan Reki Has ADHD , Kyan Reki Has Anxiety , Insecure Kyan Reki , Hasegawa Langa In Love , Kyan Reki Loves Hasegawa Langa , Chinen Miya Being a Little Shit , Parental Nanjo Kojiro Joe , Horny Hasegawa Langa , POV Kyan Reki , Worried Hasegawa Langa , Supportive Hasegawa Langa , Supportive Nanjo Kojiro Joe , Other Additional Tags to Be Added , Eventual Smut , Smut , Hand Jobs , Anal Fingering , Blow Jobs , First Time , Top Hasegawa Langa/Bottom Kyan Reki , Anal Sex , Kissing , Neck Kissing
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-10-30 Completed: 2022-11-05 Words: 5,750 Chapters: 6/6

Reki's Revulsion of Rejection

by [triciajoy_\(orphan_account\)](#)

Summary

Reki has Rejection Sensitive Dysphoria because of his ADHD. It's interfering with his life and his relationship with Langa. He wants to work on his problems and be able to confess to Langa before the end of winter break. He gets some help from Joe and an unnamed therapist. Meanwhile, Langa wants to plan a beach trip with all their friends over winter break.

Realizations

“Oh, um, the beach?” Reki asked uncertainly. He and Langa were up on the roof for lunch on the last day of their second semester.

“Yeah... I want to go to the beach with you and our friends for winter vacation. Is that... dumb?” Langa asked sheepishly.

“No, no, it’s not dumb. We can totally plan a trip. Your birthday is winter vacation, too, right?” Reki smiled brightly.

Langa shook his head, “It’s actually the day school starts again.”

“Oh, well, we can celebrate early. If that’s okay.”

Langa gave a small smile, “Yeah, that’s nice. Thanks, Reki.”

“I can’t believe we only have one semester left of our second year.” Reki said absently.

Langa nodded and started eating his sandwich again.

A beach trip with Langa... Oh God, last time I didn’t realize how I felt, this time though... I just can’t stop imagining Langa shirtless in the bright sun, water glistening on him—

“Reki?” Langa said, touching Reki’s shoulder.

“Uh, yeah?”

“It’s about time to go back. You should hurry up and eat.”

“Oh, right. Thanks, Langa.”

Reki wasn’t sure how he hadn’t noticed from the start he had feelings for Langa. Looking back, he cringed at his awkward flirting attempts and obvious admiration of him.

He maybe would have been in denial forever, until he was talking to Miya at the skatepark one day about a strange dream he had.

He thought little about the dream, just that it was weird and funny and he thought Miya would get a laugh. Instead, Miya put on the third degree.

“Wait, you were the princess and Langa was the prince?” Miya raised his eyebrow.

“Yeah?”

“And you were going to get married, until Adam kidnapped Langa?”

“... Yeah?”

“So, you want to marry Langa?”

“What? No, it was just a weird dream. It didn’t mean anything.”

“Dude, it’s so obvious you like Langa. You have a big, gay crush on him.”

“I do not, it was just a nonsensical dream. Dreams don’t actually mean anything, Miya.”

“Then go tell Langa about it.”

“No, that’d be embarrassing...”

“Then it *did* mean something.”

“No, it’s— it’s just a dream, Miya.” Reki huffed and got back on his skateboard and skated away.

He regretted telling Miya about his dream and being judged for it. He’d have to be more careful about what he shared with him.

“Stupid Miya.” Reki mumbled to himself. But the accusation stuck in his head and he couldn’t stop thinking about it.

Do I like Langa? Like him as more than a friend?

So, when he, Miya, and Langa went to *Sia la Luce* after skating to see Cherry and Joe, he was a little out of it.

Joe caught Reki in the bathroom and stopped him.

“What’s up, sport?”

“What do you mean?” Reki asked innocently.

“You’ve been spaced out all night. It’s not like you. Langa, yeah, but not you.”

“Oh... I guess I’ve been thinking about something Miya said...”

“Tell me about it.”

Reki hesitated. He didn’t want another person to think he was weird for his dreams. But he was also desperate for advice, and Joe had always been someone he could trust.

So Reki told him about the dream and conversation with Miya.

“How do you know if you have feelings for someone? ...How did you know you liked Kaoru?” Asked Reki, with an anguished tone.

Joe sputtered slightly at the casual reference to his unrequited love, but quickly played it off. “W- Well, uh... you can tell by just listening to your heart. As corny as it sounds, that’s the only way. Think about how you feel around Langa versus when you’re not around him. What’s the difference?”

“Hmm. Okay, I’ll think about it.”

“However you feel *with* Langa, that will help show you *how* you feel about him.”

All of that had happened three weeks ago, and now it had become abundantly obvious to Reki that when he was with Langa, he was on Cloud 9. Full of happiness and excitement. No matter what stupid thing they were doing. Without Langa, he just felt normal. Nothing exciting or exhilarating. Not *bad*, just neutral. He would often be counting the seconds until he could be with Langa again.

Then he started having the urge to be close to Langa, hug him, kiss him. He kept it to just casual hugging— at least, Reki hoped it seemed casual. But the desire for more and more contact never went away. Sometimes, it was agonizing.

Then, of course, as these feelings grew more into his awareness, he started thinking about Langa when he was alone, late at night. How beautiful, how *hot* he was. How good it would feel to feel his body against him. How good it would feel to be *with* him. He’d feel immense guilt afterwards, but couldn’t make himself stop.

He was getting obsessive— every waking moment he thought about Langa to some degree. Langa was slowly replacing his skateboarding obsession. When he used to sketch designs for skateboards in class, now he was sketching little pictures of Langa. Often skateboarding, but still.

Reki was humiliated earlier that day in another class when a classmate caught him sketching Langa.

“You’re drawing Hasegawa-kun?” She giggled.

“Uh, well, just because I need to practice drawing people. And I see him a lot, so...”

“Don’t be embarrassed. You guys are cute together. Us girls, well the ones that don’t want Langa for themselves, we all root for you.”

“What? What are you talking about?” Reki asked.

“Puh-lease. You know what I’m talking about. Anyway, class is starting. Later, Kyan-kun. Keep drawing your boyfriend!”

Oh God, the Fujioshi are shipping us. Reki put his head down on his desk. But... why does that make me kind of happy?! The validation? People rooting for me? I’m out of my mind...

Rain

Finally, their last day of the semester came to an end. They met up outside the shoe lockers and left school together.

“Do you want to come over today?” Langa asked, as they skated next to each other at a relaxed pace.

More than anything, your mom’s probably not home... Reki thought, but shook the thought from his head.

“Yeah, I do. But I need to do something first. So, I’ll meet you there later?”

Langa looked a little disappointed? For half a second. Then he gave his signature small smile and nodded, “That’s fine. Just text me when you’re coming.”

“Okay, I will.” Reki replied, pushing his board forward in front of Langa.

Langa caught up and it seemed he wanted to say something.

“What?” Reki asked.

“Uh. I was just wondering what you had to do. Just being nosy, though, don’t worry about it...”

“Oh, just some stuff at home, then... I need to go see Joe, real quick.”

Reki couldn’t bring himself to lie to Langa, so he’d just be vague.

Langa nodded, seeming satisfied with that information.

They reached their separate directions and did their dab goodbye.

“See you later?” Langa asked so sincerely it made Reki’s heart leap.

“Y-yeah. Later.” Reki smiled, then took off toward his house.

Sia la Luce was unfortunately busy. Well, unfortunate for Reki, but fortunate for Joe. Reki felt guilty for wishing it was always empty for him.

He finally managed to grab Joe and talk to him.

“Joe, real quick... I need help getting more muscular and hot in a couple weeks.”

“Ah, worried about the beach trip?”

“How... how do you already know about that?”

“Langa is really excited, he’s been texting everyone about it.”

“Langa is *texting*? He must be excited.”

“Yeah, but I’m busy, little bro, so I’ll call you tomorrow when I have some free time and we’ll discuss your love life then.”

“It’s not— ugh, okay. I’ll talk to you tomorrow.”

Joe rushed off back into the kitchen and more people came in. Reki slid his way through the crowd and out the doors.

He sent Langa a quick text and got on his skateboard to head to his apartment.

The sun was setting and the boys hadn’t accomplished much. But that was okay with Reki, he liked just spending time with Langa, no matter what it was.

Langa paused the skate video playing on his laptop that they were watching on his bed. “Bathroom,” he said and got up.

Reki hummed as he sat up and stretched.

Langa left the room and Reki flopped down on his bed. It smelled wonderfully of Langa, and Reki turned to bury his head into the pillow.

His imagination ran away from him, imagining Langa with him, pressed close and breathing hard. Maybe moaning his name.

“Langa...” Reki sighed.

“Yeah?”

Reki jolted up and saw Langa had entered the room and was almost to the bed.

“Oh, uh,” Reki stammered, “Um, I just was...”

Langa raised his eyebrow curiously. Not judgmental, just sincerely curious.

“I was going to ask... what you wanted to do now?” Reki managed to get out. Not a great lie, as it explained nothing of him being buried head first in Langa’s bed or him sighing his name.

But it seemed good enough for Langa.

“Oh... I’m hungry. Do you want to go out to eat?”

“Sure, where to?”

“Hmm... I’m tired of our usual spots. Let’s try somewhere new. There’s a new sushi place downtown...”

“Sure, that sounds nice.” Reki smiled as he got up from Langa’s bed.

They got ready and then opened the door– “*Shit*. It looks like rain.” Langa complained. He looked at Reki for what they should do.

“We’ll just bring umbrellas, it shouldn’t be too bad...”

By the time they were done at the restaurant, the drizzle had turned into a downpour. But it still wasn’t too bad to walk in. However, when they went out the front door, they found one of their umbrellas had been stolen.

“We can just share.” Langa shrugged.

“Just– just share?” Reki sputtered.

“Yeah, what’s the big deal?”

“It’s just... kind of...”

Langa stared at him. How was he not understanding?

“It’s... romantic, Langa.”

“Oh.” Langa sounded hurt for some reason. “Then I’ll just walk without one, it’s fine.”

Langa walked forward into the rain.

“Langa, wait, don’t just walk in the rain!”

“We don’t use umbrellas much in Canada, anyway.” Langa said with sass.

“No duh, it doesn’t rain as much in Canada!” Reki shouted.

Langa shrugged and walked forward, leaving Reki behind to struggle with opening up the umbrella. He got it open and chased Langa.

“Langa, get under the umbrella. You’re getting all wet. I don’t care how it looks. I just don’t want you to get sick.”

Langa stopped and turned to face Reki. “You don’t care how it looks anymore?”

Reki shook his head. “Not as much as I care about you not catching a cold.”

Langa’s small blush on his face was almost too slight to see, but Reki noticed. Then he noticed his wet, dripping hair and how the raindrops sat on his collarbone. *Damn*, Reki thought, *Langa looks really good wet*.

Langa ducked under the umbrella and Reki held it up higher, then they walked back to the apartment.

Reki wasn't sure what he had freaked out about. They were often this close together, anyway. They sat even closer when they watched skate videos.

Revelations

They got home, and Reki rushed to get Langa a towel. He dried off best he could, then went to his bedroom to change clothes.

Reki waited out in the living room, and decided to turn on the TV. Some crazy game show was on and Reki spaced out in front of it. His brain played his usual fantasies of being with Langa, and he drifted half asleep.

“Do you like these shows?” Langa asked, coming around and sitting next to Reki.

“Huh? Oh, uh, they’re fine. I was just daydreaming.”

“What about?”

“Huh?”

“What were you daydreaming about?”

Reki almost said ‘you,’ but saved himself. “My crush.”

Reki immediately woke up fully when he realized what he said.

Noo, that’s not any better! I didn’t save myself at all!

“Oh,” Langa’s eyes widened and he sat up straight in surprise.

“You admit to having a crush?”

Reki buried his head into his hoodie sleeves and groaned, “I, uh...” he said muffled.

“Reki, it’s okay. I do too.”

Reki looked up. “Really?”

“Yeah. A pretty long-standing one, now...”

“Why aren’t you together? You could get anyone you wanted...”

Langa scoffed. “What makes you think that?”

“Because you’re the beautiful, tall, effortlessly talented foreigner with a slightly dark past and a cute accent. The ultimate dream-boy.”

Langa turned his face away and played with his still-wet bangs. But Reki could still see that slight blush.

“It seems like you’ve thought about this...” Langa said quietly.

“Well... I guess I just noticed, since you’re my best friend. You, of course, have other qualities and flaws, but... All the girls at school are crazy about you. I know, I know, you don’t like them. But any guy, too... he’d be crazy over you too.”

Langa turned his head back and met Reki’s eyes. His slight blush had grown into a pink tint covering his cheeks and nose.

“Would you?” he whispered with a little shaking in his voice.

The question buzzed in the air like a hornet flying around them, biding its time before it stung. If Reki said yes, he basically confesses, if he says no... he’d be rejecting Langa.

Rejecting Langa? Does that mean... he confessed?

But it wasn’t really a confession, just a heavily loaded question. One that bites Reki either way, but keeps Langa completely safe.

“Sorry...” Langa looked down and rubbed his neck. “I shouldn’t have asked that. That’s an unfair question.”

“Yeah... it’s, uh, hard to answer.”

Langa looked back up, “Thank you, Reki.”

Then Langa smiled coyly, “I’m sure your crush will be crazy about you too. She will be very lucky. Or... *he?*”

“He,” Reki admitted.

“Oh? That’s... interesting. I thought you liked girls better.”

“Not necessarily.” Reki shrugged.

“Liking every gender... you must have so many options.”

Reki laughed, “It doesn’t make it any easier, trust me.”

Langa laid down on the sectional, head propped up by his elbows.

“When did you realize you were bi?” He asked.

“Oh... well, when I was just a kid, around 10... there was this actor in a movie that I thought was really hot. But he was a guy. I didn’t know what that meant about me at the time, so I guess I really realized in middle school when I stumbled upon a LGBTQ+ website and read about bisexuality for the first time.”

Langa listened and nodded.

“What about you?”

“Hmm... I was 12. I had my first crush, but it was on a boy. I didn’t have much of a filter or any embarrassment, so I told my parents about him and told them how much I liked him. I think I even said I wanted to marry him. They were surprised, but ultimately supportive, and told me that meant I was LGBTQ+”

“Wow, so you’ve just never cared what people think?” Reki said, with a little resentment.

“I guess not...”

There was an awkward silence as the question formed on Langa’s lips.

“Why... do you care so much, Reki?”

“What? What do you mean?”

“You didn’t want to share the umbrella because it might ‘look romantic,’ you don’t practice new tricks at ‘S’ because you might get them wrong and people will see, and you won’t—”

Langa stopped mid-sentence and held his breath.

“I won’t what?” Reki pressed.

“You won’t... tell your crush you love him. Because you’re afraid of rejection. And that means I can’t tell my crush, because I think you’ll be too afraid of what people think to accept...”

“Oh...” Reki looked down, embarrassed by how easy Langa had read him. He’d just been humoring him this entire time.

Then he realized, *Langa just said I’m his crush... Langa likes me. But... he won’t confess until I don’t care what people think?*

“Why does it always bother you so much, Reki?”

He remembered something he read in one of his books on ADHD his therapist had given him. It struck Reki as being very accurate to him. There wasn’t much on it research-wise, but internet forums had tons of other people with ADHD talking about it.

“I guess it’s the rejection sensitive dysphoria.” Reki sighed.

“Rejection sensitive... dysphoria?”

“It’s a symptom of my ADHD. Some people with ADHD are very sensitive to rejection... it has to do with our emotional dysregulation problems...”

“Oh, I’m sorry, Reki, I didn’t know.”

“It’s okay, why would you know?”

They looked away from each other, adjusting themselves on the couch. The silly game show played quietly in the background.

“I won’t... be upset about it, anymore. I didn’t know it was your neurodivergence. I’m sorry.”

“No, just because it’s a symptom doesn’t make it automatically okay. It’s still something I need to work on.”

“How are you going to work on it?” Langa frowned.

“I’ll do my cognitive behavioral therapy and work with my therapist.”

“What’s that going to do?”

“It will get me to the point where... I can tell *my crush* how I feel.”

“That’s great, Reki.” Langa smiled warmly.

“But how long am I going to wait?”

Reki paused and thought, “...Before the end of winter break.”

Routines

“Are you free?” Joe asked Reki over the phone.

“Yeah, I’m just skating home from Langa’s.”

“You want to come by my place? I’ll show you my workout routine.”

“Really?!” Stars filled Reki’s eyes, “Yes! Text me your address!”

Reki skated home to get some clothes, then to Joe’s. Joe answered, already dressed in his workout clothes and sweaty– having apparently started.

“Hey, little bro. Come in.”

Reki followed Joe in and took in the view. It was a nice apartment, big and luxurious. He had a huge kitchen and a whole room dedicated to working on his muscles.

“Now, you only have two weeks.” Joe started, crossing his arms.

“So, you’ll have to work really hard. Lucky for you– I know shortcuts.”

“Shortcuts?” Reki asked nervously.

“No, no... not like that. Sorry. I mean, techniques that increase your muscle mass and tone you quicker than working out alone.”

“Joe-sensei, I am ready to learn.”

“Good, get ready to warm up!”

After exercising for two hours, Joe said they were done for the day. They would do another hour tomorrow, then three the day after. This haphazard schedule was part of Joe’s secret technique.

Reki’s body ached, but he was pumped. Thinking about having a nicer body increased his confidence tenfold.

Not that his body was bad, but when he compared it to Langa’s or Joe’s or even, ugh, Adam’s...

He was lacking a little.

Joe got Reki a sports drink and told him to drink the whole thing, but not too fast.

“Let’s go sit in the living room and rehydrate.” Joe instructed.

“Now... Reki, you want to tell me about why you’re doing this? Besides the really obvious reason I’m guessing?”

“I... I realized I do have feelings for Langa...” Reki mumbled.

Joe nodded his head, “Now you want to workout so Langa will be impressed and like you back?”

“At first that was the plan, but not... really anymore. I know now that Langa already likes me. He basically told me last night. But I’m still not confident enough to... accept it. Or admit anything. And he said he’s too afraid I’d reject him out of embarrassment to tell me how he feels.

“So, I need to improve my confidence and reduce my sensitivity to rejection, and they always say exercise is great for mental health. Not to mention, having a nicer body will increase my confidence, right?”

“Wow, Reki, you’ve really put a lot of thought into this since yesterday. And you know Langa likes you? Congratulations, dude. It’s only a matter of time, then... But about the nicer body? Don’t fall into the trap that that’s all that matters. If you do that, you’ll never be happy or confident. Your body will just become a prison. Remember who you are as a person is always most important.”

“Oh... okay, Joe, I’ll make sure to do that.”

Reki finished his sports drink and fiddled with it awkwardly.

“Go on, go home and shower so you can meet up with Langa.” Joe laughed.

“Thank you, Joe. Thank you for everything!”

Reki went home then, and started in his CBT workbook. He flipped to the section for improving low self-esteem. He read about the “inner critic” and “cognitive distortions” and how to battle them.

He wanted to be with Langa, but he was too scared. Scared of what everyone else would think, when it didn’t matter.

But now he knew, Langa wanted to be with him too. He was waiting for him. Waiting for him to not be afraid anymore, to take the leap.

Reki couldn’t just take a blind leap, he wasn’t like Langa. But he could work towards a calculated jump. Something that wasn’t so scary, something that would be amazing.

Then, finally, before bed, he journaled. His therapist had him journal every night, so he could see his progress in defeating his insecurities. And he did, except the nights he was with

Langa.

He wrote about his worries and fears, of course, but he also wrote a lot about Langa. Looking through his entries, what he could see more than improvement, was that he was falling more and more in love with him.

“Yesterday I found out that Langa likes me, too. I’m doing everything I can to get up the courage to ask him out. I have to prove to him I’m ready and don’t care what people think...”

Rendezvous

Two weeks passed, and it was the day of the beach trip.

“Beaches, bitches, and riches!” Shadow hollered as Cherry’s van pulled into a parking spot near the sandy shore.

“Shhh... save it for the beach.” Cherry said, annoyed.

Reki looked over to Langa’s reflection in the car window, who was completely beguiled. His eyes were wide and he gaped in a child-like wonder.

Reki smiled to himself, so glad he could give Langa something he wanted so badly. His happiness felt ten times better than Reki’s own, and he wanted nothing more than to give him a great day.

Langa was out of the car as soon as it stopped moving, and he started running to the water.

“Langa!” Miya yelled, “Come get your stuff!”

“I’ll get it, let him have his fun.”

“Aww, going to be the valiant boyfriend?”

Reki ruffled Miya’s hair and he hissed at him. “Don’t do that.”

Reki laughed and gathered up his and Langa’s things, then started to an empty spot on the beach.

They all set up, (even Langa came back,) and it was time to change clothes.

Reki gulped. His efforts were going to be tested now. However, he felt a little more embarrassed than before he bulked up. What if Langa doesn’t like the change... or Miya and Shadow make fun of him?

No. Don’t think like that. Just be who you are. This is your body now, and you’re not ashamed of it.

They all walked to the changing tent and waited in line. Reki was last in line, Langa in front of him.

Langa didn’t seem to mind being second to last, as he just stood there looking at the ocean.

“I love the ocean,” Langa finally said, probably to Reki.

“Yeah? That’s kind of... unexpected. You lived in the mountains nowhere near the ocean. Where did this love come from?”

“I visited my grandparents here in Okinawa when I was seven, right before they died. My mom and dad took me to the beach and I fell in love with the ocean. I don’t really know why. Then I never got to be in the ocean again, until we went to those hot springs, and after that now. I wish I could come to it everyday. I like how it’s... eternal. It doesn’t seem to end. We’re all so tiny and fragile, we easily die, but the ocean is powerful and immortal.” Langa sighed.

Reki was silenced by the beauty and heartbreak in Langa’s story. Langa turned to him.

“Oh, sorry... didn’t mean to bring down the mood.” He smiled sadly, then it was his turn to change.

Reki was really embarrassed now, worrying about something as silly as his muscles, when Langa was contemplating life and death and eternity.

But he had no other choice now, he couldn’t undo his change. So after Langa was done, he changed into his swim trunks and took off his shirt. He left the tent.

Langa had waited for him, turning away from the ocean, about to say something, until he saw Reki.

“ *Woah,* ” Langa let slip. “Reki, you’ve been... working out?”

Reki rubbed the back of his head and grinned goofily, “Yeah, I, uh, thought it might help with my confidence.”

“Y– you, you look nice,” Langa stammered, unable to take his eyes away.

“Thanks, I’m glad that you, uh, think that.” Reki stepped closer, into Langa’s space like he usually was.

“Ahh... this isn’t fair.” Langa said, covering his face.

“What? Why?” Reki asked, confused and panicked.

“You can’t do this to me...” Langa sighed and shook his head. “It’s not fair.”

“Wha- what’s wrong, Langa?”

Then Langa pushed Reki back into the changing tent, he pressed their bodies together and put one hand through his hair and his other running down his shoulders and chest.

He hovered his mouth just centimeters away from Reki’s lips, breathing heavily.

Then he realized what he was doing, turned bright red and stepped back.

“S- Sorry, Reki. I’m really sorry. That wasn’t okay... I don’t know what came over me.”

Reki tried to catch his breath. “No, that... that was incredible. I can’t believe we almost...” Reki turned red to match Langa and they wouldn’t look at each other or finish the thought.

They stayed quiet in the tent for a moment to compose themselves, then calmly went out to the beach to meet up with their friends.

“Where’s Langa?” Reki asked, holding the fireworks he got from the car.

“He wandered off a few minutes ago. That way.” Miya said, grabbing some fireworks from Reki.

“The sun is setting, we need to do this soon,” Reki frowned. “I’ll go find him, take these, Miya.”

He dumped the fireworks on Miya who almost fell backwards with them.

Then Reki ran off the direction Langa supposedly went.

He found him sitting on some rocks, watching the sunset over the ocean by himself.

“Hey,” Reki said as he approached, “What are you doing?”

“Hmm, I just wanted some quiet. I’ll come back now, if you want.”

“We can, uh, we can sit here for a bit, if you want.”

“Sure,” Langa smiled, and scooted over for Reki to sit.

They sat in silence, watching the ocean waves reflect the many colors of the sky.

“It’s beautiful.” Langa said quietly.

“Yeah,” Reki agreed, then added, “Uh, Langa? Would you mind if I held your hand?”

Langa’s slight blush came back as he looked over to meet Reki’s eyes. He pushed his hair out of his face and nodded his head.

He offered his hand over to Reki, who took it and laced their fingers together.

They sat quietly holding hands, until the sun set and it grew dark.

“We should go do the fireworks,” Reki said sadly.

“Yeah,” Langa agreed, “I wish we could stay here, though.”

“I’ll bring you back soon... Just the two of us.” Reki promised.

“You mean that?” Langa asked, face brightening.

Reki nodded, “Of course. I love... how you love the beach.”

Langa jumped in surprise, then sank back down, annoyed.

“I thought...” he pouted.

Reki laughed and stood up, pulling Langa up with him.

“Sorry, I couldn’t help myself. Okay, let’s go,”

Relations

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Langa and Reki rode in the very back of Cherry's van on the way home.

"Stay with me tonight." Langa whispered, leaning over to Reki so only he could hear.

Reki felt a shiver run up his spine. Langa had asked him a million times to stay over, but this was the first time he demanded it. In a breathy whisper, no less.

All Reki could do was nod. He had been hoping to, anyway, so it didn't change his plans any.

It just seemed like Langa was making plans Reki didn't know about.

But it didn't matter, he was going to confess tonight, no matter what happened. He chickened out earlier, but he would be more comfortable at Langa's place. Probably.

"It's pretty late... what should we do?" Langa asked coyly.

"Do... you want to go to bed?" Reki dared to ask.

"Yes," Langa said immediately.

They went to the bathroom and brushed their teeth for bed, then undressed into their t-shirts and boxers like usual to go to sleep.

Langa laid on his stomach on the bed, leaning upright on his elbows, looking up at Reki.

"What was it you said? I was a beautiful, tall, effortlessly talented foreigner with a slightly dark past and... what?"

Reki came and sat on the bed next to Langa, legs in front of him, leaning toward Langa.

"A cute accent." Reki said, feeling his face get hot.

"And any girl or guy would go crazy for me?"

"Yeah, anyone. Even me. Especially me."

"Yeah?" Langa beamed, "You mean that?"

"Yes. Langa... I love you."

"Reki, I love you too, so much. You have no idea how much..." Langa shook his head and tears stung his eyes. "I've waited so long..."

Reki brought his hand up and wiped Langa's eyes, then rest his hand on Langa's cheek.

"Can I kiss you, Langa?"

"Please, *please* kiss me." Langa moved his hand to the back of Reki's head, softly gripping his hair, and Reki leaned in all the way.

He gently kissed Langa with an open mouth, deprivedly pulling his lips. His kisses were short and fast, but grew slower and longer.

They stopped briefly and smiled at each other, laughing a little.

Then Reki moved his hand down from Langa's cheek to his chest, running kisses down his chest and abdomen, and laid him back onto the bed.

Langa ran his hand down Reki's back and side, into his lap, where he felt him, eliciting a moan from Reki.

Langa put his hand down Reki's boxers, his other cradling Reki's head.

Reki wrapped his arm around Langa too, and moved to kissing his neck, then hungrily up to his lips again.

They kissed with fervor, as Langa pumped Reki and Reki groaned.

Then Reki kissed Langa's chest and abdomen again, but continued to his boxers, which he slid off.

Langa pumped faster as Reki took his length into his mouth, graciously sucking and licking while Langa moaned and grabbed Reki's hair.

Reki could feel Langa's throbbing, and before it was too late, he pulled up.

Langa took the opportunity to push Reki onto his back and pull his boxers off while climbing on top of him.

He spread Reki's legs, and inserted one finger while rubbing his dick against Reki's.

Reki groaned loudly, feeling something he'd never experienced before. He felt electricity move through his body.

Langa added another finger and Reki gripped the pillow tight as he twisted and turned against Langa.

Langa leaned down and kissed Reki needily, sucking and biting at his lips.

"Langa..." Reki said breathlessly, spreading his legs wider.

Langa nodded, out of breath, and prepared himself.

He pulled one of Reki's legs up onto his shoulder and entered into Reki, going slow and steady. Reki moaned softly, feeling Langa get deeper and deeper.

When Langa hit the spot, Reki gasped and threw his head back.

Langa then began to rock his hips while he stroked Reki's cock with one hand, and held his leg with the other.

The more Reki moaned, the faster Langa pounded into him, growing reckless with his movements.

Reki pulled both his legs up and wrapped them around Langa's shoulders as he laid down on top of him, kissing him and running his fingers through his hair.

"You're... so beautiful... Reki..." Langa said between kisses.

Reki could only manage to moan Langa's name, but he moaned it over and over as Langa ground deeper inside him.

He grabbed Langa's ass and pulled him even deeper.

"Fuck!" Langa swore, closing his eyes tight in pleasure.

Reki felt intense pleasure now, and felt like he wasn't going to last much longer.

He focused on every touch from Langa, every electrifying touch and gratifying movement.

"Langa, I—"

And suddenly Reki came, shock waves blasting through him, his body tightening and coming undone at the same time.

Langa kissed Reki hard while he came inside, and when Reki felt Langa's intense throbs, it only heightened his own, literally seeing white, hot flashes of light across his vision.

Breathless, Langa held Reki close and put his forehead onto Reki's.

Once he had a moment to compose himself, Langa leaned down and licked the cum off of Reki's chest.

Reki was too much of a mess to protest, and could only moan Langa's name one last time.

Langa smiled and ran his hand down Reki's cheek.

"So beautiful," he said again, then pulled out and laid next to Reki on the bed.

Reki turned and held Langa against himself, unable to even imagine letting him go right now.

Langa faced him too, and pulled him close, kissing him gently.

"Say you love me again." Langa whispered.

Reki's face flushed, and he averted his eyes, but whispered to Langa, "I love you, Langa."

"Say it again." Langa said, shaking Reki gently in his arms.

"Nooo," Reki whined, pushing Langa.

Langa laughed, "Okay, okay. I'll say it. I love you."

Reki hid his face in Langa's chest and Langa kissed the top of his head.

Why did Reki put this off so long? Because of his fears of what other people might think?

This whole time, he could have been experiencing this bliss.

He'd learned, for certain, to never put what others thought first again. His life was only worsened by it, all along.

Now he had Langa holding him in his arms, hopelessly in love with him, and if Reki had never taken the plunge, well, he'd never have had this either.

Chapter End Notes

My demisexual/mostly-lesbian eyes watched gay twink porn for reference for this, so... you're welcome.

No lol, I do hope you enjoyed it. I might not be very smutty, but I enjoy writing it for you guys every once in a while, since ya'll like it and say it's good.

Somehow?

Love you guys. Have a good weekend!

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