

Maybe then we'd be a match

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Maybe then we'd be a match

by [Ryouhei Mizukamiya](#)

Summary

Reki can't help but ponder his inadequacy compared to all his friends.

Reki alone with his Reki thoughts

TW mentions of suicidal thoughts and self harm

Notes

This is a projection of my own feelings. I love Reki Kyan and for some odd reason, that makes me want to make him the subject of my projection.

TW! Mentions of suicidal thoughts and self harm!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

23:55

In a frosty, dark room, on a stiff, rough floor, Reki Kyan laid holding his bright phone in front of him.

He was waiting for something, anything. He knew he didn't deserve it, yet his glazed eyes attached to his phone waiting for some sort of acknowledgement, some sort of text. Some sort of *care*.

Everything hurt. Everything fucking hurt. Tears streamed down his face. *Why am I alone again? Why do I always chase them away?*

00:00

Of course. Nothing.

Reki tossed his phone aside, sighing in what he'd think was disappointment and dejection.

~~*Of course no one would text. Who would care for someone like you?*~~

Shut up-

~~*You're filthy, Reki. You told him to skate, and when he did, your disgusting mind couldn't help but be jealous.*~~

I'm not jealous... I'm not jealous...

~~*You don't deserve someone like him. You're too filthy.*~~

~~*Disgusting.*~~

~~*You'll never be good for him.*~~

~~*You'll never be a good skater.*~~

~~You'll never be a good student.~~

~~You'll never be a good son.~~

~~You'll never be a good friend.~~

Please...

Please keep quiet...

~~You deserve to be alone.~~

~~You deserve to suffer.~~

~~You deserve to die.~~

Shut up.

~~You know it's true. No one will ever love you. Not even yourself.~~

Shut up!

~~You should just go ahead and kill yourself, Reki.~~

~~Ha.~~

~~Everyone would be happy that way.~~

SHUT UP!

Blood slid down from Reki's wrist as he let out quiet sobs. The sharp, silver razor stung as it harshly pierced into his skin, erecting more and more crimson flow.

He deserved the pain. The burn in his wrist. He deserved the aching feeling in his chest. He deserved the cruel words from the demon in his head. He deserved it. He deserved it all.

If only I wasn't filthy,

If only I didn't feel envy,

If only I didn't hate myself,

If only I didn't hurt everyone else,

If only I'd never been so rough,

If only I'd been good enough,

If only I could detach,

Maybe then...

Maybe then, we'd be a match.

Reki stood up, his head dizzy as he moved with his weak, shaky legs to his bed. He grabbed his phone.

00:47

And still, there's nothing.

Reki opened his phone, cringing at the brightness of the light emitted from it. He opened his messages with Langa.

I'm sorry - 00:48

Delivered.

And Reki collapsed onto his bed.

End Notes

Please give me your opinions on the work! I'd really appreciate it.

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