

Forget him

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Forget him

by [Megann_writer](#)

Summary

FULL FIC SUMMARY !!

Reki is falling, hard. He's falling so hard for his own best friend, Langa Hasegawa. But there's one problem. Reki has a disapproving family, well, a disapproving father. But it feels like a whole world of people being against him.

Reki has been making himself hide for years, and he's finally done with the hiding.

Notes

HI SK8 FANDOM!!

This fanfic has a lot of references to music/my favorite songs

I'm obsessed with renga rn (and all of the characters in general?) So I made something.

For every chapter, I'll include TWs (If necessary) So watch for those!!

Enjoy reading<3

Pretty when I cry

“Reki!” Langa shouts, throwing his arms around Reki, Langa had just come over after Reki was gone ‘sick’ from school. He did feel sick, but it was more of a bad mental health day. Langa knew this because Reki *never* got ill. Langa seemed to know everything about Reki, he was an observer of the people he cared for, because he wanted to make them feel wanted.

“Hey, how are you?” Langa asks after Reki sags into the hug, saying nothing. “Erm... Fine,” Reki says, he pulls himself away from Langa, his face so close to Reki’s. *This is bad.* Reki thinks *I want to kiss him.*

They glance at each other and smile, Reki pulls Langa to his room once Koyomi started talking and making fun of them for being awkward.

It hadn’t been awkward before, it was only awkward after Reki confessed that his family was not supportive of him being bisexual. Reki wasn’t sure why it was awkward, but he had a good idea. Maybe Langa liked him in the same way Reki liked him. The glances they stole at each other, Langa constantly wanting to hold Reki’s hand, or when their faces got extremely close. None of it felt... Right. It felt non-platonic if anything. And Reki knew too damn well his dad would *obliterate* him if he knew about how Langa made me feel.

“Um, sorry my room is messy,” Reki apologizes, Langa lets out a little giggle, “It’s always messy.”

Reki gasps in anger, his eyebrows furrowing. Langa’s face burns red because Reki was doing this thing again... Where he tries to tease him or be mean, but he can’t stop laughing. It’s cute, to Langa at least. “Langa, don’t *even* talk because your room is just as bad—”

Reki realizes how close he was to Langa.

Shitshitshit Reki swears to himself, *you can’t get close, idiot, no falling in love with boys.*

“Soo...” Langa starts, “What did you want to do? We could try and skate, it’s nice out.”

Reki lets out a groan and covers his face with his hands. He wants to do many things with Langa, he already had money saved for a road trip somewhere close, what he wanted was to go to America with him, because they had an inside joke making fun of America's states like Ohio or Florida. But, Reki did want to skate. Maybe that and Langa would cheer him up.

“Okay,” Reki grabs his board, “Let’s skate.”

—

Once they arrived at the park, silence fell over them.

“Why’d you bring your guitar?” Langa asks, “Wasn’t it hard to skate with?”

Reki takes out the guitar from its backpack-like case. He wanted to play for Langa because he only had played for him once or twice. And it was always just something out of the guitar book, never anything special. Still, despite Reki never being proud of his amazing skills, Langa loved everything about it. He’d constantly say, *‘You’ll be a star, Reki.’* and *‘You’re so good at this, Reki. I love your playing.’* The praise kills Reki every time.

“I wanted to play for you,” Reki says, “It wasn’t too hard to skate with, I was just worried about falling on my back or something.”

“Are you going to sing?” Langa immediately questions. “Yes? Well—”

“Okay, Reki,” Langa interrupts, “I’m ready to listen.”

Reki clears his throat and starts to play *‘forget her’* by girl in red, Reki sort of found this song to be relatable.

He starts to play the notes, his fingers fumbling a little out of nervousness. He whispers a little *‘fuck’* after he missed a note.

And finally, the chorus starts.

*“I spend all my days,
Trying to forget his face.
He’s so hard to erase.
I don’t think he can be replaced.”*

*“He stole my heart and ran away.
Left me with some things to say.
I don’t understand.”*

*“He stole my heart and ran away.
Left me with some things to say.
I don’t understand.”*

*“I spend all my days
Thinking of his embrace.
The way it slowly changed,
Some things will never fade.”*

Reki decided to stop it there because the rest of the song was just repeating. Langa is snapped out of a trance when Reki stops. “I’ve heard that song before,” Langa claps in excitement, “But, you changed the pronouns... Is there someone you– like?”

Reki feels his face, it felt as if someone had lit it on fire. Reki knew he liked- *loved* Langa. But he felt like Langa was clueless. Every time Reki talked about his crush, Langa seemed interested. And he was obsessed with figuring out who it was. Reki found it a little weird, but, who wouldn’t want to know your best friend's crush? Especially if they keep it this huge secret like Reki was.

Reki decided to just giggle and lean forward to hide his face. He couldn't tell if Langa was playing dumb or if he had no idea. "You've talked about him before, who is he?" Langa smiles.

Reki sits upright and lets out a long sigh. All Reki could think about is Langa's beauty. Langa is beautiful, like, drop-dead gorgeous. And Langa didn't ever care about how he looked. Most days, Reki had to comb his hair because he just *didn't* care. They were always together when they weren't having sleepovers all weekend and most of the week, they texted. They called. Reki and Langa were inseparable, to put it short. And oh, Reki got *so* clingy. Then again, Langa did too. They often made food together, hugging and randomly holding hands in the kitchen.

It wasn't any different than them dating.

"I don't know, Langa." Reki feels his hands shake, "I'm scared, what if my dad finds out? I can't live with them hating me for someone I love for the rest of my life."

Reki can't stop himself from letting a tear fall, and Langa notices this almost immediately. Langa stands up and pulls Reki off the ground.

Langa hugs Reki, pulling him close like he's the most precious thing to him.

"Hey, Reki, it's okay, alright? What can I do to help?" Langa reassured, stroking Reki's hair.

"Um, I dunno... Just talk." Reki sniffs. "Talk about what? You?"

Reki nods.

"Okay," Langa gulps, "It might get cheesy."

"That's fine, dude," Reki pulls away and sits down. Langa sat next to him and held his hand, *It's not weird*, Reki thinks, *totally not weird that I want to hear my best friend say nice things*

about me. And he's holding my hand.'

Langa clears his throat. "Reki, I think that you're amazing. Perfect, even." He starts, "I usually can't talk to people, I get nervous. But I'm always comfortable with you. You know how to make me laugh and smile without even trying, you make me happy."

Reki can't hold back his smile anymore, "Are you done? Because I might have a heart attack."

"Not even close to being done," Langa says. "Oh, fuck, okay." Reki curses, laying down on the cement.

"You're really talented, I already said you're perfect, because you are. You can play instruments and do sports, I mean, you've got the package of a perfect human. And you're also really pretty. I don't know why I get all the confessions, because I'm not as pretty or handsome as you. Your hair is always perfectly fluffed up and messy in the best way. You have the most beautiful eyes and freckles, I used to be kinda jealous of you because I found you so gorgeous."

"I—" Reki practically squeaks, but Langa cuts him off. "Reki, don't try to deny anything. I know you like me saying stuff like this so you might as well just take the compliments."

"Yessir."

—

Yeah, okay, getting butterflies in your stomach while your friend tells you nice things about you is not normal. And Reki has been thinking about this the entire skate home from the park. The whole time Reki felt like he was going to explode if Langa said any more things, Reki's brain was quite literally a mush of being flustered.

Once they made it back to Reki's, they both noticed Reki's dad's car in the driveway. Reki groaned, "Be ready for me to cry again, he's real good at that."

Langa raised an eyebrow, "Good at what?"

"Making me upset, dumbass." Reki laughs, giving Langa an awkward rub on the shoulder.

Reki could feel the mood change when he walked in, Nanaka and Chihiro gave him hugs and Koyomi bickered from the couch for them to stop loving Reki and love her instead. Reki's dad was doing dishes with Masae. Everyone seemed so happy to see him. *Too bad that once they find out I like Langa they'll hate me forever*, Reki thought to himself.

"Hey, Reki," His dad called, "There's some pizza, you boys can just go eat in Reki's room."

Reki flashed a smile, which was 100% fake.

"Thank you," Langa says with a mouthful.

Reki's dad bursts out in laughter, and everyone else looks confused until he says:

"Oh, Reki. I wish you were as delightful as Langa. He's so kind and has amazing manners."

Oh yeah, dad, because I haven't spent the last seventeen years of my life trying to please you. Reki thinks. *I wish you would at least act as if you love me.*

"Haha," Reki fake laughs and walks to his room.

Langa runs after him because Reki can never slow down. Reki is always going to be different and would never meet his dad's standards. *"Fuck this. Fuck dad. Fuck everyone."* Reki mutters, throwing his pizza in the garbage because his appetite was now gone. He knew this day would be shit, right when his dad woke him up by calling him a 'lazy ass bum' and telling him to get up when all Reki felt like doing was dying.

“Reki—” Langa calls, only to see Reki sitting at his desk, crying. Reki looks behind him, Langa is standing still, not knowing what to do. “Reki? Are you okay?” He asks, practically running over to Reki.

Reki shakes his head, “I told you he’s good at making me cry.”

Langa doesn’t say anything, because words might not work at this moment. If anything, they would just annoy Reki. Langa sits on Reki’s bed, thinking of what to do.

“C’mere, Reki,” Langa says. Reki quickly blows his nose and locks the door.

Langa smiled at Reki, a little, reassuring smile. He stood up and wrapped his arms around Reki, he knew Reki loved his hugs, and that he needed one.

Reki starts to cry even harder. He couldn’t believe that his dad was so bitter, so cold, and so rude. Why couldn’t he just be a good dad? He didn’t understand why his parents couldn’t just be supportive and happy for him, and at least show that they loved him. Masae showed love, but when she did, she was given a glare by Reki’s dad.

He just wanted to be normal.

Langa’s hands comb through Reki’s hair, Reki was glad he locked the door because Langa and he were hugging for a long time. And it felt... Intimate? One of Langa’s hands was in Reki’s hair, and Reki was sliding his hands up Langa’s back.

Pull away, Reki says to himself, Pull away before you kiss him.

Reki pulls away abruptly, he quickly thanks Langa, and asks him if he has to be home soon.

“Oh, no,” Langa replied, “I don’t have to be home until nine.”

Reki groans, he was kinda hoping Langa would have to leave so it would be less awkward. “What should we do?” Reki asks.

“Wanna just chill? Watch a movie?” Langa suggests.

“Sure,” Reki smiles, feeling nervous.

—

Reki fell asleep on Langa.

Okay, It doesn't seem too weird, *if* they were dating. Which they were not.

By now the movie was over, and after crying twice in one hour, Reki was exhausted. His head hurt a little while before he fell asleep, and he was frustrated with everyone so much that he was getting tired from being angry.

Langa admired Reki's features. He meant all the things he said earlier, and more. Of course, he *loved* Reki. He never understood how people couldn't love him. He was angry, furious that his father said such mean things about Reki. It took everything in him to not punch Reki's dad.

“Reki,” Langa whispers, Reki snores in response. Langa smiles and weaves his hands through Reki's hair, Langa knew he could do this for hours.

Langa kisses Reki's head and moves him over. It was 8:50 and it took around ten minutes to get home. He quickly wrote a little post-it note for Reki when he woke up.

Sorry, I didn't wake you up, you seemed tired...

Sleep well, and don't forget to do your homework :)

– Langa ♡

Right when Langa stepped out the door, Reki's eyes shot open.

Langa kissed him.

"Fuck," Reki smiles, he smiles even more after he reads the note.

"This is so bad," Reki whispers to himself, "But I don't care,"

He didn't care, and now that he knew Langa liked him (because who kisses their friend on the head as a platonic gesture?), he had to rebel a little bit.

Reki nearly smiles himself to sleep, and no, he did not remember to do his homework.

I wish you love

Chapter Summary

Reki is struggling, because he's got a lot on his plate. Balancing out homework, chores, family crap, and a horrible crush isn't exactly the most easiest thing to do.

He also starts to receive love letters, and it's obvious who they're from.

Chapter Notes

No TWs for this chapter:)

Enjoy reading!!

Reki had a good feeling about today. He may have only done his art homework, but hey, it's one thing off the to-do list. Reki's to-do list was *always* long. He had so much on his plate 24/7, and could never catch a break.

As Reki walked to his locker, he was panicking. Why was he panicking? Well, he wrote on his to-do list for the weekend '*Make a move on Langa? Maybe?*' He quickly erased it, because his dad often went through his notebooks. Now it was just awkward with Langa. Langa was always looking at him funny during classes they had together, Reki also started 'mysteriously' receiving confession letters in his locker. He made sure to shove them deep into his backpack because anyone could recognize Langa's shitty handwriting. Reki was scared shitless of his dad finding them, because he may or may not have been reading them over and over in his bed, fantasizing.

The day was over, school was out for the weekend. Reki wasn't exactly looking forward to the weekend. He had two projects due on Monday and a fat crush on Langa to deal with.

"Reki!" Langa shouts, running up to Reki.

A note fell out of his locker once opened. “Oh,” Reki blushes, “Another one.”

“Jesus, Reki, how many have you gotten now? Five?” Langa predicted.

Reki opened the letter and immediately reads it.

Dear Reki,

I wish I could tell you all the things I think of you. I think about how beautiful you are, and the little features on you that count. Your eyes are like the sun, when they look into mine I feel warm and happy. You have the most perfect face and figure, it's like looking at an angel. You're like an angel. Let me elaborate on 'angel': You are the kindest, and most beautiful person I've met. You have this demeanor that's so unique, and not in a bad way, so don't overthink.

Now, I keep sending you these letters because I know how much you struggle, and I know that you need someone to help you. I want that person to be me. I want to be with you, Reki. I've always loved everything about you, and I hope you'll feel the same about me. You always say things to me like this: “Ugh, I'm so gross.” And I disagree wholeheartedly. You aren't gross, Reki. I'm sorry that you have insecurities, I wish I could make them fade away. You taught me to love myself, and I want to teach you too.

You might already know who I am, and this was my goal, after all. I guess you could call me a wuss, I can't face you because I'm so deeply scared of your rejection.

Thank you, Reki, for teaching me how to love.

– Langa

Reki looked up and away from the note, only to see that Langa had left.

—

Now what? Reki questions himself as he skates home. He quickly checks the skatepark, he wasn't there. He was tempted to go to Langa's apartment, but he decided he would go after his homework and dinner were over with.

“Hey, guys!” Reki shouted as he opened the door, Koyomi ran up to him quickly.

“Ma and dad are fighting, again,” She says, “Nanaka and Chihiro are playing in the back. I’ll make some food, can you just watch them?”

When Reki tries to speak, to complain, Koyomi tells him to *‘shut the fuck up and do it.’*

He ran to his room and grabbed his homework so he could do some outside. He heard his parents fighting in their bedroom, and tried to eavesdrop.

“He’s fucking worthless, Masae,” His father yells, *“I don’t want a son who is ‘bisexual’ and is horrible at everything.”*

“You need to stop talking about your son this way!” Masae yells, *“He is such a bright kid, you never hated him until he came out. And now, you treat him like garbage all because he likes boys? What kind of bullshit—”*

Reki runs out of his room, not wanting to hear anymore.

He knew his dad hated him. He remembered the night he came out in eighth grade, at 13 years old, being slapped by his father for thinking he was bisexual. The next day, Reki lay in bed, crying his eyes out and staying home from school. Everything was fine before he came out. Why couldn't he just be different?

“Koyomi? I’m going out.” Reki says, putting his leather jacket on.

“No, you aren’t,” Koyomi yells, Reki rolls his eyes, to which Koyomi walks over to him and says:

“I’m sorry they’re fighting about you,”

“I know,” Reki smiles, “It’s fine. I’ll be out of here soon.”

Reki skated to the park, just to escape. His heart throbbed, why did he have to live like this? It was the worst feeling he could ever imagine. He was hoping that no one would be at the park so he could just cry and skate by himself. The Langa situation could wait till tomorrow.

When he made it to the park, he saw Langa and Miya talking. Reki runs behind the park so he can hear them still. Yeah, he felt nosy today.

“Did you confess yet?” Miya asks. “Sort of...” Langa sighs, “I did the letters as you said, and I signed this last one with my name. But I think he already knew it was me.”

Reki’s face goes red, Langa was going to Miya for advice? He couldn’t tell if the worst part was that Langa was going to a fourteen-year-old for crush advice or that it was MIYA that was the fourteen-year-old. Langa must have really wanted Reki to like him.

Reki walks back to the entrance of the park, making himself visible to both Langa and Miya. “Hey, slime,” Miya skates over, “Be careful.”

Reki didn’t know what Miya means by that, but he goes over by Langa anyways. It was awkward, they sat facing each other, completely red-faced.

“I wrote the letters.” Langa blurts.

“I know, stupid,” Reki smiles, reaching for Langa’s hand. “They were nice. I kept them all.”

“You did?”

“Yes... It’s embarrassing! But I’ve liked you forever, knowing that you felt the same was *amazing*. ”

They stare at each other for a while. Smiling awkwardly. Reki wanted to make a move, he wanted to just lean over and kiss him. But he knew he didn’t have the guts to do anything.

“Reki?” Langa calls.

“Um, yeah?”

“Can- can I kiss you?” Langa asks, and Reki’s mind goes to *mush* . *He wants to kiss me, oh god, he wants to kiss me.* Reki thought. Reki quickly responds with a nod, because he can’t find the words to just say yes to him. Langa slides himself into Reki’s lap, they smile at each other before kissing gently. Reki’s hands hold onto Langa’s waist for support and Langa cups Reki’s face. Langa moves some hair out of Reki’s face before kissing his face, “You’re so adorable,” Langa kisses his lips, “So impatient.”

They kiss, well, make out for a very long time. So long that once they pulled away from each other for air, neither of them could feel their lips.

“Do you want to be my boyfriend?” Langa asks, Reki, whose head was in Langa’s lap, shot up.

“Um, we’d have to be a secret. We could tell Koyomi and your mom but that’s about it.” Reki exhaled, “Are you okay with being private? More so secret...”

Langa winds his and Reki’s fingers together, “Of course, Reki, I’d do anything just to be with you.”

Reki blushes, “Don’t say that!”

Langa grins, takes a deep breath, and says:

“I’d give you the world, Reki. I love you.”

Langa *loves* Reki. Of course, he did. Reki said it back almost immediately. But he starts to panic, saying stuff like, “*Langa, we just made out in public, what if someone we know saw us and now they’re telling my parents?*” Yeah, it was very thought outside of the box.

“Reki, do you wanna just sleep over at my house? You need a break.” Langa suggests, standing up. Reki takes a deep breath, “That would be nice.”

—

“Ma?” Reki called as he opened the door, only to be met by his father.

“She’s out with friends. What do you need?”

“Can I sleep over at Langa’s? Please?” Reki practically begs, his dad rolls his eyes and grabs a beer. “Fine. I don’t care.” He says. Reki took that as a yes and quickly ran to his bedroom to pack a bag. He packed clothes, chargers, his laptop, and other things he knew he didn’t exactly need, but felt better having. He was being a little sneaky on his laptop, writing about Langa now and then, because he wanted to write letters to him too.

“Bye!” Reki shouts. He waits for a response...

Nothing.

Whatever, Reki says to himself, *A scum like him will never care.*

Langa was waiting outside because they figured that if Langa came with, Reki’s dad would suspect something. They walked hand-in-hand to Langa’s apartment, talking about anything and everything. When they got to Langa’s apartment, Reki ran to Langa’s room and searched his bag to make sure he didn’t forget anything. *Computer? Check... Letters? Check... Wait, where’s the one Langa signed his name on?* Reki checked things off in his mind, but he couldn’t find the letter from today.

“Shit!” Reki shouted, Langa ran upstairs to his room, only to see a panicking Reki.

They searched in every pocket in his bag and even outside, only for the note to be in Reki’s pocket.

“Oh *my* god, Reki.” Langa sighed, stroking Reki’s face. “What?” Reki queried. “Nothing, you’re just...” Langa’s eyes went to Reki’s lips, “Really pretty.”

Reki leans his head forward to kiss Langa, their lips connect and Reki feels *sparks* flying through him. He slides a hand up Langa's shirt, causing Langa to pant a little into his mouth.

Reki's warm hands on Langa's cold skin felt like heaven itself to Langa. *This is what I've wanted forever*, Reki says to himself, sliding Langa's shirt off. They pull away for air because they were kissing for at least two minutes straight, it doesn't seem that long, but it feels like an eternity.

Reki looks Langa up and down, he'd never really seen Langa shirtless, and he wasn't planning on doing anything sexual, but he was curious.

"Langa," Reki realized he had been staring at Langa's stomach for a long time. Langa grinned, "See something you like?"

Reki nods. He was so flustered, he could barely find words to speak.

"I didn't want to do anything sexual I was just...!" Reki exclaimed, "I don't know, sorry if I made you uncomfortable."

"It's okay, Reki," Langa kisses his forehead, "Let's just go to bed."

—

Reki couldn't fall asleep.

He eventually was playing his guitar and sang really quietly. He thought Langa was sleeping, but little did he know, Langa was hearing him sing 'Life Time Warranty' by Cyberbully Mom Club.

Langa opened his eyes, Reki was so concentrated on his guitar that he didn't even notice that he was awake.

After a little while, the chorus starts.

“Is my vision getting clearer now that I can barely see?

Is it these nights wishin’ that you only wanted me?

And I’ll be in debt by the time I’m twenty-two.

And I regret to inform you that I am not the girl you knew.”

“I am not that girl you knew.

You’re not the girl you knew.

I am not the girl you knew.

(I’ll be the boy you fall into)”

“Sounds pretty,” Langa smiles.

Reki smiles too, because everything was nice and happy. It was new. And they both hate new things, but this seemed like it was worth the change...

Could this be love?

Chapter Summary

Langa and Reki tell (almost) everyone they're together, and it proves to be the best thing for them both.

Chapter Notes

TW for underage drinking (IDK if that bothers people)

Some TWs are coming soon, prepare for things like past and present non-descriptive self-harm, suicide attempts, and physical violence. I'll obviously put a TW but told y'all just so you guys can prepare yourselves.

Enjoy this chapter because it'll probably be the happiest one!

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

Reki and Langa had been together for a month, and no one knew besides them. Reki wanted nothing more than to tell everybody, but he knew that his dad could easily find out once someone else knew about their romance. They were currently discussing how to inform people and who to trust. "We should at least tell the gang," Langa suggests. Reki lays his head in Langa's lap. He did want to tell them, but Miya was friends with Koyomi. What if he tells her, and she tells his parents? It was an inconceivable thought. Miya knew when to stop talking.

They were at the skatepark because it was the only place they could have privacy. But that day, they suddenly lost their privacy, because Miya arrived at the park.

"Ha!" Miya shouts, "I knew you guys would be together in no time!"

Reki stands up and stretches. Langa notices his shirt extend up his stomach, he blushes and looks away.

"Yeah," Langa smiles and reaches for Reki's hand. "I liked him for almost a year..." Reki confessed, "Right when he walked into that classroom, I wanted to be with him."

“Gross. Anyways, are you guys going to tell the others?” Miya asks, sitting down by them.

Reki and Langa look at each other, maybe they should. They knew they could trust the gang... But Reki was still paranoid. The ‘what if’ thoughts rolled in, the thoughts of his dad yelling at him. But, maybe telling people would help them, and being open about their relationship might be better.

“Uh, sure, should we tell them now?” Reki contemplated, Langa and Miya both nodded, and they walked over to Joe and Cherry’s apartment. Joe and Cherry had started dating around nine months ago, and quickly moved in together. Everyone else figured they’d started liking each other way before they started to date.

“We have to call Shadow over,” Miya says, clicking on his phone.

Langa and Reki had their arms wrapped around each other, neither of them cared that Reki’s dad could be out and about right now. They only cared about being close. They both pulled out their phones to see if Miya was texting the group chat. He was.

Taylor Swift’s Squad<3

Cherry: Oh my god Miya we get it, you love Taylor Swift.

Miya: STFUUUU and we’re coming over

Joe: Who’s coming over??

Reki: Me, Langa, and Miya.

Reki: Also Shadow come over to Joe’s and Cherry’s plz

Shadow: *Ok*

Langa: *Shadow texts like my mom.*

Reki: *So do you???*

Miya: *Aren't they just so cute, they make you want to part your hair with a chainsaw.*

Cherry: *Huh.*

The three boys giggle at each other.

Finally, they reach their destination.

Time to reveal the biggest secret I've ever kept, Reki says to himself, letting out a sigh. Langa looks over at Reki and tells Miya to go right inside.

“What?” Reki asks.

“Are you sure you want to tell them? They're going to give us a sex talk.”

“I dunno, I guess I want to tell them...” Reki looks to the side, shrugging.

Langa tilts Reki's head to face his, they look into each other's eyes for a little while before kissing. Reki wraps his arms around Langa's neck, Langa's hands resting on Reki's hips.

“I love you,” Reki says as he pulls away. “I love you more.” Langa kisses Reki's cheek, and they walk inside.

—

“Hey Joe, I’ll give you 2,200 yen for a beer!” Reki jokes and Joe rolls his eyes.

Everyone had been over and talking about stupid stuff for around twenty minutes. Reki, Langa, And Miya kept making little jokes about Langa and Reki getting married. Reki didn’t want it to be a joke, he wanted them to just be together forever.

A cloud of silence falls over the gang because everyone was on their phones. “Let’s say something now,” Langa whispers to Reki.

Reki clears his throat, everyone looks over at him. “So, I guess I’ll just drop the bomb on why we all are here,” Reki grins at Langa, “We’re dating.”

Joe immediately stands up and runs to Shadow, who looked dumbfounded. “Pay up, Shadow,” he says, Shadow pulls out a \$20 bill. Reki had never seen American money, so he rushed over to see it.

“Who is that guy?” Reki asked, pointing at Andrew Jackson. “How do you not know who that is? I thought they taught you American money in high school.” Shadow teased. Everyone else was wondering what they bet over, and why Joe won.

After Joe received his money, he turned to face Reki and Langa. “You guys do realize that sexually transmitted diseases are real and—”

Reki groans, “It’s not like we’re going to do *that* anytime soon, you do realize who I live with, right?!”

Langa nods, his face and neck flushed red.

“Oh, right,” Joe says, “So, um, what’re you guys gonna do about that?”

Reki thought for a while, what will they do? How will Reki's family react? They will eventually find out, it's pretty obvious. Whenever they had sleepovers they always woke up tangled together, and Reki's family often came into his room unannounced. One day, probably soon, Reki's dad would catch them, and Reki would be *dead*.

"Probably just let time take its course. They will find out, eventually. I don't know how they'll react, but I'm preparing myself for a negative reaction." Reki explains.

Everyone nods, this was quite an awkward topic.

"Should we play some cards? Board games? Anything to lighten the mood." Cherry requested.

"Truth or dare!" Miya exclaims, and everyone else groans. "Okay, that game is for your age group, not mine," Shadow complains, lighting a cigarette.

Miya begs and begs until everyone else agrees, and they start the game.

—

"Langaaaa, truth or dare?" Cherry slurs, he was a little buzzed.

Langa jumps up, no one had asked him truth or dare yet, he quickly responded '*dare*' but regretted it right away. Reki nudges him, "Thought you were too much of a pussy for dares!" He laughs. Langa scoots away from Reki, deeply offended.

"I dare you to chug a beer." Cherry dares, taking a sip from his wine.

"No!" Langa yells, "Beer is gross!"

“If Langa doesn’t want to, I’ll do it.” Reki offers, Joe yells at everyone to not promote underage drinking, and he steals Cherry’s wine as punishment.

“You don’t love me anymore,” Cherry sniffled. Joe rolls his eyes, “He’s an emotional drunk, ignore him.”

The group argued about drinking laws for a while, ‘a while’ meaning around twenty minutes. Reki finally stands up, runs to the kitchen, and grabs a beer.

“This is for you, Langa!” He says, before attempting to chug the beer. He gets around halfway done with it before he pulls away to breathe, then gets right back at it. “What the hell?” Miya squeaked, “Langa, does he drink?”

“You’d understand why I’ve drunk before if you experienced who I live with,” Reki says breathlessly.

For some reason, Langa finds Reki gasping for air very attractive.

After Langa stared for a long time, Reki noticed. Reki smiled at him and continued to talk about something that Langa couldn’t pay attention to because Reki was so *fucking* alluring. He made the gay in Langa go crazy. Langa knew it was inappropriate to think of Reki in the ways he thought of him, but he couldn’t help it. He just *couldn’t* help wanting to kiss, hold, and cherish Reki... And other things.

“What?” Reki asks, snapping Langa out of his trance.

“Oh, um, nothing.” Langa blushes, looking the other way.

“Let’s go outside, Langa.” Reki yanks Langa’s hand and pulls him out of the front door. No one questions this or tells them to come back. They walked to the backyard, and Reki started to laugh a little.

“Huh?” Langa swallowed.

Reki stands on his tip-toes to kiss Langa.

Langa rests a hand on Reki’s hip and the other on the back of Reki’s head, pulling Reki even closer. They’re holding onto each other like one of them will just float away like a balloon. When the couple kissed, the kisses were sloppy and eager, but this *one* make-out session was slow and... Less wet and sloppy. It seemed like they knew that bad things were to come, but it didn’t matter. All they cared about was *now*.

“You tasted like beer,” Langa sneered.

“You don’t like it?” Reki teased, blowing his beer breath into Langa’s face.

“Reki! Stop—” Langa yells.

Langa picks up Reki and starts to attempt to run around with Reki in his arms. Eventually, Langa trips and lands on top of Reki.

“You’re so *fucking* hot, Langa.”

“Says you,” Langa kisses Reki’s neck tenderly, squeezing his biceps. “Let’s- let’s go back to your apartment—” Reki’s breath hitches, Langa grins, but starts to feel a little nervous.

They run to Langa’s apartment as fast as they could, leaving everyone and everything behind.

—

“Take this off,” Reki commanded, pulling on Langa’s shirt.

They had been making out for the longest time, both were avoiding taking anything a step further out of fear. Langa was surprised at the sudden change in Reki's mood, they'd never even seen each other shirtless besides that *one* time.

Langa takes off his shirt quickly, and they get right back to kissing.

Eventually, Reki takes his off too, and holy *shit* was he muscular. Not as much as Joe, but still. His arms and thighs felt rock hard, he also had abs. Langa stood, staring at the boy who taught him love, and so many more things. They had been through so much together, what difference does taking their relationship a step further make?

"Let me take care of you," Langa says, ripping more of Reki's clothes off. By now they were on the bed, Reki was scared but more so excited.

Langa always knew how to do things right, he asked before doing anything remotely sexual, making sure Reki was okay.

They loved each other.

And no one, absolutely *no one* could get in the way of them.

Chapter End Notes

That was kinda sus...

Love you more

Chapter Summary

Reki and Langa had been together for six months, and they both prepare every day for Reki's parents to find out.

But what if it actually happens?

Chapter Notes

This chapter is A LOT shorter than usual so sorry about that, but I couldn't make this one too long or it'd be boring.

TW for past self-harm and blades.

Enjoy reading...

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

“Remember when you said we'd never have sex anytime soon?” Langa asks, weaving his fingers through Reki's hair. “Langa— That was like five months ago, I'm different now!” Reki asserted. “Yeah, you're Langa-sexual now.”

“Definitely.” Reki snorted.

Now that the two had been together for half a year, things were getting serious. They were serious enough in the beginning, but now? They had to discuss the future because they were convinced they would be together forever.

‘They’ meaning Langa.

Reki wanted to believe they'd be together forever, he wanted to have hope. But he never saw himself having a future, or even living past the age of twenty. He had urges, bad urges. He

often found himself crying on his bed, gripping a blade. He never told anyone when he relapsed, it was way too hard to talk about. He told Langa once, and Langa ran over to Reki's house with his favorite snacks and love.

When Reki's dad found out Langa snuck into the house to help Reki, he went *rogue*.

He yelled at Reki the following day, suspecting him of fucking Langa on the down low. It was true, Reki was doing that. But he denied it all, his dad left and he cried to Koyomi about everything. He told her that he and Langa were together, and how scared they were to be split apart because of Reki's dad. How he had all of his firsts with Langa, and that everything would be perfect if Reki's dad was out of the equation.

Afterward, Reki texted Langa: “ *Man, maybe I should just disappear ☹*”

Langa took this very seriously, he consoled Reki for what felt like a million years. Reki liked that he cared, but hated how his mind told him it wasn't true that he was worth living.

Reki and his thoughts were bugging him. He and Langa were having a sleepover, a long sleepover. They'd already slept over at Langa's house for two nights. The first night, they told Langa's mom they were dating. She was very supportive and the support almost made Reki sad, because he knew he'd never be supported like the way Langa was. The second night they went out for ramen and went to the beach.

Every day was an adventure.

Reki didn't want this to end, every day he was more and more scared that Langa would be ripped away from him by his father. Every day, the internalized homophobia in Reki's head got worse. He *resented* himself for liking boys. Waking up next to Langa made him forget, but when he was alone... Thoughts rolled in that he didn't want to hear, he'd grab the blade again, but do nothing. Just hold it.

Just hold it.

“Rekiii, when do you have to be home?” Langa whines, leaning onto Reki's shoulder. They were at the skatepark, their most private option.

“Oh, my dad just texted— He says *now* so I’m probably in trouble,” Reki explains, he could feel his heart beating faster out of nervousness.

“Oh, okay.” Langa says sadly, “Bye Reki, I love you,”

“Love you more,”

They kiss each other goodbye and Reki skates over to his house.

—

Reki walks into his house, only to see his dad gripping the letters Langa wrote.

“What the hell are these?” He barked.

Shit.

Chapter End Notes



I Know The End

Chapter Summary

Reki's dad knows, he knows about Langa and him, and Reki doesn't see the point of being alive. Langa knows something is wrong when Reki doesn't text him that he got home, and he knew it was even worse when he got the phone call.

Chapter Notes

This chapter was hard to write, as many things I wrote are from personal experience. (Don't say sorry or anything in the comments about it, it's all in the past!<3)

Also please be cautious with the next couple of chapters, as they might be a little triggering/sad. I wouldn't recommend continuing reading if you're easily triggered.

TWs for this chapter:

Suicide attempt (overdose)

Suicidal thoughts

Abuse

Self-harm

Mental health struggles

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

“What the hell are these?” Reki's dad barked.

Shit, Reki thought to himself, *Fuck, shit, fucking hell*.

Reki's dad steps forward to Reki and grabs Reki by the shoulders, “I asked you what these were! Answer!”

“Excuse me?” Reki says, “I don't know why you think I care that you found out. I'm happy. I'd be even happier if you at least pretended to support me. No, scratch that, I'd be happier if you were dead.”

Reki's dad hits him across the face, causing Reki to run outside, his dad chasing after him.

"Run faster, Reki." Reki mumbles.

When they got to the backyard, Koyomi was with a friend. She saw her father beat and scratch Reki, she tried to hit her father and pull him away, but she was shoved out of the way, and to the ground. No one had ever seen him this angry, Reki thought this was it. This was how he was going to die, at the hands of his own father, who never once supported, loved, or cared for him.

"Stop!" Reki pleads, "Just let me explain!"

Reki's dad doesn't listen but Reki manages to squeeze out of his grasp and run to his room to lock it.

Reki started to write a note he knew he'd be writing soon. He found his father banging on the door distracting, and his mother trying her best to pull him away to be sad.

What's the point of being here? Reki thinks.

The letter was sloppy and rushed. He hoped everyone would be able to read it.

To all,

I'm sorry I ended this way. I'm sorry I never properly said goodbye. I feel bad for living because I'm only a bother to others. I make my father disappointed when all I wanted was his approval and love. I make my teachers disappointed when I fail. And I've never felt like I was worth living.

I'm sorry to Koyomi, Nanaka, Chihiro, and Mom. I'm so sorry. You guys were the only ones who truly loved me in my family, thank you for making me feel better when I needed it most.

I'm sorry to Joe, Cherry, Shadow, and Miya. Thank you for being my friends, even though some would consider us a weird group, I always enjoyed it. You made me laugh and smile when I needed it, you were always there for me. And most of all, I'm sorry to Langa. You are my world, remember that. And I'll always love you, even when you move on. Thank you for being the best person I've ever met and thank you for loving me the same way I love you.

-

Reki

Reki grabs the pills he had gotten a while ago for this moment, and waited for his death impatiently.

—

“Reki... He’s calmed down...” Masae called, knocking on Reki’s door.

She was worried.

She knew her son had been struggling, the family tried their best to help Reki with his mental health, Masae even went to Langa’s mom... Because she knew Langa had been through therapy and had mental health struggles all his life.

Reki’s started when his dad suddenly changed.

She couldn’t think about this now, no, she had to make sure her baby was okay. Her only son. Her baby boy who was just beaten by his father for being in love with a boy. She knew she had to leave her husband, because of this. This was her final straw. She felt bad because her final straw was actually years ago, but her husband always convinced her to stay.

“Reki!” She shouted, Koyomi ran over and banged even harder on the door.

“Oh no,” Masae covers her face, “No, no no no! Reki! Open the door!”

No response.

She kicks at the door, trying to break it down. Koyomi hears the twins start to cry, and she runs over to them, because she knew what Reki had done.

Reki had tried to kill himself *again* . Again? Yes, again. When he was fourteen, he attempted to overdose for the first time, after being severely bullied. Masae knew what was going on as well, after Reki tried to overdose the first time she was scared he'd do it again.

She finally got the door down, only to see Reki on the floor, passed out. She checked if he was breathing...

He wasn't.

She quickly pulls out her phone and calls 110.

—

Masae had been making calls to all of Reki's friends, and his boyfriend, Langa.

Langa was the last call, she avoided it because she knew Langa would be so broken that Reki had attempted to kill himself.

She finally called Langa.

"*Masae?*" Langa says over the phone, confused. *Why is Reki's mom calling?* He questioned himself.

"Langa, you need to come to the hospital." She said, "Reki's tried to kill himself, overdose."

"*What?*" Langa yelled, "*Mom! We have to go to the hospital--*"

"I'll be there soon, bye," Langa says and hangs up.

Langa arrived at the hospital with his mother, Nanako.

"Oh, Masae, are you okay? How is Reki?" She asks, hugging Masae.

Masae nods, "They got him breathing again, he was only without oxygen flow to the brain for about thirty seconds. No brain damage."

Langa lets out a relieved sigh, he was worried about Reki losing his memory, or being a vegetable for the rest of his life. Then he starts to beg the nurse outside of Reki's room to let him see Reki. The nurse lets him in, Langa was expecting Reki to be awake, but he was sleeping.

"When will he wake up?" Langa asks the doctor, who was connecting Reki to an IV.

"One day, most likely. He's in good condition for an opioid overdose. He's very lucky." The doctor smiles through his mask, but Langa had so many more questions for him, which the doctor answered happily. Langa told him about Reki's father, and how the bruises must be from him because Reki often joked about wanting to rather die than see his father find out about their romance. The doctor already knew about the abuse at the hands of Reki's father, and police were sent to the Kyan family home.

"Thank you so much, sir," Langa said after the babbling between the two of them.

Finally, Langa turns to face his boyfriend.

His Reki, his beautiful Reki was hurt. He needed help, and it was avoided by his parents. Before Langa even realizes it, he's crying and holding Reki's hand, telling him how much he

loves him. He didn't think Reki could hear it, but he didn't care. He finally confessed to Reki about his own struggles.

"I'm sorry, Reki. I should've told you so much sooner that I had struggles too. I was just like you. I hated myself for being alive when my dad wasn't. I was so depressed, then my mom signed me up for therapy. It helped, Reki. I still go, I didn't want you to baby me but now I don't care. I'd do anything just to hear your voice again." Langa rambles.

He kisses Reki's forehead before falling asleep.

Langa was dreaming about Reki.

In this dream, Reki was crying, Langa doesn't know why, and Reki keeps pushing him away.
"Reki..."

"No, Langa, just stay away!" Reki yells.

"Why?"

"This is all your fault! You made me into this!"

Then Langa's falling, he's falling down a building.

Awake.

"What kinda dream was that?" Langa asked Reki, who was still not awake. Langa checked his phone, he saw a text from Reki's mom and his mom.

Mom

Hey sweetie, we're letting you stay the night with Reki. Keep in touch if you need anything.

Masae (Reki's mom)

Make sure to talk to Reki, maybe write him a note too.

He'll appreciate it once he wakes up:)

He shut down his phone, and lays his head back down on the bed.

“Reki... I love you, and I can't believe that this happened to you. I'm so sorry.” Langa apologizes, then he sees a notebook and has an idea.

Langa wasn't super crafty, but he had to make this work because Reki would adore it.

—

Langa borrowed some markers that were in the room, as well as little kid scissors. He had a plan to make this heart-shaped record box and put a love note inside, as well as songs that reminded him of Reki.

The love note was as sappy as can be, but Langa was still proud of how neat his handwriting was, it still wasn't the best, but it was an improvement.

The love note read:

To my Reki,

I'm sorry that you're hurting. I wish I could change everything, and make you feel better. I'll try my best to make you feel supported and welcome because I'll always be your home. I love you so much, it's insane because I usually don't crush on people the way I crushed on you. And the way I fell in love with you was unreal. I hope to be with you for as long as we both live...

I love you more than anything, Reki. Please stay strong, you are the best person I've ever met, and I know you're strong enough to push and work through your struggles.

-- Langa ♥

Then the songs came, and he took them all from his '*Reki playlist*' which consisted of love songs and a lot of songs that have the vibe of happiness. He colored the paper box and made the little records with songs, then a nurse walked in.

“Hello,” The woman greets, she checks Reki’s machines and makes sure all the medicine is flowing through him smoothly.

“When will he wake up?” Langa asked, even though he already knew the answer.

“Soon, dear. Be patient with him.” She says.

Langa groans, his impatience growing.

Eventually, he falls asleep once again, but this time for the night.

He hoped Reki would be awake once he woke up.

Chapter End Notes

I love self-projecting my mental illnesses into characters.

Wake up

Chapter Summary

Reki wakes up from his attempt. Langa, Masae, and Reki start to talk about what happened, and what will happen to Reki's dad because of what he did. The gang also cheers Reki up, as he's worried that his dad won't get what he deserves.

Chapter Notes

I promise this chapter is happier.

No TWs for this chapter.

Enjoy reading!

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

“*Ouch..*” Reki mumbles, he had just woken up to a pounding headache.

He sees Langa sleeping soundly. He was hunched on the bed, using Reki's thigh as a pillow. Reki also noticed that Langa's arm was sticking out towards him, Reki grabbed his hand, and Langa jolted awake. “Reki..?” He rubbed his eyes, *Oh god*, Reki thinks, *His sleepy voice is so attractive*.

Once Langa registered that this wasn't a dream and that Reki was awake, he lunged out to hug him. “Reki, I thought I was going to lose you,” He cries, kissing Reki's forehead.

“I'm sorry—”

“No,” Langa squeaks out, he could barely breathe from crying so hard, “Don't be sorry for this.”

They hug and press soft kisses to each other for a while, they say ‘I love you’ over and over as if they hadn’t heard it the first time that day. Reki didn’t remember much from what happened that night, it was a blur. But what he did remember was right before he passed out. Reki remembered laying on his floor, listening to the commotion outside his door. He was crying, a lot. Almost to the point where his head started to hurt. But he couldn’t tell if his head was hurting from the drugs or the sobbing.

A nurse walked in when Reki and Langa were talking about Langa’s past issues.

“He’s awake! Oh, thank god. I was so worried.” The nurse says, letting out a sigh.

Reki smiles and holds Langa’s hand tight. “All right... Reki, I have to take some bloodwork...” The nurse says, the cart following behind her as she walked closer. Reki looked nervous, Langa knew that he *hated* his blood being drawn. Reki always said that it felt ‘stingy’

“Just close your eyes,” Langa reassured, rubbing his hand over one of Reki’s bandages on his face.

Langa’s heart ached for Reki, he had been physically assaulted by his father so brutally, Reki even said that he felt like he was going to die from the beating. Langa was so worried that his dad would come after them again, trying to hurt Reki again. He wouldn’t let it happen again, no, he had to protect Reki from being hurt by anyone ever again.

“All right, dear. Do you need anything? Your mother is probably on the way, she said she’d be here around 10 am, it’s 9:50.” She says, Reki shakes his head no, she smiles, and walks out.

Langa clears his throat, “I looked up stuff about opioid overdoses last night,”

Reki sighs.

“Sorry, I won’t ask any questions,” Langa leans his head on the bed, “God, I’m so tired.”

After a little while, Reki starts to cry at the thought of seeing his mother. He didn’t exactly know how to feel. He was mad that his mom let it happen all over the years, and he was sad that she was stuck in this situation for so long. Langa gets onto the bed with Reki to hold him, reassure him, and make him feel safe.

Reki calmed down, eventually. He was mad about a lot of things. He loved the letters Langa sent, but they simply outed him. Part of it was Reki’s fault. He completely forgot about the letters and left them all in his desk drawer. He couldn’t put the blame all on someone else, because if anything it was Reki’s fault. He was stupid to even keep the letters, especially at home. He was also mad that he did this, what was he thinking? Trying to leave this earth sounded like the worst thing right now, he was already told by Langa and the nurse that he was very lucky to be awake and talking. The universe wanted him here, he was here for a reason.

Reki scooted away from Langa a little (mostly because he was angry at Langa and himself) He receives a raised eyebrow from Langa.

“What?” Langa asks, usually, Reki loved to be close, so this was odd.

“Why did you have to send letters? I mean, you knew about my dad. And you sent them even though it’s like, concrete evidence of us being together.”

Langa covers his face and groans, “I don’t know, I wasn’t thinking—”

“Clearly.” Reki snapped.

Langa stayed quiet until he finally thought of something.

“Look, Reki, you know I’m awful at expressing my feelings. I just thought that if I were to confess, I’d be better at doing it through paper. I’m sorry, I figured he found out from the letters. I won’t write them anymore if you don’t want.”

“I liked the letters, I just think it’s not a good idea until my dad is out of my house,” Reki frowns, “I loved them, Langa. They were sweet and thoughtful, it’s just– I don’t want this to happen again. I mean, what if he doesn’t get in trouble for hurting me? Then he’ll still be at my house. I just think that we should save romantic letters until we know we’re safe from him.”

“Yeah, that sounds like a good idea,” Langa smiles and they kiss softly, even though the kisses kind of hurt Reki, as his bottom lip had a gash on it.

“I love you, so much,” Reki smiles.

Langa smiles too, “I love you too.”

—

Reki’s mom arrived at the hospital, and she started to cry and hug Reki, and Reki cried too.

“I’m so sorry baby,” She says, god, did she feel like a horrible mother. Letting her son be so hurt, so broken. She could never, and will never forgive herself.

Reki didn’t say anything to the apology, there wasn’t much to say anyway. He was glad that she was sorry because she almost let him get this bad. He manages to squeeze out an ‘it’s fine,’ in response, but it wasn’t fine. He still felt awful and depressed. Reki knew that now that the attempt and his depressed side, he had to get help, he had to re-tell his story. But he knew getting help would be good, and now that his dad was out of the picture, it would be even better.

Langa was still on the bed with Reki, they were having a serious talk about getting help, and how it was okay. Masae sat on one of the chairs, listening to them talk. She’d chime in every now and then, but she wanted them to have a nice conversation for a little longer. Reki looked happy and relaxed. She wanted him to be comfortable with what she was about to tell him.

“Reki, I wanted to tell you that...” She cleared her throat, “I mean- you probably already know this. But you need a therapist. I managed to reach out to someone and got you a therapist, and a psychiatrist. You’ll need medication and a lot of coping skills.”

“I know, Langa and I were talking about his therapy experience before,” Reki says, looking over at Langa.

“Yeah, I was diagnosed with severe anxiety, depression too I think... Oh, I also have iron deficiency. Have to get blood drawn a lot.”

“No wonder you’re so pale!” Masae laughed, “I always wondered about that.”

They discussed things about what happened that night, but Reki often repeated that he didn’t remember a lot. He didn’t even remember running into his room. But, that was probably his mind blocking things out for his own sake.

After seriously discussing things for a while, Reki smiles. He was smiling at the thought of the early memories of his father, he remembered him as a good man up until he came out. But Masae told him otherwise. “He was always bad,” Masae claimed, “Always abusive and physical.”

Reki cracks his fingers out of nervousness.

The air felt awkward and heavy until Langa started to talk about seeing their friends again. “What about having the gang come?” Langa suggests. Masae chimes in that Koyomi could come as well since Miya would be there.

“I assumed you guys told them. And yeah, I’m okay with them coming.” Reki approved, “Today, right? I’ll probably be out of the hospital soon.”

“Well, Reki, you’re able to leave soon. Like today. What’s the point of them visiting? You can go straight to seeing them.” Masae says.

Reki and Langa look at each other, that sounded like a way better plan. So, Reki got dressed in clothes that his mom and Langa brought. Langa brought a shirt of his and Masae brought Reki pants and other things like boxers and socks. Langa and Reki were basically the same sizes in clothes but Langa was a size larger in everything because he was the slightest bit taller. The shirt was a little big, but it worked.

After being checked out, and driven to Si La Sauce, Reki and Langa realized it was closed, and the whole gang was in there. Their heads perked up at the sound of the car, Reki walked out and everyone *ran* outside.

“Be careful, Reki,” Masae said as she drove off.

The gang greets Reki with a hug, and many words of *‘Don’t do that ever again,’*

Reki smiles and laughs, and Langa is finally met with peace.

—

“Who even gave you the drugs?” Joe asks, his dad tone rising. “Some upperclassmen when I was a freshman. I can’t remember his name, it started with an H...”

Shadow groans, “You know it’s bad when the kids got more drugs than you,”

Reki snickers.

Langa wraps an arm around Reki’s shoulder, “Let’s talk about something happier,”

They start to talk about Reki when he was younger, like middle schooler Reki. When Reki was in middle school, he was pretty scrawny and short. He was still as outgoing as he is now, but he was also a little popular. Middle school was when he realized he liked boys as well as girls, but it was also when everything went downhill.

But, Reki knew that this was a good road to recovery so far. He knew this would be okay, and he would get better in a matter of time.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this chapter came out slower, I had covid lol !!

Difficult

Chapter Summary

The road to recovery is looking good for Reki... That is until he hits a bump in the road. It's just one thing, but it feels like his whole world is crashing down all over again. He talks to his therapist about what to do with this new problem, knowing he couldn't solve it, and that it was out of his control.

Chapter Notes

No TW's

This chapter is also somewhat short, sorry for taking so long to update!!:(

Enjoy<3

A month after Reki's attempt, he had already made progress. Reki had formed new coping skills and talked to his mother and/or Langa when something was wrong (instead of bottling it up) Reki had also formed good systems with his therapist, his therapist taught him many things and he even got a diagnosis. Depression, which he was not surprised about. He also had no idea where his father was, all he knew was that he was not going to come back. And that itself was a huge relief. Now, today wasn't off to a *great* start. He got a bad grade on a test, which is kind of a usual occurrence, but he was confident he passed. He did not. The next negative of the day: His grandma was getting sick, very sick. She was in the process of moving in with Reki and his family. His grandma said things like "*You're the man of the house now, Reki!*" Which he did not like, because being the 'man' of the house sounded like pure torture. He knew his mother would find a boyfriend, Reki could already tell that she hated parenting alone.

"Reki!" Langa knocked on his door, and Reki ran to his door excitedly.

They hugged and ran to Reki's computer, this was one of their movie dates.

‘movie dates’

Yeah, their movie dates were either them just talking the whole time, making out, or doing other things that were not watching the movie. Neither seemed to mind the fact that it was usually the same movie every time, and that they never watched it.

“What are we watching?” Langa asks, laying his head on top of Reki’s chest and cuddling close.

“I was thinking of some Studio Ghibli movie,” Reki replied. Langa sighs and gets himself comfortable.

They start the movie, and Reki would kiss the top of Langa’s head randomly and feel Langa grin against him. It was a feeling Reki adored and couldn’t bear possibly letting go of Langa. He never wanted to. But they were strong, and they always had worked things out before they went to bed. They always said ‘I love you’ when saying goodbye, it was the little things that were the biggest to Reki.

Langa stretches out and makes a waking-up sound.

“Mornin’ sleepyhead,” Reki teases.

“Shut up,” Langa whines, he pushes Reki away and they shove each other repeatedly. They were giggling and shouting, it was the side of Langa that Reki loved to see, his playful side.

They shout and mess about for a while longer before they suddenly get their faces inches apart. “Hey,” Reki grins. Langa can’t even find words to speak, Reki is so close and raw. It’s all so real, he smells his cologne, and the scent is so comforting it drives Langa *insane*.

Langa closes the space between them, and the kissing turns into making out, which then turns into taking clothes off...

“I wanna,” Reki gasps, “Please?”

“Yes,” Langa manages.

Yeah, the movie was completely out of the equation.

—

Reki came home from school on Tuesday, only to see his mother frantically on the phone with someone.

“Wh—” Reki tried to speak, but before he could say another syllable, his mom said:

“Grandma is in the hospital.”

Masae gets off the phone to comfort Reki, he had already started to go blank, and that was a sign of him panicking. “Reki, she just fell, okay? She probably broke something, which sucks, but we’ll figure it out, alright?” His mother reassures him.

Reki nods, his panic still rising. *She’s going to die*, He thinks, *I can’t lose any more people*.

“We’re going to visit her after your therapy session,” Masae says, putting on her shoes. Reki ran to his room to grab his journal, and he ran to his mom’s car, which was already started.

—

“Okay, Reki,” His therapist, Akira, smiles. “How has your week been?”

Reki blushes, replaying his week in his head. He could think of two major things, unholy things with Langa, and his grandma in the hospital.

“My Grandma is in the hospital, she fell, apparently.” Reki sags in the chair, playing with the Rubix cube that was on the table.

“I heard, how does that make you feel? Did you tell Langa?”

“Uh, I told him. It makes me feel worried, I guess. Like, what if she dies, or what if she has to stay there forever?” Reki’s voice gets more intense as he spoke.

“What if...” Akira says. Reki smiles, because this was Akira’s tactic. He was a smart guy, Akira. It was very clear that he loved his job, and that he actually *cared* and wasn’t just in for the massive amount of money he was making. His tactic was to make Reki realize that his ‘what if’ thoughts were almost always unrealistic. Reki knew this, but he couldn’t help but worry about things that were out of his control. Things like his Grandma’s health were a big worry, and, wherever his dad was, was also a big worry of Reki’s

“I know—” Reki sighs, “I just can’t help but worry.”

“Worrying is normal, it’s obvious *why* you are worrying. Especially in this situation. But, you should try to just take deep breaths... And worry about things in your control.” Akira breathes.

Reki inhaled through his nose and exhaled through his mouth. He already felt a difference with one deep breath, like a weight was lifted off his chest. Then, they talk about Reki’s recent ‘what if’ thoughts and how he was adjusting to his Grandmother living with them almost all the time. Then, the topic of Langa came along. “You and Langa are dating, correct?” Akira asks. Reki blushes and nods.

“How is that going? The relationship, I mean.”

Reki sighs, “It’s going good. I still get worried sometimes, you know, about people knowing about our relationship and stuff. Just because of how my dad reacted...”

Akira nods, giving Reki affirmation to continue.

“I love him so much. It’s crazy, like, he’s all I can think about. And he helps me so much... I don’t know how I managed to pull someone so caring.” Reki explains, his face warming while talking.

They go on to talk about coping mechanisms and how to navigate relationships, and it helped Reki.

Things were *good*.

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