

## On Cowardice & Fake Boyfriends

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# On Cowardice & Fake Boyfriends

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## Summary

Shortly after starting college, Langa's new rich stepdad decides to arrange for him to marry his boss's daughter. Langa asks Reki to pretend to be his boyfriend, to show he's already taken and can't marry her. But the proponents of the marriage really have their hearts set on it, and won't give up that easily.

Is Reki going to have to marry Langa to get them to leave him alone? Well, Reki really wouldn't mind that too much... He's been pining after Langa since high school. But Langa came out as ace, making Reki think he had no chance. Misunderstandings abound.

## Notes

Hello All, I'm continuing to write completely overdone tropes for fun! Hope you enjoy them!

## Innate Coward

The college campus was blooming with cherry blossoms; there were young couples holding hands everywhere; the sunset lit up the distant ocean and made it glow like a bright blue jewel.

This scenery, this moment... if only Reki could take Langa's hand and say how he felt. Langa, walking right there in front of him, back to their dorm. Slightly taller, perfect silky blue hair waving in the breeze. Ass looking really good in those jeans...

If only Reki could grab his wrist and spin him around and say "Langa, I've loved you since the day I met you. Please, be with me for infinity, as *more* than friends."

But Reki was an innate coward, too afraid of rejection to say anything. Reki looked down at the ground, bumping into Langa when he stopped walking. He looked back up to see why he had stopped.

"Sorry," Langa said with his adorable accent, "I just thought it was a really pretty day. With the sakuras and ocean... I was looking around."

"Oh, that's okay. Sorry I wasn't looking where I was going."

"The campus is really beautiful today, I can't blame you."

"You're really beautiful..." Reki sighed quietly.

"What?"

"Let's go back to our dorm."

Their beds were across from each other on either side of the room. A desk was next to both of them, and in the middle a little loveseat and TV.

It was decorated, of course, completely with skate merch and memorabilia, with a few pictures of friends and family here or there.

Reki loved it, and loved sharing a room with Langa. He was pretty sure Langa enjoyed it too, especially since during high school he was always home alone. Now he always had Reki to keep him company.

And Reki relished in getting to be so close to Langa. It's not like they were ever anything but clingy, but living together meant Reki was always touching, hanging on, or cuddled up with Langa.

Their little loveseat in the middle of the room, where they watched TV or played video games, was Reki's favorite place to be. If Langa was there, with him, anyway. What little extra space there was on the loveseat was ignored, and they would sit right up against each other.

Sometimes one would fall asleep on the other's shoulder, and that was fine. Sometimes their hands would touch and they'd leave them there, just resting on each other. And that was fine, too.

All the closeness was a little hard on Reki, though. Every time he wanted to take it further. He wanted to hold Langa's hand or caress him gently or kiss him passionately.

He always had to hold himself back, always a hair's breadth away from ruining everything by losing control and professing his undying love.

It wasn't that Reki didn't think he had any chance, it was that he knew he didn't. Langa had told him he thought he was asexual one night in high school. It broke Reki's heart, but he knew he had to be supportive. Thinking of his own unrequited love was selfish.

Eventually, he actually looked into asexuality, and found out that some asexual people are not a *romantic* and indeed, still wanted relationships.

A flame in his heart was lit again, and he wondered which Langa was. He tried to read him, tried to figure it out, but ultimately couldn't. And he was too afraid to ask (innate coward.)

So, now, he was stuck wondering if Langa would even consider dating him; or if Langa was off the market for good. At a crossroads or seeing if it could go further, or just hiding in the corner staying friends. He, of course, had stuck with the latter the past couple years (innate coward.)

So, being such a coward, Reki was surprised at what he did.

Reki was getting back from a class and Langa's mother, Nanako, was over at their dorm, having a heated discussion with Langa.

First, Reki was going to turn around, go somewhere else. But, for whatever reason, he instead leaned against the door to listen in. Something made him curious.

"Akito has made plenty of sacrifices for us, Langa!" Nanako shouted.

"For *you*, maybe. I barely know him. And he wants me to do *this* for him? Hell no!"

"He is your stepfather, Langa, you will respect him. And it's not like you were ever going to marry on your own accord."

*Marry?! Reki thought. Langa's stepdad wants him to do what, exactly?*

"I'm not marrying some girl just so 'dad' can get some stocks or whatever."

"It's a higher up position in the company, Langa. It would be very lucrative."

"You never cared about that stuff before you met Akito. You've changed, Mom." Langa said venomously.

“People do change, Langa. For instance, maybe this girl will grow on you, and you can change,”

“There’s nothing wrong with how I am. It doesn’t need to change.”

“You changed for... *him* .”

“That’s different. He’s special.”

“But he’s never going to return your feelings. If he was, don’t you think he would have by now?”

“But—”

“So, you should just say yes to this arranged marriage, and let the girl grow on you. You don’t have anyone else—”

“I do! We’re dating now!”

“You only care about him, and he’s—”

“Reki is my boyfriend now!”

“He *is*? ” Nanako sounded very surprised.

“Yes. Reki, Reki’s my boyfriend now, so I can’t agree to this marriage, even if I wanted to.”

Reki probably looked like his jaw was dropped to the floor. Did he miss something? Langa was *lying*. He never lied... it must be really important to him to get out of this arranged marriage.

But why did he pick Reki to be his “boyfriend?” Maybe he expects Reki to play along? Of course he would. Will. Whatever Langa needs. Reki rarely heard him sound so upset.

But briefly, so fast he almost missed it, it seemed like Nanako brought up some mysterious “he” that Langa “changed” for. What was that about? Does Langa... like someone else?!

It felt like hot pokers stabbed through his heart. Reki truly believed if Langa ever liked anyone, it would be him. He never considered being rejected because there was someone else.

But that wasn’t what was important right now, it was that Langa was in trouble and Reki needed to help him.

He opened the door, cutting off whatever Nanako was saying.

“Hello, Hasegawa-san, Langa.”

He walked over to Langa and kissed him on the cheek.

“Missed you,” he said sing-song.

"I... I missed you too." Langa said with uncertainty.

"I guess you're not lying, Langa." Nanako said, putting her hands on her hips. "Well, though I'm disappointed our plans fell through, I am happy for you Langa. I wish you well."

She blew a kiss and then left out of the door Reki had left open.

Langa looked at Reki agape. "You saved my life, dude."

"It's no problem." Reki brushed it off.

"No, seriously, I don't know how much you heard but... Oh god, how much did you hear?"

"I came in when your mom said something about your stepdad making sacrifices for you."

"Oh god. So you heard that I—"

"Like someone? Yeah... I guess I'm a little hurt you didn't tell me. But I understand. It must be confusing for you..."

Langa stared at Reki, like he was thinking a million things at once. Reki looked away awkwardly.

"If you ever want to talk about it..." Reki shrugged.

Langa shook his head. "You think I like someone else...?"

"Yeah, that's what your mom said, right?"

"...how do you feel about that?"

"Uh... it's fine? Of course I don't care. You're my best friend. I support you no matter what."

Why did Langa look completely dejected? Like he just got a knife through the heart?

"Are you okay?"

"Ye-yes. I like someone else."

Now Reki felt the blade in his chest, but he hid it from Langa.

"Cool, cool. I didn't think you'd ever like anyone."

"There was no way I couldn't like him." Langa said sadly.

"You sound like... it didn't work out or something."

Langa shook his head.

"Oh... I'm sorry. That sucks."

Langa's phone rang and he sighed deeply before hitting answer.

"What?" Langa said after answering.

Reki heard shouting on the other end of the line.

"What do you mean we're faking it?... Mom knows, ask her about it... You're being completely ridiculous... God, hang on."

"Reki?"

"Um, yeah?"

"Will you come to our house during holiday break to 'prove' we're dating?"

"Yeah, man, of course."

"Really? Thank you..."

"He said fine," Langa shouted into the phone. "So we'll see you then. Bye!"

## Fake Kiss

“So... I guess we’re going on break together. Where does your family live now, again?” Reki asked.

“Osaka.” Langa sighed, collapsing onto his bed.

Reki tentatively walked over to him. Should he comfort him? Of course, he always would. No matter what Reki was feeling.

“We’ll need to get coats. It’ll be cold there.” Langa mumbled.

Reki sat on the edge of his bed. “Hey, it’ll be okay. We’ll get through this. We’ve been through even crazier things together.”

Langa laughed briefly, then sat back up, next to Reki.

“My family is so weird now, Reki. I don’t know what happened to my mom. She used to be really cool, now all she cares about is money and whatever Akito wants.” Langa explained sadly.

Reki wrapped his arms gently around Langa’s shoulders and pulled him in close. Langa hugged around Reki’s waist and settled his head on Reki’s shoulder.

“I wish she’d just go back to how she was.” Langa sighed.

Reki rubbed Langa’s back, “I know, I do too. I don’t know what to say, but... you’ll always have me, if nothing else.”

“Having you is everything I need.” Langa said softly.

“Oh... then, you have me.” Reki felt his face heat up. Hugging like this and Langa saying something so sweet was almost more than his heart could take.

“Thank you, Reki.” Langa whispered.

“Langa?” Reki asked quietly.

“Hmm?” Langa hummed and nuzzled his head against Reki’s shoulder.

“It... it doesn’t seem like your mom accepts your, um... you know, asexuality. Is that true?”

Langa nodded against Reki’s shoulder. “She never really did. Always said I’d grow out of it. She was elated when I finally had a crush... but it never went anywhere, and I guess she gave up on it becoming anything. Anything like *she* wants it to be, anyway.”

Reki gulped hard. He wasn’t sure he wanted to hear about Langa’s crush. But it was heartbreaking that his mom didn’t support him, he had to let him know that he supported him



with anything.

“When was that?” Reki asked.

“I told her back in the second year of high school.”

“Wow, you’ve had this crush that long?”

Langa nodded again, “It’s more than just a crush now, now I’m in love with him.”

“Oh, wow. I had no idea you had someone like that... Is it a secret or something?”

“Yeah, I’m worried if he finds out, it’d ruin our friendship. He doesn’t like me back, so I can’t let my stupid feelings mess everything else up. Then I’d be all alone.”

That cut Reki deep. He knew he’d still have him, right?

“You’d still have me. You’ll always have me, remember? Infinity?”

“Yeah, thank you, Reki.” Langa said without much emotion, like he didn’t truly believe Reki.

“Are you okay?” Reki asked.

Langa pulled away from him, and stifled a yawn.

“Yeah, just getting tired. I think I’m going to go to bed.”

“It’s only 7:30,”

“Yeah, it’s been a long day.”

“Okay, goodnight, Langa. Call me if you... need to talk or anything.”

Langa nodded and walked to his dresser to get pajamas, then disappeared into the bathroom.

Reki went to his bed and laid down to think.

Langa didn’t seem to believe him when he said he’d always be there. That hurt so bad. Why did he think that? What could possibly scare Reki off? He would accept anything about Langa. He loved him. He would even help him with this other guy, if it made Langa happy.

Who was this joker, anyway? How could he not like Langa back? He was *Hasegawa Langa*, foreign prince of snow, top skateboarder at “S,” the amazing person who could do anything he put his mind to. Did this other guy even know him? Maybe that was the problem.

Langa came out of the bathroom and turned off the light on his side of the room, then laid down in bed.

Reki really wanted to ask if Langa believed him... He wanted to make sure of it. But how? All he had was honesty.

“Langa?” He said, hopefully loud enough to be heard from across the room.

“Yeah?” Langa responded.

Reki got up from his bed and walked to the loveseat, leaning against the side of it.

“I want you to know, I really meant what I said, when we said we’d be together for infinity. There’s nothing, absolutely nothing you could do to push me away. I’ll seriously always be here for you.”

“Oh...”

“It didn’t seem like you really believed me. I want you to, I want you to believe I really mean it.”

Reki couldn’t read Langa’s face in the dark. Was he getting through?

“I’m not used to people staying.” Langa finally said, with a cold numbness that gave Reki a chill.

“I know... But I will. I promise. Nothing—”

“You could always die, you know. That’s one way people leave, and we have no control over it.”

“Okay, you’re right. But aside from that—”

“When you get a girlfriend, you’re sure to always see her instead of me.”

“I don’t even want a—”

“Or a boyfriend, whichever.”

“I don’t want a boyfriend right now, either. I just want to hang out with you. I don’t see how any boyfriend could be better. What? Someone will come sweep me off my feet? There’s no one even half as good as you, Langa.”

“Oh.”

“So, stop with all the angst. I’ll always be your best bro, I’m not going anywhere. You won’t be alone.”

“What about after college? What, are we going to move in together?”

“Sure, I don’t see why not.”

“Wait, really?”

“Yeah, I wouldn’t mind. We could get an apartment together here in Okinawa, or somewhere else cheaper. I don’t care either way.”

“Wow, okay. I didn’t think you would want to.”

“Why not?”

“Because I’m just your friend... I figured you would eventually want more. Someone you could... be with.”

“Oh... I don’t know. There’s someone I want to be with, but he doesn’t want to be with me. So, I can relate to you in that regard.” Reki rubbed the back of his head.

“Oh, really? I’m sorry, Reki.”

“It’s okay. I still have your friendship. That’s enough for me.”

Langa yawned.

“Okay, go to bed. Good talk. Goodnight, Langa.”

“Goodnight Reki... thank you.”

“Any time.”

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Langa’s step dad bought their plane tickets, first class. Langa traded them for business at the gate and pocketed the extra cash.

Reki thought that was pretty smart, but realized it was more to passive aggressively spite his step dad than to make a buck.

The flight was fine, but Langa was anxious about seeing his step dad.

“I don’t know what to say to him. He sees me as nothing but a poker chip in his game of life.” He whispered to Reki.

“Just talk to him like you would a friend of friend or something. Be polite, but not completely formal, but keep a little distance.”

“That was... terrible advice to try to follow, Reki. But thanks for trying.”

The plane landed and the pair made it out to the trains, taking one into the nicer part of the city.

They walked the rest of the way, and came upon a giant house. Western style and probably at least five bedrooms.

Langa rung the doorbell, and his mother answered.

“Langa! Reki!” she beamed, and kissed Langa’s cheek.

“Come in, come in. I’ll show you your room to put your stuff.”

They followed her through the mansion and finally into a large guest bedroom– with one bed.

“That won’t be a problem, right?” Nanako asked, raising an eyebrow.

“No! None whatsoever. It’ll be nice, actually,” Reki lied through his teeth. This was a problem. He was freaking out to share a bed with Langa. How could he control himself in his sleep?

“Yeah, no problem, Mom.”

“Okay, then, I’ll let you unpack.”

They unpacked their bags quietly. Reki was tired but was still really unsure about the bed situation.

Suddenly Langa grabbed Reki by his arm and pulled him up against him. Then he had his lips a millimeter away from Reki’s. Reki was frozen, or else he would close the gap...

“Oh, sorry, boys. Just checking on you.” Akito said with narrowed eyes.

*Oh.* Langa heard him coming, so he was pretending they were kissing. Smart. Tragic for Reki, but smart.

“Anyway, I wanted to check on you and let you know your mother almost has dinner ready.”

“Okay. Thank you, sir.”

Akito nodded, and walked away with his hands in his pockets.

Langa watched a while, probably making sure he was truly gone, then turned to Reki.

“Sorry! I’m sorry! It was just an impulsive choice. Jesus, you look sick. Was it really that bad?” Langa asked, dejected.

“What? No, no, it wasn’t bad. Not at all. My head’s just still spinning from the shock.” Reki reassured.

He sat down on the bed. “I didn’t hear your step dad coming, so I thought... you know. That you were actually going to kiss me.”

“Sorry, Reki.”

Reki gulped. He had a devious idea. Was he too much of a coward to pull it off, though?

“No, it was fine. If... if it will sell it better, you can kiss me. Actually kiss me. Just more warning next time. Let’s plan for it or something...”

“Oh... that’s a good idea. When? And where?”

“Well, we want to be caught. Maybe in the dining room, when we wait for everyone to show up.” Reki explained.

“That’s perfect. We better hurry down there to be the first ones there.”

Langa took Reki’s wrist and pulled him out of the guest room and down the hall. Why was he so excited? Because he was getting out of that awful arranged marriage?

They entered the empty dining room, and took surveillance of where everyone else was. His mother was about to come in to start putting plates on the table.

“Now?” whispered Langa.

Reki nodded and held his breath.

Langa faced him and put his hands on his shoulders, Reki put his on Langa’s waist. They met each other’s eyes before quickly closing them, then Langa pressed his lips against Reki’s.

Langa’s mom was taking longer than they thought she would, so they were stuck in that position, waiting.

Reki couldn’t believe he was being kissed by Langa right now. He stepped a little closer and grabbed Langa’s waist a little tighter.

Langa moved one of his hands up to Reki’s jaw, brushing his cheek with his thumb.

Then they accidentally started kissing, actually kissing. They moved their lips against each other and pressed themselves even closer together.

Reki couldn’t breathe, he was going to die. Die happy, though. He was kissing Langa, finally, finally, he was kissing Langa.

He’d dreamt about it for over three years now, and it was happening. Langa was kissing him.

Nanako still wasn’t coming in, but they had to separate for air. Langa pulled back, deep blue eyes staring into Reki’s amber, wide and fiery as he gasped for breath.

Then they looked to the table and saw the plates were all sitting out, ready to go. Nanako had simply come in, done what she needed to do, and completely ignored them.

Langa was bright red and sighed as he walked to a chair and sat down. Reki sat down next to him, probably just as red.

What happened with that fake kiss? That wasn’t a fake kiss at all!

# Bus Stop

Dinner was quiet. After dinner they went to the “lounge” but it was quiet there, too.

Langa’s new step-sister, 15 year old Megumi, tried to start various conversations, but couldn’t get anyone to bite. Langa, especially, was a master at deflecting the conversation back to nothing.

“How long have you two been dating, Langa?”

“A year.”

“How did you get together?”

“We were friends.”

“Who confessed their love?”

“Me.”

“How’d that go?”

“Fine.”

She dropped her head with a sigh. “You’re so hard to talk to.”

Langa shrugged, “Sorry.”

“Nanako, do you ever get him to open up?”

“No, not usually.”

“Has he always been this way?”

“Yeah, he’s always been quiet.”

“I’m beginning to see a pattern.” She said, rolling her eyes.

She seemed to give up on getting to know her new family, then, and pulled out her phone to text.

No one said much of anything until the clock rang out for nine at night, and Akito determined it was time for bed. They all said goodnight on their way to their bedrooms.

Reki realized Nanako really had changed. She used to be happy and affectionate, especially with Langa; now she was as cold as her new husband. She didn’t kiss him goodnight, or tell him she loved him. She just waved goodbye to everyone in the room, then left with Akito.

Reki wondered if this was hurting Langa. If it was, he wasn’t letting that on. They reached their bedroom, and as much as Reki didn’t want to, he knew he had to ask.

Then he saw and remembered the bed. The bed that they were sharing tonight. Panic rose in his throat and he gaped at the furniture. Langa, meanwhile, got into his pajamas.

Langa looked at him funny. “Dude, it’s just a bed. And it’s a big bed. We’ll be fine.”

Reki took a deep breath. “Okay...”

“I’m sorry you have to go through sleeping next to me...” Langa said with a twinge of hurt behind his voice.

“What? No, it’s not that...”

Langa got into bed and let out a deep sigh. “It’s comfy, at least.”

Reki climbed into the other side, and wrapped his arms around himself.

“It’s comfy, but it’s so cold in here. Why are mansions so cold?”

“Really? I feel fine. Nice and warm. And it’s not a mansion.”

They were silent for a few minutes, Reki shivering and shaking the bed.

“Dude... you really are cold. Do you want me to, like, come over and help you warm up?”

“What? Cuddle?” Reki spat out.

“That’s not what I said, but yeah, I guess. It’s no big deal. I don’t want you to be cold all night.”

“O-okay. Just to warm up?”

“Yeah... It’s not a big deal.”

Langa said again, *was he really talking to himself?* Reki wondered.

Langa moved over in the bed to be behind Reki, and pressed against his back. He curved his legs to match Reki’s, and then put his arm around Reki’s shoulder.

*Langa is spooning me!* Reki screamed in his head.

“Ho-how’s that?” Langa asked nervously.

Reki nodded. He couldn’t speak.

“Are you okay?”

Reki nodded more vigorously. He was very okay. Too okay. He was going to pass out and die from how okay he was— he was in pure euphoria.

“Are you warmed up yet?”

Reki didn’t want Langa to stop, so he shook his head now and gave a pretend shiver.

Langa tightened his grip around him and pulled Reki closer.

Reki wanted to turn around and kiss him again, like their fake kiss earlier, but there was no reason for it. No one was going to see them.

Reki closed his eyes tight, he had to get himself under control. He was here to help Langa, not trick him into doing sexual stuff he didn't want to do.

But was kissing sexual? Did Langa like kissing? He didn't seem to mind, in fact, he was the one that started to *really* kiss Reki earlier. Was it experimentation? Wait, was that Langa's first kiss?!

"Uh, Langa?"

"Yeah?"

"About earlier... our, um, fake kiss? Was that your first?"

"Oh... yeah. It was, I guess."

"Did you like it?" Reki wanted to slap himself for slipping out such an intrusive question. But Langa wasn't offended.

"Um... yeah. I did. It was nice. Did you?"

"Oh, well, yeah. But I already knew I liked kissing. I was curious about it with your asexuality... if you liked it or not."

"I think there'd be times I would and times I wouldn't."

"You would with your crush?"

"Yeah, definitely."

"And you did with me..."

"Mhm. But no one else, probably. Thinking about kissing anyone else is kind of gross."

*But why was I nice to kiss? I'm not his crush.*

Langa snuggled closer against Reki, and started playing with his hair.

"You have so much hair. It's crazy. How do you manage it all?"

Reki laughed, "I don't. You see me everyday, dude, you know I don't."

"Hmm," Langa hummed and continued to run his fingers through Reki's locks. It was really relaxing and Reki started to feel peaceful. Sure, he was spooning with Langa and

Langa was playing with his hair, but somehow that was okay now.

Reki started drifting to sleep, exhausted from all the anxiety of the day. Langa put his arm back around Reki's shoulder, and Reki took a hold of his hand when he did.

Langa squeezed his hand and pulled him even closer. Then Reki could hear Langa's breathing slow and feel his body relaxing. They were just going to fall asleep like this... was that okay?



---

Reki woke to the sound of a camera shutter sound. He opened his eyes and saw Megumi with her phone, pointed at him and Langa.

Langa who was still spooning him.

Reki almost freaked out, thinking Langa was going to be mad, but then he remembered...  
*Right, I'm Langa's fake boyfriend, this is good.*

Reki rubbed his eyes and yawned.

“Good morning, Megumi. Why are you taking pictures of us?”

“Daddy told me to take a picture of you guys before you woke up.”

“Oh, to see what we were doing? Just cuddling. Like boyfriends.”

“I can see that, it's pretty adorable.”

“Thanks?”

“Anyway, bye.”

“Bye, Megumi.”

Langa stirred and seemed to have heard half the conversation.

“What happened? A picture?”

Reki turned around in bed to face Langa so they could talk.

“Megumi took a picture of us cuddling because your step-dad asked her to.”

“That's weird... but okay.”

“I don't think he knew we were cuddling, I think he thought we'd be far apart and thus 'not dating.'”

“Ohhh. Right. Then it's good we were...”

“Yeah.”

“We just have to always be ready, I guess.”

“Always... pretending?”

Langa nodded. “Sorry, for so much trouble, Reki...”

“No, it's— it's not any trouble. I told you, I'd help you out with anything, right?”

“Yeah... But you must be disappointed to have me cuddling you instead of your crush. Does it make you sad?”

“No, it’s fine... It really is. Are you sad?”

Langa shook his head.

“Then... we’re fine. We just have one more day to get through, then we leave tomorrow.” Reki said.

“And we can go back to normal.” Langa added.

“Yeah... just go back to normal...”

“You can forget you ever had to kiss me.”

“What? I don’t– I don’t need to forget that, Langa. It was fine. I would do it again...”

“You would?”

“Yeah, in a heartbeat. If– if it helped you out.”

“Then... let’s make sure my stepfather sees us.”

“Oh, o- okay. How do we do that?”

“...I don’t know.”

“Langa. I thought you had some master plan!”

“No, I really don’t know what to do. Honestly... I’m so, just, done with this. I don’t want to be around my family anymore. I just want to go back home with you.”

Reki frowned. He hadn’t been helping at all. He’d been too wrapped up in fake kisses and sharing a bed. Langa’s been dealing with some heavy shit, and Reki hadn’t noticed at all.

“I’m sorry, Langa. You want to talk about it?”

“Nah. I don’t know. It’s nothing important.”

“It sounds important.”

“It’s fine. As long as...”

“As long as what?”

“As long as I have you. Everything else will be fine.”

Reki’s heart raced and his breath caught in his throat. His body moved on its own, he couldn’t stop it. He closed his eyes and pressed his lips against Langa’s.

*This is bad, STOP!* He screamed at himself. But then, he realized, Langa was kissing him back, kissing him like yesterday. Langa even put his arm back around Reki's shoulder, and pulled Reki closer.

*Is he imagining his crush?* Reki wondered with a pain in his chest.

But he said he liked kissing Reki, for whatever reason. So, maybe this was at least helping him feel better. Even if it hurt Reki to know Langa wasn't doing this because he liked *him*.

But how was Reki going to explain kissing Langa out of nowhere like this? He couldn't say he was so swept away by loving emotion he lost control of his body.

Someone cleared their throat.

"I see you boys are up." Akito said sardonically.

"Do you mind?" Langa asked with venom. "We were busy."

"Wow, okay. I was just going to tell you about today. You'll be meeting your fiancé at lunch, so make sure you look nice."

"What?! What *fiancé*? I told you, I showed you, I'm with Reki. I'm not marrying someone else."

"Oh, I see how you are with Reki. I see how you two aren't serious about each other. Nanako overheard you guys talk about *Reki's other crush*. You're just pretending. You're broken, *asexual* or whatever, you don't have it in you to fall in love with anyone. So, just do this for your father."

"You are not my father. And we're leaving."

Langa got out of bed and rushed to get dressed while packing his suitcase. Reki looked back and forth between them, not knowing what to do.

"Pack, Reki. We're going home. I don't care if I'm disowned."

Reki listened and started packing. Akito crossed his arms and watched without saying anything.

They got packed, and Langa pulled Reki by his wrist past Akito and through the house.

"Hey, where are you—" Megumi asked when they ran past her.

"We're leaving. Bye."

And Langa pulled them out the door and up the block to the bus stop. Langa finally looked at Reki, shame in his eyes.

"Should I have said goodbye to my mom? I thought... I thought she wouldn't even care..."

“I... I don’t know, Langa. Maybe you should have. I think she still loves you...”

“It doesn’t matter.” Langa choked back tears. “We’re going home because no one in that family will ever accept me.”

“Langa!”

They both turned around and looked down the street, Nanako was jogging up to them.

“Mom...”

“Langa,” she said out of breath, “Please, come back. We can talk this out.”

“You told Akito that Reki had another crush. Why would you betray me like that?”

“I was just being honest about what I heard. If... If you really don’t want to marry Anna, I’m sure we can work out someone else.”

“Anna?”

“That’s who your father wants you to marry. But there are other possibilities.”

“What? There’s like a line-up? What’s wrong with you people?! I want to be with Reki!”

“Does Reki want to be with you, though, sweetie? I know he’s playing along, but is that just because he’s a good friend? You’ve been in love with Reki since high school, but he never... he never liked you back, honey.”

*What? Reki thought. What did she just say? Langa has been in love with me since high school?*

“That’s fine, Mom! I like just being his friend, too. I don’t need someone I can have sex with to be my partner, I’m not bound up by that!”

“Is that fair to Reki? To treat it like you’re in some asexual relationship, when he just thinks you’re friends?”

“That’s– that’s not!” Langa started to cry.

“Wait, wait, wait!” Reki finally interrupted. “Langa, you like me?”

Langa’s eyes opened wide and his voice caught in his throat– he looked away and tried to hold back his sobs.

The bus started to round the corner and head towards them.

Reki reached out and grabbed his wrist, pulling him back to face each other.

“Langa, I’ve loved you since the first day I met you. I thought you didn’t like *me* back.”

The bus pulled up, and Langa looked at his mom, who stared in shocked silence.

“Bye, Mom.”

He grabbed his suitcase and Reki’s hand and they boarded the bus.

They sat together in the back and held hands without speaking.

# Blissful

## Chapter Notes

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

Reki was a coward. An innate coward, unable to do anything to become braver. He thought he would take the truth to his grave that he loved Langa.

But somehow, he finally said what he had daydreamed about saying a million times. The truth was out there now, hanging in front of them.

It was a beautiful, messy truth that deserved to be heard. Reki wished he had said it sooner.

Now, though, Reki felt cowardly again and didn't know what to say. Langa sat on the bus, holding his hand, staring out the window.

Was he still trying not to cry? What could Reki do to make this better? He might have just lost his whole family...

In order to be with Reki. Damn. Was it his fault?

"Langa?"

"Yeah?" Langa said, sounding exhausted.

"Is this my fault? You did this to be with me?"

"Well, yeah, but that doesn't make it your fault. I chose who I love and who I want to be with. Even if I didn't have you, it probably would have gone the same. I'm really glad I have you, though."

Langa finally looked at Reki and offered a tired smile.

"Do you want to lean on my shoulder and sleep?" Reki asked.

Langa nodded and they adjusted their positions. Langa fell asleep quickly, but it seemed like an restless sleep.

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Langa slept on the plane too, and when they got home, Langa collapsed into his bed. It seemed like he was trying to sleep through reality.

But then he motioned for Reki to come over, and then patted the bed next to him.

"You want to sleep together?" Reki asked.

"Yeah, if that's okay."

“Yeah.” Reki smiled, “That’s okay.”

Reki climbed into Langa’s bed and wrapped himself around him.

“Reki?” Langa said.

“Yeah?”

“I love you.”

Even though Reki already knew, his head spun upon hearing it said directly to him the first time.

“I... I love you too.” Reki felt hot and hid his face.

“You’ve loved me this whole time? Since the day we met?”

Reki nodded. “Gah... that’s embarrassing, but yes.”

“It’s so sweet, Reki. I’ve loved you for so long, too. But I thought... you wouldn’t like me after I told you I was ace.”

“I thought you being ace meant you didn’t like me.”

“Oh... I should have explained it better, I guess. It was new to me, too. It was really confusing.”

“Are you still confused?”

“Nah, I know exactly what I want. I want you. However you’ll have me.”

“However? But not sex, right?”

“Well... I don’t think I want to yet, but it’s not a complete impossibility. I know other aces who, well, like to please their allosexual partners. It’s something I’d be willing to try.”

“Okay... that sounds nice. If it’s anything you don’t want though, we can stop anytime.”

“Thank you, Reki. I appreciate that.”

“Of course. I love you. I don’t want you to be uncomfortable.”

“Can I kiss you, Reki?”

“Yeah, you can kiss me as much as you want.” Reki grinned.

Langa covered Reki with kisses to every part of his exposed skin. Reki laughed and started kissing Langa back. Their lips finally met and they fell down onto the bed together.

They kissed until they fell asleep from their exhausting day.

---

Reki woke up to Langa sitting on the edge of the bed staring at his phone.

“What’s wrong?” Reki asked.

“I got a text from my mom.”

“What’s it say?”

Langa sighed and showed his phone to Reki.

“Because of what’s happened, Akito is disowning you, writing you out of the will, and having no contact with you. I’ll try to convince him to forgive you, but I just wanted to let you know.”

“I don’t really care.” Langa said flatly. “It’s not like my mom ever had money to leave me, so I wasn’t used to the idea or anything.”

“Well, then. I guess just see what happens. Your parents aren’t dying, so who knows what will happen between now and then.” Reki affirmed.

“Yeah... I just wish my mom hadn’t changed so much.”

Reki nodded, “Me too.”

“Oh well,” Langa smiled, “I have you. That’s all I need.”

“Do you mean that?” Reki asked.

“Of course. You’re the most important person in my life. You have been for a long time now.”

“Langa... I’m so happy we’re together now.”

Langa nodded and laid back down on the bed, cuddling up next to Reki and kissing him softly.

Reki laughed and returned the kisses, blissful in his new relationship.

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading and for the kudos! Have a great weekend~



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