

I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend

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I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend

by [Cutie_4Me](#)

Summary

Reki and Langa have been friends for a while now. Within that period, Langa has grown deep romantic feelings for Reki but his dumb redheaded friend doesn't seem to notice. But now there are three new transfer students from America who know how to skateboard and they've taken interest in Reki. What happens now that Reki begins to ignore Langa and spend more time with these new students?

Notes

Inspired by the song "I Wanna Be Your Girlfriend" By "Girl In Red" but somewhere along the story's plot, it just strayed from the song so I guess it's not really based off anything now!

Set quite a while after Season 1 (there are references to the whole "Adam Incident" so if you haven't watched the anime then you'd be quite lost)

No Reposts on Other Websites Allowed

Langa breathed in deeply as his fuzzy mind attempted to process the sight of soft lips and amber eyes before him.

“Langa? You ok? You look kind of red. You’re not sick, are you?”

Langa blinked and snapped back into focus, blushing even harder after realising that he had just subconsciously leaned closer to his best friend’s face with the urge to kiss him.

“U-um I-“

“Come on! Let’s get you to the school infirmary,” Reki smiled with those kind eyes of his. Langa attempted to pay attention to what Reki had just said but his mind couldn’t comprehend and his eyes kept wandering to Reki’s lips.

They were at their usual place doing their usual thing at the usual time. Eating lunch on the school rooftop and supposedly watching Skating videos or talking about skating. But somewhere along that conversation, Langa’s brain had began to tune out and before he knew it he had practically embarrassed himself and almost revealed his “secret gay feelings”.

“I’m fine, Reki,” Langa kept his voice monotone, careful not to reveal any unstable emotions.

“Nonsense! you’re blowing up red! you’ll be as red as my hair soon if we don’t go!”

Langa sighed and got up from where he sat, following Reki down the stairs. Once Reki made up his mind there was no changing it, not that Langa minded. In fact, Langa almost never questioned or went against whatever Reki told him. He liked Reki and not just “like” as in “You’re my best friend” like, but “like” as in “I want you to be my boyfriend” like. It always concluded in Langa looking like some idiotic lovesick puppy following Reki around but he thought he was doing a good job keeping his composure and feelings hidden. Heck, you’d have to be very perceptive of the two to realise Langa had feelings for Reki and no one really did pay much attention to them.

Langa lied down on the infirmary bed as Reki explained to the Nurse what had happened with the bluenette previously just before heading to grab the remainder of his and Langa's possessions they had left on the rooftop, leaving Langa to feel guilty.

‘Well, I might as well take a nap,’ Langa thought. It was quite a hot day and sleeping through would definitely help him reserve his energy.

The image of Reki suddenly appeared in his mind and the comfort of those soft red hair and stunning gold eyes eased Langa to fall into his sweet, short slumber.

Langa awoke to see a set of warm mercury eyes staring straight into his own and he could feel his heart flutter at the intensity behind those eyes. His thoughts flashed back to him and he felt that familiar ache in his chest again.

“Good afternoon, Langa. Are you feeling better?” Reki chirped.

“I think so,” Langa nodded.

“Good because it's time to go home.”

“I slept through the whole afternoon!?” Langa questioned “Why didn't you wake me!?”

“Because you looked so peaceful! Plus the sun's heats have died down so you must be feeling better by now. We can go skating!” Reki chuckled, suggesting the last part.

The chuckle was like a sweet melody to Langa's ears. Oh Lord Langa really was gay, wasn't he?

The two boys walked out of the infirmary in comfortable silence. Langa noticed that the temperature had gone down considerably as they walked out of the mental prison they were now free of.

As soon as they stepped out the gates, they dropped their skateboards and began riding it towards their usual spot at the skatepark. Other than Reki himself, there was nothing Langa loved more than skating with Reki. It wasn't the same without his redhead friend.

The sun was just about to go down, its sunset leaving a slight purple hue along the skyline, as Reki and Langa sat down to take a break. Reki took a large swig of his bottle, unaware of Langa's blue eyes resting on him.

"Well," Reki used his sleeve to wipe off the trail of water dripping down the side of his mouth "Should we call it a day?"

'No, I want you to stay here with me' was what Langa really wanted to say but he couldn't bring himself to utter those words.

"How about we race back to my place?" Reki suggested, dropping his skateboard down and skating towards the bin to discard his plastic water bottle. "Come on" Reki smiled, turning around to face Langa.

Langa wasn't sure whether it was just his mind playing tricks on him or if the Gods' (if there even was a god) had blessed him in that moment by the sight caused Langa's stomach to curl and flutter in a warm sensation- a sudden wave of euphoria had washed over him.

The wind had picked up and blown slightly into Reki's hair, causing it to rustle and the sunset's warm hue had somehow caused Reki's eyes to become a vibrant gold tinge, its light captivating the the shape of his face. The sight was utterly breath taking. Langa felt his breath hitch as he wracked his brain on how to speak, let alone give an appropriate response. It was as though he had fallen for Reki all over again.

He wanted to, at that moment, confess to Reki his heart's content, spill every ounce of thought of Reki that filled his head, How desperately he wanted to kiss those soft lips of his, how he wanted to wistfully stare into those mercury orbs of his.

But Gosh Langa wouldn't. He couldn't. Reki meant the world to him. Reki was the cause of Langa's happiness. He didn't want to risk it. He didn't want to lose it. He'd get what he can have and if this friendship is all he could have or get from Reki then it was enough.

So he simply just nodded in fear of slipping out anything if he opened his mouth, like the idiot he was, and the two raced back to crash at Reki's place. Like the friends they were supposed to be.

“So what do you think?” An ecstatic voice cheered as the redhead entered his room.

“Think about what?” Langa had been left to rot in Reki's messy room (not that he minded, he quite enjoyed Reki's scent engulfing him) as Reki had gone to his workshop-shed for a surprise. Langa had aimlessly been flicking through a Japanese Skating magazine, attempting to make sense of the words to distract himself from getting too comfortable.

“This!” Reki's eyes twinkled as he held up his board to present the orange bubble font of “*FUN*” painted onto the back of his yellow skateboard.

“Now we match!” Reki grinned “Like Best Pals are supposed to!”

Although the ache in Langa's chest felt insurmountable at the friend zoning, he smiled back at Reki nonetheless. “I guess we do!” his smile may have been infinitesimal but his emotions reached his eyes and Reki caught on.

“We’ll be skating buddies forever! That’s right” Reki declared as he held out his Pinkie for Langa to lock.

“Can I ask you something?” Langa sank back down onto Reki’s chair after interlocking their pinkies.

“Sure man! What’s up?”

“We will stay together, right? Like friends. You won’t leave me?” Langa tried to hide the desperation in his voice, silently cursing himself in paranoia of Reki hearing it.

“What kind of question is that?” Reki quizzically raised his eyebrows.

“Just answer the question.”

Reki slightly shifted himself as he sat down beside Langa to face him.

“Listen...” His voice was soft like a whisper, the low tone causing Langa’s stomach to churn. “I’m not going to leave you, Langa. Not now. Not ever. We may have argued in the past but we’re past that! I trust that. I trust you. And, well, hopefully you trust me too.”

The sincerity in Reki’s voice reassured Langa, easing out the doubt that had seeped its wicked way into his thoughts.

“I do! I mean that I do trust you. Always,” His smile spread to a genuine one. A smile that comforted Reki, suffusing him that his friend was alright.

Langa’s mind flicked off to the deeper thoughts that roamed his head. Now being enlightened with a new form of comfort, the disease of doubt had been cured from his mind. Reki wouldn’t leave him. Reki trusted him. And Langa wished that Reki truly knew that he, Langa, wholeheartedly trusted Reki.

The next day Langa didn't get to greet Reki at their usual spot before heading to school. Reki had texted Langa to go on without him as he was chosen to help the teacher set up their classroom as punishment for his failing grades in English.

"He could have let me tutor him," Langa grumbled. That meant less time spent with Reki today. Regardless, Langa began to skate towards school at a slower pace than usual, silently sulking that Reki wasn't here with him.

He arrived at class just barely missing the bell. Luckily, the teacher hadn't entered the classroom yet so Langa was able to pull back his chair and sit in his allocated seat beside Reki who was mindlessly scribbling another one of his Skateboard designs in his sketchbook.

"Hey Reki," Langa slightly smiles.

"Hey Langa! I hadn't noticed you came in!" Reki replied.

'Ouch!'

"Did you hear?" Reki's excitement was prominent if not contagious. "We're having three new transfer students today! They're from America! Like you!"

"Reki, I'm from Canada." Langa sighed.

"Whoops! yeah! Canada. America. Same thing!"

"Not really," Langa muttered under his breath but smiled and Reki's usual antics.

Before Reki could speak further the classroom door slid open and in came their teacher followed by the three new transfer students, each looking slightly awkward in the Japanese school uniform.

"Class, please settle down and welcome our new transfer students! they will be here with us for the rest of the term until summer break!" The teacher stepped out of the side to allow the boys to introduce themselves.

"Uh... do we speak in English or Japanese?" The first one turned to face the teacher. He was blonde and had green eyes. His hair glistened under the light probably due to the amount of gel he used to keep his hair down.

"Japanese please!" The Teacher's accent coated her English causing Langa to slightly cringe.

"Um! Hello My name is Asher and I am happy to be here in this class." The class began to giggle slightly in laughter at the blonde's, Asher's, terrible accent causing him to flush red in embarrassment. The teacher cast the class a stern glance that caused them to silence.

"Right umm... My name is Zeke and I am Asher's Best err... friend!?" The next boy exclaimed sheepishly as he rubbed the back of his head. He had brown hair with red highlights and light blue eyes. He hadn't bothered to gel his hair as it stuck ruffled and wild piled on his head.

"And My name is Emile!" The third boy quickly blurted out, not bothered to step forward. His Japanese sounded good but it still had that thick western accent. He looked quite softer than the Asher and Zeke but he seemed to be repressing some form of eagerness. He sure looked like the type who would say a lot. Not to mention he looked surprisingly short. Was he even their age?

"Right, could you please take the empty seats at the back of the class next to Hasegawa."

Langa snapped back to his attention once he heard his name. Shoot! He was staring at Reki. Again!

“Hasegawa, please raise your hand,” The teacher instructed.

Langa shyly raised his hand, staring down at his desk as he felt everyone’s eyes on him.

He heard the three boys shuffle through the desks on their way to the seat beside him but refused to look up at anyone even as the classmates' attention were drawn back to the new students.

“Dammit! You’re so lucky, Langa!” Reki whined “The new kids look so cool! They look like the kind you’d find at S. You don’t think their skaters do you?”

The smile in Reki’s eyes caused Langa’s stomach to drop. He sure hoped they weren’t. Skating was a him and Reki thing. Especially since they were the only skaters here at their school. It made Langa feel as if he and Reki were only unique to each other!

“What’s so lucky about that?” Langa shrugged, “I just want to be left alone.”

“Stop sulking you big baby!” Reki playfully shoves Langa, the slight contact causing Langa’s heart to throb, “They’re American like you!”

“Kyan please refrain from shoving Hasegawa and talking during my lessons,” The teacher's voice cut clear through the silence.

Reki shrank back in his seat and sheepishly smiled, “Yes, Sensei.”

As the teacher continued teaching, Langa turned to whisper to Reki, “I’m Canadian, not American! I’ve told you this several times!”

“Well they both speak English!” Reki protested.

Langa just sighed and rolled his eyes. Why did he even bother trying to correct Reki at this rate?

Class passed by unsurprisingly tediously, leaving Langa feeling drained. Usually he wouldn't have bothered paying attention to the lesson and just stare at Reki but he couldn't do that today as the teacher already had it out for them. Not to mention the three new students were situated to his right. They would have for sure caught Langa staring. It had taken all of Langa's willpower not to stare at Reki too much or for too long and he was knackered just from that!

As he was packing his things away he heard an interestingly unfamiliar voice speaking to him.

“Woah! is that a skateboard?”

Langa looked up to be met with Asher's chartreuse green eyes. He simply just turned back to packing his things, leaving Asher standing there awkwardly.

“You can speak English with us!” Reki smiled at Asher, his Japanese accent was still thick but Langa's English lessons seemed to be paying off **“ And Yeah Langa's skateboard is cool right!”**

“Oh thank goodness!” Zeke slumped down and sighed in relief **“ Speaking Japanese is so goddamn hard! our accent keeps covering it and it's so embarrassing!”**

Reki stared blankly at Zeke but nodded as if to motion that he understood. Langa knew Reki probably didn't catch all of that but was just nodding to make the other feel better. It wasn't like Reki was fluent. He himself was still learning English like how they were learning Japanese.

“You guys skateboard? I can’t believe we found people who do too!” Emile exclaimed in excitement.

‘Ah! so he’s the loud hyperactive type’ Langa thought

“You do too!?” Reki’s eyes widened **“ No way! Let’s go skating right now!”**

“We don’t have our skateboards ,” Asher smiles nervously. **“We had to leave it back home.”**

“How could you just leave them at home!?” Reki frowned then he placed a finger on his chin as if he was thinking of a solution which he probably was. **“ How about you all come over to my house after school and I can make a skateboard for you all! I might have some spares I can fix too!”**

“No way! You can make skateboards? That’s so cool!” Zeke stared in awe.

“But, Reki, weren't you coming over to my house today?” Langa frowned. purposefully switching to Japanese and keeping his voice hushed so the others wouldn’t hear.

“It’s fine! Don’t you get it, Langa!? We have new skating buddies! Isn’t that amazing! For so long it was just you and me and now we have new friends who can skate with us!” Reki enthused. He turned back to the trio. **“Want me to show you around?”**

Langa silently huffed. Truth was that he was fine with it being just him and Reki. He wanted nothing more in the world than then it being just him and Reki. He was satisfied with it being just them two and skating for just them two so why wasn’t Reki satisfied? Was Langa not enough for him?

Reki had already begun to lead Asher, Zeke and Emile out the Classroom and Langa ran to linger behind them.

He wanted Reki to be happy, right? So he'll let Reki be happy. These new students were only transfers after all. They wouldn't be here forever.

Well, boy was Langa wrong! Reki had done nothing but neglect Langa throughout the following week. Langa still trailed along after Reki but every single thing that they'd used to do together; Reki had invited Asher, Zeke and Emile to join them! Whether that be them eating on the rooftop or watching Skating videos in class. What had hurt Langa the most was when Reki had invited the skating trio to their skatepark that Thursday. That's right, *their* skatepark.

Langa felt the betrayal seeping into his gut. The strange feeling devouring his insides. It felt familiar but it had a venomous sting to it. Was he jealous? He couldn't be! He wanted Reki to be happy! He didn't want to lose Reki. Not like last time. He had hurt his precious redhead a lot but they had amended their broken friendship.

The truth was- Langa was scared. He had already lost his father and snowboarding and he had lost Reki once too. He was fortunate enough to have Reki back and he cherished it. But if he was to lose Reki again... He wasn't sure if he could handle it.

Today was a Friday, which helped Langa feel a little bit better. S was on today and Langa was sure that the others wouldn't be allowed in since they needed a pass. It wasn't like they would get one anyways. They were only here temporarily. Langa felt his pride glow. He was finally going to have Reki all to himself tonight after a long week of enduring this abandonment.

"Hey Reki," Langa smiled as Reki sat down in his allocated seat beside him.

"Hello to you too, Langa!" Reki returned the greeting as he dropped his bag down behind his chair.

“Listen, Reki, there’s something I need to tell you.”

“Go on.” Reki’s eyes shimmered as he turned to face Langa. God, how Langa had missed that! How Reki used to look at him always made his stomach flutter. It was nice to feel that sensation again.

“So tonight is S and I was wondering if you wanted to skate with me,” Langa looked down slightly to hide the blush that rose to his cheeks. Why did it feel like he was asking Reki out on a date?

“Oh that’s great! It’s been a while!” Reki beamed but his smile soon faltered into a frown “But Asher, Zeke and Emile won’t be able to come, though.”

Langa’s eyes flared but he attempted to contain his composure. Of course Reki would ask about them! “I meant just us two. Like how it *usually* is,” Langa replied, emphasising the ‘*usually*’.

“Man... I guess!” Reki sighed. “They’re not free tonight anyways. They said something about a student report back to their American school.”

Langa subtly smiled at his chance “Thank you.”

Like he thought so earlier, Today won’t be so bad after all.

“Ready?” Langa asked as he stood patiently by Reki’s window to see his red hair skating down the short slope.

“Ready!” Reki replied. They began to skate out of his garden and into the streets, heading towards S.

Reki grinned happily as he skated past Langa with ease. They both laughed loudly as they went faster and faster down the streets of Okinawa.

Langa could feel himself smiling as well. Even if he was still a little jealous, he was happy.

They were nearly halfway through the city when Reki suddenly came to a halt and almost fell on his ass. Langa skidded to a stop beside him and grabbed his hand to keep him from falling. His heart rate spiked as Reki held onto his hand, staring up at him with a bright smile.

“Sorry! I got carried away!” Reki giggled.

Reki pulled his hand back quickly and Langa released a sigh as he watched Reki skate up ahead. He hadn’t noticed that he had been holding his breath until he gasped for air. The tightness in his chest easing.

He was so relieved. He wasn’t upset anymore. It was alright. He wouldn’t let his jealousy cloud his judgement. He should trust Reki. Reki wouldn’t ever do anything to purposely hurt him. He wouldn’t leave Langa for some people he barely even knew. And even if he did hurt Langa someday, Langa was sure Reki was just going through some things- like last time.

They reached S just in time to be greeted by Miya and Shadow.

“It’s about time you slimes made it!” Miya huffed in annoyance, casting Langa a sly grin. Despite Miya being significantly younger than them, he seriously did have zero respect for them. He was still a somewhat reasonably good friend but he sure did love to tease and rile up people.

“Come on! I told you not to call us that!” Reki groaned “And what happened to my suggestion of smiling more?”

“Flushed down the drain like you all will be in this race,” His cocky grin didn’t falter even as he pointed directly to Reki before moving his index towards Langa’s direction “Especially you ‘*Snow*’. Today’s the day I will finally beat you!”

“Hmm... We’ll see about that!” Reki stuck out his tongue to which Langa rolled his eyes, despite finding his childish behaviour endearing.

As expected, the race ended with Langa’s consecutive win once again much to Miya’s annoyance.

“Damn It! I thought I had it this time!” Miya grumbled.

“You were really close this time. Well done, Miya. It was a good race,” Langa tried to comfort him but it didn’t seem to have much of an effect, probably due to his energy (because he sure didn’t sound very convincing).

“Whatever! Later Slimes! I have to head home now!” Miya announced to them before turning to demand to Shadow. “Drive me home, Old man.”

“Who the hell you calling old, Kid? I’m TWENTY FRICKIN’ FOUR!” Shadow roared but followed Miya regardless of his outburst.

“What’s his problem?” Langa mused in exhaustion.

“Meh! Ignore him!” Reki waved his hand dismissively. “It must be the old grandpa grouch.”

Langa snorted but quickly covered his mouth. ‘*Gosh! that was embarrassing*’.

Reki eyed him but just ended up snorting himself. “Anyways, you were great as always, though.” He swelled in pride for his best friend.

“Mhm. Thanks to you that is.” Langa cracked a smile.

“Aww Shucks! Thanks but you gotta give yourself some credit! A lot of those extreme moves of yours were implemented from your 15 years Snowboarding experience!” Reki exclaimed “Now to implement that into skateboarding so quickly is talent!”

Langa shook his head, “You’re great at a lot of things too, Reki.”

“Oh Yeah? Name one!”

Langa squinted at his redhead friend. Was Reki seriously asking him? Did he genuinely not know how great he was? Oh Goodness, Langa could name dozens of good things that Reki was great at but they were all his deep secrets that he kept on a mental list. Not to mention the sheer embarrassment of them. Like how Reki looked so good when he didn’t wear his headband and his messy hair dropped on his face or how he was so talented at not only making but designing Skateboards. There was even when he was truly fixated on something that he’d stick his tongue out subconsciously and look so effortlessly adorable doing so.

“I-I um...”

“See!” Reki pointed out. “Nothing!”

The flash of pain caught Langa’s eyes before Reki could have a chance to cover it up. Oh No! What had he done!?

“Um.. well I like how you care...” Langa blurted out.

“What?”

“I like how you care about me a lot! You notice the small things about me and make an attempt to help me out regardless of how big or small the problem is. Like when you noticed I wasn’t feeling well a few weeks ago and you took me to the Nurse’s office. And that night when I was over at your house you reassured me. And when you-”

“Alright! Alright! That’s enough!” Reki gasped out.

Langa looked up and drew in a sharp breath. Reki’s face was tinted in a dark pinkish shade but was covered by his hands as he groaned into them. His ears were burning pink from the tip down. Had Langa done that? Had he seriously flustered Reki so much that he was now a blushing mess before him?

“Man! I wish the others were here!” Reki sighed.

“Others?”

“You know; Asher, Zeke and Emile. If only they were here to witness my awesomeness!”

“Right,” Langa nodded, curtly. He had forgotten about them and honestly, he would be lying to say that he wasn’t put out at their sudden remembrance.

Only that It wouldn’t be so sudden from that point on...

It was more like a constant reminder. Despite that heartfelt Friday Night at S, Reki had gone back to ignoring Langa. At this rate wasn’t sure if Reki was doing it intentionally or if he really just hadn’t noticed but Langa was fed up with the ordeal. He wanted it to stop.

Reki had started off by simply neglecting Langa but Langa still trailed after his new group. Then Reki hadn't even bothered to acknowledge Langa. It was as though Langa really meant nothing to Reki. Was that promise of never leaving him just an empty promise? What happened to being best friends? They were nothing but strangers now. Reki wouldn't even hang out with Langa after school and had even begun English tutoring sessions with *them* !

It was the last straw. He was going to do something he never thought he'd have the courage to do. No- not confess to Reki, Confront him!

Langa spotted Reki in the hallway near the lockers, talking to the transfers. Hopefully this will end.

He tapped Reki on his shoulder from behind, causing Reki to whip around. "Reki, Can I talk to you? In Private?"

"What's wrong with them being here?" Reki raised his eyebrow.

"It doesn't concern them."

Asher's, Emile's and Zeke's expressions morphed into awkwardness. They understood what Langa and Reki were talking about. Reki had been teaching them Japanese.

Reki was taken aback by Langa's sudden boldness. "No need to be so rude about it!" He scoffed slightly, rolling his eyes.

"Do you know what this is about?" Langa heard Emile whisper to Zeke.

"Reki," Langa grumbled. "This is serious!"

"Then what is it?"

“You’ve been doing nothing but ignoring me the past few weeks! It’s been ever since *they* showed up! What’s the deal with that!?” Langa was surprised by the venom in his voice. He never knew he was capable of something like that but the anger seemed to be fuelling it. Reki was surprised too. He had never seen Langa act like this. Ever.

“What’s so wrong with hanging out with people that aren’t you Langa? I may be your friend but I don’t have social anxiety and shit like you!”

Langa felt his heart crack. Did Reki really just go there? It was something so personal that he had revealed to Reki in his darkest of times and Reki had exposed him.

“That’s not the problem! You can hang out with anyone you like, Reki! I’m not going to control that! It’s just that you’ve been completely blanking me! You won’t even acknowledge me!” Langa tried to soften his voice but it ended up sounding sharp.

“No Langa! I’m done! You can literally have who ever you want as your friend but you don’t even try so you holler at me because you just want someone to fucking pamper you and shit! You don’t have any idea how it’s like to rarely have anyone like you or notice you! Everyone’s always looking at you! You don’t even realise it but everyone likes you! Your life is just practically easy! You’re just jealous that this time around Asher, Zeke and Emile have taken notice of me! Just leave me alone, Langa!”

Reki’s words deeply cut Langa as he stared into those crazed mercury eyes. “Ok.”

“Wh-what!?” Reki whispered.

“If you want me to leave you alone, then I will,” Langa’s voice sounded calm as he stared Reki down. “You know I always listen to you..” He turned around to run out of the school building, unaware of where his legs were taking him so he just ran with the blue of crushing heart break hazy in his mind.

Reki stared ahead at Langa's missing form and the sudden realisation of what he had just yelled hit him. How could he have even muttered those things? He'd hurt Langa but all Langa wanted was to have his best friend back. Him- he (Reki) was Langa's best friend. Where had all those painful utterances resided for him to suddenly lash out. He had cared for Langa and Langa had cared for him. They had promised each other themselves but Reki had just gone ahead and mucked it. Langa was loyal to Reki and Reki's dumb ass had stupidly only now realised that. What was the point of having a lot of friends if they weren't loyal or were around for long?

"You Ok, Man?" Asher whispered as he placed his hand on Reki's shoulder, a poor attempt to comfort him.

"I just need some time..." Reki whispered, shrugging off Asher's hand from his shoulder and heading up to the rooftop.

Langa stayed snuggled under his blanket as silently sobbed while hugging his pillow. He had given Reki his heart with what they had and Reki had smashed and belittled it. Had he really meant that less to Reki from the start? Maybe if he had done more to show he cared for Reki. Like ask Reki if he was ok or help Reki out with *anything* like Reki did to him instead of just idly being there then maybe he would have been more to Reki like how Reki was to him.

His chest ached and it wasn't in affection for his former redhead friend, it was in agony. Langa shut his eyes tight in order to stop the throbbing migraine that had clouded his mind from all his tears but his mind kept racing back to their dispute, increasing the dread that was held in his heart.

*"You don't have any idea how it's like to rarely have anyone like you or notice you!
Everyone's always looking at you! You don't even realise it but everyone likes you!"*

The words stuck to Langa as his mind whirled. Was Reki, perhaps, insecure? What he said sure did come across that way. Langa racked his brain trying to remember the rest of what Reki had said. If Reki really was insecure then this could be his chance to help Reki. Even if

Reki broke his heart, he couldn't let Reki go just yet. He wanted them to at least be on good terms.

There was a sudden flash of light and a crackling sound that caused Langa to whip his head towards his window. He could hear the light pattering of the rain hitting against his window as it increased into a heavy shower.

'Reki' he thought. He wondered how Reki was doing and whether he was ok. He was scared of storms, especially the thunder. Was Reki thinking about him too? Or did he really not care for Langa?

Reki sat up in his bed in a cold sweat as he heard the thunder boom. He wasn't able to sleep and his mind was still full of guilt. He really was the worst of friends with Langa. Langa didn't have anyone else. What he had said was true- Langa really could have any friend he wanted and out of all of them, he had picked Reki to be his closest friend. Langa was amazing and now that Reki had really thought about it, Why had Langa picked him to be his friend? He was that clumsy strange kid that everyone hated for being too loud and energetic. He and Langa were almost complete opposites. So what was it about Reki that Langa had caught his eyes on?

"I like how you care about me a lot! You notice the small things about me and make an attempt to help me out regardless of how big or small the problem is."

What was so special about that? Was it the fact that Langa had noticed the subtle things Reki did to show his care? The things that he himself hadn't even noticed he was doing. Whenever Langa was down in the dumps he always did whatever he could in his power to cheer Langa up. He hated seeing Langa sad, so why had he literally just lashed out at him?

"You know I always listen to you.."

It was true! Langa did always listen to him and had practically never disregarded anything Reki requested after the whole Adam incident. He really was loyal to Reki.

Then a sudden afterthought flashed into his mind. The strange feeling he felt after Langa had complimented him that night at S. Why was he thinking about that!? Was it because it was one of the nicest things he'd heard anyone say about him? Or was it because all the perception in the complement had caused him to be embarrassed.

Reki huffed as he buried himself deep into his blanket to block out the sound of the thunderstorm. Slowly, his mind started to trail out and succumb into deep slumber.

“Reki,” Langa hummed. His lips were close to Reki's, causing the redhead to blush. Langa was leaning over Reki and they were somewhere in someone's room. Was it his place or Langa's place? He couldn't tell. Their legs were tangled as Langa used his arms to support himself up over Reki.

“Y-yes?”

“Can I...” Langa's finger moved up to softly trace Reki's lips causing him to sharply inhale.

“I u-um...” but his head nodded and his brain turned off as he desperately moved his head up to lock his lips with Langa. What was going on with him? What was he doing?

Langa used his fingers to block Reki's lips from touching his. “Not, yet,” He chuckled, his voice had gone considerably deeper as if he was growling. The rough hum in his voice caused Reki's stomach to churn in... happiness?

Langa ducked his head down and instead placed his lips on Reki's throat, starting to slowly pepper it with light kisses. Reki gasped at the sensation. Now what was Langa doing?

Reki's breath hitched as he felt Langa's lips slide over the bent right under the centre of his neck where the collarbones met. He felt Langa smirk against it as he continued to deeply kiss that soft spot.

Reki kicked his legs slightly (quite hard to do so with Langa on him) but used Langa's shoulders to hoist himself up slightly to rest against the headboard and lean on his elbows.

He felt a soft, slick wet thing suddenly touch his neck and realised that Langa had just licked him. The feeling caused a strange sound to rise up Reki's throat but he quickly clamped a hand over it to shut himself up before it could escape.

Langa was obviously displeased as the red head felt teeth suddenly graze against his neck and the sound in his throat begging to arise and escape his lips. Still, Reki kept his mouth clamped shut.

Langa's irritation was clear so he swiftly slid his hand under Reki's shirt.

"Wait! Langa what are you- Ngghh- ahhh~" Reki felt Langa's hand pinch and rub over his nipple as Langa bit softly into Reki's neck.

"Ugh! Damn it!" Reki mumbled as he felt Langa's eyes bore into him. Langa had slipped his hand out from Reki's shirt and now had his hands framing either side of Reki's head as Reki slid down to lie his head on the pillow. Langa slowly leaned in this time and finally locked his lips with Reki's. It was a soft and slow kiss this time as they felt their lips pressed and slightly moving against each other, breathing through their nose.

Reki took in a quick breath and parted his lips invitingly, allowing Langa to deepen the contact, their mouths slotting urgently together.

Reki's hands gripped hard at the rounds of Langa's shoulders, while Langa twisted his fingers into the back of Reki's damp hair. All while he sucked Reki's bottom lip, greedy and wanting and vulgar.

But then Reki leaned suddenly away. "Let me.. catch my breath," he panted.

Langa took a moment to get a look at him—all red-faced and rumpled with teasingly wet lips—before he pulled back in and once again trapped his lips with his own.

Reki responded enthusiastically, his own hands coming down to grip at Langa's chest, while he mimicked Langa's motions.

Langa began to slip his tongue along Reki's upper lip, just lightly, which was an invitation for them to push their mouths more hotly together and for Langa to run his own tongue along Reki's teeth, before sliding it back along the top of his mouth. Lightly, which had Reki jumping in surprise.

But he didn't just jump—the same humming groan escaped his throat, sending a heavy wave of heat down both their legs.

"Shit," Reki muttered, stifling the sound and breaking their kiss. He turned slightly away, face deep red with stunned shame. But Langa didn't have much time for that.

Grabbing Reki by the chin, he turned his head back into place and reconnected their mouths. Wanting to hear that sound again despite this being the second time, he repeated the motion with his tongue, before sliding it along Reki's own.

Catching Reki's tongue, Langa sucked on it shortly, before breaking their kiss with a loud smacking sound. Taking a quick breath, he dove back in half a second later, his hands finding Reki's hair and shifting through the locks. Gently laying Reki's head back against the pillow, he trailed light kisses from the corner of his mouth down across his chin, before drawing himself back and licking him from the bottom lip up.

Reki gasped, eyes closed, but still, he was still trying to censor himself. It was embarrassing. He didn't want Langa to hear him

Growling in the back of his throat, Langa nipped his top lip more harshly, before taking a chance and rolling his hips long and hard into Reki's own.

This earned him a sputtering groan, Reki's eyes fluttering open as he breathed hard, practically sinking further into the bed.

Langa rolled his hips again, making sure he was angled in a way that would make it obvious to Reki just how hard he was too. This pulled another moan from Reki. He was biting his bottom lip even as Langa continued to kiss him around the mouth, his hands practically scraping against Langa's chest.

And then-

Reki shot up in his bed for what seemed like the second time that same night. He glanced out the window but it seemed a lot brighter, despite there still being rain that had gone down considerably.

His fingers reached up to slightly trace his lips like Langa had (well he thought) done. He just had a... lewd dream off him and his former best friend. What was wrong with him!? Langa would never like him like that! Where on earth did that dream come from? Could it have been after all this time he had secretly liked Langa but never noticed?

Reki groaned as he buried his face into his hands. His bedroom door suddenly slid open as his mother walked in.

“Oh good! You’re awake!” She nodded. “Your school called in that there was flooding at the school due to the storm so your lessons are cancelled. I suggest you don’t go out skating. It’s not safe with the roads still quite wet.”

Reki just slowly nodded as he processed what his mother had just told him. At least he wouldn't see Langa today. He wasn't sure how he could face him after that strange dream.

"Your classes have been cancelled for today," Langa's mother, Nanako, nodded as she scrolled through her phone and drank her coffee. She had a day off too due to the flood affecting her workplace so she had taken the initiative to declare the day as her "lounging day". Nanako was already wearing a face mask and in her sleeping gown with hair curlers rolled tight against her scalp. Langa would be lying to say that the sight didn't scare him.

"Alright." He replied, opening the fridge to grab a can of energy drink.

"You're not going to drink that for breakfast, are you?" His mother raised her eyebrows in question.

"No..." Langa attempted to hide the can behind his back but Nanako just sighed.

"You could at least make cereal or even have a glass of milk if that's too much for you!"

Langa squinted his eyes at her before turning to place the can back in the fridge and grabbing the carton of milk and chugging it down straight from the bottle.

"Langa! Where on earth are your manners!?" His mother exclaimed.

"What?" He blinked "It was almost finished."

"It's called 'etiquette'. Don't let me catch you doing that again! You better not be doing that when you're over at Reki's place."

Langa then realised. If he was going to confront and comfort Reki then he'd have to meet him and since school was cancelled he wouldn't be able to meet Reki.

"Hey, Mom, Can I go over to Reki's place?"

"You can't skate there! It's too dangerous, dear."

"Then can you drive me there?" Langa leaned forward from the island counter as he turned to look at her sat at the dining table.

"There goes my free day," She muttered.

"Reki, you're friend's here!" Mrs Kyan called.

Friend? Surely she didn't mean...

"Wait! Ma-!"

Reki's bedroom door slid open as Langa stepped in and slid the door shut behind him.

"We- um... Hi," Langa's awkward greeting only increased the tension between them.

"Uh... Hi?" Reki sat on his bed as he looked up at Langa who lingered next to the door.

“Umm.. Well,” Langa scratched the back of his neck “I’m probably the last person you’d want to see but I have something important to tell you and it couldn’t wait.”

“Do tell,” Reki mentally cursed himself for sounding so emotionless but, in reality, how else was he supposed to respond!?

“You know that... I’m not great with words but I’ll try,” Langa huffed. “Can I?” He motioned to Reki’s desk chair to which Reki nodded so Langa rolled the chair next to the bed and modestly plopped down on it so he sat across Reki.

Langa took a deep breath as he began “So I’ve been thinking about what you said. And I know that I said that I’ll leave you alone but I realised something about it,” Langa pauses to look Reki in the eyes. “You’re insecure, aren’t you?”

Reki froze at what Langa had just asked. Damn, why was Langa so perceptive. He had seriously picked that up from their argument? He looked away to avoid Langa’s fixated gaze on him.

“Sorry!” The bluenette exclaimed “I shouldn’t have asked so bluntly!”

“It’s fine,” Reki shrugged. “Well now you know.”

“There’s another thing...”

God what more could Langa possibly tell him? Reki was already trying his best to suppress the blush that was fighting to rise up to his face at the thought of Langa in his room! Before he wouldn’t have minded but that stupid dream had messed with his feelings and now that he knew that he for certain that he liked Langa in a romantic way, It was definitely not ok for Langa to be in his room.

“Go on,” Reki mused.

“At first I wasn’t sure whether I should tell you this or not but I will. When you were ignoring me at first because you were with the new kids. I was really scared.”

“Because you thought that I’d leave you?” Reki asked.

“Yeah that but also that I...” Langa attempted to swallow the lump that had gathered in his throat. “That I um... like you.”

Reki just stared at Langa. Did he really like him?

Langa internally panicked at Reki’s silence and fumbled over his words to explain himself “I really am sorry! I know you must be weirded out since we’re supposed to be friends, well - ish, but the truth is that I’ve liked you for a long time but I never told you because I didn’t want to lose what we had!”

“H-how long?”

“I swear that I’ll get rid of these feelings and we can stay friends, if you want!”

“How *long* ?” Reki demanded, emphasising his words.

“I uh... since the Adam incident, I only noticed after I lost you and I swore to myself that I wouldn’t lose you again so I never told you my feelings. I figured now though that you wouldn’t want to be my friend anymore so I could tell you-”

Reki pursed his lips “Langa.”

“I knew that you’ll reject me-“

“Langa!” Reki tried again.

“But don’t worry! I’ll start working on getting rid of these-“

Langa’s voice was muffled by the sight of soft lips pressing against his. Reki pulled his lips back and stared at Langa

“Wha- you...”

“At least let me speak!” The red head huffed as he sat back on his bed. His signature smile cracked on his face, causing that long forgotten ache to resurface in Langa’s stomach. He really did miss that smile.

“Gosh! I feel so stupid! I only just noticed my feelings for you last night and you’ve liked me for so long!”

“So you do like me?” Langa’s eyes widened.

“I thought that was established when I kissed you.”

Langa sighed and got up from the chair to sit next to Reki. “Then can I kiss you back?” He leaned in closer to Reki so that their lips were only millimetres apart, his breath fanning over Reki’s face.

“NO! Stop! Are you *trying* to replicate my dream or something!?” Reki exclaimed, pulling back in embarrassment.

“You had a dream about us kissing?” Langa raised his eyebrow. He couldn’t keep the smugness out of his voice.

“Ye- NO! No I did not! I-SHUT UP!” Reki slapped Langa’s arm, jokingly.

“But I want to kiss you too,” Langa frowned.

“I- then don’t ask!”

“But wouldn’t that make you more flustered?”

“At least I don’t see it coming!”

“Alright!” Langa sighed as he leaned back to rest on his hands that were pressed behind him.

“Hey, After this do you think we can-“ This time Reki’s voice was cut off as he felt Langa’s lips quickly crash into his. Now Reki was lying on his bed with Langa straddling him due to the force of the kiss knocking them back.

“Ouch!” Reki mumbled as they broke the kiss. Mainly because their teeth had clumsily clashed together as they fell back.

“Sorry,” Langa laughed as he leaned up to off Reki only to feel Reki grab his shirt and pull him down for another kiss.

Langa hummed in surprise but quickly melted in, slowly moving his lips against Reki’s, sucking the lower lip. Reki licked Langa’s upper lip to motion for him to go further to which Langa complied. He slowly but roughly thrust his tongue into Reki’s mouth, tracing over his teeth with them.

Reki pulled back this time, breaking the kiss. “What are you doing?”

“What? Didn’t you want me to do that?” Langa asked in confusion.

“Let’s just kiss normally, then!” Reki chuckled.

Langa shrugged and leaned in to close the gap between them, their lips on each other’s once again. No tongue. No teeth. Just their soft lips dancing in sync as they breathed through their nose.

Langa broke the kiss and finally got off Reki, sitting beside him. “Does this mean we’ll go back to how things were?”

“No.”

Langa felt dread enter him. Had he messed up?

“You idiot!” Reki laughed at Langa’s expression, causing him to be more confused!

“We can’t go back to how things were because we’re boyfriends now! I mean- if you want!”

Langa’s eyes twinkled and his face flushed pink.

Reki was offering to be his boyfriend. No- Reki wants to be his boyfriend.

“I’d love to! You don’t know for how long I’ve wished for this!” Langa smiled.

“Then it’s settled!” Reki grinned. “Boyfriends?” He held out his Pinkie finger for Langa to interlock.

Langa leaned in and pressed his lips to Reki's.

“Boyfriends!”

In the end they did end up breaking their promise. They didn't want to stay as each other's friends. They wanted to be each other's boyfriends. And that was what the results were.

Boyfriends. Reki and Langa both quite liked the sound of that.

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