

Sk8 The Infinity | Oneshots

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by [strawbchuu](#)

Summary

A oneshot collection of everyone's favorite skateboarders!

Notes

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

Family

Chapter Summary

Miya escapes to a familiar skaters restaurant for the evening

TW: Unhealthy home life, parents fighting

Miya was used to this, he's *always* been used to this.

Birthday's were scarce, Christmas was out of the question, holidays in general didn't mean much to him.

But it didn't mean that it hurt. Every day at his house he was simply just... *there*. He didn't mean much to his parents unless he got a poor grade. Besides, they were constantly traveling anyway's.

Kojiro and Kaoru seemed to fill that hole lately however. At first, Miya pushed them away with the mental that he didn't need them and nor did he even deserve them in the first place.

But after he had sit down and shared dinner with them at Sia la luce a few months back, Miya opened up with them a bit more.

Today was harder than the others however. And it didn't get better when he was yelled at the moment he entered followed by having to listen to his parents arguing.

Now, here he was, laying in his bed with a pillow over his head as he cried softly to himself. Miya had tried to play music, cover his ears, even take a shower to drown out the noise yet nothing could mute his parents' screaming. At first it was annoying, but now it was simply heartbreaking.

It only took a few more minutes before Miya had had enough with the noise and searched through his room for his skateboard that he grabbed securely in his hands before hastily crawling down the ladder outside of his bedroom window. With a text to his mother (who never cared where he went anyway), Miya was off to Sia la luce where the dinner service was starting to simmer down.

The rain was still pounding with a touch of thunder when the boy entered the glass doors. Kojiro could be seen tidying things up with the restaurant while Kaoru looked at him with a glass of what seemed like wine.

When the door creaked open, at first, Tojiro thought that it was a customer. Shit, he forgot to lock the door.

“Sorry we’re- Miya? Are you alright?”

The boy stood there at first, unknowing what to do. Kojiro frowned and moved forward.

A sob however interrupted the silence, a sob that came from Miya himself. He covered his eyes whilst attempting to roughly wipe his face yet it was no use as the tears continue to flow down his face.

“Oh, kid.” Kojiro whispered before bending down.

“Come with me, yeah? Take a seat and tell us what’s troubling you.”

Miya could only nod with yet another sob escaping him as he was sat next to Kaoru at a booth. It wasn’t surprising at this point that Miya had made himself comfortable on the pink skater’s lap, sobbing into his shirt like there was no tomorrow.

“Breathe Miya, breathe. Everything’s alright now. What’s going on, hm?” Kaoru asked with gentle hands rubbing the boys’ back while Joe did close to the same.

“T-they... they j-just won’t stop... I-I can’t do it any-anymore,” the boy sobbed. The two nodded. They knew exactly what Miya meant. His parents had been fighting again.

Kaoru hushed him gently and began to Rock Miya back and fourth in a soothing motion in order to calm him further. His breathing had gotten far too fast from crying than their liking.

“Breathe for me, okay? Just try to take some deep breathes and focus on us,” Kojiro spoke carefully to avoid any further upset from the boy. Miya followed their deep breathes, slowly yet surely calming down.

“There we are, just settle down. You’re alright,” Kaoru spoke with his usual, calm voice. Miya’s sobs had completely stopped and now all that the two could see was a broken boy who just wanted a *family*.

“I think some food would suit you. Have you eaten dinner?” Kojiro asked while Miya had his eyes closed with his head against Kaoru’s chest. The young teen nodded and thought for a moment.

“T-that... that ravioli y-you make?” His voice asked in an unnaturally shy tone.

Kojiro nodded with a smile, “sure, kid. I can whip that up for you. Let’s get you some water and bread for while you wait. Don’t worry, free of charge since it’s after hours.”

Miya nodded and turned further into Kaoru’s lap. He had been starting to get comfortable with physical contact as of late due to never being used to feeling so... so *loved*.

“How are you feeling? Okay?” Kaoru asked gently, rubbing the kids’ shoulders which made him notice that Miya was shivering and damp from the thunderstorm outside.

“Would you like me to get you some dry clothing? I have some hoodies that might suit you,” Kaoru explained with a gentle voice to which miya nodded yet made no move to slip off of

the elders lap.

“C-can I come with you?...”

The calligrapher smiled, this kid was really opening up.

“But of course. Kojiro and I’s apartment is just upstairs as usual.”

Miya stood from his initial spot, shyly taking Kaoru’s hand and following him upstairs to where the couple’s living area was. Miya had been in there a handful of times, Christmas (specifically secret Santa), visiting Kaoru after his nasty tumble with the love hug where Miya spent the entirety talking to the man, and now, when all the teen wanted was to escape the noise.

Kaoru allowed the boy to stroll into his walk in closet where, as promised, sat an array of hoodies that Miya was open to choose from. He settled on a pale yellow one with characters on it as well as a pair of comfortable white sweatpants. Kaoru allowed the boy to have his privacy to change, smiling when he saw how baggy the clothing was on him.

“You look so tiny!”

Miya glared teasingly at him, “h-hey!”

Kaoru shrugged with a smirk and led the boy back downstairs to Kojiro’s restaurant where the promised ravioli was out and ready alongside a glass of soda. Miya smiled weakly, sitting in between the two and digging into his dinner. Delicious as usual.

Kaoru and Kojiro exchanged a few words about random things that came into their heads while Miya simply listened. He was starting to get tired, where would he sleep tonight? Back at his house?

Kojiro took Miya’s dishes and utensils when he finished his meal, returning just as quickly as he left.

“S-so should I-I leave or-“

“No, kid. You don’t have to leave if you don’t feel like heading home. Our couch folds out to a bed. How about you sleep there? We have a spare toothbrush too.”

Miya felt like crying, practically overwhelmed by the gratification from the couple sitting beside him. He simply nodded and followed Kaoru and Kojiro back up to their apartment where he watched as the couch was transformed to a bed with ease. Kaoru meanwhile had located two blankets; one weighted and the other regular.

Miya sat on the bed hesitantly after plugging in his phone for the night before completely laying down, allowing the warmth and security to wash over him with a hint of relief. He could hear Kaoru and Kojiro getting ready for bed in the other room. The sink was running, which meant that the pink haired skater was likely doing his skincare while Kojiro rambled quietly.

The noise began to lull Miya to a state of sleep, pulling the blankets practically over his head. It was an instinct at this point, a way to drown out noise when his parents yelled. But tonight was silent and calm for once.

Miya smiled to himself as he drifted off to the sounds of soft chuckling and running water.

So this was family.

Together

Chapter Summary

Reki figures out about Langa being bullied in an unfortunate way

Chapter Notes

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

TW: Bullying, violence, mention of blood, panic attack

Langa didn't know why he was keeping it a secret. He knew that Reki wouldn't be mad.

Yet he couldn't help but feel weak for what was happening. For days on end ever since he moved to his new school and started his relationship with Reki, Langa had been bullied for what seemed like everything about him. From his quiet personality, to the way he looked.

And yet he was scared to tell Reki.

The day had been normal as per usual. In classes Langa didn't have with Reki he was made fun of. Balled up pieces of paper had hit the back of his head followed by being shouldered violently in the hallways. They always did this to him when Reki wasn't around. It frustrated Langa to the brim.

The teen sighed as he stood from his desk. Unfortunately, him and Reki didn't have their last class of the day together. Every day was a battle trying to avoid the kids that picked fun at him after his last period. Thankfully, he knew exactly where Reki was so he could-

"Watch it, freak!"

The quiet teen gasped softly as he fell to his knees, his books flying out in front of him. Langa sighed before gathering his various notebooks; each of which were littered with small, goofy drawings made by mostly Reki.

Langa stood back up only to be met with a hand easily throwing his books back to the ground. Of course, the same faces that had been taunting him smirked with satisfaction.

"E-excuse me-"

The leader of the small group laughed, "excuse me what, freak? Why do you think we'll actually listen to you?"

Langa opened his mouth to answer only to be met with a set of hands pinning him to the wall behind him. He winced at the feeling of his head slamming against the brick. The teen could

feel his throat closing up from anxiety, a panic attack starting... or perhaps an anxiety attack.

“Let me go!”

Laughs sounded throughout the group followed by cheers when Langa was met with a blow to his face followed to his stomach and ribs. He cried out at the overwhelming pain and he could’ve sworn that there was something running down his face. The pain wouldn’t end. He doubted that it would-

“Hey! Get your hands off him!”

In the midst of his dizziness and sobbing, Langa registered his boyfriend’s voice followed by the sets of arms being pulled away from him. The teen fell to the ground below him with another soft cry. Langa could feel his throat close up... he knew it all too well. An anxiety attack.

“-ga... Langa... Langa, love?! Can you hear me?”

The taller looked up at his boyfriend finally. Reki’s face was full of dread and sadness but most of all he was evidently worried. Langa simply sobbed harder and began to claw at his throat, hoping that the action would somehow help him breathe better.

“Sweetheart. Please, you’re alright. I just need you to breathe, okay? Try to take some deep breathes. You’re going to be okay..”

Langa gasped with another sob, sat on Reki’s lap at this point. “I-I ca-can’t bre-breathe!”

“You’re alright, just follow me, okay? In and out just like we always do. They’re gone. I’ve got you,” Reki assured his boyfriend before hurriedly holding a rag to his nose. Langa hadn’t even realized that his nose was bleeding. He ignored the feeling and followed his boyfriend’s steady breathing until he was fully calm. In pain, but calm.

“Langa? How long has this been going on?” Reki asked gently whilst rubbing gentle circles into Langa’s hip.

“S-since... g-got here...”

His boyfriend’s words were incomplete yet Reki seemed to understand Langa.

He’s been getting bullied since he moved?

Reki hugged the taller close, “love... why didn’t you tell me? I wouldn’t have been angry.”

Langa felt tears start to form in his eyes. He sunk further into Reki’s lap with a weak sob. Would Reki want to break up with him now? Did he see him as a liar?

“Hey, I’m not mad at you, hun. I’m just worried for you. I hate to see you hurt and upset.”

“I-I-I’m s-sorry... s-should’ve t-told you... I-I’m sorry...”

Reki began a gentle rocking motion for his boyfriend and kissed his forehead, “you don’t have to be sorry, okay? I know it can be hard to tell people things like this. How about we go back to mine and get you fixed up, hm? You didn’t break anything but your nose is still bleeding a little.”

Langa nodded, much calmer now as he was helped to stand and walked to Reki’s house that was unusually quiet due to his siblings being at school. There was a slight limp to the taller’s walk which could only be blamed on the bruises on his stomach. Reki kept a strong hold with occasional comments that Langa was doing fine.

“You’re doing good, love. We’re nearly there.”

Langa bit back a whimper as they reached the front door of Reki’s house that was unusually quiet. It was peaceful though Langa loved his boyfriend’s siblings.

The teen was immediately settled on the couch where Reki left him briefly to gather some first aid items. He curled up and clenched his teeth. His ribs ached in protest whenever he moved, so staying put seemed best.

Reki frowned upon returning with a bowl of water, bandages, and ice.

“You okay?”

Langa looked up at his boyfriend and shook his head, “i-it hurts...”

Reki stroked Langa’s cheek with an apologetic expression, “I know, love. Just hang in there, okay? I’m just gonna clean you up.”

Langa nodded and allowed his boyfriend to gently wipe his nose before setting a few bandages around his abdomen. He then settled with a few ice packs to his stomach, Reki covering him with a weighted blanket before settling on the couch with him. The blue haired teen painfully settled on his chest and tried to keep his tears at bay with his eyes closed tightly.

“You can cry, Langa. It’s alright.”

No.

No, I can’t.

But as he fell asleep, Langa let the tears release to Reki’s shirt. The red head only ran his hands through his hair until Langa fell asleep.

When Reki woke, it was to a rather quiet house. It seemed that his siblings were quiet this evening. He could hear his mom cooking in their kitchen however.

Reki slid out from beneath Langa and settled him down comfortably before wandering his way to the sound of faint sizzling. He kissed his mother's cheek and leant against her shoulder as she cooked.

"Hi, honey. Is Langa alright?"

"I figured out that he's getting bullied so not the best. He's in a bit of pain because they roughed him up a tad."

Reki's mother sighed, "poor thing. Well, take the day off tomorrow. I doubt he wants to go back there. But you keep him resting and laying down."

The teen chuckled, Langa tended to get antsy sometimes.

"Yeah I will. Is that soup you're making?"

"Mhm, it's about ready now if you're hungry."

Reki nodded and left briefly with the mention of waking his boyfriend from his nap. Hopefully Langa's anxiety wasn't making his appetite difficult.

"Hey, hun. Dinner's ready," the teen soothed as he ran his thumb across his boyfriend's cheek. Langa groaned softly and opened his eyes with a weak smile to follow.

"H-hi," he managed as he was helped to a sitting position; though his aching body protested.

"Hey, you hungry?"

Langa kissed Reki with a nod. The two rested their foreheads together for a brief moment before ultimately standing from their spot on the couch and making their way to the kitchen table. It was tomato soup with grilled cheese of course, a shared comfort food between the two of them.

Thankfully, Langa managed to eat his entire meal which Reki was relieved to see. The blue haired teen stayed quiet for a moment, opening and closing his mouth to speak until he sighed.

"Reki?"

"Hm?"

"I-I'm sorry... for not telling you..."

Reki smiled sadly. Langa already apologized for this earlier... it seemed he was *really* feeling guilty. *Why?*

Reki held the others hand next to him, "I promise it's alright, hm? I understand how hard it is to tell someone something like that. We'll figure out what to do, yeah? We'll figure it out together."

Lana sighed shakily.

“Together?”

“Together.”

Chapter End Notes

Ahh hey everyone and happy new year!! I'm SO SO SO sorry that I haven't updated my oneshots in so long! I really appreciate all of you being patient! I hope you all enjoyed this chapter and as usual DO leave your kudos and I DO take requests!

-Ash

Soft

Chapter Summary

Reki's social anxiety acts up at a party

Chapter Notes

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

TW: Social anxiety, panic attack

It wasn't an unknown reason as to why most of Reki and Langa's dates were in quiet places. Either that or they consisted in Langa's room, designing random skateboards on notebooks when they were supposed to do homework. Of course, each date always ended in a well deserved nap with the two tangled together.

The reason why the two of them were so secluded and quiet when it came to dates was because of Reki's social anxiety. He never enjoyed parties and nor did he willingly attend them unless he truly wished he did.

But tonight was an exception.

Tonight, Kojiro was celebrating the second anniversary of his restaurant with a rather large party. The kitchen was in full throttle, plates of food being served like there was no tomorrow. Of course, Reki, Langa, and Miya had shown up extra early to help set up. But that didn't mean that Reki wasn't anxious of what there was to come. Langa, being someone rather antisocial, was mentally preparing himself as well.

The two had settled at a table alongside Miya as soon as the party started. With a short speech from Tojiro, orders of food starting coming in. Reki and Langa ordered burgers while Miya requested for some sort of pasta. Kaoru spent most of his time wherever his boyfriend was, so he wasn't seen much.

Reki leant against Langa's shoulder while they currently waited for their food. The taller could tell just by the sight of his boyfriend's shaking hands that his anxiety was prominent.

"You doing okay? Need a break?" Langa asked with his usual gentle tone, taking Reki's palms in his.

"I-I think I'm okay... for now..." Reki answered, his voice slightly muffled in Langa's shoulder who nodded with a hum.

"Alright, sweetie. Just let me know, yeah?" Langa said with a kiss to Reki's forehead who sighed with a weak smile forming.

Before the two knew it, Kojiro had come out alongside Kaoru with plates held in their hands. Reki nudged against Langa's cheek before adding ketchup to his burger and taking a bite. He found it rather difficult to pay attention due to the noise yet he chose to endure it.

Don't make yourself a problem to Langa.

Reki sighed shakily, and continued to eat his burger. Langa kept a steady hand to his boyfriend's back. He knew how Reki's anxiety was practically eating him alive at the moment yet was attempting to keep calm. It wasn't a loud party at all, the music was kept at a quiet volume and strictly to classical; yet the loud talking and how much the restaurant was filled seemed to set the poor boy over the edge. It was gradual, but noticeable how Reki's posture slumped, and how his talking gradually began to lessen.

Too loud.

Too much.

He.... He couldn't breathe.

The crowd was swallowing him alive.

This was awful.

God, he couldn't breathe.

“-ki, Reki? Reki, are you okay?”

Langa knew he was asking quite the rhetorical question as his boyfriend was nowhere near okay. Reki hadn't even realized that he was clutching his hoodie into his fist, breathing shakily. Everything was under water- the lights were too bright and why was his chest so tight and-

“Okay, okay. We're gonna go somewhere quiet, okay love?”

Reki only responded with a gasp, tears beginning to fall down his face in a panic.

Look what you've done.

The skater barely recalled being stood up and taken to the kitchen where he heard the faint sound of voices; familiar voices.

“-a panic attack. It's really bad.”

“-stairs to our apartment. Miya will bring you up some water, he's getting a little overwhelmed too.”

“-water too, he'll be thirsty.”

“-kay. We have spare clothes too.”

Reki gasped harder, his entire body practically jolting with how violent his breathing was.

“-upstairs, okay? Can you hear me? We’re going upstairs, my love.”

Somehow, the teen managed to nod as he was taken to the upper level of the restaurant where Kaoru and Kojiro lived. He registered the lights being flipped on followed by being sat to someplace soft, most likely the couch. Reki looked towards his boyfriend, clutching his chest tighter.

“C-can’t... ca-can’t breathe... L-Langa...”

Shit, Langa thought, *this is one of his really bad ones.*

“Reki, my love. Breathe for me, okay? Just follow my breathing. It’s alright, things are quiet now, okay?”

Reki sobbed in response yet accepted Langa’s warm hands enveloped in his. The warmth was grounding since he was cold.... so cold.

Reki didn’t know when, but he was gently pulled on Langa’s lap where he clung to his boyfriend as if he would disappear at any given moment.

Reki slowly yet surely calmed down, his breathing soon stabilizing. He could hear Langa thanking who he assumed was Miya for bringing in two glasses of water that Langa held to his boyfriend’s lips. Reki took a rather large gulp before settling back down. Tears still fell down his face yet he barely cared enough about it.

“Would you like to change? Kojiro and Kaoru said that we could borrow some of theirs.”

Reki only nodded and furrowed his eyebrows. He had forgotten how bad the fatigue and slight confusion had gotten after bad attacks like these.

“L-Langa.... ‘m cold...”

Reki allowed the taller to lift him up and carry him to Kaoru and Kojiro’s room, “I know, sweetie. Just hang tight, okay? I’ll warm you up.”

Reki nodded and watched as Langa changed before depositing some clothes to his side.

“Arms up, hun.”

Reki did as he was suggested and soon found himself drowned in one of Kojiro’s hoodies followed by a pair of sweatpants to follow. Langa folded the nice clothes that they had worn to Kojiro’s party and proceeded to lift Reki back into his arms and place him on the couch once again. Langa smiled when Reki curled into his chest, still shaking.

“L-Langa... don’ l-leave...”

The blue haired boy kissed his boyfriend’s head gently.

“I wouldn’t dream of it, my love.”

Chapter End Notes

Hey everyone!! Long time no see!! I immensely apologize for not updating very much as I’ve been busy writing a new full length that I’m so very excited for you guys to read!! It’s from a different anime ;). Anyways, as usual DO leave your kudos and I DO take requests!

-Ash

End Notes

Ahh hello everyone it's Ash!! I'm so happy to announce my new oneshot collection!! While I WILL be continuing my bsd oneshots, do keep an eye out for these updating as well. As on my other oneshots, DO leave your Kudos and I DO take requests! So excited to share this with you!

-Ash

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!