

My Time w/ Hart Line

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A small, affectionate story between Hart x [Reader].

You and Hart were making your way out of Disglair Academy after doing band practice. The two of you were in separate bands, but most often than not, Hart would be waiting for you in the doorway, listening to the final moments of your rehearsal, and today was no different. It just felt like any other day.

[Hart]

“Yu sounded pretty good today, [Reader]! Keep dat’ up an’ I think da’ crowd may start chantin’ your band instead of mine, haha!”

Hart was being his usual self with his cockiness on full display. Yet again, you always wondered if he was allowed to be so smug. He’s popular with everyone in the Academy, and no matter the activity, he’s always placing near the top, if not, taking it! It felt like there was nothing Hart couldn’t do; maybe that’s what made him so appealing to everybody?

[Hart]

“Hey! Are yu’ der’? I was askin’ if yu’ wanted to go round da’ city for a bit, eh? Der’s a few things I wanna pick up before headin’ back.”

Your thoughts were interrupted by Hart’s interjection. A trip around the city with the most popular boy from the Academy? Anybody in your shoes would happily accept, and well, you were no different! What could be better than spending the rest of the afternoon with someone like Hart?

[Hart]

“Right, der’s somethin’ I need to get for my Ma’, so we’re gonna go to whatever store sells what she needs, alright?”

You tilted your head in response. It isn’t every day you’d hear people talking about their parents within the walls of the Academy. The place is often filled with students who are only out for themselves and will do whatever it takes to be better than others. Hearing Hart bring up their own mother and planning to do shopping for her was something you thought you would never hear, especially from a guy like him. Hart noticed your head tilt, and his cheeks flushed with a pale pink.

[Hart]

“D-don’t be lookin’ at me like dat’! Everybody has a mother to look after, don’t dey’? Besides, I gotta do what I can whilst she’s still around--”

Hart stopped himself from speaking further, quickly grasping his heart locket around his neck as his face cleared his previous emotion in favour of a tight wince. He gulped and let out a little sigh, attempting to change the atmosphere.

[Hart]

“C’mon. Des’ items ain’t gonna buy demselves!”

With a swift pat on your shoulder, Hart walked ahead, not even taking a moment to look back. You could feel some tension in the air, but if he’s choosing to ignore it, then you felt like you should too for the meantime.

The two of you made your way through the bustling streets, keeping close to one another to not get lost amongst the crowd. Hart would

make small talk, but most of his words would be drowned out by the chatter of the city folk. The blaring noise didn't take long to dim as Hart stopped in front of a small convenience store by the side of the road.

[Hart]

"Hey, we're 'ere! Dis' is da' place I go to all da' time. It may not look like much, but don't let da' size fool yu!"

Hart gave a little smile and a nod before heading inside the store. He was right, the place was compact, as if it was designed for a single creature to pass through the close-knit aisles. Oddly enough, it felt somewhat cosy. Not many creatures were in the store, and the place indicated it was kindly looked after with plenty of care. All the items on the shelves were neatly arranged, and all the posters were handwritten and drawn. You wanted to check everything the store was offering, but the shopkeeper caught your attention as they called out to Hart upon entering.

[Shop Owner]

"Good afternoon, Hart! Nice to see you again. Shopping for the usuals?"

[Hart]

"Ey der' gramps! Yeah, just da' usual with maybe a little treat on da' side."

[Shop Owner]

"Oh really? Then take a look around. For everything you do, Hart, a treat now and then is what keeps you going, haha!"

No matter where you went with Hart, it seemed like **somebody** knew him, more so in a positive light. What does Hart even do to win the hearts of everybody around you? It was a mystery even you couldn't

figure out, but you didn't feel the need to dwell on it. After all, no matter what he's doing, he's putting in the effort to get the results, and nobody could fault him for that or even dare to challenge it. Though you always pondered on how much he was actually doing, and maybe someday, you could achieve things he could do easily. Your thinking was cut short as Hart was already bagging up his purchases and signalled you to follow him out of the store.

[Hart]

"Thanks a lot, gramps. I'll dash dese' right home, see ya around!"

[Shop Owner]

"Take care, Hart!"

The two of you headed out of the store, and instead of heading back to the Academy, Hart suggested taking a detour. You accepted his request and the two of you began walking down a strip of road. The further you two got, the less crowded the population became. Eventually, you reached a small park, it was simple in design, with cobblestone paths, large sturdy trees and a mix of colourful flowers in designated flower beds. Seems like the park has been here for many years, whilst being well maintained. Hart pointed over at a bench, asking if you wanted to sit down with him. The two of you sat next to each other as Hart began to rummage through his little plastic carrier bag filled with shopping.

[Hart]

"Thanks for comin' out with me today, [Reader]. I know it wasn't much of a hangout... but here's somethin' for taggin' along with me."

Hart handed over a small lollipop in the shape of a lightning bolt. You couldn't help but feel your face becoming warm as you accepted his offer. He let out a smile as he took off the wrapper of his own lollipop.

The two of you sat in quiet, only the sound of the rustling tree in the wind could be heard, with the occasional tongue clicking as the two of you got through your own lollipops.

[Hart]

“Hey... About earlier. It’s a lot to ask, but would ya’ mind not sharin’ dat’ with anyone else? I’ll tell ya’ about it if ya’d like.”

Hart spoke softly and avoided eye contact. His gaze looked ahead, watching the flowers slightly sway to the cool breeze. You gave a nod in response, encouraging him to talk about what’s on his mind.

[Hart]

“My Ma’... She means a lot to me and I’m doin’ what I can to help her out. She’s been very weak, for a good while now and we believe she won’t be round for much longer...”

His voice began to trail off as he held onto his heart locket for a moment before sliding it off his neck. Hart gave a light smile before passing the locket to you, opening it for you to see two pictures on either side.

[Hart]

“Dat’ first picture is of her and my Pa’. He’s a grouchy thing, but I believe he means well, dat’, and he’s been keepin’ my Ma’ safe for decades.”

You looked over at the photos, seeing a happy, pure Pulsemon family. The second photo caught your interest; it was of Hart as if he were younger, and having a slightly older Pulsemon bundled up next to him. Your face was enough to tell Hart to talk about it.

[Hart]

“Ah... Yu’ wanna know about dat’ one too? Dat’ wasn’t the deal... but I’ll share anyway, heh. Dat’ der’ is me and my brother, Beet Line. In fact, he used to be at da’ same Academy we go to, just... didn’t have a good time unlike us two. Anyway, I don’t like him too much currently... He’s a bit selfish an’ well, I just don’t wanna turn out like him. Dat’s why I wanna look after my family whilst they’re still around.”

Hart closed his locket and placed it back around his neck. He let out a deep sigh as he placed his finished lollipop stick in the plastic carrier bag and slumped his body back against the bench. He looked off into the distance for a little while before closing off his little story, letting the soft breeze brush against his quill like hair.

[Hart]

“Whilst I may be busy lookin’ after my Ma’, dat’ doesn’t mean I won’t be lookin’ after my friends! If ya’ ever need me, just yell, alright?”

He turned towards you, giving a smug look and letting out a comforting chuckle as he slapped his knees to rocket off the bench. Whilst keeping his sights on you, he grinned, snatching what remained of your lollipop and gave it a soft suck and then a pop of his mouth before handing it back to you.

[Hart]

“Heh, let’s get goin’, shall we, [Reader]? ‘Bout time we did some runnin’ instead of sobbin’!”

Hart picked up his carrier bag and began stepping in place, indicating for you to follow suit. Whilst your cheeks were flushed red, you placed the lollipop into your mouth, letting the warmth of love gloss over you. You gave him a smile and a nod as both of you set off to jog back to the Academy.