Hearts Blossoming in Spring

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Summary

A modern setting / high school AU where Stolas and Blitz meet in high school, featuring delinquent Blitz and class rep Stolas, inspired by shoujo manga tropes.

It starts at the beginning of the school year and at the beginning of many relationships, including Moxxie and Millie and Fizzarolli and Ozzie!

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1: New Beginnings

Spring. The time of new beginnings. Or whatever. Blitz didn't really care about all of that sentimentality, nor admiring the beauty of the cherry blossoms that fluttered through the wind when he'd biked to school that morning. He was just...getting by. Existing. Unlike Barbie and Fizz, he didn't have big aspirations for the future. That was why *they* were going to a specialty school for aspiring entertainers and *he* was going to a general ed high school.

As a small pinprick of light in the darkness of his teenage years, Millie was attending the same high school as him. They weren't in the same class, but still, it was better than nothing. And he didn't see himself making, no, *needing* any other friends. His demeanor was less than friendly to begin with, and he scowled at anyone who stared at the white mark on his face for too long. His fingerless gloves weren't exactly up to code as far as the school uniform guidelines went, but he couldn't care less.

He could already see some rough-looking upperclassmen gazing upon his arrogant demeanor with distaste. Anticipation buzzed in his blood. Blitz knew that look. That look led to sweet, sweet violence; the only thing that quieted the screaming in his head and the fury in his heart, even if only for a little while. He gave them a big smile, full of teeth, as a challenge. Their stares turned to daggers, and Blitz's grin widened, satisfied that he'd provoked their ire. It was only a matter of time before those three came looking for him, whether it was at lunch time or after school.

Polite applause surrounded him, drawing Blitz's attention to the stage at the front of the auditorium. The principal stepped back from the podium as another stepped forward: a tall florentine-feathered Goetia, dressed in their school uniform. He immediately got all of Blitz's attention. He *knew* that bird. It had been years, sure, and the owl had grown from a small round bundle of feathers into a tall slender owl with *legs for days*. He looked *good*. Wait, had the principal already introduced him? Fuck, he missed the bird's name *again.*

Blitz squinted, studying the owl more closely. Was he happy, now? Blitz certainly hoped he was. At least one of them deserved to be happy. The bird seemed to be doing well for himself, getting good enough grades to become the student representative and speak at the entrance ceremony. But what was a rich Goetia doing at a school like *this*, amongst the *poor*?

As the owl finished his speech, of which Blitz had not been paying an ounce of attention to, the principal stepped back, thanking "Stolas" for his wonderful speech. *Thank fuck.* Okay. His name was Stolas. A pretty name for a pretty bird. Blitz's eyes followed Stolas as he made his way off the stage, back to his seat, his mind spinning. Would Stolas even remember Blitz? Would Stolas, top of his class, student representative for their year, really want Blitz, rough delinquent he was, in his life?

No, it was probably better if Blitz left Stolas alone. He wasn't a good force in anyone's life, that much was certain.

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His heart thundered against his ribcage as he stepped up to the podium, his speech clenched in shaking hands. Stolas wasn't sure how this school year would go, but he hoped it would be better than his last few months at the Royal Academy, looks of contempt following him wherever he went, hushed whispers a constant background hum. It was fortunate, or perhaps the result of a carefully calculated bribe, that this new school did not seem to know about the rumors. At least not yet. Surely they wouldn't have him standing up here as the first years' student representative if they knew.

As he looked out over the audience, he was met with bored, uninterested stares. A great improvement to the hatred he was once met with, in Stolas's opinion. Taking a deep breath in, he centered himself and began his speech, just as he'd rehearsed. This part was easy, this part he'd done a thousand times before. It was what came before and after that always unnerved him.

Unfortunately, despite his classmates' apparent ignorance of the rumors surrounding him in higher social circles, Stolas still found himself alone. Perhaps it was the fact that he was the only Goetia in a school filled with imps, hellhounds, and succubi. Perhaps it was the fact that Stolas had never been any good at making friends...even before Goetian society rejected him, the only friend he could really say he had was Vassago, and it was really *Vassago* who had approached and befriended Stolas.

At the very least, the other students here were not *cruel* to Stolas, and for that, he was grateful. Being ignored for lack of caring was *leagues* better than being openly despised by everyone around him.

It was still the beginning of spring, the time of new beginnings, as the cherry blossoms outside reminded him. Stolas hoped that he could find his new beginning here; one that would bring him even a little bit of happiness.

End Notes

A big thank you to @mallloween for letting me bounce ideas off her and encouraging me throughout the process of writing this without her, this fic wouldn't exist

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