

# First Meetings

Von viv-heart

## Kapitel 1: Renaissance AU, Florence

Dean was talking with his mentor, Remus Lupin, when the explosion threw him from his feet and into the nearby fish-stand. He looked around in bewilderment as he wearily stood up, assessing the damage. Not much seemed to have been destroyed, not counting the merchants' stands that had been knocked over, and everybody else seemed to be alright as well. Dean offered an older lady his hand and helped her to her feet before walking to his mentor.

"Do you think we are under attack?" he asked and Remus shook his head.

"No. If this was an attack, more would have been destroyed. This looks like an experiment gone wrong. You know how it is."

Remus had barely finished speaking when a young man around Dean's age and covered in soot walked around the corner, discussing something animatedly with a somewhat older man.

Remus cursed and Dean looked at him in surprise. It was rare for Remus to curse outside of his workshop.

"Oh, look who we have there! Remus, my old friend!" the long-haired man called and Remus grimaced.

"Sirius. Barely back and already blowing shit up as it seems," Remus said dryly but a smile appeared on his face as the other embraced him.

"It wasn't my fault!" Sirius protested. "It's just that Seamus here," he patted the other boy on his back, "has a special talent with explosives."

Dean looked at Seamus curiously, noticing that he was missing his eyebrows. He must have burned them off.

"But who do you have here? Taken on a student yourself?" Sirius asked and motioned to Dean who shifted from one foot to the other awkwardly.

"This is Dean. His father has send him to me as an apprentice. He is a really gifted painter," Remus explained proudly. "One day, he might even best me."

Sirius quirked an eyebrow at that. "Never expected to see the day for those words to pass your lips. You have to show me," he said with a suggestive smile.

Remus rolled his eyes but agreed before turning to Dean once again. "Could you please help Seamus with their stuff?"

Dean nodded and watched his mentor walk away with the mysterious man.

"So, you're a painter?" Seamus asked as he lead Dean to the place of the little explosion where the remains of their luggage lay.

Dean nodded, eyeing the other nervously as he was given two bags to carry. Seamus lifted a trunk on his shoulder before taking the last bag.

"What are you?" he asked.

"I am just an assistant," Seamus explained with a grin and Dean suppressed the urge to groan.

"What's Sirius?"

"He's an inventor," Seamus said as he followed Dean down the road.

Dean looked at him with interest. "An inventor? Remus is one as well!"

Seamus laughed. "I know. Sirius has told me all kinds of stories about him and their other two friends, James and Peter. They are all inventors in one way or another, but all except Sirius have a real joy as well."

"Remus has told me about James and Peter, but he never mentioned Sirius," Dean admitted and Seamus laughed again.

"It's not too wise to mention Sirius in Florence. The last time we were here he pissed off some duke."

Dean stopped in his tracks. "Then why are you here? Isn't it dangerous? Why are you even travelling with him?"

"Sirius has been invited to come back and show off his newest invention in the hope that it could be useful in the upcoming war against Rome," Seamus explained with a shrug. "So it's quite safe. Doesn't change the fact that most inns won't welcome us. We blow too much shit up."

Dean quirked an eyebrow.

"Alright," Seamus admitted. "I blow most of the shit up. I can't help it! It just happens!"

"So where are you going to stay?" Dean asked.

"Probably with you."

"No, no!" Dean almost dropped the bags he was carrying in order to protest. "You'll stay away from the paintings! And the statues! I am not letting them be blown up!"

Seamus rolled his eyes. "I'm not that bad," he said as they walked into Remus' workshop.

"Yes, you are!" Sirius said laughing and took a bag from Dean.

"Not as bad as Neville!" Seamus protested and Remus raised an eyebrow.

"Dean, they will be staying in the workshop," he said, before adding after another look at Sirius. "For the time being."

Dean nodded, understanding what it meant. "Come on," he turned to Seamus. "I assume we are to share quarters as the other boys are much younger."

Seamus grinned again and they left for the upper floor.

"We will share this room," Dean explained when they walked into a rather small bedroom. "Knowing Remus, he'll have organized another bed till the evening. But yeah, make yourself comfortable."

But Seamus wasn't listening. Instead, he was studying the various pictures hanging on the wall.

"Have you drawn all of those?" he asked in awe.

"Yes," Dean said, blushing slightly.

"Could you draw me as well?" Seamus turned to face him, his eyes glowing with excitement, leaving Dean no choice but to agree.

He didn't know yet, that Seamus would be the person he portrayed the most during his life, his eternal muse.