

# First Meetings

Von viv-heart

## Kapitel 3: Tattooshop AU

Dean looked up from his doodles when he heard the door opened and saw four obviously very drunk men around his age enter.

"Can I help you?" he asked.

"Yeah," the first one answered and pushed his round glasses up his nose. "We want to get tattoos!"

"Isn't that obvioussssss?" the redhead next to him slurred.

Dean shifted uncomfortably in his chair. Hogwarts, the tattoo-studio he worked at, owned by his friend Luna Lovegood, had a policy of refusing drunk customers due to safety reasons. Dean agreed with that policy, but unfortunately, most drunks who stumbled into the small studio didn't.

Dean sat straighter and put on his best customer service smile before speaking. "Sure thing, tell me what you want to get and we can make an appointment."

"You don't get it!" the smallest of the bunch, a freckled man with a thick Irish accent, spoke up. "We want to get them now!"

Dean sighed. "I am sorry, but we don't offer our services to customers in a state of intoxication."

"Whaat? Why?" the redhead asked angrily, crossing his arms over his chest while the guy with glasses looked like he was about to cry. An angry drunk and a sad drunk, Dean observed and shifted his attention to the other two.

The Irish was staring at him silently while the fourth guy, who hadn't spoken yet, was leaning against the wall, slightly green in the face.

"Besides," Dean said, "you should probably take your friend home. He doesn't look well."

The other three turned around. "Oh Neville," the glasses-guy almost shrieked, "why didn't you say something?"

"I am fine, Harry" Neville mumbled and tried to stand straight, but swayed considerably before leaning back against the wall again.

"We have to get you home! Theo will kill us if something happens to you!" Harry said and slung Neville's arm over his shoulder. "Come on, Ron, Seamus, help me!"

The redhead slung Neville's other arm over his shoulder but the Irish didn't move and returned to staring at Dean.

"Seamus, let's go," the redhead, apparently called Ron, said.

"Go ahead," Seamus replied, his eyes still on Dean, who didn't really get what was going on.

Harry was about to protest when Neville suddenly lost his footing, almost pulling himself and his two friends to the floor.

Ron cursed as he hit his elbow in an attempt to get a better hold on Neville. Harry sighed in defeat and announced that they would be leaving with a last look at Seamus. The door shut close and Seamus still hadn't moved. Dean shifted in his seat, not sure where to look or what to do. While it was clear what kind of drunks his friends were, he hadn't been able to decide which category Seamus belonged in.

"You have beautiful eyes," Seamus blurted out suddenly, causing Dean to almost fall from his chair.

"What?" Dean looked at him in bewilderment.

"You have beautiful eyes," Seamus repeated, the tips of his ears turning a bright red.

"Uh, huh. Thanks?" Dean said, unsure of what else to do. Was the guy hitting on him? Seamus' turned red at that, finally averting his gaze as he looked down on his hands that played with the hem of his Deadmouse T-shirt. "Uh, sorry. You're not like that... I'll be going..."

"Wait," Dean called out without thinking.

Seamus looked up with hopeful eyes.

"Um," Dean hesitated. "Come back when you're sober," he said finally and a wide smile spread over Seamus' face.

"Of course," Seamus beamed. "Even though I am not entirely sure where back would be as I've lost track of the alleys we went in."

Dean chuckled. "Come here," he said and took the sharpie he had used for doodling earlier.

Seamus walked over to him and Dean motioned to him to give him his arm. He scribbled down the address of the shop and added his phone number after a second of hesitation. It couldn't hurt, could it?

"I am sure you'll be able to find it again, now," Dean said with a smile.

Seamus grinned at him, blushing again. "So am I. But I guess I should go after my friends now. God only knows what kind of trouble they've got themselves into without me around."

Dean nodded. "Don't get lost," he said.

"I won't. And if I do, I'll call you," Seamus replied with a cheeky grin. "And you'll come to my rescue just like a knight in shining armour."

Dean laughed. "Unfortunately I am bound to spend my evening here so no wandering streets and saving charming princes for me."

"What a pity," Seamus said. "Well, I'll try to not get lost then. Because my friends won't be able to help. I wouldn't be surprised if they kept walking in circles while we chatted here. Good night."

Dean watched him leave, wondering, if Seamus had really been as drunk as he had initially assumed. If he came back, he would ask him. And somehow, Dean was sure that he would come back.