

First Meetings

Von viv-heart

Kapitel 4: Coffeeshop AU

Seamus was roaring with laughter at yet another of Harry's unintentionally funny anecdotes about McGonagall. The professor had a dry wit and Harry seemed to bring out the worst of it at all times without noticing.

"Excuse me," he said when he calmed down and Ron looked at him in confusion. "I need to go to the loo," Seamus explained and the others returned to their conversation as he stood up.

They were sitting at a small crowded café near the campus grounds, killing the time between lectures together with half of the university, judging by the masses occupying the tables.

Seamus was trying to press through the crowd when another patron bumped into him, forcing him to take a step back and Seamus collided with a table.

He turned around abruptly when he heard cursing behind him and looked in horror at the latte that spilled over some drawings.

"I am so, so sorry," he called out and snatched some papers that were in the way of the drink from the table just in time to prevent further damage.

"It's fine," the young man sitting at the table sighed. "I am used to it by now. I don't even know why I come here anymore as this happens all the time due to the lack of space," he said as he tried to wish away the mess with a tissue.

"Well, the coffee is delicious," Seamus grinned at him. "Speaking of which, let me buy you one. After all, I spilled your last."

"Thank you, but don't worry about it," he said but Seamus wasn't listening anymore. Instead, he stared at the piece of paper in his hand in awe.

"That's me," he breathed out and looked at the other, his eyes sparkling. "This is amazing. You are so good! Could I have it?"

Despite his dark skin, Seamus was sure, that the boy was blushing. "Uh, yeah, sure," he replied.

"Great! Can you sign it?"

That seemed to surprise him but he took the paper and a pencil and scribbled something down into a corner.

"So, Dean, huh?" Seamus read and smiled at him again. "Now I really have to buy you a coffee."

"You really don't have to, I am fine," Dean protested weakly but Seamus ignored it.

"I am Seamus by the way. Now tell me, what you want so I can order for us."

Dean was looking at him like he was from another planet, not sure what to make of the strange boy.

Seamus blinked. "Uh, am I making you uncomfortable?" he asked. "I tend to forget

that some people aren't too keen on socializing, so please tell me and I'll leave."

"It's not that," Dean said. "It's just... Most people don't like it when I draw them without their consent. I've been yelled at before so this is most unexpected."

Seamus looked at him in horror. "What? Why would anybody do that? They should feel honoured that somebody with your skill decided to draw them! After all, you are going to be famous one day!"

"Do you really think that?" Dean asked sceptically.

"Of course! I wouldn't have said it if I didn't believe it!" Seamus crossed his arms over his chest. "You clearly have the skill and only can get even better!"

"Thank you," Dean smiled and looked away, clearly flustered.

"I am just stating the obvious," Seamus grinned. "But are you studying art?" he asked with interest. "You should, with that skill!"

"Architecture, actually," Dean explained with a glint in his eyes.

"Oh, cool!" Seamus leaned forward. "I wish I could do something so creative!"

"What are you studying? I assume you are a student, considering you are hanging out around here," Dean asked.

"I study chemistry," Seamus replied.

"Doesn't that require a certain level of creativity as well? I mean, you are trying to think of new things and produce them."

"If you call blowing shit up creativity, than yes, it does require a certain level of creativity," Seamus laughed.

"I am not sure whether you have heard about it, but there are quite a few of contemporary artists who think that true art isn't meant for eternity. Dance and music and performance art for example aren't bound to last long and yet they are some of the most beautiful kinds of art," Dean explained passionately and Seamus watched, completely entranced.

He was about to reply when somebody tapped on his shoulder and he looked around in confusion just to see Harry behind him.

"You didn't get far," he commented. "But we have to go now. Snape won't wait."

Seamus checked his phone, not really believing that time had passed so quickly and sighed in disappointment when he saw that Harry was right and he needed to go.

"I am sorry," he turned to Dean. "I didn't get around to buy you a coffee. But if you want to, I could do it another time?" he asked hopefully.

Dean gaped at him for a moment before he nodded.

"Great," Seamus beamed as he took Dean's pencil and scribbled down his number on a fresh piece of paper.

"Text me," he said and stood up, taking his things that Harry had brought him from their table. "See you later," he said and Dean waved, still not really sure what had just happened to him.