

First Meetings

Von viv-heart

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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.

Kapitel 2: Dragon Age AU

"So you are the new recruit," Seamus said. "My name is Seamus and welcome to Vigil's keep. I am sorry I couldn't welcome you sooner, but I've just returned."

Dean smiled weakly at the other warden. "Nice to meet you. I'm Dean. And don't worry, he warden's missions have utmost importance."

"You don't seem too happy to be here," Seamus said and sat down opposite the other at the huge wooden table, placing his dinner in front of him.

"I am just shocked. I didn't expect people to..." Dean trailed off.

"Die?" Seamus finished. "You didn't expect to drink Darkspawn blood?"

"Yes. Nobody told me about this when I signed up," Dean said and ran a hand through his hair.

"At least you signed up," Seamus muttered.

Dean looked at him in confusion. "At least I signed up? What do you mean by that? Haven't you?"

Seamus sighed. "Ever heard of the right of Conscription?" he asked.

"Conscription? Are you a criminal?" Dean gaped at him.

"Not really," Seamus said, running a hand through his hair. "It's... complicated."

"Tell me," Dean demanded, leaning forward. He had heard before that the Grey Wardens accepted criminals into their ranks, giving them a new purpose in life and a clean slate. Hell, even two of the most famous Wardens in Ferelden, The Hero of Ferelden and Duncan, who had recruited her, had been conscripted – that was, if the rumours were true.

"I am half elvish even if you can't see much of it," Seamus said. "Mom's an elf, dad's a human. Meaning that our lives were a mess since before I was born. With such a union it's always hard, no matter where you live. Anyway, I grew up in Orlais and with the years passing we got accepted in our city. Things were alright with Briala on the top. Well, at least until the old Lord died and his nephew took over the reign over the city. Long story short, everything went to hell as he exploited the poor and hated elves. A resistance formed and I accidentally blew him up," Seamus finished with a grin.

"You can't be serious," Dean said.

"I am."

"Don't you feel sorry for killing him?" Dean asked.

"Would you feel sorry for killing Darkspawn?" Seamus countered. "That man was worse than any Darkspawn I have encountered. And as I've already said, it was an accident. The old Lord's cousin is a way better ruler than the nephew was and everybody is doing better. I have a meaningful position here and our Commander, the Hero of Ferelden, has taken a personal liking to me. Did you know, that she killed a noble who wanted to rape her and her friends and killed her fiance on her wedding day and became a Warden because of that?"

Dean was staring at him with his mouth hanging open. He hadn't expected that when he had volunteered to join the Grey Wardens. The tales that were told about them being noble, selfless people didn't seem true anymore. Not with what he had witnessed in the past three days since he came to Vigil's Keep.

In that moment, Angelina, Alicia and Katie walked over to them and sat down next to Dean. "I see you have already met," Angelina said. "That's good. I hope Seamus isn't spreading any wild tales."

"They are all true," Seamus grinned and Angelina laughed at that, while Alicia rolled her eyes at Katie.

"I hope so. But don't use all of them up at once. You'll have more than enough time to share them in the future as Dean will be joining you in the laboratory."

Seamus looked curiously at Dean. "Really?"

Dean nodded, feeling his cheeks heat up. "Yeah. I am pretty good at drawing and I have been told that there is help needed with the blueprints."

"Indeed. There was an accident.." Seamus began but Katie cut him off.

"What he wants to say is that he blew the old ones up."

"What I wanted to say is that there was an accident," Seamus repeated and glared at her.

Dean looked between them in confusion.

"He works with the dwarves on explosives," Alicia explained. "They can be quite useful against Darkspawn."

"Or roofs," Angelina snickered and Seamus blushed.

"Do you always have to bring that up?" he muttered.

"I do," she said and stood up, taking her empty plate with her. "But I'll let you be now. Get to know each other. You'll spend way too much time with nobody but each other and a bunch of grumpy dwarves in the workshops. It's much more fun if you are friends."

"Or fucking," Alicia chipped in and followed Angelina.

"Don't mind her," Katie said to Dean, who's mouth was hanging open once again and stood up as well before leaving the two of them alone.

"Were they serious?" Dean asked.

"Considering that a lot of Wardens have a thing with each other, yes," Seamus grinned. "But I believe that was a jab at Angie, so don't worry over it too much. Except you have made the mistake of discussing your sexuality with them."

"Why?" Dean questioned.

"Well, there are some people in this place who believe that in order to keep our sanity we need to form meaningful relationships and fall in love. They have the tendency to play matchmaker and judging by the former comment, the two of us may be the next victims."

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.

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.

Kapitel 5: Grishaverse AU

Dean would be lying if he said that he wasn't scared. He had just arrived at the Os Alta from Novyi Zem and didn't know what to expect. While he had met other Grisha before, he hadn't encountered one that had been trained at the Little Palace, the recruiters excluded. And even if he had, he doubted it would be of much use as things had changed after King Nikolai and his Grisha took over the reign. While it was said that the change had been for the better, Dean didn't know what to make out of it. After all, he was only eleven years old and politics wasn't of much interest to him yet. He had been so lost in thought, that he hadn't noticed the recruiters stop and bumped into the girl walking in front of him.

She didn't seem to notice as she was looking at something in front of her with her mouth hanging open and Dean looked up as well.

The Little Palace was standing in front of them and it was beautiful. Dean was at a loss of words as he hadn't seen anything so grand before. In Novyi Zem, the buildings were different – more practical.

"Holy shit," a freckled boy next to him whispered and Dean agreed silently. The palace was definitely something special.

They followed the recruiters inside and into a huge hall with a bunch of tables.

"Sit down," one of the recruiters, a one-armed young man in a blue kefta called Adrik, told them. "We are going to sort you into the Orders now and go through the basics with you before dinner is served and show you your new home afterwards."

The children began to whisper among themselves as they made their way to the tables.

"I am curious what the dinner will be," the freckled boy next to Dean whispered to him. "Rumour has been, that we will get fish and bread."

Dean grimaced. He hated fish. "I hope you are wrong," he whispered back as he sat down next to the boy.

"Oh, your Ravkan is pretty good," the boy said in astonishment. "Wasn't really sure if you would understand me – no offence."

Dean looked at him in confusion before he realized what the other had been talking about. He had dark Zemeni skin, that made it quite clear that he wasn't from Ravka.

"I've known that I would come here for a few years so I started to learn the language," he explained and the boy nodded along with interest, ignoring whatever the recruiters in the front were talking about.

"That' impressive!"

"How about you? Are you from here?" Dean asked.

"Mom's a Grisha, who left during the civil war and dad's a Kerch merchant. She told him only after the wedding. He wasn't too pleased and now I am here," Seamus explained.

Before Dean could say anything, the other boy jumped up. Apparently he had been called to be sorted and Dean watched as he introduced himself as Seamus Finnegan and explained that he was an Alkemi, just like his mother.

Seamus got a purple ribbon and returned to his seat.

It was Dean's turn and he walked to the recruiters, who were joined by a red-haired woman with an eye-patch, who Dean remembered was a hero from the civil war just like Adrik, and went by the name of Genya.

"What's your ability?" Genya asked.

"I am not entirely sure," Dean whispered, intimidated by the powerful and famous people in front of him.

"You have nothing to be scared of," Genya said gently and smiled at him. "But could you please get into detail so we have an idea where to begin?"

"I've been told that I might be a Fabrikator or a Corporalki," Dean explained and Genya's smile widened.

"So you are like me," she said and offered him a blue-red ribbon. "You can either chose to become one of those or a tailor if you want to."

Dean nodded and let them take the measurements for his kefta before returning to his seat next to Seamus.

"You have two?" Seamus looked at Dean's ribbon. "How cool!"

The two of them chatted during the sorting of the remaining children and soon the food was brought in by the servants.

"I am so glad you were wrong about the fish," Dean whispered to Seamus, who laughed heartedly at that.

"Me too," he said and finished his sweet roll.

When they all finished their eating, they were given a quick tour through the Little Palace and were introduced to their sleeping quarters. As young students like themselves had to share their dormitories with others, they were divided into groups of five and assigned a room.

Dean and Seamus ended up in a room with a Squaller called Harry, an Inferni going by the name of Ron, who's five older brothers were already at the palace and a Heartender called Neville.

While they all quickly became friends, Dean found himself spending most of the time with Seamus, even though they were in different Orders. Thanks to Sankta Alina's reforms it wasn't an issue though and Dean was more often than not looking forward to eating and sparring with Seamus.

As the years flew by, the two of them grew closer and Dean shared not only his first meal at the Little Palace with Seamus but many more firsts, like his first love and first kiss.

He decided to become a tailor just like Genya, learning from her not only to alter appearances but also to brew poisons, visiting Seamus in the Durast workshops outside of the city on a regular basis.