

# First Meetings

Von viv-heart

## 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.