

# The Return of Magic

Von konpaku

## Kapitel 2: The Once and Future Prat

*In the Living Room*

It has been a couple of weeks since Gwen had moved into the flat, but only now was she able to live up to the agreement they had made on their first meeting. Several by now half empty bowls of chips, popcorn and sweets, as well as an empty decanter and some water bottles occupied the table in the living room. Gwen laid comfortably on the couch beside the door and took a moment to watch her new friends. Michael sat to her right on the other couch, intently staring at the screen of the television, his arms resting on his legs and his whole body leaning forward as if he was afraid to miss just the shortest of moments. Keileigh on the other hand slouched on the arm chair across from her. As soon as Gwen's eyes fell on her she turned her head to return the gaze. With a grin she nodded in Michael's direction. She was highly amused by his behaviour. A smile on her lips Gwen returned her attention to the screen. One of her favourite scenes was about to happen.

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*"Give the boy a chance." The black bearded knight declared*

*"Go ahead, son." Another man encouraged the young blond boy and shoved him towards the Sword.*

*With determination he stepped towards the stone and the anvil on top of it to grab the golden hilt of the sword that was stuck in it. When he touched the metal bright line shone from above and a choir started singing. With not much effort the weapon was freed from its prison and the boy stumbled a few steps backwards, the far too large sword in his hands, looking up at the light.*

*"It's a miracle ordained by heaven." Someone in the crowd surrounding them whispered.*

*"This boy is our king." Another declared.*

*"Well, by Jove." The boys guardian exhaled awestruck.*

*"What's the lad's name?" The knight demanded to know.*

*"Eh, Wart. Oh, uh, I mean Arthur." The other man managed to say and the crowd started to cheer.*

*"Hail, King Arthur!"*

*"Hail, King Arthur! Long live the king!"*

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But their chanting was halted and the picture froze.

Keileigh and Gwen both looked at Michael who held the remote in his hand. A deep frown on his face when he put down the device.

"He's too young!" He declared after a moment of starring at the screen.

"I know!" Gwen exclaimed right away.

Turning his head to her, he urged her to continue.

"I mean, that's what bothered me about it most as well. I love the film to bits, but I could never understand why they had to make Arthur this young. I know it's in some versions of the legend too, but it just feels wrong..." She ranted and then went quiet, as she was a bit ashamed of her outburst.

Michael offered her a kind smile. This notion was what made him stop the film in the first place. It just sounded wrong to him that Arthur was supposed to be a young boy whenever he read about it or now saw it. In his opinion – and apparently Gwen's too – he should have been a man, maybe a bit childish, but a man nevertheless. Though he didn't know what made him think that way.

A noise at the door however snapped them out of their thoughts. With yank the entrance opened to reveal a man with shoulder length, dark hair and stubble on his chin. Cheekily he looked into the room, a wide grin on his face.

"Having fun?" He asked when he slipped into the room and sat down next to Gwen's feet on the couch.

"Hi, I'm Gwayne and you must be the lovely lady that is now living in my room." He greeted her, giving her his most enticing smile and holding out his hand with the palm upwards.

Groaning Michael and Keileigh rolled their eyes at their friend, it was just like him to hit on their new room mate right away.

"Nice to meet you." Gwen smiled and took his hand to shake it, instead of giving him the chance to kiss hers.

"Yes, I'm Gwen, the new flatmate and I'm already dating someone." She added with a light laugh and took her hand away.

"What a shame..." He concluded in mock disappointment before turning his attention to the television instead.

"So, what are you wa....are you watching 'The Sword in the Stone' without me?" He exclaimed in outrage.

"How dare you!"

"Oh how we dared. Michael hadn't seen it yet and Gwen was only allowed to move in if we watched it together." Keileigh explained with a laugh.

"But without me isn't together!" The other stuck to his point.

"Why is everyone so obsessed with this film?" Michael wondered out loud.

"Are you serious, mate?" Gwayne asked instead, astonishment clear in his voice.

"Yeah. It's fun, but it's just a film..." Was all Michael could say to describe his view on it.

"Just a...can you believe him?" His friend asked Gwen, who was just as dumbfounded by this.

"Sure the film has some flaws, like the singing..." Gwayne tried and Gwen interrupted shyly: "I like the singing."

"Then maybe not the singing" He changed his argument "Anyway, you at least have to

admit that Merlin's Magic is awesome! Even though his beard is ridiculous.”

“And utterly inconvenient if you ask me.” Michael added thoughtfully.

“But I guess you're right. It's pretty cool what he can do.” He acknowledged and added mumbling “Still no reason why I should like it...”

Groaning Gwayne gave up on the discussion. In some moments it was just useless to make his friend see a different angle.

“When I watch films like this I sometimes wish that things like that would be actually possible. But Magic just doesn't exist in this world...” Gwen confessed with a slight sadness in her voice, watching her folded hands in her lap.

“Yeah, real Magic would be awesome. The things you could do with it...” Gwayne agreed.

Hearing this Michael looked over to Keileigh, who was already grinning at him. They had already talked about including the other two into their secret and now would be a perfect moment for it. With a sigh he worked up the courage to ask: “What if it did?”

“Don't be silly mate. You're a physicist, you of all people should know that the only Magic we have are ruses and illusions.” The older man reprimanded him, disappointment clearly audible.

Again Michael and Keileigh exchanged a look, both with widening grins.

“You sure?” Michael asked, when a golden hue passed over his irises.

Confused Gwayne followed his friends nod to see the bowls no longer standing on the table, but floating in mid air instead.

“What the...?” He started and jumped up.

Gwen gasped and held her hands in front of her mouth.

Moving his hands above the bowls Gwayne checked for strings, but there weren't any.

“Is this telekinesis?” He repeated the question Keileigh had asked when Michael had first shown her.

“Nope. Magic.” He simply answered and released the bowls.

With a clattering sound they landed on the table again. Two pairs of eyes stared at him in awe.

“How long?” Was all Gwayne could manage to ask.

“Can I use it or do I know about it?” Michael tried to close in on the question.

“Both.”

“As long as I can remember and probably even before that I had these abilities. I was born with it apparently.” He told them, shrugging his shoulders as if it was no big deal.

“So you're not just adopted, you're a freak as well?” Gwayne joked, sitting down again.

“That's what it looks like.” Michael laughed.

He had to answer a few more questions about his knowledge, heritage and abilities and tried to explain everything as well as he could, but some of it was still a mystery to himself.

When he was finished Gwen asked: “Why did you confine in us?”

Though what she actually wondered was why he told her, as he only knew her for a couple of weeks.

“We're stuck. We need help figuring out, who this Emrys person is and we thought it would be good to get you two on board.” Keileigh explained instead of Michael

“Gwayne has been a friend for years now and not just that, he also has a vast knowledge of history, even though he rarely uses it.” She continued and waved her hand towards her sheepishly grinning friend.

"You on the other hand know a lot about the Arthurian legends and as his Birthday gift included the book you saw on your first visit, we figured your knowledge might come in handy as well."

"And I believe I can trust you two." Michael added with a smile.

Both of them returned the gesture, simply to overwhelmed to find words. They were granted an incredible view into something they didn't dare believe existed and therefore were simply grateful to receive this honour.

*A couple of days later*

"Guys? You're busy?" Gwen asked when she entered the living room.

"Nope, just wanted to torch this book anyway." Keileigh replied annoyed, slamming the large volume in front of her shut.

"It's university property, you shouldn't even consider damaging it." Michael scolded her, putting down a different one.

"It was an expression..." She replied with a roll of her eyes and leaned back into the arm chair, her arms folded in front of her.

"Anyway, I'd like to introduce you to someone." Gwen changed the topic, before the two of them would start off into another argument.

When she had their full attention she waved for someone outside the door.

A young man entered the room, a kind smile on his face.

"Well, this is..." Gwen started introducing him when Michael interrupted: "Lance!".

He stood up in astonishment, a grin spreading.

"Michael Merlin. I knew I'd meet you again one day." The other replied, stepping forward to take the offered hand.

"You know each other?" Gwen asked in confusion, looking from one to the other.

"We briefly met on a train about a month ago." Lance explained as a matter of fact, releasing the other's hand.

"You're the train-dude? He's the train-dude?" Keileigh asked in surprise pointing at him and looking at Michael.

Michael and Lance described their first encounter to Gwen. She was quite amused that the man that had helped her friend turned out to be the man she had been dating for about a month now. In fact their first meeting had also been on the same day, just before Lance got into that train.

When Lance and Keileigh were deep in conversation she pulled Michael aside.

"Does he *know*?" Gwen whispered.

"No, I only accidentally used the other name, like I did when we first met." The other cleared up.

Gwen remembered how he had done that and how she had thought it to be funny that he had used the name, when they were just talking about names from the book.

"Do you want to tell him?" She asked next, even though she felt like she already knew the answer.

"I don't know. I feel like I can trust him and the fact that we met before and that he's now your boyfriend, doesn't make this an easier choice... Not yet, I guess..." Michael explained, looking at Lance from his position.

"We're just dating..." Gwen tried to reason, but was met with a raised eyebrow. "But I know what you mean. He is just an incredible person." She shyly added.

*Some days later on the Campus*

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Michael and Keileigh were on their way to their first lessons, when they saw a group of people towering over a rather young looking boy. He clutched the books in his arms tightly, while one of the guys pulled up his backpack, he was still wearing, high over his shoulders, only to let it drop onto his back. The older students certainly enjoying the teasing and laughed at the boys whimpers.

Without second thought Michael stepped in to help him. He had been on the receiving end of bullying himself, so he wouldn't let anyone else suffer through it.

"That's enough my friend." He declared, addressing the blond guy that did most of the teasing.

"Do I know you?" The other wondered.

"No, I'm Michael." He introduced himself in a dry tone, not bothering to offer his hand.

"So I don't know you. Yet you called me 'friend'." The other concluded, causing his actual friends to laugh again.

"That was my mistake." Michael relented in an apologetic tone, lowering his head slightly.

"Yes, I think so." The apparent leader of the group agreed.

"Yeah. I'd never have a friend who could be such an ass." The other added with amusement dripping from his voice and a challenging smile on his lips.

As soon as he had said his words, everyone seemingly had stopped breathing in anticipation of what would happen now.

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But before anyone could say or do anything Gwayne grabbed his shoulder.

"Come on mate, let's go, before you get yourself into trouble." He urged his friend in a low tone and tried to drag him away.

"Since when are you the voice of reason?" Michael shot at him.

"Since you start picking a fight with the wrong people." Gwayne explained and shoved him forward.

When they were out of earshot, he let go of Michael.

"As much as I like the odds in a good brawl, was what you just did rather suicidal when it comes to campus life." He told him.

"I don't care about that, he was being an ass! Why should I let a prat like him just bully someone?" Michael demanded to know.

"You can't stop an idiot from doing something by trying to reason with him." Gwayne tried again, feeling like he was just doing that.

"Besides, fights on campus are forbidden and you'd have dragged all of us into it." Keileigh stated as a matter of fact.

"All right, all right, I let it go..." Michael resigned and added mumbling: "For now."

*Later that day in a pub*

To get their mind off of the encounter on the campus Gwayne had urged his friends to join him in the pub. Michael, Gwen and Keileigh had already arrived and sat at one of the high tables close to the billiard table.

When their friend finally arrived Michael greeted him with a: "There you are..."

After he already had a couple of drinks Gwayne was re-telling the tale from before for the umpteenth time and as their friend was a brilliant story teller the group was laughing full heartedly at the formerly serious topic.

It wasn't long until Michael noticed someone approaching from behind his friend. When the person had reached the table beside them he felt the eyes that were still glued to his back.

He turned around to find none other than the insolent brat from before right in front of him.

"You again." He simply stated.

"I could say the same thing." Michael retorted, the same challenging smile on his lips.

"If you're so sure about yourself why not settle this with nice match of billiard?" The older student suggested, a sinister grin on his face.

"Sure." The young man accepted right away.

That poor kid wouldn't know what he got himself into, as he would be playing against one of the best players on campus.

"The loser apologizes for whatever he did wrong." Michael added after he rose up in front of the other, offering his hand.

"I didn't do anything wrong." The prat argued.

"You bullied a guy."

"I showed him his place, there's a difference." He stood firmly by his believe of not having done anything wrong.

"Not for him, so are we playing or are you second guessing your suggestion?" Michael challenged.

"Bring it on, freshman!" The other replied grabbing his hand tightly.

They had played for a while and Michael had learned that the other was called Arthur, after Gwayne addressed him during on of his breaks. His friend had told him, they were in a few classes together, but it was still odd to see him associate with someone like that. He didn't like this prat one bit. That's why early on he had decided to use a bit help to manoeuvre his balls around. Even though he tried to make it subtle and suspenseful, were some of his scores a bit too miraculously.

Finally they had reached the last ball, only the black eight lay on the table and it was Michael's turn to pot it. He grinned at his opponent and positioned himself. With a soft nudge the ball rolled into its goal.

"Yes!" Michael exclaimed in excitement, while his friend cheered behind him.

"You actually won." Arthur affirmed in surprise.

"Yeah and you know what that means." The other reminded him.

Looking the victor up and down the older student simply stated: "Good match." and held out his hand.

"That's not what I meant..." Michael pointed out.

"That's all you'll get." Arthur declared, nodding in the direction of his hand.  
"Well, it's a start." The younger student sighed, grabbed the hand and shook it.

After the match Gwayne invited Arthur for a drink and he stayed a moment longer. He participated in their conversation and seemed to have more to him than just being a bully. Still, as soon as he had finished his drink, he set off, wishing everyone a good night.

"He doesn't seem that bad..." Gwen wondered, a hue of red on her cheeks. The two of them had shared a conversation about one of the seminars she was about to take, that he had already passed.

"I still think he's a prat." Was all Michael said to this and took the last swing of his glass.

"Speaking of prats: You cheated!" Gwayne exclaimed and pointed at his friend accusingly.

"Shh, idiot! Do you want everyone to know about that?!" Michael reprimanded him instead, looking around to see if anyone had heard the remark.

"At least he taught him a lesson!" Keileigh laughed and the others joined her.