

The Return of Magic

Von konpaku

Kapitel 1: A Different Path

At the beginning of the day

It was early in the morning when Keileigh made her way up the stairs, clutching a small box in her hand. She didn't really care about being quiet as only his room and her own on the first floor lay close enough to hear anything. And as she was about to wake him anyway, she might as well give him a head-start. He could be quite grumpy when woken too early after all. Every other day she would avoid that if possible, but today she would make sure he was up and about in no time.

Grinning mischievously she opened the door to his room. The curtains were still drawn and the morning sun had little chance to enter the darkness. After she closed the door behind her she made her way to the bed where he was still deeply sleeping and snuggled into his covers, not even noticing her presence.

Her grin widening even further she placed the box on the desk beside the bed, so she would have her hands free to wake him. But before that she made her way to the other side of the room and opened the curtains. Though not even the sunlight managed to wake him. Deciding to just do it herself she stood in front of her sleeping friend and put her foot where she suspected his side to be and slowly shoved him.

"Rise and Shine, Birthday Boy~" She called out in a sing-song voice.

Jolting awake he nearly sat upright without warning, flinging lanky limbs in the air and giving her barely a chance to remove her foot. When he had adjusted to his surroundings he growled and sank back into his pillow, spitting out a: "What the hell, Keileigh?" before grabbing the sheets to cover his face.

"Oi! No getting back to sleep!" She interjected and grabbed the sheets to pull them into the opposite direction.

After a little struggle for the cloth they both broke out laughing and she sat down on his bed, while he sat up straight. Looking at each other, the laughter still in their eyes, the young woman closed the distance between them and hugged him tightly.

"Happy Birthday, Michael."

Returning the embrace, he just mumbled a "Thank you" into her hair.

Breaking the hug she then fished for the little box on the table. Dropping down to the floor she held it out and told him with a grin: "I got you a little something for your collection."

"Didn't I say you don't have to get me anything?" He scolded her but took the present with a smile.

Even though he tried to repress his excitement for what was in the box, he didn't

manage to do so completely. The collection this would become a part of was one he had acquired over the years and over time it became harder and harder to find new things for it. Each piece depicted a person with magic: wizards and witches, druids and warlocks and several others that seemed like a combination of either. Keileigh knew his interest in everything Magic-related, though she didn't know the real reason behind it. Knowing her tendency for silliness he was quite curious what this new addition would be.

"It's an important Birthday after all." she complained in mock-disappointment.

"Yeah, you told me all week about this 'Coming of Age' stuff..." He quoted sarcastically.

"Oh, shut up and open it already!" She urged, her own curiosity plainly visible.

To annoy her a little more he took his time unwrapping the small box. Before he actually opened it he looked at his friend: Her fingers tapped his mattress in anticipation and a smile was plastered on her face. Grinning himself, he then lifted the edges of the box and flipped it around to remove what was inside. The figurine that landed in his hand however was not what he expected. It portrayed an old man with a ridiculously long beard and a silly moustache right under a very round nose. He wore wide blue robes that reminded him of some kind of cross between night-gown and dress, completed with a long bent hat and crakows in the same colour. Looking the figurine up and down again he snorted and asked: "What's that supposed to be?"

Confusion on her face, Keileigh wasn't sure if she heard him correctly.

"That's Merlin." She declared in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Who?" He asked not any less confused.

"Merlin? The Sword in the Stone? Most powerful sorcerer to ever walk the Earth?"

"Nope. Doesn't ring a bell." He flatly told her.

"You're kidding!" She exclaimed and stood up.

"Are you seriously saying YOU of all people don't know who Merlin is?!" She demanded to know, not believing this one bit.

"Yup. I seriously never heard of him." He calmly replied, looking up at her, the figurine still in his hands.

After contemplating this information for a moment she sat down on his bed again.

"How can you not know Merlin? Everyone knows Merlin and the Athurian legends..." She wondered.

"Arth-what? Seriously I have no idea what you are talking about." He repeated.

"Arthurian legends, King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table?" Keileigh tried a different approach.

But all she got was another shake of her friends head, as he did not recognize those things either. After another long look of confusion and contemplation she started laughing, earning a confused look in return.

"You are the only person I know with such a profound knowledge about every little detail about different magic users in all kinds of media and you have no idea who the most important one of them all is..." She explained herself.

"But I bet you are more than willing to teach me everything I need to know about him." He proposed grinning.

"Not on an empty stomach." She returned and stood up again.

"Get your self decent and get down for breakfast." The young woman then ordered.

"Yes M'am" He agreed jokingly.

When she had left the room he swung his long legs out of the bed and sat there for a

moment, looking at the figurine in his hand. He briefly wondered why he did not know a thing about this person. This 'Merlin'. But he put the thought and the figurine aside and rubbed his eyes tiredly. He would learn about him soon enough, but before that he needed to find something to dress. Growling he looked at the different shirts and trousers that lay on his floor or hung over chairs or other furniture. Remembering the last time he and Keileigh had an early breakfast, where he just sat in his sleeping shirt and pants, he shuddered. Yes, dressing up before getting to the kitchen was unfortunately mandatory. Their other flatmate would otherwise get into another of her fits about hygiene and he didn't want one of those today. Not on his Birthday. Sighing he stood up to pick up a pair of trousers, just to sit down again as he remembered that he wouldn't need to walk there in the first place. Concentrating on a pair he allowed the 'Magic' within him to lift the trousers and bring them to him. Unfortunately he wasn't awake enough to control their movement so the cloth hit him square in the face. Grumbling he untangled the legs from his shoulders and put them on, before heading out of the room.

Later that day

As it was a tradition for them he spent dinner on his birthday with his parents. It had been a long day of studying and learning all kind of things about that sorcerer and he was glad he could now relax a bit while spending time at home. His mother had prepared an extensive meal and he couldn't remember when he was last this stuffed. One of the perks of coming home from studying was after all the free food. Grinning at the thought he rubbed his belly and thanked his mother for the delicious meal. Brushing it aside the elderly woman stood up to take out the dishes. As he moved to help her she just put her hand on his arm.

"Not today my dear." She told him with a warm smile.

Michael returned the gesture and leaned back into his chair, watching his mother. That was until his eyes landed on his father that sat on the other side of the table and was looking rather worried.

"Somethin' wrong?"

"Don't worry my boy, I was just lost in thoughts." The old man tried to reassure him.

"Yeah, but those thoughts don't seem to be too pleasant." Michael remarked unconvinced, watching his parent carefully.

"Always so observant..." His father commented with a small smile.

Before he could ask any more questions his mother returned to clean the table and asked her husband to help her in the kitchen. He could feel their anxiety and was more and more suspicious of their behaviour. Something was wrong and they didn't tell him. In times like these he knew they were hiding something from him to protect him. Regardless if he thought he was old enough to learn what was going on. For a moment he considered trying to use his Magic to eavesdrop, but that would have been rude and distrustful. If they were ready to tell him what was going on, they would do so or he would simply ask and hope for an answer. Still he couldn't help himself but to move a bit to see his parents in the kitchen. It seemed as if his mother was pleading to do or not do something while his father had already made up his mind. Slightly his hopes to understand what was going on rose. His mother was indeed the one to treat him more like a child, not wanting him to grow up too fast, while his father gave him challenges and responsibilities to help him progress as person and also to control his gift. Whenever he thought about this he was more than

grateful for his parents acceptance and support of it. Even though neither of them could explain where it came from in the first place.

After a few more moments he saw his parents hug and saw this as a sign that their conversation was over. Trying not to not make his chair topple over he returned to a proper seating position at the table. Putting on an innocent smile when his father entered the living room, he earned a suspiciously raised eyebrow from the old man. Looking down at the table he tried to hide his embarrassment of being half-caught for spying on them. With a sigh the elderly man sat down opposite of him.

"Michael, you are aware that you posses a unique gift?" He asked his son in a serious tone.

"Of course. Just this morning I was reminded to not use it when I am only half-awake..." The other replied sheepishly, earning a questioning eyebrow this time.

Growing up with them it was easy to see the differences in his father's gestures. But it had took him a while to not see every variation as a scolding.

"I kind of got tangled in my own trousers after I had made them fly towards me..." He explained with a slight smile and rubbed the back of his neck.

"Michael..." Was all the old man needed to say to make sure his son understood the meaning.

Before they could say anything more his mother returned with something that was wrapped in blue and red clothing.

"Didn't we agree you shouldn't get me anything?" He half-complaint, as again his wish of not getting a present seemed to have been overlooked.

"We didn't. Everything we would have gotten you would seem but a farce if you had a look at this" His father replied solemnly, a hinge of sadness in his voice.

He then switched back to the other chair, so his wife would be able to sit as well.

"Than what is this?" Michael asked in confusion, gesturing at the bundle.

"This..." The old man tried, but couldn't bring himself to continue.

His wife placed a hand on his in a reassuring gesture. Exchanging a look of encouragement he began anew.

"This is the reason, why you have your gift and we don't."

"What? How? What?" Michael wasn't really able to properly comprehend what the other was telling him.

"Here my dear. Read this and you will understand." His mother told him and handed him an old letter she had just removed from the wrapping.

Where the letter would have been closed he could see the remains of an old wax seal. But before he could open it his mother put her hand on his.

"But remember: We love you. You're our little angel and nothing is ever going to change that." She pleaded, tears brimming in her eyes.

Worried and with a strange feeling in the pit of his stomach he nodded. She withdrew her hand and let him proceed. The anticipation of what he was about to learn was overwhelming, but so was the pride that they finally thought they could confide in him with this. The reason he had his gift. His Magic. He could feel his parents eyes on him when he pealed open the letter. Closing his eyes he braved himself for what he was about to read. All kind of different theories floated in his head. Had he been born with a disease that resulted in his gift? Was he experimented on as a child? His parents after all were both physicians. Sighing he opened his eyes to read. In a neat and fluent handwriting he could finally learn the truth.

Dearest Mr. and Mrs. Leach,

I have learnt about your troubles and you have my deepest sympathy for your predicament.

Though you have not noticed it, I have been observing your life for the past few months. What I saw gave me hope and allowed me to take the final step of a decision I have been putting off for far too long.

The child's name is Merlin and I would be honoured if you raised him as your own. I could see that you will be good and loving parents to the boy.

Be however warned: He has a unique gift that might seem frightening to you at first. He does not wish to harm anyone and with the love you share with each other I am certain you will be able to share it with this boy as well and show him the right path, to use his powers for good.

As strange as this may sound to you: This boy is a Warlock. This means that he was born with Magic and capable of using it with a mere thought.

Therefore, do not be alarmed if your furniture is redecorated while you are not watching him. It is nothing to be afraid of and is as natural to him as breathing is to you.

This boy is destined for great things and while I wish to prepare him for that, I also want him to have a normal childhood. A childhood filled with love and understanding. The only way I can see to make sure of this is to grant you the child you could have never had otherwise. To ensure that even further I would like you to not tell him of any of this until he turns Twenty One. This age might seem irrelevant to you, but in my time, it held great significance on a child's way to adulthood.

If that time has come, please give him the bundle, as it will lead him further down the path he needs to take, to ensure his destiny to be fulfilled. It contains a scroll with everything he needs to know, but it will only open when his mind is ready to accept it.

I wish you all the best and will be forever indebted to you and grateful that you will help this child grow up to be the man he needs to become.

Forever yours,

Emrys

Michael read the letter over and over again. No, this couldn't be true. It just couldn't. He was their child, not some random baby they somehow got a hold on. No, this wasn't right. His heart in turmoil he stood up and slammed the letter on the desk, the chair clattering on the floor behind him.

"This...this is the truth?" He all but muttered, not liking the words at all.

"Yes, my boy. That is the truth. Twenty One years ago we found you on our doorstep, covered in old clothing and laid on this bundle, the letter lying beside you." The old man explained in a calming voice.

"So...I'm...I'm just a random doorstep baby then? Everything else you've kept from me?" He spat out, his anger rising.

"Merlin..." The old man tried to calm him.

"Now you're even using the other name! You gave me the name Michael, so you might as well use it!"

"Darling, please calm down..." His so-called mother pleaded, as the dishes in the dresser rattled ominously.

"You should have told me! I had a right to know!" He yelled, ignoring her plea.

Accompanying his words something crashed into the wall above the table, causing the old couple to jump. Staring at the fragments Michael was surprised at what he had done. Hanging his head low he hurried out of the room, ignoring his wannabe-parents calls.

"Oh dear..." His mother repeated about to follow him.

"Give him a moment, Alice. I will talk to him, once he has had time to think this through." Her husband assured her, placing his hand on her arm.

"This went better than expected after all." He then concluded when she had turned to him.

"How can you say that?" She asked him in disbelief.

"Well, he only broke one vase and to be honest: A quite horrid one at that..." Was his attempt at lightening the mood.

"Gabriel!" She scolded him and gave him a light hit on his arm.

"You are right. We should get this cleaned in the meantime." He decided and started picking up the pieces.

When they were nearly finished their son – be he adopted or not – returned, his backpack in hand.

"Michael?" Gabriel asked looking at the bag.

"I...I'm sorry." He mumbled, lowering his head slightly.

"Don't be. You have every right to be angry at us."

"I...I need time to think." Michael declared after a moment, looking at his parents for a reaction.

When they both nodded in agreement he proceeded to the table and opened his backpack. For another moment he looked at the bundle and the shard that still lay between the foldings. He slowly picked up the fragment of the vase he had destroyed, regret at his earlier outburst filling him.

"Let me get that." His mother broke him out of his thoughts and carefully took the shard from his hand.

When he turned to look at her she gave him a warm and understanding smile. He might not be their own flesh and blood, but she said that they would always love him. Seeing her like this he didn't mind believing that. But he had made up his mind and with a small nod continued to stuff the bundle and the letter into his backpack before slinging it over his shoulder.

"Take care my boy." His father requested and placed his arm around his mother's shoulders.

"Take all the time you need." She in turn offered and put one of her arms around her husband's waist and her other hand on his chest.

Nodding Michael left the room and his parents home. It was weird to think of them as his parents, as he now knew that they clearly weren't. There was a lot he needed to think about.

On the train

As soon as he had entered the train he had hunched down on the bench. His head in

his hands and his backpack between his feet.

"You alright?" Came a voice from his side.

Slowly he peeked between his fingers at the young man sitting there. He guessed him to be just barely older than him and had a concerned look on his face. Lowering his hands he muttered a mere: "Yeah" and proceeded to stare at the floor. He wasn't really in the mood for a conversation right now.

After a moment of silence the stranger spoke up again.

"You know, it sometimes helps to tell people you don't know and probably will never meet again of your problems."

"You some kind of psychiatrist?" Michael asked raising an eyebrow in a manner, he had picked up from his father, adoptive father, he reminded himself.

"No, but I can see that you are struggling with something and I couldn't forgive myself if anything would happen to you because of that and I wouldn't have at least offered you help." He told him sincerely.

Studying the other man with a small smile at his honesty Michael shook his head in amusement of his own decision. For some odd reason he trusted this guy.

"It's my birthday today." He started and stopped for the anticipated interruption.

"Happy Birthday then." The other congratulated as expected.

"There is nothing 'happy' about it..." Michael snorted.

When he earned a confused look he continued: "I just learnt that I was adopted."

He hoped saying it fast would make it hurt less, but it didn't. He still felt the pain in his heart and for some reason he also felt betrayed. Even though his parents, adoptive parents, were only doing what his actual parent had asked them to do. That is if that *Emrys* was indeed his relative. Maybe even his real father.

"That is not necessarily a bad thing." The other tried.

"Not necessarily, but it still hurts." Michael replied without second thought.

"And it probably will for a while, but if your folks love you then it wont matter. They have loved you all your life, knowing you were not their own. Why would that change now?"

Michael contemplated those words for a moment. Why would this change anything? It was a good question. But before he could find an answer the other pulled him out of his thoughts again.

"I'm Lance by the way." He said and offered his hand.

"Merlin." He replied taking the hand, before shaking his head adding: "I mean Michael."

He had spent far too much time thinking about the name in the letter that he had just used it instead of his actual name. Although the other one seemed to be his real name. Slight embarrassment on his face for the misused name, he hoped the other, Lance, would not dwell on it.

"It's nice to meet you Michael Merlin." Lance declared before shaking Michaels hand and letting go of it.

"No, it's Michael not Merlin or both, just the one." He tried but was only met with a small laugh.

"It's alright. But I'm afraid I have to leave you already." Lance told him, disappointment in his voice.

Standing up when his stop was called out he grabbed the handle above them.

"I wouldn't mind seeing you again, Michael." He bit his farewell.

"Yeah me neither, Lance. Thanks a lot." The other replied a grin on his face.

Waving at the stranger when he departed Michael was left with his thoughts once

again.

Back at the flat

As he was too tired to search for his keys, which he might have forgotten at his parents place anyway, he rang the bell for the first floor. Lost in his thoughts he only noticed that he was still ringing when his hand was swatted away from the button.

"The hell you're doin' here?" His friend asked him in confusion.

Without answering he moved to step inside, his head hanging low, barely registering the change in her attitude.

"What happened?" She demanded to know in a serious tone.

Slowly he lifted his head to look at her, showing her the pain he had managed to hide on his way here. Seeing sympathy in her eyes he wrapped his arms around her waist and buried his head in her shoulder. He wasn't crying, he couldn't, not even back when he had first learned about it. He just needed someone to old onto. Someone he knew would still be the person he knew when this day had started.

Awkwardly she patted the little space of his back that was not occupied by his backpack. She knew he deserved better than that, but he knew of her anxieties when it came to touching people so she just hoped this would be enough to calm him a little.

After a few more moments he straightened and let go of her, mumbling a faint "Sorry".

With an "'s alright" she stroked his arm lightly before she reached around him to close the door that had been ignored after his entrance. In the meantime he had started to remove his shoes and his jacket. His clumsy actions made her snicker lightly as she waited for him to finish, leaning in the doorway to the kitchen.

When both of them had settled down at the high kitchen table she waited for him to start speaking. Watching him carefully and playing out different scenarios in her head. She soon discarded the thought that something had happened to one or both of his parents. He wouldn't have returned if that was the case. Lost in her musing she barely caught what he said, when he finally began to speak.

"What?" She asked, her tone a mix of curiosity, worry and embarrassment.

"I was adopted." He told her again, his voice calmer and steadier than he had thought it would be.

Maybe it had really helped to talk to the stranger, Lance, on the way here.

"What?!" Keileigh repeated, this time in a *you-can't-be-serious*-voice.

"Yup...just a random doorstep baby." Her friend half-heartedly joked, a crooked smile on his face and the pain clearly visible in his eyes.

She looked at him for a moment, contemplating this new information. In a weird way it did make sense. Michael didn't really look like either of his parents, both being more round and not as skinny as him. She couldn't remember what his father's hair colour had been, but she was certain it wasn't black, neither was his mother's. Though that was not really a good thing to judge heritage by. Sighing she asked: "What did they tell you?"

And he told her. Told her about the day his parents had found him and the bundle and the letter. He hesitated for a moment before he pulled up his backpack to remove the items from it, placing them on the table. But he couldn't tell her everything that stood in the letter. Not even the name he was given at birth. She would just laugh at him and

demand to read it. Absent-mindedly he stroked the parchment with his fingertips and waited for her to say something.

"May I read it?" She asked nodding in the direction of the letter.

Keileigh could see the struggle on her friend's face. Whatever his real parent had written on the paper must be something he wouldn't want to share, but she tried nevertheless.

"I'm your friend. I want to help you. But it feels like you are keeping something from me." She told him honestly, hoping he would share his pain with her.

Michael studied her for a long moment before he closed his eyes. As much as he feared their friendship would be ruined by her finding out about his gift, as much did he fear it breaking because of him shunning her off and keeping this secret longer than he already had. She was here to help him and having someone else to talk about this, other than his parents, would be nice. Inhaling deeply he let out a long breath and opened his eyes again.

"You want a cocoa?" He asked then, a small smile on his lips.

"There never has been a better moment for it." She accepted his offer and waited for her friend to stand up.

But he didn't. He just moved a bit to the side to look at the counter behind her. Looking at him in confusion she could see a shimmer of gold in his eyes, before she heard clattering behind her. Turning around she saw two cups and a kettle floating in the air above the stove. Her mouth agape she faced her friend again.

"Are you...are you doing that?" She asked him in a hoarse whisper.

Carefully he landed the three items and looked at her, nodding slowly.

After several tries and tons of thoughts racing through her head she managed to ask "Is that telekinesis?"

"I prefer calling it Magic." He now fully grinned at her.

"Magic?" Keileigh asked for confirmation in a quite disbelieving tone.

"Magic." Her friend affirmed grinning even more at the look she must have had on her face.

Before the thought had completely formed in her mind she had grabbed the salt shaker and threw it at him. She wasn't that surprised when he caught it mid-air, his eyes glowing again.

"Stupid Warlock." She joked, sharing his grin.

"You have no idea how true that statement is..." Michael told her and released the spell on the shaker and let it fall into his outstretched hand.

"Do you still want to read the letter?" He then asked without looking at her while he put the item back where it belonged.

"Now more than before." She told him, determination in her voice and eyes.

Seeing the latter he handed her the parchment that held the truth about him, watching her closely when she started reading. A part of him still thought she would completely freak out or call him insane, but he hadn't missed the awe in her eyes when she had realized what he could do. It wasn't long until she snorted and looked up at him with an even wider grin. He knew exactly what she had just read and he wasn't so sure anymore that her present this morning was really just a coincidence. Refraining from breaking into full out laughter she continued to read the letter to the end. When she had finished her grin returned and she looked up at him as she folded the paper again.

"So you wanna be called 'Merlin' now?"

"No...I still prefer Michael." He told her, rolling his eyes.

She snickered a bit more before asking another question, waving in the direction of the bundle.

"Have you looked inside?"

"No." Michael answered, his voice a mixture of fear and anticipation.

"You wanna do it now?" The young woman slightly urged.

"You are just curious what's inside!" He remarked with a laugh.

"Are you not?"

"Of course I am..."

"So?"

"Fine..." He gave in taking another deep breath.

Turning the bundle over and over again he finally found the knots that held the blue and red cloths together. Searching for reassurance he looked up again and was granted a nod to continue. Just as he had done in the morning he slowly unwrapped the only thing he had of whoever had placed him on that doorstep. Only to be confused again. The letter had talked about a scroll, but this was a book. A really old book in leather binding. Just as he was about to say something the door to the house opened and a female voice introduced another person into their place. Looking at each other they both raised a questioning eyebrow and wordlessly decided to pause their conversation.

"And this is the kit- Michael! I thought you'd stay with your parents until tomorrow!" The voice, belonging to their flatmate, exclaimed.

"Yeah I kind of changed my plans..." He answered the unasked question sheepishly.

Crossing the room she came up to him with open arms. Seeing that she wanted to hug him, he turned to let her proceed. But not without sending a humoured look at his friend. This woman was usually not too keen on friendliness.

"Happy Birthday Michael and all the best." She congratulated, shortly rubbing his back.

"Thanks." He replied and couldn't stop the grin and amusement to slip into his face.

When she had moved away from him a second woman slowly approached him. She smiled in a genuine way and her eyes wandered from Michael to Keileigh and then landed on the book and she read the golden lettered title '*Le Morte d'Arthur*'.

"You like the Arthurian legends? They are my most favourite!" She exclaimed with excitement in her voice.

"Uhm...I kind of got into it...recently." He answered slightly embarrassed that all he knew was the crash course Keileigh had given him during the day.

"My name derives from the legends..." She mused slowly reaching out to touch the old book.

"Really?" The friends asked in unison, curiosity and interest in their voices.

"Oh, I haven't introduced myself!" She then realized reaching out her hand.

"I'm Gwen, that is a short version of Guinevere. I might become your new flatmate."

Barely remembering that that was the name of the Queen of Camelot, Michael bowed his head with a grin. He then shook her hand adding: "I'm Merlin...I mean Michael. Sorry." He repeated the same mistake he had made in the train and shook his head in embarrassment. But she found it more funny than odd and her light laughter filled the room in an infective manner. Gwen had long since let go of his hand when they all settled down again and turned to the other female repeating the gesture.

"I'm Keileigh." She introduced herself, smiling at her.

"Like the girl from 'A Quest for Camelot'?" Gwen asked her with interest.

"I think my name is written differently. But I see that you will fit in here quite well." She told her.

"You think so?" The young woman asked but before the other could answer Michael interjected: "What's that Quest-thing about?"

"You don't know that cartoon?" Gwen asked awed.

"He doesn't even know 'The Sword in the Stone'" Keileigh commented mockingly.

"What? How is that possible?" The young woman couldn't really comprehend this.

"It's one of my favourite representations of the legend! I don't even know how many times I've watched the DVD" She exclaimed.

"You have the DVD?" The other woman inquired, an idea dawning.

"Yes. I also have the Quest and many others..." She shyly admitted.

"Than your requirement for taking up the empty room will be to bring the DVDs and provide us with drinks and snacks for the watching." Keileigh decided.

"I haven't even seen the room yet!" Gwen declared, blushing slightly.

"Oh, you're going to love it." Michael assured her with a wide grin.

"So that's settled then? As soon as you get the room, that will be what you have to do to win our favour." Keileigh more or less ordered, earning laughter from her friend and a warm smile from their soon to be flatmate.

And of course the confused look of their other flatmate that had hoped to finally get someone normal into their house. It seemed that those hopes had been in vain. With Gwen, Merlin as names from an old legend, the book and not to mention Michaels gift, this house would be even more strange now.