Various Prompts/Story Ideas

by MistBorn_SprenDeath

Summary

My brain is chock-full of different ideas and my creative gears have been running on high for the last few months - AS SUCH, I have lots of cool ideas or the beginning of cool ideas but I don't always have the desire or know-how to continue them. I hope you enjoy them as much as I do and are inspired! Thanks for reading!

Notes

When the first day of the new year came, the three-year-old prince of Camelot's eyes lit up like liquid sunlight.

See the end of the work for more notes
Golden Eyes

When the first day of the new year came, the three-year-old prince’s eyes lit up like the sun had become golden. Uther immediately called Gaius, demanding a cure. It was clearly caused by magic.

The old physician couldn’t find the source, or much of anything. It was coming from the boy, not an outside enchantment.

“What’s happening? My child, do you know?”

“My Emrys has finally arrived.”

The boy’s first properly composed sentence. And it was about Emrys. Gaius knew exactly who Emrys was from the old texts.

“Who is Emrys, Gaius?! Why has he placed a spell on my boy!?”

The old man knew he could not block the magic, it would harm the two youth, but he could cover it.

“I don’t know, My King, but I can create a warding potion that will take effect by tomorrow’s morn.”

The glowing would be gone by the next morning.

It was.

The day Merlin arrived in Camelot Arthur’s eyes burned gold. His Emrys had arrived.
Long before his manservant could arrive, Prince Arthur left his chambers and arrived at Camelot’s walls. The guards didn’t see his eyes glowing gold in the rising of the golden sun and they left their prince be knowing that he did not desire any company that morning. He was waiting for someone.

Arthur was waiting on the top of the wall for several hours before a guard told him that his father demanded his presence.

Prince Arthur dismissed the man without a glance.

It was only half an hour later that his father arrived in person on the battlements.

Arthur didn’t turn to face his father, he wouldn’t let the man see his golden eyes.

“Arthur, what is the meaning of this insolence?!”

“I’m waiting, father.”

“Waiting for who, Arthur?! There is no guest that is worth the Prince of Camelot’s time in place of his regular duties!”

Arthur had closed his eyes and sighed, tense for a moment, but that familiar golden glow of magic sang through his blood, relaxing him.

“Father I-“

“King Uther, Prince Arthur, the sorcerer is prepared for the pyre.”

Arthur grimaced at the guard’s announcement. Magic was Emrys, and Emrys was his. His brother, but also more than that. A brother of more than just blood, more than just oath. A soul-brother. His closest family and closest companion.
“I will arrive shortly, gather the people. I expect you to be at my side, Arthur.”

And with that, Uther was gone.

Emrys was so close. But duty was closer. Arthur knew which one he wanted to run toward, but also knew which one he must choose. Uther must have his trust in Arthur if he was to ever receive the crown.

Magic must wait for his reign.

Arthur, when he arrived at his father’s side, had managed to avoid detection simply because servants in the halls were scarce during an execution.

Arthur had not closed his eyes to execution since he was a boy, but he couldn’t allow them to see the golden eyes that marked the arrival of Emrys.

Uther had determined that Arthur must have been feeling unwell and sent him to Gaius with a small escort.

Arthur walked briskly in the front, hoping to avoid anyone in the halls. His eyes couldn’t be hidden from plain sight.

Instead of taking the path through the courtyard, which was simplest, Arthur walked down to the lower floor before circling around to the physician’s tower. The walk was longer than Arthur was comfortable with, anxious of being caught at any second. All it would take would be a single serving girl to see his eyes as he turned the corner, or a squire to bump into him.

By the time he reached Gaius’ chambers Arthur’s heart was nearly beating out of his chest.

He gave the quick order for the men to wait outside the door, not wanting their intrusion on magical matters.

Arthur slipped into the room quickly and quietly, if he was lucky Gaius would be out in the lower town or out gathering herbs.

Instead, Arthur watched as a strange boy saved Gaius’s life in an instant without uttering a single word and a flash of familiar magic.

Emrys.

“What did you just do?” Gaius demanded in a rush if air, still not seeing the prince of Camelot standing star-struck at the door.

“Erm...”

“Tell me!”

Arthur felt a sudden urge of defensive anger for Emrys, his Emrys. Gaius was talking to magic incarnate, he ought to show respect.

“I- I- I have no idea what happened.”

Emrys still hadn’t turned to face Arthur, but he seemed small and twig-like.

“If anyone had seen that-”
Arthur cleared his throat loudly, interrupting the old man.

“A-Arthur!”

The color seemed to have drained from both faces but Arthur could really only see Emrys’s.

He was pale. Very pale. And those eyes weren’t golden, but a wide blue. He looked panicked.


The prince trailed off at the end, watching Emrys’s face go from terror to confusion.

“H-How do you know-?”

“I’ve known since the day you were born. I was three, and my eyes burned gold as my mind grew sharp. Emrys was born, and one day he’d be here in Camelot.”

The boy frowned, shaking his head. “Emrys? My name is Merlin, always has been.”

Merlin. Emrys. Both of the names seemed to ring true in Arthur’s soul.

“My name is Arthur.”

A loud shout echoed in the hall outside. “ARTHUR!”

The prince sighed. “And that is my father, the King of Camelot.”

Merlin paled. “K-King? Father?”

“Don’t worry, Merlin. You’re supposed to be here, destiny demands it. Besides, magic is part of my future - it’d be an awful idea to let the king know.”

The door flew open with a loud crash and there stood Uther Pendragon.

“Gaius, I take you have assessed Arthur?”

Arthur spoke before the physician could reveal their interactions. Arthur would not let his brother slip away from him that easily.

“Yes he did, father. It’s just a slight headache, nothing that sleep won’t fix.”

“However, milord, I might suggest the Prince take leave from training today. I would like to keep an eye on him, it could be the beginnings for more severe symptoms that I’ve seen in the most recent flu.”

Uther looked troubled, and Arthur could almost see a kind man in those eyes at that moment. Someone more than just a kind, a father.

“Of course, Gaius. I must insist that he attend the banquet tonight if no other symptoms persist. The people must see you, Arthur, at my side during this wonderful celebration. I do not want the people to question where their loyalties lie.”
Magic may have no place under my father’s reign, but magic will be key in my own.
Chapter Summary

Dragon Lord Balinor and his son Merlin have come to meet the King Pendragon and his court - however, they quickly find that Merlin is more than just the Dragon Lord’s son

“Who is Emrys?”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Dragon Lord Balinor and his son, Lord Merlin!” The squire called out as the two lords entered the courtroom and the room fell silent.

The older of the two, who was clearly Dragon Lord Balinor, wore shimmering golden armor and royal blue detailing. His son followed close behind him, wearing the same armor but had rich red details instead of his father’s blue. The crest was a dragon surrounded by ribbons of light.

The Dragon Lord stopped before the king’s throne and bowed, his son following suit. “King Uther, it is an honor to-“

“EMRYS!”

Before anyone could interfere, a small boy with black hair charged at the Dragon Lord’s son and tackled him with a hug. Because Merlin hadn’t been standing, the attack took him off guard and they both fell to the ground with a loud shout of surprise from the boy in red. The knights and Prince Arthur drew their swords in an instant, prepared to defend their guest against the threat.

Merlin blinked in surprise as Mordred grinned cheekily back. “I found you, Emrys!” The boy exclaimed excitedly as he placed his hands on Emrys’s chest plate.

To the surprise of the entire court, the young man tilted his head back and laughed loudly. “Oh, Mordred! You did! There’s no tricking a brilliant mind like yours!”

With his eyes still shut with mirth, golden swirls of light shone all around them. They carefully lifted Merlin and the small child up, helping the young man to stand on his feet once again. Mordred still in his arms, Merlin smiled at the boy. “I believe your mother is now calling for you, Little Druid, you’d best obey before she has you cleaning dragon scales!” The small boy squeaked happily as he was set down and scurried back to his mother who stood beside the doors.

Turning his attention to the King, Merlin bowed once again. “I’m sorry, your Highness, for the interruption. It is such an honor to be with my father here in Camelot.”

Chapter End Notes
The end! There is definitely a way to continue this story as it is, but I haven't figured out where that way is.

Thanks for reading!
Emrys and his Forest Squad

Chapter Summary

Squads of Druids start following Merlin whenever he gets dragged along on Arthur's hunting trips in order to protect him from discovery and the occasional sorcerors.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Merlin glanced nervously at his companions, hoping they didn’t see the druids hiding in the trees as they passed.

*What are you doing here?!*

*We’re here to help you, Lord Emrys.*

Merlin breathed out heavily, trying not to groan.

*My name is Merlin.*

*Lord Merlin.*

Merlin’s frustration mounted.

*No! Just Merlin!*

*Ok, Lord Just Merlin.*

His irritation flared but he couldn’t just tell them to leave. They were trying to help.

*Fine, you can call me Emrys. But do not add a noble title to my name, I am magic, not a king.*

*Yes, Emrys.*

*Alright, what do you see right now, Forest Squad?*

Merlin held back a groan at the name. *Forest squad? Really?*

*Yes, really - Now Forest squad report!*

*Forest Squad, Willow. All I see is a handsome warlock, might be a bit of trouble but I have a feeling he won’t be too much to handle.*

Merlin choked and his cheeks flushed bright red. *WILLOW!* He could sense her snickering.

“Merlin,” The concerned call came from Gwaine, “Are you alright?”

“Yes, Yes! I’m fine! Nothing wrong here!” *Shut up! You’re going to get me caught!*
The distressed cry of pain startled the entire hunting party out of their thoughts but Merlin was in action immediately, running toward the cry of pain without any weapons.

“WILLOW!” Merlin shouted. Willow, I swear! If you die on me-! He burst through the tree line and stumbled to a stop in an open field. There, on the ground and surrounded by a group of sorcerers, was Willow. “Move away from the druid girl right now.” He growled, letting his fiery anger bubbling just under the surface, heating his magic.

The sorcerer closest to her looked at Merlin and laughed, “And why should we listen to you, boy?” Willow’s eyes widened for a moment, understanding what was about to happen. Emrys, NO!

He shook off her cry of warning and felt the magic within him explode, like magma from a volcano. Because if you don’t, this is going to hurt really bad.

And the ground around the sorcerers erupted, throwing them away from Willow. “You will NOT harm my family.” His voice echoed dangerously, in a fashion that faintly reminded Merlin of dragon tongue. The ground each of the fallen magic users came alive, writhing and thrashing until it had swallowed each individual up to their mouth, where it stopped.

Merlin rushed over to Willow, disregarding the fact that the knights were probably not far behind. “Willow! Are you ok?! Are you hurt?!”

The druid girl was paler than she should have been, and aside from a few bleeding scrapes on her cheeks there was a large gash that must have perforated a lung.

“Wh-What do you think, Emrys?” She ground out. Merlin’s mind raced, there had to be a way to heal her. “Wh-Where are the others? They, they can help! You guys have always been better at healing than I have!”

Chapter End Notes

Yep! I made a tiny little druid/forest family for him that he can share his magic life with! And of course, it would feature his Camelot/friend family too!

Thanks for reading!
AU Queen Morgana

Chapter Summary

AU, where Morgana is Queen and Uther, is dead
“You are not worthy of protecting my brother!”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“You are not worthy of protecting my brother!” The queen hissed, towering over him as her foot pressed further into his sternum.

“I have only used my magic to protect Arthur, Morgana! I have never caused him any harm!” Merlin gasped as he struggled to breath against her heel digging into his skin. “I-I could never cause him any harm. He-He’s like a brother to me.”

Merlin realized too late that that was not the right thing to say.

“He. Is. MY BROTHER!” Morgana shrieked, the sound tearing through the empty court and making Merlin’s bruised head split in half.

Merlin couldn’t think of what he could do. He couldn’t use his magic because of the cuffs, his left foot was probably broken, and he had definitely broken or cracked several of his ribs. No one could help him even if they wanted to, they were all outside fighting off the invading armies.

There was only one thought that came to his mind, a terrible thought, that slipped off his tongue without his permission before he could even blink.

“You have magic.” It was whispered, rasped really, with what little breath Merlin could get.

The queen threw herself back, away from him, screaming. “Lies! Lies!”

It was almost as if she were the one trying to convince herself as she bellowed, “YOU ARE THE ONE THAT LIES,” with the echoing voice of a sorceress.

The stricken look on Morgana’s face made Merlin’s heartache for her. He had caused this pain. Dull aches in his chest reminded him that she had caused Arthur pain too.

“You know I’m right, Morgana,” Merlin rasped softly, “You know that I’m right because you’ve suspected it all along. You’ve been wondering if you have magic.”

The anger and rage that had built up her large air seemed to shrivel and crumple in on itself, leaving behind an autumn leaf that had been far from the tree for too long. “N-No! Y-You’re lying to me,” her eyes flashed red, “You’re lying I-I’m not evil!”

Merlin forced himself to sit up and cried out in pain [he had definitely broken two of his ribs] but remained upright even as he swayed in pain and exhaustion. “Magic is not evil, Sis-Morgana. It can be used for evil, but it is not inherently bad or evil.” The voice that slipped from between his lips was thin and laced in pain, but he pressed on. “You know that I love you and Arthur as my own
kin, and I know that you understand just how important I am to protecting the Prince.”

Morgana’s quivering which had initially begun due to fear turned quickly back to a fiery inferno of rage. “NO! HE DOES NOT NEED YOU!” With the final word of her maddened scream, the windows shattered and sprayed all around them.

Merlin couldn’t stand, he wouldn’t even be able to defend himself without his magic. He was going to lose this fight. “I-I need him, Morgana, just as much as he needs me. I would have thought that you, of all people, would have been able to understand.”

A loud piercing cry of pain echoed through the halls just outside the court doors. Merlin’s head snapped to the side, making the world spin; that was the prince! He had to find Arthur! Arthur was in danger!

“Morgana! You have to let me protect-!” She delivered a swift kick to his side, shutting him up quickly.

“No, Merlin. I cannot allow you to endanger my brother anymore.” The queen spoke with a soft intensity as she slid a blade out of her sleeve’s hidden sheath. “Not anymore.” She muttered, as if in a trance.

“Morgana! Stop!” The shout made her freeze, spinning as her eyes flashed red. “How dare you-“ she cut off her own snarl. There, from behind the farthest pillar by the servant entrance, the Prince stood fearlessly as he brandished a sword.

Not just a sword, the sword! Arthur had brought Excalibur. Merlin had never been so happy to see a weapon of Old Magic.

“Arthur!”

“Let him go, Morgana.”

Chapter End Notes

Left this one-off hanging over a cliff, but I like it.

Thanks for reading!
Lost Time

Chapter Summary

Merlin has no recollection of the past two and a half years (rough estimate)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The throne room was only normally used for grand and ornate occasions, events that were worth celebrations. Which was why Merlin was confused. Decorations hung on every wall and servants all around him bustled around in an effort to get ready. As the King's manservant he knew of any event months in advance, seeing as he was in charge of delegating jobs to the servants in order to prepare, and yet he had no clue what was happening.

"Ah, Merlin! Just the idiot I was looking for."

There was Arthur, looking as regal as ever in his royal armor and cloak. But something was wrong with his eyes. The normally blue eyes were tinged with a certain redness that inferred that King Prat hadn't been getting much sleep recently.

"What a coincidence! I was just looking for a certain King Dollop Head to explain to me what was going on." Merlin waved to the room around them. "Why does it look like Harvest Yule came early this year?"

Arthur's brow furrowed as he came closer. "What are you talking about, Merlin? Harvest Yule is going to be on time this year unlike the last two. Your magic certainly helps speed things along. And with the druid's help, the crop is the largest is has ever been!"

Merlin choked on air. "M-My magic?!"

Chapter End Notes

Yerp...I don't remember why this idea came to me, but it did and so I wrote a short thingy with absolutely no parameters for myself. Oops. I like the idea though.

Thanks for reading!
When Mordred is escaping Merlin goes back to the Great Dragon, desperate to know what he should do. The dragon confirms Mordred’s identity as Arthur’s doom and Merlin refuses to believe it. Dragon gets angry and shakes the cave, causing a rockfall which knocks Merlin on the head. Merlin is unconscious when Arthur and Mordred are caught.

Merlin wakes up with no memory two days later.

Merlin rushes up onto the courtyard and bumps into Gwen (Who he doesn’t recognize) and she is frantic and tells him Arthur has been accused of being enchanted. Merlin sees Camelot insignia and panics big time. Gwen quickly takes Merlin to Gaius who has been worried since Merlin went missing. Merlin’s magic does a thing and so he’s panicking because he just revealed his magic to two strangers in Camelot, Gaius is panicking because Gwen is in the room, and Gwen is panicking because she can’t protect Merlin from Gaius (he would tell Uther according to all her knowledge) and probably has amnesia because her Merlin would have reacted differently.

(This summary is much longer than usual because I didn't want to stick this chunk of prelude story down below)

When he woke up, his head was pounding furiously.

"Ah, finally, Young Warlock. You're awake. You must hurry, your destiny is in danger."

The loud voice echoed painfully, bouncing around in his skull. "Huh-?" Was the most intelligible response he could muster. Louder than the voice was a piercing ringing that penetrated all concentration.

"Merlin, this is no time to lay around, Arthur is in danger. Destiny demands you to rescue the Once and Future King!"

Arthur? Who was Arthur?

Magic roared inside his chest, making him gasp as the warmth spread throughout his entire body. When the fire retreated from him, he realized he was on the harsh and rocky ground of a cave, and there was a dragon, and -DRAGON?!

Scrambling backward frantically, Merlin felt his hands get scratched as he moved but his head no longer hurt. "Wh-Who are you?!"
The dragon blinked, as if surprised, but the look of shock was quickly replaced with impassiveness. "It is of no matter right now, Young Warlock. Arthur is in danger, and so is Albion's destiny. You must be quick if Arthur is to survive." Then the dragon flew away. Just flew off. Without any explanation.

The familiar feeling of his magic churned within his chest, urging him to what the dragon had called destiny. Why would this Arthur need Merlin's help? On the ground next to him there was a torch, a charred stick really, so Merlin lifted the torch and willed it to catch fire. He nearly dropped the torch when it caught fire instantaneously, it usually took him a minute before he could start a decent fire.

Comprehending for the first time that he was not in Ealdor, Merlin felt himself begin to panic again. Where was he if it wasn't at home? Had he been caught by the King's knights? He couldn't remember.

How was he going to get out of the cave? There wasn't any exit-as he turned Merlin's eyes caught sight of a tunnel leading out of the cave. Was that the exit? Hopefully. Slowly stepping over the large rocks and rubble that nearly blocked the tunnel, the warlock nervously peered around the blind bend in the tunnel and sighed in relief as he caught sight of stairs. Climbing up the strangely placed steps, Merlin emerged in a much more man made looking hallway. Was he in the king's castle? At the thought his magic quickly snuffed out his torch. He was startled, but grateful.

Though he knew he wasn't familiar with the halls, his magic seemed to know where he needed to go. It opened to another room with an empty wooden table, a jail cell, and a stair case that curved around and up. My way out. Merlin quickly made his way through the room and up the stairs, high stepping it. He was still a little disoriented. When he finally reached the top of the stairs he pushed the door open and was quickly swallowed in the life of a busy courtyard.

People bustled about all around him, carrying crates and some even held live animals. Where in the world am I? Merlin quickly found his way to the edge of the hustling masses, getting out of peoples way. Where am I?

"Merlin!"

Startled once again, Merlin whirled around to face a pretty woman with curly hair and worried eyes. "Merlin!" She called again, quickly moving to his side. "Where have you been?! Uther is claiming that Arthur was enchanted by the druid boy!"

Again, with this Arthur person. Why do these people think I can do anything? I don't even know who he is! Technically the dragon wasn't a person, but that's beside the point. "What do you mean? And, how do you know me? Where am I? Nothing is making sense right now! I just woke up-!"

From behind the female there strode out a knight, his chest emblazoned with a symbol that haunted his knightmares.

Camelot?! I'm in CAMELOT?! "Nononononononono!" Merlin stumbled backward, eyes wild and flashing with terror.

"Merlin? What's the matter with you? What's going on?"

The warlock could feel his chest locking up with panic, his magic horrifyingly still. "Camelot, I'm in Camelot."

Looking as worried as his mother, the woman quickly began to coax him into the direction of a tower, being careful of his trembling footsteps and jumpy attitude. "Come on, Merlin. Let's go to
Gaius, he'll be able to help you."

Merlin couldn't hear her, thoughts racing and trying to find all the missing puzzle pieces that were his life at that moment. *Dragon in a cave telling me about destiny. Whoever Arthur is. Magic isn't reacting like it should. What was happening?*

"Merlin! Where have you been?! It's been several days!" Another loud voice, an angry one.

Flinching back, Merlin slammed into a wooden table and tripped over the bench, smacking his head on the ground. The ringing was back.

"By the ancients, what has gotten into you, Merlin?!

The warlock grabbed the closest weapon (it was a spoon) and pointed it at the older looking man. "Stay back! I don't know who you are, and why you've brought me here, but I'm not defenseless!" There was a note of panic mixed with desperation in Merlin's voice that made him wince. Calling upon his magic, the warlock levitated several objects around him (*Maybe I can scare them away!*). A book, glass vial, some yellow looking moss that made him shudder, a couple leaches, and even the cooking pot.

The woman's eyes widened, darting between the two males, but she turned back to Merlin and slowly approached him with the most placating stance she could. "Listen to me, Merlin. My name is Gwen. Why don't you just calm down? We're not going to call the guards, I promise." Merlin watched her warily but didn't resist when she gently pulled the spoon from his grasp. *Who are you?*

Gwen spoke first, "Merlin, I won't hurt you. But, Gaius-" She spun to face the old man, wielding the spoon she had taken from Merlin, with a menacing glare. "If you try to hurt Merlin-"

Gaius shook his head, lifting his hands in a placating gesture. "You don't have anything to fear from me, Guinevere. I already knew about Merlin's magic."

*I'm in the heart of Camelot, the most notorious kingdom for killing magic users of all ages. Why am I here?!*

Merlin felt his tense shoulders draw back even further as he glared at the two, *Gwen and Gaius I think, Why have you brought me here of all places?!*

The old man turned to the warlock, eyes searching. "Merlin, you've been living in Camelot for quite a number of months now. Do you not remember?"

His magic purred contentedly, but all logic and emotion was telling him that he was in danger and he needed to get out. "H-How can I believe you?! I'm a magic user who just woke up in the heart of Camelot!" He felt his emotions flare again but his magic didn't move, lounging around like a lazy and fat cat.

Gaius lifted a hand and whispered, *"Forbearnan"* There, just above the man's hand was a ball of fire that Merlin's magic felt drawn to. "I'm a sorcerer too, my boy, though not as powerful as you." Grabbing a book and flipping through the pages until he pulled a single sheet of paper from the book, the older man held out a letter to Merlin. "This is the letter your mother sent me before you arrived in Camelot, Merlin. Hunith was sending you here to live with me so that I could help you learn how to control your magic."

Merlin stared disbelieving at the letter in his hands. It was clearly written in his mother's
handwriting, and he could practically hear her voice as he read the words. He swallowed thickly, suddenly more wary of this life he couldn't remember. *Arthur must be important to the story somehow.* "Who-" Merlin cleared his throat as he glanced away with embarrassment, "Who is Arthur?"

Gaius chuckled, "Why am I not surprised that even when you forget half a year's worth of time you'd still remember Arthur."

Looking away awkwardly, Merlin hugged himself. "I-uh, don't actually remember who he is. It's just when I woke up that's all the dragon would say. I don't even know who this Arthur is, and why he's so important." The last part came out in a low mumble, barely even audible.

"DRAGON?!" Gwen looked shocked. *Was I supposed to keep that a secret?* Something in his chest rumbled yes, but it wasn't his magic. Maybe that was the answer that Merlin with his memories would want.

Sighing sadly, Gaius shook his head. "He's the prince, my boy."

Merlin felt his heart stop. "A-As in the Prince of C-Camelot?! Does he know I have magic?!"

"Good heavens, no. You're his manservant."

"How did that happen?!"

"Well-"

Gwen interrupted with a sharp look in her eyes, though Merlin knew it wasn't irritation. "Gaius, as much as I love a good story, Arthur is locked away in his chambers on the charge of being enchanted by the Druid boy and the Druid boy is sentenced to death for this night."

This confused Merlin. "Why would Arthur be locked in his room? He's the prince, isn't he?"

"The King thinks that the druid boy cast a spell on Arthur to help the boy escape."

That made Merlin pause. "Is he enchanted?" *That would make "saving" him harder. I don't know how to deal with enchantments...or maybe I just don't remember.*

Gaius sighed. "No, no. I've tried to convince Uther, but he's relentless. He believes that once the boy is dead then Arthur will be released from the spell."

"But...doesn't some magic last beyond the caster's death? Like, I mean, curses?"

As he placed the book on a shelf, Gaius fidgeted. "Well, yes, but the King isn't as well versed in the ways of Magic, my boy. And you should be grateful he doesn't look too deeply into your strange occurrences."

Merlin didn't know whether to feel offended or not. He couldn't really remember his conduct, but it didn't seem right. *Maybe that's just my ego being forced down.* Merlin thought to himself, twitching slightly as he felt an irritation on his left foot. *I wonder where all the stone rubble came from in the cave, some of those pieces were sharp.* "I need to go and help Arthur."

"Merlin, you don't even remember who he is right now, and you risk revealing your magic!"

"Help Arthur. That's the only think my magic has been urging me to do, Gaius, since I've woken up. I can't refuse it's call. Besides, the dragon was muttering something about destiny and I'd rather
"I think know how to get you in, Merlin. But you'll have to take his next meal for me."

"H-How do I normally act around Arthur?"

"My boy, I think it is best to not keep up a charade with someone who knows you well. Just say you've bonked your head."

"How will I explain how I did that?"

"You've bonked your head, Merlin. How could you remember?" Gwen smiled innocently.

Merlin grinned. I have a feeling we are good friends.

"Okay, what does the prince need for dinner?"

Chapter End Notes

It ends abruptly and it's not the REAL ending, but it's where I've left off. The idea has a great wind up (in my opinion).

Thanks for reading!
Druid Little Girl

Chapter Summary

A little druid girl appears in King Arthur's court asking after Emrys.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I-I’m not as powerful as L-Lord Emrys, b-but I can heal!” The girl stuttered.


“The most powerful warlock to ever live. He is supposed to be magic.” Elyan spoke softly, almost reverently, as he gestured to the girl. “The druids have many prophesies about Emrys and the Once and Future King.”

The girl nodded. “Yes! Yes! Emrys and his King!” She turned to Arthur with bright excited eyes. “What is it like to know the Lord Emrys?! Is he as wise as the songs say?!"

Arthur just gasped at her. “T-To know?! I know this-this Emrys?”

She nodded excitedly, opening her mouth to continue when Merlin threw open the courtroom doors. “Arthur-!” He cut himself off as his eyes landed on the little Druid girl. Merlin’s voice became stern and almost regal. “What are you doing here in Camelot during the day? Magic is illegal.”

The knights and Arthur were surprised by the sudden power and influence Merlin seemed to exude, but were shocked even further when the small Druid girl turned and squealed, “Lord Emrys!”

Merlin paled, and Arthur choked on his gasp. The small girl hurried to stand in front of him, lifting a small flower with unnatural gold petals. ”It’s a gift from the Lady of the Lake! She said to bring it to you! It’s a token of her love.” The small girl beamed brightly up at Merlin while a look of panic and pain crowded onto his own face.
Arthur sat frozen, tense. Merlin was a warlock. He knew and used magic without revealing himself. Merlin had magic. He was magic.

“Th-Thank you,” Merlin stuttered as he took the flower from the little girl’s hand. But his worry for the Druid girl quickly overcame his own fear for a moment. “What are you doing here in Camelot? It’s dangerous for magic users to be seen.” The sternness faintly reminded Arthur of a brotherly voice that echoed softly but distantly in his memories.

Tears gathered in the little Druid girl’s wife and innocent eyes. “I-I just wanted to surprise you, Lord Emrys!” She gripped a portion of her dress in her hands, clutching and rubbing the fabric in a show of distress.

Merlin’s eyes widened, realizing that in his worry for her he had forgotten she was just a child. “Oh, don’t worry, sweetheart.” He wrapped the small girl in his arms tightly. “The gift is lovely, I love it.”

Chapter End Notes

I think this idea is really cute, and a lot could be done with it.

Thanks for reading!
So you know how there are so many fanfics where whenever someone is like "Impossible" when Merlin's magic is revealed and he rushes to correct them? I want to see a sassy Merlin who is like, "No, no, you're right. How could I of ALL people know?" And also - everyone is like, Merlin didn't tell Arthur because he was scared of his reaction - but I feel like this is SIGNIFICANTLY understating the kind of fear that a little child can possess, and the repercussions if they are scared of THEIR OWN POWER and the CONSEQUENCES OF ANYONE FINDING OUT. (Sorry, I feel a little strongly about this topic)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I was born with magic.”

“That’s not possible.”

Merlin sighed with frustration, why couldn’t anyone ever just believe him? Just because the answer wasn’t expected didn’t mean it was any less correct.

“Oh, fine. Being born with magic is impossible. Using magic without speaking spells is impossible. Druids that can speak to you through their minds? Impossible. Dragons that speak the ancients’ tongue? Impossible. But killing magical creatures without any help from magic is definitely possible and not at all suspicious.”

“Merlin-“

“No! You will shut your Kingly mouth up right now before I have to magically do it for you! I was born with magic! Okay?! I don’t know-how, and neither does any other magical being that I have ever met in all my years! The only thing that I do know about my magic is why I have it.”

Merlin paused, hesitating for a moment.
“I have magic because I am magic. Not only has destiny bound magic to me, but it’s also bound magic to you, Arthur Pendragon. Destiny has bound living magic to the preservation and guidance of the Once and Future King of Albion, you.”

“But how could you not tell me?!!”

“Tell you?! Arthur, I was born being told that magic was evil and I would be killed for having it - never mind being magic incarnate!”

“You’re telling me that the man who is magic was scared of being put to death?”

“Not scared, terrified. Arthur, as a child don’t you remember that illogical fear that you felt at times? That fear you can’t control? I was born with that being drilled into my head because my mother would not see her only son burned at the stake for simply being born with magic.”

“You’ve lied to me since the day we’ve met.”

“I will not apologize for protecting myself, Arthur, even if it was done through lying to you.”

“How can I trust you?!”

“Have I ever tried to kill you before you knew about my magic?”

“How would I know-?!”

“Have I tried to kill you ever since you’ve found out about my magic?”

“I-I,”

“It’s a simple question, Arthur. Have I tried to kill you, even once, in the past two days?”
“No...”

“I lied to you about my magic because the threat of being killed for it looms over head like a shadow every living, breathing moment. But I never lied to you about anything else.”

“....”

“I warned you against magic attacks, assassins, and traitors. Never once have I conspired to take your throne from you or kill you.”

Chapter End Notes

Yerpityy Yerp Yip! I like this one a lot, especially because it fixes little things that have bothered me in all the fanfics I've been reading for the past year. I get that Merlin doesn't want Arthur to hate him - but that is literally the ONLY reasoning that anyone ever uses when they're writing the magic reveal (with one or two exceptions), so I wanted to see a fic where there were more reasons that make more sense and are more convincing.
Several Immortal Merlin

Chapter Summary

Immortal Merlin has so many potential threads that no one seems to have ventured to play with, so I had several of these pop into my head. (The first three are dialogue only prompts, but the last one is just a concept)

Merlin gasped, sitting up and grabbing at his chest. Where the stab wound used to be. "I-I-I'm not dead?"

The man frowned, before grabbing a sharper looking instrument and cleaning it off for its next use. "Well, that's inconvenient."

-[-][-][-]-

The socerer's eyes widened in horror. "Y-You're supposed to b-be dead!" He didn't seem so dangerous or threatening anymore.

"Hmmm. Isn't that inconvenient?" Merlin drawled. "I guess that means that I will get to take care of you after all."

-[-][-][-]-

Morgana seemed panicked. "Why aren't you dead?!"

Merlin blinked once before he groaned, the effects of his death making his stomach churn unpleasantly. "Trust me, I'm just as surprised as you are. I was not expecting to wake up after that nasty little surprise you left for us."

-[-][-][-]-

Panicking because he just died but now he’s alive - even more so than the possibility that his magic was just revealed. An additional possibility could be that when he snaps out of it, he’s just as terrified to die again.
Additional Sassy Merlin

Chapter Summary

Merlin tries to explain that Magic Creatures can only be defeated by Magic.
Merlin will not be shut up before he can explain himself.
Merlin tries to explain that he doesn't want any power.
Merlin's not going to let Arthur go get killed.
Merlin thought Arthur knew about his magic.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“You see, the problem with magical creatures is that you need magic to defeat them.”

“How is it that you still don’t understand this?! Camelot is attacked by some sort of mythical beast every week!”

“But we have been able to defeat all of them without magic!”

“I told you it was a bad idea to lie about the magic stuff!”

“Shut up!”

“[ - ] [ - ] [ - ] [ - ] [ - ] [ - ] [ - ] [ - ] [ - ] [ - ] [ - ] [ - ]

“No, shut up! You do not get to execute me before I explain myself! Not after all I’ve done for you, you insufferable prat!”

"[ - ] [ - ] [ - ] [ - ] [ - ] [ - ] [ - ] [ - ] [ - ] [ - ] [ - ] [ - ]"

"What do you want!!"

"I DON’T WANT ANYTHING, YOU INSUFFERABLE PRAT!"
"That's obviously not true, you clot pole! You've been a sorcerer protecting a kingdom that would kill you for it! You must want something!"

"Yes, to see that you live long enough to fulfill your destiny!"

"So you want my favor?"

"What? No! I know that you're a good man and are becoming the greatest King the world has ever known, and I want to make sure that no one comes along to off the Once and Future King while he's under my protection!"

We'll be marching to our deaths. I will not ask any of you to follow me, I will not ask you to sacrifice your lives for me."

"Count me in, I've always loved a good death march."

"This is serious! I will not let-!"

"I never said you were letting me. You've never had a choice for me. I've stuck around this long, why would I let you get offed now?"

You should have told me."

"Ya?! Well I didn't! So excuse me for not telling the son of the one man who has banned magic from his kingdom that I had magic!"

"WHAT?! MERLIN! I was talking about the matter of your father! You being a dragonlord apparently wasn't enough?!"

Chapter End Notes

A bunch of short ones ALLLLL clumped together because I'm lazy and it's like 12:48 in the morning and I haven't stopped putting up chapters for this story yet.

Thanks for reading!
Merlin's Metaphor

Chapter Summary

Merlin tries to explain the damage that Uther did as well as the potential innocence of magic.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

"Say there's this general. And he fights with a sword. But when his wife is killed by a sword he then convinces himself that all swords are evil, and anyone who wields them are also wicked. He then is told to train the entire army and thus the ideology that mag-swords are evil become ingrained in every recruit. Even weapons similar to swords, like daggers or knives, are considered evil and are similarly punished."

"That sounds ridiculous."

"That is exactly what your father did with magic, Arthur. Uther only hates magic because it has hurt him before."

Chapter End Notes

My goal is to one day tell metaphors as brilliantly as David Charleston, but for now this will have to do.

Thanks for reading!
Emrys Reveal

Chapter Summary

Several different Emrys pieces, kind of like the other two but these ones include a villain and desired harm.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The sorceress called out to the general occupants of the room, “What matters most to you, Emrys?”

There was a tense moment of silence before the magic in the air compelled him to speak.

“Loyalty.”

Several heads snapped to see the bowed servant’s head, the one standing right behind their king.

A large and wicked smile broke out across her face as she saw that her spell was working. “Why? Such a foolish ambition causes blindness to the worst.”

“If I lacked loyalty then Camelot would have fallen years ago.”

Delight quickly turned into anger. “What loyalty do you have above your own people?!”

Merlin lifted his head and gasps were heard around the room as he leveled golden eyes on the sorceress. “To the King of Albion, the Once and Future King.”

The woman began to laugh. “Th-the king o-of Albion?!” The sorceress couldn’t control her laughter, seemingly convinced that Merlin’s childhood had raised him a fool. “The Once and Future KING?! That’s from the old Druid children’s tales!”

“Then do you not believe that Emrys has come? The Druids speak of him as if many of them have
met him themselves.”

She stopped laughing. “They are fools, blinded by their foolish traditions.” The sorceress snapped.

“And yet the king has been preserved from magical and non-magical threats alike for years. By all means, it points to Emrys having finally arrived.”

“No, I think you misunderstand.” The warlord smiled cruelly as he lifted the Amulet of Dulsear above the boiling potion. “This isn’t meant to harm you, Arthur Pendragon.” He dropped Dulsear’s Amulet into the dirty yellow liquid and Merlin began screaming. “This is meant for Emrys.”

“Why protect a man who would want you dead?!"

Merlin glared at the man. “I do not protect a man, I protect the future he stands for. And if he wishes me dead, he merely has to give the command.”

“You would betray your own kind for a tyrant and his son?!”

This time, when Merlin spoke, the room dropped its temperature to that of a winter blizzard, harsh and cold. “He is your King, Past and Future, and I am his protector. Whether you except his reign, which is to come, or not - I will exact the consequences.”

The ferocity in the normally cheerful servant’s voice made several present members of the court flinch.

“Stand aside, foolish sorcerer. It is time for me to show you the error of your ways.”

The audience’s horror was cut off by Merlin’s dry laughter.
“You don’t know who I am, do you?”

There was a tense and uncomfortable pause that choked the air.

When no response was given, Merlin stepped forward with his eyes flashing gold. “Don’t you know the Druid prophecies?”

A flash of brilliant blue lighting cracked in a circle around Merlin as he approached.

“About Albion and her king?”

The fridges air came alive with biting winds that swirled and rushed to encircle the warlock.

“And of the Once and Future Kong’s protector?”

The entire castle shook as another crack of thunder and lightning danced around the golden-eyed boy.

“They call him...”

Merlin stopped in front of the trembling sorcerer on the ground.

“Emrys.”

As he spoke his name ribbons of blue and gold magic exploded outward with such power that everyone was knocked off their feet.

“Bow before your King or face the justice of Emrys.”
Merlin choked on his next breath.

“Wh-What?!”

Arthur observed him with confidence in his baring. He knew.

“Warlock. That is the correct term for you, correct? I hate being misinformed about those closest to me.”

Merlin swallowed against the panic that thrashed in his chest.

“Do you even understand the implications of the title Warlock?”

Arthur considered him for a moment as if Merlin were a frightened rabbit or dog.

“A man born with magic.”

All the air came rushing out of Merlin’s lungs with a shocking force.

“How-?!”

Arthur snorted, shaking his head in bemusement.
“There is a dragon who believes in the Druid prophecies hidden underneath the castle that will one day be mine, Merlin. I was bound to speak to him one day.”

Merlin squeaked.

“O-Oh!”

Arthur raised an eyebrow in bemusement.

“Are you going to answer me? You are a warlock, correct?”

Merlin glanced around them, nervous.

“E-Er, Yes. W-Warlock is correct. It’s the only thing that bloody dragon will ever call me.”

“Aside from Emrys, you mean?”

Merlin flushed.

“Er- Ya.”

Arthur nodded.

“So, Most-Powerful-Warlock-Alive, when were you going to tell me?”

Merlin winced.

“A-About the m-magic? O-Or-?”
Arthur pinched the bridge of his nose as he exhaled loudly.

“There’s more?”

Merlin laughed nervously.

“Yes?”

“What is it?”

“...I’ve been using magic ever since I arrived in Camelot?”

“You magic idiot.”

“A-And, Lancelot already knows?”

“Merlin!”

“It wasn’t on purpose! He heard me enchanting his lance when he charged at the griffin!”

“I had to find out from a dragon, Merlin. That big fat scaly reptile is so irritating! He wouldn’t just tell me who Emrys was! He just gave me a bunch of riddles!”

Chapter End Notes

I'm kind of just trying to find ways to lump everything together....is it working?

Thanks for reading!
**Rando OC from the Future**

Chapter Summary

Gaius gains a new apprentice that becomes Merlin’s confidante and oath sister.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Hello?”

The girl looked up, startled. “H-Hi! I’m Abigail, the Court Physician’s newest apprentice. I’m here because I was told that his only apprentice is also the Prince’s manservant so he needed more help-!”

Merlin laughed, taking in her nervous posture. “Hi, Abigail. My name is Merlin, I’m Gaius’s other apprentice.”

She paused, taking him in for a moment. This was the great Merlin? But beyond his identity, his smell was more overwhelming. Her nose crinkled. “You smell like the stables.”

Sighing as he nodded Merlin closed the open door behind him. “Yes, our Prat of a prince had me mucking out the stables again just because his hunting trip didn’t end in grand success!”

Abigail looked affronted at such blatant disregard for rank and also at her own amusement. “A-Are you sure y-you should speak of the Prince l-like that, Merlin?!”

“She’s right you know, Mer lin. I’m the Crown Prince of Camelot and people aren’t given titles just so commoners can insult them.”

Arthur Pendragon was not what Abigail had expected, though she guessed legends couldn’t all be exactly right.

“P-Prince Arthur!” Abigail clumsily curtsied, bobbing her head to the blonde.
Merlin snorted in amusement. “Don’t worry, Abi, he’s not that exciting of a noble.”

Frowning in confusion, Abigail focused her gaze on the dark haired boy. “But...he will be King Arthur of Camelot, the one who unites Albion. His more than just any noble.”

Abigail noticed the catch in Merlin’s breath. Maybe most people weren’t familiar with the prophesies? Or they were transcribed incorrectly over the millennia?

She turned her attention to Arthur Pendragon. “Is there a message that you wish to leave for Gaius, mi’lord? He’s in the lower portion of town at the moment attending the Weavers family, but I can relay the message when he gets back if you so desire.”

Arthur’s face went from surprise to a look of smug satisfaction. “See, Merlin? At least someone respects me.” Then, turning back to Abigail, “Yes. My father wishes to meet with him on a matter of importance.”

Abigail nodded once and turned to search through the jars at sat on the table until she found a blank scroll of paper. Abigail scribbled down a quick note on the page before smiling at the Prince. “I’ll be sure to tell him as soon as he gets back.”

The Prince nodded then added to Merlin as an afterthought, “You’re dismissed for the rest of the day, have George attend me. Be sure that you assist Gaius’s new apprentice settle in today, she’ll be able to help take on some of the tasks that Gaius has been having you do-“

“-And thus giving me more time to mop up after you.“ Merlin snorted as Arthur gave him a playful glare.

“I’ll see you tomorrow morning though, Merlin. No late night at the tavern.” And with that Prince Arthur swept out of the room.

Merlin quickly shut the door and turned to scrutinize Abigail, trying to determine if she posed a threat.

She watched him closely, noting his defensive posture. “You’re Merlin, the powerful wizard of
Arthurian Legends. The most famous wizard in all literature history.”

“What do you mean? Who are you? You obviously know about my magic, but I don’t sense any sort of magical energy from you.”

“You’re right, I don’t have magic, even though I wish I did. I’m...stuck in a world that isn’t my own and I won’t ever be able to go back to the world I knew.”

“Why does everyone speak in riddles?!”

“I’m sorry, Merlin. I can’t really tell anyone my secret much like you can’t tell anyone yours.”

“Do you mean Arthur any harm?”

“Heavens, no! My favorite story as a kid was of King Arthur and his kingdom of Camelot and Excalibur! And I always loved Merlin, the wise old man who advised and directed Arthur many times.”

“Huh...What is your plan? I mean, since you can’t go back to your own world.”

“I’ll stay in Camelot and watch the story unfold. Maybe I’ll get to meet Sir Lancelot!”

“You know of Lancelot?”

“I do. As well as of the other knights of the round table! I made it my business to learn all about the legends of Camelot.”

“All of the...? You must be from the future.”

“...You’re good.”
“So you know how the story ends.”

“...I know several different versions of the ending, time has only distorted the legends of King Arthur, but the end is generally the same.”

“Mordred kills Arthur and I kill Morgana.”

“You already know the answer to that, Merlin.”

“What knowledge do you have about medicines?”

“Well, in your world, none of the medicines that I once used are of no use here. I do know about the human body though, mostly bones, but a little about the internal workings of the human body.”

“Do you have any experience?”

“Er, no. In my time the world has very peaceful and advanced civilizations, there isn’t much need for it.”

“How in the world did you get Gaius to accept you as an apprentice?”

“I may have dropped your name in the conversation? He probably thinks we’re related, a cousin or something.”

“Where in the world are you going to stay?”

“I did not get that far in my planning.”

“You are a young female in a large city and you have no connections, that just screams ‘bad idea’.”

“Well I was hoping that I could find you sooner rather than later, I knew you’d be able to help me.”
“Ah, Merlin! I see you’ve reconnected with Abigail.”

“Ah, yes. We were just discussing where she’d be rooming while she’s here with us in Camelot. I was planning on letting her stay in my room until we can find more permanent quarters.”

Chapter End Notes

I’m definitely into the family shipping grounds, makes me feel all happy and warm. I’m also super tired.

Thanks for reading!
Merlin’s daughter goes back in time

Chapter Summary

Merlin sends his daughter back into his past to alter the results of The Final Battle, only she goes back a little farther than they had planned.

Chapter Notes

Screwing with time is always a fabulous idea, don’t you agree?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Where-?” Standing dazed in the middle of a ring of trees, the daughter of Emrys blinked. The forest around her was beautiful and bathed in noonday light, the green and yellows making the forest seem more alive. Birds chirped loudly overhead, conversing about the strange man with the big heart and of his good deeds in defending a sparrow’s nest the day before.

She looked down at herself and recognized the clothing to be the same as it had been before the spell. A dress, and although she wished it wasn’t as tight on her torso, she loved how the loose skirt felt as it ruffled softly in the breeze. It was a dress her father had made, the under layers embroidered with Druid ruins that she had been taught since she could first read. Blue, like his eyes, and gold thread like the magic that sometimes came to life in his sad blue eyes.

Looking back up she jumped. Right there, standing right in front of her was a man with very familiar eyes. They weren’t blue like her father’s, but they were wide and sad and hid a familiar golden gleam.

The familiar feeling of magic resonance lifted the air around them, giving the woods around them a soft glow. “Y-You’re my granddaughter.” The magic resonance around them hummed in delight, conforming her grandfather’s accusation.

Balinor stumbled toward her, eyes wide as he recognized his own seal tattooed on the back of her hand. A flame within a circle. Simple but powerful. Eternal Flame. Immortal Magic. The identity of Emrys and the Dragon Lord combined, though it only had come to mean that when her father took the mantel of Dragon Lord.

“H-How-?” The Dragon Lord circled her, eyes wide and she could see the thoughts racing through
his mind. She smiled at her grandfather, this hadn’t been a part of the plan - she had obviously gone back too far - but she couldn’t find it in her to feel upset about the error in the spell.

She curtsied to her grandfather. “My name is it Stellafray Emryson of Wren, my Lord. “ When she met his eyes there was a twinkle of joy that she found in his eyes. “My father calls me Stella though.” Balinor took another step closer, and she smiled as he signaled for her to raise. “You are the Balinor of my father’s tales and he had told me much about you grandfather.”

Balinor threw his arms around his granddaughter and she was quick to hug him back. “You have my love’s beautiful hair and soft face, but I’d recognize those eyes anywhere. Those are mine.” Stella pulled away beaming at her grandfather. “But of course they are! After all, my father is the son of Dame Hunith and Lord Balinor, the house of the Dragon runs in his veins.”

Quickly pulling her grandfather in the direction of the setting sun, Stella grinned. “Come, grandfather! I have much to ask!” As the daughter of the great Emrys most would have expected a child of great power and magic, but Stella only had her instinct which had been sharpened by the influence of magic all around her in her childhood. So, unknowing as to where she was going but trusting her instincts, Stella lead them toward the cave at the foot of Feorre mountain, where Balinor dwelt.

“My child, how could you have known..?” Balinor trailed off uncertainty but Stella only smiled knowingly at him. “It is of no matter, my Lord. What is of the matter would be in regards to dragons. Are they as magnificent as father has told me they are?” Her grandfather chuckled shaking his head.

“Granddaughter, they are more beautiful than any man could describe and even more dangerous. As is the way with creatures of the old religion.”

Chapter End Notes

Ter-Da! Another time one!

Thanks for reading!
Chapter Summary

Magic Reveal is the top fanfic in the fandom, and here are two reveal ideas in which it’s impossible to deny the fact that Merlin has magic.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Explain!”

“I-I have magic?”

“Yes, I already gathered that!”

“I-I w-was saving your life?”

“Explain to me why you learned sorcery! You know magic is corruptive!”

“So is any kind of power if it’s given to the wrong person!”

“And that makes you the right person? The one who won’t be turned evil?!”

“I was born with magic, you insufferable prat!”

“Th-That’s not possible!”

“Go tell that to the Triple Goddess!”
The little glowing bugs all around them swarmed Merlin’s legs, their collective sound sounding almost like a wild cat’s purr. “Shoo! Go away!” Only the bugs surrounding the manservant were a light with excitement and golden glows.

“Merlin?”

“I swear, this is not what it looks like.”

“You are being swarmed by magic bugs that are attracted to magic, you idiot.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Serious and Thoughtful

Chapter Summary

These ones are all ideas that I put a lot of personal consideration into - so, it’s not quite as light as some of the earlier ones.

“Why did you stay in Camelot? You could die!”

“I found a man worth dying for.”

Merlin shook his head violently. Arthur needed to make this decision on his own because he knew the truth about people with magic, not because of the truth of Merlin as magic. The warlock could not afford to be that selfish, destiny could never arrive if the King chose magic because of one good man.

“Do not change an entire kingdom for the sake of one man. No one man should be given that kind of power. If you are going to make a change it must be for the sake of the people of your kingdom, and therefore you must believe in it with every passion of heart.”

“You must be able to accept that some magic users will cause irreparable damage to your citizens knowing that there are magic users who help heal, raise crops, forge metal workings. You must understand that there are two sides of the coin, and that you cannot have one without the other.”

"They say that true trust comes when you overcome fear by living by faith."

"Well overcoming my fear of being killed for being born can't just pass in a heartbeat, Gaius."
"Start living with a little more faith in the man Arthur is becoming, Merlin. You might be surprised at the results."

“He’s dead now.”

“Wh-What?”

“The only man who knew my secret, he’s dead.”

“Who-“

“Lancelot. He heard me enchant his lance as he charged the griffin.”

“Merlin, did he die-?”

“He died protecting me and my secret...he knew I’d sacrifice myself for you, and he refused to let it happen.”

You shall know them by the fruit of their labors

“Merlin...you haven’t done evil things in all the time that I have known you...you can’t be evil....but what does that mean magic is?”

+"Arthur you were called Courage and I was called Strength. Merlin's personality embodied in one word is Magic."
"How is that possible?!"

*"It shouldn't be, and yet, here we are."

+"What do you think that tells you about him, Princess? Because Merlin isn't evil."

-"No, he's just a liar."

+"With good reason! He lives in Camelot! Your father would have killed him for having magic."

-"And he still thinks that I would have him murdered?!"

-"Oh, I see what this is all about. It's because he didn't trust you. Because this is all about you, isn't it? It always is."

•)•(•)•(•)•(•)•(•)•(•)•(•)•(•)•(•)•(•)

"Explain yourself."

"I have nothing to say to you."

"I am trying to offer you a way out of-!"

"You're trying to get me to lie about having magic. Well, you can't. It's too late. I have magic and I've had it since the moment I was born!"

"Impossible!"

"That's what many of Camelot's enemies have said right before the light flickers out of their eyes."

•)•(•)•(•)•(•)•(•)•(•)•(•)•(•)•(•)

When Merlin first arrived at Camelot he could only do general spells, nothing with specific or a precise control, however as he hones his skills protecting Arthur through the years he truly does become Emrys.

•)•(•)•(•)•(•)•(•)•(•)•(•)•(•)•(•)

Arthur nodded to Hunith, picking up his sword. “Of course, Mother.” It slipped out before he could think better of it and it made him freeze in his tracks.

“I’ve always wanted another child, my boy.” Hunith’s voice was soft and sounded almost reverent. “You are always welcome here, even when Merlin is not with you.”
“How many times have you saved my life?”

Merlin was aware that if he was honest about the innumerable times he’d save Arthur’s life that their relationship would change forever. Arthur would know how many times Merlin had used magic right underneath Camelot’s nose.

“E-Er, a few times?”

“That sounded like a question, Merlin.”

“A-A few times...maybe more?”

“Merlin, I thought you were finally telling me the truth!”

“Fine! I don’t remember how many times, okay?! I’d have to count all the times that a magical creature has been defeated or a sorcerer tried to kill you, and that is an unbelievably high number with how long I’ve been in Camelot!”

“Are you telling me, that every single one of those encounters ended with me alive because you stopped any threats?”

“W-Well, some of them - like Morgana - are persistent about killing you because I didn’t take care of them.”

“You didn’t answer the question.”

“Y-Yes?”
Humor

Chapter Summary

We’ve done serious, now it’s time to get comical.

“He’d sooner cut off his own leg.”

“Oi! You can’t speak for me! Offer your own leg, you git!”

“I offer his leg.”

“You do realize that I’m not actually holding a torch?”

“Shut up, Merlin. I can’t report to my father what I am unaware of.”

"You want me to practice magic in the middle of a kingdom that kills magic users?! I am not performing magic in the Prince of Camelot's bedchambers!!"

Destiny Always Wins (idea sparked off of another AO3 story by the same name)

Arthur was killed but then...Emrys spoke. The King would live to fulfill his destiny.
The story changes as magic takes its place in Albion.

“Did you just call me an idiot for saving your life?!”
Merlin's Metaphor #2

Chapter Summary

Metaphors again! Only this time, it is defining the magic system of the world because even though that would seem obvious or important...there's not really a whole lot that it developed other than its a balance. SOOOOO I wrote this little cookie!

“Magic is-it’s like-” Merlin looked around before his eyes landed on the rushing stream that bubbled softly to their left. “It’s like the ocean.” Waving his hand toward the stream as his eyes flashed gold, Merlin didn’t even utter a magic spell. A small sphere of water lifted from the stream and was manipulated by Merlin’s magic into the form of a man. “It runs through the very land that we live on, it’s the lifeblood of every living creature.” The waterman was joined by a water deer and a tree made of water. “Magic is essential for all life, and everyone has the potential for using magic.”

Merlin waved and the three separate figures merged to create the image of a castle. Camelot.

“Magic, like water, can bring life-” The castle grew flowers around the edges, despite Camelot’s tendency to kill such delicate plants because of the poor soil quality. “Or it can bring destruction, drowning out the need for moderation.” A cloud of water appeared above the castle and a downpour of water washed the castle away into rubble.

[Healing Magic is difficult because it is a persuasion of the present magic to mend itself and to accept additional magic for its reserves - not all individual’s magic will mesh together (kind of like blood for blood transfusions)]

“Magic is a force of nature, not something to be controlled, but a force to be harnessed.” The water slowly retook the form of the castle. “Some people begin to alter the flow of magic in the world around them naturally, it isn’t something they have to learn - for others it is seemingly impossible and they struggle to learn how to even lift a pebble.”

[Magic has many different forms just like water has a gaseous, liquid, and solid form. The Old Religion is like water’s solid-state - not as common and much harder to handle as it is hard for the body to withstand the strain that it experiences. Druid’s magic is like the gaseous form of magic, more common but also tricky to handle because it takes intense concentration and practice to direct the flow of magic. More common magic, like the liquid form of water, is the magic inside every living being, constantly flowing and moving - this is the type of magic that healers focus all their learning on.]
Mordred has magic and when the knights find out they are super excepting. Excited, the druid boy goes looking for Merlin to tell him. Soon he discovers that Merlin never was worried about the knights. He’s worried about Arthur. He convinces the warlock to tell the knights who become like his protective bodyguards against non-magics who could tell on him/hurt him. So when he tells Arthur, he already has the backing of all the knights of Camelot (because when one of the knights gains a brother, all the knights gain a brother)

The sudden and unexpected ability to hear other people’s thoughts, non-magical people’s thoughts, was as new as it was concerning. Merlin hadn’t told Gaius yet, that was how new it was.

However, the problem was that Merlin wasn’t in Camelot, he was in Mercia. And to make matters even worse, he was in chains and surrounded by soldiers. Arthur would be expecting him in the next few days if his mother hadn’t already gone for help.

His home village was a day and a half’s ride from Camelot. Merlin was, at that point, over three days from Ealdor. In total, he was 4 and 1/2 days from Camelot and his Destiny.

But his real problem was the chains. They don’t lock away his magic, but they prevented him from casting spells. The iron would drain and retain any magic that he attempted to use. All except for the sudden ability to mind read.

The guard that was guarding him at the present was thinking of his sweetheart, Julia, and the stories he could share with her. Merlin wasn’t sure what the guard’s name, so he just named the tenor voice Sweetie.

The captain of the group was Captain Grimor and he was fantasizing about getting a promotion for capturing and delivering his 765th magic-user to the king. Merlin didn’t like him, he called the Captain....Captain.

The only other interesting thoughts came from a soldier who wasn’t actually a boy, she was a girl. She was wondering about her secret, wondering if Captain was acting suspicious of her or if it was all in her head. Mostly, though, she was just terrified of getting caught. Merlin could sympathize.
He was sure that her fake name that the Captain had been using was Sam, but he wasn’t sure.

“Why don’t you just magic up a fire for us?”

“Because then I’d have to sustain the fire with my magic and that can be tiring. It’s much easier to just find kindling and then start the fire, then the fire isn’t directly connected to my magic.”

Tiny Merlin shows Tiny Arthur his magic because he was still young and doesn’t fully understand the danger of his secret and then Older Arthur’s decisions in regards to magic are because of that young warlock in his memories who couldn't have been evil at only age 4.

“Y-You have magic! Magic is evil!”

“Nuh-uh! Magic isn’t evil!”

"B-But-!"

"It’s not! See?!"

Merlin didn’t apologize, he didn’t hesitate, he just acted. That’s the funny thing about the human mind, in desperate times it reacts in two ways, fight or flight. He chose to fight.

“I will not fight you, Arthur. I refuse.”
Warlock Prophesy

Chapter Summary

This is a single piece that is much longer. The prophecies of Albion have not only been preserved through the druids.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lancelot began to hum softly. It was a song Arthur was surprised to be familiar with. It was an old song that he had once heard from a traveling bard who had graced the court with his presence. It spoke of a great nation and her king.

**Albion waits for her king, past and future to bring.**

**Uniting all lands to be free, one people from sea to sea.**

**As always there by his side, his brother and his bride.**

**A queen to hold his hand, a brother to protect his land.**

**Albion waits for her king, past and future to bring.**

**Emrys, a warrior of soul and heart, keeps Albion from breaking apart**

**A boy born of dragon’s spark, and another with the dragon’s mark**

**The hope of Albion rises as balance claims her prizes**

**Albion waits for her king, past and future to bring.**

Arthur wasn’t sure when he began to sing the words and didn’t know how he could remember them, but he didn’t stop when he saw the effect it had on Merlin.

Blue eyes wide and swimming in flecks of gold, Merlin seemed to calm.

Merlin felt his magic calm in the presence of simplified prophecy. *Albion*. *That’s what I fight for...what I kill for*. His Once and Future King may not have understood the gravity of the words that he sang, but Magic did. And Merlin *saw* it. His brother sitting on the throne with his wife by his side. The people in the streets at peace and happy. Wars stopped with the wave of a hand. Prosperity.

Merlin spoke as he felt the power of the prophecies swell. “*Soon comes the day, not too far away, where Immortality crowns his king - Once and Future - and the unitings of peoples he brings. Morgan le Fay has not passed away but bides her time for another day. But woe to the Fay for her doom and destruction is breaths away. Mordred of anger and Mordred of fate, is destined to kill his king for his hate. The power of Emrys will be much too late. The dragons of red and white, both will lose the fight. Ashes and tears will fall, but soon their legends are tall. And Albion ends when*
lovers can’t mend, when the vices of heart betray.” When he finished speaking Merlin felt dizzy and lightheaded.

Gwaine whistled. “Wow, mate. You really are something, aren’t ya’?”

Merlin groaned, his head was pounding. “It’s a prophecy, not the original one of the Once and Future King and Emrys but it pretty much says the same thing.”

Lancelot frowned. “It doesn’t sound like a happy prophecy, Merlin.”

The warlock shrugged. “That’s because the prophecy is of the end, not the in-between. The original prophecies talks of the King’s reign and the wonderful things that happen, not just the beginning and end.”

Chapter End Notes

They all seem very OC, but I like the prophecy bits (But I made them up myself [it does have references to the original legends and their prophecies], so I might be a bit bias)

Thanks for reading!
There's Something About You, Merlin

Chapter Summary

Merlin is Protecting Arthur during the Trade Negotiations between Camelot and a Kingdom that I completely made up.

Arthur met Merlin’s eyes, almost as if he knew what was about to happen, and nodded just once.

The world vanished as Merlin realized with a gasp that Arthur knew and that he was on the warlock’s side. Arthur knew about his magic and trusted him.

_There’s something about you, Merlin._

As if Arthur’s permission was all that it needed magic burst forward with a loud roar that filled Merlin’s ears. The army that had surrounded them was slammed against the inner walls with such force that most men fell unconscious almost immediately. “You will not harm my king.” When Merlin spoke his voice was carried through the entire courtyard despite him not speaking much louder than a soft growl.

Arthur’s eyes widened behind the warlock. He had known that Merlin had magic. He had known that Merlin was beyond loyal. But he hadn’t known Merlin was _this powerful_. He hadn’t known that Merlin was beyond loyal to _him_, Arthur wasn’t even King of Camelot yet.

The King snarled, shoving a soldier off of him. “But will he harm _you_ now that he knows that you have magic? Now that he knows that you’ve been lying to him?” Stumbling to his feet, the King of Pilo stepped on and around his men.

Opening his mouth to defend himself, Arthur was surprised when Merlin spoke first. “He’s already known about my magic, Tirrick, has for a while now,” Merlin spoke with such confidence that the Once and Future King was astonished. How could a sorcerer, serving the prince of a kingdom that _used_ magic learners, be _so_ loyal and _have so much faith in me?_ Arthur wasn’t sure, but propriety be burned, it was nice to have a friend that trusted Arthur with his life and all the power that he possessed.

Merlin continued, gesturing to the fallen men. “Your army has been reduced to broken armor on his command. My magic is his, and his enemies are mine.” Arthur felt the truth in his friend’s words resonate in the air all around them. He was the one brother who would never betray him.

“*You have made it clear who you are to King Arthur, and thus, you have made an enemy of Emrys.*” The power and danger in Merlin’s words should have made Arthur shudder but instead, he felt a surge of confidence.

When the Once and Future King spoke, he knew that Emrys was listening. Emrys was hearing the hidden meaning of his words that the fallen king couldn’t hope to understand. “The world is changing, Tirrick. Camelot may have ten thousand fewer soldiers than Pilo, but Camelot has more men of honor then even King Uther is aware of.”

Although Arthur couldn’t see the golden glow in his eyes, he could feel the magic. The words he
spoke were truer than Merlin’s loyalty. “They hide in the shadows, protecting and honoring the future that is coming quickly. The day the shadows step into the light is the day that Albion will finally rise. The Once and Future King, with Emrys, will finally bring peace to the land and her peoples.”

King Tirrick’s eyes were wide and Arthur felt a sharp twinge of smug satisfaction which he quickly banished, it was not the right time or place to gloat. Turning on his heel, Arthur motioned Merlin to follow him. “Farwell, King Tirrick. Camelot will not be making any further trade negotiations.”
Chapter Summary

You know how all the Scar Fics are like, “So he sat by the edge of the water and then someone pushed/pulled him into the water! Oh no! They could see his scars! Now he’d have to tell them EVERYTHING!” I do. And I wanted something different - thus, this was born.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

As the knights splashed about in the river, Merlin kept his watch several meters away, underneath the shade of a large tree. ‘Probably Oak’ Merlin mused to himself absently.

It was the third day of their hunting trip, it would only be lasting for 4 more days but this trip seemed to drag on longer than the other ones.

Merlin had been having nightmares every night since they left the castle, the kind of dreams that whispered of burning pyres and the look of betrayal in blue eyes. None of the others had mentioned his nightmares or his shouts late at night, but the warlock could see their concerned glances every morning.

Merlin sighed, looking up into the canopy of green leaves above that danced in the wind and shone brightly in the sun light. ‘It amazes me to think that most people can’t see the magic in the world around us.’ Merlin thought to himself, letting his hands twiddle with the grass beside him. ‘Nature is so beautiful at times...and yet powerful.’ Humming in consideration, Merlin mulled over the parallels between nature and himself; and he was surprised to find that the parallels between him and nature were plentiful.

Gwaine’s loud voice broke Merlin out of his own thoughts with a start. “Oi! Merlin! Mate! Are you going to come help us?”

There, in the middle of the water, wrestling with the knights of Camelot, was a mermaid. Well, she looked like a mermaid, but her features were much sharper and feral. It was a siren.

Scrambling to grab something that could be of assistance, Merlin grappled with several large rocks as his thoughts raced. ‘What is she doing here?! How can a siren be so far out from sea?! Sirens normally lure their victims, why did she go straight to attacking them??’

“How could I forget?! Sirens travel in pods!” Lancelot yelped as another siren tackled his side. ‘There would probably be more soon, and then it would be close to impossible for Merlin to protect his friends while they were still in the water.

In a moment of panic and short sighted planning, Merlin jumped into the river.

Merlin only began to register the sting of the water in his newest wound, a cut on his back, after the shock of the cold water wore off. He bit back a hiss, watching the sirens reaction. Their pupils became slits, seeming to sense the blood.
Merlin knew he was covered in scars, some of them newer than others. Blood was what attracted these Sirens, right?

“I’m pretty sure your odds against one are better than if you attack an entire group of trained warriors.” Merlin tried to sound taunting, but he was sure the quaver in his voice gave away the panic that was filling his chest. Just like every time he had to confront a magical beast.

He locked eyes with one of them and saw the familiar glimmer of the old religion spark in her green eyes.

“Non derelinquas nos, bardus! Ut nostra fiat nobis prandium in pace!” Her voice was sharp and cracked, but Merlin couldn’t understand the siren’s words. The word ‘bardus’ seemed to be what she was calling him, and the magic under his veins purred. ‘Is she calling me Emrys?’

“You know who I am. The power blood can have.” Merlin challenged, his voice sounded weak but the sirens only seemed to become more intrigued.

The siren with green eyes murmured, almost entranced, “Sed ut odore ambrosias bardus.” And Merlin heard her. He didn’t understand their language, but he did understand the importance of his own identity.

Emrys, and also protector of the Once and Future King. Merlin looked once at Arthur.

Arthur looked panicked and pale, seeming to search for a branch or rock to fight with.

‘Such valor and determination.’

Merlin gazed back at the green eyed siren. “Come and get me, peixe ” Shouting was always the easiest part, the hard part would be what came next. The actual fighting bit - especially if he wanted to avoid using magic in front of the knights.

The speed of creatures born of magic and from the sea is terrifying when they’re in their element. And these sirens seemed perfectly at home in the river. The two shot forward with the loud hissing of their language crashing tumultuously with the sudden violence in the water.

“MERLIN!”

Something was different this time, maybe it was the way they shined like the old religion, but Merlin was certain of one thing in that moment. He was going to die if he didn’t use his magic. There wasn’t time for subtlety.

Later Merlin might recognize that his magic could sense the importance of that moment. The moment that would alter the history of Albion.

Lifting both hands out of the water and pointing them at the two sirens, Merlin shouted, “Awendaþ eft wansæliga neat!”

Eyes flaring gold, the force of the two sirens against Merlin pushed the warlock back in the water several feet.

“Lancelot!” Merlin yelped, diving out of the way of the blue eyed siren before shouting, “Ástríce!” and throwing a ball of blazing fire at the green eyed siren.

“Give me a second, Merlin!” Lancelot shot back, the sound of splashing reading Merlin’s ears. “My sword isn’t on the edge of the bank!” The warlock could hear the panic underneath the
irritation of Lancelot’s words, but he just grunted, shooting another fire ball at a siren that got to close.

“I would expect so!” Merlin shouted back, before diving under the water to duck under and attack. He broke the surface of the water with a gasp and another ball of fire. “Last time we were attacked by sirens you were on the boat!” Merlin called out before firing away at the blue eyed siren.

“Merlin, I swear if you die on me-!”

The warlock felt his lips twitch up into a smile despite the deadly fight he was engaged in. “Fine! I’ll be sure to die beside you!”

There was a loud splash before Lancelot shouted back. “You know that’s not what I meant, you sparking warlock!”

“Just hurry up!” Merlin shouted another spell, sending the blue eyed siren out of the river and on to the bank with a wet “PLOP!” Gaius had taught him that spell.

Shouting the incantation again, “Oferswing!” Merlin didn’t see the third siren.

But, destiny has a funny way of taking care of her pawns.

Lancelot sliced his sword straight through the third siren, and silently thanked God that Merlin had put an enchantment on his sword to make it more effective against magic.

The dying scream of the siren startled Merlin so bad that he couldn’t react quick enough when the green eyed siren pounced, forcing him under the water.

“Et paenitet hoc, bardus!” She shrieked, the sound only amplified in the water. Her eyes glowed under the water, the green traveling like poison through the water.

Merlin would remember the pain in his chest as her claws raked down, but the warlock would never be able to recall exactly what happened in that moment.

When the warlock woke up, he found himself laying on his back on the forest floor.

“Merlin!”

Blue eyes that were flickering to gold and back to blue slowly lifted to meet the eyes of Arthur.

”Art-r?” Merlin slurred, vision foggy and head pounding.

“What did you think you were doing, jumping into a river full of sirens, you idiot?!”

The warlock was fast asleep before he could answer. Magic does drain its user, especially when they preform a new spell that they are learning to master. Preforming a spell like Emrys would kill any other magic user.

Later, Merlin would realize that his shirt was long gone (being replaced with bandages) and that those around him treaded lightly, as if they’re afraid he’s going to explode at any moment.

But that’s later, he’s sleeping now. Healing up for the trouble that’s sure to come.

After all, destiny likes to play with her pawns.
Chapter End Notes

So this is random - and very incomplete but I think it has an appeal to it....Just me?

Thanks for reading!
Mashup

Chapter Notes

This is a WHOLE mess of different AU’s, conversations, reveals - but they’re decent enough.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Why do you believe in a man who doesn’t believe in you?”

“...”

“Don’t tell me you follow him as blindly as a newborn calf, I thought that you - of all people - would be above a fate such as that.”

“I do not trust fools blindly.”

“Then why do you follow a man without knowing that he places that same trust in you?”

“...Because that would be selfish.”

“Expecting respect for your services is selfish?”

“I guess selfish isn’t the right word. A better word would be self-centered...or maybe close minded. I have more important things to worry about, things larger than your little band of renegades and your petty grudge against my King.”

“I am a dangerous enemy to have, boy. Think carefully before you insult me again.”

“You seem to be forgetting that you are not the most powerful creature I’m at odds with, and you are most certainly not the most opposing man I have come across.”
(Potential AU)

“Why did they claim to know what my father has done? I do not even know my father.”

“Some secrets must be kept to keep you safe, your highness.”

Merlin was fuming now. “Don’t. You. DARE say that I haven’t lost anything, Arthur! I’ve lost more to you than you have to any magic user!”

“Why did you doubt in me?”

“Because you gave me more reason to keep quiet than to talk, Arthur. Don’t play a victim.”
“Prove it!!”

The others laughed.

Merlin just narrowed his eyes and glared, “Why?”

That stopped their laughter.

“I don’t have anything to prove to you. If you don’t see something, then that’s your issue, not mine.”

“I was born with magic.”

“That’s impossible!”

“Well how are you supposed to know?! You’ve been taught that magic is evil before you could even understand what that would mean!”
“You’re exactly like her! You’ve-!”

“Don’t you DARE compare the two of us! We both have magic and we have lived in Camelot, but the similarities end there! Don’t you DARE disregard every sacrifice I have made for you within the past 10 YEARS!”

Chapter End Notes

So this is all just stuff from my phone’s note apps that I’ve been toying with...Not sure how much I like some of them. Thanks for reading!
This brings me pain, but it seems much more realistic than most reveals. The others are the ideal, or the worst case. I wanted an in between that seemed much more realistic, basing it off of how I might have reacted in Arthur’s place.

The tears in the sorcerer’s eyes broke Arthur’s heart, but he knew how deceiving a sorcerer could be.

“Arthur-I would never-!”

Leveling his sword and slicing forward shallowly, Arthur cut the sorcerer off. “No. You do not have permission to speak, sorcerer.” The bite in his voice made the smaller man flinch, but Arthur could not allow himself to fall to the same trickery that he had been previously so oblivious to. After all, there had been a sorcerer in the royal court for nearly a decade and no one noticed. He had to be a master of disguise.

“We will arrive in Camelot tomorrow,” he continued, still holding the sword up to the man’s throat, “And you will be sent to the dungeons until a proper interrogation can take place.”
Another attempt at a Realistic Reveal

Chapter Notes

Once again, based off of How I might react in Merlin’s place.

Arthur was gaining on him. Merlin pushed his body to move faster, to out run the knight, but Arthur’s physically rigorous training allowed him to catch the warlock easily.

Arthur grabbed Merlin’s shoulder and spun him, other hand going to his sword. Fear struck Merlin. “NO!” Thrusting out his hands, his magic slammed into Arthur and sent him into a tree.

“Just-Just, Leave me alone!” Merlin trembled and took several shaky steps back. “I-I’m done being held-held at sword point just-just-just because I was born with magic!” Merlin didn’t lower his shaking arms, panic still flooding his system. “I-I’m done with destiny! I have sacrificed everything for-for-“

The warlock was actually having a hard time standing, fear and panic quickly overwhelming his senses.

“Merlin!”

The warlock’s head snapped up at the call of his name, and Arthur saw terror in Merlin’s eyes for the first time.

The call had come from several different voices, each one of them a knight.

Merlin’s hands each reached up and tugged anxiously at his hair. “I-I-I don’t want this-this-this-!” The warlock made a sound of distress that made Arthur flinch. He was watching Merlin falling apart.

The sound of Gwaine’s voice registered faintly in Arthur’s mind as he could only watch his best friend burst at the seams.
“Merlin! Arthur!”

Blue eyes flickered gold and back to blue with every tear that seemed to build in Merlin’s eyes. “I-I-!”

A loud crash in the bushes around them made Merlin stumble backward, back slamming into a tree. Charging out of the brush, came the Knights of Camelot, brandishing their swords.

Merlin’s eyes went wide in terror, his hands sweeping outward violently, “N-NO!”

Every tree within several meters of the warlock was flattened in an instant. Clouds of dust and pine needles flew into the air, making it difficult for Merlin to see past his tears.

“J-Just leave me alone! ”
Scars (Realish)

Chapter Notes

I wanted to test realism with some softer emotions, and softer reactions. What do you think?

“Where did you get scars like this, Merlin?!”

Eyes widening, Merlin looked down at the assortment of scars that littered his body. He had forgotten about them.

Grasping for some lie, Merlin spluttered unsuccessfully. “Eh, It’s not really- I don’t really-“

Elyan scoffed, rolling up his sleeves to display his own scars and burns from working as a knight and from working in the forge. “Don’t lie to us, Merlin. We’re knights of Camelot, we are familiar with scars.”

Gwaine shook his head, in anger and disbelief. “And your scars don’t come just because you’re clumsy, Mate. Those are the kinds of scars that scream vengeance and murder.”

Merlin looked back down at his exposed flesh. Different voices and different screams echoed faintly in his memory. He held back a wince. The warlock generally tried to not think about those memories and the pain that they brought, the guilt. “At least I made it out alive.” Merlin murmured softly, not truly speaking to the others, but more introspectively and guilty.

Placing himself on the bench right next to Merlin, Gwaine poked the younger man, trying to get his attention. “You’re not leaving this room until we get an answer, Merlin.”

The warlock sighed softly to himself, seeming to sag under the weight that his scars carried. “Gwaine, do you really expect me to tell you everything? There’s a reason why I have my secrets, why I don’t say anything about my scars.” When Merlin looked up and met Gwaine’s eyes, the knight saw a tiredness that should have been foreign in his friend’s eyes. “It’s because memories hurt sometimes, Gwaine.” Merlin looked away, tears gathering in his eyes. “H-Hurt a-a lot. And - And I can’t undo what’s already happened.”
The warlock shivered, wrapping his arms around himself. “Don’t ask me, because there are somethings that should never have to be relived....and I have a lot more of those than most would believe.” Merlin stood, grabbing his shirt and slipping it back on. “Just-Just leave it, okay? I’m allowed to have my own secrets, just like the rest of you.” And with that, he left.
Part 1: Lord William AU

Chapter Summary

Lord William of Ealdor is looking for his missing Prince, as well as the Druid's hope. He doesn't expect to find it in Camelot of All Places.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Lord Byron let out a loud, ugly, laugh as he spilt wine on the table before him. 'A drunk fool if ever I saw one.' William mused to himself as a servant filled his goblet with wine. He hadn't brought any of his own servants, he was traveling light. Only stopping in one kingdom for a week or two before moving on, continuing his search.

William didn't think that he'd find what he was looking for in Camelot, but the longer he searched and didn't find him, the more desperate he became.

From his position in the dining hall, he had a perfect view of Camelot’s dignitaries. Camelot’s very own Prince Arthur seemed to be entertained by Byron’s barbaric tendencies, if not a little amused; but King Uther only glowered at the loud Lord, as if seeing through the Lord’s drunkenness to something deeper. Clearly King Uther saw what William did. ‘A swine dressed in fine apparel.’

William scanned the room again, taking in the reactions of the nobility around him. Most seemed as amused as Prince Arthur, though William noted that all the women present looked highly unimpressed and even repulsed. Even the Lord’s own wife and daughter looked as if they wished to be anywhere else at that very moment. ‘It seems that the only sane men present tonight are myself and King Uther.’ The thought made William feel sick. Uther may have been able to see with his nose in the air well enough, but those he trampled underfoot were far too many for him to be considered a just king.

The magic in William’s chest rumbled quietly in his chest, as if preparing for a fight. Willing it to calm down, William lifted his wine glass to his lips. ‘It would be less than ideal for me to be caught with magic in a kingdom that hunts magic users to the very grave.’ Simmering down, but still ready to react in a moment’s notice, his magic curled tightly in his chest comfortingly. William sighed in relief as he lowered his wine glass back down onto the table in front of him.

The familiar brush of powerful magic made William shiver. Letting his eyes scan the room again, much more frantically this time, William searched for the source of the magic. ‘There.’ Right behind the Prince of Camelot with a smug smirk on his face, was the most powerful warlock of all time, Merlin.

Hardly even breathing as he watched Merlin quietly make some snarky remark to the Prince of Camelot, William’s grip tightened on his wine glass. ‘Of all the places I could have found you, Merlin.’ William signalled to a servant. ‘I’m going to need a lot more wine to deal with this.’

William woke up with a loud groan, head pounding like the thudding roar of a particularly pissed
dragon. ‘What happened last night? I don’t normally-’ Merlin. ‘I need more wine.’

It would be several hours before dawn, and it would be even longer until William would have the opportunity to corner the idiot. ‘Maybe I can just spend the rest of today in the tavern.’ That option seemed much easier.

The familiar presence of Merlin’s magic made William freeze. There came a knock on the door. “Lord William, I have a potion from Camelot’s physician,” Merlin’s voice called from the other side of the door. Although William was feeling much too sober to deal with Merlin, he called back, “Enter.”

The door opened with a peculiar and loud *whooosh*, practically screaming *magic*. There, proffering a small vial and a crooked smile, was Merlin Ambrosius in servant’s apparel. “Good morning, mi’lord!” Walking in like he owned the place, Merlin closed the door behind him and continued on to set the vial down on William’s side table and pulling out clothing as if he were William’s own personal servant. “Most of the other Lords and Ladies will be attending the tournament this afternoon, and I’m sure that the men will be training before lunch today as well.”

William narrowed his eyes, scanning Merlin, trying to figure out what game the ridiculous man was playing at.

Merlin continued, pretending not to notice William’s gaze. “But of course, the Prince will be entertaining guests all day, so his manservant will be sent off to do chores for the rest of the day. He isn’t supposed to see me until dinner tonight!”

As if lightning struck, William realized what Merlin was saying. “Merlin, you are the Prince of Camelot’s *manservant*?!” Closing his eyes and counting slowly to ten, William forced himself to lower his voice. “Your idiocy has reached a new height, Merlin, if you think that hiding in Camelot is a brilliant idea!”

Merlin paused, looking up at William with a frown. “I’m not *hiding* in Camelot, Will.”

Anger burned in William’s chest, as he stumbled to his feet, head still pounding. “So you’re telling me that you don’t hide your magic, or that you’re not throwing your destiny away?!”

The warmth and friendly fire burning into Merlin’s eyes turned to ice, and he seemed to straighten. “Don’t talk to me about a destiny that you’ve never understood, and never will understand, Lord William.” Merlin had always been taller than William, but in the years of separation he had forgotten that fact.

Merlin was every bit Emrys, powerful, foreboding, and too stubborn to let anything go.

William turned to pleading, “Please, Merlin-” He clumsily dug the chain from under his shirt out, letting the ring and it’s sigil shine in Merlin’s presence. “When you vanished, everyone was sure that you were lost- that their *hope was lost*. ’’ He refused to say that he had been included in that despair. “Please come back to Ealdor, Merlin. The Druids need you! Your father and mother have been-”

Merlin’s magic violently slammed something large and wooden to the ground, but William didn’t look away. The normally friendly and happy blue eyes that Merlin had always been recognized for were now angry and blazing gold. When he spoke, William took a step back as he shivered. “What do you know about the prophecies, Lord William?”

Waving toward the hearth in the room, the cold and wet logs leapt to Emrys’s command, igniting a
fierce and blazing fire that William could feel from the opposite end of the room. “I know who I am to the Druids, but you seem to have forgotten.” William was now really frightened, he had truly angered Merlin; something he had previously thought impossible.

The warlock lifted his arms, and William felt the room flood with the influence of Merlin’s old potent magic. The magic seeped into every piece of stone, fabric, wood, metal and skin exposed to the air, and then even the air became saturated in the lifeblood of Emrys.

Merlin’s face was locked into an impassive anger, though William could see hints of frustration and pain at the edges of his eyes and his tense form. “Merlin, I’m sorry-”

Emrys cut William off with a growl. “Just because your father was a knight does not mean I have to listen to a squire like you.”

William felt his cheeks flush and his eyes widen. ‘When did I lose my friend to this destiny?’ But the anger at the comment quickly overcame any hurt that this monster was capable and willing to deliver. William gritted, “Get out.”

The warlock didn’t move.

“I said, GET OUT!” William shouted now, the magic in his chest roaring in confusion at the conflicting emotions in his chest and at the rejection of such old magic. He felt the heat in his eyes and the coldness in his cheeks. William turned, refusing to let the other man see his weakness. “If I never meant - If our friendship- you - you -you have no purpose to be in my chambers, servant. Leave me now.”

Chapter End Notes

So I'm actually not a fan of Will in canon, but the idea of him actually having magic, and belonging to Merlin's kingdom just was too good of an idea to pass up. This one is a bit longer than the other ones because I knew where I was starting and I knew where I wanted to end, but I needed something in the middle to connect them so that it made more sense (I was also toying with giving the story its own post here on Ao3, but didn't end up doing that because it was too incomplete - if anyone wants it to be its own continuous story, with more, then be sure to comment down below with your thoughts and ideas!).

Thank you so much for reading! :D
Chapter Summary

"Come on, Melivn, show me your best."

The next time that William saw Merlin was actually only a few hours later, enough time for all evidence of tears or distress to be replaced with a proper impassive noble face. It was on the training grounds, where Prince Arthur was showing off his skills to all the visiting nobility.

Arrogantly the Prince offered to battle anyone brave enough. A few of the younger nobles took up the offer, and each one ended their duel with the Prince’s sword poised for the finishing blow. But William wasn't so foolish to be drawn into a confrontation with the prince of Camelot.

It was only when Merlin arrived with an extra bit of armor that William began to pay close attention.

Prince Arthur gave a faux innocent smile as he gestured for the warlock to pick up a discarded sword. "Come on then, Merlin! Show us what you've got!"

William smirked, watching his friend lift the blade. 'This is going to be amazing.' The Prince of Camelot wouldn't know what hit him.

The battle was woefully short, ending with Merlin panting in the mud.

Anger boiled in William's chest. Merlin was the best swordsman he knew, especially when the warlock used his magic. The Prince of Ealdor let his honor be soiled, and thus his kingdom's name, all for the sake of his ridiculous charade!

Merlin made some snarky remark and moved over to a bench as another cocky noble challenged Prince Arthur.

Feeling his sights going tunnel vision, William stormed over to Merlin and threw his gauntlet so forcibly that several globs of mud splattered onto his thighs. "I challenge you to a fight, right here, right now, Meltin."

Those normally bright blue eyes grew stormy and as Merlin stooped down to pick up the gauntlet William caught a flash of golden light in his prince's eyes.

'This won't end well, will it?'

Although Merlin's voice didn't sound threatening, William could read the underlying threat and had to bite back an apology of regret. "Well, Lord Vilelamb, I don't think I could refuse."

When William tossed the sword at Merlin the Prince didn't pretend to fumble with the catch this time, catching it with confidence before standing taller than he had a moment ago.

A certain familiarity of sorts settled in William's bones as the two of them circled each other with wary eyes. Merlin never struck first if he could help it, he was much better at evasion and
deflection until he could make the perfect strike. However, the warlock also was familiar with
William's techniques (well, for the most part, a bit had changed in their years apart).

Merlin waited for him to move, but William knew better than that, so he waited grudgingly.
Finally, when Merlin did attack, William had to dodge out of the way of a sweeping cut.

'That wasn't a serious attack. He would know I could see that one coming from a mile away.'

Still, the warlock wasn't taking him seriously. "Come on, Melivn!" William taunted, "Show me
your best!"

This was William's first mistake which he immediately realized as a golden gleam shone in
Merlin's eyes.

The advantages of being small more than pay off in a fight if you know how to use them to your
advantage.

Speed as a trade-off for greater weight. Agility as a trade-off for greater stock or armor.

Prince Merlin of Ealdor knew this well.

The speed of his attacks and the speed of the change in the blade's direction more than made up for
the lack of power behind Merlin's attacks. Quickly forcing William to drop to an offensive stance.
As the battle progressed Merlin never slowed, and William could only ever get a few swipes in
before Merlin would take over.

This was the Prince that William was familiar with.

Another feeling William was familiar with when sparring with the Prince was the feeling of the
ground colliding with his back with such force that the air was momentarily knocked out of his
lungs with a particularly un-noble sounding 'oof!' escaping his lips.

"I'd advise not testing me, Lord Hillion." Merlin lifted his blade. "I believe you'll find yourself on
the end of a rather short rope."

Yes, William felt a little terrified.

No, William was not going to give up.
William gritted his teeth and tried to resist, but his magic forced him down onto one knee.

Merlin’s eyes widened, as if in horror watching his old friend swear allegiance to him and his kingdom. William bitterly almost wished that his friend didn’t want this, but he couldn’t convince himself of that.

“I-I, William o-of the K-Kingdom Ealdor, d-do swear m-my-” William fought the magic as best as he could, but he was no match against the magic of Emrys, “A-allegiance, m-m-magic, s-soul, and m-m-mind to Emrys.” The powerful binding of magic made his chest ache, and left him gasping for breath.

“WILL!” Merlin cried out and rushed to his side as he collapsed. “Please! Will, tell me that wasn’t-!” But the moment the warlock’s flesh made contact with the sorceror’s the seal was bound with a flood of powerful magic. Emrys’s magic.

William shuddered, feeling much weaker than he had a moment ago. “Don’t act surprised, Emrys.” He felt awfully bitter about being bound to his old friend for the rest of his short life. “Now there’s no reason for me to deviate from your commands, my magic won’t let me.”

Merlin jolted back, away from William, as if shocked. His eyes were wide and more blue than William could ever remember seeing. “N-No! Th-That’s n-not-!” The warlock stumbled backward, tripping over a large root, and slamming back into a tree with a loud sound that sounded suspiciously like a sob.

William watched as Emrys fell apart, leaving behind a trembling, crying Merlin. ‘He’s horrified at what he’s done.’ William realized with surprise. “Mer.”

“MERLIN!”

The loud shout cut through the forest around them easily, the sound of a panicked prince. Emrys’s magic reacted in a familiar way, shocking William. Merlin’s magic knew Prince Arthur.

Then it all clicked. It all made so much sense now.

‘The King.’

Arthur burst through the foliage with a wild look in his eyes, then he saw Merlin.

“Merlin!”

The Once and Future King rushed to Emrys’s side, not even seeing William on the ground.

‘He still thinks Merlin is just his servant, and yet...’
William watched as Prince Arthur of Camelot searched Merlin for injury, not even aware of his own surroundings, and uncaring of his own scratches from running through the wild forest so recklessly.

‘Is he out here alone?’ It seemed unlikely, but so did the destiny of Camelot’s Crown Prince.

That was when Arthur turned, looking for the culprit of Merlin’s pain. Of course, William was the only person present for the Prince’s eyes to land on. And when they did, they turned flinty. ‘You.’ The hiss that came out of Arthur’s mouth seemed acidic. The part of William that was now bound to Emrys ached, as if the Once and Future King’s words burned.

Stumbling to his feet, William quickly backed away as he raised his hands in surrender. ‘M-My, K-King! P-Please listen!’

Arthur froze.

‘K-King?’

Subtlety had never been William’s strong suit. Nor had secrets.

Merlin was no longer crying, but he still looked distraught. Maybe it was the fact that William was about to be executed in the middle of the woods, or maybe it was because he didn’t want to be a witness, Merlin spoke with a shaky voice. ‘Of course you’re a k-king, you r-royal prat. Now I-leave Will alone, he hasn’t done anything wrong.’

William could hear the guilt in Merlin’s voice, and for the first time realized why Merlin had been crying. ‘You amazing man.’

Sighing, William crossed his arms. ‘I’d rather wish that this had happened by choice, not compulsion.’

‘Besides,’ He brushed away those thoughts, ‘I would have done the same thing myself sooner or later.’

Arthur cut in. ‘Wait, do you two already know each other?’

William couldn’t place the emotion hiding just under the surface of Arthur’s voice, but he didn’t find it comforting. ‘Yes, mi’lord. We grew up together. I didn’t spend as much time with Merlin because of our difference in class, he was always much busier than I was.’

‘Being a prince tends to do that.’

Merlin glared at William, almost as if the sorcerer was revealing too much of the warlock’s personal information. ‘Half of my time was spent cleaning up the messes you got us into, Will.’

‘Okay, so maybe I’m not good at reading people.’

Shrugging, William remained silent. He wasn’t willing to be drawn into a confrontation with Emrys in front of the Once and Future King. Especially when said king didn’t like him very much, and said king liked Emrys a great deal more than him.

Arthur turned to Merlin, a frown clear on his face. ‘What kingdom are you from, Merlin?’
Fidgeting and twitching, Merlin didn’t answer for a moment. “Er-I was-I’m”

“Ealdor, Sire.” William cut in, but then quickly back tracked. “Merlin and I were both born in Ealdor.” He paused. “Sire”

William couldn’t tell if the new color on Arthur’s face was supposed to be concerning or good.

“Ealdor. As in, the Kingdom of *magic* and *dragons* .”

Bad, that new color was very very bad, and William may have just screwed up big time.
Chapter Summary

I want to see more Merlin with Children, because all the protective urges offer a great set up for plot and character development!

“Merlin! Help! I-It’s Micha! Th-they’ve taken him! He’s not even old enough to help in the shop! Please! Merlin! Help him!”

When Lillian ran to Merlin that morning with news of her younger brother Micha being caught using magic, conflicting emotions take hold. Loyalty, Fear, Determination, and Hope.

“Arthur, he’s just a boy! He’s barley even four summers old!” Merlin pleaded with Arthur desperately. This was about so much more than magic, it was about the warlocks like Merlin.

Arthur stiffened, refusing to look away from the window’s view. “He was still practicing magic, Merlin. There’s nothing I can do for him.” Arthur hesitated for a moment. “He’s already doomed to corruption.”

Merlin felt angry, truly angry. Magic was not corruption and neither was power corruption. Desire of one’s heart lead to corruption. And Uther was condemning a little boy that was barley old enough to do simple chores to burning at the stake.

Merlin didn’t even say anything, he just turned and left the room like a cloud of thunder.

If Merlin had been more attentive, he might have realized that there was, in fact, lighting and thunder billowing as his mood soured.

But Emrys was on a mission. There was a little boy in need of his protection.
Sorry about the wonkiness of the formatting! This went from my notes on my phone to a google slide. But I hope you found this one as intriguing as I did. I probably have to go back and fix a lot of things, and I might add more on later, but for now, this chapter is done.

Thanks for reading!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!