

Magic in Vein, Valor in Heart

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/19291333) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/19291333>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings , No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Multi
Fandom:	Merlin (TV)
Relationships:	Merlin/Arthur Pendragon (Merlin) , Gwen/Lancelot (Merlin) , Merlin & Arthur Pendragon (Merlin)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Soulmates , Soulmates , Soulmate-Identifying Marks , Alternate Universe , Alternate Universe - Royalty , Magic , Lost Boys , Forced Bonding , Secret Relationship , Secrets , Family Secrets , Daddy Issues , Made For Each Other
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-06-20 Updated: 2020-02-29 Words: 10,109 Chapters: 9/?

Magic in Vein, Valor in Heart

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

In this land of myth
And time of magic
Two kings will rule
Their time of length

One to be born of tyrannical accord
One to be born of a dragonlord
One to be born with magic in vein
One to be born with valor in heart

Joined together by a new kind of love

For the ink on their skin is the shape of a coin
Showing their role to each other
Two sides the same throne
Two sides the same destiny

Full of laughing, life, and love
Pleasing to the many stars above
Their kingdom to be one many would join
Long live the kings of the coin

Stories passed, tides tested, and history made in the span of two life times destined to be.

Notes

This is only a bit of the story I have planned, but I wouldn't want to continue writing something and posting it if people won't read it so YOUR FEEDBACK IS APPRECIATED!
Please give kudos and leave comments!
Much love and thanks- Gatetomyheartx

Prologe: A Story Passed

“In many years a new generation
Will witness the birth of an entire new nation
For the land of Albion is yet to come
In an age of beauty experienced by some

One known as Emrys in title alone
One known as Arthur named from the bone
Saviors to some but not to all
No one to challenge as they stand tall

The greatest of warlocks with magic abound
And the bravest of men to walk the ground
Will give a new meaning to “light as a dove”
Joined together by a new kind of love

For the ink on their skin is unique to their own
In the shape that many think to be sewn
Two sides the same shine
Two thrones the same time

One to be born of tyrannical accord
One to be born of a dragonlord
One to be born with magic in vein
One to be born with valor in heart

Two kings to be raised too far apart
With feelings that fester much like a wart
Being pulled together through fate alone
Not knowing until their destiny is shown

Full of laughing, life, and love
Pleasing to the many stars above
Their kingdom to be one many would join
Long live the kings of the Coin”

The druid finished, looking very pleased at how well she had memorised the prophecy when she was younger.

Most of the children sigh and groan. “Oh come on, how many times have we heard this? It's just a story,” one particularly unruly nine year old said. “The wart part gets me every time,” another adds followed by a sigh.

A chuckle comes from the back of the hut. An older druid sat in a chair, “You have no idea how close we are. We are closer to the age of the Kings than ever before.” she stood with cracking knees, “When they are here, we will know,” she said finally before turning and heading out from the hut, leaving the children and younger druid in a slight uneasy confusion.

A Strange Request

Hunith sat at her desk reviewing their latest mail. She kept a mental tally of each kind of letter and request they got.

Greeting from new kingdoms where the previous ruler was overthrown? Check.

Requests from said kingdoms for money and healers? Check.

Requests from regular people asking for asylum? Check.

Death threats toward The Royals and their people? Check.

She sighed at the sheer amount of mail they get on a daily basis. It was harder when Balinor wasn't there. Nobles from neighboring kingdoms didn't trust her to lead in his absence. Of course neither of them made drastic changes if the other wasn't there unless absolutely necessary. It was both their kingdom after all.

Her thoughts were interrupted as she came across a letter that struck her as odd. It was addressed to "Hunith and Balinor" not "King and Queen of Prealbin" or "His and Her Majesty". She broke the seal in intrigued confusion.

Dear Hunith and Balinor,

I write to you in great distress. As you may have heard Queen Igraine and I have been anticipating the birth of our child. Well, a couple moons ago in the dead of night our son was born. When he was, he was born with a strange birthmark none of our physicians can identify. Afterwards the Queen became ill and has not recovered. Your healers are highly spoken of by all in my kingdom they've helped. I beg of you, please help my wife and son. I love them dearly.

Your friend and ally, King Uther.

Hunith was shocked to say the least. The King of Camelot, a friend to Prealbin for many years, was in clear distress and in need of urgent help. It was his wife and child in concern.

She closed the letter tight and put it neat in the middle of the desk so she and Balinor could decide if they wanted to help their closest ally. Of course they would but she wanted Balinor to know and be with her when they went. Plus, he would know who to bring.

The door of the cottage opened. One of the human residents in the village walked in, regal in her stance.

"Balinor is back ma'am," she stated before looking at Hunith with a worried gaze, "Are you going to tell him?" Hunith put a gentle hand on her stomach.

"I have to, but not now," she added, standing up from the desk and stretching her back. Her corset would need to be loosened in the coming months.

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Balinor rode through Ealdor's square with a procession of soldiers, dispersing as they came through the center. He greeted the people as he passed, shaking hands as he approached the royal home: a modest cottage made of stone, much like the surrounding buildings so not to be obvious.

Hunith waited in front, standing tall for her people.

"My love," he kissed her. "I missed you." Hunith returned the affections.

"As did I," they shared an embrace before she stepped back, "We received a letter. I believe it's urgent."

"Who from?"

"King Uther."

He suddenly became quite serious, silent in his thinking, wondering what the King of their neighbor kingdom would have wanted. They kindly waved to the separating crowd and went indoors.

Once inside Balinor took the letter and looked over it carefully.

"We have to do something," Hunith said. Balinor nodded in agreement. "Who do we bring? Would a dragon know?" she asked.

"Surely, I'll talk to Kilgarrah. He's the wisest dragon I know," Balinor set the letter down, turning sharply out the door.

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The breeze rustled the grasses in the clearing, the silence of the evening was perfect. No animals, no people. Just magic permeating the air.

The King and Queen were the only ones on the hill in this particular clearing.

Balinor stepped forward, drawing a breath. With a deep voice in a tone that commanded respect, he called the dragon by name, "(Kilgarrah, answer me.)"

Hunith put her hand in his shoulder.

After minutes of waiting a voice accompanied his own in Balinor's mind.

Yes, young dragonlord?

How close are you?

Close.

Good.

The beating of mighty wings grew in the sky. The shape of the great dragon seemed to black out the sun before he landed thunderously.

“What is it you ask of Balinor?”

“The people of Camelot request a healer from us, we don’t know who to bring,” Balinor explained.

“Ahh. Yes, the Queen is in great danger. Her son is not.”

“How so? Uther spoke of both in his plea.”

“You must see for yourself what the child holds in him. As for a healer, take Gaius. He is well versed in healing magic.”

And with that, Kilgarrah leapt off the ground and off to who knows where. Leaving the King to ponder his riddles.

“Gaius, he has been a healer for a long time now. You know him well.” Balinor turned to Hunith.

“I do. He lives a days ride out of Ealdor. Do you want to do that now?”

“We have to. A person’s, The *Queen’s*, life is at stake.”

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It was evening the next day then they arrived at Gaius' home in the forest, surrounded by the herbs he needed to make his elixirs and potions.

A quaint thing really, it exuded a wilderness aura that fit the sorcerer inside.

Hunith knocked on the door while looking to her husband. *Hopefully this works.*

The door opened to her long time friend, an older man wise in his years, while keeping a personality much like a young teen.

“Hunith!” he looked slightly surprised before turning to the King, “Balinor! What brings you two to me so far out? Come, sit.” He gestured them inside.

They sat in the living area of the cottage, the hearth lit and flaming.

“Gaius, my dear friend, we have a favor to ask of you. King Uther sent us a letter asking for our assistance.” Hunith looked to Balinor, “His wife and child are in danger he says. We asked Kilgarrah who we should bring and he suggested you.”

"Kilgarrah? The Great Dragon? If he thinks I'm worthy of the job I don't see why not."

“Really? I thought you hadn’t cared for Uther,” Balinor questioned.

“Well it isn’t about him now is it? Igraine has always been a good woman. Kind and surely would be a good mother. I’d hate to see her die. I may disagree about a lot of Uther’s decisions but I didn’t bat an eye when he made her Queen.”

“That took a lot less bargaining than I thought. That settles it. We leave in two days time, is that alright?” the King looked to the sorcerer and his Queen.

Both nodded.

The ride back with Gaius seemed to last a lot shorter as they talked about various topics.

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Two mornings later the three set out to the citadel in Camelot. Not having prepared to find out the life and destiny of those that have yet to come.

Prophecy Fortold

Chapter Summary

Explanation, Prophecy and a whole lot of Revelations

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Gaius started to ruffle through his bags, moving the various books and scrolls he had brought with him.

“Are you looking for something? You couldn't have forgotten anything, you checked three times.” Hunith leaned against the neck of the horse to be able to look at her friend in concern.

“No no, just busy work to pass time. I seem to feel a sudden uneasiness as we grow closer to Camelot, but I cannot discern why,” Gaius explained, now looking at a book of spells he had packed in one of the saddle bags.

Hunith looked up at the canopy of the trees. She had never been in tune to magic like Gaius or Balinor but she could understand what he was saying. A slight tingle radiated throughout her body and had been since she got the letter.

A robin chirped as it perched on a branch to far to see.

A thought arose to her. She remembered growing up with magic all around her. Although she wasn't a druid, she played with the druid children when her parents lived in Ealdor. That was where she had met Balinor; a young prince afraid of his destiny.

She looked to her husband now, in awe of the great leader he became. How wrong he had been to doubt himself long ago.

And now she carried their child.

“We're almost there! You can see the Pendragon castle from here,” Balinor exclaimed urging his horse to go faster. *Another time*, she thought following his lead.

Uther was pacing on the castle steps when they stopped. Hunith had never seen a man so nervous. Despite this, he strode up to them confidently.

“Thank you all for coming. You must be the healer?” he walked to Gaius and shook his hand who gave a simple nod.

“Could you take us to her? I'd like to get an evaluation as soon as possible,” Gaius responded.

That was all that needed to be said before they followed the King indoors.

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The sounds of shoes and whispering servants were all that filled the halls as the group made their way through the castle. The whispering increased as they neared where the Queen was laid.

When they entered there were three physicians next to Igraine as she unrestfully slept. Tossing and turning with sweat beading on her face.

Hunith gasped lightly before taking her husband's hand.

“Gaius, can you evaluate her while we see about the prince?” Balinor asked turning to the man in question.

“Of course sir,” he responded setting his bag down on a table next to the bed.

They followed a midwife to a grand nursery where a single cradle sat. Inside was a small baby, swaddled tightly in red cloth. He cooed softly when picked up by his father.

“This,” Uther undid the swaddle in the front, “is what I wanted to show you.”

On the soft skin of the baby's chest was what looked like a drawing of a small coin surrounded by two fern branches with a word in between them. It couldn't be legible of course because of size but would grow as he did.

The King and Queen were absolutely shocked. Hunith almost teared up at this marvelous little being that had such a mighty destiny.

“My Gods, I never thought I'd see the day,” Balinor started.

Uther was confused beyond belief, “What the hell is it?”

"This is the mark of the Kings." Hunith took the baby from Uther's arms and cuddled the child, going to a chair in a corner to sit and look at the boy.

Balinor took Uther's confused look for face value and began to explain.

"500 years ago there was a druid who was also a seer, he could predict many things but not very far into the future," the men migrated to two more chairs in the room, "Well, when he grew old he put all of his remaining magical energy into one more prediction. A Prophecy. It told of two Kings who would unite Albion and rule together. The way we could find them was if a child was born with a coin drawn on his skin. A symbol of the two sides of destiny."

"And my son is one of them," Uther confirmed as he tried to take in this new information. Placing his chin on his fisted hand.

Balinor nodded.

"Yes, now we have to wait for the other. It may be days or years before he comes, but he will. Then the age of the Kings will begin." Hunith stood from her chair then handed the baby back to his father as the child slept softly.

They sat in a comforting silence before Gaius burst into the room worriedly wringing his hands. "I have done the evaluation and I have a diagnosis."

Uther sprung from his chair, "Well? Get on with it. Will she be ok?" You could sense the worry in his voice struggling to keep calm.

"I suspect she had complications after the birth, judging by the excessive bleeding and sick mannerisms. I gave her some simple pain spells but I think the problem is much worse sire. I would like to continue my assessment if I could be put up somewhere for the time being." The King understood.

"We left Prealbin vulnerable when we came. We can't be gone for long in that state. Our people need us," Hunith added as she looked between the others.

"Yes, of course. Gaius there is an old Ward's office in the west section on the castle. I'll have servants move your belongings at once," Uther said before Gaius gave a short nod and walked out.

The royals walked out into the throne room and started to discuss political matters, trades and things of the such.

As Hunith and Balinor began to ready for their journey back Hunith pulled Uther aside.

"That boy is destined for many great things, you must see it. I suggest not telling him of those things. Imagine putting such a burden on someone so small." She looked down, "well thank you for notifying us-"

Uther stopped her with a calm but melancholy hand on her shoulder and looked at her with the most sincere face a King could have. "Thank you." was all he said with a small smile.

Hunith nodded approvingly and went to hug Gaius. "I don't know how long I'll be here. I'll come back for my things if it seems I'll be a while but-"

It was Huith's turn to cut him off. "Stay as long as you like. Take care of her. I know you're the best there is. A dragon said so." Gaius averted his eyes to keep them from tearing, opting to hug his longtime friend instead.

And with that they were off, giving a quick wave to the waiting subjects and their king they turned on one of the paths out of the gate and started to Ealdor.

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A building guilt was forming inside of Hunith. She hated keeping secrets. Especially from family. So having this guilt was almost unbearable. Alright, no time better than the present. Here goes.

"Balinor?"

"Yes dear? You've seemed kind of silent today. And that's a rarity."

They both chuckled.

"No you ass. I have been keeping something from you though."

"Oh? Is it bad? Something I should worry about?" Balinor said turning to her with a worried brow.

"No no no. It's good news, I hope?" Maybe she was stalling, but he didn't need to know.

"You can tell me anything, love."

"I'm pregnant." She blurted it out so fast he almost didn't catch it. Almost.

Balinor whipped his head around so fast it almost gave him whiplash. "Are you joking? Seriously?" he said with the biggest grin.

"Yes. It's yours too, that's a bonus," Hunith responded in equal excitement getting ready to get off her horse. Her husband beat her to it though because as soon as she let go of the reins she was lifted off the beast's back and into a loving hug.

After a few moments of childish laughter and many quick kisses they looked endearingly at each other.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

“You were gone on that diplomatic mission for some time and I was going to tell you when you got back but then the letter came and it seemed so urgent and well you know...”

The Kings

This simultaneous intrusive thought shook both of them from their excited states into one of concern.

“Do you think the druids know? They've been waiting for centuries.” Hunith took her horse's bridal in her hand.

"Surely, you remember what old Alenian always said;"

“When the time of the Kings is upon us we will know, through flesh and bone,” they quoted together even matching their inflection on each word.

They mounted their horses without another word and quickend their pace to Ealdor.

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Hooves padded along the dirt wooded trails as an uneasiness washed over the royals. Being only a couple minutes ride out of the heart of Prealbin would usually be accompanied by the milling about of citizens or the occasional yelling but nothing more or less. But today there was nothing. Unless you counted the snapping of the run of the mill twig as anything. It was almost eerie.

As they neared the iron gates of the citadel a soldier came to them stoically.

“Your highnesses, there's a druid in the square shouting and causing a commotion. So many of us don't understand what she is talking about. Something to due with 'the age thrust upon us'?”

They looked at each other knowingly.

"We'll be there shortly. Tell people to let her talk, for she speaks the truth,” Balinor said in the most dignified manner he could muster.

After getting the horses tied to some fence posts they began to jog to the center of town.

As they neared a chorus of people and druids and other magical creatures came into view as well as a swell of whispering. They seemed to circle a druid shouting on the cobblestone streets.

“They have arrived!” she shouted, “One of the Kings has been born and they other shall come shortly! The age we've waited for for so long is among us!”

With every sentence more druids stirred and became more excited. Every cheer became more and more escalated.

When they finally broke through the circle of people the citizens turned this attention to the leaders.

“People of Preablin! What she speaks is true! The prophecy of their people has come! We have seen one of the Kings. Which one he is is yet to be seen but their time is beginning!”, Balinor shouted to the masses. The flood of celebration that occurred was nothing short of deafening.

Maybe some of the human citizens didn't understand just yet but they would see. They would see.

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Over the next months Hunith got many updates from Gaius in Camelot and how Igraine was doing and how the young King was growing very fast.

For starters the boy had been named Arthur. So they knew now that one of the once and future kings had been born and they waited for Emrys.

As the time went and Arthur became five months old they could finally make out what the word on his mark said. Gaius had transcribed it as “Ellen” meaning Valor or Bravery.

Gaius had even said how he and Uther had bonded and he decided to stop practicing magic which caught Hunith off guard. Especially when he mentioned that he was to live in Camelot as the Royal Physician. Everything seemed to be going fine.

That was until Igraine died.

Gaius mentioned in many frantic letters that her state had been declining and Uther had become desperate. How he had looked for answers in dark magic and had hired magic users to perform a risky and extremely old spell. It hadn't worked. The Queen and witches died because of the spell and the King had changed.

Immediately after hearing this news, they went to the citadel for her funeral as a form of condolence.

When they met Uther they could see what Gaius had meant. The King seemed distant and cold. Barely acknowledging them and not sparing a look to his son who was crying throughout the ceremony being held by a caretaker.

Then the news broke out of the ban shortly after it shook the core of Prealbin. People were scared and searching for answers in their King and Queen who could not give them anything.

The Purge had begun and many citizens of Camelot fled to the neighboring kingdom for asylum where they were accepted with open arms.

All trade had been cut off between Camelot and Prealbin and so was contact between the leaders. The people were terrified and morale began to dwindle.

The dragons had made home in a hidden valley protected by magic where they would be safe and so had the other dragonlords, leaving Balinor as the only one. All the while Hunith's pregnancy continued.

Everything that had been so hopeful and bright was now dull and rusted.

The hope of the birth of a King was the only light the people shared.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter will get into a lot of the main story with our boys and some more fun stuff! Thanks for the Kudos and keep on reading!

- Gatetomyheartx

The Early Years (Pt 1)

Chapter Summary

A King is born and the challenges that come with raising one.

Chapter Notes

I tried to take a more light hearted approach to this chapter so I hope you enjoy the formatting!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sweat beaded down Balinor's forehead as he bit his grinded down nails. He had been waiting for many hours as Hunith had their child in the building over. Something about it not being *a pure environment* to have the father in the room.

He sat on a bench in the hall and rubbed his thighs roughly.

He wanted so badly to be in there with her. To let her know it was both of them facing this. She didn't deserve to be the only one going through the pain of childbirth like it was her burden or punishment.

And so he waited anxiously for so long he began to worry not only for the child but Hunith as well. So many thoughts of what could happen.

What he couldn't do.

He thought of Igraine. What if what happened to her happened to Hunith.

No no, Hunith is strong. One of the strongest women I know. She can do this .

Finally after six hours of pacing and refusing to eat or drink a midwife came into the hall meters down from the room. She looked so overjoyed she almost ran to him.

“Sir! The baby and the Queen are safe and healthy. It's a boy! But there is something I must mention before-”

Balinor stopped her with a look of pure astonishment. “Can I see them! I don't care what the issue is I just need to see them.”

"Yes and I understand but sir-”

"Please, whatever it is I'm sure it's fine"

Balinor was starting to get anxious, and frustrated.

He hated being like this, especially with the people he was supposed to be leading. It made him feel evil and demeaning. But it was his wife and child in concern. Whatever the issue was it wouldn't bother him any.

She held up a hand knowingly and turned, walking briskly to the delivery room with the King in tow.

A son. A son! *A son.* The words grew in volume as he repeated them in his mind.

Did he look more like him or Hunith? Would he have magic? How powerful would he be? Did he have his mother's fire? He started worrying again.

All thought and reason went out the window when he saw them.

Hunith sat elevated on many pillows holding what looked like a swaddled sweet potato. We're babies supposed to be that red?

It didn't matter. Nothing else did except his family.

He placed one hand on Hunith's shoulder and the other on his son's forehead. Two little eyes opened to a brilliant blue. Definitely his father's.

But when the blue turned to gold and a force yanked Balinor forward by his beard, that was *definitely* not his genes. But when the boy began to laugh happily it didn't seem so irritating. *Magic.*

He straightened and looked at the midwife from the previous encounter with suspicion.

"What was the problem you wanted to tell me about? He looks fine to me."

"She was talking about this Balinor," Hunith undid the blankets to reveal the baby's chest.

Right there on the new pink flesh was a coin with fern leaves and a single indiscernible word.

"He's a King, love. This is Emrys. The most powerful sorcerer," Hunith explained with the most loving tone.

Emrys. That small bundle of joy and love was a King. It almost didn't seem real. But then again. He was the son of a dragonlord like the prophecy said he would be.

"Have you chosen a mortal name for the young King?" another midwife asked, holding a record book of all the children born in the citadel for population count.

They both looked at each other then to their son. Of course they had a name, and it fit perfectly.

They said their chosen name in unison.

“Merlin.”

That night the entirety of Prealbin celebrated the arrival of their prince.

Bealucræft (8 months)

As Merlin grew the word on his mark came to be readable. It read as “bealucræft” meaning magic or magic art. That soon became apparent when strange things started happening around the house.

First it was small things like a quill going missing and being found in a strange place or small rocks levitating, but soon it became more extreme.

One morning Hunith had just finished feeding Merlin in their bedroom and when she went to get a washcloth she came back to her wardrobe open and her clothing dancing about the room. And there on the covers sat Merlin, happy as could be, clapping and laughing while saying, “Dance! Dance! Dance!”

When your child is an almighty warlock you don't really know what to expect.

Ellen (10 months)

Arthur had just started to crawl and the castle couldn't be happier. Even Uther seemed impressed when the boy took a few unsteady waddles toward his father one occasion.

The child had also had become attached to the knights as well as his caretakers, laughing excitedly when one passed. They stopped of course because who could resist that *face* .

They'd let him play with their helmet and one time someone had put a small suit of chainmail on him. They suspected the blacksmith due to his own daughter being born not too long after the prince so he had a small case of baby fever.

All this happiness didn't stop the torture and execution of the many magic users that came and went from the dungeons. It seemed everyone was a little more melancholy those days. And Arthur noticed.

He wasn't allowed to see the executions themselves because of his age, but when his nanny for that day looked out the window and physically winced following a loud gasp it seemed like he understood.

She would turn back to him and he would look at her concerned then go back to chewing on something, usually his own foot.

Bealucræft (1 year)

Merlin had known how to speak for some time now. Learning simple words at six months and only expanding his vocabulary in that time. So much so it now expanded to spells and words of the ancient language.

So far he had:

- Lit multiple drapes on fire.
- Accidentally started three fights in the town square.
- Healed a woman of her cold in record time. (don't ask how that one happened)
- Somehow brought eight sheep into the house that weren't even theirs.

His parents had anticipated this to not be easy but this was a whole new level of what the hell.

Hellen (3 years)

Arthur been waddling for some time now and could explore the castle as he pleased. All except the kitchen. Damn pastries were just too good not to steal!

Now just because he could go places didn't mean he knew where he was. Getting lost and screaming until someone found him was one of his favorite hobbies. Just after playing with the hunting dogs and poking various other animals. Just to see what they did.

But his favourite place was Gaius's office. All the various mixtures and bubbling liquids, not to mention the leech tank. It was all so new and exciting.

On this evening in particular he wandered into the office in search of the physician on a special quest.

Gaius looked at Arthur and smiled. "What is it young one?"

"Gaius, Gaius! Story!"

"You want a story? Well, which one will it be? Knight and the Princess? Sleeping Beauty?" ,Gaius picked up Arthur and set him on the table.

"You already told those a million times. Do you have any new ones?"

"Well," he faltered trying to think of one before a story came to him, "How about the story of the Kings?"

“Who?”

“The Kings! It's supposed to be a prophecy made by the druids.”

Uther had told Arthur many things about the druids. How evil they were and how their magic could only be bad. How anything having to do with them was to be avoided at all costs.

Arthur leaned back as he got more worried.

“Is it a scary story? Because it's from the druids, so is it scary?”

Gaius didn't want to know what other wrong assumptions Uther had been teaching this boy.

“No no, it's not scary. It's actually a pretty happy one.”

The night drew in and Arthur became more intrigued, leaning into Gaius as he began to tell the story of these Kings. Hoping all the while that he could somehow be like them.

Chapter End Notes

This was supposed to be longer but it was reaching my word limit for a chapter so I've decided to cut it into parts. It may be two or more. Not too long though lol.

Thank you for the support and keep on reading! - Gatetomyheartx ~

The Early Years (Pt 2)

Chapter Summary

The troubles of childhood and a new friend

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Bealucræft (5 years)

Soft autumn light streamed through the thin blinds of the royal home. A faint thumping could be heard as the sound traveled through the modest living room and into the bigger of the two bedrooms.

Hunith knew what that sound was by the telltale shouting of "Mum!" before a familiar warmth wrapped around her torso.

"How was your first day?" She turned and gave her son a long hug that she had been needing. "Mum you won't believe it! I made a friend! His name is Will and, and and-" Merlin started taking deep breaths from all the excitement that had happened and the amount of exercise he had done as well.

Hunith laughed kindly. Merlin had just started his training under the druids. They had wanted to get him into schooling when he was older but his magic was becoming too hard for him to control.

So after many scares of heavy items almost falling on him and almost accidentally killing three visiting nobles by said falling objects they had decided to start his training early.

After some time of Merlin catching his breath he started again, "I told you I met Will right? Well he can't do magic but we have every class together. He's really good at maths but I'm better at writing. Don't tell him I said that,"

He told her all about his classes and his teacher and how much he liked everything about learning and how he couldn't wait to go back tomorrow. As the afternoon became evening he talked through dinner and bedtime before finally resting his eyes on his parents who looked on at their child like they had seen a sunset for the first time.

Ellen (7 years)

Arthur had begged and begged to start training with a sword for months now and his father had finally relented.

For so long he watched in awe at the guards who defended the throne with their lives, marvelling at their skill and military prowess.

Another esteemed knight had agreed to train him by his father's request and was going to meet him in the knights training grounds that afternoon. All this waiting and he was finally going to learn the art of steel.

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Sir Calen stood in the training yard with an aura of authority that only a knight possessed. He towered over Arthur a few feet, which wasn't much of an accomplishment due to Arthur's short stature. Arthur trembled under him smothered in false confidence.

"Pick up your sword," Calen said commanding. Arthur hesitantly lifted the wooden practice sword in his hands.

"Calm down boy it isn't real. Even I have one, see?" Calen gestured to his sheath where a wooden handle could be seen. He drew it, taking an offensive stance.

And so it went. Arthur trying to defend against Calen's maneuvers and failing, being told a new way of defence and repeat. Trial and error and trial and error and so on.

Arthur walked away that day with many bruises but one step forward to greatness.

The Kings (8 / 9)

The day was as normal as it could be.

Same parents telling him to get up and do his studies.

Same oatmeal for breakfast.

Same clothes to be mended.

Same town saying good morning as he made his way to school.

Same Will asking if he'd learned to do any new spells or if he could breathe fire yet. The answer is no, Will.

Same Gwaine trying to copy off his homework from last week. The answer is also no, Gwaine.

Same kids, same school, same everything. The repetitiveness was getting to be dull. So today Merlin decided he wanted to *spice* things up a bit with some good old fashioned mischief.

He asked Will and Gwaine if he'd help pull off the biggest heist of the century:

Mrs. Higgins mince pies.

The plan was simple: Merlin would make some decoy pies out of mud and hay to look enough like one of the famous pies from away.

Will would keep watch as Gwaine distracted Mrs. Higgins with a story of how he had a problem with his chickens and Mr. Higgins wouldn't help him and that he needed to be "straightened out".

Giving enough time for Merlin to switch four of the pies for the decoys and for the three to make off with the stash in tow.

It was full proof.

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How could it have gone so wrong? It was supposed to be simple, yet smart. How the hell did it go so wrong?

It had started beautifully. Merlin made the decoy pies behind a stopped wagon in the back of the Higgins house. Gwaine knocked on the door and had started to (admittedly very poorly) act out his written lines.

Of course what they had not anticipated was that Mr. Higgins would be home. As soon as Gwaine said his name the bulk of a man walked through the back door right into the view of what looked like two children making mud pies in his alley way.

One of them being the crown prince!

Now Mr. Higgins was a kind yet intimidating man, so he questioned the two in a nice enough manner, only for them to start running very guiltily down the center road.

When he saw that the mud pies they were making look very similar to his wife's he put two and two together and gave chase.

Gwaine however had not known that his companions had been found out so when Mrs. Higgins started giving him confused and irritated looks he knew the jig was up and gave in defeated.

So one had been caught by Mrs. Higgins and the other two by Mr. Higgins. In a matter of minutes the plan fell to ruins.

Parents were called and scoldings were given very liberally.

It just so happens that Merlin's magic had been acting up in the past weeks so this disaster coupled with extreme emotions and extreme magic can only end in tragedy.

"What were you thinking?!" Hunith layed into him in the street when the scandal had taken place. "Stealing? Merlin why would you even think of it!"

Every sentence struck specific nerves. Every negative word hit like stones. It was his fault.

Why couldn't he do better? Why couldn't he be better? *Why couldn't he be the heir the kingdom needed?*

His powers coursed around his wrists like a viper. Magic was his venom. This felt wrong. Why did he feel this way? Why was he so angry? He couldn't even hear his mother anymore. He couldn't hear anything anymore except his own heart getting faster, quicker, angrier.

"I'm sorry!" he screamed. This build up exploded in a wave of power that shook the ground around him, bringing a couple of people and objects to the ground.

Finally after the dust settled, he could see again.

He saw his parents shocked.

His friends confused and somewhat worried.

His people scared of their own future leader.

He looked at the faces of the people around him and saw their judging eyes. The eyes.

They scarred a wound so deep Merlin wouldn't be able to stitch it by his own accord.

A wound that would make the future king fear himself. For what is a king without supporting subjects?

Merlin ran. He ran so fast and hard he didn't care what happened. Was he being dramatic? Probably. But those people looked at a child like they would a beast, a monster.

The trees whipped his face and arms as he sprinted into the woods. Not looking back.

He stopped. He looked around and saw no place he was familiar with. He was lost. He was scared. And he cried. He sat on a fallen tree and cried like a child. Because he was a child. One who makes mistakes. One who cries.

"Hello?" Red hot eyes looked to the sound of the voice and found a blurry figure.

"Why are you crying?" The voice came again and this time it was less blurry. The voice came from a young boy.

Blue eyes and blonde hair met his gaze and- "Who are you?" He asked the blonde boy. "I should be asking you that, but I'm Arthur. Who are you? Why are you crying?"

"I'm Merlin, and I'm crying because I'm sad."

"Why are you sad?"

"You like to ask personal questions,"

"Alright then, how old are you?" "I'm eight and a half,"

"I'm nine! I'm older! Hah!" Arthur put his hands on his hips triumphantly.

“Why are you here?”

“My father is taking me hunting! I'm really excited. This is the first time we've hung out together in ages!”

"That doesn't sound fun. Killing animals like that."

“It's for food. Not sport. So none of it is going to waste.”

"I know that, but it seems really cruel."

“It's not really. Do you want to go play?”

“Play what? We can't do much,”

“We can play pretend. I want to be a king! You can be a knight."

“But I want to be a king too! Why do I have to be the knight?” Merlin started to get a little defiant of his new friend.

“We can both be kings then.” Arthur picked up a stick and held it like a sword.

“I don't know how to use a sword. I only know how to use my magic.”

Arthur stopped. He dropped the stick.

“But magic is evil," he started.

“It is not! I'm not evil. Do I look evil?”

"No, but you have magic. Magic is evil and corrupts people."

“I was born with my magic. See?”

Merlin then took his hands and cupped them. Said a small incantation and a blue butterfly flew out.

“Magic isn't evil. Evil people are."

“Maybe it isn't as bad as my father says it is.”

"What does your father know? Does he have magic?"

“No."

“Then he doesn't know anything. Do you still want to play?”

Arthur sat there for a moment trying to contemplate what had happened. But this kid, Merlin, seemed pretty not evil to him.

"Sure," he grabbed the stick again, "You've wronged me for the last time King Merlin prepare for battle!"

Merlin took a stance similar to a fighter he had seen once and started to make small sparks with his hands. "Prepare yourself!" he shouted as he charged toward his new friend.

Once one or the other was "wounded" they would sit down and take some breaths. This back and forth lasted for some time because when they finally got too tired and collapsed into a fit of giggles it was starting to get dark.

"My parents are probably really worried about me. I kind of ran away," Merlin said sitting up and wringing his hands. "The problem is I don't know where I am. I was having so much fun I didn't bother to ask."

"Well we're in Camelot. That's where I live. Where do you live?"

"Prealbin. I've been in Camelot this whole time? I must have ran far."

"Well I know where Prealbin is. I can walk you there if you want. We better hurry though it's getting dark."

"Thank you."

"No problem. Let's go." Arthur stood and reached out a hand to Merlin who took it gently.

The forests got scarier at night, when the sounds were louder and the shadows seemed bigger.

Arthur had tried to put on a brave face and act like he wasn't scared, but he was. He secretly wanted to grab onto Merlin's arm and not have to look at whatever monsters were there.

Merlin however had been in these woods since he was young. He maybe didn't know where he was going half the time but he knew what was there and how to ward against it. After his first encounter with a dragon three years ago nothing had really scared him since.

Soon the path they were taking opened into a huge clearing and in it was a large town.

"This is it. This is Ealdor. I think I see my parents," Merlin said looking to Arthur.

"Can we play again some time? Next week?" "Of course. Meet me here noon next Friday."

"See you then. Goodbye Merlin," Arthur waved back at his companion as he ran up to the gates of the town. The guards seeming very relieved to find this random boy. Why did they seem so happy for this citizen? Maybe Prealbin was a more close knit country. He'd have to ask next time they met.

He couldn't wait for next week.

I wanted to get this out sooner but I went on vacation for a week. Although I am really proud of this chapter and thanks for the continued support!

- Gatetomyheartx

Growing in Destiny's Eye (Pt 1)

Chapter Summary

Things to be learned and conflict to be had. Our young kings learn what it is to be wounded. In one way or another.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Bealucræft (13 years)

Today was Thursday, Merlin knew this. Tomorrow he would get to see Arthur. He liked his friend of what, five years now? It'd been so long since they'd met it's hard to imagine life without him in it.

He watched as his mother's mouth moved but don't bother to listen.

Of course those days to Merlin meant getting away from his duties and just having a moment to breathe. To be a normal teenager for once in his life and not have to worry about being and acting a certain way.

So maybe Arthur didn't know of Merlin's status. Maybe he didn't know what kind of trouble Merlin could get in for being on Camelot soil. Maybe he didn't know what Merlin really thought of him-

"Merlin? Are you even listening to me?"

"Huh?"

"I swear. I don't want to have to repeat myself more than once."

"Yes mom," Merlin nervously looked at his hands.

"Alright. Now King Anian and his daughter are going to be arriving in two days time. You will be kind and courteous. They are guests. This meeting is to further relationships between our kingdoms."

"I thought you didn't care about stupid political matters," he said in genuine confusion.

A bird passed by the window.

"I don't. I think we do well on our own, but it comes with the position. Do not mess this up for your father. He's more pressed about this than either of us," Hunith sat down across the

table from where she had been pacing behind it, taking a deep sigh of relief and slouching in her chair.

Merlin stood and shooed any thought of Arthur he had for now, this was his mother. Family comes first, no matter how distant. I mean if he would be there for his friends, why not his mum?

"Mum, I know this is important," Merlin put one of his hands on his chest, right where his mark would be, "I promise as Crown Prince of Prealbin, I will not do anything worth fret of my parents or state." he placed his hand now on Hunith's, "Everything is going to be fine. You and Father have never had any issues, why worry now?"

Hunith gave him a tired, regretful smile, "Anian has some ideals me and you father don't agree with. We're hoping he is up for renegotiation or else..." she trailed off.

"I understand," he did not. Hunith always told him the truth, even when it comes to hard matters to talk about. But now she seemed so distant. He trusted his parents. They were good people and better leaders, they would do the right thing.

That didn't stop the biting of curiosity and a silent fear from clinging to the pit of his stomach.

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Dinner had gone by uneventfully enough. Normal banter and easy small talk had been as smooth as the beef stew they ate. But it was Merlin who noticed how his parents would look at each other then at him. It was a pity, and a plea. Merlin had to know what was going on.

Later that night he stood outside their door as they debated.

"You can't seriously be thinking about doing this. You grew up with the prophecy as well as I did," his mother said. Prophecy?

"We have a duty, Hunith. People count on the imports Anian's kingdom brings in for clothing and businesses rely on those merchants to come we can't refuse," his father retorted. What were they talking about?

"But to marry Merlin to Princess Freya? I thought you were against arranged marriages. They don't even know each other, Balinor. Besides, our son is a King. He has someone for him and you know it,"

At this point he had heard enough. Merlin scowled at the floor before heading to his rooms. He was so confused and angry he just wanted to go to sleep. To forget about it. What were they talking about? Who was this 'someone' he was supposed to wait for?

He tossed and turned and couldn't sleep. No matter how he tried.

Ellen (14 years) |One day later|

The midsummer air was humid and suffocating. The grasses lethargically swayed to the smallest breeze before being stomped by an armored foot. Heavy breaths filled the yard.

Arthur fell with a grunted thud, no doubt leaving a bruise on the contact area.

A stoic looking figure stood over Arthur and the boy's arms trembled. The sun blocked by the silhouette of his mentor.

“Arthur! You can block better than that I know,” Sir Calen dropped the sword that had been pointed at his chest, “You've made some great progress, better peries I saw today.”

Arthur got up and grabbed his bruised left shoulder. “Could you ever go a bit easier on me?”

"Do you want to learn or not? To learn means to get hurt. But you learn not to get hurt," Calen said giving the prince a wise look as he picked up his sword and went to the armory Arthur in tow.

Sir Calen took the place of a father that was absent in his emotional life. Although Arthur saw Uther as his father and gave him the respect he deserved as his king, he felt detached from the man. Calen was there for him and was one of the only people to see him cry.

The familiar overpowering scent of sweat and musk met him as an equally familiar hand slapped his bruised shoulder.

“Good job, I see you getting better every day,” Calen remarked with a playful tone.

“What happened to the whole 'must not show emotion' shtick?" he said nursing his wound.

"I give credit where credit is due. Now stop bothering me and get Gaius to look at your arm. No buts. I know how you are when you get hurt." Arthur had no place to rebut that logic. So he made his way to the physician's office like he had so many times.

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Gaius was doing his whole medicine thing as he usually was, almost sparing the young teen no mind as he walked in.

“To what do I owe the pleasure of your visit, sire?” He asked not looking up from his books.

"Shoulder. Again," Arthur sat down almost embarrassed to be here so soon after his last visit only a week ago.

Gaius raised himself out of his chair and unprompted started to examine him.

"Well luckily it seems to just be sore and bruised. It should be fine with some rest," he went over to a cabinet of vials and jars, picked up one and handed it to the prince. "This should help with some pain. And when I say go easy I mean no training."

No training?! That's like asking him not to eat! He was on the verge of protest. How could Gaius prevent him from doing the one thing that made him happy! Well except for one other thing. But still!

His shocked expression was met with a judging eyebrow raise and he backed down reluctantly. Quietly leaving his office to sulk in his chambers. Arthur might be a prince, but Gaius was still older.

It seemed every step echoed in the massive halls. The cool of the afternoon permeating the stone.

He felt defeat. He wasn't sure of what, but it was there. This feeling filled him to a point and he didn't even notice when the sound of other footsteps met his own.

"Something troubling you Arthur? Never seen you this.... angsty before," Morgana remarked as Arthur half jumped out of his skin.

"Gaius said I have to lay off my shoulder. Which mean no practice. Or training. Or fighting. Or..." he sighed deeply.

"It's not going to be the end of the world Arthur. You can deal. Say, are you going to go on your weekly hunting trip this week?"

"Hunting trip?"

"You usually go every Friday, and it is Friday."

Friday. That means I see Merlin today.

Suddenly Arthur's day got a lot better.

He began to walk faster with urgency. Morgana tried to keep up but her shoes prevented her from doing so.

"Arthur, what the hell? It's three in the afternoon, where are you going?"

"Hunting trip!" he answered quickly, leaving Morgana standing in the hall.

Another two parter! Yay! It's taken longer than I care to admit with school starting so updates will probably become more infrequent but I love this story with my heart and want to see it through. Thanks and as always, keep reading!

~ Gatetomyheartx

Growing in Destiny's Eye (pt. 2)

Chapter Notes

All words in italicized brackets are wrds in the anchient language

Ex: "[Words here!]"

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Baelucræft (13 years)

Merlin was worried to say the absolute least. His father is thinking of marrying him off to a foreign princess. He's apparently a part of some sort of prophecy he'd never heard of, and his parents keep all this and probably more things hidden from their own son!

Was he going to do anything about it? No, of course not. But he pushed all that anxiety aside because it was finally the time of the week where he and Arthur met and he could be normal.

Arthur had told him of his life as a servant. How his family was so poor they made their young children work to repay their debts. He felt bad. He continued to tell him how his mother was kind and gentle and very sick. How his father was a knight to the Camelot throne. He seemed so proud.

Merlin couldn't bring himself to tell Arthur about his true heritage so he made something up. His mother always told him never to lie, but he believed to keep both of them safe it needed to be done.

It was that same day Merlin told him how his father was dead. His mother being the one to raise him. How nobody paid attention to the bastard he was.

Was it wrong? Yes.

Was it necessary? Yes.

He approached the log that had started it all. Where he cried in the presence of a stranger. Where he made a friend. Although he wished it were something else.

In that spot sat a boy. A boy with the bluest of eyes and the thickest of skulls. Oh how he adored him.

The Kings (13-14)

“Merlin!” Arthur yelled to his friend, hugging him.

When Merlin gave a weak smile back it was obvious something was on his mind.

“So what happened.”

“What?”

“You have that face.”

“What face.”

“Don't play dumb Merlin, something's going on.” It worried him to see his usually bubbly yet sarcastic friend so.....run down.

“It's really nothing. My family is just, you know.”

“I do.”

Family can be hard to deal with. Both of them knew this. Whether it be they're a little to much or they're not there at all no family is perfect. No matter how much they wanted it to be.

“You know you can tell me anything, right?” Could Merlin?, could he really?

“I know.” He lied, and lied and lied some more. Arthur was supposed to be his friend but all he did was lie to one of the important people in his life.

“I do have something that might help.”

Arthur reached into the satchel he brought and took out a book.

“A spell book? I don't even have this one! Where did you get it? I thought magic was outlawed in Camelot.” Merlin started asking questions a mile a minute. Crickets began to chirp.

“Well I found it in my ph-friends house. He said it only caused him trouble and to keep it.”

Merlin touched the intricate leather cover and spine like it was a living thing. He owned so many books but this one seemed special.

“Thank you. Really.” Merlin felt himself grow hot in the face as he hugged his friend for a second time.

“What's on the agenda for today? I was thinking of seeing you practice those spells?” Arthur leaned back on his palms and looked up at Merlin.

“I mean I can try.” He had only been taught healing spells and minor defence spells so this would be a learning curve.

Merlin stood and flipped open the book as he brought his arm out into an open palm. The breeze flicked one of his dark curls. Total concentration was on the word in from of him.

"[Sun's Beam.]"

His iris' turned a bright gold as he activated the spell. The familiar warmth of his magic surged outward as particles of light burst from his hand in a cannon shot that flew faster than any creature they had seen. It flew forward until it hit a tree, leaving a chasm in the trunk that threatened to make it topple.

"I've never seen anything like that, that was amazing!" Arthur jumped from his place on the ground and looked from Merlin to the tree and back again in astonishment.

What Arthur couldn't see was the fear hidden in Merlin's eyes. What exactly was he capable of?

Chapter End Notes

So sorry for the wait. I said that uploads would be sparce because if school but I didn't mean for it to be this long. Writer's block is also a kick in the ass. Anyway hope you still enjoy!

Keep reading!

~Gatetomyheartx

Growing in Destiny's Eye (pt. 3)

Chapter Summary

New revelations and a new power explored.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The Kings (13-14 years)

Merlin had been staring at his palms in disbelief for about 10 minutes. Had he done that? He walked with Arthur, only paying attention to his own thoughts and it was starting to worry his companion.

"Hey clotpole." Arthur nudged his elbow into Merlin's side. "Something still bothering you?"

"Yes, actually." Deep breath. "My parents plan to marry me to a pr-girl who comes from a rich family. They're friends with her family and thought this would boost some kind of 'alliance'."

Arthur was shocked to say the absolute least.

"Oh? And I thought my parents were crazy." (Parents. Huh.)

"Do you know if you even like her?"

"No. Haven't even met her yet."

"That seems a little.....extreme."

Merlin laughed. Extreme was an understatement. He viewed this a cruel punishment for something he hadn't done.

Arthur wouldn't call himself a jealous person (although others would) but the thought of Merlin being married to someone else ...well...it made him feel something like jealousy. It almost made him angry. Not at anyone in particular, just in general. He hid it well.

"I'll fight them if you want me to."

Alright... maybe not so well.

"What? My parents? You're not fighting my parents." As though Merlin couldn't look more like a kitten than he already did, he managed it.

"I just don't think it's right to have you marry like that. You should marry someone you love, right?" Arthur made such a look to Merlin it almost insinuated that he should be an alternate choice. Did he want that?

"That's just politics I guess."

"It's ridiculous is what it is."

"Don't get your panties in a twist over me, Arthur. I'll deal in the best way I can." He put an encouraging hand on Arthur's shoulder and left it there probably a little too long.

The shape of Ealdor came into sight amidst the rolling grass and dense forest.

"Thank you, Arthur, I mean it. See you next week!" Merlin called out as he jogged back to his home city. Arthur could have sworn he saw a flash of gold in his blue eyes.

The Witch (16 years old)

Morgana sat at her bedside with her head in her hands. Her dreams were becoming more vivid and it was worrying. Nothing worked. Every medicine Gaius gave her never seemed to take effect. She grunted at an oncoming headache and laid back down on her soft covers. Drifting away, she felt another vision come to her.

There's a boy. He rests in a city. A city of magic and love. A place you will be loved. Find this place. Find this boy. Find this King, and you will be free.

A flip of a coin can change it all. A coin that shines brightly to all.

Morgana woke the next morning with a new purpose. If her dreams were magic, and she possessed magic. She had to leave Camelot as quick as possible.

Chapter End Notes

I won't keep apologizing for the late uploads, but I want to sincerely thank everyone who has continued to support this fic even in my absence. It means a lot. I want to be back with new energy and larger chapter sizes the next few chapters as we cover Merlin's engagement and who that ultimately turns out. As always alert me of any problems and keep reading!
Gatetomyheartx~

HUGE STORY ANNOUNCEMENT

Hey everyone. Gate here. So i feel i need to give a justification as to why there hasn't been an update and where I want to take to story from here out.

I'm not going to try and give excuses why i haven't written but to sum up it's a bunch of school, extracurriculars, and personal stuff i wont get into.

As to where I want to take the story I really don't know. I still like this plot and where i can take things but the Merlin fandom is one i haven't been in for a while and frankly don't care for anymore. I love writing but the canon constraints and characterizations was difficult to navigate and it was hard to write without feeling like I was doing everything wrong. Also writing myself into plothes was inevitable from how it was going currently.

So I've come to the decision I'm going to do a similar story with original characters where I can write for fun and I don't feel suffocated to make everything make sense with the source material.

I really love every comment and all the support I've gotten over the course of this story and I enjoy the fact that all of you have taken excitement from my little side project. You can check my profile for when I upload that new story if you're interested. As always thank you so much and keep reading!

-Gatetomyheartx

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!