# Chapter 6: An Unexpected Weapon

“So let me get this straight,” Emerys said. “You two finally confessed your feelings, broke Evariste’s seal, and then somehow managed to *accidentally* **combine** your magics?”

“That’s the gist of it,” Evariste responded.

Angel rubbed her temples. “It should be impossible.”

They sat in one of the palace’s many receiving rooms, where Emerys had ushered them once they’d stopped laughing. The situation had finally started to sink in and no longer felt *quite* so surreal to Angel. Now she just felt exhausted.

*Can’t I ever catch a break? I finally got Evariste back, and we finally broke his seal. And I even managed to accept my own feelings. But now* this *happens? Why is it always* me *who has to deal with these crazy situations?*

As if sensing her tension, Evariste, sitting beside her, offered his hand. She took it gratefully, a feeling of warmth spreading through her. *That’s right, I’m not alone anymore. We’re in this together.*

“And yet, it’s happening,” Emerys stated.

Angel scowled at him. “Clearly. That doesn’t mean it shouldn’t be impossible.”

Emerys held up his hands. “I’m not trying to bait you. I realize this developement is unprecedented. I just meant, since it is happening, we should try to figure out what it means.”

Angel sighed. “Yes, of course. But right now I’m too exhausted to even think straight. This is all too much.”

Evariste squeezed her hand. “I’m rather exhausted myself. We should both get some rest. Tomorrow, I think we should contact Clovicus.”

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The following day, Evariste and Angel sat in her room, looking at the image of Clovicus on Angel’s mirror.

“Clovicus,” Evariste said, “we need your help.”

“What mess have you two gotten yourselves into this time?”

They explained the situation and Clovicus’s jaw dropped. Then he barked out a laugh.

“*Of course* you two would be the ones to *accidentally* do something with your magic that should be impossible.”

Angel snorted. “Trust us to stumble into the impossible.”

“Have you really never heard of anything like this, Clovicus?” Evariste asked.

He shook his head. “The only remotely similar thing I know of is the Elven marriage bond.”

Angel frowned. “But we’re neither elves, nor married.”

Emerys, who had insisted on being present for the conversation, cut in. “Actually, Clovicus is right about the similarity. Clearly the circumstances are different, but the way your magics appear to have combined…it’s almost exactly like the marriage bond.”

Angel glared at him. “This isn’t the time for jokes.”

“I’m being entirely serious. It didn’t occur to me last night, since, like you said, neither of you are elves or married. But now that Clovicus brought it up, the similarity is uncanny.”

“But how is that even possible?”

He shrugged. “No idea. I’m just making an observation.”

“Regardless of how it happened, we need to understand it,” Evariste said. “Clovicus, any insights?”

Clovicus sighed. “I’m as baffled as you. Maybe I should see this in person.”

Evariste nodded. “I’ll make a portal.”

He instinctively pulled on his magic, but instead of the portal he intended, a decorative sword came flying off the wall and hovered in front of him. He stared at it, then at Angel, seeing his shock reflected in her eyes.

“Did…did you just use my magic?”

Clovicus laughed. “Well, this will be a surprise for the chosen.”

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Angel glanced between the hovering sword and Evariste, realization hitting her. She was still utterly bewildered by this strange situation, but that didn’t matter right now. She tried pulling on her magic, paying careful attention to the strands. She felt both her own familiar strands of magic, as well as Evariste’s, and yet they felt like two parts of a whole. She could feel the connection to the sword still hovering in front of Evariste, as well as the connection to her own wellspring of magic, and, impossibly, to his wellspring too.

Hand trembling, she touched the hovering sword. “This...this is both of us. Our magics are truly bound together.”

She met Evariste’s eyes. “They won’t see this coming.”