# Chapter 8: The Power of Love?

“That was amazing! This will give us a *huge* advantage.” Angel grinned and Evariste smiled back at her.

The two of them again stood in the palace courtyard with Emerys. They’d been working tirelessly for the past several weeks to perfect the use of their combined magic and Emerys had even been a surprisingly good coach. They’d just managed to create a portal lined with strands of Angel’s magic that should prevent any dark mage from entering without being destroyed.

Angel was thrilled. They had *finally* made some real progress in their training and she was eager to contact Severin about this newest development, as it would surely be of great strategic value.

Emerys, however, looked thoughtful.

“This will definitely be very useful. But I wonder if your magic couldn’t do even more if you gave it a boost of some kind.”

Angel furrowed her brow. “A boost? What do you mean? We’re *already* the two most powerful enchanters alive, *and* we’re somehow *sharing our magic*.”

“Well, your magic *has* always had this *purity* to it -- it can literally destroy dark magic. And, while you weren’t able to destroy the mirror before, you did get Evariste out by harnessing your love for him.” Emerys smirked, his eyes dancing with humor when she blushed. “So, I wonder if, perhaps the magical connection you two have, combined with your love, would be enough to actually *destroy* that accursed thing.”

*Is he* serious *right now? Is he really suggesting that* the power of love *is how we defeat the mirror?* The idea was absurd. And yet, with her luck, he’d somehow end up being right. *First love curses, then merged magic, now* this*? Why is my life so full of absurdity?*

“Emerys, stop being ridiculous! We don’t have time for pranks right now.”

“Oh really?! That’s convenient, considering the mess you made in my room a few weeks ago. You had time for pranks *then* apparently.”

Before Angel could retort, Evariste cut in. “Actually, Emerys might be onto something here.”

Angel narrowed her eyes at him. “Are you being serious right now?”

“Angel, stop and think about it for a second.” He lowered his voice to a whisper. “This magical connection is clearly related to our emotional connection, and we already know love is a powerful force against dark magic.”

“So, you’re suggesting we use ‘the power of love’ to destroy the mirror? It’s not another curse I can just modify. Love might be powerful, but it’s not a cure-all for every problem.”

Evariste shrugged. “Isn’t it at least worth a try? What have we got to lose?”

Angel glanced between Evariste and Emerys, frowning. “You two are both ridiculous. You do realize that, right?”

They laughed.

She sighed. Loath as she was to admit it, Evariste was right. Destroying the mirror was too important to just refuse to even attempt a possible method of doing so. It *was* worth a try, even if the idea made her want to cringe.

“I can’t believe I’m saying this, but I suppose you’re right and it doesn’t hurt to at least try and see what happens. *But*,” she pointed at Emerys, glaring, “if this turns out to be a waste of time, I’m blaming *you*.”

He chuckled. “Fair enough.”

Suddenly, a guard came running up to Emerys. “Your majesty! A Chosen mage has appeared at the border and he has a human child hostage in an enchantment of extraordinary power -- none of our spells could break it. He’s demanding to speak with Lady Enchantress Angelique immediately or he says he’ll kill the hostage.”