Emotional Landslide

by HolyMad, Loginisalreadytaken

Summary

Soulmates all share a bond. Sharing emotions to one another so they would be aware of each other. Everyone felt the bond, everyone could tell you what their soulmate was feeling.

Raphael couldn't.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Meet Up

Soulmates were such a beautiful thing. That's what they all say. When you were born in this world, you had a mate. Someone who is made for you, who'll love you with all his soul and you'll love him just as much.

That's what they all say.

When you grow up, you feel these emotions, fear, happiness but they are not yours. When your soulmate experiences a strong feeling, the bond between you two makes you feel what he is feeling. And it goes both ways, if you're being emotional he'll also feel it. The bond makes it easier to understand each other, and one could use to bond to soothe the other.

Nothing is more special and precious than the connection you have with your soulmate. That was what they all said.

Raphael Santiago hated these stories.

Each time he heard stories about soulmates, he felt his gut twisting, a throbbing pain in his chest and it wasn't because of that 'oh so special' bond.

It was because he was broken.

He never, ever, felt any of those ghost-like feelings others would feel. When he was five, everyone told him it was because he probably wasn't born or too young. He would sigh but not loose hope. His mother would hug him and sing softly to him, to make him forget the hole in his chest. Soon the bond will be created and they would know that they're there for one another. Wherever they are.

At ten years old, he thought his soulmate was dead and he cried. He cried all night, saying it wasn't fair! It wasn't fair that he couldn't have the feeling of a special someone to love. His mother tried to comfort him, confused that her son didn't feel anything when the twins, the little brothers that were six at that time, were experiencing it. Guadalupe Santiago took him to the doctor of their town. Asking him if he ever had witness such a thing. Normally, if your soulmate died when you were young and you haven't met him and strengthened the bond, you'll find another soulmate waiting for you. It was painful but a new bond was created. There have never been such a case like her son. The doctor then came to a conclusion that ended any hope in Raphael's heart.

He never had a soulmate and never will. He was an exception, a rare element, that couldn't create a bond with another being. It was the only explanation to it.

That night, he didn't cry. He just whispered a « It's not fair... » in his mother's arms who was crying for him.

When he was fifteen, hearing all the others talking about their bond, what it felt like, made him sick. Some of them had even meet their soulmates and never seemed happier. Well sure, they bickered and had their bad moments like everyone but the care in one's eye when he felt his partner sad was sickening to Raphael.
He meet Magnus at sixteen. Magnus was the exact opposite of him. Always laughing and talking to people, covered in colors and sparkly rings. It was a surprise when they became friends, the grumpy and the glittery. By being friends with Magnus, Raphael got to make a few more friends but he always mainly stayed with Magnus.

His friend also had a problem with his soulmate connection. He felt the bond stronger than most people did. It was also extremely rare and it wasn't something nice. He would gasp in the middle of the class, tearing up, hand clenching on his chest. Raphael would run up to him and took him somewhere quieter, so he could deal with it without turning into a show for the others staring at them.

It was one day, when he was hanging at Magnus's that he realized how much it burdened him.

« They hate me... »

Raphael splashed some water on his face before turning towards his friend. Magnus was sitting on the sink, smoking a cigarette, a habit he shared with Raphael but unlike the latino he wasn't scared that his mama found him. They did that a lot: going to one's house, chatting about the latest gossip, smoking and or sometimes, when Raphael was in a good mood, Magnus would put some special make-up of his on Raphael. Raphael frowned at him and took the cigarette from his hand. He felt like he was going to need this as well.

« Why do you think so? You haven't meet them yet. » he took a drag, leaning next to him.

« I just do. Each time it's me who's having a 'strong emotion' I can feel my soulmate freaking out. Sometime they try to mute the bond. If they could break it I bet they would. »

His voice broke at the end. Raphael stepped in front of his friend and pulled him in his arms. He felt his friend sniffed in his shirt and he resisted the snarky comment that was rising in his throat. Now was not the time for thinking about his shirt.

« They don't know you yet. When they'll see how much of a wonderful, caring... glittery, », Magnus chuckles at that, « person you are they'll see how lucky they are. Until then, I'm sorry you have to deal with this. »

The muffled 'thanks' in his shoulder made him smile and he squeezed his friend tighter.

« Sometimes... It's just hard you know ? Each time they try to mute it... It makes me feel so alone.

« I know. » the latino sighed. « I know. »

That night, as he was falling into slumber he cursed Magnus's soulmate. They didn't deserve such a man like his friend. Magnus had been there and offered support to Raphael the second they had meet. He was caring and didn't consider him broken like most of people aware of his 'soulmate-less' situation. Someone as nice as him shouldn't go through this. That thought made him realize another.

He didn't have a soulmate... Maybe it was because he didn't deserve one?
He was twenty-two when Rosa, his sweet little sister, said at a family dinner that she had met her soulmate. The twins clapped at her, started singing and teasing her while she blushed furiously and asked them to stop. Guadalupe smiled and congratulated her but, under the table it was Raphael's hand that she was squeezing.

He got used to this feeling. The emptiness he had. He wasn't alone, he had his friend and family by his side. As long as there were happy, so was he. He didn't need a soulmate.

_That was he said._

« You're free tonight ? »

« Sure! I'm going to this pub with Maïa and Cat! Maïa's friend will also be there, so more fun! »

« Yeah... People and social interaction. My favorite. » he snorted.

He was outside, sitting on the porch of his house. He would have killed for a smoke but he knew his mother would come to check on him and he didn't need her rebrobing look. Not right now.

« You okay my grumpy cat ? » Raphael groaned at the nickname. « I thought you were at a family dinner. »

« Rosa has found her soulmate. »

« Oh Raphael... »

« I don't want to talk about it. »

« Of course, I'll pick you up. »

He didn't need a soulmate. He wasn't alone. _He didn't need one._

« What's with the name? » Raphael asked as he looked at the poster behind Maïa. She was the bartender of the Hunter's Wolf and a good friend to tease Magnus with. (Ragnor was N°1 but she was close to it as well.)

« Rock Solid Panda? It think it's cute. Like, it's a cute panda who's trying to be cool? I think I'll like it. » Mangus smiled and downed his drink. « You sure you don't want to drink? »

« I'm driving tonight Mags. You always exaggerate with the alcohol. »

« No I do not ! » he turned towards Maïa who just smriked. « I do not. Be my witness. »

« You do. But we love yany wayway you know that. »

Magnus pouted and lifted his head high, sulking.
You don't deserve to be my friends.

Raphael rolled his eyes before asking for a drink. The band supposed to play tonight were friends of Maïa's. He never really hang with them; he prefered to follow Magnus and Ragnor's shitty ideas. He would be the first in line to see how catastrophic they could turn a simple situation and never felt guilty when he pretended not to know them.

He turned around to watch the stage. A few teenagers, probably freshly out of high school were settling and according their instruments. He hoped they were good, he needed something to lift up his mood, not to worsen it.

Just at that moment someone bumped into him, making him spill his drink all over his jacket. Okay, so when I said that I didn't mean this. He cursed and turned towards the guy who had paled when he realized what he had done.

The boy was cute, glasses falling off his nose and he did seem very sorry about the incident. That didn't stop Raphael from glaring with all his glare power (like Catarina liked to call it) at him.

« Dude, I am so sorry! I'm looking for my friend to deal with the lights and he still isn't there so I rushed and I didn't see you. I'll buy a new drink if you want! I don't know if I can pay back for the jacket though... It looks too expensive and I still need to pay my rent, I mean, I'm just a student-

« Just... » he lifted a hand to stop the guy and sighed. God, that boy was a ball of anxiety. He felt that if he snapped at him he would start to cry. « Just go catch your friend. You can't ruin my day any more than that. »

« Don't challenge me. I could... » he mumbled. « It wouldn't be intentional but- I-I'm just gonna go!

He ran off in the crowd and Raphael just ignored Maïa's pat on the shoulder. He was going to have a bit of alcohol after all.
Chapter 2

Simon didn't know who was his soulmate. But he knew they weren't an easy person...

The first time he realized he had a soulmate, he was three and he suddenly felt like if someone important was sad. He had run up to his sister, mother, even his neighbours, worried, until his mother explained it to him. She picked him up and held him tight as she told him about soulmates and the bond they shared. When he understood that every emotion he'll experience would impose itself on his soulmate he felt guilty about it. After all, Simon was an emotional person! He went from excited, to shy, to getting excited again to being scared about a stupid horror story his sister told him last night.

When he was six, he felt pain. A strong, piercing pain that sent him into a panic attack. His mother was horrified when she saw her child grasping his chest, struggling to breath. Her husband had died because of a heart failure so she panicked and brought him to the nearest hospital. The doctors were worried because such a deep pain could mean that his soulmate was dying. But then Simon was bursting into tears and whimpering that his soulmate was sad. Elaine tried to hide her relief at that, she didn't want her son to experience the loss of a soulmate. They came to the conclusion that his soulmate was probably mourning which would explain the pain then the sadness.

In a way they were pretty close.

Since then he hadn't felt such a strong shock. He had the usual wave of sadness or happiness. As long as he hadn't met them yet, he couldn't really get more detailed emotions but it was enough for now.

Simon tried to work on the bond. Each time he felt that pang of loneliness, he tried to send back at them some of his happiness, tried to reach out to make them know that he was there. Somewhere at least and that he wanted to help. But he never felt his soulmate reaching back for him. Never. Of course, after the painful experience when he was a kid, he guessed they had other problems than wonder about their anonymous soulmate but it was as if Simon didn't even exist.

Like no matter how hard he tried, his soulmate didn't even care. Yet he still hung on. His friend Clary, with whom he had been friends since childhood, thought he was being – she didn't say it but the thought was there – stupid. She was a fiery person and, if anyone dared to ignore her, god help them. (Simon had seen her angry and he was really glad it hadn't been at him.) Why keep trying to reach for someone who didn't even spare a single thought for you? To that he just shrugged helplessly. It was his soulmate! When they were bonded, it was for a reason and he wasn't going to give up on them! Time passed, he grew up with these foreign emotions and he learnt to deal with it, to take them, send waves of calm back at them without expecting anything in return. Maybe one day his soulmate will answer him?

Maybe....
« Is Jordan here yet? He said he would be there yet! »

« Simon, calm the hell down. » Maureen sighed. « We won't start right away anyway.

« Yes. I know. But why isn't Jordan here yet? »

Simon stopped his rant before he went too far. He took a deep breath and rubbed his face. It was always like this before the Rock Solid Panda started to play. He would panic and would be unbelievably annoying until he was singing. God bless his friends, who tried each time to calm him down and tell him that all will be fine (He should be more confident about it! They were all pretty good on stage,) because he was a real pain in the ass!

Maureen sent a tired look to Maïa who was climbing on stage to see how everything was going. She noticed Simon's panicked expression, his even more than usual messed hair, and just smiled fondly. He would never change.

« Simon, you need to go get some fresh air. I'll ask Bat to deal with the light. »

« You're an angel. Thanks! » he gave her a quick hug. « Okay. Now... some air! » The singer got off stage, running for the door.

God, he was so stressed. He usually had better control of his anxiety (That statement wasn't accurate...) but tonight nothing was going as planned! Jordan had just let them down, they still had to program the lights, Maureen wasn't helping! He needed moral support dammit!

There were quite a lot of people tonight, which didn't help with Simon's anxiety. He tried to slip behind a little group of friends discretely but one of them backed away and bumped into them. His balance being, well, not that great, he only managed to caught himself onto the nearest person.

With horror, as he straightened himself, he met dark eyes that were probably already piercing holes into his soul.

Oh shit! I messed up this guy's drink! And shirt! Noooo... This really isn't my day. Jordan, this is your fault, you late traitor.

« Dude, I am so sorry! I'm looking for my friend to deal with the lights and he still isn't there so I rushed and I didn't see you. I'll buy a new drink if you want! I don't know if I can pay back for the jacket thought... It looks too expensive and I still need to pay my rent! I mean, I'm just a student... »

« Just... » the man was probably just a few years older than him. Damn, just with one word he made him stop rambling. That how much aura that stranger had. « Just go catch your friend. You can't ruin my day any more than that. »

Simon took a moment to look at him fully. Damn the man was handsome. All leather jacket and broody aura! Of course I had to make a fool out of myself in front of an attractive man. Why can't I be also smooth and sexy?

« Don't challenge me. I could... » he sighed. « It wouldn't be intentional but- I-I'm just gonna go! » he babbled quickly when the stranger stared at him, unimpressed.

He turned away, nearly hitting someone else and managed to get outside, the cool air didn't help to lessen the red of his cheeks.

Finally, after refreshing his nervous energy, Jordan arrived and with Bat they managed the lights (Thank god!). They had been able to start without any more problems and it went smoothly. As
expected, all Simon's stress had left his body and he started to enjoy himself. At the last song, that was one of his own, he put all his energy into it. It had been a while that they performed in front of people and with his studies he didn't know when they be able to do it again. If he had a choice he would sing every night but his mother insisted he did account studies. Just to be on the safe side, she said.

As he sung and smiled at the crowd, a warm feeling spread in his chest, like a humming responding to his voice. He ended the music, with a large smile. It didn't matter if he didn't get to sing as much as he wanted. As long as he never stops singing and playing he could deal with it.

The band was so thrilled about the cheers they had, Simon had completely forgotten the bad moments of the night. Like the fact that he spilled a drink on a scary handsome latino.

Until Maïa thought it would be funny to introduce them. Why must he fuck up with someone and then it turns out that they're some friend's friends?!

« This is your fault Jordan. »

His tall friend frowned and turned towards him.

« What did I do now? »

« You know what you did. Don't act innocent you Sith. »

« Boys! » Their favorite bartender said to caught their attention. « Here is Magnus and Raphael! My best and worst clients. The best being Mags and the worst Raphael. » she smirked.

« Excuse me? » Raphael frowned. « I never caused you any problem. »

« Yeah, but you never leave any good tip. »

« It's ok my grumpy cat, » Magnus passed an arm around his friend's shoulders, a glass in hand. « There can be only one. »

Simon chuckled at the nickname. The look he received after that made him stop. Damn he was probably getting VIP position on his black list at each passing second. He decided to look at the colorful man named Magnus. He had heard the name before, he was certain. Isabelle, a good friend of his, had told him about a certain Magnus she had meet in design classes. He wanted to ask and confirm his doubts but he felt slightly shy in front of this flamboyant guy. Raphael pushed off the hand on his shoulders and straightened his jacket.

« Don't call me grumpy. »

Maïa snickered and then pointed at the members of the band.

« Raph, Mags, here are Jordan, Bat, Maureen and nerd. »

« Fuck you, Maïa. » the young singer, stepped forward and gently punched her in the shoulder. « Why do you always to that! You're as nerdy as me! »

« No, not as much as you! » she smirked as she punched back.

Magnus seemed amused by the whole scene whereas Raphael just rolled his eyes. It was late and he obviously wanted to go home. He was playing with the keys in his hands, looking at his phone to
check the time.

« Well, Mister Nerd, is there any other name you go by ? » the glittery man asked playfully.

« Lewis. Simon Lewis. » Simon smiled, bowing slightly earning a chuckle from his friends. « Rock Solid Panda's original panda. »

« Comparing yourself as a panda isn't the best way to give you »

« Hey ! » He pointed at Raphael, forgetting for a second he was scared of him. « Pandas are cute ! »

« That's litteraly their own quality. All the rest are flaws. »

« You don't like pandas ? » he asked astonished.

For a moment there was a silence before Magnus patted the nerd's shoulder.

« He won't admit it but he melts before them. »

« I don't. Shut it, glitter-face. »

After that, they all started to leave for the parking. Jordan had his part time job the next day, and Magnus also had something in the morning so they starting to leave. Simon was locking everything, walking behind them with a little smile. He wasn't against going home and getting some sleep as well. (After all, he did have classes in the late morning, and it was fairly possible that he'll sleep through them knowing him.)

A familiar twinge made him shift on his feet. *Envy, huh. Someone is jealous of something.* Simon rubbed his chest, frowning a bit. Now was not the time for his soulmate's mood swing!

« You're alright ? »

The nerd's head snapped towards the grum-Raphael! The man had his head slightly tilted and was studying him. The attention made him blush slightly. He was usually more discrete when his bond was active.

« I-I'm fine. Just, you know, » he waved at his chest. « The usual. Emotional bond. »

« Oh... » he rolled his eyes, « That thing. »

Simon frowned at the bitterness in his voice.

« Thing is not the way I would describe it. »

« Of course not! » he mocked « You would describe it as wonderful, fullfilling feeling! Even though you will also feel his pain and won't be able to do anything to help him. »

*Ooooh... Raphael must also have a uncomfortable bond as well!* Simon smiled in sympathy.

« Tell me about it. My soulmate is a broody and self-centered person who just throws all their pain in my face but never responds to mine. »
Raphael looked at him, surprise clear on his face. Simon continued:

« I mean... The bond is to find your soulmate, to help him but if the other doesn't do anything what can you do about it? Honestly, I've come to the conclusion that my soulmate doen't want me at all. »

« Really? That's... sucks. What are you going to do about it? » Raphael asked softly, his whole posture turning more friendly towards the young man.

« Keep trying? I can't just let go of my bond with them. Even if they hate me, I-I can't bring myself to act the same way. I care too much! You must think I'm stupid. Holding onto something that hurts me more than anything. »

« No. No, you're not stupid. You're caring. Maybe too much. » he admitted. « But at least you do. ... You should talk to Magnus about it. He... he's a good listener. »

Simon nodded. Everyone was chatting off happily in the car park. Magnus was chatting happily with the band, leaning against his car. He waved at Raphael when they joined them, it was time to go and he wasn't the driver. Raphael turned towards Simon and gave him a genuine smile.

« So, nerd, guess I'll see you around ?»

Simon smiled and made finger guns at him, earning a chuckle from the broody man.

« You betcha! »

Chapter End Notes

The meeting went relatively well! We will have more soulmate drama in the next chapter and some Malec! :3
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

« So, pumpkin... »

« When you call me that I always get nervous. What do you want? And what are you doing in my flat? »

Magnus gave him an innocent smile and let himself fall on the sofa of Raphael's apartment. He was all dressed up to go out: wearing different shades of purple and deep blue. At least he had taken off his shoes before coming in, Raphael thought. The latino was still in his pyjamas, wobbling his way to his kitchen. He was going to need more than one coffee if Magnus was already up and about.

After all these years, he was used to his friend invading his personal space. The first time they had met, Magnus had quite imposed himself to him. At that time the eldest of the Santiago family was known for being 'soulmate-less' in the whole school. You just needed to see how the teachers would look at him, in pity, when the 'mate's bond' was brought up. Many other kids saw him as a freak or anomaly for being that way.

The latino would never say it out loud but he never regretted that day where Magnus's jumped in the middle of his way, pointing at him screaming 'Fashion police! You look absolutely fabulous but you need some glitter!'. Sure, it wasn't a great start for Raphael who just frowned at the boy in front of him but Magnus had gave him a sincere smile and held out a hand to him. Not scared or bothered by what he was or what he didn't have. He was happy to have him as a friend.

That didn't mean he was pleased to see him barging in his flat.

After graduation, he had been roomates with Ragnor and Magnus but with the bathroom always covered in glitter, Ragnor always eating their food (and he never cooked, he just took your food or order takeout for himself) Raphael had took another room to save his sanity. His towel still had glitter. (Magnus was really proud that he managed to corrupt his towel) His apartment, the first week he had settled in it, had become the place where all his friends wanted to crash. Catarina was the only person to actually ask before passing by. All the others, like dear Magnus, would just find a way to sneak in. Which was quite... worrisome.

« Your janitor let me in. He's such a nice guy! » Magnus smiled wickedly, obviously pleased with the jaded expression of his friend.

« Talks to much though. » he sighed. « Well, now that you're here do you want some coffee? »

« Nope! Not here! We're going to get coffee with Simon and the Lightwoods! You know, Isabelle, the girl of my design course. She's such a great person! »

« .... She uses the same brand of make-up like you? »

« That's how we started talking yes. But she is much more, dear! »

« I know you too well. Why must I come with you by the way? Cat couldn't be your baby-sitter? »

« She had a late night shift at the hospital so... I'm letting her rest. But you! You're not working today are you? »
Raphael lifted an eyebrow. He always told his friends when he was free and when he had his holidays but it seemed like they never listened. One day they'll barge into his home, while he's working, and set the whole place on fire because he wouldn't be there to welcome them. Yes, he was exaggerating but have you seen a bored Ragnor? Combined to a bored Magnus??

« My shift at the museum hasn't started yet. It will be next week. »

« Will you steal me a painting for me?

« Dios, Magnus! If I would steal one I would keep it for myself! »

His friend barked out a laugh at that. « Come on! Let's get you dressed! »

Raphael rolled his eyes and let his friend skipped into his room. The mexican has got a good taste in clothing but Magnus always insisted to help him anyway.

« So I'm in purple and blue... You should be in red. Red suits you. You don't have make-up here do you ?

« Nope, you've always used yours on me.»

Magnus hummed and pulled out some skinny jeans. While he was roaming through his closet, Raphael leaned against his window and lighted up a cigarette. Magnus had been more and more jolly lately and that made him happy as well. He suspected it was about his soulmate but he didn't want to ask. Magnus still had these moments when the bond seemed to be mute or when negative feelings would hit him. His soulmate wasn't a bad person deep inside: when Mags would be too depressed his mate would try to give him some soothing waves back. Which was very confusing. On a certain day they will be open to Magnus's mood swing and the next day they will try to ignore him. Raphael didn't think it was fair in any case for Magnus but at least he wasn't as evil as they first thought. He wanted to talk about Simon to his friend, he could give moral support the young musician with his bond problems. He knew better than anyone how it felt when one's mate ignores and tries to mute the other.

« Where's your black jacket? You know, the black with the red... » he made vague lines with his fingers, clearly describing the motifs on his jacket.

« On my bedroom door. Just there. » he showed it with his head. « Where are we going to? »

« Java Jones. Now dress up, we're already late! »

Simon jumped off the subway and jogged up the stairs, checking his watch once more and cursing himself. He wasn't great at arriving on time when he had to meet up with people. Just before leaving his student room he had the sudden urge of tidying up a bit. Then after that, he realized he hadn't sent an email to his sister in a while and she would be pissed if he delayed it any further. Finally, when he was out on the street, he realized he had forgotten his phone and had to rush back up the stairs (he was on the fourth floor and they didn't have any lifts !) to get it.

So yeah. He was a little bit late.
He stopped running when he arrived in front of the coffee shop. Desperately trying to catch his breath he didn't notice to two silhouette that were also coming towards the entrance.

« Well, well, well! Isn't that Salmon! »

« It's Simon. » a deep voice corrected.

Simon jumped and turned to see Magnus and Raphael in all their glory. Walking side by side, they looked like models out of magazine. If the two of them were quite outstanding it was Raphael that caught the nerd's attention. He gaped a bit before straightening up, trying to not look awkward. Which he (slightly) failed at.

« Magnus! Raphael! » he sighed, suddenly feeling a bit underdressed with his ripped jeans and stars wars shirt. « Damn you look good. »

When he realised he said that out loud, he blushed and lowered his head. **Way to handle your mouth filter Simon!**

« Awww, sweety! » the tallest patted his cheek. « It's okay, I am the most beautiful person who walks on this earth after all. »

With that, Magnus pushed the doors and went inside, leavint the two other behind. Raphael rolled his eyes and held the door for the student.

« Yes. He's always like this. » he deadpanned but the little smile on his lips betrayed him.

« Don't tell him... » Simon blushed and whispered shyly. « But I think you're prettier. »

He then dashed towards the barista, not waiting to see the reaction on the other's face. **What the hell Si ? Pretty ? He's all mainly in blood red jacket and you say he looks pretty ?? 100% flirting talent people!**

He looked up when he arrived in front of the barista and smiled when he recognized Meliorn, a old friend from high school. It was mainly thanks to Isabelle when she went out with him (the relationship was never really serious but they stayed in good term when they ended it. Also Isabelle had found her soulmate so it was bound to end).

« Mel! How's it going? »

« Simon, always a pleasure to see you. »

Meliorn always spoke softly and had this elegance whenever he moved or talked. He was always on another dimension yet he knew exactly what was going on between people or inside their head, which was maybe why he could follow Simon's weird rants. He'd hang out with the group most of the time but he never really spoke much. The longest conversation he had was with Simon when he explained to him how to make flower crowns.

« Nice to see you too Mel! I'll take a black coffee. My soul needs it.

« No problem. And you sir? » he asked Raphael who had joined him.

« Caramel macchiato. » he was looking around, trying to find where Magnus went.

Simon tried to concentrate on the cakes and desserts in on the counter rather than the man he'd just been awkward with. He should man up a bit, after all a little compliment wasn't a insult. He could
“Si? Do you want something else? » Meliorn smirked at his friend’s attitude. « The glass won’t melt under your look you know? »

« Yes! No! Hum... » he scratched his head nervously. « Do you want anything Raphael? »

« I’m good. » the man responded without even looking at him.

Finally the mexican saw his friend and, after paying his drink, just walked up to him and the other people sitting with him. Simon followed after thanking Meliorn for his drink. Hopefully, he wasn’t going to make a fool out of himself when he’ll join the others.

« Admit it. Gandalf, is more awesome than Dumbledore. I love them both very much but... »

« How did we went from talking about pets to flipping Gandalf ? » Raphael said, looking like he regreted everything in life right now.

Simon raised a finger to answer that but nothign came out. Instead, a confused expression settled on his face and he mumbled :

« Actually... I don't know. »

« That's typical Simon. » Jace snickered. « And that's also why I never listened to him. »

Isabelle pinched her brother's ribs before winking at Simon.

« I will just say, I prefer Severus Snape. »

« I always knew you were a slitherin ! » The nerd fake-gasped.

Magnus chuckled and stretched himself, taking in the young adults around the table. The Lightwoods and their friend were nice folks, and quite fun to be with. Well, Jace seemed a little too arrogant for his taste. Simon was a verbal mess, quite an intersting specimen, who managed to confuse Raphael at each sentence he made. It was quite funny : Raphael would listen but you could see his eyes narrowing or the slight tilt of his head when he didn't get a reference or what the man was going on about. Magnus thought his friend was getting annoyed by the continuous rambling but when Jace made a snarky comment about it he was the first to glare at him. Amusing, indeed.

There was another person at the table Magnus wanted to talk to, but this one was very silent since he arrived. Isabelle's older brother, Alec. He was just nodding or rolling his eyes at the nerd, who was right now invading the conversation with his rants, clearly uninterested in talking to the newcommers. Raphael would glare at him from time to times, after all until then, he was the one supposed to be the grumpiest at this table.

Magnus slid closer to the young man, offering his sweetest of smile. It was a shame to waste shuch a nice face with a frown.

« And you pretty boy? What is your opinion about all this? »
Alec seemed taken aback by Magnus's closeness but he straightened up himself and answered:

« That Simon shouldn't drink coffee. I can actually stand him when he's less...

« When I'm less me, I know. But technically, I'm not me because the coffee influences the 'me' I'm being right now. » Simon replied with a proud smile. « "This made no sense." »

Izzy giggled, amused, whereas Alec just narrowed his eyes, wondering why was he hanging out with this person.

« Sure, mate! Whatever you say. » Jace commented unimpressed. Simon noticed the mocking tone and turned towards him.

« Jonathan, we both know the 'D' story that happened last year. Believe me I will tell everyone what happened that night, destroying my own credibility just to see yours turn to dust as well. You want me to tell them the 'D' story? Hm? Be careful, mate. » Simon smirked.

Jace opened his mouth but closed it with an angry look at his friend. Magnus saw the slight fear in his eyes and suddenly everyone was looking at the blond who just facepalmed. Whatever happened he wanted Simon to stay silent about. Raphael let out an amused chuckle which caught Magnus's attention. He lifted an eyebrow at his friend who rolled his eyes and tried to caught up with the next rant Simon started.

Suddenly, a twinge of something woke up in Magnus's chest. The feeling grew before hitting his bond, a mix of curiosity and frustration. Magnus shivered and his grip on his cup tightened. Not again, not now...

He mechanically rubbed his chest with his knuckles. His soulmate could give him a break sometimes! Okay, it wasn't completely his fault: it was Magnus's high sensivity the main problem but nevertheless, that didn't mean he couldn't complain about it.

The mate-bond turned into surprise and then to panic. The feeling was strong enough to make Magnus nauseus and he let out a choked breath. Raphael's head snapped towards him and he reached for his hand. He easily recognized the symptoms of his friend having to deal with his bond.

« Hey, » his voice suddenly very soft. « Need some air? »

« I-I'm good! » He forced a laugh, « Just burned my tongue... »

Jace snickered at that, but it wasn't him that caught the glittery man's attention. Alexander was staring at him, eyes wide, like he couldn't actually believe what was happening. When he took a deep breath to calm himself down, Magnus felt it. He felt the way he was forcing himself to stop panicking, to relax and convince himself I couldn't be him, that it couldn't be him.

Magnus was just in front of his soulmate. The one who tried to mute him but at the same time send waves of affection when he was feeling horrible.

Holy shit. It's him.

Magnus closed his eyes and concentrated on the bond. Alec was clearly panicking, not prepared, feeling guilty, it was too much of mess. He had to help. Magnus decided to concentrate on relaxing thoughts, on how he felt when Raphael and Ragnor would complain about everything, how he felt when was smoking on rainy days, nice and warm inside his house as people run in the streets below him. The sharing of these emotions relaxed his soulmate who slowly felt himself calming down. Magnus opened his eyes again, the bond between them seemed to grew thicker and steadier.

So... What now?
There was long stare between the two before that Alec got up suddenly:

« I-I gotta go! I'll call you later Izzy. »

« Dude, you okay ? » Jace grabbed his arm, worry clear in his voice. « You're pale! »

« I'm good, bye! »

Magnus tried not to look hurt when the tall silhouette left in a rush the coffee shop. From behind the coffee machine, Meliorn frowned at the scene and send a questionning look to Simon who just shrugged helplessly.

Magnus wasn't feeling well. You wouldn't if your soulmate just ran away when they saw you. He could still feel the mess of emotions that didn't belong to him rushing back to the surface and this time he didn't try calming it down. The first try was already too much even for him. Raphael was the first to react to it, getting up and pulling his friend.

« I just realize we also need to go. Ragnor is expecting us. » Without further explanation, they got out as well.

Simon felt his own body getting up when they started to leave. He stopped himself when he realized that it was more creepy than anything. He only met them twice but he felt like he had to follow Raphael and help them. Him. Like if I needed to help him. Okay, he thought as he gripped his chest, this is weird.

Jace just looked at his sister then at his friend before asking:

« Am I the only one who fears that this is just the beginning of the drama ? »

Chapter End Notes

No Jace. You're not the only one... *drama drums*
« So is this what periods feel like? » Simon whimpered as he rolled on his bed.

His bond was aching and the problem with that, was that you couldn't take some medicine to soothe it down.

« Simon, we talked about this, periods are far more worse than that. » Clary sighed and ruffled his hair. « What is going on now? 

« They're pissed and worried. Non-stop. And of course each time I try to reach for them they don't listen. » he rubbed his chest nervously.

It wasn't the only problem. Recently, he was also feeling more emotional than usual. He had bought a soft toy panda on a whim and he would hug it to death while re-watching Doctor Who's doomsday episode. Every gesture of affection he'd witness made his body react. He wanted to hug, feel someone with him. God, his soulmate would probably be disgusted with all this oozing affection he was creating. Well, if he actually cared. Clary had arrived, after a teary call of her best friend, with some oreos, cereals and milk ready to cheer him up.

That's why he loved her. He could be at his flat or at the other side of the city, if he called her for help she'll jump to the rescue. You didn't mess with Clary's nerd. The second she arrived she had prepared a whole trail of food so they could settle on his bed with sugar as some sort of consolation

« I can't stand to see you like this... » she climbed onto the bed and pulled him into a hug. « When did it start? »

« Last night. It's like a volcano... It's stronger than before. »

The young man closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Deep inside, he knew he would care for his soulmate no matter what but he wished he had a choice instead of dealing with this. Wished he could choose a certain man with dark eyes and handsome... No. No it couldn't be him. If it was him he would have felt the chaotics emotions that danced inside him. They would have both noticed it.

He sighed and gripped his friend tighter.

« And you? Please, I need gossip to think about something else. »

« Well... » Clary sighed and passed a hand through her fiery hair. « I only have another story about soulmates. »

« I don't care. Just talk. Even your sappy story with Isabelle would be good enough. »

« Says the guy who wanted me to re-tell him all the details of our first date. » she rolled her eyes fondly.

She took the panda out of his hands and hugged it. Simon was still trying to find a name for it, the suggestion 'Cute Yoda' had been pushed away after the horrified look Clary gave him.

« You promise you won't say anything, okay? Isabelle told me but she couldn't really hide it from
me. » she took a deep breath, building it up. « Alec has found his soulmate. »

« WHAT?! »

Simon sat up, nearly stumbling over himself. He wasn't really close with Alec (Simon was usually fighting with Jace) but he knew he wasn't exactly fond of the idea of soulmate. Izzy just said that it was complicated for him. The nerd had tried to talk him about it, as he was also dealing with a complicated mate-relationship. He thought talking about it helped, that's how it works for Simon anyway. Sadly, when he talked about it with him, Alec just ended up being really uncomfortable and even less at ease about the subject. Jace reassured his nerdy friend: his brother was always closed off about the subject even with him. It wasn't his little story who made it worse.

« Just tell me on thing Fray. » he narrowed his eyes. « Is his soulmate a guy? »

« Yes. »

« I KNEW IT! » he yelled, raising his fist in the air. « My gay-dar is evolving! »

« I thought you were having periods pain. » she asked with a raised eyebrow. « You sure got better since.

« Wait! » he took the cereals that where next to his bed and opened it. « So? Who is the lucky guy? »

« Are you seriously munching these coco-pops like popcorns? » she chuckled as her friend was putting crumbs everywhere. « Well, apparently it's that guy Magnus, you have meet him, right? »

« Wow. Raphael's friend? »

« I... think? Raphael is the guy whose drink you spilled, isn't he? And who you called pretty? » she winked teasingly.

Simon didn't answer, lost in his thoughts. Alec, the very silent and cold man with the guy who literally was sparkly and was the most chatty, outgoing person after Simon. Well, okay, I'm not that cool and sparkly but still! But he also remembered when Alec rushed out of Java Jones when Magnus was there, like if he was scared of something.

« If Magnus is his mate why did he run away? »

« Remember when me and Isabelle came out ? Robert, their father was sort of fine with it because Izzy is his favorite. He let many things pass with her but with her brother... » she made a face. « And Maryse clearly wasn't okay with it. Alec wants nothing more to show his parents they could be proud of him and suddenly showing up with a male soulmate...

« Could set up tons of tension at family's dinner. » he layed back against his cushions, handing some cereals to his friends who took a large handful. « That sucks. So what now ? They aren't going to ignore each other? » he asked with a worried look.

Clary shrugged:

« Izzy wants to prepare a battle plan. A least make them meet once more so they can talk things out.

« And that's why she's my favorite! After you of course. » Simon put a hand on his chest and winked at the read-head who giggled.

This was going to be something. With all of this messing around, the bond weakened and Simon
sighed in relief when his mate finally calm down wherever he was. Clary saw the shift in his expression and gently put a hand where his heart was beating.

*One day, It'll stop hurting. One day.*

« Man... soulmates sure are complicated. » he mumbled tiredly.

In a different part of the city, Soulmates were also the main conversation of a certain group of friends.

« I still got a shovel if you need it. »

Raphael sent his friend a look that could easily be translated by a 'What the fuck Ragnor?' who just was answered back by a look that would be translated as a 'What? It's a good shovel!'.

« No, and please Ragnor, you need to give this shovel back to Elias. » Magnus sniffed as he gulped down another spoon of ice-cream.

Catarina narrowed her eyes at Ragnor, not entirely convinced that her friend had a shovel somewhere in his room (which didn't belong to him?!) before letting herself sink further in Raphael's sofa.

When Raphael said that his flat was where everyone ended up crashing, he meant it. Ragnor, Catarina and Magnus were all sitting in his living room and Bridget Jones was playing on a computer the sound playing in the backround. No one was watching it and the Latino really wished people would turn it off but apparently it was 'good for the soul'. Raphael had been in a horrible mood even though he didn't show it to others.

Catarina had complimented him about his self control, not realizing that since Magnus had told him about his soulmate he felt like breaking everything in his appartement. That Lightwood, by running away, was breaking the heart of his friend and he think he could get away with it? Doesn't he realize the chance he had of having him as soulmate? Of just being able to have a soulmate? Someone that cares?

He thought about Simon's sad smile when he told him he was also being ignored by his soulmate. How many people would, consciously, ignore someone who was supposed to be their mate? True, Simon seemed to be a ball of emotions and it was maybe tiring on the long term but it was cute in a way. Like when his eyes will suddenly lit up when someone would make a reference about his films, when Jace would snicker at his antics and the nerd would stuck his tongue out at him or even how he blushed when he noticed Raphael looking at him.

Raphael sighed and rubbed his face. God, this was bad. He needed to focus, Magnus needed him. He put down a few cups on a trail.

« So tea for Cat and Ragnor, I've got my beer, Magnus you're staying with the vanilla ice-cream? » he asked.
« It's nearly finished. » he raised watery eyes towards him. « Do have you any more? »

« I've got strawberry. » Raphael opened his fridge and took out the whole pot.

Catarina pulled Magnus closer and kissed his cheek. He layed his head against her and mumbled something that the mexican, in the kitchen, couldn't catch. He did heard their friend's response to that:

« It's going to be fine Mag'. He just needs some time, it's always overwhelming the first time you meet them. » she rubbed his arm and pulled the covers so Magnus was in a cocoon of warmth.

« Well, maybe he ran away because of your make-up? I told you to go simple that day. » Ragnor said as he took his cup of tea. « Did you put some milk in it? » he asked Raphael with an suspicious look.

« Yes, I did. After all these years I know how to make your tea, you idiot. »

« Stop talking teapots and concentrate on my suffering! » Magnus whined.

Raphael sighed and crossed his arms.

« The ideal thing would be to talk to the guy. Has Isabelle contacted you? »

« She send me a text telling me that the reason he reacted so badly was probably because he is deep inside the closet. » he mumbled. « He hadn't even come out to her and Jace so they'll try to help him out a bit. »

« How do they know that if he never came out?" Ragnor asked.

« Gaydar. Even Raphael noticed it. »

They all fell silent after that. Catarina blew the steam of her tea, lost in her thoughts whereas Ragnor was looking at Magnus, studying his expressions and movements. He wanted to be ready to pull out a snarky comment or some comfort the second his friend will need it. That's how you took care of Magnus, Ragnor would say, by being 100% aware of his mood swing so you could quickly react to it.

Raphael pushed Magnus a bit so he could also sit on the couch. It was, even though people seemed to forget it, still his couch. He narrowed his eyes at the fact that all the cover was taken and he couldn't even pull it back, he didn't want more of Magnus whines. (Deep inside, the truth was he wanted his friend to be comfortable in these hard times and he didn't want to disturb him. But he wouldn't have minded to be under the blankets as well.) After a few minutes of silence Magnus spoke up, taking the new pot of ice-cream in his lap.

« You know... my mom and dad were soulmates but extremely unhappy with one another. You all saw that yourself. »

Raphael gulped at the memories. When he or the others would sneak inside his friends house, they could hear the shouting and yelling. They would discretly slip in Magnus's room to find him curled up, crying without making any noise. His parents poisoned each other's life and because they couldn't hide the pain they were inflicting on one another it became worse and worse other the years. Magnus left the house as soon as he could and had cut contact with them. He couldn't really forgive them, that because of their necroseed bound they had forgotten their son who needed them. Too wrapped up in themselves and not realizing he also suffered from his bond, Raphael doubted they were still worrying about Magnus.
“Sometimes... soulmates aren't good for one another. » he sighed. « I'll guess we'll just have to wait and see. »

Raphael brushed a strand of hair off his friend's face. He licked his lips and took a scoop of ice-cream. He stayed silent before turning towards his friends.

« My mother and father... they weren't soulmates. »

« Wow what? »

« She didn't tell me much about it. Apprently her soulmate died when she was pregnant of me. » Raphael shrugged. « Back then, you didn't necesserally go to look out for your mate. Some people still thinks it's not something to celebrate and complete. »

«And when your father died ? Was his soulmate still alive back then? »

« He didn't talk about it. We didn't talk in general about anything me and him. I know he thought that soulmate bond were a vile invention of the demon, after all you ended up acting with your heart. And not with your head. »

It was one of the rare thing he talked with his father. He actually was very happy that Raphael didn't have a soulmate. 'You're free, Raphael. More than you'll ever know.' But his son never felt happy about having a piece of him missing. But he did wonder if never meeting his soulmate was the right thing to do. Raphael had asked his mother if she regretted it. Building her life with a man who wasn't made for her. She had looked at her son lovingly, pulled him in her arms. While stroking his hair with a soft voice she said

No, mi hijo. I can't regret it when I see you and Rosa and your brothers. If I had the choice, I'd chose you over and over again.

But she did felt pain when her soulmate died and she confessed that a part of her will always be sad she never had a chance with him

Raphael's father hadn't been really affectionate towards his children or his wife. Maybe it could have lessened Guadalupe's pain, who knows? Diego and Ivan rather turned towards their brother than their father. Rosa didn't have many memories of their father, she was too young back then. Raphael wondered if somewhere, someone missed their father and wished he was still there.

Catarina sighed and rolled on her back. She had felt the loss of her soulmate when she was sixteen. It had been horrible to think she didn't even got a chance to meet them. Raphael remembered that she went to him in her mourning. He knew what it was to have an hole in their chest when it was supposed to be blooming with emotions.

What was worse ? To know there wasn't anyone waiting for you from the start or that you were out of time before you even knew what they looked like?

The mexican closed his eyes. Everyone was wrecked after all these dark emotions.

As he was falling a bit asleep, Bridget Jones messing around on the screen, a flicker of emotion appeared in his chest. His eyes snapped open and he got up, hand reaching for his chest. For a split of second, he felt as if someone was calling him, longing after him. The feeling weakened before disapearing. Leaving that emptiness he knew so well. His grip loosened and he frowned. It was so short, he wondered if it was even real.

Bitterness washed over him. His friends and him have talked so much about soulmates, now his
imagination was getting the better of him. He layed back down, grumbling. Ragnor groaned and slapped a cushion on his face.

« Raph, stop messing about, it's nap time.

« We're adults. We shouldn't do nap times. » he commented, but let himself rest as well.

Are you okay Si? You literaly jumped there!

Sorry Fray... I just thought, for a moment, that he answered back.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter isn't fully finished yet so they'll come a bit later. Sorry, I promise it won't be too long before the next chapter!
Isabelle and Jace were both sitting against the door of their brother's room. They had put a chess board between them and it was now Jace turn to play. He wasn't overly found of chess, actually he didn't like it but they had to pass the time while waiting for Alec to come out. In all the ways possible.

They had never brought up their brother closeted situation, it was his business and they knew he needed time to deal with it. Jace had tried to gave him hints that he and Izzy both knew about it, which weren't really clear and subtle. In the end Alec would just question his brother mental state with worry and wouldn't understand the hand they offered him.

Jace frowned and picked up his knight, half thinking if he could win this damn game and hoping Alec will soon break and let them in. Inside his chest, he could feel his own bond poking at him. His soulmate was curious of why Jace was nervous about. The blond wanted to answer back with calm waves, to tell him all was fine but each time he tried it would just send more nervous energy. After a while he heard his phone vibrating but ignored it. He could explain to him later. Izzy saw the troubled expression on her brother and knocked on the door.

« Alec? Still 'no entry' for us? »

There was a long silence and no door opening. Jace, who clearly couldn't see a way of winning this damn game, asked:

« I can still break the door down. Can I? » He made puppy eyes to his sister who made a face.

« Mom and Dad will not like it. You're alone if you do that. »

« Okay. » he got up on his feet. « I don't mind! »

He took a few steps back. Isabelle rolled her eyes and looked back at the chess board. Obviously, it was bluff. He liked being all show off but there was a difference between pretending and actually breaking a door of their family's house. There was no way Jace would actually...

She couldn't even finish her thought, Jace run and throw himself against the door. There was a loud crack as he fell back on the floor. The chess board flew, the pieces falling all around and Isabelle just managed to roll away to not end under her brother.

Isabelle felt Clary reacting through their bond, worried about the sudden fright she had. The Lightwood girl frowned at that and send reassuring waves back to her mate. Good lord Jace.... Why can't you act normally for once ?! A click was heard and the door opened, sending a wave of wind as it was opened violently.

« WHAT THE FUCK JACE?! »

Jace, who was still lying on the ground, and Izzy turned towards Alec who was astonished, on the doorstep of his room. He had dark circles around his eyes which reminded Jace that his brother was having a hard time. Alec looked between the two of them and asked his sister:

« You let him threw himself against the door?! »
« How could I have known he would do it? »

« How could you not?! »

Isabelle opened her mouth to reply but she realized that, indeed, she should have expected her brother's... foolishness.

Jace smirked and, getting up quickly, slipped inside the room to jump on the bed. Alec cursed and turned to drag his brother out again but Izzy didn't let it pass and jumped on his back, wrapping her arms around him.

« You are not leaving us outside! »

« Izzy, get off me, I'm not in the mood! »

« Really? You think we haven't noticed that you weren't in the mood since the Java Jones drama? »

Alec sighed and let himself sit on the bed, head in his hands. He didn't want to talk about it. He had reacted badly, run like coward and now he had to deal with violent waves of sadness without knowing how to answer them.

He just... Wasn't ready for all this. Many people never meet their soulmates and he had hoped it wouldn't happen to him. He had to concentrate on his studies, on his family, not on a stranger that he happened to feel through a weird bond.

Izzy got off his back and settled next to him, an arm wrapped around his shoulders.

« Alec. Why do you keep us away? You know we care about you, no matter what happens! »

« It's not your buisness. I don't have to talk about it. »

« Buuuuullshit. » Jace said. « You're our brother, we will always see it as our buisness. »

« You don't have to hide from us. » His sister layed her head on his shoulder.

« Izzy... » Alec sighed.

« No! Don't 'Izzy' me! We've been aware of your worries, of your fears but we didn't try to talk to you about it because we know you rather work about it on your own. But as you don't seem to be getting any closer of accepting yourself... »

« It's easy for you to say! Dad adores you and he'll let anything pass, but me? The so-called 'heir' of the Lightwood name? I can't afford... I just can't! Plus this... Soulmate feeling, it just so violent! Each emotion is like a slap in the face, it's too much! This longing we both feel and yet we don't know anything about each other. »

«Just go for it! Dad and Mom will have to suck it up anyway! My soulmate isn't a girl either! »

There was a long silence before the two black haired Lightwoods turned towards their brother.

« You've met your soulmate? »

« For a while now. » he shrugged. « There is still some thing to talk through but yeah. I'm also part of the not-straight Lightwood fraternity. Yes, I should have talked to you about it but he is a rather discrete person. I'm still trying to let him warm up to me. »
Isabelle smirked and crossed her arms.

« See Alec. I think our parents need to face the fact that non of their kid are straight. Stop worrying about them and worry a bit more about your own hapiness. »

Alec sighed. He felt Magnus's sadness through his bond and couldn't help but let a bit of his own join his. It was terrifying how clearly he could feel him even though he was away from him.

« What do I do know? I fucked up, Izzy. I always fuck up everything! »

He had litteraly ran away when both him and Magnus realised their bond! His mate was probably hating him right now.

« A little talk has never kill nobody, that's what I say! » Jace sing-songed. He yelped when his sister took the nearest pillow and smashed it on his head.

« Do not worry. First thing first, you need a hot chocolate. »

The Hunter's Moon was always pretty quiet in the afternoon. Maïa didn't mind it though, it was a welcomed break. The night will be horribly busy and she'll need the extra calm and patience she was preserving at this moment.

She was putting away a few glasses when she heard quick footsteps coming towards her, a jolly voice calling to her.

« So, Maïa. Lovely and understanding Maïa. »

« What do you need, nerd? » she sighed as she pulled out a few bottles off the shelves.

Simon rolled his eyes and gripped his shirt in a dramatic manner.

« Can't I compliment you with sincere admiration? You hurt me with your mistrust! »

He opened one eye to see the jaded look on his friend's face. He shrugged and leaned against the bar with a huge, innocent, smile.

« Do you have Raphael's number? »

« And my sincere compliment ? » she smirked.

Simon blushed and ducked his head a little. Maïa chuckled at him, probably thinking that her friend was having another harmless crush. It wouldn't be the first time he would dream about another person even though they weren't his soulmate. Plenty of people decide to go out with a few people before meeting their mate, some would choose to wait and only give themselves to them. Simon guessed that if the soulmate was kind enough through their bond that must motivate them to be faithful.
Thinking about it, how does the bond works with sexual desires? He haven't really felt it in his soulmate, so he thought maybe they were asexual. But then, how did his mate feel when Simon was having less innocent thoughts? It must be an uneasy feeling to feel it when it wasn't yours. Also, if one mate found someone else attractive didn't it make the relationship complicated?

*Why didn't I listen in class?* He cursed himself. He would always skip this class with Clary. Karma is being a bitch now.

Coming back to Raphael. Now, he didn't necessarily wanted to go out with Raphael (he did but that's a minor detail.) but he was very interested in the man. They really didn't have the best start but he could tell that the mexican was also interested. In a 'What the hell is this specimen, how can he speak so much? ' kind of way. But all these small, discrete smiles didn't pass by Simon.

« Well, speak of the devil. » Maïa suddenly said.

Simon looked where she was looking and straightened himself when a certain man walked in, all in jackets and dark looks.

Raphael raised an eyebrow at the bartender's comment and shrugged off his jacket to be more comfortable. The inside of the pub was warm enough to be in a shirt. (Simon tried not to notice how the shirt made a very good job at showing off his strong arms. *And there goes my capacity of thinking correctly.* he thought.) He rubbed a bit the back of his neck with an uncomfortable expression. He didn't seem at the best of his mood, Simon could see the tension in his shoulder and he felt worry wash over him.

Their gaze meet and Simon jumped off the chair he was on.

« You look like you could use some very nice and not expensive cocktails! My treat! » he showed the few glasses that were still on the wooden bar. »

*Wow... When did I became so confident?* Maybe because his soulmate wasn't being a pain with their bond for once. Actually, his soulmate was chirping up right now. For whatever reason.

« Simon or, as he is right now, our best advertiser. » Maïa chuckled, gesturing at the man holding the cocktails list.

Raphael's lips twitched in a beginning of a smile before he let out a sigh.

« Actually I wouldn't mind something to drink. It's been a long night yesterday. »

He went to sit in one of the tables after she poured him a special cocktail. Simon frowned at the weird name, *Bloody Mary? What was this. Halloween?,* but shrugged it off and followed the latino man. Raphael seemed surprised to see him sitting in front of him but didn't try to send him away, or to dissuade him to talk by glaring at him.

They spend a awkward minute, each one waiting for the other to speak first, under the unimpressed gaze of their friend who was finding them strangely adorable even in this awkwardness.

« So? Long day? » the nerd asked with a shy smile.

« Don't mention it. Soulmate problems. »

« Alec and Magnus, eh? » he smiled sheepishly when Raphael frowned at him. « Jace is my friend and Izzy my best friend's mate. I had a few details about the mess. »
"Really?" Raphael drawled, clearly unhappy by the mention of Alec. "Do they realize how bad it went?"

"I was there when Alec ran and I'm not blind. I noticed that it hurt Magnus." Simon said softly. Actually, he understood the feeling of being left behind way too much. "But I can tell that Alec isn't a bad guy. I mean, he is always grumpy and never seems to be interested in anything, or at least what I have to say, but he's not evil. You should see him with kids!"

Raphael opened his mouth to snap at the young student. To tell him how his friend had put Magnus through hard times with their bond but when he saw the shining eyes and the hopeful smile he stopped. He couldn't bring himself to break Simon's arguments when he was trying to be optimistic. Instead he just sighed and gulped down his glass.

"I'm not convinced." he just said. "This bond thing hasn't been great for Magnus."

Simon gulped and looked down at his hands.

"You know. When I was a kid... My soulmate was hurt, badly. They have probably lost something very dear to them and since then bond has been unbalanced. They must have felt it like an invasion of privacy. I mean, all this pain shoved in another person's conscience even if you don't want to. I don't have much memories of them sharing their feelings but I know, deep inside, that I can't let them suffer like this. Maybe if I meet them, if we could talk and try to work it out we will make it work. I don't necessarily want to be committed to them. After all, they did shut me out, but I want to help them. And I think Alec is going to try to fix it too, he knows my story so I think he-"

He stopped mid-sentence. His bond was reacting. He could feel affection... Affection directed at him. Slowly he looked up. Raphael was looking at him with a small smile on his face. His dark eyes didn't even blink when they stared at each other. Simon gulped and continued, his heart hammering in his chest.

"I-I mean, I'm too young to worry about this kind of thing! I got a whole life waiting for me, I can't just spend all my time trying to find them."

"You're right." Raphael smiled a bit more and was taking in the blushing expression in front of him.

A wave of understanding washed over the nerd and, this time, Simon couldn't hold back his hand from grasping at his chest. Raphael eyed the movement and sighed.

"I should get going. I only have a few more days before work again. Better start organizing myself."

He got up and started to leave with a small good-bye. Simon couldn't stop staring at his back. He didn't imagine it right now. Did he? The expression, the attitude Raphael had was exactly like he felt it through his bond. Why did the other didn't react? The nerd started panicking and look to Maïa who mouthed 'Get your ass moving!'. She was really unimpressed by her friend's lack of reaction when he was the first to become a complete mess of random action most of the time.

"W-wait!"

Raphael stopped, surprise clear on his face. Simon got up, after banging his leg on the table, and stumbled towards the Mexican who managed to caught him in time. The nerd blushed at his pathetic performance but when he saw the amused smile on the other's lips, confidence flood back in. He needed to try, there was surely a simple explanation behind this. He wasn't going to let this man
leave without trying.

« Go on a date with me! »

There was a moment where the only sound was Simon's quick breathing and the sound of Maïa filling up a glass. (actually it was already full but she was staring at them and didn't notice the water going everywhere) Raphael's eyes widened. This young -sweet and awkward- man wanted to go out with him? Even though he probably had a soulmate? But his soulmate did seem to be rubbish. Was he asking him because he was trying to find a rebound soulmate? Can this kind of thing even exist? Simon probably saw his conflicted expression and jumped away from him, horribly embarrassed.

« O-oh God! I'm sorry this was totally uncalled. You probably already have a mate and I'm here just asking... Y-you know what? Forget it, I went clearly over my head. Fucking good job, Lewis...

« Yes. »

« And you're so handsome. I mean, I couldn't- Wait, WHAT? »

Raphael bit his lips to stop himself from bursting out into laughter. Simon eye's were now twice his normal size and he was blushing so hard he was nearly the same color as Maïa's shirt.

« Yes, I'll go on a date with you. »

After all, if his soulmate didn't want him, why would he say no to this nerdy mess? Simon's eyes were filled with hope and something else that Raphael couldn't put his finger on just yet.

« I must say, Simon. » he took a step forward and whispered in his ear. « You're quite the catch as well. »

When Simon managed to turn an even deeper shade of red it was Maïa who couldn't stop laughing.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will be a little bonus about Jace's soulmates who is going to be important for the plot!
After that, we will have *roll the drums* Saphael's date!
I hope you liked the chapter! Thanks for all the comments and kudos so far! It really helps and keep giving me new ideas for the story!
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

« Now close your eyes and concentrate. »

Jace sniffed warily but obeyed. He tried to relaxed on the soft covers he was actually laid on. The room was filled with a soft scent of flowers and he was glad that, unlike Simon, he wasn't allergic to flowers because it would have been a pain otherwise.

« A bond can be very powerful and very soft at the same time. It's mainly a psychic reaction to feel your partner's need, to be able to react when danger or sadness occurs. When you go further... »

The blond sighed when slender finger ran through his hair. He could felt his soulmate opening his bond, slowly wrapping this strange energy around him.

Under his eyelids, soft colors started appearing. That he knew it would happen, when two emotions from both mate entered in contact the brain creates some signals to motivate soulmates to keep on going down this path.

« One can be... more expressive and invade the other's mind pretty quickly. »

To prove his point, emotion washed over Jace who frowned in discomfort. They were still controlled but the omnipresence wasn't something he wasn't used to. Was it a glimpse of how Alec feel most of the time?

« So that's how you feel when I'm getting annoyed about something? » he asked.

« It's even worse when you want to have sex. »

The next wave was one of desire which made him blushed and he sat up, glaring daggers at Meliorn who snickered.

« I thought you didn't want me to be distracted? » the blonde groaned.

« It was too tempting. » he shrugged, crossing his legs. "Getting you rilled up is so easy!"

« Come here! » Jace growled, grasping Meliorn who just laugh.

He pulled him above him and wrapped his arms around this impossible man.

That damned cute barista... The dark-haired man just smirked at his mate who was trying to look angry. Mel could feel through the bond that Jace felt slightly vexed about being made fun of, but the affection was still dominant.

« I'm trying to be serious and you're making fun of me! »

« Well... you're the one thinking that bonds are something easy to explain! I can help you be more aware of ours and how to manipulate it with care but it's hard to explain other types of bond when you're not experiencing it yourself. »

Jace looked at him questioningly, waiting for him to continue.
« Bonds are complicated. People think there is only one kind when they are many of them. Your brother, Alec, for example... » he stroked Jace's lips absently. « His bond is more sensitive from what you explained to me. He can feel his soulmate with more intensity than most people. And it's not an isolated case. He could be sleeping he would feel his bond reacting to his soulmate happiness. »

« And our bond? Can you explain it? » he pressed his hand against Meliorn's heart.

The man sighed and got up. Jace had been worried many times because his soulmate was so discrete his emotions didn't pass through the bond. Before they've meet Jace could only have glimpses of him and it was mainly to calm him down.

« Well... that's just a matter of character. You're quite fiery and you can't resist to not show off your emotions. I grow up in a very silent and secretly way. So if you pay attention you can feel me but as long as I don't try to make myself present you could spend a whole day without feeling me.

« Secretely that's true. You waited three fucking months before telling me! »

« Well, I thought after three months you would have realized it was me. I mean, I didn't hide anything I just stayed silent. »

«That's basically the same- »

Meliorn pressed his lips against him, shutting him up. Jace smiled in the kiss, even though Meliorn was the most composed person he knew, if he wanted to be right he won't let you talk against him. He responded to the kiss but quickly broke it. He had other questions to ask and he couldn't be distracted just yet.

« I also wanted to ask about Simon's bond. You did a seance with him didn't you? »

« I did. He wanted to see if in a deeper state he could bring his soulmate to answer back to him.

« I can see it didn't work, because he's still sad about it. »

« Simon's got... An complicated bond. It seems to be only functioning one way. No matter how hard his own bond was... » he made a ball shaped movement with his hand. « Growing, there was still no response from his soulmate. And even the most relucante, stubborn person couldn't have resisted such a call from their soulmate. »

« What does it mean then? »

Jace was clearly worried now. He knows how hard it was for Simon to deal with this unrequited situation.

« I didn't tell him because I'm still working on it. » Meliorn showed his desks covered in books and papers flying about. « Not many people specialized themselves in soulmate's problems so I don't have much to help me with it. If we had his soulmate I would probably understand where it went wrong. »

« But do you have any theories yet? »

Meliorn sighed.

« The only thing traumatic enough to damage a bond between two soulmates is a near death experience. »
He got up and opened his laptop who was lying on the floor near his bed. Jace shifted and sat behind him to look at his notes.

« During one of my many research, I've fell on this article talking about how one's mate was in the coma and the bond had grown weaker when he was in it. The other person couldn't feel him anymore. When the first one woke up from the coma he would still feel his mate emotion but because the other had felt something close to a death-brake-shitlike bond he had stopped altogether to feel him. »

« What did they do? »

« They went to see a Soulmates Specialist. What I'm aspiring to be. I looked at the treatment they followed and even I could make it work if given the opportunity. » he turned and looked smugly at his boyfriend.

« But... Simon never had a near-death experience. A part that time with the D..." he muttered thoughtfully.

« Blondie, the 'D' night has nothing to do with this -seriously why are still going on about this?- And that's also where my theory isn't working: nothing seemed to have happened between the two who could justify such a unrequited bond.

« So as long as we don't know who's his soulmate is... »

« I won't be able to help them. »

« Why didn't you tell Simon about it? »

« Because I'm not 100% sure? Like I said, we don't know much about all the subtlety of a soulmate's bond. I can't make assumptions just like that. »

Meliorn leaned against his mate.

« I just hope that when he'll meet his soulmate he will be careful. A bond like his is extremely fragile. »

Magnus raised an eyebrow and pointed at Raphael. Slowly, a large smile grew on his lips, the information sinking in. Raphael sighed and rubbed his face. *If he decides to throw a party because of it, I'll kill him.*

« You. A date? »

« Yes. With Simon. »

They looked at each other in silence before that Magnus jumped out of his chair with a squeal of delight. Yes, a squeal. (He would denied it later but Ragnor had proof that he was able to make such sounds.) Raphael flinched at the noise and frowned at his friend. Really? What did he expect? Of course Magnus was going to be over-enthusiastic.

He waited for his sparkly friend to sat back down, still giggling.
« I need to call Ragnor! »

« No. If you do he'll want to choose my clothes and I don't need help. »

There was another silence and Magnus tapped excitedly on the table. His friend looked at him with a unimpressed glare. He never understood why his friend all got excited when he had a date. He guessed it was because he rarely had any. If they had to get emotional each time Magnus had a date they would never rest.

« Can I do your make-up? »

« Won't it be... too much? » he asked with a raised eyebrow. « I'm not sure... »

« I was in full make-up and Simon said I was good-looking. Don't look jealous, Grumpy, it only natural that people find me fabulous. I won't put much on you, I promise. »

The latino nodded slowly, he guessed it couldn't hurt. It was just a little date after all. Nothing to get too excited about.

Okay, right, no, I am getting way too excited about it. This is not a good thing. He nervously scratched the back of his head. Why did Simon ask him out? He didn't ask anything about his soulmate or Raphael's full opinion about soulmates but he knew he didn't like the idea. He first thought that Simon wanted to forget his mate and, by doing so, date anyone willing to. After a few minutes of thinking about it he pushed that thought away. Simon would never do that. He was too kind for that. He always acted like a lost little puppy. There is no way he wouldn't be honest with him.

Raphael looked back up, Magnus was so happy about the news. At least he wasn't thinking about his soulmate drama.

« A little something for the eye and it would be perfect. »

« Please Mags... don't get over excited. »

« What? It's your first date in ages! »

« So? »

« So?! Look, I know you're worried because he's still pondering about his soulmate but like I said, not every soulmate ends up with each other! He's choosing you Raphael! »

Raphael smiled, it was small, but it denounced the hope that was blooming in him.

« He is. »

Chapter End Notes

I couldn't resist putting a bit of Raphael at the end... I love this character too much!
« I don't know what to wear. I'm in my underwears, standing on my bed and I only have two hours before he arrives. »

« Two hours is quite a lot you know... »

« IT'S NOT ENOUGH, FRAY! »

His friend laughed on the other end of the phone and told him to calm down. She was going to ask her mate for help. At that Simon felt reassured, Izzy was the best with clothing, she would surely know what was good for him to wear! Even though it was quite scary how much better she knew his closet than him.

He turned towards the mirror and took a deep breath. He was suspecting that Raphael was his soulmate. Actually he still had some doubts: his soulmate was constantly ignoring him yet Raphael didn't seem like the person who would block his mate. It seemed... out of character.

« Simon? Are you listening? »

« Yes! I am, I do! » he jumped. « Can you be my savior, Izzy? »

« Of course! Do you have anything sexy? »

Simon looked inside his closet. Sexy? He fiddled a bit in it and pulled out a sleeveless shirt with 'Real Life? Never heard of that server' and another with a unicorn dabbing. He chewed on his lip and said a weak:

« I guess? »

« Good. Put it with the black ripped jeans I've bought with you last time. That'll make him look at your butt. »

« I wouldn't mind him looking me in the eyes also. »

« Do you want my advice or not? »

« I need, please I'm a poor useless creature with no fashion sense! » he babbled out so fast, Isabelle stayed silent for a second to be sure she had understood him clearly.

Finally she gave a few other ideas of what to wear but he settled with the 'Real Life?' top. Now, he just hoped he didn't meet her while on his date or she will kill him for the pun. He looked at his phone, he wasn't late yet. After a quick talk with Maïa he had learned that Raphael was still slightly early. The biggest challenge yet: for Simon not to be late. Knowing his luck...

He looked at his clothes then at his underwear. His chihuahua boxer. If Raphael was okay with going on more dates and having Simon as a boyfriend he should probably start looking for less weird underwears. Like, classic black ones. (Who was he kidding, he didn't have any clothes that were 'classic'.)

Simon felt the usual longing poking his bond. Before it would have annoyed him, right now he was
just excited. This was going to go really well and, if he was the luckiest man alive, he and Raphael will present each other as soulmates. The thought made him smile and he quickly put on his clothes, ready to leave his flat and meet up with Raphael. He double checked everything before leaving: jean vest? Got it. Wallet? Got it. Hair not looking like WWII happened? Checked. Glasses? (Yes because he was able to forget his glasses. Sometimes he forgets that they are in his hands.) Got them, all is well and fine. He could go!

When he had reached down the stairs of his building, just when he was opening the door to walk on the street, he stopped. His hands flew to his pocket. Every. Fucking. Time.

« My phone. » he facepalmed. « For fuck's sake! »

For the date, they had decided to meet up at the park so they could stroll around to chat before deciding where to go next.

Simon was... not late which was an achievement! He sighed, relieved to see that Raphael wasn't at the entrance yet, which mean he could calm down his heart and stop panicking before he arrives. He thought he was going to be horribly late because each time he forgets his phone somewhere some kind of shit happens. It was like the signal of bad luck. He straightened his little jacket and let out a deep breath.

_All is fine, all will be fine! Just don't talk too much and don't trip over air and it will all be good._

« Thinking about me? »

Simon yelped and spunned around to meet Raphael's cocky smile. The nerd put a hand on his heart with a accusing look.

« I'll take that as attempted murder! »

« I wasn't that discrete Si, if you paid attention you would have seen me. »

_I pay attention every second._ Simon thought, the aching in his chest gone now that Raphael was here. The elder gave a quick look at the young student before him, clearly appreaciating what he was seeing. His eyes grew for a second when he read the pun before his lips lifted upwards.

« You're smiling. » Simon smiled in disbelief. _One Date-point for me!_

« I'm not. »

« You totally are! » he pointed at this shirt. « So you like shitty puns? »

Simon noticed the eyeliner around Raphael's eyes. It was subtle but it made him even more intense. There was also some eyeshadow but again, you could only see if you were paying attention. _Holy, I... this is way too hot for my poor panda heart._ He was also nicely dressed, leather jacket and dark blue shirt that made Simon a little bit self-conscious. Now Raphael was somone you would call sexy, not Simon with his puns and glasses.

A little 'Oh...' Escape his lips as he fully took in his appearence. This man had accepted to go on a
date with him. How lucky was he? Raphael blushed slightly but he had that smug smile which proved he was pleased with the effect he was having.

« You're drooling Simon. »

« I-I I'm not. » he stuttered. « Anyway! Ice-cream! Ice-cream is a better reason for drooling. It's sticky and sweet and - I'm just making it weird, am I? Why do I keep talking?! »

Raphael rolled his eyes and bumped their shoulders together.

« If you weren't talking I would be worried. Now, where to first?"
« I knew that Izzy would be able to talk to him! » He winked at Raphael who couldn't resist smiling back. « Seems like we aren't the only ones in a 'date-mood'. »

Magnus was talking, hands slowly and elegantly waving around. Simon wondered why when he did that he looked like a fledgling trying to learn how to fly. Well, no time to think about it.

« Wanna go spy on them? » he asked. « I bet there won't tell much about it, at least Alec won't, and I really want to see how it goes! It has been Lightwood Drama since they met! »

« Excuse me? You think I'm the kind to rush and play spy on my best friend? When he's been very affected about this soulmate business? »

Simon blushed shamefully, missing the mischievous glint in the latino's eye.

« I-I'm sorry, I didn't mean too... »

« You are damn right I want to! » Raphael took his hand and pulled him. « Come on, they're getting out of sight! »

Simon raised an eyebrow but followed with a huge smile.

« You like gossip as well don't you? You play the dark handsome leather guy but inside you're as bad as me! 

« Careful there, Lewis! »

Raphael had turned sharply, making Simon trip over his feet, slightly. They were suddenly face to face, and Raphael winked.

« I've got a reputation to hold. »

*Curse him and his angel face.* Simon thought as his eyes landed on the smiling lips. He didn't have time to blush (even though he was probably at his maximum in cheek-redness) that Raphael pulled him into the crowd. He knew it was just so they wouldn't get separated during their mission, but he couldn't stop himself from smiling widely when he looked at their hands linked together. They followed them out of the park, and tried to discretely followed them in the streets. Acting like mischievous kids.

Magnus and Alec seemed quite awkward, despite their smiles and smooth conversation. Well, Alec did. He would blush and nervously rubbed his neck when his date wasn't looking. Raphael snorted at this attitude.

« I see why you hang out with him. He's also a nervous wreck. »

« I don't get nervous! I get awkward! » Simon replied, slightly offended. « You'll notice I never look nervous. »

They turned back to the couple who was further ahead. Simon was impressed they weren't busted yet: Alec was always aware of what was going on around him. He and Jace always tried to scare him out of nowhere and it had always been a failure. (Actually, all Lightwoods were stone calm when it comes to jumpscare: Jace doesn't flinch but smirks and if you tried to do that to Isabelle then God help you.)

Raphael frowned at the couple.
"They entering somewhere... We won't be able to follow - they'll see us."

"Java Jones?" Simon let out an exasperated moan. "Jeez, Alec! You couldn't find something less classic?"

"Well, Magnus and I we don't go there often so it's not that bad."

"Raph, there is Meliorn. Meliorn who just loves gossip more than his tea. He is also an expert at soulmate's bond so I bet he'll keep staring at them to study their link."

"He's a what?"

"Oh right!" Simon turned to explain. "Meliorn has followed special studies in the nuance of bonds and the different particularities soulmates can have. He sometimes organize some 'sessions' where you center you whole mind on the bond to control it's extent."

Simon went back to looking through the window. He was about to make another comment about Magnus cheekily whipping something off Alec's cheeks when his bond suddenly tugged in his chest. It was short but violent and he gasped in pain, his hand clenching at his shirt.

"Shit, I thought everything was going fine! Why is he hurting?"

He opened his eyes slowly to meet up with Rahael's worried ones. The man pulled him away from the coffee shop before they actually draw to much attention.

"The bond again?"

"Yeah.. I-I'm sorry it took me by surprised."

Simon noticed the pained look on his date's face. He couldn't really understand the conflicted emotions that were going through Raphael. After all, he and I...

He felt the man tense and he looked at him. Raphael was looking straight ahead, lips pressed into a thin line. He seemed... Scared?

"Raphael?" the nerd gulped. "I-I'm, You're okay? I-I mean you don't seem..." Raphael seemed conflicted and even more worried by the stuttering of his date.

Tell him your his soulmate, that you know!

"I..."

"This was a bad idea." Raphael finally said. Simon heart dropped, eyes widening in panic. "I can't respond to your feelings Simon. You... You have a soulmate, you shouldn't let it pass."

What?

"What do you mean can't respond? I know you like me too! I can..."

"I don't have a soulmate." Raphael suddenly snapped.

The nerd flinched at this outburst but when he saw the raw pain on the mexican's face he realized that this harshness wasn't directed towards him.

"W-what?"

"I don't feel anything here." he pointed at his heart. "I never had a bond and... You'll probably
meet with your soulmate one day, fall in love with them. We're not made for one another. »

Simon was just confused but what he was being told. That didn't make any sense. He could feel Raphael's emotion right? His bond was reacting! He could feel it. But... Raphael didn't feel his bond?

« I'm sorry Simon. »

Simon looked back at Raphael.

« W-what? No! I'm sorry! Oh not, I'm not sorry for spending time with you ! I... » he hid his face in his hands. « I don't understand, I was certain that you were... »

Raphael eye's widened and he let out a small chuckle.

« If I was your soulmate I would never, ever, ignore you. »

« Even with my constant roll coster of emotions? »

Raphael smiled sadly and came closer. He gently took the young man's hand, rubbing his thumb on the back of it. His chest was aching, like if he couldn't breath properly, as if something was restraining him inside his own body. Little did he know that Simon could feel his pain.

« I had a wonderful time, thanks to you. And I would love to have other dates with you. » he lowered his eyes. « But you need to find your soulmate, to deal with your bond first. I've witnessed people who didn't have the chance to meet them and I think, even if it's not the sappy love story you wished for, it's best to get the opportunity. To give it a try. »

« And if... if I want to give you this try? Because I can't let you walk by without trying. Even there is another so called soulmate, I know you're worth ten times more. »

He brought Raphael's hand to his lips and left a little kiss. Raphael's grip tightened for a second and the young student felt a wave of desparation, like if his soulmate wanted this and at the same time didn't feel like he could have it.

« Please. I can't let you go. » Simon whispered, taking a step closer. They were chest to chest now, if Raphael just lifted his head slightly upwards...

Raphael gulped. Could he have this ? Someone who would leave their soulmate for him ? Did he deserved it ? He was choosing him. Simon, on the other side, was now certain that Raphael was his soulmate. There was no way he could have imagine all of this during their date. His bond was going crazy, but it was as if his own emotions were meeting a wall. He didn't know how to make his bond pass through this sort of bug that was separating them. It was even more heartbreaking to realize that every single time he had tried to reach for this man he had never felt it. He had been never aware of Simon calls and support. He must have felt so lonely.

Meliorn had talked to him about weak bonds, how some trauma or special experience would damage their link but could be healed with time. He would talk to him about it later, if not for him at least for the mexican's sake. He could feel that the man considered himself as broken and he was everything but that. He had to make it up to him, show him how much he was ready to do everything for him.

With all the softness he could muster, he leaned and pressed his lips against Raphael's. He felt a bubble of affection growing inside his mate who sighed in the kiss and grasped his hips to pull him closer. Simon smiled and wrapped his arms around the smaller man, opening his mouth to deepened the kiss. It was... so much. The young musician could feel his soulmate's feelings seeping inside him,
leaving him shivering and wanting more after each gasp they made. It was intense, not like anything
he had experience and he wondered how Raphael was feeling it. Could he also feel his body
awaking and being shaken just by the slightest touch?

The kiss broke way too soon but Raphael was slightly overwhealmed. Violent emotions were
shaking him and he find it hard to calm his heart down. He swayed a bit and, if not for Simon's arms
holding him, his legs would have given out. He looked extremely confused and he took a step away
from Simon, slightly embarassed.

That was... intense. The mexican thought. He let out a shaky breath, his heart hammering in his ears.

« Well... » Raphael cleared his throat. « I.. That was nice.

« Smooth Santiago. Very.» he teased. « I thought I was the stuttering one. »

He wanted to pull his mate back against him but he didn't want to scare him either. Simon wasn't an
idiot: he could feel Raphael's confusion through their bond, he probably felt a glimpse of the
younger's affection without grasping it completely.

« Simon you... » Raphael sighed, his eyes unsure. « With me you will never have this complicity true
mate's have. I'm not sure you will ever be content or happy in a relationship with me. »

Simon smiled fondly, not commenting on Raphael nervously rubbing nervously his chest (a gesture
you take when your bond was reacting.) Whatever blocked their bond, it won't last long, he'll make
sure of it.

« I'm already happy, don't worry. »

Chapter End Notes

Hey! So Raphael is still unaware but you had a kiss! So... Don't kill me? (To HolyMad:
I will take some of your ideas for the later chapters ;3 if you don't mind. And thanks
again for your help!)
Raphael rolled his eyes with a smile. As he was closing the museum entrance he heard a little humming he recognized. Simon would always sing his songs by humming them softly. If not it would be the soundtrack of his favorite movies. (When Alec approaches he would whistle the 'Jaws' theme.)

He chuckled and turned towards the young student who smiled back and skipped up to him. It had become a little habit: at the end of his shift Simon would wait for him so they could spend some time together. It was hard for them to make time to see each other.

"Missed me?" the latino asked, greeting him with a kiss.

He felt Simon melting in the kiss which made him smile smugly. Normally he didn't like displays of affection but there is no denying he liked showing that this boy only had eyes for him. As the kiss lingered, he felt a mumbled against his lips making him frown and pulled back.

“Did you just tried to speak while kissing?"

“Noooooooo?” he blushed. “I wasn't talking, I was complimenting you!”

Raphael looked amused by this attempt but still wasn't convinced

“That's still the same. You don't talk while kissing, gatito.”

Simon pouted making his boyfriend smirk.

“Come on, let's go to my flat. It's getting cold out there.”

It was always a surprise to enter his home and not have a Ragnor or a wild Magnus on his couch or bed waiting for him with a big smile, even though they had broken in and eaten all his biscuits while he was away. He had told them that he was going out with Simon and he didn't want uninvited guests when he was with him. So Catarina made sure that if they wanted to smuggle in they at least sent a message to warn him. You couldn't stop them but at least Raphael knew when they were there. (And they took advantage of it: they send him tons of messages in the lines of “You don't have any cookies, can you buy some on your way back?” or “You didn't do the dishes last night.”) The nerve!

Luckily, the place was empty that day and Simon let himself fall on the couch with a huge sigh.


“Oops! Sorry.” he quickly discarded his shoes.

He was lucky that Simon was cute, fumbling like that; the Mexican didn't like mess. His room was always tidy and, apart from the dirty dishes when he was too tired, always clean. Simon teased him a lot about that, sometimes passing a finger on his desk and making a face, as if the place was dusty.
“And so, I’ve decided to hide a plastic army of ducks in Jace’s closet. He had it coming! I mean, rock pink glasses - that was not a cool move.”

Oh Dios, if he just let himself drift away for a minute he could miss the beginning of Simon’s rant. And Simon could be quite sulky if Raphael didn’t pay attention to him. He was childish some times.

“Ducks?”

“Yes!” he said, smacking his lips at the ‘p’. “He's totally terrified by them. That's why I referred to the ‘D’ night: we managed to piss of ducks and got chased by them in the park. At 2 AM in the morning.” Simon grinned.

“I'm not even surprised.” the elder sighed. “I'm going to my room, feel free to eat my food but next time you're buying."

“I don't eat THAT much! Rapha!”

His eyebrow rose at the nickname but he didn't comment, letting himself fall on his bed. The bed creaked when Simon joined him, nestling his head in his neck with a happy sigh. It was one of their favorite moments, when Simon was silent (“Ha ha, so funny Raph.” “What can I say? Your voice is very nice but your switch is **always** on.”) and snuggled up against him. Even though he was taller and was often the big spoon, the nerd loved using Raphael as a pillow.

“Do you want to stay the night?” the Mexican asked, stroking the scalp of his lover who gave a muffled answer.

“I want to but I didn't take anything...

“You can have my clothes when you’ll leave tomorrow. I don't mind the company.

“You do. Especially if it's Magnus.”

“Magnus is a pain since he's going all lovey-dovey with his 'Alexander’!” he mocked Magnus enamoured voice. “Can't stop talking about him and I've heard too much at some times.”

His face scrunched up in disgust at the memory. Now, he knew that if he ever invited himself at his friend's place without warning he would see things that could not been unseen. (And it wasn't ducks.)

“Then, I'm staying. Can I wear your black sweatpants? There so comfy!

“Geez, you like them more than me.” he mumbled, earning a teasing peck on the cheek. “There are drying in the bathroom.”

Simon smiled and jumped off to get them. Leaving his phone and vest behind him. Not even two seconds before he had left that the device started making noises of incoming messages. At first, Raphael ignored them but it wasn't just one. At least five or more.
He frowned and picked up the phone, ready to go and give it to his boyfriend. He could tell it was this annoying red-head that Simon liked so much. She always managed to call his boyfriend when they were trying to have a good time together. It was very frustrating and the problem was, because Clary was Simon's best friend, the nerd would always take her calls and talk forever with her on the phone. So yeah, Raphael didn't like her. He was going to leave the room to find Simon when he caught a glimpse of the messages. Just a few words of it but it was enough to make him frown. He checked that Simon wasn't coming and unlocked the message.

Soulmate ? Since three weeks ? WHAT ?! -CF

Si! ANSWER ME! When did you meet him?! Who is it?? :o -CF

Simon Lewis, you can't tell me you know who your soulmate is and leave your bloody phone just after!! -CF

Really now? Silence treatment. -CF

Does Raphael know? -CF

Raphael didn't notice his hands were clutched around the device, until he saw his knuckles turning white.

"Raphael?"

He jumped and threw the phone on the bed, shielding his emotions with a bored face. Simon musn't notice his sudden change of mood. His heart was betting strongly in his ears. He couldn't believe. Please, no. Why now? He breathed deeply to calm down. Simon is always clingy and demanding of Raphael's attention. There is no way he would cheat or go behind his back about this.

But he knows who his soulmate is. So why is he by my side ? And why didn't he tell anything about it.

"You okay?" the worry on the nerd's face when he walked in the room, made Rahael uneasy.

How does he always seems to know when something is wrong?! For God's sake, he is oblivious about everything but never about me.

"I'm fine. Just a bit tired."

"Sure?" he sat on the bed and patted next to him. Inviting his man to sit with him. When he did so, he wrapped his arms around his neck. «You know I can listen and shut up if needed.»

The affection in his eyes made Raphael's heart swell for a second and he leaned in to give him a soft kiss.

"You? Shutting up?" he smirked and didn't try to dodge the little slap Simon gave his shoulder. “You don't need to worry. I just have a neutral grumpy face.»

The frown showed that Simon didn't really believed him but when his guest caught him in another kiss, less innocent, he forgot what he wanted to say and pulled him closer.

They had to stop to breath but didn't move apart. Raphael rested his forehead against his, slightly out
of breath. Simon was so glad that their relationship was going well. Sure, the bond thing was a problem but they just needed some time. He couldn't wait for Raphael to realize who he truly was for him.

"You know I... I like-like you, right?" the student said shyly, blush growing on his cheeks and ears.

Usually Raphael would laugh and said 'Yes, I know cariño'. This time he didn't laugh. He just squeezed him tighter. Trying to erase the voice in his head.

_Three weeks. That's when we started dating. Does he really want me? Or is he just taking revenge on this soulmate that had mistreated him for years._

"Raphael?"

Simon felt the wave of insecurities inside his mate and pulled away. The way Raphael looked away when he tried to meet his gaze gave him another clue that something was wrong. He opened his mouth but Raphael beat him at it.

"I'm just tired, okay?" it wasn't harsh but it didn't leave any place for a debate.

Simon sighed and let it go. Raphael let out a relieved breath. He'll talk about it later. Not now when he had him in his arms. Later.

Later.

_Later shouldn't be a whole week. Dios, Santiago, get a grip of yourself!_

A. Whole. Week. Raphael never seemed to find the perfect time to mention it. Firstly, because he'll have to admit that he had read Simon's messages without his autorisation. Secondly, because he was still scared that Simon would realize that he was better off with his soulmate.

When Raphael saw how the relationship between Magnus and Alec blossomed even though they had a rocky beginning he couldn't help but worry. Even if Simon wanted him as a lover there will still be the pull of his bond towards his soulmate. _Weren't they something they called 'longing'?_ Raphael remembered. _About how when they apart their bond starts aching for their presences?_ He closed his cashier with more strenght than necesseray.

He was leaving his work when he received the usual text from Simon, telling he was ready to come after his work and hang out. This time though, he answer by the negative.

'Sorry, really late shift today. Don't bother.-RS

'I don't mind waiting. -SL

_You should also start writing that essay you talked to me about. If you keep sleeping at my place it will never end it in time._ -RS

_Buh. :( -SL_
Anyway, I'm going to end late tonight. Another time? -RS

Raphael tried to push down the guilt building up in his throat. It was the third time he dodged a meeting with his boyfriend but he knew he'll have to face it. Before doing that though, he needed some advice. He needed Magnus. (No, he will never say it out loud.) He typed a message to his sparkly brother, telling him he will pass by his appartement, and walked out of the museum.

He knew Alexander wouldn't be there because he had heard his friend complaning about it non-stop. He walked quickly, frowning at the dark clouds taking over the sky. Damn, seems like a storm is coming.

It took quite some time, on foot, to arrive at the flat. He had accelereted, getting into the building just before the rain but nightfall was almost there. Maybe he'll let me stay for the night. The door was unlocked and he walked in.

Magnus was waiting for him, on his sofa with his cat, Chairman Meow, on his lap.

“Well, well. Mr Santiago, we meet again.”

“Aaaand I should have known that movie night with Simon wouldn't be without consequences.” he let himself fall, without grace, on the couch.

Magnus raised his eyebrows at that. Raphael, the most proud and collected, letting himself slouch like that?

“Did one of your jackets burn to ashes? That or you didn't have your coffee this morning.” Raphael rolled his eyes at the comment

“It's far more serious than that.”

Magnus gentled put his cat on a cushion and quickly got up. He jumped on the couch, throwing his legs in his friend lap. He gave a toothy smile at the glare he was being sent. He made sign to Raphael to speak.

Raphael sighed and pushed the legs away.

“I... Simon has found his soulmate.”

His friend eye's widened as he continued, voice shaken:

“Magnus I... I just can't face him without thinking that somewhere there is someone who was made for him and it's not me! He knows it's not me.”

“Oh Raphael...” Magnus sat next to him and pulled him into a hug. “Soulmates aren't necesseraly the one and only. My parents are the proof, you and Simon are the proof! Whoever that person is, they don't stand a chance between you and your nerdy boy. Believe me, he looks at you and only you when you're in the room.”

Raphael sighed and let his head rest against his shoulders.

“But your parents couldn't stay away from each other. Even if they hated it the bond always pulled them back together. Who can assure me that it won't be the case with Simon?”

“Did he talked to you about it?”

“No I.. I've read his messages when hewsn'tlookng.” he mumbled.
“You- Wow, Belcourt would be proud of you.”

“Don’t remind me of her. She was a psycho, control freak maniac. I feel bad about it so I can’t really bring it up to Si’. But if I don’t, I don’t think he will.”

“Well, he knows you're soulmate-less and he probably doesn’t want you to worry about it. He cares Raphael.” he cupped his friend's chin to make him look at him. “I'm sure if you two just talk it would all work out. Remember? He chose you.”

Raphael sighed and let Magnus stroke his hair to soothe him. God, he was happy to have him. He was really fond of Ragnor and Catarina but no one managed to calm him like Magnus did.

This little soft moment was soon disturbed by the tightening in Raphael's throat. He moved and rubbed his neck, before feeling his chest itching.

_Loneliness. Hurt._

He frowned and sat back up, clearing his throat. Damn it, what was going wrong with him today? Magnus looked at him questioningly: he seemed stiff and kept looking around the room, looking for something.

“Fidgeting is not something you usually do.

“Something's wrong.” he said.

He rubbed his chest, an uneasy feeling settling in his chest. It was hard to understand what he was feeling. It was... Loneliness? Even though Magnus was right there cheering him up?

“What is wrong?

“I don't know what. Something is. It's... I just know I'm missing something.”

Magnus looked at the hand gripped to the shirt and his eyes widened.

“When did Simon found his soulmate?

“Three, no four, weeks from now. Just at the beginning of our relationship.” he got up and pulled out his phone of his coat. Suddenly he felt really unwell. He had missed calls and tons of unread messages. Oh no...

“Raphael, I think I kn-

“Fuck!” Raphael pulled his coat on. “Simon is at the Museum because I- mierda – I'm the worst.

“What's happening?

“Turns out that Simon went to wait for my shift to end -shift I've lied about- and is caught in the rain all on his own. I should have fucking guessed he would have come anyway.”

“Why did you lie? Couldn't you just say you wanted to see me?” Magnus asked tiredly. “God, you're good at making things worse.”

“Don't start.” the smaller man groaned, leaving the flat in a rush.

“Wait- Raphael! That's my umbrella!”
"Simon!"

The young man lifted his head at the sound of his voice. Raphael ran up to him, holding the umbrella above their head. Simon had water dripping from his hair and glasses, shivering slightly because of the cold. Raphael looked at his thin jacket and sighed.

“Look at you, why didn't you take shelter somewhere?”

There was a little bag of groceries next to him, soaking wet. Raphael felt guilt washing over him. Simon had bought it and waited for him. It had been a while since they didn't see each other and his boyfriend wanted to do something for him. And because he, on the contrary, was a huge dick, he lied to him and went to Magnus because... Because...

*I'm so selfish.*

"You said there was a long shift. You're always cranky when it happens so I thought it would be nice to cheer you up." his soft eyes were slightly accusing. Not much, just enough to remind Raphael that he messed up.

“Look, I'll explain it but not now!” he shrugged his own coat, still protected by the umbrella. “Take this, you'll catch a cold.”

The young student looked at the clothing but shook his head. God, he was irratating when he was doing this. Okay, it was a bad move from him but acting like a kid won't help. *He can't understand what's going on with me. Can't he just accept that?*

“What's wrong Raphael? I know something is up. I can fucking feel it!

“You don't know nothing!” he said through his teeth. “Stop acting like that, because it's not true.”

*A bond is unbreakable.' His mother told him. 'The only thing that can break it is death.' You can't run away from your soulmate.

*All these people looking down on him. He didn't have a soulmate he was broken. 'Maybe he didn't deserve one?*

“Acting like what? Like I care?

*Why? Why can't I have this? I don't have a mate. He does and it's not me. Why can't it be me?*

“Like you're my soulmate! Which you aren't! You'll never be!”

Simon flinched away from the yell. Raphael took in a sharp breath, and lowered his head. He hadn't mean to yell. It was his fault, it was his.

A wave of pain suddenly burst in Raphael's chest and the air suddenly left his lungs. It was a burning sensation, that rised in his lungs and throat. He didn't notice that he sunk on his knees when the sensation awoke inside him. His hand went to reach his heart, hammering in his chest. *Hurt. It was*
the hurt of being rejected, hurt because he cared and the one he loved couldn't see. Couldn't understand. Breathing heavily he looked back up at Simon who was staring back with tears in his eyes. This heartbreak Raphael was feeling... That wasn't... His. It was like instinct, he just knew it wasn't his and that it belonged to someone else. It hurted, but it was like a signal, someone saying that he's hurt, it was so strange. It wasn't his.

Simon saw the realization in his eyes and took a woobly step forward.

“Raphael I...”

As quick as it went, in the blink of an eye, the feeling was shut off and the latino stiffened. This wasn't possible. It was a horrible bad joke: twenty two -fucking- years without anything like a bond! And when he finally started feeling something it shuts down? He was shivering, confused and frustrated. Not again, not this emptiness, he had enough of this. He squeezed his eyes shut, trying to remember the feeling, trying to open his bond again but nothing came. It was empty, he felt so empty.

“Raphael, please look at me.” Simon whispered with a broken voice. “Please, don't be scared. I-I know I should probably have told your o-or maybe tried a session with Meliorn but it's not good forcing on bonds. I though -no- I knew it would wake up if I just give it some time. Look at me, say something!” he sobbed.

Raphael felt the water sliding under his clothes. Coldness seeping into his bones. None of the two were moving, Slowly, very slowly, Raphael looked back up.

“You're my soulmate.” he said with a hoarse voice.

“I'm your soulmate.” Simon whispered back.

Raphael didn't see him coming forward, but suddenly he was in his mate's arms, head hidden in his neck, breathing the familiar sweet smell. Simon choked back a sob down and held him tight.

Raphael sat against his bathroom door, a towel still on his head. The second he had his mind back in place he had taken Simon home and told him to use the shower. Both of them had made litteral puddles in his entrance and corridor. (Raphael's coat was ruined and let's not mention Magnus's flashy purple umbrella also leaving a mess) After he had lend Simon some clothes and a towel he said he was going to prepare something warm to drink and then they would talk. But the second Simon was in the shower, he didn't feel any energy left and just stayed on the floor waiting for him.

God, they really needed to talk.

He rubbed his face. He had a soulmate. After all these broken years, envy blinding him when he saw others in their mate's arms, a beginning of a bond had showed itself up. This would acually explain why he was so sensitive to Simon's mood, or the longing he felt when he was alone. Lord, all the symptoms where there and he didn't even realize it.

Also, why didn't he just tell him? It was unfair but he kind of understood why he did it. Raphael wouldn't have belived it until a violent shock waked it up. The pain Simon had felt when he had yelled, that he wasn't his soulmate, had been so big even his rotten bond reacted to it.
Great way of realizing that they were soulmates.

The door opened and he jumped, getting up on his feet. Simon still had red eyes and and the t-shirt he was wearing was too big, giving him an even more pitiful lost puppy look. Raphael lowered his head. This man had lived years thinking his soulmate was rejecting him. And it's my fault.

“I... I haven't made anything yet but we can...”

Simon pulled him in a hug, hanging onto him and stopping his mate from useless talk. Raphael felt his throat tightened and lifted his hand to let it run through the wet curls. He pressed his lips against them. How didn't he realize sooner?

“I'm so sorry. Simon, cariño, look at me.”

He lifted his face, his heart breaking at the sight of these teary eyes.

“I'm tired.” Simon mumbled. “Can't we just... Got to bed and talk tomorrow?”

Raphael nodded. With one swift movement, he lifted Simon in his arms to carry him to the bed. Simon yelped and complained about being carried like a bride but when his boyfriend lifted an eyebrow he stopped. Even if their bond wasn't complete yet, they both knew he loved this kind of attention.

When they finally reached his room he delicately layed him on the bed. They were still dressed but they were too exhausted to bother changing. Raphael settled next to him, stroking his face like if he could break him.

“I didn't know... I'm so sorry.”

“It's not your fault.” Simon shook his head. “I've only understood it on our date but you... didn't seem to feel anything. It's something too fragile and I couldn't rush things and Meliorn warned me once about this-”

“Hey, hey, you still need to breath okay?” Raphael smiled teasingly. “Now sleep. I think we both need it.”

Simon sighed and leaned forward, wanting to give a goodnight kiss. As soon as their lips touched, Raphael hands ran up his boyfriend's hips, pulling him closer. Simon gasped in the kiss, letting Raphael deepen it, their tongues meeting, desperate. The youngest ranked his hands up his shoulders and neck until his fingers found his hair. Tugging him closer and earning a little groan from his soulmate. Raphael's touch was driving Simon crazy. He was always precise and determined, slowing where the skin was most sensitive. Simon could feel his bond swelling with emotions. Normally touch, kiss and sex made the bond even more sensitive. If Simon was overwhelmed and panting at the torrent of emotions coming from him and his lover, he was aware that it wasn't the case for Raphael.

Simon's emotions were trying to reach him but that stupid invisible wall was still there. Frustration started to rose in his mate's bond and Simon pulled back, ending the kiss. They were both breathing heavily, staring at each other.

“Oh felt you, it know I did but now I can't.” Raphael whispered, frustration leaving for sadness. “It's... It's not fair.”

Simon pulled him closer, wrapping himself around him.
“We'll find a way, I promise.” and with one last kiss he whispered “I love you.”

Chapter End Notes

Heya everyone! I hope you liked this chapter (finally Raphael knows! Not without some drama true.) We've probably got two, three more chapters before ending this story! Sadly, I won't be able to post in the next week because I won't have any internet (I'm literally going to be isolated in the middle of the forest, no wifi there) so I apologize and will try to post the next chapter as soon as I come back! :3
The following morning, Simon woke up groggily. His throat was sore and he was certain it was because of the bad weather from yesterday. The warm shower didn't prevent him completely from a little cold. He groaned and tried to roll away but a strong arm around his waist stopped him from doing so. The student let a tired smile on his lips and turned his head to look at the sleepy face of his soulmate.

Raphael looked peaceful, his constant frown wasn't there and he had his head on Simon's chest. Yesterday had been tiring for both of them and, as the older wasn't a morning person, he wasn't going to wake up soon. Simon just let his hand ran up and down his back, barely touching the skin. He let his head fall back on the cushions, staring at the ceiling. He could only wait for his boyfriend to wake up. While he waited, he thought about what happened and what to do. Raphael could feel the bond when there was a violent emotion. Meliorn wouldn't mind giving them some information and some help about it. They'll probably do a 'bond-session' to open their link with more care than random emotional shocks. He didn't want that the only time they would share feelings was when one was suffering or sad.

Lord, it had been so painful when Raphael said to stop acting like a soulmate. It was painful for Simon because he felt rejected, but the worse was the pain seeping from Raphael. He hadn't known how to help him and he felt useless. Simon left a kiss in the messy curls of his lover at the thought, he needed to take care of this precious, stubborn man.

He felt Raphael shifting and waking up next to him. Simon gulped and turned to gaze into the black, sleepy, eyes of his soulmate.

“Hey...” the Mexican mumbled, blinking and lifting himself up. “What time it is?

“Must be half past then? Nearly 11?”

Raphael sighed and sat up, rubbing his face. Simon really wanted to drag him back down and ruffle the slight curls on his head but he knew it wasn't the time.

… Fuck it. He got up and threw his arms around his mate who jumped at the sudden hug. Strong hands landed on his waist and held him close.

“That's one warm hello.” he smirked at the younger man who stuck his tongue out. Raphael sighed and pulled back to continue. “I'm going to prepare breakfast, I don't think straight without some coffee first.

“That's because you aren't.” Simon leaned in ready to kiss him but stopped.

Maybe that Raphael needed a less clingy mate while they dealt with their situation. Yesterday they were overwhelmed by the emotions but now... Raphael frowned and pressed a soft kiss, reassuring his boyfriend.

“Stop thinking stupid things.”

“How could you know?” Did Raphael feel something?
“Because you do that all the time.” he smirked.

With that last sentence they went to prepare themselves. Like most (every) times Simon was in his house he ended up wearing Raphael's clothes with a cheeky smile. Raphael shook his head amused when he noticed it, putting down his and Simon's coffee. They ate in silence, just resting their heads and both thinking of something to say.

“I'm propably going to meet up with Meliorn.” Simon cut in the heavy silence. “I've already did some sessions with him for free. I bet he wouldn't say no to help me out one more time.”

Raphael nodded slowly. He never really talked to the guy. He was quite interesting but the fact that he always seemed to be aware of everything and everyone was odd and worrying at times. The latino didn't like being studied even if it was harmless. Their bond must be quite the case and he didn't want to be a lab rat. He gazed at the tired yet hopeful smile of his boyfriend.

He couldn't believe he only understood last night that he was his soulmate.

“Didn't you feel lonely?” Raphael asked, guilt flooding through his mind. “You could have hated me. The fact that I never answered to your bond, the imposed emotions.”

Simon rolled his eyes and leaned to grab his hand, squeezing it.

“It was not your fault. When we've meet I was... disappointed because I thought you weren't my soulmate, that you would never want me. When you accepted, I was so happy! You don't realize how lucky I felt when you said yes and let me kiss you. When I realize we were meant to be!

“Well, if I had known that you talk while kissing.”

“Okay, that was just one time!” he pushed his mate away, vexed. “And you said you didn't mind!”

The shorter laughed softly. When did he get so lucky?

_The second Simon walked into his life._

Meliorn was greatly unimpressed by the couple standing in his dorway. When Simon told him he was passing by this morning, he thought they would at least bought some snacks. Or give him the time to tidy up his appartement. He didn't like letting people in when Jace had left a mess the night before.

“You know, I like being warned when someone wants a bond 'session' this early. Jace has made a mess yesterday and I've yet to tidy it.

“I didn't made a mess!” came an offended voice from the bedroom.

Raphael looked at the pants in the corridor and sniffed, unconvinced.

“Sure Jacob. Whatever you say.”

“Are you sure Magnus and you aren't related?” Simon asked with a smirk.
“Please!” the latino groaned. “Next time you'll say I'm more of a drama queen than him.”

“You are.” Simon deadpanned.

There was a moment where Raphael narrowed his eyes at his mate, ready to snap back but Meliorn raised a finger, catching their attention.

“Misters, I rather not have a lover's spat on my doorstep. Let's go inside. At least there's some tea.”

He stepped outside to let them in and invited them to the little living room which had been spared. Raphael, discovering the place for the first time, wasn't surprised about the many flowers on the windowsill. Plenty of books on the shelves, a lot about soulmate he noticed (or plants), with little decoration. The few video games in front of the tv were probably Jace's because he could hardly imagine the call and peaceful Meliorn playing Dark Souls.

Jace got up when Meliorn put down some toast, tea and coffee. Raphael wasn't comfortable talking about his soulmate problem with the blond sipping his drink not far away but Simon seemed to trust him and didn't mind. The mexican rubbed his hand nervously as Meliorn listened to their explanation.

“So Simon can feel you and, I guess by now, is even more sensitive yet you only seem to feel when the emotions are violent and negative.

“I don't see why.” Simon mumbled.

“Well, the bond is part of a survival instinct. If your soulmate is in danger, you must react whatever the cost. So if you're in great distress, Raphael will feel it because he must protect you at all cost. But, because the bond isn't active most of the time when it actually does react it can came as a violent shock.”

Meliorn turned towards Raphael and asked curiously:

“Why didn't you ask professionals about your bond? I've met a one and they are the best people to help you with it.

“I've been told when I was like six that I didn't have a soulmate. I didn't even try after that!

“Non-professionals don't know anything about soulmate's bond. Keep that in mind. People tend to think because they live with it they know everything about it.

“And what are you?” Raphael snapped.

This guy was being slightly too pompous for his taste. He didn't care if he was a good friend of Simon, he will leave if he keep being so... Simon grabbed his hand and squeezed it, calming him down. Raphael sighed and gave a side glance to his mate. He wasn't the only one in this. Simon deserved a soulmate that had a strong bond.

“I actually have a high bond-sensitivity. If I concentrate I can feel the bond between people. Believe me it's not a gift.” Meliorn calmly said. “But with it, I can help people who have problem with their own. That's why I devoted myself in soulmate's studies.”

Raphael settled in the couch with a frown. There was really different types of bond? He knew for him and Magnus but he didn't know about other people could feel his. Simon was talking with Meliorn about what they already knew from a -first? session they had made together. Apparently the bond student had taken notes of everything and every person who asked him for help about
their bonds. He groaned at the thought that after that he would also have a place in his notes.

“So, Raphael?”

He lifted his head with a sigh.

“We will need to know a bit more about you and your positions with soulmates.

“Well, my father wasn’t my mother’s soulmate. So there’s that?” he shrugged. It couldn’t really be the reason or even more people would be like him. “There is nothing much to say. I never felt the bond, only until recently. I grew up hating the idea.”

He felt Simon tense next to him. He wasn’t going to pretend. Raphael hated it for a long time. He suffered from this mess and by extent it had also hurt his mate.

He hated that his side of the bond was broken.

“What happened to their soulmates?” Meliorn kept asking. His hand elegantly running and writing on the paper.

“I don’t know. My mother’s soulmate died when she was pregnant with me. My dad never talked about his. He didn’t like the concept of it.”

Meliorn stopped taking notes and raised his eyes. Very carefully he asked.

“Do you know if their bond was already cemented? You mother and her soulmate’s that is.

“I don’t know. What do you mean by cemented?

“For example, when you two have met, your bond automatically fused in one another. Creating a desire of being with each other and, in your case for example, making Simon even more sensitive to your emotions. That also mean that if one of you came to die the pain will very painful and heartbreaking for the soulmate. Now imagine. Your mother knew who her soulmate was, she made the choice of marrying your father but the bond could already be fused and was strong enough to affect her. If your mother felt that kind of morning-pain while being pregnant... It is possible that a part of you associate her bond breaking as his own. You can’t feel Simon because your soul thinks he’s dead.”

Raphael paled. Did it mean that his side of the bond was dead? Simon rubbed his hand, trying to comfort him even if he was also feeling his stomach twisting at the thought.

“But I can still feel him from times to times. So that means there is a solution?” the mexican asked, feeling his throat tightening.

Meliorn let a toothy smile on his lips.

“Of course. Jace?

“Yeah?”

“I’m kicking you out for the next two hours? When you come home, could you buy some eggs?” he smiled sweetly, getting up and opening his laptop.

Raphael politely coughed, hiding his laugh, whereas Simon widely smirked and winked at his friend shocked face.
“Why am I kicked out? I can be silent during the session!”

He humpfed indignantly at Meliorn shooing mention.

“It's something pretty private and delicate. I love you, but you're not what I would call subtle.”

When Jace finally got up and left, grumbling about unfairness and heartless mate, the soulmate specialist turned towards the couple.

“Raphael, I must warn you. An unused bond can be painful at first because it isn't used to receiving feelings. In any case, you must warn us. Forcing won't do anything good to you. Okay?”

Something passed through the eyes of the man who just nodded. He just wanted to feel again. He will feel again.

The idea was pretty simple. He was going to lie down somewhere comfortable. No one should touch him during the session and Meliorn (mis différente escens à brûler). Meliorn had this kind of voice that soothed you, slowly explaining what to do and that made you relax. When Raphael started yawning, the bond expert drawled that falling asleep won't be good for the rest of the session.

Simon sat, not far away. Meliorn told him there was nothing to be worried about but he couldn't help being scared for his mate.

Relax. There is only you. Simon and I are not here, or at least the last of your worries. Concentrate on yourself.

The young musician looked at the still form of his boyfriend and just stared as Meliorn walk around, talking and giving him relaxing exercises.

Simon knew he was also supposed to be on the look-out. Right now, the bond was silent. Both being calm. It was really unnerving, to just stay away and look at his unmoving body. He sighed and gave a sad puppy face to Meliorn who rolled his eyes. He gave him a thumbs up to reassure him.

“I'll need you to send some emotional wave. To stimulate your bond.”

Simon nodded and closed his eyes. Concentrating on the warm feeling when he and his soulmate lay in bed together. When Magnus would tease them, making Raphael blush and curse.

Meliorn frowned and kneeled near the Mexican. He let his hand go over his chest and started to whisper so that only Raphael could hear. Simon sniffed at that, wanting nothing more to sit by his lover's side as well but he knew better to leave it to his friend. He was the one who could stop it if it went wrong.

Meliorn walked up to the musician who gave him a hopeful look.

“It's rusted.” he sighed, lowering his voice so that Raphael could stay in his 'transe'. “It will probably need plenty of session to clean it completely.

“I didn't know it could get rusted.
“He never used his bond because he never felt anything through it. Which means he first need to be conscious of it again before being able to answer to yours. With some work and time it'll probably be fine though.

“Meliorn, you're a saving grace you know that?”

The man smiled softly.

“I'm happy I can help. You two don't deserve to suffer because of it.”

He turned back to Raphael but continued talking to the nerd.

“Do you feel anything Simon?”

“It's like if his bond was turning around in himself. I can feel it reacting but it's seems lost.”

“Ok. I think it's a good start.”

Meliorn clapped in his hands. The sounds making the man on the ground flinch.

“Let it go Raphael. It's enough for one session.” The latino had his eyes still closed and Meliorn approached him to shook his shoulder softly. “Raphael, stop. More can be risky.”

Raphael gasped and arched his back, making the two outsiders jump. Meliorn eyes widen as Simon jumped on his feet.

“He's forcing the bond! Simon shut it! Shut it!

“I don't know how!” he yelped.

Just as his voice reached a new peak of high, Raphael's eyes snapped open and he tried to sit up, wheezing. Simon rushed to Raphael who was gasping for air. He pulled him in his arms, sending panicked looks to Meliorn.

“What did I say about not forcing on the bond? It's dangerous!” Meliorn cursed, rubbing the latino's back. “Breath slowly. It just the aftershock. Do not try to force on the bond, let it rest.”

Raphael coughed a bit before letting himself fall against his mate's chest. The burning sensation was finally gone. (He will never admit that he should have listened. Even thought as he coughed violently.) It was when the burn was completely gone that he felt it. Down, under layers and layers of nothingless a little spark was there. A flicker of emotion that could be felt and Raphael smiled. Gently, he let his bond grow and managed to send some aching affection to his soulmate, making him gasp.

“I can feel it.” he meet the shining eyes of his lover and whispered. “I can feel you, Simon.”

Chapter End Notes
Wohoooo! I'm late! I'm really really late!
So sorry for the delay I had just so much to deal with but I am nearly good to end the story!
Just the epilogue and we will be able to wish the best for our little favourite couple! I'll probably also be quite late about it but I promise I'll do my best!
I hope you liked the chapter nevertheless! :3
Magnus bit his lips and tried not to laugh at the blushing face of his friend. Raphael had crossed his arms and was sitting sulkily on the sofa. He was supposed to prepare the snacks for the guests but dealing with this and Magnus at the same time was impossible. He blushed even harder when sparkly friend let out another giggle.

“Stop it. It's not funny.

“Yes Magnus.” Ragnor drawled with a smirk. “Let's not make fun of our dorky brother.

“I'm not dorky! You are dorky!”

Catarina sighed at him, unimpressed by the comeback and sipped her tea.

“Stop fighting kids. I thought we were here to give our congratulations to our favorite Santiago. It was very cute the way you suggested him to live together with you. I'm proud of you.

“One knee on the ground, the magic little box and with a key in it? I thought you were going to propose! And god, you were so cheesy.

“I'm going to force this skone down your throat and make you choke on it. I swear Ragnor.” the latino threatened.

“This looks like a bachelor party. I want to organize a bachelor party.” Mangus started clapping in his hands. “Could you really propose to Simon, Raph?! 

“You want me to get married first?” he asked an eyebrow raised.

Magnus stopped and frowned before nodding thoughtfully.

“You're right, I need to be fabulous first so you can take example on me.

“Also, I don't think you'd invite your sister for a bachelor party.” a little voice cut in.

Raphael turned with a huge smile and caught his little sister in his arms. He gave a kiss on her forehead before stepping away, taking her in. She had a huge smile when he pinched her cheek.

“I missed you Rosa. I hope this mate of yours is treating you well

“You too! I'm so happy to see you. And by the way, you know he is too scared of you to refuse me anything." she winked. " Ivan and Diego are sorry they can't come.

“It's okay. I think the ladies of the santiago family will be enough for Simon anyway.” he chuckled.

Catarina smiled at that.

“I wonder how he is. I've never meet him and I don't think Magnus's (témoignage) is correct.

“I'm hurt Cat. Really.” her friend deadpanned.
 Raphael felt his whole face lit up and went up to hug his mother who laughed warmly. She didn't change, still that same smile, these same soothing words she whispered in his ear. She had been so happy when she heard about Simon, knowing that there was someone ready to love and take care of her little Raphael (not so little now but mothers are mothers). He didn't tell her about why the bond wasn't working. He didn't need to bring up bad memories now, they could only go forward.

“How are you doing my little boy. Are you eating well? You look thin. I need to come around to plump you up a bit more.”

Raphael wanted to say it wasn't necessary but Ragnor cut in at that moment:

“If you think he's thin, just wait to see Simon. Hug him and you'll get a paper cut!

“That's my boyfriend you're talking about.” Raphael warned.

Guadalupe laughed at that and Raphael forgot to be annoyed at his friend. He wasn't going to lie, he was a little nervous about Simon meeting her. But they were both sweet people so there was no reason for them not to get along.

Even though Magnus had poisoned his mind with many scenarios of how it could go completely wrong.

He sighed and went to the kitchen. There were plenty of little snacks that needed to be brought so all the guest could nibble before the real lunch. It was als mainly to cover for Simon who send him a message about how he'll be late. Some people would think he was doing it on purpose but after living a few days with the nerd, Raphael realizes that he was just always daydreaming about something or just a favorite victim of bad luck.

He didn't send a text back, better not give any distraction to his lover while he was arriving. And he had the keys anyway, it was their apartment now.

Their appartement. He still couldn't believe it. It actually didn't change much about their routine because Simon was always hanging at Raphael's before. They just made it official but still! Just thinking about it made him smile. (Raphael won't admit he is a dork under these layers of leather jacket.)

He was so inside his head, thinking about the cooking and answering to his friend's who were lounging in the living room, he didn't hear the lock turning or the quick footstep behind him.

It was a familiar humming that caught his ear and he rolled his eyes when two hands appeared in front of his eyes.

“Guess who?” someone whispered in his eyes.

“Chewbacca?

“Are you saying I'm too hairy?” a laugh answered and Raphael was able to turn and kiss Simon pouting lips.

“How was your day?” he shivered a bit when the bond between them opened again.
It was still a work in progress. The bond would be easier to deal with when they were physically very close. Simon was still the most sensitive but Raphael was getting better. The mexican never knew when his emotions was reaching his soulmate. It was still a dark zone for him. That's why one time, as Simon was talking to Clary, he had sent too much affection that the nerd had spilled his drink and was a blushing mess for the next ten minutes. Clary wouldn't let him get away with it, finding it way too amusing for their own good. They both had to thank Meliorn for it. The man was really patient with Raphael who would sometimes be angry and frustrated. Usually he stopped the sessions and prepare some tea so they would rather talk about it than banging their heads on a sort of (blocus).

Simon's voice brought Raphael back to reality.

“Classes were boring. Like always but I nailed my financial exam! I think I deserve an extra muffin for that.” he said, eyeing the desserts Catarina had brought over.

“No, no! No eating now!” he swatted his boyfriend's hand. “First, I present you to my mother and sister, then we eat, then the muffins.

“Even if I make puppy eyes to you?” Simon pouted, resting his forehead against Raphael's who sighed. Damn he was cute.

“Only one.” he raised a finger to underline his point. “Not more.”

“You're the best!” the student kissed his mate and went up to reach for the little cakes.

Raphael smirked took his hand as his soulmate gulped one of the cakes down.

“Are you ready to meet my family now?

“If I tell you I'm 90% sure I'm going to mess up...

“Well, I'm betting on the 10% then.

“You know we can hear you lovebirds from here?” Magnus drawled. “Where's my Alexander? I want to be lovey dovey too.

“He works Mags, he can't really skip it just to have some tea with us.”

Lunch went well even though Simon was obviously nervous. Guadalupe who noticed that started playing the evil stepmother, being full of tease and then winking at her son when Simon was blushing and trying to answer an embarrassing question from the woman. Raphael was glad it was that rather than embarrassing stories about his childhood (and good they were plenty).

In the end, Rosa took pity on her brother's soul mate and tried to calm down the tease that was their mother. Even though Ragnor and Magnus were having lots of fun just looking at the exchange.

Finally, when the dishes were being picked up and tidied, Raphael joined Simon on their small balcony. The student had took refuge there, making Guadalupe feel a little guilty. She didn't mean any harm by messing a little with the boy. Raphael reassured her and tell her he was going to talk t him. I mean... He lives with me now. He should have know I get my sassiness from somewhere! It
was just enough space for Raphael when he wanted to have a smoke discreetly. Right now he couldn't because of his mother (yes, he still hid to smoke, his mother could steal his cigarettes and throw them away)

“You okay Si’?

“I think your mother... Doesn't like me?” he answered nervously. “I think, because Magnus was choking on his water at each questions she asked.

“He was laughing and choking himself. She's a tease Simon, don't worry.” he pulled him by the hips so their chest touched. “I can assure you they find you adorable more than anything else.

“Really? They don't think I'm too nerdy or anything? You're not lying to make me feel better?” he narrowed his eyes slightly.

“Dios, I'm sure. My mother doesn't try to be subtle when she doesn't like someone.”

When he saw the frown still present on his lover's face, he got up on his toes to leave a kiss on his forehead. The attention would have been perfect if not for the flashes that made them jump and turned towards the culprit.

Rosa and Cat looked at each other, guilt written on their faces, phones still in hands. Rosa blushed and made her puppy eyes to her brother.

“I didn't mean to?” she mumbled.

“You didn't mean to? You're telling me you go that picture by acciden.

“Strange things happen Raphael.” Cat nodded solemnly, typing away. At Simon's interrogating look she explained. “I'm sending this to Mags and Clary. Who will probably send them to their Lightwoods. Who will probably send...

“Private life isn't a word you hear often, no?

“Raph, I wasn't the one breaking into your house for the pass months. Give me that at least.” she winked before pulling a giggling Rosa away.

Simon laughed at his jaded roll of eyes. Magnus broke in once when Simon was around and both had screamed when they saw each other. For Raphael who was in the shower it had been chaos. He had arrived, just a towel around his waist cursing at these idiots. Since, Magnus knock... Before breaking in, not bothering to wait someone to open the door. Some things will never change. He didn't break in when Alec was there. Because Alec wouldn't let him (and that's how Raphael and Alec became good friends).

The bond swelled up with affection and Raphael chuckled at Simon who was demanding his attention. That was something he really loved with this bond, feeling Simon melting and asking for some affection.

“I love you.” Simon said, the blush spreading on his cheeks.

“I know.” he answered smugly, stroking the chest, just above the heart.

“Don't Star Wars me. Specially when I was the one to show you the films.”

Raphael laughed, trying to squirm away as his mate pinched his sides as a revenge.
“Come on, let’s go in. The others are probably wondering where we are.”

“Ha ha! Not they’re not. My thoughts, they know exactly.” Simon laughed, pulling Raphael closer, capturing the other’s smirking lips.

Soulmates. Sharing every emotions, every sensation with your one true mate. Plenty of people would say how beautiful this feeling is, how lucky as humans we are to have this kind of bond with each other.

Raphael thought that these people we too cheesy for their own good.

But when he felt a little pull on his bond, a little sparkle of love, he realize that maybe. Just maybe. He was as cheesy as them.

After all, who doesn't like a good story about soulmates?

Chapter End Notes

And a happy ending for these two. They deserved it. Thank you sooooo much. Really, thank you for reading, commenting and leaving all these kudos! You've got credit because you were really patient with me and my slow writing. I'm sorry it took me so long to finish this but I hope you had enjoyed it nevertheless and I hug you all (from afar) for your support!

See you in another story maybe ;3

End Notes

Thanks for reading the first chapter of this new story! Again, I'm sorry for the mistakes I'll make but I hope you will still enjoy the plot! :3 (Maddie: pls wait a bit until I have beta'd :D ) It looks pretty angsty, I know, but I can assure you they will have a good ending! (I'm rubbish at being sad non-stop)

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