**Summary**

Being an Omega wasn't easy. But being a male Omega Shadowhunter was even worse. Alexander Lightwood is one of the best Shadowhunters, member of a prestigious family, and an Omega- and he hates his second gender, rebels against it, and everything it entitles. Until, he doesn't anymore...

Magnus is an Alpha and a very powerful Warlock. On the surface, he appears aloof and laid-back- an Adonis with no lack of partners. But underneath the surface, he hides a painful past and harrowing memories. Love is a distant memory, until it isn't...

This is the encounter and life of an elite Shadowhunter and a respected Downworld leader, two lonely men, two wounded hearts, two tender souls- Alpha and Omega.
Hi,
This is my first Malec/Shadowhunters fanfic, please treat me well. I love Malec and wanted to pay homage to their beautiful and healthy relationship as well as individual journey. I took my liberties with the Alpha/Omega/Beta dynamics and rules. I hope you enjoy this story and let me know your thoughts on it. I welcome constructive criticism/feedback. This is not beta read, sorry. But i did my very best to edit it.

Happy reading!

PS: I will add to the tags as the story progresses.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

-Present-

Laying down on the spacious teal blue sofa, velvet fabric warming his outstretched exposed legs, Alec let his mind wander. The pitter-patter of the raindrops hitting against the large windows, the gray sky bright with lightning, and the rumbling of thunder lulled him into a comfortable state. His head heavy with exhaustion pillowed by Magnus’s muscled thighs, Magnus’s ringed hand carding through his mussy hair while he read ‘What to Expect When You're Expecting’ for the fifth time, and the scent of home relaxed him to the point of drifting off to sleep.

Chopin’s Noctune played on the Victrola. The delicate piano notes soothing, making him feel weightless.

Alec felt his hands slip off a little where they cradled his pregnant belly covered by a cobalt blue cashmere blanket. He also felt a soft kiss on his forehead, and a warm hand slip under the covers to caress his naked stomach. The babies kicked with force, which made his Alpha chuckle, and the happy scent that rolled off of his mate in waves made Alec’s lips stretch into a smile as he fell asleep.

“Sleep well, my loves. I’ll watch over you,” Magnus whispered against his mate’s forehead.

Alec’s mind wandered.

It wandered to the past.

And, he shivered intensely.

Magnus’s thoughts wandered.

They wandered to bygone days.

And, his heart lurched violently.

Because the past was gloomy, but also bright.

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-Four Years Ago-

Alec hated being an Omega- a male Omega was the worst thing you could be. At least if you were a Shadowhunter.

Omegas were an inconvenience. A distraction to the more superior gender—Alphas.

Alec only trusted two alphas in his life- his mother and Jace. Izzy was a beta and many times his anchor, defending him fiercely from venomous comments, not that he needed it. He could take on any alpha knothead and kick their ass easily. His father, on the other hand was a beta with an alpha complex, and he didn’t have time to waste for his Omega son.

Regardless of his many abilities, deep down Alec felt like a disappointment.

He let his body go into heat twice a year (every six months), which was the recommended amount the doctors in Idris recommended to help keep his body healthy. The rest of the time he used the
Omega Suppressing Rune drawn with his steelie on his right leg’s inner thigh. The rune blocked his scent, suppressed his heats (which happened every three months if he let his body run its natural course), and basically sealed the Omega side of him in a dark room. It made him feel unsettled every time he used this rune— incomplete and at a loss— which irritated him, because his inner voice screamed at him how he was denying who he truly was. Denying his second gender designation was like fighting a long and bloody war every day of his life. But still, it was better than having to deal with disgusting lecherous looks and breaking noses.

Alec still remembered the day he presented. Waking up to the heady sweet scent of slick, feeling his body boiling and his skin itching and dampened with sweat. How every joint and muscle ached and his head swam suspended in a thick fog. How his eyelids felt heavy and his mouth arid and his abdomen cramped. And how it tingled and ached between his legs with such need he thought he would go insane. He was eleven years old. His father’s face fell when he entered Alec’s bedroom that gray, rainy morning. Robert had left quickly, features etched with discomfort. Jace had been sent away to spend a few days at a special Alpha training. Izzy was still too little to understand what he was going through, yet she curled up next to him until Maryse had sent her to her bedroom.

His mother had hugged him so tightly he cried from pain, feeling all around tender. She had told him things he had already learned in biology class about Omegas. Had told him how this didn’t change who he was or what he could do. Being an Omega didn’t limit him, but the road was more difficult, challenging.

“You are my son. You are strong. Those who change with you because you are an Omega do not deserve you. This pain you are feeling now is part of your strength. Mom loves you so much. Always.”

She had proceeded to clean his sweaty body and help changed his dirty clothes, pat his head, and kiss his forehead. A little while after, she had come back with a box full of sex toys for him to use to get through his heat, as well as with a tray of snacks and drinks to keep him well-fed. It could have been hell, but she had been there and he was lucky to have her.

Time passed, and he learned that being an Omega— a male Omega— was rare. And that it meant pain and humiliation. The Shadowhunter society was shit to omegas like him. It wasn’t ideal for female Omegas either, but females were viewed as ‘normal’ and treated with more respect and consideration. Yet, he still heard plenty of horror stories.

Sometimes, he heard wolf whistles and cat calls directed at him, which he immediately silenced with an icy glare and a threatening growl. Sending odious Alpha assholes running away with their tails between their legs. Preston had been the first Alpha he had given a bloody nose to, not because he had been out of line in terms of sexual harassment, but because he had talked to Alec condescendingly and saying how he could tell Alec was going to present as one of those weak Omegas. It was the last time someone questioned his strength or fighting skills. One time, on his way to the OPS Center he heard these two guys he had trained with before talk about an Omega in a way it wasn’t acceptable at the Institute or anywhere else for the matter. And it made him see fire and blood.

“Last week, this delicious little Omega bitch walked past me when I was visiting my family back in Alicante. She had these round ass-cheeks and big breasts, and she was wearing a skin-tight long yellow dress that screamed ‘rip me off’. I followed her, but then she went inside Madam Sephried’s dance academy and alphas are not allowed in there. Isn’t that discrimination or something?” said the older of the two Shadowhunters, licking his slightly crooked lips.
“You should have waited for her. It’s our job to give those needy knot-lovers what they want,” replied the younger and shorter of the two while he thrusted his hips into the air.

“I should have. I’m sure with a little coaxing she wouldn’t have resisted. She had the prettiest cock-sucking li-”

And that’s when Alec’s right fist connected to the older Shadowhunter’s nose. A howl followed as soon as the nasal bone cracked, blood spilled between trembling fingers. The younger Shadowhunter grabbed a hold of his friend and made a comical face when he realized who had overheard them. Soon enough, there were people gathering, murmuring. The rush of blood in his ears not letting him hear anything clearly.

“Both of you, on the mat right now! How dare you speak like that?! Speaking about wanting to rape someone?! I will break every bone in your damn bodies,” Alec spat out as he flexed his hands. His jaw bunched and teeth gritted, which was a telltale of his barely contained desire to make true on his promise.

His voice must have thundered, because out of the blue Izzy and Jace were by his side, flanking him. Izzy’s small hands, soft and firm cupped his face. Alec couldn’t see anything through the scarlet veil clouding his vision—he was downright furious and fuck this shit, he was going to end them.

“I was close enough to hear what you guys said and you are disgusting. Only monsters talk like that. I’ll make sure to report you,” came Jace’s icy voice. His parabatai was now standing between him and the other bastards, an angry Alpha scent rolled off of him—dangerous.

“You are both a disgrace for Alphas everywhere. Your behavior puts shame on Alphas who are actually good and decent people. Run along with your small dicks, you losers.” His sister didn’t care to sound like a ‘proper’ lady, and he loved her for that.

“You’ll pay for this, Lightwood!” mumbled the pathetic fucker holding his nose. “And you Isabelle, I’ll show you a good time with a proper Shadowhunter cock. Downworlders can’t compare.”

He and Jace were ready to break some limbs, but Izzy stopped them with one knowing look.

“Oh, shut it, Medri. I don’t like trash. Move along.”

The three of them didn’t get in trouble. As for the other two assholes, they were sent packing back to Idris. And then, Maryse had made sure that they were both place at Wrangel Island for a year (the time limit The Clave allowed for punishing Alphas for ‘minor’ offenses) with no pay for three months.

Breeder. Knot-hungry. Whore. Weak. Needy. Those were the words used to describe Omegas in the Shadowhunter community.

No matter your status, an Omega is an Omega. The word was as good as an insult, especially for males.

Alec hated the idea of a mating bite, of being claimed, of forming a mating bond, of wearing a leather collar to protect his neck from being bitten by any random Alpha knothead who fell prey of their base instincts (which he refused to do, because no Alpha in their right mind dared to approach him with any weird intentions if they valued their life.) He also loathed the thought of being affected by another’s mood and emotions, the idea of presenting on his hands and knees and ass in
the air, of being mounted. He had pride and dignity—too much of it, for better or worse. So, he rebelled against the social norms which dictated that Omegas should get mated as soon as they come of age (18 for females and 21 for males), that they should make pups as soon as possible, and keep themselves at home where they weren’t a distraction for the rest of the Shadowhunter population.

If the Omega was from a respected family—like his own—he would be mated off to an Alpha of an equally distinguished family. Pedigree was everything in Idris, and Omegas were much more fertile than female Alphas and Betas, thus making them highly valuable to those with the right last names. Family name continuity and all that crap. But he vehemently refused marriage offer after marriage offer, much to his father’s chagrin. Alec was used to being a disappointment to him; he didn’t care for his approval anyway.

His mother, Izzy, and Jace constantly reminded him—when he was feeling vulnerable during his heats—that he could do what he wanted, that it was his life. Omega or not, everyone had the right to choose what they wanted or not out of life. Alec was his own person, he belonged to himself, and he had decided long ago that he will not mate or have children. And his inner Omega lashed out at that, wailed inside of him—chained like a beast deep within.

Alec knew his mother hurt for him. It was written in her dark keen eyes, in that flare of pain when he distanced himself from everyone, when she saw his chafed and bloody hands after hours spent alone shooting arrows to rid himself of his frustration. Sometimes, he accepted the hugs and even welcomed her calming scent. Other times, he didn’t. Other times, he just wanted to hurt physically to numb the sting of the thorns wrapped around his insides.

“*I am tired,*” he sighed while he toed off his boots and headed towards his spacious bed.

She understood what he had meant, the underlying of said word, its true meaning. Her high-heeled footsteps where steady as she approached him who sat on the edge of the mattress.

He felt hot despite cranking up the air conditioner at full blast and being shirtless. His Heat was near, he could feel it underneath his slightly feverish skin—buzzing, itching, making him ache and tingle from the inside out. Soon, his room will be sealed with protection and soundless/odorless runes to keep away any undesirable visits. It was always like this when it happened. Uncomfortable.

The mattress dipped where his mother and Alpha sat, legs crossed at the ankles. The sleeveless, skin-tight plum-colored dress she wore coupled with a side braid and dark pink lips made her look younger. Her smaller hands reached for his own which were clasped over his knees, and he let her give him this small measure of comfort. To be honest, he just wanted to take a very cold shower and bury himself naked under layers upon layers of blankets in his bed, where he had a piece of clothing belonging to each of the people who meant something to him. It was safe underneath the blankets, surrounded by familiar scents. Once his Heat hit him full-force, he’ll give in and appease his need with the toys carefully kept in a wooden box tucked inside his closet. For now, he’ll soaked in his mother’s presence.

“Alec, my precious boy,” his mother voiced quietly yet firmly, eyes searching his face with such affection most of the tension on his shoulders melted away. He licked his parched lips and swallowed, and let her voice wash over him. “I am so proud that you are my son. That even when you are in pain, suffering, and wishing this wasn’t your reality, you never give up—even if you want to.”

“Proud of me? Isn’t that too much of a big word for someone like me?” he replied, voice like a shallow trunk as his eyes shut-out the light. The hands anchoring him gave a firm squeeze, but he
denied his eyes permission to open.

“You say that as if you don’t know me. You should know by now I don’t utter those words carelessly. Pride—I actually think it is too small a word when speaking of you. I was proud of you the moment the nurse put you in my arms and you stared at me with eyes that seem to see clearer than anyone else’s.”

These words felt wrong directed at him. Since the moment, he presented as an omega, he has always felt like sand thrown into the wind—scattered, shattered, aimless.

“Mom—”

“Son,” she hushed, “please, listen to me first. Afterwards, I will listen to everything you have to say, for as long as you need to,” came his mother’s voice in a tone that brokered no argument, so he listened.

“In the olden days, it was the omegas who lead The Clave and the Shadowhunter society. They were always fair, true, highly intelligent, strong, and courageous. The long stretches of peaceful times—the Time of Angels—enjoyed by everyone in the Shadow World throughout the centuries had been mainly because of Omega Leadership. Their influence was the foundation of our society’s stability and progress; they were always open and willing to work together with the rest of the Shadow World, striving for balance, equality, and respect for all.”

His mother’s voice brimmed with unabashed pride and it spilled over her countenance as she spoke the words. One of her hands found its way up to the side of his face, cool fingertips brushed his heated cheek.

“My great grandfather on my mother’s side and your grandfather on your father’s paternal side were both part of the Omega Leadership— both of them influential omegas in their own right—fierce, capable, strong, loving, and nurturing. My great-great grandfather, also an Omega, was trained and then became a professor at The Scholomance. And you know only the most elite Shadowhunters can train there.”

The information tickled his curiosity. Not everything his mother had said was new information, except for the last bit. That an Omega—a male omega— and also a member of his family had trained and taught at The Scholomance was mind-boggling. She had told him many things when he first presented, but he was too young and too overwhelmed with that first Heat to process the information properly. And to be honest, he barely remembered everything his mother had told him back then except for a few snippets he had held close to his heart. The hold of his hands now laxer around his knees and the tautness in his shoulders considerably gone, he lifted his head and turned his gaze towards his mother. Quizzical eyes narrowed as his head tilted slightly to the side, and he asked the question he should have asked all those years ago.

Why have all Omega accomplishments been omitted, erased, from our history books?

“What happened?” Was all he could utter.

It was a childishly worded question. A simple question. A loaded question. A painful question. And the answer to that questions will certainly be---

His mother’s eyes remained unmoved upon his own— he saw a quiet growl echo within them and her jaw clench with an undercurrent of controlled rage and painted lips thin out into a straight line and her scent become permeated with an acidic odor. It was a display of her protective nature.
“Patriarchal alpha envy and jealousy,” she snarled, her previously slack hands now fisted so tightly her knuckles had turned white. “Their insecurity and fragile ego came before the people they swore to protect. Feeling threatened by their capable and well-loved gender counterparts, we ended where we are now.”

Alec didn’t know how to feel.

But his mother wasn’t done yet. It took her a moment to continue.

“They were the creators of the Omega Suppressant Rune and the ones who introduced the idea about leather collars, but it was not out of concern for Omegas. There was no need for it before they took over. It was safe for everyone before. They just did it to placate the part of the population that was against the new leadership.”

It seemed he was feeling nothing and everything at the same time.

“Alec, despite how you feel about being an Omega, in spite of all the good and bad that comes with it, and regardless of how others see Omegas—to me—you are a gift from Raziel himself.”

A gift from Raziel?

A potent wave of heat surged through him and left him feeling woozy, so much so that he lost his balance momentarily. His body swayed back and forth like a dandelion against the wind, and immediately swift hands stayed him. His body burned from the inside out, a slow sizzling sensation that left him wanting to scratch his skin until just bones remained. He felt his face crumple and blanch when a series of rapid cramps stabbed his abdomen and the dull pain he had been feeling in his lower back went from bearable to making him hunch over with pain.

“Argh!”

“Alec!”

His eyelids shut close at the same time his teeth bit down hard on his bottom lip—he became so sensitive during his Heat that even his nipples ached. Gentle hands smoothed over his dampened back; he could feel the tears prickling his eyes. Alec suddenly felt like crying out of an intense physical and emotional need, but at the same time he desperately wanted to punch something out of anger. A cold shower—he needed to take a cold shower; it always helped alleviate some of the discomfort, at least temporarily. As for the pain, he just had to bear it like he was used to. His chest heaved with shallow breaths, sweat drops trailed down his temple and neck and blanketed his entire body.

Nothing ‘good’ came from being an Omega.

Something felt increasingly different each time he got his Heat; the symptoms had become more and more intense with each cycle. At first, Alec had thought it was normal and brushed it off, yet an unconscious feeling of danger has been slowly creeping at the base of his skull, as if his inner Omega was urging him to listen to his instincts. Sticky with sweat, he felt disgusting. Even more so when a pulse of slick coated the inner sides of thighs. He was sure his mother had picked up the scent, despite it being mild. No sense of shame plagued him—she was his mother and his Alpha and she was used to it. But regardless, he wanted privacy, he had recently become oddly self-conscious.

“Mom…” he murmured—now feeling a bit less sick—though his hands still gripped at his knees.

“I understand. Everything is ready for the next two days. But I’ll be seeing you soon. I’ll call
before coming in.” Steady fingers brushed aside stray strands of hair that were stuck to his moist forehead, and then he felt a light kiss pressed upon the crown of his head. A lengthy sigh left his lungs and with it most of his strength. It was a bit hard to breathe sometimes.

He didn’t need to open his eyes and follow his mother’s form to know she had looked over her shoulder with an expression of almost perfectly concealed concern.

In a moment of weakness, he wondered if he would still feel this awful if he let his body go into heat every three months as it was natural instead of limiting it to two cycles. Would he feel better if he stopped using the Omega Suppressant Rune? No. That was too risky. It was stupid to free his Omega side. And what for? It was fine like this; he didn’t need the unlimited strength that came with that side of him or the extra sharp senses or unparalleled speed. Only once had he experienced all of that, it was after his first Heat had gone and before using the Omega Suppressant Rune for the first time. He had never felt as powerful as he did in that moment, as if he was granted a special power by Raziel. But no—there was no way he’ll ever want to unseal that part of him more than twice a year.

Never.

While he was in Heat, only his mother, Izzy, and Jace were allowed to enter his bedroom and check in on him. Despite Jace being an Alpha and still unmated, he wasn’t affected by Alec’s scent because he wasn’t the least attracted to Alec. For a period of time, he had felt a prickle of pain at being undesirable to his parabatai. But with time, he accepted it, it no longer hurt as much.

When he was about to get on his feet to make his way towards the bathroom, his body trembled intensely victim of a convulsion. The spasm was so violent the sheets came undone and he heard the loud thump made by his stele and a few books as they fell on the floor. As he was going through it, he thought his bones would shatter as if fragile hand-blown glass.

A month passed.

Clary came into their lives as if a wild stampede and with her came trouble and other things.

Their previous harmonious teamwork fell out of balance, and Jace became even more reckless. Pulse-raising arguments ensued, barbed-wire words were exchanged, and everything became a pyroclastic flow of negative emotions. His parabatai bond with Jace became weak. Alec became even more on edge as feelings of frustration and betrayal mauled him mercilessly. Luckily, Izzy was there. She was always there for him and it made his heart ache with profound affection. Yet, the tension and hurt feelings remained, festering slowly inside of him and around him. His requests for caution were mocked, his opinions dismissed, and all in favor of Clary’s impulsive and irresponsible ones. He felt shaken by stirred emotions and bone-weary by his constant whirring mind. With his routine broken, he became overcharged with anger and weighted-in.

The constant wild goose-chases, the added job of babysitting Clary and Jace, the pressure of his parents to keep things under control, his family name in jeopardy, the constant arguments with everybody, trying hard to keep his teammates and siblings safe—he was beyond frazzled. He even feared—thought he knew it was impossible—that his eyeballs would pop out of his eye sockets because of the incessant eye-rolling he was doing since Clary came into their lives.

What he didn’t imagine was that with Clary and her little mundane friend, Simon, he would be lead to the most important epoch in his life.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

One word: MAGNUS!!!
comforting like almond oil, and refreshing like the air after the rain with hints of earth, sandalwood, and mahogany. If his nostrils flared at the ensorceling scent, no one was there to bear witness.

What was alarming and brought a swirling fear upon him was how he could be feeling so much when his Omega side was supposed to be sealed deep inside him. A part of him wanted to roll over and present and it also wanted the imposing older man to look only at him and touch him with those long-fingered hands and talk to him about anything and everything—no—it wasn’t anything only purely physical, he understood that clearly. But, he wasn’t about to allow Omega biological imperative dictate his life. Yet, here he was feeling oddly excited but guarded when Magnus’s attentions descended upon him.

‘Don’t be stupid, Lightwood,’ he chided to himself, ‘this man is an Alpha, a stranger, powerful and old and safe and he smells so good…’

Alec wondered if the others could smell Magnus’s almost maddening scent.

He shook his head and moved away, closer to Jace where it was familiar.

Inching closer to his parabatai and taking advantage of Magnus’s momentary refocused attention now on his sister (which, by the way made something inside him prickle), he whispered in which he hoped was a toneless voice, “Jace, do you smell that?”

“Huh?” Jace replied, his body tense and distrustful eyes drilling a hole at Magnus head. “Smell what?”

Was he imagining things or was something wrong with him? Maybe because Jace was an Alpha he couldn’t smell Magnus’s scent? No, that wasn’t right. Shadowhunters’ sense of smell was one of the best in the Shadow World. Could Izzy or Clary smell it? If he asked his sister, she’ll start teasing him and there was no way he’ll ask Fray.

“Nothing. Forget it.”

Slightly turning his face towards him, Jace griped in an undertone, “If you mean the annoying scent of self-superiority and hubris stinking up the place, then yes, I’m being smothered by it.”

“Yeah…”

Evidently, Jace wasn’t a fan of Magnus Bane.

Maybe something was wrong with his nose. Was he getting sick? Or maybe it was because of his Omega side. At the academy, Omegas only learn basic information about their biology but nothing too explicit. Of course, it makes sense because the more ignorant a person is about something, the less power they have and the less threat they represent. Maybe he ought to ask Izzy since she has more general knowledge of various topics than he does.

Alec shifted in place, feet eager to run away from all the feelings the alluring man a few paces away stirred inside of him.

Those brown eyes were dangerous in a non-threatening kind of way, but at the same time threatening the barriers Alec had built around himself. The kind of danger that makes you want to risk it all and leave it to fate. But he wasn’t a moron, this was a trap and he wasn’t at the age to still believe in fairy tales. Even though, he couldn’t push away the emotions. Alec swore he could close his eyes and clearly picture Magnus’s face and the shape his mouth made around each word. He needed to get out of there as soon as possible.
Hands protectively around his quiver and bow, he tried to inhale some air through his mouth. Yet, his efforts to avoid the warlock’s scent was for naught—even if he couldn’t smell it, he could still taste it on his tongue; it was intense and distinctive and ineludible.

“Pretty boy, get your team ready.”

The words startled him out of his thoughts. Although, of course, he didn’t react to those words. He had never been called like that by anyone and he didn’t consider himself as attractive as his sibling. So, he assumed that even though Jace was an Alpha and slightly hostile towards the High Warlock, the words were directed at him.

But much to his surprise, they weren’t.

“I’m not talking to you,” Magnus scoffed at Jace, face contorted with disbelief as if it was ridiculous that anyone would think he was referring to Jace. “I’m talking to you,” corrected the older Alpha as he pointed a ringed-finger at Alec and glanced at him with twinkly eyes. Dammit! He couldn’t help the pleased smile sprawling his lips nor the shy shrug he gave to Jace nor the feeling of delight bubbling in the pit of his stomach.

After today, he swore to himself he won’t be seeing this man again. He won’t have any reason to after Clary gets her memories back. And then, everything will go back to a semblance of normalcy. Well, at least the upheaval caused by meeting Magnus will.

Magnus flirted blatantly. Alec didn’t know if the man already knew he was an Omega. No, he couldn’t know. The Omega Suppressant Rune was always effective. Then, why? He was just a Shadowhunter, nothing special. Broody and blunt and lacking charm. It became his purpose to ignore Magnus and play dumb to his flirting—soon the Alpha Warlock will lose interest, get bored, and give up. The thought made the rune traced on his right inner thigh sting, and he winced, it was difficult not to bring his hand down to it. It was the first time that happened. Why now?

“I don’t trust this guy, but Clary needs her memories. Just keep your eyes peeled,” Jace said quietly before walking away towards Clary who was in the next room with Magnus. Alec nodded.

He would bet his vow and quiver on Jace being jealous.

“Relax, Jace. Just because Magnus is extremely powerful, incredibly attractive, ridiculously charming, immortal, and stronger than you, it doesn’t mean he’s your rival.” Isabelle, with her sweet smile, self-assure and fierce personality as well as nurturing and loving nature, was many times blunter than him. And, she knew which buttons to push to get under someone’s skin and put some cracks on a person’s ego.

Arms crossed tightly over his chest, cheeks suffused with color, and jaw bunched, Jace scoffed, “You have bad taste, Izzy.”

Touching the ruby necklace around her neck, Isabelle smiled widely and let a playful giggle slip past her lips as her eyes shone with glee. “I hope my bad taste didn’t hurt your Alpha pride.”

“Not in the least.”

“Good. Because it’s obvious the interests of that Alpha are elsewhere…,” his sister sing-songed. She placed especial emphasis on the last word as she turned her astute eyes upon him.

Alec swallowed through the sudden tightness in his throat. Not knowing how to react normally, he distracted himself by picking up some things strewed on the floor. Thankfully, that conversation died and he could breathe again.
If Alec thought he was in trouble before, now he was in deep shit. He had a brief internal freak-out when Magnus announced everyone had to hold hands to do the summoning. But he tried to calm down by convincing himself that he was thinking too much and he was being childish. Oh, but was he wrong.

The first burst of energy when they held hands was as intense as a punch in the solar plexus. Every bubble of air rushed out of him, leaving his head engulfed in a thick fog. The brief eye-contact he had with Magnus made him feel exposed emotionally. There he stood, feeling like a human weather vane—an Magnus was the wind. An uncomfortable feeling throbbed throughout him. His mouth instantly became tinted with a metallic flavor when a memory of Jace was ripped out of him by the demon Valac. He freaked-out and then he let go of Jace and Magnus’s hands. Jace almost got killed. Clary killed the demon and with it her memories. Izzy was giving him these concerned looks he couldn’t bear. Then, Magnus told him there was nothing for him to feel ashamed of, and it was too much. So, he left.

The following days were of course riddled with more of the same tumultuous bullshit—unsanctioned missions, arguments, fights, hurt feelings, and endless tension. And also—worse of all—he couldn’t get Magnus out of his head. Meanwhile, the Omega Suppressant Rune kept stinging as if his inner Omega was rebelling against it.

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Magnus has always been very careful about who he got involved with. There has always been a deep-rooted reticence to allow himself to bring into his bed any Omegas. Not because he despised them or considered them unappealing, but because maybe he was afraid of the possibilities they represented—family, children, home, mating bites, mating bonds. Camille had hurt him enough and they didn’t even have a deep connection. She was an Alpha like himself. She was reckless, beautiful, cynical, and lacked warmth, yet he had loved her. There had been countless human lovers and a plenitude of fellow Downworlders, all had been important in their time but had all failed to reach his inurned heart. It wasn’t their fault or his, maybe he was meant to be perpetually alone. Some part of him had resigned itself to that ghastly fate.

He had always had domain over his heart, because otherwise he’ll lose control of his destiny. For an immortal being, that is not wise. The reins of his life belonged to him alone.

And then, he met Alec...

The first time Magnus met him was in a flurry of arrows, death, and high-tension. His life was saved by Alec’s unfailing arrow. His full attention was unintentionally commanded by his imposing height and beauty, by his lack of scent and the effort to contain the war within.

He couldn’t pick up Alec’s scent since the first time they met, it was probably blocked by the infamous Omega Suppressant Rune. But by Lilith, he didn’t care about Alec’s second gender designation as much as he did for who Alec was—Magnus had never met someone as honest, loyal, guarded, sensible, and innocent as him. The young Shadowhunter was like no other Angel-Blooded creature he had ever met. Alexander Lightwood was a mesmerizing contradiction—soft yet strong, caring yet blunt, fiercely protective and repressed, forgiving yet merciless with himself. And Magnus wanted nothing more than to love him and protect him and make all of his dreams come true. His inner Alpha felt the same way, despite the lack of Omega pheromones, his Alpha instincts were on high alert. The need to see the beautiful Nephilim, to hear his voice and talk to him and just be near him even if in silence was chipping away at him like a chisel on ice.

Alec was an intriguing person. Meeting him left Magnus wonderstruck, but it wasn’t a state of mere limerence that made him want to get closer to the boy. To call it infatuation was an insult. It
wasn’t purely physical; it wasn’t about pheromones or being Alpha and Omega, because he still couldn’t even catch a whiff of Alec’s scent. He felt aquiver whenever Alec was close. If he could describe it, maybe it would be something along the lines of ‘a sense of utter certainty that they were fated to meet and fall in love.’

Magnus was too old to believe in fairy tales and fated ones and true love. His immortality has been the best teacher; it had debunked promises of love and happily ever afters. In spite of it, he yearned for such things. The Shadowhunter’s presence alone had him spinning, so he could only guess what it’ll feel like to hold his hand. He felt euphoric.

Soon enough, he discovered why he was increasingly drawn to Alec.

The moment their hands touched during the summoning of Valac, he understood the side of him which he had neglected for centuries. In that moment, he understood why he had always felt a void at the center of his being despite being powerful and immortal, surrounded by beauty and luxury, good friends and willing partners—none of it could completely fill him because they weren’t Alexander.

Alexander. He was... Alec was...

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Magnus AND Catarina!

Chapter Notes

Hi,
Once again thank you greatly for all your support, kudos, and messages. This chapter will be entirely through Magnus' POV. I won't be posting anything tomorrow as it is my birthday (Yay!). So, the next chapter will be posted on Monday and it'll be from Alec's POV and our dear Izzy will make an important appearance.

Happy reading!

PS: ***CORRECTION***
In the first chapter, as I wrote about the present, I made a mistake. I wrote “the baby kicked with force” but in fact it is “the babies kicked with force.”
Sorry for the mistake!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

By Lilith! Magnus couldn't say it. It was unnerving to even think about it.

The realization fell upon him like a hot summer’s day storm. The part of him which had become desiccated was now slowly reviving. Yet, he felt a disturbing fear at the possibility that Alec would never realize this and even worse, that he didn’t want it. Magnus knew rejection all too well—the death of his mother had left wounds from which he still hadn’t manage to recuperate.

It was late at night—a moonless but starry night. He couldn’t fall asleep or think about work or anything else other than what that touch of hands had made him realize. One touch was all it took to know a truth that could change his whole existence. No—this was a truth that had already started to change his existence. This was different, much more different than what he had felt with Camille or Imasu or even his first love so many centuries ago. Now, here he was, thinking so much about that young Shadowhunter to the point he felt at the edge of madness. Barefooted, he walked out to the balcony in his black and indigo colored silk pajamas, face makeup-free, hair down, jewelry-free, and drink in hand. The crisp air sneaked in through the open tunic and caressed his exposed torso gently, like a lover would. A shiver sprinted up the knobs of his spine and dug up goosebumps on his olive skin. His eyes closed to the midnight sky and his nose inhaled the cool air scented with pleasant and unpleasant city smells. He remained like that for a while, body rooted to the ground, unmoved. Meanwhile, his mind twirled and his heart tried to make sense of his scattered thoughts.

Everything in his world fell away except these nascent feeling towards Alec. They were like woodfire to the inferno-like emotions raging within his being.
A feeling of intense need coursed through him violently—it was his inner Alpha telling him to seek out its…, its---

No. He had never fallen victim to his base Alpha instincts and this wasn’t going to be the first time. *This*, he couldn’t rush, no matter how much he longed for those big and beautiful and guarded hazel eyes. So, he ignored those urges as best he could, because he wasn’t a beast ruled by his knot.

Magnus downed the last of his martini in one gulp, and then snapped his fingers. And between one breath to the next, the glass was magicked away and his cellphone had replaced it. There was only one person who could dissipate all his doubts. As he waited for the call to be answered, he paced back and forth the small space.

“Hello, Magnus dear,” greeted the familiar voice on the phone.

“Dear Catarina. Cat.” How should he start? He couldn’t hear his own voice over his walloping heart.

“Yes, that’s my name. What’s going on?”

He could almost feel her concern roll off of her as if she was standing right next to him. While pacing, he wrapped one of his arms around himself. Before he spoke, he took a deep breath. Still, he felt like he was about to pass-out at any given moment. It was ludicrous that he felt more terrified now than when he summoned his first demon. If he could laugh, he would.

“Cat, how do you know…uh, I-” Fuck! He sounded like a mumbling idiot.

“Magnus, are you okay? You sound strange.”

More like, he felt strange. But, he needed to power through it and spit it out.

“I-I’m fine. I think. No. I’m not fine…” No, he wasn’t fine. He was a freakin’ mess.

“You’re scaring me. What’s going on? You never call me at work,” Cat urged with a mix of impatience and worry.

“I’m sorry, Cat. I better call you later.” Maybe it’s for the best. Ignorance is a bliss or so they say. And, what are the odds he and Alec would meet again? I mean, if it was up to him he’ll want to see him right now. But maybe Alec didn’t want to see him. Goodness! Maybe he should had flirted so hard. It was obvious Alec wanted nothing to do with him or any Alpha for the matter. That Omega Suppressant Rune wasn’t for decoration. But…

Catarina’s voice suddenly hoicked him out of his introspection.

“Non-sense! Tell me. It must be important.”

“I think I have found my mate,” he blurted out, voice softening at the end. And with the admission, all the emotions and feelings he had kept at bay came lose, and they carried with them the Alpha living within.

“What?! Magnus, is this true?”

“Yes. Yes. Oh dear! I can’t breathe…” Momentarily, he lost his footing. He would have face-planted if he didn’t have quick reflexes.
“Magnus, calm down. Take a deep breath and tell me why do you think you have found your mate,” Cat uttered in a soothing voice.

“Well, I can’t smell his scent because he is using the Omega Suppressant Rune, but-”

His friend’s words cut him off. He should have expected that, with what his distrust for Shadowhunters and all.

A startled rumble of laughter pierced his ears, and he winced. But he couldn’t blame her.

After a good 30 seconds, she spoke. “Excuse me? Your potential mate is a Shadowhunter? Wow, life does have a sense of humor.”

Magnus couldn’t help but nod in agreement and smile wanly. “Yes, it does,” he sighed.

“So, what’s his name? tell me everything,” Cat encouraged.

“I can’t tell you everything, because I only know his name.” To be honest, he was dying to know everything about Alec from mundane things such as his favorite ice cream flavor to more important things like what he wanted out of life.

“Out with it, dearest.”

“His name is Alexander Lightwood.”

“Lightwood? As in ‘the son of Maryse and Robert Lightwood, heads of the New York Institute’? My friend, you are a magnet for trouble.”

Despite appearing calm and cool-headed he sensed an undercurrent of alarm and trepidation in her voice. But, he wasn’t about to dwell on that, at least not now.

“Okay, so back to my question. How can I be certain?”

After clearing her throat, Catarina voiced, “Since you can smell his scent, then I assume you must have touch him. If there is a bond between an Alpha and an Omega, the most effective way of making certain of it is by touch. Some bonds are awakened cutaneously.”

“Yes. We had to summon a memory demon and we held hands. That’s when I felt it.”

“Felt what?” she asked in a curious voice.

By now, he had stopped pacing and was making another drink. All the talking and the nerves had made him thirsty. As he poured the drink, he replied. “What else, Cat? The bond thrumming between us, its energy reaching out from him to me. A low boom. And in that moment, I could feel what he was feeling—his fears, his hopes, his pain, the chaos in his mind, the wounds in his heart, the loneliness of his soul. I don’t know how I remained upright and didn’t fall to my knees by the overpowering sensations as if everything he felt was my own.”

The loud gasp that hit his ears made him stop on his tracks. Whatever realization had downed upon his best friend was certain to change his life forever. The degree of nervousness coursing through him was so that he feared he’ll end up shattering the phone in his hand.

He put down his drink and sat at the edge of the sofa, and then asked tentatively, “What is it?”

“Magnus, what you have described is a soul-bond. My friend, Alec isn’t just your mate. He is your true mate,” she revealed, voice engulfed in wonderment.
Magnus almost fell off the seat if it wasn’t for his fingers clawing at the armrest. He could feel his eyes gone wide and his mouth become arid as it froze agape. His skin felt cold and hot at the same time; his lungs burned from lack of oxygen; his mind went blank; his stomach roiled; his heart did clumsy pirouettes.

Oh, gods…

“My true mate? As in fated?”

“Yes.”

His skin felt cold and hot at the same time; his lungs burned from lack of oxygen; his mind went blank; his stomach roiled; his heart did clumsy pirouettes.

“A soul-bond. It can’t be, Cat.”

“It is. It can be,” she replied in a sotto voice.

For a moment, he couldn’t say anything. Wow. Wow!

“So, it’s real? It exists…” he said to himself or so he thought.

“It is real. Rare, but real.”

“I still can’t wrap my head around it,” he confessed in an undertone. His body now lay draped on the sofa as the fingertips of one hand massaged his temple.

“I know.”

“Tell me more, please.”

Magnus heard some rustling, distant sirens, and breeze rushing through the receiver. Catarina must have left the hospital for a bit. He felt prickle of guilt, but he needed to know.

“I will tell you what I know. A mating bond—specifically a soul-bond—connects the mates not only on a physical and mental level, but also emotionally. It’s an intricate design, it flawlessly triggers a chemical reaction within the body of the Alpha and Omega involved. Oxytocin, dopamine, norepinephrine, and vasopressin are all hormones involved in the mating bond—each of them vital in human-pair bonding. All of it ruled by the limbic system where emotions are born, reside, and flow from—many call it ‘the throne of the soul.’ Though, all the information we have gathered until now about the mating bond and soul-bond has been limited to the Downworld, this is only the third time I have encountered a soul-bond in the Shadow World. And, I can tell you that a soul-bond between a Downworlder and a Shadowhunter is a first for me and my peers,” Catarina explained with unmitigated emotion.

The more he heard about the soul-bond, the more his heart swelled and his fear bloomed.

Magnus wet his lips which tasted a tad bitter and then he gulped. “I don’t know what to say or think or feel, Cat. I thought the soul-bond was a myth…”

“No. It is as real as we are, but they are rare. Very rare. Specially between an Alpha and an Omega of different races. The soul-bonds me and my peers have encountered have been between a pair of Vampires and a pair of Werewolves. And what we have gathered left us speechless and shaken,” his best friend admitted in a hushed tone.
“Why?”

“Well, for one, the stronger the feelings the pair have for one another and the deeper those emotions run within, the harder it is to break the bond. In certain circumstance, it’s necessary to break it in order for it not to become deadly.”

“Deadly? I don’t understand. If both parties are in love and have accepted the bond, why would either of them want to break it?” Now he was even more curious than before. Mating bonds are not taken lightly in the Downworld.

“Mm, let’s say, one of the mates is seriously injured and is on the verge of dying, if the bond isn’t broken before that happens, their mate will most likely perish as well. But not many can sever a soul-bond and given the slight chance such a person can be found, if the still living mate isn’t willing to cut it, then it is practically impossible to do so. Although, even if the surviving mate accepts, severing the bond even if weakened by death can cause irreparable damage to the person, such as: paralysis, brain damage, and even the loss of their gifts. For example, a Warlock will still keep his immortality but won’t be able to use magic; a Werewolf might be stuck in his werewolf form forever or a Seelie might lose their connection with nature or a Vampire might lose their immortality.”

All of these revelations had left him bone-weary.

“By Lilith! Who would want to live like that? Without your mate and unable to be who you are? And if there are children involved, it’s even worse. Death is a mercy.”

“This is why accepting a soul-bond is such a serious and daunting decision. You have to thread carefully, Magnus. There’s no going back for you or him—before he makes a decision, he needs to know all of this. But to be honest, I am more concerned about you,” Cat said, uneasiness evident in her voice.

“Yes, of course. But this might never go anywhere, Cat. Alec suppresses his Omega nature, and you know what that means. I am an Alpha. A Warlock. A Downworlder. And Alec, he hates the part of him which is linked to mine. He is guarded and frightened and I have been closed-off for too long.” He could taste the despair in his voice, it was stomach-churning and heart-gutting.

“Magnus, all you can do is be yourself. Push past your fears like always. Being cynical was Camille’s thing, but it never suited you. Be yourself. You are enough, my dear friend. You are wonderful and flawed and kind and scarred, and it’s okay.”

Where would he be without Cat and her timeless wisdom and unwavering affection?

“Thank you, my dearest Catarina.”

“Any time.”

After hanging up, Magnus breathed in a mouth full of air, and then let it escape in a drawn-out sigh. His skin felt as if acid rain had down-poured all over him; he couldn’t think clearly anymore. He sauntered slowly towards his bedroom and with one snap of his fingers he was ready for bed. His languid body fell heavily on the mattress and as soon as ultra-soft red silk cocooned him, he welcomed the sweet void of unconsciousness.

Alexander Lightwood was his true mate and between them existed a soul-bond.

What would Alec think about it if he knew?
Magnus had his suspicions and the answer frighten him.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Alec and Izzy.
Brief Alec and Clary conversation.
Send the boy a hug, he needs it.

Chapter Notes

Hey,
Monday came early! Thank you for all your comments and kudos, you don't know how happy they make me.

Happy reading!

PS: ***Correction***
In Ch.1, when I wrote about the present, I made a mistake. I wrote "the baby kicked with force" but it is "the BABIES kicked with force." sorry about that.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A day after the memory demon incident at Magnus’s loft, he finally decided to talk to his sister about his experience with Magnus’s scent. Last night, he was too keyed up to think straight. And even though he had been exhausted physically and mentally, it had been a feat to fall asleep. He had spent the night tossing and turning not only because of everything that had happened but also because Magnus’s scent still lingered in his nostrils. The faint smell made his skin tingle and his nether regions ache, so much so that some slick trickled out of him. It was as if his body was trying to ready itself for something he had actively tried to ignore. Even his Omega Suppressant Rune had been acting up—his right inner thigh stung something horrible. He swore it throbbed.

As he walked, he was still mulling things over. He had been too distracted to notice Clary walking down the hallway carrying a tall stack of papers which blocked her view. Someone yelled ‘careful’, but it was too late to avoid it and they ran into each other. The impact wasn’t that strong, but then again Clary was tiny and wispy. Thus, papers flew everywhere and she ended sprawled on the hard floor. She winced at the impact. He grimaced.

“Shit! I’m sorry.”

Promptly, he helped her up.

“Are you okay?”

With a mild smile, she replied, “I’ll survive.”

She seemed to be in a good mood. Maybe because Jace had assured her they’ll do everything to find her mother despite not being able to get her memories back. Also, finding out she was an
Omega hadn’t affected her in the least. She was her usual confident and rebellious self. She had even refused to use the Omega Suppressant Rune. Which made Jace much more protective of her.

“Okay. Good.”

Alec proceeded to gather the strewn papers and Clary followed. Everything was quiet for a moment, and then she spoke.

“Alec, are you ok? You look troubled.”

There was genuine concern in her voice, he could feel her green eyes scrutinizing him. But they weren’t friends and he still didn’t trust her that much; it may be childish but a part of him still saw her as an interloper. She had brought chaos with her and even if she hadn’t meant it, she had drove a wedge between he and Jace. Not to mention that because of her, he had met Magnus and now he was feeling strange.

“I’m fine. Here you go,” he replied curtly as he passed her the papers.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.” He hoped he didn’t sound as irritated as he felt. She wasn’t at fault.

Clary nodded and then they went their separate ways.

Alec was finally at his sister’s bedroom door. Before he knocked on the door, he took a deep breath and let his eyes close for a bit. He gulped down the nervousness that quickly rose from the base of his belly; it felt as if a thorn bush was lodged in his throat. After he had gather his bearings, he knocked.

“Izzy, it’s me,” he called.

“Come on in, big bro.”

His hand slipped as he turned the doorknob, they felt gross moist with sweat.

Izzy was sitting on her bed, putting on a pair of black sneakers. She was dressed in gray and hunter green work-out clothes, her hair braided to the side and lips a dark red.

“What is it?” she questioned as she laced her shoes.

Alec said nothing and stood there with his hands in the pockets of his black pants. His eyes darted around the room as he tried to remain calm and look unperturbed. At his silence, curious eyes glimpse up at him and she did a double take.

“Alec, are you okay? You look…awful.” She stood up and walked towards him, with one hand she reached up to touch the space under his eyes. “The circles under your eyes match your clothes. Couldn’t sleep?”

He shifted from one foot to the other and straightened his back, before he spoke he wet and chew his lips. Meanwhile, his eyes looked everywhere but at his sister’s quizzical ones.

“Alec?”

“Say Izzy, as a Beta, you can still smell Alpha and Omega scents, right?”

She nodded, and then answered, “Yes. Though, they don’t affect me as much as they would you
guys. Why?"

Why, was a good question, a logical question. Though he wished he didn’t have to answered it. But, he needed answers so here it goes.

“Well, at Magnus’s, even with the OmegaSuppressant Rune, I could still smell his scent. But it wasn’t the same scent Jace smelled. Did you pick up something?” He hoped she said yes, so he could stop feeling out of sorts, but at the same time, he wanted to be the only one to have smelled that scent.

“Something like what?” she asked this with a searching look on her face, which made him a bit nervous.

Alec side-stepped her, and went to stand against the bedroom door, long arms wound around himself.

“Um, his scent was very, uh…”

“Very what?” Isabelle questioned, head tilted to the side and eyes narrowed.

“Pleasant…”

“Pleasant how?”

At the question, the ghost of shiver shot up his spine making him remember last night. He felt his cheeks burn with mortification.

“Hmm, like it was the best thing I have ever smelled in my entire life. How about you?”

He glanced at his sister and waited impatiently for the answer.

“Oh…, well, he does have a very nice, strong, and masculine scent. But I wouldn’t say it was the best thing I have ever smelled,” she admitted, now sitting at the edge of her bed.

A wave of relief traveled through him, and he almost sighed. He should be freaking out not feeling relieved.

“Ah, okay. Maybe something’s wrong with me…” he trailed off as he looked at her.

“Interesting,” she replied, as she touched her chin thoughtfully.

“What’s interesting?”

Isabelle patted the space beside her. “Come here and sit with me.”

He did as she asked and sat, his hands were entangled and cold.

“Now that you mentioned it, I have heard of this before. How much do you know about the Alpha-Omega bond and how it plays into the dynamic?” His sister’s expression was serious yet her deep eyes held an undercurrent of excitement.

“No much. You should know that. Why? ” Alec wished she would just go straight to the point, the wait was making him edgy.

“As you know, we don’t have much information—correction—that is, much detailed information about Omegas, their biology, and the dynamics between Alpha-Omega pairings outside of the
Shadowhunter Society. Specifically, about how Omega Shadowhunters react to Alphas from other races—Downworlders— as well as how this dynamic affects those Alpha-Omega pairings,” she explained.

“Iz, I don’t think The Clave cares much about such things. What you have said is practically unheard of. You know very well that mixing with Downworlders is not viewed favorably. So, I assure you mating with them and forming a mating bond would be a scandal.” Alec knew that to The Clave, Downworlders and their affairs were just a nuisance.

“I know that very well, trust me. But it could happen.”

He shook his head in disbelief, his hands now set upon the mattress.

“I don’t know about that, Iz. It sounds improbable. An Omega Shadowhunter-Alpha Downworlder pairing would be considered almost taboo. There are no rules against it, but I don’t think The Clave would approve,” he retorted.

“That’s for sure. But, The Clave can’t forbid it,” she answered with a mischievous quirk on her lips.

Now, he was intrigued. He leaned back a bit to catch his sister’s eyes.

“Why is that? You sound so sure.”

Isabelle followed his example and leaned back with a sort of triumphant look in her eyes.

“Because it’s up to the pair if they want to mate or not. And, there’s nothing more sacred than a mating bond between consenting pairs. Not even The Clave is above it, since mating bonds are blessed by Raziel; it’s almost like a ritual—a spiritual and physical ritual. Think of it like a Shadowhunter couple inscribing the Wedded Rune on each other’s skin. A mating bite, a mating bond—they are holy vows. That’s why, for the bond to be consummated, the Omega has to accept the Alpha’s bite.”

Alec found himself mouth agape. He didn’t know what to think. All this information Izzy had just dropped on him was overwhelming. The way she put it, it didn’t sound as horrible as he had always thought. But maybe, it didn’t always go as smooth.

“Where did you get this information?”

“Where else? The only place where people are actually free to be themselves. Downworlders are very open about these things. I wish we were like that as well,” she said a bit ruefully.

Sometimes, Alec thought his sister would rather be a Downworlder.

“Mm. Izzy, although I do appreciate the brief yet enlightening lesson about Alpha-Omega dynamic, I think you got off topic.”

She shook her head.

“No, I didn’t,” she answered with a fond smile and a flash of excitement in her bottomless eyes.

For some reason, Alec felt extremely nervous and the increasingly loud beat of his heart filled his ears. Out of tune drums playing next to him would have been less raucous.

“Calm down and listen, big brother. The scent mates make for each other is special. Mates only
smell like that for one another. Which is why they can’t resist each other.” The timber of her voice brimmed with amazement.

*Mates.* The mere mention of the word made him feel weak all over. *Why?*

“Why do you keep talking about mates? What’re you trying to say, Iz?” His hands resting on the soft white cotton blanket and on his knee felt hot and cold as they trembled a little. He was definitely coming down with something, better go to the infirmary.

Izzy looked at him with a countenance full of affection. She lifted one of her hands and cupped his cheek, and then uttered, “You know what I’m trying to say.”

Abruptly, he sprinted off of the bed. He felt faint. All the while, he shook his head furiously as he waved his hands at her in denial.

“No. No. No. That’s impossible. That-that can’t be. It’s ridiculous. I-I’m just sick. I-…, no…, he can’t be-” he said as he took a tottery breath.

Isabelle approached him gingerly, but stood at arm’s length. She knew better than to touch him when he was like this. Yet, he could still smell her reassuring sweet scent rolling off of her in droves—fresh cut lilies, vanilla, and orange blossoms.

“Why not?” she asked quietly. “Alec, you said it. You’ve never smelled something so amazing. How would you explain that when you were wearing the Omega Suppressant Rune? That rune is so powerful that even your presence is practically invisible to other Shadowhunters. No one can smell your scent, *not even us—your family.* And, save for our family member’s scents, that rune blocks all scents except those useful to you as a Shadowhunter—of fear, danger, threat, pain, distress, death, blood, poison—”

“By the Angel, Iz! Stop! I-I need fresh air,” he gasped. He threw open the door and left.

“Alec! Alec, wait!”

Alec couldn’t listen to her any longer. The floor was moving beneath him and his head was spinning. Every breath he took felt as if powdered glass up his nose. With half a mind, he jogged to the weapons room to grab his bow and quiver, and then left the Institute.

There was a high probability that *Magnus Bane was his mate.*

*His mate.*

Alec had never wanted a mate.

He hated being an Omega. He didn’t want to be some Alpha’s plaything.

But then, why a part of him—an important part of him—preened with pride, bounced with delight, and called to the older man sweetly when Izzy confirmed his suspicions?!

Forcefully, he pushed aside those thoughts and feelings and found a place where he could reapply his Omega Suppressant Rune. It burned worse than usual yet he endured it. He though that with it, the unrest from within would ebb, but he was wrong.

The truth was, that the Warlock had caught his attention. The older man was fascinating. He was powerful and old and his eyes were soft and his face candid and his smile tender and his voice soothing—in one word, Magnus Bane felt made him feel *safe.*
Magnus. Magnus. Magnus.

May the Angel help him. He was going crazy.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Lots of information about Omega/Alpha/Beta in the Shadowhunter Society.

Alec makes discoveries and important decisions.

Alec and Magnus conversation.

Chapter Notes

Hello,

It took me a big chunk of my day to write this. A lot of information about Omega/Alpha/Beta in the Shadowhunter Society. I know some of you might be desperate for some progress between Magnus and Alec. But trust me, all this information is important and it gives more meaning and weight to their relationship and soul-bond. Progress is happening, bear with me.

Happy reading!

PS: Thank you kindly for all the kudos and comments, you guys make my day with your sweet words.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After his conversation with Izzy, he had been much quieter and on edge. What transpired in their conversation had automatically raised his hackles. A few days had passed since then and Magnus’ scent no longer lingered in his nose, but instead of feeling relieved at the fact that he may never have to see the High Warlock again, a part of him felt unsettled and anxious and even enraged at the possibility. The Omega Suppressant Rune had stop stinging as much, yet when he found himself unconsciously thinking of the older man and his alluring comforting scent and remembered the echo of his voice and the gentleness of his coffee-brown eyes—his thigh would burn and a hiss would part his lips.

Izzy would look at him with a sympathetic knowing look whenever they were together, which was always. He would avert his eyes and pretend nothing had changed within him at the knowledge he had gained. Clary was still her usual self, she took everything in stride—even the possibility that Jace was her mate. But neither her or Jace did anything about it—the tension was nauseating, really. Alec wanted to be there for his Parabatai, be supportive and help him as he sorted out his feeling. But, who was he kidding? His own problems were driving him insane—to be honest, he would rather be stung and poisoned by a Drevak than face the thoughts, questions, and answers scratching at his brain with sharp claws.

It wasn’t like he despised all Alphas—no—he had met decent, honest, and self-controlled Alphas throughout the years. He loved and cared deeply about two Alphas in specific—his mother and his Parabatai. His childhood friend Aline Penhallow was an Alpha. An Alpha who was mated
(willingly on both parts) to another good friend of his he met through her, Helen Blackthorn who was an Omega like him. They were the only Alpha-Omega pairing he had ever met and been close to despite not seeing each other often. Yet, their relationship was looked down on by the Clave and some family members because of Helen’s mixed race (Shadowhunter-Faerie). Despite being raised as Shadowhunter child by her father Andrew Blackthorn, the Clave didn’t fully trust her because of her Downworlder blood. Regardless of the troubles and family/Clave opposition, Aline and Helen were still together and their bond stronger than ever. He was happy for them.

His talk with Izzy sparked his curiosity even further. All his life, he had refused to learn anything about the part of himself which he grew up to resent. All he knew were the basics taught at co-ed Shadowhunter school. Now, he knew a bit more because of his sister. Maybe, just maybe, if he learned more about Omegas, he would be able to understand himself better. Knowledge is power and he had been ignorant for too long. He needed to be less inflexible and more open-minded. If he could dissipate his doubts and fill the blanks about Omegas in the Shadow World, then maybe he could get a better grasp of his feelings and emotions.

Thus, he decided to start small. He started with the latest Idris census. A compilation of the last ten census records were kept at each Institute. For the past few days, before going to sleep, he would take time to read through the data. As he read, he realized something alarming—the Shadowhunter Omega population had been steadily dwindling in the last eight decades. It had been eighty years since the Alphas took command of the Clave, and since then, the Shadowhunter Omega population had been reduced to less than half of what it was in the Time of Angels. While he read, he could barely breathe; he felt sick to his stomach. Could something sinister be at work?

As he continued reading, an impending sense of doom descended upon him.

According to the latest census, Female Omegas comprised the majority of the Shadowhunter Omega population. But that wasn’t what almost sent him into a full-blown panic attack. What froze him solid was the fact that less than a quarter of the Omega population was male. When he went to search for further information about Male Omegas such as the age they died and cause of death, his access was denied. He didn’t have the clearance to access those files.

Now that he thought about it, he was the only Male Omega in the New York Institute. How did he failed to noticed this before?! Also, he had never met any older Omegas, specifically Male omegas. At this point, his heart was in full gallop and his naked chest heaved with raspy breaths. He felt the weight of a millstone around his neck. What was going on? Was this the same for the Downworld?

The alluvion of information had left him frazzled. After clearing his bed of the heavy leather-bound census books, he let his heavy body tipped back and fall on the hard mattress. He should have turned off the light before settling down, he thought. Now, he had no strength to lift his arm. As tired as he felt, he was sure a little light wouldn’t prevent him from falling deep into the darkness. But sleep didn’t come as easily as he thought—his body was ready to rest but not his mind.

Alec tossed and turned, dark-grey cotton sheets rustled under and over him.

He tossed and turned and pondered.

The Shadowhunter Omega population was declining at an alarming rate. Only a few Male Omegas existed. No Omegas—male or female—held positions of power. Society blamed it on their Heats which were considered a nuisance. Thus, the Omega Suppressant Rune and leather collars were created to supposedly protect Omegas. Prejudice towards Omegas still ran rampant. Most of the pairings he had ever met were: Alpha-Alpha, Alpha-Beta, and Beta-Beta (regardless of their biological sex). The aforementioned pairings weren’t as fertile as an Alpha-Omega pairing. Omegas were more fertile than female Alphas and Betas. Alphas, in terms of bodily compatibility
were more fertile with Omegas. But in certain instances—like with his parents—his mother’s fertility hadn’t been affected.

Because of deep-rooted prejudice and also because of monetary/societal status matters not many Alpha-Omega pairings entered a mating contract. Yes—a mating contract—in the Shadowhunter society it wasn’t called a mating bond, since the Alpha’s family had to give a dowry to the Omega’s family to seal the union. The more prestigious the family of the Omega, the higher the dowry. Which is why only well-positioned families could afford an Alpha-Omega union. This was one of the unbreakable Mating Rules. In the Shadowhunter society, mating was more about convenience than because of mutually genuine bonds. Matings of convenience as it came to be known. A cold, arranged, impersonal, empty union done for personal gain to obtain money or political influence or both. Though maybe, just maybe, he wanted to believe some of those unions ended up with the pairs falling in love or at least feeling affection towards each other.

The Council was Alpha. The Inquisitor was Alpha. All the important positions were filled by Alphas, and in some cases by Betas from prominent families. How could a mainly Alpha-lead society understand the needs of Omegas? They couldn’t.

The Shadowhunter society was in desperate need of change.

Alec was tired of running away from the unknown part of him, of feeling distraught every time something external happened and caused upheaval within himself.

He was ready to face the side of him he had shackled in the depths of his being.

His inner Omega wasn’t his enemy. He had been conditioned by the Alpha-lead Shadowhunter society to reject what made him whole. Countless times, he had wanted to be an Alpha, to sever his Omega side, he had cursed his fate, he had felt broken, unworthy, invisible.

No more, he decided as he slipped into the comfort of unconsciousness.

He has had enough. It was time to face his fears. To face Magnus and the feelings bubbling up inside of him ready to overflow.

*****

Magnus called him.

He nearly swallowed his tongue.

To say he was ready to face his fears and to actually face his fears were two different monsters.

Alec was sure Izzy had given him his number. The High Warlock invited him out for drinks. Alec was apprehensive, but strangely drawn to spend time with the older man. For a brief moment, he considered the offer; he thought of accepting it, he even felt giddy. But of course, Clary had to be her willful self and he had to play babysitter for her and Simon.

So, the invitation was left pending.

Alec felt somewhat disappointed. Though, he had to admit he felt a little bit relieved. He still didn’t know how to act in front of Magnus—he felt like an awkward duck in front of a magnificent peacock.

Magnus’ voice wouldn’t leave his head—it echoed through his brain, vibrated throughout the length of his body, and pounded mercilessly on the condemned door of his heart, which held his
cloistered Omega.

He would think of Magnus and as if on cue, the Omega Suppressant Rune would blaze up on his inner thigh.

Magnus filled his thoughts, his dreams, his feelings, his waking hours as if a ghost haunting him persistently. But instead of feeling frightened, he felt an enrapturing sense of peace.

*****

The next time he saw Magnus was when he showed up at the loft in time to cradle the Alpha in his arms.

‘Help me,’ he heard Magnus say.

Alec shared his strength with him—all of it—no restrictions, their hands entwined.

‘Take everything you need,’ he had responded.

Everything.

The word reverberated in his mind; it felt natural to say it.

Warm magic rippled from Magnus to him, and then it ebbed away back to the Alpha with a portion of his strength. The sensation lingered, as if the ghost of magic that still coursed through him connected him to the abundant flow of magic contained in Magnus’ body. It was such a vivid feeling, so much so it overwhelmed him.

Luke Garroway—an Alpha, leader of the most important Werewolf pack in New York, and Clary’s father figure— was healed thanks to Magnus’s magic and potions.

When the powerful Warlock fell into his embrace— magic-drained, body slightly tremulous, breathless, and gazing at him with such grateful tender eyes, Alec couldn’t see or hear anyone else.

He heard a desperate voice scream ‘protect Alpha mine protect’; the voice was familiar.

The only one that mattered was Magnus. He just wanted to make sure the man in his arms was okay. A wave of protectiveness towards the older man suddenly inundated him.

Afterwards, he had words with Jace and Clary, the air between them became a tad less toxic. Alec put himself to the task of cleaning up the mess on the floor and on the sofa Luke had laid in.

What was he to say?

He had come here without thinking (well, that was a half-truth), propelled by the need to be away from the Institute and his parents. His parents—who he had just learned had been part of the Circle long ago—when he accidentally heard a heated conversation between them in the office. That was another can of worms he had to deal with as soon as possible. Disappointment flavored his tongue with an acrimonious taste. They have pretended to be perfect and their conduct impeccable, always strict and unyielding—specially his father. Always demanding the impossible, making him feel like he wasn’t enough, that his best was mediocre, that his condition as an Omega was a weakness and a shame. He remembered the harsh way they always criticized Izzy for associating herself with Downworlders, when they had done something that was actually bad. He and his sibling had been deceived for years. It made his blood boil. But for now, he refused to think about that.
Magnus’ voice rescued him from the poison-laced thoughts eating at him.

The Alpha suggested they had a drink, he accepted despite never tasting alcohol in his life. Magnus looked breathtaking dressed in dark red and gold— his chest exposed and his warm olive skin seductive, necklaces layered on an elegant neck and dark hair highlighted by blond streaks, mahogany-colored eyes kohl and glitter rimmed stared at him intensely.

Magnus’ eyes undressed him—body and soul—but not with lust.

Questions were exchanged and answers given, his personal space was at times invaded and confessions were made.

“Why did you ask for me?”

“I wanted to see you again.”

“Why?”

“For almost a century, I have closed myself off to feeling anything for anyone.”

“You’ve unlocked something in me.”

Those words had echoed in his mind, traveled down to his heart, and rippled to the center of his being. He had never dated anyone, but he wasn’t naïve. Alec was a good judge of character, he could tell a lie from miles, and those words were as true as they come. Once again, he was at a loss for words, stumbling to grab a hold of his flashing thoughts. Magnus’s finger came close to his lips, like a life-jacket sent to save him from his clumsy tongue. Another smile sprouted forth from his lips in response to Magnus’s spellbinding one. He accepted the drink and he stayed, in spite of knowing the dangers of letting himself truly know this man in front of him whose intoxicating scent and charming personality had loosen up considerably the tight reins he had on himself.

Sleep had claimed him without him noticing.

The next morning, he had woken up a bit startled, oddly comfortable in an unfamiliar place where he shouldn’t have been able to sleep so soundly. He had woken up to Magnus’s velvety voice, which made his heart do a few pirouettes. The strong smell of black coffee and the sight of pink roses and of sunlight flooded the room—it was all new and strange and surprisingly, he liked it.

He had fallen asleep swathed by soothing notes of wild honey and ground cinnamon, almond oil and wet earth, sandalwood and mahogany—Magnus’ scent cocooned him in the safest nest he had ever had. And that was only his scent. What would it feel like to be engulfed in his arms? His body quaked at the thought.

What was wrong with him?! How could he have gone to sleep so placidly in an Alpha’s lair and knowing full well that said Alpha had his sight upon him?! He had gone mad. Insane! And the craziest thing was that he trusted this man. Alec trusted him. Magnus. An Alpha. Why?

“Can’t you stay for breakfast?” asked Magnus, serene expression obviously hopeful.

Magnus trusted him too. It was written all over his countenance—open, raw, and pleading. And all of a sudden, he felt a rush of affection burst through him; he didn’t know how he reined in the urge to launch into the warlock’s arm.

All of him claimed Magnus as if it was his birthright.
“I-I…” he trailed off, utterly distracted by Magnus’s unmasked scent. For the first time that morning, after the fog of sleep had left him, he inhaled it, and became once more instinctively aware of it.

“You don’t have to push yourself, Alexander. I understand.”

A series of emotions flashed across the Alpha’s face before he hid them under a well-constructed mask.

Alec’s heart clenched. He couldn’t think straight.

“Um, Th-that’s…”

A mere whiff of Magnus’s scent made him feel so full that there was barely any space left for oxygen to refill his lungs. He was in a constant state of dizziness. His own scent was effectively concealed by the Omega Suppressant Rune. It made him wonder what he would smell like to Magnus, if the Alpha Warlock would like his scent as much as Alec liked his, and how would Magnus react to it. Alec never wanted to give into his biological imperative, to be ruled by instinct, to be with someone just because their natures dictated they should. Even so, he was certain Magnus knew he was an Omega. Magnus couldn’t smell him, but the older man still sought him out. Despite his flirting, he didn’t invade Alec’s space (at least not to the point of making him feel uncomfortable).

“I’ll stay,” he breathed not knowing if his answer had been heard.

Magnus’ unbridled delight caught him off-guard; it cascaded upon Alec until he felt boneless.

Copper skin and hair tips resplendent with sunlight, the softest smile and fondest brown eyes—he soon realized that truly knowing Magnus Bane was a privilege not for the faint of heart.

A Shadowhunter and a Warlock. An Alpha and an Omega. Two different worlds.

What could come from it? Alec wanted to know the answer so badly. More like, he needed to know.

“Fantastic!” exclaimed Magnus as he clapped his hands, a radiant smile upon his lips. “What would you like to eat?”

Curiosity among other things had brought him to Magnus’s loft. An increasing attraction pushed him to make a decision that made him tremble. Will something stronger convince him to stay? Alec didn’t know. But one thing he knew—despite the fear of being hurt, he wanted to see this through, to take a leap of faith.

As if on cue, he recalled a phrase he had read in one of the books he had borrowed from the Institute’s library some time ago.

‘Fear always keeps a person from experiencing man-made miracles.’

“I can make a mean Belgian waffle or if you prefer, French toast.” He heard Magnus announce.

Could this undeniable draw between them have the potential of becoming a man-made miracle? Jump! Exclaimed a voice deep within himself, and this time, he listened.

“Sounds good.”
Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
"Here," Magnus said as he pulled out one of the kitchen stools for Alec to seat, "please have a seat."

Alec stood there—once again—like a fool, unable to say a word and with what he hoped wasn’t a ridiculous smitten expression on his face. Not only was Magnus Bane an all-powerful, immortal High Warlock who could summon demons, but he was highly intelligent, charming, apparently knew how to cook, had an impeccable sense of style, was polite, honest and kind, plus incredibly attractive, and on top of it all—a gentleman.

Why was this happening? He really could do without any more reasons to like this man.

"Thank you," he replied, eyes caught in earth-colored ones.

A smile that brighten dark eyes was Magnus’ reply.

And in that moment, Alec finally realized that he wanted to know more—if possible, everything—about this captivating man.

Surprisingly, Magnus didn’t magicked forth the Belgian waffles nor the French toasts—he cooked breakfast with his own two hands. Alec volunteered to help him, but the High Warlock smiled and kindly declined his help.

"I appreciate your offer, Alec. But please, let me do this for you," Magnus said, voice low and pleading.

An automatic smile curled Alec’s lips as he nodded, and then sat on one of the walnut wood and white leather swivel bar stools. The Omega Suppressant Rune continue to sizzle, but he had learned to ignore the pain. Instead, he focused on the new space around him. Much like the rest of the loft, the kitchen was modern but charming, with a touch of old-world. The kitchen was spacious and
bright, with one large horizontal window letting in the morning sunlight which was framed by an entire brick wall. Two large 5 arm wrought iron chandeliers hung over the kitchen Island. The black marble beneath his hands was pleasantly cool. A mix of white cabinets with crown molding and natural wood open shelving, stainless steel appliances and white walls, wooden beams on the ceiling and hardwood floors, white subway tiles and a concrete sink—every aspect of the place was so Magnus.

Alec felt comfortable here—embraced warmly by the spaces, and smells, and sights of this house—he felt welcomed.

Home, called the same voice he had heard before when Magnus was in his arms.

Home.

That simple word resonated powerfully throughout him, until it reached all the shadowy corners within himself.

“It won’t take long,” Magnus assured as he glanced up from the mixing bowl.

“Ok,” he replied, his elbows now leaning on the hard marble.

An Alpha in the kitchen—cooking—it was a rare sight. To Alec, it was a first.

His mother had never been fond of cooking and his father wouldn’t be caught doing domestic chores. Jace didn’t even know how to hold a knife properly unless it was a Seraph Blade. Izzy, she tried really hard because she enjoyed cooking (but she hadn’t improved much). Max was still little. And he, well, he wanted to take care of his siblings as best as he could—be it on a mission or at home—so, he begrudgingly learned to cook (and he was really good at it). Yet, he kind of hated to be so talented at Omega-related activities as such things were referred as in the Shadowhunter society.

If there were no Omegas or female Betas, he was sure every house in Idris and the Institutes around the world would be a damn disaster.

“Feel free to refill your coffee cup, Alec. Or would you like some juice? What kind do you like?” the older man asked from where he stood in front of the stove, face turned to look right at him and long fingers ready to snap.

“I still have some coffee left, but thank you,” Alec replied as he took the cup to his lips.

“Alright.”

Magnus smiled and he smiled in turn.

This felt surreal.

Was he dreaming?

His eyes followed the fluid movement of Magnus’s ringed-hands as they sliced the fresh bread for the French Toast. Soon, batter hit the hot waffle iron and bread sizzled on the skillet. Magnus magicked forth any ingredients he needed—he clearly enjoyed being in the kitchen. Alec imagined himself cooking by his side or maybe making breakfast by himself on a day off and eating together in bed.

His heart swelled and he felt breathless. What was he thinking?
Spicy and sweet notes of freshly ground cinnamon, pure vanilla extract, honey, and brown sugar permeated the air. And wasn’t that funny? Because it was similar to Magnus’ scent but much lighter and not as half as nourishing.

Alec wondered if the older man knew how to cook other things, how they would taste, where did he learn to cook them, for who he had learned to cook, and how many others had sat in this kitchen observing Magnus cook. An intense wave of jealousy and possessiveness made his body taut. The thought of Magnus’ attentions upon another made his chest hurt. He didn’t want to think about it—it was harrowing.

So instead, he decided to ask a question.

“Where did you learn how to cook?” he asked as a means to distance himself from undesirable thoughts, and also because he was genuinely curious.

“Hmm, I would say everywhere. Any time I would eat something delicious, I would ask the chef or the cook to teach me.”

“Huh…You’re an unusual Alpha.”

“Unusual?” the High Warlock questioned, head tilted to the side.

“Yes.”

“Why?” Magnus asked, still moving about in the kitchen.

The way in which Magnus moved around the kitchen was oddly natural, his elegant clothes and his graceful motions as he mixed and poured the batter and cut fruit and poured juice and coffee was almost entrancing.

“Well, because Alphas—at least those in the Shadowhunter society—aren’t supposed to do any domestic chores, since such obligations are beneath them. Those are relegated to Omegas and female Betas.” The words left a sour taste in his mouth—black coffee with no sugar would have tasted sweeter.

“So, in other words, Omegas and female Betas are the help? There to serve the mighty Shadowhunter Alphas,” Magnus retorted while he carefully platted the waffles and French toast. The timbre of his voice soaked with derision at the latter.

Without missing a beat, he replied.

“Yes.”

“Well, that’s silly and ridiculous. What does second gender designation have to do with who cooks or cleans or do certain things. We all eat. So, what’s wrong with learning and knowing how to cook? As long as people enjoy it that’s all that matters. What Alphas, Omegas or Betas can and can’t do, how they are treated and viewed, shouldn’t be decided by a powerful and biased few, but by the individuals themselves. Prejudices and stereotypes and everything they bring with them destroy and divide not only societies but the individuals. Marginalized Omegas should be the concern of society as a whole. No—no that’s not it. There shouldn’t be any marginalized Omegas, period,” the older man said with conviction at the same time he met Alec’s eyes.

A mirthless smile stretched Alec’s lips. And then his lips parted to pronounce words which have been chewing at the marrow of his bones for a long time.
“All that sounds great, but we are a nuisance to our people. That’s why there aren’t many Omegas and female Betas posted at the Institutes. Specially Omegas, since we are a liability. Our Heats makes us an inconvenient distraction to Alphas. We drive them crazy with our sex pheromones. We make them lose control. It is our fault we get cat calls, harassed, objectified, blamed when some bastard Alpha disrespects us and offers us to breed us full of pups. It is on us to protect ourselves by wearing a leather collar and the Omega Suppressant Rune and drink contraception pills during our Heats (in case some asshole Alpha driven crazy by our scent decides to rape us). Or we could be good little Omegas and find ourselves an Alpha Shadowhunter to enter into a mating contract with,” he spitted out the words. They felt like sharp iron nails leaving trails of broken skin as they dragged up his throat.

At the avalanche of words and the fury and disgust and violence they carried, he felt Magnus tense-up.

His reply was met with a guttural growl and an indignant expression, a disbelieving head shake and chestnut-colored eyes almost narrowed into slits draped with a heavy layer of somberness and outrage. It was as if the words he had said had been a personal affront towards Magnus, but not because of his insults towards Alphas. No—the man in front of him was offended and rabid in his stead.

He wasn’t sure why he had said all of that, but most importantly—why to Magnus?

Alec couldn’t look away from him. Something akin to fear swam in Magnus’s eyes.

His heart clenched behind his ribs. That look in Magnus’s eyes will haunt his dreams tonight. He wished he could take back those words.

Alec was sure that if still held the delicate coffee cup in his hands, it would have been reduced to pieces by now. But the change in Magnus’ scent was what surprised him the most. He hadn’t noticed because he had been practically holding his breath the entire time without realizing it. In spite of the effort the older man made to keep his feelings and emotions from seeping into his scent, he couldn’t. What Magnus felt was maybe stronger than his almost saintly self-control.

The air all around had been infused with a pungent metallic and acidic tint. It felt wrong.

He immediately regretted saying all that. Why did he have to say all of that? But most importantly—why to Magnus?

Alec could no longer hold those doleful brown eyes. Thus, he let his gaze fall to the black marble. Elbows braced on the counter, he rested his forehead on his clenched cool hands. His eyes shut close for a second, and then he sighed, “Sorry.”

Suddenly, he felt exhausted. There was a terrible weight on his shoulders as if he had been saddled with a handful of wet sandbags.

“Sorry for what? For saying how you feel? No, Alec. Never be sorry about that. Not with me, at least. Never with me.” Such a soft tone was enough to ground him, to smooth over the ragged edges his own words had caused within him.

The sound of light steps approaching and of plates, utensils, and glasses being set down on the marble encouraged him to look up. With the aid of Magnus’ magic, breakfast was served. He couldn’t help but let his lips curl into a smile.

“Wow, I’m impressed,” he said as he opened and closed his mouth.
In front of him was the most appetizing and fancy breakfast he has ever seen, eaten or cooked. A plate brimming with crisp Belgian waffles and another with thick slices of French toast, bacon stripes (when did Magnus cooked it?) and a bowl of fresh fruit (blueberries, blackberries, cranberries, cantaloupe, grapes, apples, and strawberries), croissants and scrambled eggs, freshly made whipped cream as well as freshly made coffee and Alec swore the orange juice was recently hand-squeezed.

“It’s pleased to hear that. Please eat, before it gets cold,” Magnus said, voice as sweet as sugar cane. “Oh, I almost forgot,” he added and snapped his fingers, “maple syrup.”

Alec was instantly relieved when he no longer saw the veil of sadness and anger upon his eyes.

He did as he was told, and oh man! Rich flavor filled his taste buds; he had never eaten anything as mouthwatering.

Alec felt his back arch, similar to how his bowstring does when he pulls it a little. “Oh, by the Angel, Magnus. This taste amazing,” he moaned loudly, momentarily unaware of how his words, his tone of voice, and the way he licked his lips affected Magnus.

By Lilith! Magnus could breathe. Alec looked exquisite with his back arched and his head slightly thrown back, lips wrapped around the tines of his fork and his eyes semi-closed. His dick twitched in his pants and he had to avert his eyes from the gorgeous vision beside him.

The sound of Alec’s voice when delight overtook it was sinful. And he wanted to hear it over and over again, afire with pleasure and desire and chanting Magnus’ name. But, he should be thinking about this, it felt like betrayal. His inner Alpha clawed at his skin—it was true he couldn’t smell Alec scent, but he still could feel his Omega was nearby.

Mate mine happy warm home.

To his inner Alpha, Alec’s inner Omega was his alone—his soul-bond, its true mate—they belonged to one another, they were a pair. Yet, Magnus knew that was only half true. He wasn’t even sure Alec knew that they were mates. And the way he had talked about Omegas and Alphas, it was gut-wrenching. Even if they were fated mates, that didn’t mean Alec would want to accept the bond.

A stretch of time passed, with no words being said. They ate in a companionable silence.

From the corner of his eyes, he stole furtive glances of the impossibly adorable Shadowhunter. Alec ate everything with gusto and that made Magnus wish he could stay in this moment forever.

Alec glanced at him with a smile on his cranberry painted lips. There was no barrier between them, side by side as they sat, Alec was serene and content. Magnus’ heart swelled, it was so full of feelings waiting to be spoken, of emotions waiting to be expressed, of dreams waiting to become true.

Unconsciously, one of his hands followed the siren call of Alec’s lips, and his thumb scooped up a drop of syrup at the corner of his lips. Alec didn’t startle or flinch away from him, nor did he slap his hand away. They were both quiet, rooted in place, and holding their breaths, and their eyes were chained to each other—conversing.

“Alexander,” he whispered almost supplicant, as if the lovely man in front of him was capable of understanding all that which he held in his heart with that one word. Sacrosanct as it was, it wasn’t enough.
“Ma-Magnus…, I-…I know we are-”

Before Alec could finish his sentence, a loud ringing broke the moment between them.

_No, don’t stop. Please tell me._

Hazel eyes went wide and the young Shadowhunter scrambled out of the stool, and towards his leather jacket draped over one of the sofa’s armrest. Alec cleared his throat and with his back turned towards Magnus, he answered the call. The barriers were up again. Magnus sagged in his seat; he was no longer hungry.

“Hello. Yes, I’ll be right there. Bye.”

Alec put on his jacket, carded his fingers through his raven mussy hair, and then turned in place to face Magnus.

“Thank you for breakfast, Magnus. It was the best I’ve ever had. I’m glad I stayed,” he confessed, one hand in his pants pocket and the other at the nape of his neck.

Despite Alec’ guarded posture, his words were heartachingly sincere and his shy eyes looking through thick curtains of long lashes even more so.

“It was my absolute pleasure, Alexander. I’m glad you stayed.”

_Stay for breakfast, for lunch, for dinner_, he wanted to say.

“Duty calls. I’ve to go.”

_Don’t go, please don’t go_, he wanted to beg.

“Of course. Take care,” he responded as he trailed after Alec.

“Do you want me to open a portal for you?” he asked as he observed Alec pick up his bow and quiver from where they leaned next to the door.

“No, thanks. I need fresh air. Bye!” Alec’s voice was a bit strained and his cheeks florid—he looked like an animal ready to flee. But Magnus didn’t sense distress nor discomfort from him.

“Bye…”

Magnus didn’t know how he looked. Maybe his face was etched with longing just like his entire being felt.

Alec lingered by the opened door for a bit as if he wanted to say something, but whatever it was, he decided to keep it to himself.

Alec left.

_Come back. Please come back._

Magnus was alone again.

*****

That morning, as soon as Alec had left (much to Magnus’ displeasure. If he would just stay, forever…), he had reached for his phone, which lay on the kitchen island. Swift fingers dialed a
familiar number. As he waited for his best friend to pick up the call, he strolled out to the balcony and proceeded to pace to-and-fro.

Before he could say hello, a familiar British accent greeted him.

“My dear friend, I was just thinking about you. Are we still meeting tomorrow? Please say yes, I need time away from all of these horrid responsibilities that come with being High Warlock of London. The Vampires complain about the Werewolves, and then the Seelies complain about both, the Warlocks think they can do as they please with magic and this creates friction with the Shadowhunters, who in turn are too arrogant to even take the first step to bring together the Shadow World. And in the end, this endless conflict ends up hurting all of us and the Mundanes. Maybe I should retire…” his oldest friend said with a long-suffering sigh.

Letting a fond smile set upon his lips and an amused chuckle leap out of his mouth, he spoke. “My dear sweet cabbage, of course we’re still up for tomorrow. I’ll make you forget your troubles. I was thinking we could go antiquing and eat your favorite restaurant in Barcelona. Also, what’s that nonsense about retiring? You’re still too young to think about retirement. Plus, you’ll drive your amada Fernanda insane if you do.”

“I can’t argue with your plans and wise words. I wouldn’t want to drive my dearly loved mate mad. Well, even more so,” the much older warlock agreed with a smile in his voice. “You should visit when Fernanda is in London. She has been asking about you.”

“Is she still teaching at the Shadowhunter Academy?”

The long-suffering sigh that preceded his friend’s response was answer enough.

“Unfortunately, yes. I have begged her to resign, but no, she’s too bloody stubborn,” he grouched. Magnus made a nose of agreement. Indeed, she was.

“But that’s one of her many charms and you like it. Don’t deny it.”

“I shan’t.”

A brief stretch of silence passed between them which was unusual, in spite of having a reputation of being cranky, grouchy, overly serious, and slightly pessimistic, to those who he let close he showed his sardonic sense of humor and optimistic side. And more importantly—Ragnar was kind; he has always been incredibly kind to Magnus. Then, why was he now hesitating to speak about a private matter to one of his closest friend? Catarina already knew, but she had promised to let him tell their friend about the matter.

“What’s the matter, my friend? You suddenly became awfully quiet? Are you perhaps going through some difficulties?”

And there was once again Ragnar’s acute intuition, there was no point in prolonging the silence.

“I think-. No. I am sure I have found my fated-mate. Or to be more accurate, he found me.” He let the words trail and fade. His heart hammered hard behind his chest just like when he told Cat. The more he uttered the words the more real they became.

“Wait, what?! Is this a jest?”

“No, it isn’t. It isn’t.”
“Who? When did you realized? When did you meet this person? How?”

“Oh, hold your horses, my dear.”

“Who is this person, Magnus? I am intrigued,” questioned Ragnor, voice tinted with suspicion.

“His name is Alexander Gideon Lightwood. I met him recently—two weeks and a day ago. He saved my life with an arrow…. Ah, that sounds too simple,” he lamented.

Words were insufficient to described that moment. Instead, he wished he had the power to reply that moment for Ragnor. But then again, that would still be lacking. Unless, Ragnor could feel what he felt when he saw Alec, he wouldn’t understand.

Some feelings couldn’t be explained.

Ragnor was a very guarded person; he preferred to keep to himself. And despite having taught at the Shadowhunter Academy for years, he still held some distrust for them. Magnus could say the same about himself, but things were unexpectedly changing.

“Lightwood?” Ragnor repeated as if trying to recall where had he heard that last name before.

Magnus continued. It was as if his mouth was possessed by youthful sprite.

“Ragnor, not even in my wildest fantasies and that’s a lot to say, have I ever dream of a Shadowhunter being my true mate,” he whispered still in awe.

Magnus still couldn’t believe he had met his soul-bond, and it was Alexander. For centuries, he made fun of such things—being the insufferable skeptic—he was (according to Cat), he grouped fated mates and soul-bonds as old wives’ tales, as stories the hopeless romantics believed. But deep in his heart, he wanted it to be real and to happen to him. Yet, he didn’t let himself fall down that rabbit hole, because it was easier to deny the existence of something than for it to be real and not being one of the few lucky ones to experience it.

His friend’s fog-horn-like voice interrupted his perpendeing.

“A Shadowhunter?! And Lightwood?! Oh…this-, this is a very interesting development, my good friend. You, who have been with Downworlders and Mundanes alike—to fall in love, I assume—and for that person to be a Shadowhunter—it’s astonishing. Though you sound pleased, I am worried. Does he return your feelings?”

Magnus couldn’t stifle the heavy sigh that escaped him. That was answer enough for Ragnor. For his part, he swallowed in one gulp what was left of his martini.

“Oh, dear! It is that bad, huh?”

He hummed in agreement.

“But are you certain it is him?” his friend asked insistently.

“Completely,” came his ironclad answer.

“So, you must have touched him, to be so sure of it. Because I assume, he was wearing that odious Omega Suppressant Rune,” Ragnor said darkly, distaste obvious in his voice.

Both of them, and Cat, as well as the entire Downworld, all shared the same feelings about one thing—a strong repugnance towards that accursed rune. It made his skin crawl and his inner Alpha
roar every time he remembered that rune was inscribed on Alec’s alabaster skin. That rune wasn’t
divine.

“Yes, I touched him. And immediately I knew, that I belonged to him and he was meant for me,”
he confessed.

“I-I don’t know what to say. Congratulations, dear friend. To have found not only a mate, but your
true mate, it’s something extraordinary. And it couldn’t have happened to a better person. I just
wished he wasn’t a Shadowhunter. Magnus, see if you could persuade him to stop using that
infernal rune as soon as possible. My dear friend, I vaticinate that this won’t be an easy road for
either of you. Regardless, I will always be here for you.”

“Thank you, Ragnor. Well then, see you tomorrow, my little broccoli flower.”

“Cheerio, my friend.”

When he hanged up the call, he took a deep breath and let his eyes swept over the city he was so
fond of. For some reason, he felt more energetic and optimistic than usual—invigorated. Despite
Ragnor’s objections and disapproval for his feelings towards Alec and the possibility of he and
Alec being true mates, Magnus knew he could always count on his friend.

He, Ragnor, and Catarina were connected mind and heart in spirit. They were fellow Warlocks,
best friends, and family by choice—always there to support and console and listen to one another.
Ragnor will come around sooner or later.

As he freed his magic and let it burst and flow between his palms, his lissome body stretched with
ease in a series of dance-like movements. A sphere of an electric-blue color pulsed and bounced at
his hands’ command; the bright light casted its shadows upon his manicured black finger nails.
Despite being out on the balcony and the night breeze crisp, drops of sweat clung to his forehead
and temples, while some made it down his neck and onto his exposed chest. This was his way of
meditation whenever he needed to put his thoughts in order, and lately, there has been a lot of that.

His thoughts—they could be subsumed under one word.

He might as well call them by name.

Alec Lightwood.

Just thinking of him was enough to make little explosions of pleasure go off throughout his body.

Alexander…

Just his name was mighty enough to flavor his taste buds and inebriate him.

While he moved, his limbs traversed and circled the air with fluid motion. As they did, so did the
thoughts in his head. Like dandelion seeds, they grew and grew, until his mind was overtaken by
reverie.

Magnus had been alone, without the love of a lover for what had felt like an eternity. His soul had
traveled the Earth, solivagant. He had wandered it alone, like a vagabond blindly following the
wind imbued with the scent he yearned for—his inner Alpha as if a bloodhound followed the
scattered trail of its true mate calling him home. And, wasn’t that something? His true mate, his
Omega, his soul-bond, his Fated-One, his complement—was a 25-year-old extremely guarded
Shadowhunter who rejected part of who he was. Alexander, by denying his Omega side, was also denying and rejecting him.

It had felt so satisfying and right to be close to Alec, to sit close to each other this morning while they ate breakfast. His inner Alpha had preened at Alec’s delighted expression and his pleased moan at the taste of the food. Magnus’s heart had gone at full throttle at the young Shadowhunter’ sincere praises—he was sure that he would have purred if the circumstances were different. To take care of Alec and answer his questions, to reassure him and dissipate his doubts, to keep him safe and happy and smiling, and to help him in so way to be free and accept himself—Magnus wanted nothing more.

This morning their conversation had been rudely interrupted before they even got into more intimate and important details. But it was inevitable that they needed to continue that conversation—be it for better or for worse. He didn’t want to push too hard, to come on too strong lest his behavior push Alec to reinforced his defenses. Magnus needed Alec open and willing to listen. It was frustrating to wait for another to make the first move. He was old, but that didn’t mean he was patient. Though for Alec, he’ll be willing to wait for as long as he had to.

While he was in the midst of contemplation, the ringing of his phone pulled him out of his thoughts. A quick snap of his fingers magicked it into his right hand. When his eyes glance at the bright screen and he saw the name of the caller, his heart skipped a beat. Before he answered, he drew a deep breath and then let go. With his left hand, he reached for the hand towel perched to one of the sides of the concrete balustrade.

“Hello, Alec. To what do I owe the pleasure?”

Alec’s voice calling his name was…, how to describe it? Ice cream over hot pie.

“Tomorrow? Of course.”

The young Shadowhunter wanted to see him and he sounded determined.

“You pick. Any time that’s good for you, is good for me.”

Magnus knew he must sound elated but he couldn’t help it. His inner Alpha was almost at the surface, he could feel its raw presence just like this morning.

“At 10’clock sounds good. Should I make lunch? Or do you prefer to meet elsewhere?”

He was already making a mental list of the possible dishes he could make when Alec’s reply came.

“Ok. No lunch then.”

His shoulders sagged. To deny he was a bit disappointed would be a lie, but he immediately pushed away the feeling. He will still get to see the gorgeous young man. But something in Alec’s voice stirred worry in him.

“Alec, is everything okay? You sound…unsettled,” he said tentatively.

The beautiful Omega’s words calmed him down a bit. Magnus wished he could do the same for Alec. How he wished to gather him in his arms and whisper soothing incantations in his ears. Maybe so day…

“Ok. See you tomorrow. Sleep well. Goodnight, Alexander.”
Could there be hope for him? For them?

He prayed. He hoped. He wished.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Alec and Catarina (In my head I imagine Cat as she was on the show, but with her warlock marks exposed when she's among friends).
Alec and Magnus.

Chapter Notes

Hello,
Once again thank you for all the nice and sweet comments as well as the kudos. You make my day, always!

Happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Magnus had touched the corner of his mouth and their eyes had gaze into each other—he had felt it—*the bond*. And as soon as he did, his inner Omega had been awoken and its voice had become louder and louder within him. The voice intoned words he had rejected since he presented.

_Mate home Alpha mine_

Feelings he had repressed for years because he though he couldn’t have what he wanted and desires he had suppressed lest he was thought as weak, had gained strength in the short amount of time he had met the High Warlock.

Whilst Alec wanted to become even closer with Magnus, he was still somewhat guarded and cautious. It wasn’t easy to let go of years of bottling things up, silencing his emotions and feelings, and of the intense hate he had against his Second Gender. And, he was still ignorant about many things concerning his Gender Designation as well as the whole Alpha-Omega dynamic, especially at an intimate level. More often than not he felt lost, afraid that he might be doing things wrong or unknowingly signaling wants and needs. He didn’t want to hurt Magnus who has been a perfect gentleman, so sweet and patient. But he didn’t dare voiced his concerns to him, it was damn embarrassing being so ignorant.

Alec felt downright fury against the Shadowhunter Society and how they neglected Omegas a proper education about their gender—to keep them ignorant about their own biology, their bodies, it was bordering abuse. But the Clave couldn’t risk having independent, self-confident, stubborn, rebellious, educated Omegas or they might find themselves with a dangerous threat to their absolute power. How low they have fallen as a society, and then they dared to be condescending towards the Downworlders who seemed much more decent and sensible about Omega issues.

_Emotions cloud judgement._ He had been brought up with those words. He had repeated them countless times to others…. and to himself. Whenever he felt about to succumb to his emotions, he would look in the mirror and remind himself that he didn’t have the luxury to let his heart overrule
His ruminations had distracted him so much, he didn’t realize his feet had taken him to Magnus’ place earlier than the time they had agreed on. Here he was, standing in front of the loft’s door. An embarrassed smile curled the corners of his lips and he huffed out a breathless laugh, his right foot tapped lightly on the floor as one of his hand flew up to bury in his hair. Before he ventured to knock on the door, he swallowed down the nervous heartbeats that had gathered in his throat. He let his eyes close and his nose take a deep breath and the tip of his tongue wet his droughty lips.

Even when he was lost in his spider web-like thoughts, his instincts drove his body to do what was in his heart. And lately, what was at the forefront was Magnus.

He knocked and waited. Yet, when the door finally opened, it wasn’t Magnus’s smiley handsome face who greeted him, but a blue-skinned visage framed by white-hair, yet her dark eyes shone with Magnus’ familiar kindness.

Before he could vocalize a syllable, the woman in front of him spoke with a soft smile upon her full, peach-colored lips.

“Oh, you must be Alexander Lightwood. Please, come on in.”

The timber of her voice was firm yet soft with a hint of mischievousness to it. Right away, he could tell she was comfortable in her own skin by the way she carried herself in the simple, short-sleeved long teal dress she wore—head held high, shoulders thrown back, chest out, back straight, and unflinching eye contact. This woman exuded self-confidence and power, and not a dollop of shame tinged her gentle strawberry-bergamot-mint-coconut oil scent. She was one of Magnus’ best friends. Catarina Loss was a Warlock, a healer, and an Omega.

The Omega Suppressant Rune was definitely losing its effect, because he wasn’t supposed to be able to smell anyone’s natural scent save for those of his family members and those needed to do his job as a Shadowhunter. He should be alarmed by this, but somehow, as the rune had begun to lose its effectiveness, so did his desperate need to conceal his second gender. Alec didn’t think anyone else could smell his scent yet, at least in that, the rune hadn’t lost its power. But it was just a matter of time. He realized he had spaced out, which was rude of him.

For a moment, he didn’t know what to say. He stood in the middle of Magnus’ living room awkwardly, unable to move. Of course, he had met other Omegas before, Shadowhunters and Downworlders alike, but it was always about work, in a hurry. Clary was an Omega too, but he still didn’t trust her nor cared for her overbearing attitude. But this was Catarina Loss, one of Magnus’ oldest and closest friends (he had taken the liberty to browse through some files), and they were apparently alone because he couldn’t hear or smell Magnus’ scent except for what lingered in the air. Which was more than enough to make his rune flair.

Maybe noticing his reserved attitude, she took pity on him.

“I am Catarina Loss, but you can call me Cat. It is a pleasure to finally meet you, Alexander,” she voiced in a melodious tone.

“Uh, it’s nice to meet you too, Cat. Please, call me Alec,’” he replied as he shook her much smaller hand.

He hoped he didn’t sound rude, but everyone he knew called him ‘Alec.’ Everyone he knew, with the exception of Magnus who also called him ‘Alexander’. He never cared for his full name before, just like his siblings didn’t cared for theirs and had adopted nicknames. Yet, when Magnus
called him by his full name for the first time with such a gentle velvety voice, he wanted nothing more than to hear Alexander on a loop forever. Alec became possessive of his name on Magnus’ stead and only wanted to hear it from his lips.

Catarina’s voice called his attention back to the moment.

“Come on in, Alec. Please have a sit,” she nodded towards the sofa.

Alec did as he was asked, but despite her friendliness, his body felt rigid and his thoughts scattered. He needed to talk to Magnus. His darting eyes must have given him away; he really tried to be subtle, but his uneasiness must have shown in his expression. Thank the Angel, he had activated the Omega Suppressant Rune again before entering the building, if not his scent would be stinking up the place with anxiety. Although, he was trying to slowly wean off the Omega Rune and deactivate it when he was in his bedroom at the Institute, he still didn’t feel comfortable enough to go on missions or outside without it. It made him feel self-conscious not having it, and it wasn’t a good idea to not have his head in the game when fighting demons or Circle members.


He couldn’t help but let a small smile spout on his lips.

A glimpse at Cat told him she knew exactly how he was feeling. Was he always this socially inept? No—it wasn’t that. Well, he usually kept to himself anyway. But meeting someone so close to Magnus, the total opposite of himself, and probably someone whom Magnus has talked to about him was intimidating. Feeling vulnerable was something he wasn’t used to as he had always followed the Clave’s motto: Feelings cloud judgement. Since meeting Magnus and allowing for his inner Omega to surface if only a bit, he had let himself feel some things. Sometimes he wondered if it was a wise decision.

“No, I’m good. Thank you.”

He didn’t know what to do with his hands other than let them clasp his knees.

She took a sit on one of the armchairs— her hands loosely tangled rested upon her lap and legs crossed at the ankles.

“Magnus will be back soon. He had an emergency call from one of his clients. Something about a heartbreak-cure potion and taking the wrong dosage,” she explained, voice casual and airy yet assuring.

Hazel and dark blue eyes met briefly, and once again he felt as if she saw written on his skin all his fears and concerns. In that instant, he felt the need to dash out of this place and bury his head in the sand—he felt utterly pathetic, inadequate.

Compare to her, he was pitiful.

Why would Magnus want him?

Enough. He was being stupid. This whole thing was ridiculous. Violently, he flung aside all the thoughts springing in his mind.

Feelings cloud judgement, he reminded himself.
“Oh, okay. Well then, maybe I should go.” His voice sounded faraway, like an echo. It was familiar, he had been used to it for years, but not anymore.

A shell—he had lived like an empty shell all his life.

Yes, his family loved him. But the part of his that was Omega had lived in darkness for too long—loveless, tortured, rejected, hurt, exiled, lonely, cold, shamed, neglected, famished.

Then, Magnus came into his life with his easy smiles and warm eyes. Planted himself right in the middle of his path and showed him what they could have if he was brave enough to accept their bond.

“No, don’t,” Cat retorted. “Magnus explicitly told me to keep you here if you arrived before he came back. So please, stay. He’s looking forward to seeing you. And, I have wanted to meet and talk to you since Magnus first mentioned your name.” Her candid face held nothing back, she reminded him of Magnus.

“Why?” Why was she so curious about him? Was it something Magnus said?

Once again, a fond smile flickered across Cat’s features before she answered.

“Well, you might not believe me but, you have performed a miracle.”

A miracle? How so? He wanted to know but his tongue had decided to take a nap.

His head tilt and squinty eyes asked the silent questions upon his lips.

Remaining seated in the armchair, the Omega Warlock in front of him leaned forward as if trying to keep the words bustling at her lips between them.

“Magnus is a man who loves with all his heart, but not everyone has what it takes to unlock it,” she confessed, her eyes locked with Alec’s. After a pause, she continued, “He is experienced in sensual love as you might have heard, but the matters of the heart are more complicated. I have known him for centuries, seen him fall in love with people who did not loved him as he deserved, who abused and used that love to manipulate him. My friend became somewhat cynical, yet his heart remained tender, kind, loving, selfless, and caring. He decided to close his heart and enjoy the pleasures of superficial love not that I blame him. But, I was worried for his heart for a long time, until now.”

Alec didn’t know what to say. Those words felt as if barbed wire around his heart. To think Magnus had lived in pain and loneliness for centuries—feeling unloved and hopeless—just imagining it was enough to make him feel distraught.

“Until now…” Alec repeated as he let the words fade.

He had to look away from Cat’s sympathetic eyes, because his chest had been mauled and his heart had been exposed and he didn’t want her to see it.

She nodded at the same time she let a lengthy sigh leave her.

“Hmm, he must have been afraid to let his heart be seen and be touched, be loved and be hurt. But since a handful of days ago, things have started to change. I haven’t seen him as alive in a very, very long time. Honestly, I didn’t think I ever would. But…”

“But?” As he asked the question, his heart hammered against his chest.
“I am still worried, Alec. Being immortal means heartbreaks can last forever,” she answered, voice apprehensive.

Oh! The realizations downed on him, unfettered like a flash-flood.

“You think I will break his heart,” he replied as a matter-of-fact. It hurt, something within him had been wounded by those words—it made a dolorous sound—a cracking, a horrible shrill. The air on his skin stood on end as goosebumps bathed it.

“I don’t know. I hope not. Are you?”

Was he? Alec didn’t want to. He didn’t want to be Magnus’s heartbreak.

“I am sorry for making you feel uncomfortable, but I have always believed honesty is important.” Catarina’s countenance matched her unfeigned words. She meant no harm.

Shaking his head side to side, this time he let his eyes met discerning ones.

“Don’t apologize. I prefer honesty too. It’s just that…”

He didn’t know how to clearly express all the speeding thoughts transiting through his mind. Where to start? If he didn’t do something about his ignorance, he’ll end up victim to crippling anxiety—he was already heading that way. Frost had taken a hold of his fingers despite sweaty palms; he could feel his heartbeats in his mouth and a quiet tremble crawl from his feet rooted on the floor. Catarina didn’t speak, she waited patiently until he was ready. Did she learn how to be patient from Magnus or was it the opposite? Or maybe it was the result of being immortal and knowing that time was a friend and a teacher.

“I-I want to know…”

Catarina was powerful, wise, and sincere, and Alec wanted to learn more about Omegas, about the mating bond, about the Alpha-Omega dynamic. He firmly believed the woman in front of him could expand his recently acquired knowledge about all those subjects. Izzy had been able to fill some of the gaps in his Alpha-Omega knowledge, but some things still made him a tad unsettled. And some things still made him blush profusely even at the thought, so he couldn’t imagine bringing it up with his sister. He and Magnus hadn’t even talked about this bond between them, only felt it. That’s why he had come here today; he wanted to have an open conversation with Magnus.

As if she was a psychic, Catarina once again foresaw his concerns and come closer to sit with him on the sofa. She smiled knowingly though not mockingly, and perched her lukewarm hand upon his own which rested over to his right knee.

“Alec, you and I are both Omegas. But I was born into a world where Omegas are revered and exalted, while you were born into a society that had tried for decades on end to subjugate our Second Gender Designation for no other reasons than envy, fear, and jealousy. Since Alphas took over the Clave, everything changed drastically not only for your society, but also the relationship between Shadowhunters and the Downworld. That’s why you don’t know what Omegas are really capable of, be it in your world or in ours. In times of yore, Omega Shadowhunters led the Clave and during those times the relationships throughout the Shadow World flourished. A dangerous few didn’t like that and now here we are,” she said in a marmoreal voice.

Alec couldn’t help his furrowed brow nor the feeling of powerlessness welling up inside. What could he do, as defeated as he felt? Nothing. First, he needed to take his power back. And then,
with support, he’ll be able to help others like himself.

Candor lined Cat’s words as she continued.

“But I want you to know, that despite everything you have heard about our gender, Omegas can do anything Alphas and Betas can, and even better. We are not pleasure or child-rearing or breeding tools who have to submit to the desires of an Alpha-lead society. In the Downworld, we can aspire to be High Warlocks or troop leaders or councilors or clan/pack leaders—there is no limit to what we can be or do.”

What Catarina just said was true, because he had encountered many Omega Downworlders in high positions. The Seelie Queen’s right-hand person—Melior— was a highly respected male Omega.

Catarina’s words kept coming one after the other.

“A mating bond as it is called in the Downworld, isn’t only a physical connection were instincts rule the coupling, but also a spiritual one—it links hearts. When Shadowhunters marry, the Wedded Union Rune is inscribed on the skin of the mates. Pairings other than Alpha-Omega, do not require a mating bite because bonds are exclusive to Alpha-Omega mates. And even then, when an Alpha-Omega Shadowhunter pairing enter a mating contract, the bite is concealed by one of those detestable leather collars as if the mating bite was something to be ashamed of.”

The way Catarina talked about the collars was the same way he felt about them. The thought of them left a rancid aftertaste in his mouth. But the way she talked about the mating bite as if they were something to display with pride, made him feel as if a swarm of carps lived in his stomach.

A mating bite was a claim. He didn’t know how to feel about that.

At his silence, she proceeded with her explanation. “But you also have to know, that there exists another kind of bond between some Alpha-Omega pairings. This one, links the psyche of both mates as well as everything else. It’s called a soul-bond—this type of bond isn’t created after meeting each other, but already exists within the Alpha/Omega pair before they were even born.”

A soul-bond….

That such a thing existed, was mid-boggling.

Alec had read about it before—a long time ago—in a children’s book. When he had asked his father about it, he had laughed and told Alec to invest his time in something useful instead of reading fairy-tales.

“Soul-bond, huh? I thought it was a fable,” he spoke, his tone both awed and skeptical.

“Yes, well, it is a topic shrouded in obscurity, considered kind of like a myth by everyone in the Shadow World. It’s a rare occurrence that a person meets their ‘fated’ mate, not everyone has that opportunity. Which is why, a soul-bond is so precious and all it entails is still a bit of a mystery. Although, we do know certain things. Some important information has been gathered throughout the centuries by the Downworld on how a soul-bond of fated pairs work.”

Everything Cat had said sounded fantastical. Yet again, even a regular mating bond sounded incredible to him. But there was a question that rattled in his mind since his conversation with Izzy.

Alec cleared his throat and drew in the crisp air coming through the opened French doors, and then he voiced his thoughts. “So, doesn’t that mean that the people involve have no choice in this? Aren’t they being forced into mating by the shared bond?”
The woman in front of him shook her head.

“No. It isn’t like that. If they were ever to meet, the ones involved have to accept that bond. Of course, their Alpha and Omega sides will be undeniably attracted to one another almost to the point of madness. But we aren’t animals, we have self-control and intelligence and we are the masters of our instincts. Those Alphas who use the bond and Omega sex pheromones as excuses to commit savageries against Omegas, are nothing but vile trash. Such people are punished harshly in the Downworld. I won’t go into gruesome details, but let’s just say that those people have to learn how to live without a few body parts and in other cases— depending on the severity of the attack— some are put to dead.”

The latter she said with stormy eyes full of wrath and a detached voice.

Alec didn’t know what to think, the confirmation of the existence of something as fantastical as a soul-bond was surprising, scary, and disquieting.

And, why was Cat so determined about telling him about this?

Now that he thought about it— yesterday, before they were rudely interrupted by Jace’s phone call, he and Magnus had a moment like the one they had shared when they held hands to summoned the memory demon. It wasn’t just Magnus’s scent than enthralled him and affected him deeply, but at his touch, Alec had felt Magnus call to him. They hadn’t talked about it or what it meant, but he knew a few things about mating bonds from what Izzy had told him. But since the day he had left her room in a hurry because he was too overwhelmed, neither of them had brought up the conversation again.

He didn’t know why his heart suddenly decided to use his rib-cage as a xylophone nor why he had stopped breathing or his head felt woozy.

“Alec. Alec, are you okay?

Could he and Magnus possibly be true mates?

“Ye-yes. I-I’m fine,” he replied haltingly.

Was Magnus his true mate?

“Are you sure? You have lost all the color on you face.”

Oh, God!

“I’m ok. Please continue,” he uttered, resolute.

Was Magnus his soul-bond?

“Maybe, I shouldn’t have said anything…”

He felt faint.

“No. I want to know. Please,” he pleaded.

Alec needed to know more and Cat was the right person to fill in those empty spots. Magnus was too careful with him. Maybe because most of the time, Alec looked like he wanted to fly away when they got too close. But this couldn’t continue. Otherwise, he won’t change, Magnus would keep treating him with white gloves, and what was happening between them would stay stagnant.
Concern was still deeply edged in every feature of Cat’s visage. After a moment, she continued, but before she pronounced another word, she summoned a light-green fruity cocktail to wet her dry throat.

“Very well then. This kind of bond—the soul-bond—exists exclusively Alphas and Omegas, but as I mentioned before, it isn’t a common occurrence. The two times I have encountered pairs with this type of bond, they have been of the same race. Yet, the feelings, thoughts, and emotions of the mates have to be fully connected to each other in order for the soul-bond to be sealed. You have to understand that, once you do this, it is final. Severing a soul-bond for whatever reason is deadly, and if it doesn’t kill the people involved, it’ll certainly leave tragic consequences. In short, soul-bonded mates share and feel everything from mood changes to state of mind as well as physical pain and pleasure.”

She went on to explain in detail what happened when a soul-bond is severed and it left Alec shaken. He felt high-strung, his mind whirled, and his body felt weakened by uncontrollable trembling. Cat tried to calm him down by using her magic, but underneath he was victims of merciless undercurrents.

“Are Magnus and I true mates? Do we share a soul-bond?” he husked, eyes glued to the floor.

“Oh, Alec. I have said too much,” Cat lamented as one of her hands patted his own clenched on his thigh.

“Cat, please tell me.”

“I have been imprudent. This wasn’t my secret to reveal,” she murmured.

So, it was true.

_Magnus was his soul-bond. His true mate._

Before Alec could say anything, a portal opened in the middle of the living room.

Cat sprang from her seat, back and shoulders straight and chin up. It was apparent she felt bad for revealing too much. It was obvious she felt shame and guilt for in a way, unintentionally betraying Magnus’ trust. But there she was, ready to face her best friend.

Alec decided to wait and see how things played out. He followed suit and rose to his feet, but stayed back a few paces from Catarina.

“Oh, Alec! Hello. You’re here early. And, you’ve met Cat,” the Alpha greeted cheerfully in that low rumble that made Alec all tingly inside.

_Mate Alpha mine_

Alec nodded. Trying his best to keep still. Yet words burned his tongue and knocked violently at his lip’s door.

“Why so serious? What is it you two? Cat?”

Catarina walked towards Magnus and set her right hand upon his left shoulder, and then she spoke, her expression repentant.

“My dear, I am truly sorry for my indiscretion. I have said too much,” she confessed at the same time her dark eyes glimpsed back at Alec.
Magnus stunned expression as he looked at Alec said it all—the High Warlock was assailed by fear. But in spite of his anxious and shocked state, he spoke through it with heartfelt kindness.

“Do not worry, my friend. I will see you later,” he assured, eyes downcast yet fond.

Catarina smiled a dim smile and then walked through the portal Magnus opened for her.

“Alec…” Magnus sussurred.

There was no time for a respite; he needed answers and he needed to make choices—they both did.

“When were you going to tell me we have a soul-bond, Magnus? That we are, true mates.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Magnus and Alec true mates/soul-bond conversation.

Chapter Notes

Hello,
Once again thank you for your support, comments, kudos, and overall niceness.

Enjoy this one. We have been waiting for this moment for a some time now.

Happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I didn’t mean to hide it from you, Alec. I’m a coward. I am scared. By no means, I’m trying to justify myself. I didn’t mean any harm nor to deceive you, but I was going to tell you. I just…,” Magnus sighed, eyes now downcast as if he had no right to gaze upon Alec.

Alec said nothing and just listened.

“You have the right to hate me,” the High Warlock continued, tone hollow and pain-stricken.

Tight-lipped, Alec searched the contrite visage paces away from him. Alec’s body felt relaxed, his muscles and limbs steady and tension-free. His heart, on the other hand, felt as if a runaway horse, yet his mind was clear and even serene which was odd. No, it wasn’t odd—he had already thought about this in length. The first waves of shock, fear, and rejection had passed. Now, only their ghost lingered.

Hate him? How absurd.

One of Magnus’s hands carded through his perfectly styled hair (now sporting electric-blue streaks) and messed it up a bit—oh, he looked even more handsome like this, dressed all in black save for a dark-brown and peacock-colored cotton and Dupion silk vest. He almost had to smother a dreamy sight. For the most part, he had a poker face and boy was he glad for it right now, because he needed this façade so he didn’t feel as if Magnus could see all the way to his bare soul.

“How could I hate you? I’m not even mad at you. Not really,” he confessed in an undertone from where he stood near the opened French doors.

Magnus’s hopeful eyes framed by a thick layer of kohl and glitter—slowly, shyly—abandoned their laser-focus on the antique Persian rug, and peeked at Alec through lush eyelashes. They looked as they did back then—when Magnus had told him, cracked-open by vulnerability, ‘You’ve unlocked something in me.’ And Alec couldn’t help but agree belatedly with that declaration—that indeed, the Alpha in front of him had also unlocked something in him.
“Alec, I—I’m sorry. I truly am.”

He nodded as he held the High Warlock’s gaze.

“I know,” came his immediate reply.

The effects of his words were instantaneous as if they had the power to massage away and melt down all the tension from Magnus’ shoulders and every other muscle. A sigh fell from the older man’s lips and he could see speckles of hope irradiating in almond-shaped eyes.

Alec wasn’t angry at Magnus per se for not telling him they were true mates. In fact, he understood the man’s hesitation. Alec, more than being upset about the whole true mates/soul-bond situation was instead frustrated with himself. Because, he wanted to face his fears and give this connection between them a chance.

He trusted Magnus since the beginning— he didn’t know why but he did, and as time went by he trusted him even more. And not only that, he felt many things for the High Warlock—respect, admiration, tenderness, attraction, protectiveness, and... and something deeper much deeper. Not the type of deep profound affection he felt for his siblings or the filial love he felt for his parents; it was something more all-consuming. Alec felt safe with Magnus, like he could be his true self, be completely free, and not feel ashamed of being an omega. There was this natural sense of belonging and feeling comfortable and warm whenever Magnus was near or he thought of the warlock or even caught a whiff of his Alpha-scent on his clothes.

Magnus’s presence was soothing, calming, reassuring, and freakishly stimulating to the point he felt that the Omega Suppressant Rune was increasingly losing its effectiveness. As if his inner Omega and even his rational side, which resisted to the idea of mating were converging and giving in to the feelings and emotions Magnus has awoken in him. He wanted to let go of his hesitation, but he still had some reservations.

Would he and Magnus actually work?

What if Alec wasn’t good enough for him?

Magnus who was an immortal, all-powerful, kind, caring, strong, can summon demons, and was overall extraordinary warlock and person.

He knew the root of his fears was the anti-Omega society he was brought in. Shadowhunter society wasn’t always like that, he knew that now. When Omegas lead the Clave, there was a balance in the Shadow World. Now, the Shadowhunter society no longer respected Omegas and everything they could contribute to society, because Alpha Shadowhunters felt threatened and insecure by powerful and independent Omegas. He rebelled against the idea of the good and obedient Omega Shadowhunter his people had imposed. Conforming to the societal rules just because of his Second Gender was never in his plans. Yet, since meeting Magnus and talking to Cat and opening his ears to Downworld knowledge as well as listening to his sister—he had realized that being Omega isn’t a reason to feel embarrassed.

Taking advantage of his silence, Magnus spoke, but not before pouring himself a glass of vodka martini.

“Alexander, I don’t believe in chance encounters. You and I were going to meet sooner or later. Maybe under different circumstances, who knows. But us meeting was inevitable.” The older man sounded so sure when he said this. Not a dollop of doubt clouded his eyes which were gazing at him unblinking.
“Inevitable? You really believe that? Is it because we are true mates?” Alec needed to hear that this between them wasn’t just because of the soul-bond they shared.

Magnus shook his head and moved closer, though there was still a handful of paces from one another.

“Alec, this is not about you being an Omega and me being an Alpha. What could happen between us is our choice. What I feel for you is not because of sex pheromones or because you’re an Omega. I’m captivated by you, because you are you,” the High Warlock replied, making emphasis on the last sentence.

By the Angel! What could he answer to that?!

To him, family was everything. And, he wanted Magnus to be his family.

His hands felt algid clench as they were on his sides and his mouth felt dry.

He had lived an immortal life since birth, so he had never truly paid attention to the passage of time. To him years were minutes, seconds. Yet, at this moment, the stretch of silence between them made him feel the weight and length of each microsecond.

It seemed like Alec’s Deflect/block Rune, which was prominent in size wasn’t only meant to help him fend off incoming blows, but unconsciously he absorbed its power to deflect and block his own feelings, emotions, and instincts. It was clear that Alec had been running away from a part of himself wish he couldn’t control nor understood, not because he didn’t want to but because he had grown up in a society which scorned Omegas. This made him deny his Omega nature, and even fear it and with it came his hostility, rejection, and distrust towards Alphas and Betas (but mainly Alphas), who kept Omegas under their heels.

He needed Alec to understand his intentions and how a healthy Omega-Alpha relationship truly worked. So, he proceeded, “The fact that a person is an Omega and another is an Alpha doesn’t mean that they’ll be compatible or form a connection or their feelings would grow into those of mutual love—the bond forms and grows deeper when the people involved accept each other, when they are drawn to one another not only by their Second Gender but as a whole. And, although in our case, it’s a pre-existing soul-bond, the same rules apply. We chose to accept, nurture, and respect it.

That sounded nothing like the Mating Contract between Shadowhunters.

Magnus continued, “Fate doesn’t work if we don’t. That’s just how it is. We are the ones who make things happen. If I hadn’t asked Jace for your help during the ‘Luke situation’ and if you hadn’t responded to my call—this, us—wouldn’t have begun.”

Choice.

He had chosen to be here, to listen to Magnus and to their bond.

Alec was done hiding from who he was.

‘Never again will I allow someone else’s narrow-minded views of my Second Gender to spit on my feelings,’ he vowed to himself. He had been cruel to the part of himself others rejected, but no more.

He wanted to know more, so he listened.
“In the Downworld, Omegas are exalted not inferior. They are treated as equals and held in high regard. They are considered almost holy, not only for their physical and intellectual abilities, but because they create and give life. Without Omegas, the Downworld population would be but a quarter of what is now. Omegas are more fertile than female Alphas and Betas, and their lives continue to give life to the Downworld. Omegas—be it Downworlder or Shadowhunter—are held as sacred by the Downworld,” the Alpha explained, coming a bit closer.


Alec had never felt that way about his inner Omega, and he was sure no Omega in Idris felt that way about themselves either.

After a brief pause, Magnus swallowed down every last drop of his martini and set the cocktail glass down on the bar cart, and then continued.

“That’s why it is so difficult for many of us Downworlders to comprehend, how the new Shadowhunter society think treating their Omegas as they do is acceptable. It’s inconceivable to me, how instead of exalting Omegas, Alpha and Beta Shadowhunters alike treat them with contempt. Especially male Omegas, which are rare in your society,” he pointed with an indignant tone of voice.

As the older man took two steps forward, he added, “Alexander, believe me when I say that you are second to none. You are not inferior to any Alpha, Beta, or female Omega. You, my darling, are splendid and I hope one day you’re able to believe it too.”

Magnus’ countenance was serene and his eyes steady, they held Alec’s gaze with their warmth. The endearment made his breath catch; the words made his knees weak.

“What could happen is your choice. For my part, I already have my answer. If I could spend most of my life’s moments with you, I would be more than satisfied,” Magnus admitted, voice a soft whisper.

Every time their eyes set upon each other, something warm stirred inside of Alec; it was the sort of feeling that felt new yet familiar at the same time—it flowed gracefully and freely like Magnus’ magic, and left him instantly breathless.

He was Magnus’ choice.

After a pause, the High Warlock declared in a decisive tone, “Take your time to decide, Alexander. There’s no need for you to rush. For you, I will be patient. You’ve already seized my heart, so I will wait for your answer for as long as it takes. You are worth the wait.”

Behind his ribs, his heart swell and swooned. His lungs burned, he had forgotten how to breathe.

‘Don’t let fear be your master,’ reminded a familiar voice inside his head.

Alec was tired of waiting, tired of prolonging this torturous distance between them, of overthinking things, of being manipulated by doubts, and dominated by fear.

Enough.

Enough.

Enough.
“I’m afraid,” the words flew out of his mouth like a wounded bird.

Coming closer, expression fond, Magnus asked, “Afraid of what?”

“Afraid of this,” Alec murmured as he motioned between them. “Afraid of you and what you’re making me feel.”

Under thick dark eyebrows, a pair of hazel eyes gazed at him in a way they have never gazed at him before. Magnus felt his heart melt like candle wax. His arms entreated him to embrace the young Shadowhunter—tightly, lovingly.

His heart had been under construction for almost a century. But as soon as an arrow had zoomed past him to save his life, his soul had stirred awake from its lengthy slumber and swiftly demolished the reinforced steel walls which cocooned his newly rebuilt heart.

“Oh, Alexander, please don’t be afraid of this. Never be afraid of me, because all I have to give you is the best part of me. I have waited centuries to meet you, and now that I have, my greatest pleasure is to see you smile, my darling,” Magnus professed as his pleading eyes gaze up at him, desperate for Alec to believe him.

The way he trusted Magnus, so completely and almost blindly in such a short amount of time, scared him. But that trust, came from the fact that he knew the man in front of him would never take advantage of his ignorance to get what he wanted. There was absolute honesty between them—he could feel it in every pore.

Magnus’s words had robbed him of his own.

What could he reply to such eager confession?

Alec was absent words. Words couldn’t explain how he felt, what he felt, what Magnus’s words and actions made him feel.

Words couldn’t do justice to his feelings.

But, he was afraid his silence would be interpreted as a rejection. In moments like these, he wished Magnus could go inside his soul and see for himself.

Maybe in his eyes, the man in front of him could discern a fourth of everything he couldn’t say but felt.

The distance between them was shortened by two paces and his heart stuttered.

“If you want me. If you want this. I’m all yours, unconditionally,” the Alpha in front of him confessed.

Maybe his eyes, where indeed an open book to Magnus.

“Yes,” was all he could say in that moment.

It was evident by Magnus’s shocked face that he didn’t expect such answer. They stood rooted in place for what felt like a millennium, just drinking each other in as if trying to grasp what had happened.

“You will let me court you? Are you sure?” Magnus asked the question like a secret.

“Yes, I am.”
Saying ‘yes’ to Magnus had been one of the easiest decisions he has ever made. And although he was nerve-shaken, he was equally excited and impatient to see what will come next.

“Oh, Alexander!”

The High Warlock dry swallowed, and Alec’s eyes followed the undulating movement of Magnus’ Adam’s apple. Unconsciously, Alec licked his lips and shifted in place. He didn’t know why but all of a suddenly his body began to ache and his skin prickled. Within him, a fever arose and his thigh stung horribly. His hands at his sides gripped at his pants; his chest was assailed by raspy breaths and his eyelids felt heavy like anchors.

No.

No, he wasn’t supposed to be in Heat yet, not for another three and a half months. Why was this happening? He was wearing the Omega Suppressant Rune.

Raziel help him!

Each step Magnus took towards him made the walls of his heart tremble.

His clothes felt itchy against the sudden sensitivity of his skin. Sweat pooled at the base of his back and on his forehead, and he could feel some pearls trickle down his temples and neck.

Magnus’s scent was too potent, too overwhelming, too delectable.

A ravenous hunger and thirst assaulted him. Each of his senses became sharper. And the heady scent of his natural fragrance during a Heat radiated from his scent glands.

The High Warlock’s hand stopped mid-air on its way to Alec’s face, barely an inch from his cheek. Alec took a step back and almost tripped on his clumsy feet. A swift hand perched itself on his lower back and the other around his left hip—they gripped firmly, possessively.

When a hazel gaze met earth-brown eyes, the bond pulsated where they connected. His own hands held onto Magnus’s well-toned arms for dear life.

“Magnus,” he whispered, timbre a broken prayer.

The Alpha took a deep inhale and his eyes flashed bright-yellow (the little he saw left him bewitched, he hoped he could see those beautiful cat-eyes again). A guttural growl emerged from the High Warlock’s mouth and Alec couldn’t help but whine.

Alpha mate mine please want you

As soon as Magnus caught a whiff of his Heat scent mixed with slick, every muscle in the Alpha’s body became tense.

“Alec, you have to leave,” urged Magnus in a hoarse voice— low and gravelly and dark. Voice which pressed all of Alec’s right buttons.

Yes, he had to leave.

This Heat, it was strange, it wasn’t supposed to happen so soon. They had just talked about mating, but this was too sudden and he wasn’t ready yet. But, but Magnus smelled and felt and sounded so, so, so damn good.

“Why?” was all he could muster to say. His face now buried in Magnus’s neck. He was scent-
drunk with this gentle Alpha’s spellbinding fragrance.

All he wanted was Magnus, and his lips, and his hands on his heated skin, and his voice whispering sweet nothings in his ears, and to be filled to the brim and stretched by Magnus’s knot.

Alec wanted to be nestled in the Alpha’s sturdy arms and revel in his presence.

“Magnus...why?”

The logical part of him knew why he had to leave, but the part of him that was more honest rebelled against the idea. Therefore, an unexpected rush of stubbornness took a hold of him.

In one swift motion, he pressed his body against the older man’s own and rocked his hips forward in a simmering undulation. He felt in his bones the shudder that earthquaked through the warlock as if Magnus’s body was his own.

Dark-brown hooded eyes shut closed as a row of pearly white teeth bit down on fleshy lips. Lips which Alec hungered for as if a rapacious beast.

“By Lilith, Alec!” Magnus choked out, voice strained.

Without breaking eye contact, Magnus waved his hand with an effortless flourish and opened a portal.

“Alec, please. Please, you need to leave. I-I’m losing control for the first time since I can remember. Please, love. You have to go, now,” he implored in a desperate tone.

Alec nodded, yet his body still refused to part from Magnus’.

Magnus almost had to drag him to and push him through the portal. Those two steps he had to take to walk into the portal would be a monumental task, because his feet felt as heavy as lead blocks. Before he stepped into the portal, he looked over his shoulder and what he saw left him feeling atremble, yet what he could sense through their bond left him feeling weak and wounded.

The High Warlock was on his knees, his trembling hands covered his face as doleful sounds escaped his lips. Magnus’s broken voice ridden with affliction and intense need and something nameless which pulled ferociously at the seams of Alec’s soul threatened to undo him.

Alec almost didn’t leave.

He almost couldn’t leave.

But, he needed to for both their sake, because sharing a Heat should be decided with a clear mind and be consensual (though, to be honest, the part of him that wasn’t dominated by his inner Omega had wanted Magnus in every aspect for a while now). Yet, doing it like this, mind fogged by Heat-Lust felt wrong. More so, when he knew Magnus wanted to court him properly.

So, he left.

He left and he felt as if he was going to die of need and heartache. Alec wished he was somehow capable of soothing Magnus from afar.

If it wasn’t for this sudden Heat, they would have kissed, he lamented.

Magnus.
Magnus.

He had accepted to be Alec’s and Alec had accepted to be his.

Alec still couldn’t believe it.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Thank goodness for portals, because Magnus had portaled him right in front of his bedroom. But he needed to get in as soon as possible before his scent permeated the entire Institute.

As soon as he got into his room, he took the necessary precautions he always did when he went into Heat. Afterwards, with half a mind, he rid himself of his clothes and shoes. Alec stumbled to the bed and fell heavy upon it. Sprawled on his back, he felt weighted down. He didn’t know how to string any thoughts together, let alone type a message to his sister to let her know. This Heat was the worst he has ever had—he thought he would die of physical pain, the high fever, and the yearning for Magnus.

Alec’s body writhed on the mattress with excruciating pain—his belly and lower back were being stabbed by what felt like frozen seraph blades. His eyes prickled with tears at the need between his thighs—it tingled and ached and throbbed.

Not even the many blankets, pillows and cushions, and clothing with his family’s scents imprinted on them were enough to soothe this pain.

Blunt nails clawed at the dark gray blankets as his heels pressed down hard on the mattress—he couldn’t even scream anymore because his throat felt raw so much so his saliva tasted like blood.

He didn’t even have the luxury to breath properly because every time he did, he felt as if his lungs had been shredded and his chest was about to explode. His skin itched torturously—and He was sure that if he unleashed his nails on it, he wouldn’t stop until he was only bones. Alec’s inner Omega howled and screeched and wailed and called for its Alpha. Meanwhile, he just wanted to burst out of his skin. Sweat was a thick and heavy shroud on him; his hair was also sweat-mated. Alec swore he heard his ribs creak and clutch his heart in a dead grip. He gasped for air and a pained groan trekked from the base of his stomach and up his throat—sharp teeth bit down ruthlessly on his bottom lip and he felt the delicate skin break and the metallic taste of blood.
acutely on the tip of his tongue.

He felt tender all over.

Magnus.

*Magnus.*

Magnus.

Apart from the physical pain and the mental torture and the emotional distress— Magnus was all he could think about. The Alpha’s rich scent and his hypnotizing earth-tone eyes, his gentle yet possessive touch and the warmth of his breath against Alec’s lips, his broken voice that sounded like sin and above all, his genuine affection, his honor, and protectiveness.

Magnus.

His true mate.

His soul-bond.

*His Alpha.*

His Alpha was exceptional—a man of his word—and he had proven to Alec that his intentions were true. That he wasn’t moved only by their soul-bond, but by something that had nothing to do with fate—it was his choice, their choice.

Magnus truly cared about him and to him this budding relationship was a serious commitment.

Such thoughts just made him crave for Magnus even more.

Alec wanted Magnus over, around, and *in* him all at the same time—he just wanted to be used thoroughly, to be loved by *his Alpha*.

A wave of arousal tornadoed through him at the same time a pulse of slick soaked his inner thighs. His sensitive nipples became hard nubs and his entrance twitched and his balls drew up. This first wave won’t last long, he was so close.

Alec didn’t have the strength to get off the bed to get his sex toys and anyway, it’s not like they’ll help in the least to quench his hunger—the only thing that could satisfy him completely wasn’t here. So, he willed his hands to move and set them to task—one of his hands clumsily palmed and coiled around his swollen cock and began to pump it up and down in an increasingly fast tempo, while he thumbed the moist slit. All the while, his other hand slithered down his perineum until his fingertips reached his hypersensitive rim and became soaked with warm sticky slick—with no time to waste, he eased one, two, three, four fingers into wet scorching heat. As he scissored his fingers and rubbed soft inner walls as best as the angle permitted it, his other hand stroke he length of his dick with abandon.

“Ahhh, mmm.... oh, God! Ohhh! Mag-*Magnus*..., please, please, ahhh! *Alpha. Alpha. mate,*” he mumbled.

It was a miracle he could stitch together coherent words, let alone induce his anvil-like tongue to move.

His back arched off the bed and his heels dug deeper into the mattress and his hands trembled
where they gave pleasure, his head flew back and his chest heaved with raspy breaths and goosebumps rose—with an almost convulsion-like shudder and a moan that sounded more like Magnus’ name, he came hard all over his hand, stomach, and bed-sheets.

*****

Once the first wave had come and gone, and the fog in his head lifted a bit, he realized he needed to see Dr. Garzes. The doctor was middle-aged Beta who had been his primary care physician for half his life. But that’ll have to wait until his Heat passed.

*****

Between his irregular Heat, rescuing Clary and Simon and searching for Jocelyn, fighting Valentine’s creations and Circle members, pressure from The Clave and demands from his parents, stressful situation after stressful situation and constant missions, risking their lives at every turn, among betrayals and lies—he and Magnus started dating. But not without getting into arguments with Jace, who had suddenly turned extremely overprotective and subtly hostile towards Magnus.

One morning, a day after his Heat had subsided, he caught Jace and Izzy talking in the kitchen. The conversation rapidly turned heated and he felt awkward to walk-in in the middle of it. Soon, he realized the focus of their discussion were Magnus and him. Alec intended to leave, he really did, but his feet wouldn’t move. Out of sight from his siblings, body somewhat tense leaned against the wood paneling of the hallway wall, arms folded over his chest, and head cocked to the side—he stayed.

“How can you not be worried, Izzy? Magnus is an Alpha, a playboy, a Warlock, and a Dow-” Jace couldn’t finish his sentence.

He figured his sister’s implacable stony expression had quickly shut him up.

Alec had to physically hold himself back when Jace’ jagged words splintered his ears. His arms untangled in a rush and his hands flew to curl around the wood molding, jittery feet moved about as his teeth clicked together.

Calm down, breathe, he told himself.

Izzy said nothing.

He had been on the receiving end of that expression before, and knew the impact those perfectly manicured eyebrows arched up as if daring the receiver to complete their sentence could have.

Jace coughed and then cleared his throat.

“Dammit! I screwed up. I wish I could take those last words back. They were full of ignorance and prejudice,” his parabatai confessed in a quiet voice.

He could sense Jace steeling himself for their sister’s reprimanding words when he heard a long exhale. Alec could practically see his brother straightening his stiff shoulders and restless fingers drumming against his hips. Too much time spent together not to know each other’s telltales.

“Yes, you screwed up and you no, you can’t take them back. But what you can do is reflect on what you have said and never speak them again.” Isabelle’s reply was firm, final.

Then she added, “Jace, I understand you feel protective of Alec because he’s naïve in relationship matters. But our brother isn’t stupid, he’s the best judge of character out of all of us. Magnus is-”
Now it was his parabatai’ turn to interrupt.

“No, Izzy. I’m not wrong about my concern for Alec nor I am overreacting. I’m right to be worried and you should be too. My attitude towards Magnus is justified by his infamous reputation,” he roared.

And now, Alec was getting extremely irritated because, he wasn’t a child, dammit! Albeit having zero experience with romantic relationships, he wasn’t dim-witted. He understood their concern for his well-being, if only because it was his nature to worry about his siblings. But he didn’t appreciate anyone judging and insulting Magnus based solely on hearsays.

He could no longer bear to listen to this conversation, so he pushed off of the wall and entered the kitchen. It wasn’t until he spoke that his siblings noticed his presence.

“If you have a problem with my decisions, you should be talking to me, Jace,” he husked defensively, arms folded closely over his chest.

Jace and Isabelle startled at the sound of his voice and in sync they both turned to look at him with surprised expressions.

“Shit,” Jace muttered under his breath.

“Brother.” His sister’s expression was etched with worry and understanding. She was always torn when he and Jace got into an argument.

“Izzy, please leave us alone,” he uttered.

The timber of his voice was soft and tempered. He wasn’t mad at her, not in the least. She always worried about him.

Isabelle nodded and looked between him and Jace; her hands trailed down their arms as if willing them to calm down.

“Please, take it easy you two,” was all she said before she walked out of the kitchen.

Knowing her, he was sure no one would dare come into the kitchen until they both have said what they needed to say to each other.

There he stood, in front of his brother, arms still folded over his chest and challenging eyes fixed on light blue counterparts. He will let Jace speak his piece, because he didn’t want to prolong this unpleasant conversation.

A few seconds passed before the charged silence between them was perforated by Jace’ voice.

“Alec, you are my older brother, my parabatai, and I want what’s best for you. I don’t trust that Magnus Bane. He’s an undesirable person. He doesn’t have any good recommendations. He isn’t worthy of you,” his parabatai stated, almost in panic.

Hearing Jace’s words fanned the conflagration that had been burning low in his chest. His lax hands turned to fists, his shoulders tensed, and he felt his teeth grind against each other when his jaw clenched. Those words were as if lashes to his skin. He had never felt so fiercely protective of another person before. Sure, he was protective of his loved ones, but ever since he met Magnus he had been feeling emotions much more intensely.

“Speaking ill of Magnus is the same as speaking ill of me—when you offend him, you offend me,”
Alec hissed, veins hot with anger.

For the first time ever, he saw Jace—the fearless Alpha—genuinely shaken and taken aback to the point of taking a step back. But that wasn’t enough to stop him from talking.

“I’ve heard Robert and Maryse talk about him, his reputation precedes him. Magnus Bane is no prospect for you, Alec,” Jace insisted, expression grave.

Of course, his parents would be talking with contempt about Magnus who was a Downworlder. But he’ll cross that bridge when he comes to it. For now, he’ll take care of what was at hand. With a couple of strides, he erased the distance between he and Jace, and then put his right hand upon his brother’s taut shoulder.

A weary sigh escaped from Alec’s lips, he felt drained of all energy. He hated conflict.

“I love you, parabatai and I appreciate your concern. But you don’t have a say in this. It is my life and I make my own choices. And I want Magnus. There’s nothing else to say. I hope you can understand,” he stated in a voice that brokered no argument.

“Why him, Alec? I don’t understand why it has to be him,” Jace retorted with a bated voice and an expression painted with confusion.

“Because he saw me, Jace—the real me, and when he talked to me, I felt like I was finally home.”

That was the unadulterated truth—Magnus had unleashed a revolution within him since the Warlock introduced himself and Alec was trapped by those feline eyes, and it’s not stopping.

“I don’t know what to say. But, one of the few things I know for sure is that I love you, Alec. I will always be on your side, just like you have been there for me unconditionally.”

His brother’s voice was rough and sincere and he couldn’t help but bring his brother into a hug. Jace’s scent was as potent and rich as always and it imbued with a strong note of protectiveness—his brother represented an important part of his life. Alec had grown with this smell which had soothed him so many times in his life—notes of peppermint and old leather, fresh lemons and cedar. Before, he would have melted into the hug, but not now.

Now, the scent he yearned and craved for and which set all his senses ablaze was elsewhere, waiting for him. He missed Magnus like crazy. His heart and soul claimed for Magnus.

“Thank you, parabatai.”

*****

He felt uncomfortable here, always had. The infirmary wasn’t one of his favorite places—surrounded by brick, dark wood and stained glass, bright lights, medical posters, an examination table, and rows upon rows of cabinets with medical supplies, medicine, and books—it felt cold and impersonal, and he couldn’t help but associate it with pain and humiliation. It made him recall unpleasant memories from when he was a child and his Heat sometimes used to get so bad, his mother had to take him to the clinic to get one of those special injections, which would make the high fever and pain subside considerably. But now, he was certain the side effects were worse—a migraine-like headache, vomiting until his throat felt raw, intense dizziness, and a feeling of temporary numbness which left him feeling disoriented.

Sometimes, the remedy was worse than the disease.
Once again, his Heat had brought him back to this place. But this time, he had control over the decisions.

“An Alpha-Omega pairing can trigger each other’s Heat/Rut. But for what I understand, you are not mated yet Alec, and you religiously wear the Omega Suppressant Rune. Has anything change recently? Is there something you want to tell me? As your doctor, it is important that I know,” asked Dr. Garzes as his keen amber eyes peeked over his glasses.

Alec shook his head. He wasn’t about to spill the beans and tell this person private matters. Even if he had known this man for years, he preferred to keep his intimacies to himself.

When the doctor realized he wasn’t going to get an answer, as he jotted down some notes on Alec’s chart, he added, “What you experienced is called a Heat Disorder?”

“A Heat Disorder? What’s that?”

Dr. Garzes sighed, and then turned in the black leather swivel chair to look at him. One of his creased hands rested on his neatly organized cedar wood desk, while the other scratched a trimmed white beard.

“It’s an irregular Heat like the one you just experienced. When this happens, your body goes into Heat randomly or at random times. And, this occurs because the Omegas’ body is instinctively looking for its pair and wants to form or consummate a bond,” the old man explained.

Ah, of course. Now it made perfect sense.

“This only happens when an Omega has been exposed to an Alpha who has the potential to be a mate,” the doctor continued, eyes observant.

At that, his heart whirled as if a windmill during cyclonic winds.

Without missing a beat, he asked, “Is there a way to control it?”

Alec knew that as soon as he stopped using the Omega Suppressant Rune for good, his body would try to regulate itself to the normal Heat-cycles (every three months instead of six). But maybe, by the time he decides to stop using Omega Rune, he’ll be ready to mate with Magnus not only in name but in body as well.

“Yes. These pills will help to stabilize your Heat-cycle, though their effectivity varies from Omega to Omega. Though, the sure way to guarantee your Heat goes back on track is to stay away from the Alpha who is triggering it,” stated the Beta with a knowing look in his eyes.

Not gonna happen, whispered his inner voice.

“Or…”

“Or what?”

“Mate with the Alpha. Once the mating bite takes, your body would know it has been claimed.”

Claimed.

He had abhorred that word for as long as he can remember. Being claimed like a thing, a possession—it had always made his skin crawl. But now—little by little—that word had become something less brutal and cold.
Maybe the meaning is given by the people involved.

“Okay. Thank you, Dr. Garzes,” he said as he rose to his feet and headed for the door.

Before he left, Dr. Garzes warned, “Alec, be careful. The irregular Heat you went through is a clear sign that the Omega Suppressant Rune isn’t working as it should be.”

The doctor’s voice was full of sincere concern, but there was something in the older Beta’s expression that spoke of relief. Relief for what exactly? That Alec had probably found his mate? Or that the Omega Suppressant Rune was losing its effectiveness, hence he would stop using it?

Alec didn’t know, but he needed to think carefully about how to completely wean himself off the Omega Rune—for his own good as well as Magnus’. They had accepted each other. He had had the pleasure to bask in the High Warlock’s scent, to relish in the pleasure it brought him. It was only fair to allow Magnus the same delight.

But, would Magnus like his scent?

What if he doesn’t?

He wanted Magnus to like his scent as much as Alec liked his.

It was true that the last time they saw each other, the Alpha had fought back heroically against Alec’s sex pheromones and Heat-scent. It had been evident by the older man’s intense reaction that he had been deeply affected by his scent. He had felt Magnus’s straining erection against his own, had felt his desperate touch, his need was apparent in his sultry voice as it begged Alec to leave.

Okay.

Then, it is already decided.

But first, maybe he should call the High Warlock.

After his mind was no longer in a haze, what he had done, that is—the shameless way in which he had behaved in front of Magnus when his Heat started—he hadn’t replied to his texts nor answered the Alpha’s calls. To ask something so important out of the blue and after ignoring the Warlock for days, it was a jerk-move.

He will ask Magnus; he just needed a bit more time.

*****

Magnus hadn’t been able to get a hold of Alec since his heat started all of a sudden, and it’s been four days since then. He knew Heats lasted about two to three days, but he was getting desperate.

When he couldn’t take it any longer, he had called Isabelle. She had told him Alec’s heat had subsided two days ago, but that they had been busy with missions and other unpleasant matters. Magnus wasn’t one to be paranoid, but that sounded like a kind white lie. As busy as Alec might be, a ‘Hey, Magnus. I’m okay. Just busy’ text only took a few seconds to type.

Maybe, the young Shadowhunter had been shook and disgusted by Magnus’s lack of control and weakness when faced with his Heat-scent. Perhaps, Alec regretted saying ‘yes’ to the courting. Possibly, this was his way to tell Magnus he didn’t want to see him ever again and to forget
everything.

Oh, God! No.

Please don’t let that be the case.

Just when he was at his wits end and on his third martini of the morning, his phone rang.

It was Alec.

His heart did a cartwheel and his stomach flopped.

He had to take a few deep breaths to gain his bearings. But before he answered, he braced himself for the possible fallout. Goodness! At least, he had to be thankful it’ll be over the phone. Leastways, Alec won’t be able to see his destruction and the collapse of his dignity.

“Hi, Alec. How are you?” Magnus tried to sound cheerful and calm; he didn’t want to reveal his pathetic side.

He could hear wind blowing through Alec’s phone. Was the young Shadowhunter out on a mission? Was he alone? Was he safe?

“Hey, Magnus. I’m fine and you?” came Alec’s reply, tone somewhat tentative.

Breathe. Just breathe, Magnus, he said to himself.

“I’m okay.” Ah, what a lie—his knees where trembling like bamboo shoots during the rainy season.

“Good, good. Um, I,” the younger man faltered.

This wasn’t a good sign—the conversation felt as awkward and tense as it did weeks ago. It was as if they had been taken back to the start, unwillingly.

Magnus rose from where he sat in one of the armchairs, suddenly an asphyxiating feeling twisted itself around his lungs. They begged for fresh air, so he patted barefoot out on to the balcony where he leaned against the balustrade. Before he asked the dreaded question, he drew in a shaky breath.

“Alec, is everything really okay?”

Silence.

“Ye-yes…”

An aborted attempt at speaking.

“Hmm, it’s just that-”

More silence.

Magnus had come to quickly realize that sometimes silence was a more elaborate type of torture.

“I’m sorry for not answering your texts or calls,” Alec finally uttered.

His shoulders still felt stiff and his mouth arid and his stomach in knots. He steeled himself for the ‘but’ that was most probably to follow.
Voice a low timbre, he responded, “Don’t worry. You must have been exhausted after your Heat.”

“Yeah, very. I-I don’t want you to think I was avoiding you,” the young Shadowhunter clarified.

At those words, his lips stretched in a half-smile as a feeling of relief scattered some of his worries.

There was no point in hiding how he felt when Alec had shown such concern. “Oh, um, the though did cross my mind. I’m sorry for my pitiful behavior that day.”

“No,” came the lightning-quick reply.

He could clearly picture the young Omega shaking his head. Oh, how Magnus missed him.

Alec’s voice came quietly, as if he was in a confessional.

“No, you don’t have anything to apologize for Magnus. You were... amazing. I’m the one who has to apologize.”

Out of the blue, he felt a sharp prickle of urgent longing for the man on the other end of the line.

“For what? You did nothing wrong.”

A pause, and then, “My behavior was shameful. To be honest, that’s the reason I haven’t shown my face in front of you. I let myself be consumed by Heat-lust and acted with disgrace. And you were such a gentleman. I’m embarrassed of myself.”

Affection flooded him and he desperately needed to pour at least half of it into Alec’s mouth to avoid being drowned by it.

“Nonsense! Alexander, your behavior was natural. We are true mates, our soul-bond intensifies during a Heat or in my case, a Rut. You weren’t the only one consumed by Heat-lust,” he confessed. “Now please, let me see you. The sound of your voice is making me miss you even more.”

Alec sucked in a tottery breath and a breathy sigh became his name.

“Magnus…”

“Never ever be embarrassed or ashamed of anything in front of me. With me, I want you to feel free to be who you truly are. I want all of you, not only your virtues and good decisions—I want your flaws and your bad decisions too. In my eyes, you will never be unworthy.” He fervently hoped Alec would believe him.

Alec didn’t know what to reply to that. Only his arms around Magnus’s neck and his lips upon his Alpha’s lips, would be capable of producing a proper answer.

“I’ll be there soon.”

‘Soon’, a few weeks ago had meant the blink of an eye to Magnus. Now, ‘soon’ took longer and was much further away.

“Hurry,” he whispered.
Thanks for reading!
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Magnus and Alec (lots and lots).
Alec and Izzy.
Magnus and Maia.

Chapter Notes

Hi,

Sorry for making you wait, but I wasn't feeling my best. Once again, thank you for your lovely comments and kudos. You make my day better.

Happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alec wanted Magnus to be the first person—since he presented—to smell his scent. His family already could, he smelled the same to all of them. But now, he knew thanks to his sister and Cat that mates made a special scent for each other. He wondered how he would smell like to the High Warlock, if Magnus would like his scent. Alec prayed that he at least smelled half as heavenly to Magnus as Magnus did to him.

What expressions would the Alpha make?

It had taken him a lot of courage to forgo the Omega Suppressant Rune on his way to the loft. But Magnus had proven to him that the trust he had place in him was well founded and beyond their soul-bond. Magnus had smelled his heady Heat-scent and had resisted the Heat-lust like the strongest of men. He respected Alec and his wishes, and he wanted Magnus to see all of him.

One of his tremulant hands held on tightly to his bow while the other knocked on the door.

As soon as Alec crossed the threshold, he felt as if he had come home. Since when had this place foreign to him not too long ago had become home? No—it wasn’t the place per se, but the man who looked at him as if he was the best thing in the world. Warmth came in droves, it crowded around him and in him, it filled him up to the brim and drowned his lungs with thin air—almost making his entire body heave.

An instantaneous smile took over Alec’s mouth as soon as his eyes settled upon his mate. As if his lips had been deprived of something they were meant to do—the pulsing ache evanesced as soon as thin sensuous lips greeted him with a wholeheartedly ‘Alexander.’

“Hello, Alexander,” Magnus whispered, unable to move. His nostrils flared as he drew in his mate’s sumptuous and pervasive aroma—it was rich yet light.

As soon as Magnus inhaled Alec’s redolence, he made it his purpose to catalogue each of its notes
with his tongue when the time came. Alec’s scent was a gift for the senses and this particular scent was Magnus’s alone to monopolize—no one else could enjoy it—he felt possessive of it, of Alec, he felt faint at the richness of Alec’s aroma. His inner Alpha rejoiced and relished and bathed in it. He growled and grunted in self-satisfaction; it pleased him greatly how his Omega showed himself completely, how it called to him and enticed him closer and closer. Touch me, lick me, kiss me, bite me. His gorgeous Omega had the most powerful and stimulating scent Magnus has ever had the pleasure of smelling. Each fragrance an immediate favorite of his.

Egyptian musk and old leather, eucalyptus and raw honey, peonies and lavender, and fresh apples with a hint of fresh baked bread and high-end coffee grounds—those were the titillating notes of Alec’s aromatic bouquet. It was much more subdued and distinctive than Alec’s Heat-scent yet no less ensorceling and sensuous.

“Hi,” came his lame answer.

He felt breathless and nervous. There was no way Magnus hadn’t noticed his scent.

“Oh, Alexander,” the Alpha sussured as he came closer and closer and closer. “You smell marvelous, exquisite, like all my favorite things and more.”

At that, all the tension in Alec’s shoulder evanesced. But it was when Magnus gathered him up in his arms that he felt completely boneless, because at his mate’s touch all of him became pliant.

“So beautiful, so perfect,” whispered the Alpha into his skin as his nose scented his neck.

A pleasurable shudder slinked down his spine and it made goosebumps rise on his skin. He held tightly onto Magnus’s impressively strong arms. His heart fluttered and bounced and his eyes drifted close slowly at the same time his lips parted in a silent moan of pleasure.

“My gorgeous Omega, so sweet.”

Alec’s scent unlocked the final lock to the door which gave passage and dominion over his heart. His mate’ scent spoke titillating words to his mind. His Omega’ scent set afire his soul and welcomed him home.

Magnus’s hands smoothed up and down his back, and then journeyed to his waist where his thumbs sneaked into his waistband to massage his hip bones.

The Alpha’s arms soothed his aches; his scent made him feel safe—with no questions asked, he could nestle himself in them. His mate’s sweet breaths breathed happiness into him with every nourishing kiss against his skin.

And just like that—naturally and slowly—their lips converged in a satiny soft kiss, which segued into an igneous one where wicked tongues entangled around each other and playful teeth nibbled on spit-slicked lips. Sights and smiles met and were caught between euphoric mouths. Underneath his hands, he could feel the ripple of Magnus’s back muscles, the tautness in his body.

Meanwhile, their bond boomed, waved, and buzzed as if lightning spreading through the earth.

It was his purpose not only to tell Alec he loved him, but to show him he did.

Alec poured himself into the kiss just like snow poured over northern fields of grass.

As their lips merged and their tongues collided, their scents mixed and their arms embraced each other with vehemently, he realized something very important. Alec wanted Magnus’ light as well
as his darkness, his pain and his smiles, his bitterness and his love—he wanted everything—
because otherwise, half of Magnus would be lost and that would be a damn tragedy.

This was his Alpha.

Now that he had finally come to understand many things not only relating to his Second Gender,
but also about his own true self—he didn’t think he could survive going back to the life he had
before. He had lived a blind and deaf and numb life up until now. Since meeting Magnus, the
scales over his eyes had fallen, his ears had been opened and now, instead of numbness, he could
feel and feel and feel so much to the point of overstimulation.

He wanted to feel even more, to feel Magnus—all of him.

After their hunger had been temporarily satiated, the older man’s hands abandoned their post on his
waist and nape went to hold their counterparts. He followed the motion wide-eyed. Was it
laughable that his heart felt euphoric at such simple thing as holding hands? When they touched,
their bond hummed throughout him, through them.

What the warlock did next, made his breath stutter and his heart crash against his ribs violently.

Slowly, Magnus lifted Alec’s hands to his lips and pressed a kiss on each of them.

As he peered up at him, the Alpha commented with a smile, “I don’t know how you keep your
hands so smooth with all the training you do and the weapons you use, but I like them. In a way,
they reflect your character.”

He tilted his head and asked, “How?”

A fond smile leaped across Magnus’ features before he answered.

“Your life hasn’t been easy—you have been through pain and loneliness, felt alienated and like you
didn’t belonged. But despite all of that, you are caring and protective of those you love, fiercely
loyal and honest and selfless.”

He didn’t know what to say nor how to stop the crimson blush upon his cheeks.

“You’re embarrassing me,” he said in an undertone, eyes honed in on their linked hands.

A huff of laughter broke through the quietness.

A ringed manicured hand lifted his chin, until he was once again trapped by Magnus’ eyes.

“Alexander, I would like to invite you to have dinner with me here, on Friday, when the moon is
to be full. I have something of extreme significance to give you,” the High Warlock said at the
same time tender hands held Alec’s own in between them and kissed them once again.

Those endless brown eyes held a promise of love that made his soul flutter.

What could it be? What more could Magnus want to give him when he had already given him his
respect, his affections, his trust, and loyalty?

Magnus distractedly licked his lips and Alec’s eyes unconsciously followed the path of his tongue.
He gulped and glanced elsewhere, too self-conscious of the tingling throughout his body.

“Are you hungry? I’m hungry. Would you like to have lunch with me? Do you have time?”

He was hungry. Of course, he wanted to have lunch with Magnus. Regarding time, well, his siblings can always call if they need him.

“I’m starving,” he quickly replied.

He had recently discovered that Magnus smiled with his eyes first; it was too sweet.

“What would you like to eat? Any country or state is just a portal away.”

****

His sister was in the Ops Center in front of one of the big screens, dressed in tight leather pants, knee-high boots, and a one-shoulder purple long sleeved top—pressing buttons and dragging images here and there while she spoke with a couple of new male trainees. When he came closer and Izzy saw him, she smiled widely.

“Hey, big brother. You look like a man with a mission,” she greeted as she set down the notes she had in her hands.

“Yeah,” was all he answered since the trainees who were Beta were still standing there as if frozen, their bodies at full attention—hands clasped at the front, back straight, and shoulders tense. They looked at him as if he was so kind of beast that’ll punch them to the ground at any given moment.

Alec glanced from her sister to them, trying to be subtle about his purpose.

“Can we talk, please?”

“Of course.”

Isabelle turned to face the trainees and when she saw their mildly terrified expressions she bursted out laughing, which startled the pair.

He shook his head, arms folded over his chest and sliver of a smile upon his lips.

“Guys, guys, relax. My brother isn’t here to throw you down on the mat and beat the Angel out of you. Well, that’s unless you do something to deserve it,” she clarified. Then she added, “Go to Raj, he has a few things to go over with you.”

They mumbled their thank yous and goodbyes, and as they were leaving they threw some furtive looks at him and proceeded to gossip.

“So, what’s up?”

He came a bit closer, and then spoke.

“I need to tell you something important and also, to ask for your help.”

Isabelle tilted her head to the side and arched one of her perfectly-shaped eyebrows.

“What is it? You’re acting quite mysterious. I’m very curious.”

“Let’s go to my room,” he suggested.
“Ok.”

Once in his room, he closed the door and walked towards his sister who stood next to his bed with an unmasked curious expression.

“You might want to take a sit. What I have to tell you is a bit long.”

They both sat at the end of his bed and then, he proceeded to tell her everything he had learned from Magnus and Cat. Of course, he omitted the more intimate things that had happened between him and Magnus. Those things were between he and Magnus; it belonged only to them.

All the while, she listened with rapt attention.

“Wow, big brother! Everything you have told me is both eye opening and mind-boggling. To think that Magnus is not only your mate, but your true mate and soul-bond—I’m still thunderstruck,” she uttered, her eyes wide and unbelieving.

“Imagine how I feel. Not only about finding out that the things I thought were myths are in fact real, but also how the Clave and our society has changed so much after Alphas took the lead.”

Izzy sighed and leaned back on her hands.

“I’m embarrassed of our society’s leadership, of how they operate with such close-mindedness, of how racist and sexist they are, of the way they have cornered and oppressed those of us who are not Alphas, especially Omegas, more specifically male Omegas. They talk so big, always showing superiority and contempt towards Downworlders when in fact, Downworlders are much more civilized in sensitive issues.”

“True.”

All of a sudden, he remembered something he had wanted to ask his sister for a long time. “Do you wish you were a Downworlder, Izzy?”

She stretched her legs as she tilted her head slightly to the side, she drew in air and then let it out slowly with a faraway look in her dark eyes. When she had settled on an answer, she turned her head, and then spoke.

“Well, it’s a tempting thought, but I’m proud to be a Shadowhunter. Though, I’m not proud of our society and how it’s lead, the backwards way of thinking and the unfair and racist treatment towards the rest of the Shadow World. I wish our society was more like those of the Downworld—much more open and accepting.”

He nodded.

“I can agree with that. Sometimes being a Shadowhunter and on top of that an Omega, feels like I’m carrying a blue whale on my back,” he admitted in a muted tone.

Their eyes met and she leaned against his right arm, and then rested her head on his shoulder.

His life used to be like a dried-out lake bed, no water to give it purpose. Now—now, he had begun to enjoy the present and look forward to the future. He had grown up being labeled, controlled, restricted, and manipulated by a society which hated what he was. He wanted to change it, for the Omegas already living in this hell and for the Omegas yet to come. But first, he needed to start with himself.
Alec’s ruminations were interrupted by Isabelle’s words.

“What you told me about the dwindling of the Omega population, especially the alarming mortality rate of male Omegas these past eight decades, as well as your suspicions about the Omega Rune—I think we should look more into it,” she voiced, concern etched in each word.

“Yes, we do. I haven’t been able to get around to asking about it. But I think, Catarina and Magnus know more than just a few things about the connection between the Omega Rune and the deaths. I’ll ask them.”

“I want to be present too.”

“Okay,” he agreed.

Then he added, “I’m still afraid, Izzy. Afraid and frankly, a bit overwhelmed by everything I’m feeling, and at how fast things are changing. But at the same time, I feel excited and hopeful and free,” he confessed, voice a carrying whisper.

Her much smaller hand covered this own on the mattress and squeezed it reassuringly.

“You can like something and still be afraid of it, Alec. And that’s okay. The important thing is that you are making decisions for yourself. You have decided to be happy.”

Silence.

Then, his sister’s feathery yet firm voice parted the dreary murky waters rising in his head.

“But let’s not dwell on those unfortunate things for now. Congratulations, Alec! I’m so happy for you and Magnus,” she uttered in a cheerful tone at the same time she pulled him into a hug.

Happiness rolled off of her in droves, her scent sweeter and fresher than usual. Before he could take control of the sprawled smile upon his lips and express his gratitude, she spoke again.

“I knew there was something more than just plain flirting and attraction between you two the moment you came back from fighting a Circle member together and walked into Magnus’ living room. Who would have thought you were fated!?” She sounded awed and her expression was the same as when she was a little girl and he used to read her fairytales—she was so dear to him.

“Mm-hmm,” was all he could answers, sometimes he was afraid this was all a dream.

“I know for sure Jace doesn’t know, yet. When are you telling our parents?”

He gave her a side-glance and then stood up, arms fielded over his chest.

“Oh, I wonder what it is? Do you have an idea?”

At that, his little sister perked up and sprinted from the bed with the biggest grin on her face. “Oh, relax,” she quickly replied as her hand squeezed his left bicep. Then, she added, “Just enjoy all the good things that are happening to you, Alec. You deserved them more than anyone I know. Let him love on you, let him pamper you.”
He pursed his lips and nodded.

“Thank you, Iz.”

“Don’t mention it. Now, about that outfit. You could wear that cobalt blue with pink polka-dots dress shirt and the black trousers I gave you for your birthday last year, and also that black blazer with satin lapel Jace got you for Christmas last year. As for shoes, I remember you bought a pair of pleated black formal shoes with metallic buckles,” she mused while she went through his closet.

“You made me buy those.”

“Then, aren’t you glad I did,” she retorted with a wink.

Alec shook his head in amusement. He was grateful to have her and for her support.

Hopefully, he’ll look presentable in those clothes. He wanted to look good for Magnus.

*****

A little over a week have passed since Alec accepted to be courted, but there was still something very important he had to do. And today was the day. Of course, their bond had been accepted by both of them verbally, yet for it to be sealed they had to wait when Alec was in Heat. Alec’s last Heat had been too sudden—an irregular Heat triggered by their bond. He’ll wait patiently until his beautiful Shadowhunter is ready to take that step. Meanwhile, he’ll enjoy the young man’s sweet smiles, his eager kisses, his shy touch, his soft gazes, his trust, and his true self slowly but surely coming out of its shell.

Magnus had given innumerable gifts (not courting gifts, of course) to lovers throughout the centuries from a beautiful cobra snake he himself created to rare objects to a four-karat Burmese ruby mounted on an enchanted filigree silver necklace he gave Camille. But, he wanted his other courting gifts to Alec to be much more meaningful. These gifts were very important and were proving to be a challenge, but it was exciting. He had a few ideas and he just hoped Alec would like them. These presents would come at a later date. As for today, the traditional gifts he had prepared held a meaning not only important to the Downworld, but also to him.

To say Magnus was on cloud nine was an understatement. Since Alec said ‘yes’—or if he was being honest, since they met—he had been thinking about the Customary Mating Gifts he was to give his young Omega. He never thought he’ll be preparing such gifts for his mate, much less his true mate and soul-bond.

Now here he was, at The Hunter’s Moon, trying and failing to calm his nerves an hour before Alec was due to arrive for dinner at the loft. He was too nervous about the young Shadowhunter’s reaction to the customary gifts. If he stayed home alone for one more second, he would have lost his mind.

“Magnus, what’s going on? You look jittery and you never look jittery,” asked Maia while she served him his third cognac.

“I’m gathering courage to do something very important,” he admitted as he looked at the omamori charm in his hands. Alec had given it to him a couple of days ago after coming back from their date in Tokyo. It had been the same day he had smelled his Omega’s divine scent for the first time and the day of their first kiss.

This simple yet meaningful present accompanied him everywhere, every day, since the moment his Shadowhunter had given it to him. A dreamy sigh drained his lungs, and as he inhaled new life into
his body, the pad of his thumb swept fondly over the red and yellow silky fabric of the sacred talisman. Before taking another drink, he tucked it away in the left inner breast pocket of his burgundy and black notched lapel slim blazer.

“Hmm, important as in what exactly?” questioned the friendly young Werewolf.

He glanced up at her, unable to resist the mirthful yet nervous smile upon his lips, and then answered.

“Life-changing. And for a Warlock, that means forever. So…”

Thus, he felt affright. Tumbling waves of restlessness and disquietude had irrupted inside his being the moment he asked Alec to dine with him. An unexpectedly loud gasp brought him out of his pensive state. When his eyes had finally been cleared of the cloudy afterimage of possible disastrous scenarios, he found himself face to face with Maia’s grinning visage.

She leaned against the counter, elbows braced on the top and hands loosely entwined. In her eyes, a barely contained enthusiasm shone intermingled with emerald-green. “Oh, my God! that means you’re-? Is it what I think it is?”

It took him a moment to reply, but then he nodded.

She had to cover her mouth in order not to scream. It made his heart swell that someone else was genuinely happy and excited for him. But that didn’t mean, he wanted the whole bar full of fellow Downworlders and a few scattered Shadowhunters to know about his personal plans. They’ll know soon enough if things go his way.

“Wow, so the gossips are true! With Alec Lightwood, a Shadowhunter, acting Head of the Institute, and Jace’s older brother. Good luck with that in-law.” The latter was said with a mix of evident distaste and humor.

Magnus couldn’t help but laugh, it was exactly what he needed. This was one of the many reasons he liked Maia.

“To good fortune and happiness,” toasted Maia as their glasses clinked.

*To good fortune and happiness*, he repeated to himself at the same time his right hand patted over where the omamori lay.

He recalled Alec’s words.

*‘It’s supposed to bring you luck and protection.’*

Now, Magnus needed all the luck in the world.

After he savored that last glass of cognac (on the house, per the young woman’s insistence), he slid towards her a generous tip, and then stood up and left.

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Izzy had helped him with his hair and clothes. She had tried to part his hair on the left side and comb it, but he had quickly put some distance between them and refused further grooming. Thus, he left with what Izzy called ‘bed hair’.
When he recalled what she had told him before he left, he couldn’t help the curls at the corner of his mouth.

*Alec, you look amazing! If Magnus could die of natural causes, I’m sure he would have a heart attack and drop dead the moment he sees you."

“*Thanks, Iz, but I prefer my mate to be alive.”*  

She had laugh, kissed him on the cheek, and wished him good luck.

And now here he was, in front of Magnus’ loft for what felt like the hundredth time, and once again feeling at tremble from the inside out. He took a deep breath as his eyes drift close, and then once he felt somewhat calm, he knocked.

He didn’t have to wait long to be greeted by the very attractive High Warlock.

“*Welcome, Alec. Please come in.”*

The Alpha’s serene expression and his fathomless eyes, his silvery voice and his warm smile, but above all, that familiar scent which emanated from his soul-bond to caress his nose—all of it beckoned him inside.

His eyes saw candlelight all around and his ears heard Samuel Barber’s Adagio for Strings, yet Magnus’ proximity and his hot breath and smoldering gaze commanded all his heart’s attention. To be wanted so much that a mere glance could set his flesh afire, to be respected so much that he knew he held all the power, and to trust the man in front of him so much to know that a kiss would be a kiss until he wanted more—everything felt surreal.

“*Hi,“* he murmured, eyes anchored in dark seas as his lips hovered over sumptuous warlock lips.

Magnus Bane was a very attractive and sensual man, tonight he had upped his game—a one button burgundy blazer with black lapels, a tucked in buttoned up black silk shirt and fitted black trousers, a pair of black velvet loafers with a small silver crown atop and a silver belt, a spiderweb ear-cuff and a double-strand onyx beaded necklace with what seemed like a round diamond in the middle. His hair perfectly coiffed and with silvery highlights. Meanwhile, those beautiful coffee-colored eyes were rimmed with kohl and its eyelids painted black. All that couple with that perfectly trimmed facial hair made for an irresistibly handsome man. And that’s only talking about his exterior. If he were to add to that, Magnus’s charm and good manners and gentlemanly attentions and the myriad of other qualities, he’ll be hard pressed to find an excuse to say ‘yes’ to everything Magnus could want.

Alec looked like a gift he wanted to admire and unwrap all at the same time.

His Omega always had a way to take his breath away, to make him rethink what was truly beautiful.

He had forgone the Omega Suppressant Rune again as he was feeling more and more comfortable in his own skin. Plus, he relished in Magnus’s almost childish behavior when he smelled his scent—those eyes that gazed at him so lovingly, the way Magnus’s nose nuzzled at his neck, the Alpha’s approving low purrs against the sensitive skin of his neck, those arms which gathered him so carefully and so tightly, and those prayer-like words the older man murmured against his skin as his steamy breaths set him aquiver.

“*Alexander, you look absolutely stunning. More so than usual,“* the High Warlock admired at the same time leonine eyes eyed him up from head to toe.
Slowly and with feline intent, the space between then was erased by one step and a famished mouth that devourered his own. And he let his lips be nipped and his tongue be sucked and the inside of his mouth be painted with Magnus’ flavor, but in turn, he was encouraged to do the same.

Alec’s lips that tasted like sugar cane.

The first kiss segued into the next, until they both had to surface for air with a breathless gasp. They smiled languidly at one another, their eyelids heavy with desire.

Magnus wanted his young Shadowhunter to have the best of the best of everything he could give him—be it material things or the more sublime ones which lived in the heart and soul. He was determined to spoil Alec rotten (thought that will be a challenge, since the young man preferred the simple things). He was resolute on pampering his mate every chance he got. Being able to give Alec new experiences and memories together was something he exceedingly enjoyed. Each of his mate’s wide-eyed looks and full smiles and head thrown back in gleeful laughter enraptured him whole. He wanted more and more and more of it—he was addicted to Alec’s joy.

“I hope you’re hungry because I cooked up a storm. I slaved myself in the kitchen all day, just for you,” sing-songed Magnus with a delighted grin.

“Really? You cooked everything? No magic? The whole day?” the timber of his voice a mix of awe and suspicion.

Everything looked out of a magazine, like one of those ridiculously expensive restaurants where only the elite ate. He had been to a couple of exclusive restaurants with his family when they lived in Idris, but this looked better.

“Well, maybe not the whole day, but I did cook everything. Almost no magic used, saved for a bit used to magic in some ingredients I didn’t have at hand. Please, have a sit.”

The older man pulled out one of the high-back, cherry wood chairs for him to sit, and then had taken a sit himself. The food was covered with stainless steel dome plate covers, but he didn’t need to see the dishes to know it was delectable because the smell was enough to guarantee it.

Magnus had moved the living room furniture closest to the balcony away in order to accommodate a round table dressed with a white linen tablecloth. The table had a formal setting which included: golden utensils arranged in order of use, white linen napkins with golden napkin rings at the center of rich cobalt blue round plates, gold rimmed wine glasses and water goblets. A large, hand painted gold and blue globe vase which displayed pink peonies and bright yellow buttercups served as a centerpiece. A cluster of antique brass candlesticks which held white taper candles set the intimate atmosphere.

The gourmet food was delectable—grilled flat iron steak with blue cheese butter and garlic mashed potatoes, roasted chicken with thyme and onions and seasonal grilled vegetables. The rich flavors of the dishes paired with a chilled bottle of Merlot wine which had been aged for seven years made for a savory combination. The dessert was mouthwateringly indulgent, red wine poached pears with triple cream cheese.

During dinner, they spoke of their childhood, mostly about the pleasant things. Neither of them wanted to ruin their quiet time together with unsavory and painful memories, they’ll have time for that later. They spoke about places they have traveled to and places they want to visit, about archery and potions and art and Shakespeare. Magnus spoke about the Renaissance and his adventures in Peru with Cat and Ragnor, and about Imasu. Alec spoke of Izzy and Jace’s mischief and all the trouble they got into growing up and how he had to get them out of trouble constantly.
(that hasn’t changed much), as well as his love for the literary classics. The Alpha spoke about having met Amelia Earhart, Nat King Cole, Nefertiti, and Freddie Mercury.

They also talked about the meaning of flowers and how Magnus had learned much of what he knew about herbs, flowers, plants, and spices from a very old Alpha Warlock sensei, called Akihito Sugawara who welcomed him into his home as another son when he had been hit with a nasty curse spell. In the language of flowers, peonies signify romance, good fortune, and a happy marriage, among other things. Buttercups or crowfoot, in magic, were used for love, marriage, and engagement spells and celebrations.

After he sipped some wine, he voiced, “Everything was delicious, Magnus. Thank you! You’re an amazing cook.”

A self-satisfied chuckle made his pulse speed up.

“How about you, Alec. But it’s my pleasure to cook for you, darling,” came the High Warlock’s low and raspy reply as his sure hands navigated towards one of Alec’s hands perched on the table’s edge.

He felt most of the oxygen in his lungs leave him when the Alpha’s lips stamped a light kiss on his hand.

“I would like to cook for you too,” Alec voiced, limpid hazel eyes demure.

Magnus surefire reply didn’t take long.

“I would love that. My kitchen is your kitchen, you’re welcome to use it anytime you want.”

A soft smile flicker across the Omega’s attractive features, his cheeks heated and crimson like two camellias.

Glorious, Magnus thought and unconsciously one of his hands went up to sweep knuckles over heated cheekbones.

Alec leaned into the touch as if starved, and after a moment, he spoke.

“I’ll keep that in mind. Though, I’m a bit intimidated, because your cooking is scrumptious,” he confessed.

Magnus gave him another of those full smiles, which melted Alec into a puddle—the warlock must know what those smiles do to him. It must be on purpose.

Then the Alpha declared in a baritone, “Oh, hush! I’m sure anything these blessed hands make would taste ambrosial.”

And that was it, he couldn’t summon any words.

No wonder the man in front of him had thoroughly decimated all his barriers, Alec thought to himself as he swallowed down some wine.

*****

After they had finished eating and drinking, they left the table and walked out to the balcony. The night breeze felt cool over his skin. An impossibly big full moon adored the sky and a few stars
embroidered the celestial ebony veil. The noise of the city seemed far away, yet not its colorful lights. Here with Magnus, it felt as if they were the only two people alive—there was no hurry, no passage of time nor worry or turmoil. This was peace at its best, a sweet haven.

They stood side by side, not even an inch between them, in companionable silence, just breathing and letting their eyes and thoughts wander. Yet, neither of them wandered too far, because they didn’t want to, because there was no other place as warm, loving, or safe.

It was Magnus who broke the silence, first with a side-glance, and then with his words.

“The moon—especially the full moon—is full of magic. Charged with powerful energy which affects the body, the mind, and the soul. Since ancient times, people have worship her. Early civilizations prayed to her for health and protection. My people have danced for her since the world is world. She is seen as the virgin, the mother, and the crone by my people—the goddess of the night, and we warlocks are the guardians of her secrets and mysteries. The night is ruled by her. She is called forth to bless pregnancies and births of children and animals alike, and to bless unions. Marriage ceremonies and handfastings and love spells, any healing spell and purification rituals—all of it and more is done under the silver light of the moon. Promises and bonds are blessed and strengthened by her,” the older man explained, his gaze fixed on the crown of the night sky.

Alec liked to hear Magnus talk about his craft, about his people, and his magic. He liked to learn about Magnus’s past and all he had seen and experienced. It made him feel closer to the old warlock, he could see what the Alpha saw through his words.

From one breath to the next, the High Warlock was no longer leaned against the balustrade and his magnetic gaze was no longer focused on the night’s beauty—all of his attention was laser-focused on him one more time.

Magnus’s abyssal earth-brown eyes unfailingly made him feel undressed, vulnerable. At first, it made him feel uncomfortable being exposed so effortlessly. But now, now he barred himself willingly after being a closed book for so long. In fact, now he welcomed being seen, being read—at least by Magnus. Because the Alpha’s gaze didn’t know how to judge him—it only offered acceptance, love, and offered much needed reprieve.

“I don’t want to confine you, Alec.” Magnus’s voice sounded so sincere, it speared through his heart.

“Magnus…”

Tonight, was important, extremely important to Magnus. His heart felt at the brink of an implosion. The silver threat at the epicenter of his soul unwounded as Alec’s lips poured out his name. From the beginning he knew that he had to do everything in his power to earn and keep this splendid young man’s trust.

“I know. I know you don’t. Magnus, you slipped passed my barriers and began destroying them from the inside out. After rejecting my Omega side for years, I didn’t think it was possible for me to accept an Alpha,” Alec murmured, a confession which stained his cheeks a high color.

He was in Magnus’s arms once again and his own hands were now perched on the warlock’s strong shoulders.

“Love isn’t about genders, but about feelings,” said the high Warlock as he caressed Alec’s heated cheek. Then he added, “It terrifies me, to feel like I do with you. Because with you, I don’t feel like
hiding my true self or protect my heart. I trust you. Implicitly.”

Each word from Magnus’s lips shook him and stole all his air.

“Me too. I trust you, completely, Magnus.”

Magnus’s arms were a paradox—cinched around him they were like a fortress, yet their embrace was soft as clouds.

For him to trust in this way, it was a first. To trust a Nephilim. A Shadowhunter. A mortal. A Lightwood. Alec, Alexander had done that with nothing else other than wondrous eyes and raw sincerity, fierce protectiveness for those he held dear and a loyalty so rare it seemed surreal. His physical beauty came as a generous bonus.

Alexander Gideon Lightwood had defied all his expectations.

The High Warlock snapped his fingers and what looked like a small-size chest wrapped in bright royal blue and golden silks appeared in his hands. Magnus smiled and immediately his nervousness ebbed a bit, though he couldn’t say the same about the older man—who despite being a master at appearing unperturbed—now looked a bit anxious.

“It is a Downworld Courting Tradition,” came Magnus’s steady voice, “that when a pair accepts each other and the Omega says ‘yes’ to the courting, the Alpha presents to their mate the gifts of frankincense, gold, and myrrh. By accepting these gifts, you are formally agreeing that I court you and that when the time comes—time of your choosing, of course— we will enter a mating bond by sharing your Heat together. That is what we call a Bond-Consummation,” the Alpha explained.

Alec’s heart felt like a hummingbird’s inside his chest—he swore it was beating a thousand times a minute.

All the while, the man standing in front of him looked heart-achingly vulnerable.

For centuries, he had waited for this moment, despite the resistance of his logos-prone brain—to pledge his allegiance, love, and fidelity to his mate.

Magnus got on one knee in front of him and lifted up the small bejeweled wooden carved chest lined in gold, he asked, eyes hopeful, “Do you, Alexander Gideon Lightwood, accept these gifts from me, Magnus Bane?”

The question reverberated through him until it hammered with force against that little dark room his Omega sometimes still inhabited.

Sometimes he thought back to those 17,000 lovers Magnus have had, and a spike of ugly jealousy would twist itself around his heart as if a thorny rose bush. But right away, he would smother that unkind feeling. Because he’ll think, how lonely Magnus must had been to try and find comfort and affection in all those hearts. He didn’t want Magnus to keep searching for those things in other people. What for? If his heart, his soul, and his body were all willing to be his. Forever.

He didn’t know if he’ll be able to make his vocal cords move, much less weave an intelligible answer.

Brief silence.

“Yes,” he uttered breathlessly. “Of course, I do.”
A sight of relief waved throughout the Alpha’s body, and it crashed into Alec’s own quietly.

After he had gathered his bearings, he continued.

“Even if you weren’t my true mate, I would have fallen for you anyway. I was intrigued by you even before our hands touched and I took in your scent. Is it too soon to say that I love you, Magnus?” he asked hesitantly at the same time he peered up through thick eyelashes.

Magnus smiled poignantly and set the small chest down, and then he took Alec’s hands between his own—they were so soft, cool to the touch, and strong.

“Love doesn’t need to be complicated. Why make it unnecessarily complicated? It being complicated doesn’t mean it’s less strong than a love that is complicated—love just is. It can happen gradually throughout the years or it can bloom at first sight or throb at first touch or rise at the sound of our name from beloved lips. I guess, that since the beginning, I was your answer as you were mine. I love you too, Alexander.”

Their lips met and merged into a kiss—sweet and slow and unhurried.

Afterwards, Magnus pulled him by one of his hand. In his other hand, the warlock carried the small chest protectively.

“Would you please take a seat?”

Alec did as he was told and sat on the sofa. He waited, body aquiver with excitement and so many emotions he didn’t have half a mind to catalogue.

Magnus knelt in front of him and Alec’s mouth fell agape. He had never seen an Alpha on his knees before much less in front of an Omega—it was unheard of. The Alpha set the chest (which now that he could see it clearly was monogrammed with the letters A.L) on the floor next to him and opened it.

A small transparent vial of aromatic frankincense.

A small satin black pouch with powdered gold.

A small bottle of fragrant myrrh.

“Today, a Friday, day of the lovers and of the full moon teeming with magick, I offer you these gifts as a sign of my commitment, devotion, love promise, and respect,” Magnus vowed.

Meanwhile, Alec’s heart hopscotched in his chest with an infinitude of emotions. Each word from Magnus’s lips became an intaglio deep within.

The Alpha picked the small vial of frankincense, rose to his feet, and then uncapped it.

“May I?” asked the older man as he pointed at the top of Alec’s head.

He nodded and inclined his head to give the High Warlock better access.

“I offer you the gift of frankincense, because you are holy,” Magnus uttered as he poured some of the aromatic liquid on his head.

The smell of rich sandalwood infused the air and instantly relaxed him.

To be called holy…
Magnus continued as he knelt, now with the powdered gold. He held both of Alec’s hands in one of his as the other coated his palms reverently.

“I give you the gift of Gold, because of your royal dignity.”

His gilded hands shimmered as if they had been bathed in sunrays.

To be honored as such…

“May I take off your shoes and socks?” asked the warlock glancing up at him.

This request did bring all the color to his cheeks, but he knew this was an important ritual. So, he offered to do it himself, but Magnus kindly refused with a reassuring smile.

“Please, let me do it.”

He wasn’t strong enough to deny the Alpha anything, much less something so small.

“I present to you Myrrh, because you are mortal,” murmured Magnus as his finger pads anointed his feet.

The earthy luxurious aroma soothed him.

To be reminded of his mortality…

After Magnus was done with the ritual, he used some magic to clean his hands. Then, he wrapped the chest with the silks and handed it to Alec.

“This belongs to you, my darling.”

“Thank you. This was…beautiful.”

“Oh, there is so much more in store for you, my heart,” the Alpha promised.

More? He didn’t need more. Magnus had already given him more than enough.

The High Warlock remained on his feet, and Alec followed suit. He set the chest down on the sofa, safely nestled between two cushions.

Since his mother’s suicide centuries ago and until recently, he had lived and existed in a whirlwind, trying not to pay attention to the hollow sounds his heart made. Sounds which traveled in echoes throughout his tender soul. Famished for affection, desperate to love, dying to feel something other than the pinpricks of loneliness, yearning to have his arms full.

Now, not only his arms were full, but his heart and soul.

He magicked a bottle of Dom Perignon 2006 vintage champagne from his personal collection, which had been waiting for a special occasion in Ragnor’s impressive wine cellar—tonight was the ideal night to break it out.

“To us,” Magnus toasted as they clinked their wine glasses.

Alec needed to ask this, it was extremely important. They were engaged already and as they spent more time together, the Omega Suppressant Rune became increasingly useless. Plus, honestly, he didn’t want to keep using it at all anymore. Of course, it’ll take some time to get used to it, to not conceal himself form others, but it was inevitable. Those pills that Dr. Garzes had given him
weren’t going to be effective if he didn’t distance himself from Magnus, and that wasn’t an option. Now was the time to talk about this so when he went into Heat again, they could go through with the Bond Consummation.

They were both in a relaxed and calm state. His head was clear and his previously entropic thoughts were now in order. He tipped the glass and swallowed the last vestiges of the fruity sweet wine, set down the glass on the coffee table and then, drew in a lengthy breath.

His courage gathered, he uttered, “Magnus, the next time I go into Heat, I want us to share it. I want our soul-bond to be sealed. What do you say?”

Alec though he would pass out from the nervousness that suddenly lambasted him, and from the look in dark eyes where the night lived.

In a short second or two, Magnus put his heart at ease.

“Yes. Yes, Alexander. Yes,” the Alpha whispered, visage both surprised and jubilant.

Oh, thank the Angel! he thought to himself, relieved. But now, he was worried about other things, like—his vestal virgin-like inexperience and the self-conscious knowledge that his frame wasn’t small nor delicate or sweet in the ways he grew up being told Omegas should be.

“What are you thinking, manisku,” his Alpha questioned, eyes sprinkled with concern at the same time his thumbs stroke Alec’s wrists.

Alec shook his head, and then tilted his head to the side.

“Nothing, don’t worry. Manisku? What does that mean?” He wasn’t trying to elude the question, he was genuinely curious.

With a fond smile, the older man replied, “It means, my sweet, in Indonesian. Do you like it?”

He nodded, his heart a galloping mess.

“I do, manisku,” he repeated clumsily, and Magnus smiled indulgently.

That smile, oh, God! How was he still alive with a man like that in front of him?!

“Manisku, manisku, Alexander,” the Alpha whispered, breath hot and hands low, low on the small of his back while fingertips teased down his arms. “I feel the ghost of you everywhere around me when you’re not with me.”

Alec couldn’t help it anymore and he gave into the esurient kiss—edacious lips sucked on one another hard, while wine-flavored tongues explored each other with élan, as impish teeth nipped on sensitive skin.

His Omega’s sacrosanct lips pouring honey in his mouth.

A rip-current of desire rose in him, if they kept going he’ll lose control of his inner Alpha which was already riled up enough to make his cat-eyes flash behind his close eyelids.

His hands buried in Magnus’s soft messy black hair tightened, and at his actions, his mate’s hands slithered down his ass and kneaded his butt cheeks firmly, possessively. At that, a moan turned a whine echoed between their parted lips, and a dark growl met it. His cock was hard and he felt a trickle of slick wet his boxers. He knew Magnus was hard too, his erection only a hairsbreadth
away from his own. His hands abandoned silky strands and glided down an elegant neck to settled on muscled shoulders.

“Magnus, Magnus…” Alec chanted.

Eyes shut close and back arched and muscles taut while his scent glands unashamedly radiated a seductive airy medley (much more subdue than his Heat-scent), his hips swayed back and forth in a distracted motion until his strained member pressed and brushed against Magnus’s own. His head flew back to bare his neck and throat to his mate.

Alec felt Magnus’s hands flew up to his neck to stroke it lovingly and bee-stung lips wander up the side of his neck to dispense open-mouthed kisses, a cool nose nuzzle sensitive skin and breathed in his natural perfume, a velvety hot tongue licked up his throat and careful teeth scraped down lightly to where neck met shoulder. His knees felt weak and his legs like jelly.

An appreciative groan and growl made him shiver; he felt as if a ripe fruit barely hanging onto a tree branch.

By Lilith! Alexander had just submitted to him, maybe unconsciously. Yet, that didn’t do anything to ebb away the throbbing emotions in his soul and in his body.

The bond vibrated with their passion and desire for one another—it spoke of what lived in their soul, of those sacred words their lips had spoken before during the customary gifts ceremony.

*Love mate home Alpha love mine Omega warmth family us love happiness*

Oh, by the Angel! This was bad.

He wanted to give himself over as tribute to Magnus—not only the part of him that was Omega, but as a whole.

Alec knew that if he didn’t stop, if they didn’t stop—he would most definitely go into irregular Heat. He wanted Magnus, but he didn’t feel ready to take the next step.

Magnus could feel it in their bond, Alec’s conflicting emotions—the desire to give himself over to this consuming force between and his hesitation. He didn’t want to be the cause of his gorgeous Omega’s inner turmoil.

A wild beast lived caged within his heart and each of Alec’s kisses and caresses and gazes broke the seals of its cage.

So, he did what was right. He stepped back and let the conflagration between them be brought down to an aching simmer.

He wanted this beautiful boy, but he’ll wait until Alec was ready.
“My dear Catarina, I have to leave you now,” Magnus said, voice laced with exhaustion while he held his phone in his left hand and a nearly drained martini glass in the other.

Early that morning, he had held a meeting with some of the most powerful warlocks in the city and afterwards had met with a few clients, and then he had been summoned by the Seelie Queen who had asked for his help to handle a viral infection that had spread among the Omega Seelies making them develop a high fever and painful big sores all over the skin. It had been a busy day for him with barely time to eat or take a breather.

With the exception of his black wool and silk double-breasted blazer which he had discarded on one of the armchairs the moment he returned home, he was still wearing the same clothes from earlier that day: dark gray skin-tight jeans paired with a light-gray collarless shirt with the sleeves rolled back and a hip-length hunter green/black paisley patterned waistcoat as well as black ankle boots laced on the sides; his skull necklace and a vintage pocket watch he had gotten as a birthday present from a dear warlock friend who had perished long ago, his rings and beaded bracelets, and of course his makeup which today featured only kohl (made from the original Egyptian recipe he had gotten from Nefertiti herself).

“Is your divine torment about to arrive home?”

*His ‘divine torment’, huh?* He couldn’t help but let loose the smile that awaited behind his lips at the question and with it a chuckle.

“Unfortunately, not yet. My little angel is still hard at work.”
Cat’s mirthful laughter trickled through the phone and tickled one of his own.

“Oh, boy! You are beyond salvation… I’ll leave you for now, but you owe me some drinks, steak, and a game of poker.”

“Mm, I do. But we both know that with your tric-, um, your ‘skills’, that game of poker is already won.”

“Cheeky, aren’t we? It’s comforting to know some things never change. I’ll leave you now to your task. I hope to see you and Alec soon. And Magnus, I am so happy for you. Because for someone whose heart had been held by a few and his soul by fewer to finally see you find the person who is uniquely important to you and vice versa, it’s a blessing.”

All the playfulness from earlier was absent from these last sentences. He could sense a dollop of her magic layering her words, as if she was casting a healing spell on him and on his newly minted mating with Alec. And he so was grateful.

“Oh, and don’t worry too much about Ragnor, he’s a worrywart and damn stubborn. But, he’s on your side—you know that,” she added.

“Thank you, my dear. Soon, I will organize an intimate soirée to celebrate mine and Alec’s mating. Until then, take care and don’t work too much.”

“Oh goodie, that’s good to hear. I’ve missed your parties and I’m sure this one will be pretty special.” The timber of her voice overflowed with merriment, it was rather contagious.

“Ah, Cat, about the Omega Suppressant Rune, I think it’s time to tell Alec everything.”

He had wanted to wait a bit before tackling this topic, because he didn’t want to seem like an overbearing Alpha who was trying to push Alec to stop using that dreadful rune. But now that their relationship was established and the young Shadowhunter had decided to forgo the rune on his own, it was the ideal time to talk about that.

“Yes, I think so too. It will be a huge shock, but it’s time to give back the sight to blinded eyes.”

“Indeed.”

After his chat with Cat, he felt refreshed and his mind clearer. Her healing magic also worked over the phone.

*****

It was almost dusk and the first stars had slowly started to make their shy appearance on the clear late-summer sky. Magnus had just finished brewing a hex-breaking potion for one of his clients, which he had started yesternight and was carefully pouring it into a vial.

A knock on the door called his attention and he stopped for a bit. It must be Raphael, he thought, since the Omega had called him earlier and asked him if they could meet. He waved his hand and opened the door without taking his sight from the job at hand. The person cleared their throat and by the aggressive energy that emanated from the visitor, he didn’t have to glance up to confirm it wasn’t his adoptive son.

“What brings you here, Jace?” he questioned.

The answer was immediate. “Do you really need to ask?”
“Are we playing some kind of guessing game?” he retorted flippantly.

Jace cleared his throat and crossed his arms defensively over his puffed-out chest, shoulders taut with tension. Whatever display of posturing the Herondale boy was trying to put on, didn’t fazed him in the least, on the contrary, it amused him greatly. He knew he wasn’t Jace’s cup of tea nor was Jace one of his favorite people in the world, but he was Alec’s parabatai and brother so he had decided to play nice.

Jace’s words came down like a whipcrack, “What are your intentions with Alec?”

“What do you mean?” he fired back, sight fixed on the almost full vial.

“My question was pretty clear. I won’t let you play with Alec. It’s best if you keep your distance and leave him alone. Do you understand?”

It was obvious by the rattled tone of voice, that the Shadowhunter was more than a little aggravated.

Magnus couldn’t help but scoff and roll his eyes.

“Do you think I’m joking? This isn’t funny!” Jace gritted through his teeth.

The older man set the glass vial down on a wooden rack on his mahogany worktable, and then turned around to face the Shadowhunter.

“I beg to differ, it’s rather highly amusing. Because you know nothing of what’s going on between your brother and I, and here you are, blustering unfortunate words. I think you should mind your own business, Jace.”

A low growl rolled from the younger Alpha, blue eyes stormy.

Oh, by Lilith! He was too old for this.

He wasn’t about to get on the same level as a pup, but no one—no one—came into his lair—his territory—and growled at him. Magic crackled an electric red at his fingertips, but he wasn’t about to use it—instead, he flung a warning glare at the Shadowhunter. In order to appease his inner Alpha a bit, Magnus took a deep breath as he brought his right hand up to touch over his heart where the omamori rested inside his waistcoat pocket.

Alexander…

Jace stood his ground, but now challenging eyes darted around the space.

In a much more reined in voice, he rebuffed, “Alec’s business is my business, because he’s my family. I know Alphas like you, Magnus. You flirt and you display your charm, you joke and laugh and use your powers, and then you close in for the kill. You enjoy conquering. And Alec being how he is, he makes for a thrilling challenge. But, I won’t let anyone, no matter who they are or how powerful, play with him and hurt him.”

Magnus made himself stay in place despite wanting to get in Jace’s face and sing him a few truths.

Weren’t you the one to hurt Alec with your words and actions not too long ago?! he had wanted to snarl at Jace but didn’t.

He felt his cat-eyes flash red, and this time he didn’t bother to glamor them.
“Alphas like me? Are you projecting, boy? Reducing Alec to a mere challenge and our relationship to a simple conquest, and on top of that accusing me of playing with him—you are lucky I’m old and in control of my impulses, because otherwise you’ll be curled into the fetal position on the floor writhing in pain,” he heard himself husk; his tone steady but lined with sharp edges.

He saw the impact his words had on the young Alpha Shadowhunter in front of him, it was an almost unnoticeable flinch to the untrained eye, and quickly masked under a practiced poker face.

Magnus understood Jace’s concern and he welcomed it, he was glad Alec had people who loved and worried about his well-being. But what he didn’t appreciate was the way Jace had chosen to approach him. It wasn’t his first time dealing with a hair-trigger temper or with confrontation, thus he had learned how to deal with them. Yet, that didn’t mean he had the patience to suffer through them.

Lately, he had also noticed, how whenever Alec was involved, his own temper became easily disrupted.

“I-, you must have done something to Alec for him to be so hell-bent on being with you,” the blond Shadowhunter accused. “He had never wanted an Alpha.”

Magnus tried, he really tried to let his brother-in-law vent his confusion and dissatisfaction—but really—he was only human.

Brow furrowed, jaw clenched, eyes unflinching, lips pursed, and body tense—he moved two paces. His inner Alpha clawed and tugged at him—defensive, enraged. His fingertips glistened a fiery red.

“Shhh! Jace, I won’t explain my intentions to you, but to ease your nerves, I’ll say one thing, Alec is everything but a game, a conquest, or a joke to me. Also, you should give your parabatai more credit, he might be innocent in many ways, but he is a very intelligent man,” he uttered in a low rumble.

Magnus wasn’t one to easily lose his composure, but he had come soon to realize that whenever Alec was involved or their relationship was being attacked or questioned—a violent protectiveness overtook his senses.

A charged pause followed and remained.

Jace said nothing more and stormed off, furious like a thunderstorm, and almost crashed into Raphael who swiftly moved out of the way.

Once inside, door closed behind him, his adoptive son asked, “Everything okay, Magnus? Por Dios! What did you do to piss that one off?”

An almost affectionate smile slipped upon his lips, and then he replied, “Protective Alpha brother.”

“Ah! It figures..., Shadowhunters have always looked down on us. Though, some have better taste. There’s no helping we’re irresistible,” the Omega Vampire said as a matter-of-fact with a mischievous twinkle in his dark eyes and a sly smile on his lips.

“When you’re right, you’re right. So, what brings you here?” he asked while he tidy up his workroom.

Raphael moved closer and then spoke, voice earnest, “Nothing much, I just wanted to see you and congratulate you on your mating. I’m happy for you. De veras.”
An affectionate smile overtook his lips as his eyes shifted to look into darker ones.

“Aww, you’re so sweet, my child,” Magnus’s cooed with a mix of fondness and teasing.

The leader of the New York Vampire clan rolled his eyes.

“Ugh, I’m leaving...”

“Nooo... c’mon, stay and have a drink with me. Ah! And while you’re here, please cook some of your yummy food for me. I’m famished and exhausted.”

A long-suffering sight rushed through the young vampire who just pursed his lips, and then headed to the kitchen.

“You’re lucky that I like you more than most people,” Raphael mumbled under his breath.

“Me too, dearest,” he cooed back, and then laughed sonorously at the annoyed growl that came from the kitchen.

“Oh! I almost forgot,” he started as he laid on the sofa, “that Ermenegildo Zegna antique vellum wool linen suit, you have wanted for a long time was in stock temporarily, so I ordered it for you.”

“Really?! Gracias! I’ll pay you-”

“Nonsense,” Magnus interrupted, “consider it an early birthday present.”

“Thanks, Magnus,” came the quiet yet heartfelt reply. He could clearly feel Raphael’s smile in those two words. Over seventy years old, and the vampire sometimes still showed this cute childish side.

Ah, he suddenly missed Alec like mad. He always missed him, it was a constant ache. But sometimes more than others, the feeling grew stronger.

*****

It seemed Alec was destined to listen to his sister and parabatai’ conversations about him and Magnus, because once again he was about to witness one. He could leave, but this was about a matter than concerned him. And he wanted to know what had Jace so altered. Thus, he leaned against one of the columns closest to the practice mat and listened.

“I don’t trust Magnus, Izzy. Alec is sensible and naïve and he had never wanted an Alpha. Why did he change all of a sudden? Where did this crazy love come from? I ‘m sure he used some kind of spell to drive Alec crazy for him,” Jace said in a hushed voice.

Izzy smiled affectionately. Her brow coated with sweat and her chest heaving. She set aside the black wooden nunchucks she had been practicing with, and then reached for her half empty stainless-steel water bottle. After she had gulped down most of the water, she turned to look at him.

“What did you do?” Isabelle asked knowingly at the same time she arched her right eyebrow.

Jace sighed as he turned his head to the side, maybe feeling embarrassed that he had been caught.

“I went to talk to him. To tell him to leave Alec alone. He needed to be reminded that Alec isn’t alone and that I won’t allow him to play with him as one of his conquests.”

“And how did that go?” Izzy hurled back.
Even from where Alec stood, he could feel the tension on his brother’s body, yet it was the coppery scent which rolled off of him that pulled hardest at their parabatai bond.

Before he replied, Jace took a deep breath and then let it out.

“He’s an arrogant bastard, full of himself. I wish you could have seen how he talked about his feelings for Alec. Saying how Alec wasn’t just another conquest to him. But I have the feeling he isn’t being completely honest, like he was purposely holding something back. I can’t put my finger on it, but there’s something meaningful missing in all of this—a missing piece of the puzzle. Alec had changed drastically since meeting that Warlock. And, the whole time I was talking to Magnus, he had this stupid smirk on his face. I know he is hiding something, Izzy.”

His parabatai’s tone was ridden with frustration, it made Alec feel guilty. He found himself chewing his bottom lip as he waited for the conversation to continue.

One of Izzy’s hand settled upon Jace’s left shoulder and squeezed lightly.

Their brother lifted his head and asked in a bated voice, “Do you know something I don’t, Izzy? You’re strangely calm about all this. And you’re as protective or even more so, of Alec than me.”

Isabelle sighed, her big eyes honed in on Jace.

“Magnus is our brother’s true mate, Jace. They are soul-bonded.”

Alec’s heart started with force against his ribs.

True mate, soul-bonded—these words still made his knees weak. To be honest, he was sure they’ll always make him feel that way.

“No. No, that can’t be true. Are you joking?!”

She shook her head.

“Ask him yourself,” she said as she looked over her shoulder at the column where Alec hid behind.

Jace expression was priceless—a mix of shock and embarrassment and flushed cheeks.

He should have told Jace about this himself. But, they have been so busy with missions, he had been learning so much about being an Omega and making important decisions, that irregular Heat, and each had their own personal lives to take care of, so he had neglected to tell his parabatai the truth.

“Alec! Is it true?”

He nodded as sharp teeth worried his lips.

“Yes. Magnus and I are true mates. We have a soul-bond,” he finally voiced, eyes locked with his brother’s.

“Why didn’t you tell be before?”

No more beating around the bushes, he decided.

“Because regardless of him being my true mate, I wanted you to respect my choices and trust my judgement. We are a pair now and that won’t change just because it displeases many. I’m not ashamed of it in the least—on the contrary—I feel proud to call him my Alpha.”
Alec prayed his parabatai could finally understand and accept his choice—he loved him and they shared a deep bond, it was much more different than the one he and Magnus shared, but it was still important to him.

Jace nodded, their gazes connected.

“Wow, uh…, okay, I understand. As long as you’re happy, buddy, that’s all that matters to me.”

Something in those familiar eyes told him that this time his words reached his brother.

“I am happy, very happy. Magnus makes me happy.”

Out of the blue, he and Jace found themselves enveloped in a group hug initiated by their little sister.

*****

Of course, it was only a matter of time before his parents found out he was dating Magnus. He knew his parents weren’t fond of Downworlders; they had made it clear to him and his siblings that it was important to keep a distance between the ‘Demon-Blooded creatures’ and Shadowhunters in order to maintain peace and avoid misunderstandings. But, he didn’t expect his mother to react so fiercely and he didn’t expect himself to respond in kind.

“Alec, we need to talk, now. Come with me,” his mother said, voice stern.

“Mom, what’s—”

She spoke over him, which was odd.

“We’ll talk in the office.”

He suspected what this brusque attitude was about, so he inhaled a few deep breaths.

As soon as the door closed behind them, she uttered, “Please tell me it is a malicious gossip that you are in a relationship with Magnus Bane.”

The way in which she said Magnus’s name made it sound ugly, like it was dirty.

“It isn’t a malicious gossip, mother. It is true,” he finally answered.

Her face scrunched up with distaste; she was disappointed. It hurt him to see himself as such in her eyes, but he had made a choice he didn’t regret.

“What?! Alec, you are not thinking straight. This is wrong!”

For a moment, he stood in place mouth agape.

Wrong? His feelings were wrong?

No.

“Wrong? Why? Magnus loves me and I want to be with him. How can that be wrong?” he asked, perplexed at his mother’s harsh words.

She looked at him funnily, and then moved towards him.
“Have you lost your mind?! He is a Downworlder and a Warlock and a roué to boot. Have you thought about what the Clave would say?”

His stomach roiled and all of a sudden, he felt nauseous. He folded his taut arms over his chest and physically distanced himself from her.

She continued her tirade, “He isn’t good for you. What can he offer you? The only thing he will do is taint your reputation and our blood.”

Alec felt betrayed by her.

Yes, he knew of her dislike of Downworlders, but he thought she would understand him. At least, she should trust him and his judgement. He understood where she came from, that she was worried. But to treat him like an imbecile, to insult his mate—she had crossed the line. Alec felt vicious; he was grateful he had incredible self-control.

Her brutal words kept coming, “Are you willing to be ridiculed because of your infatuation with that man? Did he force himself on you?”

“Enough! Don’t talk about my mate like that, mother!” he snarled in a double bass voice he didn’t recognized—it sounded wounded like an animal and violent like spears.

Alec was also grateful he didn’t have fangs nor claws. These violent feelings had left him shaken.

“Y-your mate?” her voice faltered.

He nodded, his temper still wild.

Her face crumbled as she realized what she had just done.

“Yes, my mate. My soul-bond,” he finally confirmed.

His mother’s eyes went comically wide and her face blanched and a loud gasp left her mouth.

She spoke haltingly, “You-your soul-bond? He is your Fated-One? Are you certain?”

“Yes, I am. I won’t allow you or anyone to badmouth him. He isn’t good for me? What do you know what is or isn’t good for me? This is my decision, he has never and will never force me to do anything I don’t want. The Clave’s rules, the gossips, and your objections do not matter to me. Do you understand, mother?”

Maryse gulped and nodded.

As she walked closer to him, she voiced, “Oh, Alec, I am sorry. I-”

But before his mother could finished her sentence, a sharp knock on the door and his father’s rigid voice cut through the air.

They both turned at the sound of it.

“Oh, here you are. We need to talk, Alec. You are getting out of hand. Your behavior is unacceptable. There is a distasteful gossip going around that you allowed Magnus Bane to court you. Explain yourself,” his father demanded as he entered the room.

Maryse threw her right arm out and motioned for him to stop.
“Robert, you need to calm down,” she suggested, but his father had other plans.

“Maryse, don’t start making excuses for him. He is like this because you coddle him too much. Alec needs to realize his actions have consequences. Like it or not, he has duties in this family.” He had lost count of how many times he has heard his father said those words as if a hymn.

Alec was tired of listening to them.

One of the things Alec hated the most was when his father spoke as if he wasn’t there. He wasn’t a child any longer; he didn’t have to grit and bear it anymore.

“I fulfill all my duties to this family and the Clave,” he stated in an irritated tone, chin tilted up defiantly.

Robert shook his head.

“Running the Institute in our absence and taking care of your siblings are not your only duties, Alec,” his father retorted.

He gritted his teeth and then sniped, “Enlighten me, father. What are my other duties, according to you?”

The Beta took a few steps closer to him, to be honest Alec didn’t want him near.

“You should enter into a mating contract with an Alpha Shadowhunter or even a Beta who would at least help restore our family name. Not with some Alpha Warlock who is a sybarite and undeserving of you—a Lightwood.”

His surefire reply didn’t take long.

“Oh! Now, I see clearly. In your eyes, I’m nothing but a thing to negotiate with—an Omega whore who has to give himself to some damn Alpha from a prestigious family so your precious family name and position are secure.”

“Alec!” yelled his father, but he ignored it.

You could say his tongue got possessed by his inner demon or whatever.

“Magnus Bane is much worthier than you or any Alpha from an elite Shadowhunter family. You disgust me, father.”

At those words, his father’s temper rose and with it his right hand ready to strike him. But Alec’s reflexes were swifter than most Shadowhunters. He seized the offending hand mid-air, blue flames of rightful rage and indignation propelled him forward, until his face was a hairbreadth from his father’s shocked one. Alec’s hand gripped at Robert’s wrist so violently that a pained whimper escaped the older Shadowhunter. His mother stood in place next to her mate, unable to move. Perhaps stricken with surprise by her son’s unusual behavior towards them.

Alec spoke from between clenched teeth, and released the words burning his throat.

“You do this again and I assure you, you’ll have to learn how to live without hands, father.”

“Alec, stop!” his mother finally uttered, eyes wide and voice supplicant.

He let his eyes swivel to his mother’s tense face, and then spoke.
“Mother, I love you. But you are no longer my Alpha, and you both need to understand that this is my life and I make my own choices.”

Alec released his father’s wrist and made his way towards the door. He needed fresh air and Magnus’ calming scent.

“All, let me remind you that I’m 25, so I don’t need your permission to choose a mate.”

His father was quick to fling a rebuff.

“It doesn’t matter how old you are, according to the customs you need our permission.”

“Screw the customs! I will live my life on my own terms.”

Before he closed the door behind him, he heard his father say, “He wasn’t this rebellious and disrespectful before. All of this is that warlock’s fault and your lack of a firm hand. Alec, is out of hand since he met that warlock.”

“Robert, you are testing my patience. We need to talk and you need to listen,” his mother rumbled, low and dangerous.

And that was that. He couldn’t take any more drama or another confrontation for today.

A sudden and almost dizzying fatigue assailed him. Yet, as weary as he felt, the need to fight and kill some demons or anything along those lines made his blood rush in his veins.

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Alec shook his head.

He wasn’t in the mood to talk to anyone, not even his sister. But he couldn’t leave her worried, it wasn’t fair.

“Just had a big fight with mom and dad. Mainly dad. He thinks I’m a possession, Izzy. Telling me how to live my life. But I won’t allow it.”

“Like he has the right to that when he-”

Suddenly she cut herself short and when he asked with half a mind what was she going to say, she averted his eyes and shook her head.

“Never mind. I’m proud of you, Alec. Do what makes you happy.”

If he wasn’t feeling like he wanted to burst out of his skin, he would have insisted on being told what she had kept to herself. So, he let it be and instead gave her a kiss on the head.

“Thank you, Iz.”

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The Omega Suppressant Rune no longer stung on his thigh—it no longer did because he had forsaken it. He no longer needed it. But above all, he distrusted it. There was something sinister
about the rune, and he should know as he had felt it turned against him with each passing Heat. Alec was sure he wasn’t the only one. Omega Shadowhunters lives were at stake. This was important, he needed to know.

Without further ado, he asked, “Please tell us everything you know about the Omega Suppressant Rune and its effect on the users.”

Cat and Magnus shared a knowing look, and nodded in sync.

“I have my suspicions, and if they are confirmed then…oh, God…” Alec’s voice trailed off, he didn’t want to think his own people wanted to eradicate him and all the population of Omega Shadowhunters.

Catarina who had let her glamour down, shifted in her seat and then tucked a lock of pure white hair behind one of her ears before she voiced her thoughts.

The older Omega sighed heavily. “Sadly, I fear we are about to confirm your suspicions.”

From the corner of his eye, he saw Izzy gulp down her nervousness. He braced for the truth.

“This is what we know from our own investigations into the matter. The Omega Suppressant Rune affects all Omegas, but male-Omegas more so than females as males have always had more pressure from the Shadowhunter society to wear it and be useful to the Clave. Frequent Heats according to the Alpha leaders are a nuisance, so as you know, males are encouraged to suppress them more often. In the long run, that rune is a dead sentence,” Cat explained, the timbre of her voice solemn.

A gloomy cloud descended upon the loft—the air felt heavy, clogged with venomous gas he couldn’t breathe.

“The Omega Suppressant Rune slowly destroys the user’s body. In short, that rune is poison, it is meant to kill Omegas silently,” declared Magnus as he scowled beside him, his left ringed palm upon Alec’s own on his right thigh.

The feelings of betrayal, anger, and disgust fell upon him like a rainstorm on an open field.

He couldn’t help but frown as his stomach heaved and he had to rush to the bathroom to empty his stomach.

How could the Clave do that to their own people?! Why? He couldn’t understand, despite having already heard the reasoning behind it. It was too horrible. So many Omegas have died over the past eight decades because of it. If he had kept using it, he would have ended like them.

Alec felt a hand pat his back and move up and down, it soothed him. Magnus’s scent reeled him in from the ultramarine place he had drifted to. This scent grounded him with its wild honey sweetness, comforted him with its spicy ground cinnamon flavor, reassured him with its light almond oil notes, and refreshed him like an after the rain zephyr with its hints of earth, sandalwood, and mahogany, but above all—it made him feel safe and loved.

His mate’s words came to him like a welcomed autumn breeze.

“I’m sorry, Alec. I’m truly sorry. To be treated in such a cruel way, to be deceived, not you or any Omega deserved it. But all will be well, my heart. We will make things right, together.”

Magnus gave him courage.
It took him a moment to react, to realize he was still hugging the toilet and his mouth tasted like vomit and his breath surely smelled like a fetid swamp—it made him feel self-conscious. His cheeks suffused with blush, the heat evaporated the cold sweat which had stained his forehead. He blinked and let his eyelids remain close to the light for a bit.

Magnus remained beside him, a calm presence that gave him serenity and quiet support. He let Alec stand on his own, which he was immensely grateful for because, yes, having his suspicions confirmed had literally made him sick to his stomach, but he still had strength in him to fight.

Once on his feet, he flushed the toilet and walked on wiggly legs to the sink. He needed a moment alone, but he couldn’t birth the words. Head bow and arms braced on the sink, he let himself filled his lungs with air.

Thank Raziel for their bond, for the freakishly scary yet amazing way in which his mate had learned to read him.

Soft hands glided up his back and he nearly melt into them and fell back. A reverent kiss was imprinted between his shoulder blades and words were spoken in an undertone.

“I’ll make you some ginger tea to help with the nausea and settle your stomach. Come out when you’re ready, manisku.” And with those words, he left.

When the door closed, let out a loud sigh—he felt weary, weighted down. He swore he could sleep through the weekend.

When Magnus handed him the floral white and blue cup of tea, and before he sat next to Alec, his gentle finger pats traced along his mildly sweat-damped hairline. The Alpha smiled so sweetly at him as he leaned in and drop a petal-light kiss on his forehead.

*I’m so lucky to have you. Whatever did I do to deserve you?* Alec wondered to himself as he tried not to fall into his mate’s enticing arms.

*I love you,* those words almost ran away from his lips.

It was his sister who brought him back to a moment he wanted to forget for a little while.

Isabelle’s countenance was grave with woe and her eyes tearlogged with fury when she spoke. “Shadowhunters created a rune to kill other Shadowhunters, that’s unacceptable. They need to pay.”

He had been immersed in thought since he came back from the bathroom. His stomach had now settled thanks to the ginger tea.

“They will. Their lies will see the light. Omegas will know the truth behind that damned rune, soon,” he stated emphatically as his veins boiled with righteous indignation.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
The Institute had received an anonymous tip that Iris Rouse, a Beta Warlock was abducting Omega Downworlders. Their team—Izzy, Clary, Jace, Raj, and him were dispatched to crack down on her private crèche or Omega farm.

A bowel-curdling anger and a violent sadness and a deafening desire to enforce stronger rules to protect Omegas both in the Downworld and Shadowhunter society landslid within him.

When they got to Iris’s brownstone, the heady and metallic scent of Omegas in Heat was so strong Jace couldn’t take two steps inside before his inner Alpha growled with need. So, Izzy asked Raj to take him back to the Institute.

His parabatai was an unmated Alpha, and despite his efforts to resist the overpowering Heat-scent and not succumb to Heat-lust, and in spite of his feelings for Clary—he was unsuccessful. He could see it clear as day in Jace’s eyes and facial expression—his shame and embarrassment and frustration. So, for everyone’s sake, it was better he wasn’t here. It made him think back when he went into irregular Heat and how Magnus had reacted to him, how the older Alpha had fought off the need and want to mate him despite Alec being his true mate and soul bond—that had taken immense willpower and mental as well as emotional strength. But Magnus was much older and wiser and in control of himself.

“I don’t feel so good,” confessed Clary, her face contorted with disgust, anger, and pain.

As they inspected the first floor, he took in a deep breath because he felt he was being asphyxiated by his riotous emotions and the heavy atmosphere of desolation and despair, but it proved to be a mistake.
Suddenly his head whirled and then he blanched.

“That makes two of us,” he got the chance to mumble, before he doubled-over and emptied his stomach on hardwood floors.

Lips parted and body quivering, hands clutched on his thighs and stinging eyes shut, stomach still queasy and mouth bitter—he felt pathetic and enervated. He could only imagine how the abused Omegas felt—no, not imagine—he could feel it as if they were connected somehow.

Magnus.

He wanted his Alpha and to be in his arms and to breathe his soothing scent.

Magnus.

He felt a small tender hand smooth up and down his back, it wasn’t his sister’ as Izzy had gone ahead of them to secure the perimeter.

“Are you up for this?” Clary asked, voice concerned.

Alec nodded before he spoke.

“Yeah, I-I’m fine. It’s just...” his words trailed off without being able to finish his thought, but he was sure Clary could understand even without words because her countenance reflected how he felt.

Maybe if he activated the Omega Suppressant Rune, he wouldn’t feel so much. But no, that wasn’t an option anymore. That rune was another form of abuse.

After he gathered his bearings, he straightened and mustered all the strength he had left in him in order to do what needed to be done.

“Fray, you go to the basement. Call for help, if you need it. I’ll join Izzy upstairs where I’m sure Iris, the Omegas and the pups are,” he rasped, his throat felt as if a dirt road.

“Got it.”

Before they could split up to make things more efficient, help arrived.

Magnus was in Tibet at the moment, helping Ragnor and other High Warlocks close an energy portal that had opened in Gate 7, Mount Kailas and from where demonic energy was seeping through. He couldn’t help personally with the capture and binding of Iris, but he had sent fire messages to two fellow warlocks he trusted—Dot Rollins (a Beta) and Sahil Arya (an Omega).

“Thank you for coming,” he uttered as he greeted the warlocks.

“Don’t mention it, this is our duty. What Iris has done is despicable and deserves the harshest of punishments,” expressed Sahil, refined features hard and eyes implacable.

As she moved towards the stairs, Dot said in an orotund voice, “Enough talking, the sooner we get this over with the better.”

Alec didn’t know why she looked at him the way she did, as if the sight of him irritated her. Or maybe, it was just his mind playing tricks.

Clary went to the basement. He and the warlocks went upstairs.
He opened door after door, most of the rooms were empty. Then, he heard muffled voices coming from the last room at the end of a long-wallpapered hallway, and he followed them. Dot and Sahil followed hot on his heels.

Where was Izzy?

When he opened the door, the stench of confusion and terror hit them like a windblast. Alec stumbled back a few steps, slightly disoriented. He felt strong hands stay him, it was Sahil. The warlock’s visage was rumpled with repugnance and ire. Dot was more in control of her emotions, maybe because she was stronger or older or she was lucky enough not to be able to empathize with these Omegas.

The spacious faintly-lit room, encased in off-white walls, was a cruel prison.

As his eyes roamed the room and realization downed upon him, he nearly retched.

Kennels.

The Omegas were kept in iron kennels as if they were animals.

Fear reigned.

Young pups cried.

Men and women whimpered.

Izzy’s muffled voice pierced his ears.

A loud crash traversed the air.

Hurried footsteps stomped up the stairs.

Clary’s alarmed voice called to them.

They all ran towards the noise and into a room to the left of the stairs.

His sister laid on the floor on top of strewn books and broken wood— Iris had flung her against one of the massive bookshelves. He ran towards Isabelle to make sure she was okay, and then helped her get up.

Dot threw a bolt of green magic to Iris, but she erected a barrier.

“Shadowhunters and Warlocks working together, how moving. But you two are going against your own people,” said Iris, hands alight with magic.

“Silence! I don’t want to hear the words of a raving lunatic,” snarled Dot, ready to throw another bolt of magic.

Clary recklessly ran towards the warlock and got herself thrown violently against one of the brick walls.

“Clary!” exclaimed Izzy from where she stood beside him.

Sahil created a chartreuse-colored ball of thrumming energy, but he held onto it.

The only way they’ll be able to bind her was to work together, so Alec hoped the look in his eyes
and facial expression was enough to transmit his thoughts.

“Who are you working with?” asked Sahil as a means of distraction.

Izzy had already regained her strength after activating the Healing Rune, so her whip would be helpful. Clary still laid unconscious on the floor.

He reached for his bow and an arrow as inconspicuously as possible while Iris was distractedly talking to the warlocks.

“That does not matter. What is truly important is the heroic work we are doing for our kin. Shadowhunters had killed a plenitude of our people throughout the centuries. We need to replenish our numbers. Sacrifices need to be made by all of us,” she retorted with a maniacal smile.

A low yet restrained growl thundered out of Sahil, but he didn’t attack.

Almost.

“You two should do your part as well. If you are not willing to birth warlocks, at least help in other ways,” she continued, her serpent-like eyes honed in on Alec. He felt his skin crawl.

Her predatory smile made him feel as if he was drowning in a wretched swamp of corpses.

“Cheekbones over there, as a male Omega Shadowhunter could be the answer to our problems. What do you say?” she asked Dot and Sahil without removing her gaze from him.

Isabelle’s temper rose, but he held her back. They needed to stick to the tentative plan.

“If you so much as touch him, you’ll have to answer to his mate, the High Warlock of Brooklyn —Magnus Bane. You do remember him, don’t you? Didn’t he trapped you in the Bastille Saint-Antoine for almost a century before it was demolished in 1790? And using one of your own favorite French spells to boot?” threatened Dot, visage fierce.

At that, Iris lost her ironclad composure, and that was their chance.

Lightning fast, all four of them went in for the kill—Izzy’s whip coiled itself around Iris’ left leg and she tugged at it with force, from his bow zoomed an arrow which pierced through the Beta’s right leg and made her fall to her knees, Sahil’s magic wound around the older warlock’s hands which completely incapacitated her, and last, Dot’s magic looped around Iris’ body as if an electric net and bound her.

She cried out in pain, but none of them were moved by it.

Izzy went to Clary who had just regained consciousness.

What Iris had done to her own people and fellow warlocks was unforgivable. It seemed the Downworld and the Shadowhunter society had similar issues. It was true that for most of the Downworld, Omegas were sacred, but not everyone shared the same beliefs. Some were capable of atrocities to fulfill their own selfish plans.

An almost unbearable headache sledgehammered at his brain.

To be treated as precious and be cherished lovingly by Magnus, and then be faced with the tragic realities of other Omegas—all of it messed with his head. He felt as if the weight of what had happened today had settled on his head as if a crown of thorns.
Alec knew he couldn’t change things from one day to the next, but small steps also made a difference. They had to make an example out of Iris. They also had to make the members of the Clave who were responsible of perpetuating the Omega Suppressant Rune deceit pay for their crimes. Omegas, be it in the Shadowhunter Society or the Downworld had been through too many repulsive and unjust situations, violence against them had for too long gone unpunished—it was enough already—justice needed to be served. If only he had a position of power.

For now, he had to trust and depend on his mother who he knew was committed to the cause. Meanwhile, he’ll help these Omegas leave this place which had been their hell.

Iris will also have to pay for crimes she committed against mundanes in the past, and he was sure that the clan leaders from where these Omegas come from, would not rest until they get their hands on the warlock and deliver their justice.

There had been a heated debate on whether a memory wipe should be done to each of the Omegas. They had been through enough already; countless memory wipes had been done to them that to do one more seemed excessive.

“It’s worse to live with the memories of maltreatment and physical as well as mental abuse, it’ll be torture to keep living after this experience. And Iris didn’t have the chance to wipe their memories after what they had been through,” stated Dot with a controlled expression while she held one of the pups—a dark-skinned sweet baby of about three months.

A frustrated sigh tumbled out of Sahil who carded his delicate hands through his long raven hair.

“Dot, I understand what you’re saying. But to do it again, to decide for them. It is best if we ask them what they want to do after they are calmer. We can’t decide for them, it is not right,” he explained in a soft voice, eyes pleading.

Dorothea sighed. Alec remained quiet, an observant on the sidelines. He didn’t think he had the right to opine, because this was Downworld business. It felt as if he was being intrusive if he spoke.

But the Beta Warlock had other plans. And as if she was testing him, she turned to him and asked, “What do you think it should be done?”

He held her strong and aquiline dark gaze, and then looked at Sahil. Before he voiced his thoughts, he drew in a lengthy breath to clear his frazzled mind.

“These Omegas, they’re strong, they are survivors. Of course, they’re shaken and with good reason, but I agree with Sahil. It’s their choice what they want to do. Let them decide once they have gathered their bearings. Otherwise, if we decide for them what we think is good for them, isn’t it the same as what Iris did?”

Something in Dot’s eyes settled. It was as if she was waiting for this answer from him. Maybe, she expected him to impose his Shadowhunter view, to command over Downworlders.

Alec didn’t want that, he wanted things to change. This was a small step, hopefully one of many which eventually would lead to revolutionary changes.

“Okay, we’ll wait,” was all Dot said.

After they subjugated Iris, they opened a portal and sent her to Idris. Isabelle went with her and Dot to explain the situation. Sahil had stayed to help with the Omegas. Clary had left for the Institute as soon as they have sorted out the living accommodations and support to be provided for the Omegas.
and the two pups in Iris’s power. She needed to check in on Jace and also give a full report to Aldertree of their mission.

Later, he’ll deal with the paper work.

It was decided that the rescued Omegas and children will be sheltered at a warded safehouse in Boston, Massachusetts, property of Sahil’s family. They will stay there until they have recuperated and their families or at least a friend could be reached.

And that was that, for now, that’s all they could do.

Guilt prickled at his heart, because while he had an exceptional and loving Alpha who treated him like he was the most precious thing in the world, these Omegas had been continuously raped, used, and abused emotionally and mentally. God, they had been pregnant multiple times and their pups had been ripped from their arms.

It’ll take some time for him to forget the scent of terror and hopelessness that had imprinted itself in his memory, that putrid smell of wickedness—maybe it was for the best he didn’t forget it.

His mind still reeled. His stomach churned. His heart floundered as if a fish in the mud.

Alec wanted to go to the Institute and take a very hot bath and scrape his skin clean of this foul scent.

He needed to speed away from here and be alone, but he couldn’t. First, he had to find a safe and appropriate place for a especial someone.

*****

Not everything that had taken place at Iris’ had been bad.

Alec meet Madzie, a young Warlock who clung to him after Iris Rouse was taken away to be sent to the Clave for judgement. He had brought her to Magnus’s and his mate had called Catarina over to explain the situation. Cat, as kind as she was, of course had agreed to take Madzie home with her.

He had complimented Madzie’ Warlock Mark with a ‘cool gills’ and she had smiled shyly at him. Since that moment, she glued herself to him and refused to be away from his side. Naturally, he couldn’t help the smile which automatically curled his lips nor how his heart swelled at the idea of Magnus and their future children.

By the Angel! When had his heart and mind become one in these matters? This was a rhetorical question with an obvious answer. His eyes were settled upon the answer.

Magnus…

His heart did a brusque backflip as his hands clasped his knees.

She had been quiet and guarded around everyone, opening up a little to him and then to his mate. As soon as the Alpha Warlock had smiled at her and called her ‘sweet pea’, and she had seen his Warlock Mark, she had allowed him to get closer. It was quite a sweet moment despite the unfortunate circumstances.

You’ll make such a good dad, he thought to himself as he casted his eyes upon his soul-bond. A wave of unmitigated affection must have traveled through their bond in that instant, because he felt another return just as fast. Obsidian brown eyes caressed him softly.
Before they started the unpleasant conversation that weighted heavy on them, Magnus had conjured some crayons and paper and a few refreshments for their little guest, and then brought her to the kitchen island to keep her from hearing unnecessary things. She had already seen and heard enough.

Alec needed to recount what had transpired at Iris’ place to Magnus and Catarina. He really didn’t want to talk about it, at least not today, but it was important they knew. So, he did.

The High Warlock held on tightly to his hands while he spoke of everything that had happened at Iris’. It was as if Magnus knew the thoughts that crossed through his mind as he recalled the events. It never ceased to amaze him, how Magnus never failed to hear him even when he couldn’t find his voice. They communicated through their soul-bond not with their words but with their feelings and emotions.

Magnus’s touch, it was comforting and soothing—be it the one he could feel on his skin and the one he could feel through their connection.

His voice trembled a little as the words crawled out of his throat.

“The Omegas were kept in kennels, kept only to be bred by an Alpha demon whom she had enslaved with a spell. She triggered the Omegas’ Heat using a forbidden black magic spell. It seemed their memories were erased afterwards in order to avoid stress and be able to submit them again and again to the same experience, thought she hadn’t done it for a couple of days. The children, after being born were sent to unsuspecting mundane families to be taken care of until the pups were at the age of presenting. Afterwards, Iris would send them to certain warlocks whose names are still unknown to us, to be raised and trained. The purpose was to increase the Warlock population,” he croaked, feeling bone-weary.

Magnus had this pinched expression on his face as he learned about Iris and her Omega crèche, though their bond remained ambiguously placid as if an emotional façade. Alec also noticed the exchanged knowing looks between his mate and Cat. He didn’t like it, it made him feel unsettled.

After everything had been told, they all needed time to process the events and regain control of themselves.

The morose ambiance and murky swamp of feelings and withdrawn aura which had settled upon the place and in each of them was a crushing weight.

Catarina was the first one to force herself to shake-off the asphyxiating load off of her.

“I think we all need rest in every aspect. I suggest the both of you seek that rest. We wouldn’t want to go into a tailspin. Betas are more in control of their emotions and feelings as they aren’t half as affected by scents or bonds. We, on the other hand, aren’t so lucky. Please take care of yourselves,” she uttered as her concerned eyes traveled from him to Magnus.

Then she added, “If we are to change things, we need to have cold heads, even if our blood is boiling and our hearts are hurting.”

Silence.

Nods.

After what felt like hours, another voice pierced the air with a quiet dulcet tone.

“Bye, bye, Alec, Magnus,” said Madzie as she waved at them.
For a moment, the atmosphere changed and it happened so fast it almost gave him whiplash.

The scents of tropical fruits and fresh island breeze and lilacs and hot chocolate permeated the air—it worked like a vortex as it sucked in the slimy odor that had attached itself to them.

Magnus walked closer to her and patted her dark brown hair tenderly.

With the softest of smiles, he replied. “See you soon, sweetheart.”

He also made his way towards her and crouched, and then cupped her cheek.

“Listen to Cat, okay? She’s amazing and she’ll take care of you. Keep being cool, little warlock. See you soon.”

She gave him and Magnus another subdued smile, and then she went on her way with Cat.

As soon as they were alone, he turned to his Alpha who was obviously back to brooding.

Alec hated this feeling, loathed that look on his warlock’s face, abhorred the invisible wedge between them.

“Magnus, what’s wrong? Are you okay? You’ve been looking out of sorts since I told you about Iris doings,” he questioned while his hands flew up to frame the High Warlock’s face.

A moment passed before his mate replied, earth-brown eyes inlaid with muted preoccupation and unmitigated affection.

“I—I’m fine, my heart. It’s just too horrible of a situation,” the older man expressed as his own palms settled upon his hands and squeezed reassuringly.

Despite Magnus’s words and the effort to maintain their bond unperturbed, Alec knew there was something more his mate held-off on saying. But for now, he wouldn’t push to know; he felt fatigue finally claim him and Magnus was shaken as well.

In this moment, all he wanted was to rest in his Alpha’s arms and for his Alpha to rest in his embrace.

Magnus didn’t want to even consider it, the possibility that that person—

No. Please.

But the more he thought about Iris’ plan and her goal, it couldn’t be a coincidence. No one within the Warlock Community had that aim save that person and those they chose to bring them about.

No. No.

It has been decades...

*****

After he and Izzy had talked to Cat and Magnus about the Omega Suppressant Rune, he had confronted Dr. Garzes. The old Beta had looked regretful, ashamed, and contrite.

When Alec had asked him why he had kept quiet while knowing the effects of the Omega Suppressant Rune, he and revealed that every doctor in Idris had been practically forced to sign a Contract of Confidentiality, and that only them and the most elite members of the Clave knew
about the purpose and secondary effects of the rune. No one had dared to be courageous or ethical enough to rebel against the Clave as they feared for their families’ and their own safety.

Alec had believed him, because the doctor, despite his fault in this delicate issue, had been nothing but professional and supportive of him while he was growing up.

*****

This room which he had inhabited since he was a child had quickly become a stranger and equally cold, it no longer felt like home.

Sat in one of the black leather armchairs, hands linked and leaned forward, he questioned, “Do you think dad knows?”

He didn’t want to believe such a thing, he prayed his father didn’t know. Alec couldn’t take any more betrayals.

His mother shook her head and held his hands, and as she looked him in the eyes, told him, “No, definitely not.”

“Why are you so sure?” he retorted.

A melancholic smile made her eyes water—he hated to see her like this, she looked wounded.

“Because despite his faults and our problems and his harsh words, he loves his family. He loves you, son. Even if you don’t believe me, if it’s hard to accept—he loves you,” came her surefire reply.

Deep in his heart he wanted to believe in his father’s innocence and his love.

“What should we do about this? We need to let everyone know. We can’t allow any more Omegas to die.”

A confident countenance answered him before words did. “We won’t. I will gather all the evidence, I’m sure Luke will help me if I ask. We need to be ready to show proof and that way, they won’t be able to deny anything and they won't have another option but to come clean.”

“Okay. I’m sure my friend, Catarina Loss can help as well. She’s a healer, and she and a few of her fellow warlocks have been gathering information on the Omega Suppressant Rune since its creation,” he suggested.

His mother nodded. “Any help we can get is welcome. I’ll be happy to meet with her.”

He continued, “Also, Dr. Garzes is willing to testify as a witness and he’s sure he can convince some of his colleagues as well if they are guaranteed protection. You can also use my blood toxicity results from before and after I started using the Omega Rune as evidence. Dr. Garzes and the other doctors might be able to get permission from their Omega patients to use theirs as well. And there’s also the censuses. They are hard and evident proof of the deadly effects of the rune. It was an oversight on their part to let those books be seen by anyone.”

She offered him an optimistic quirk of lips.

“I’m sure they were overconfident and certain that no one was going to bother to look through them. The Clave’ ego will be their destruction. I’ll take care of this matter and keep you posted.”
He trusted her with this, she was exceptionally clever and shrewd.

“Thanks, mom. Let me know if there’s anything else I can do to help.”

A veil of regret draped over her visage, it clipped at his heart.

She shook her head and cupped his cheek.

“No, don’t thank me. I should have done this a long time ago. I failed you, Alec. I should have looked into the Omega Suppressant Rune more carefully and not just trust the Clave.”

“Don’t say that, this isn’t on you,” he tried to console.

His mother didn’t respond, she just gazed at him with watery eyes.

Life at the Institute nowadays was never dull. With the Clave doubting his parents to run the Institute because of their past allegiance to the Circle, and then being sent back to Idris, Simon being bitten and killed by Camille and then becoming a vampire, Hodge’s betrayal, Jace being told by Valentine he and Clary were siblings, Aldertree taking over as the new Head of the Institute, and Jocelyn rescued and awoken from the potion-induced sleep.

Meanwhile, the relationship between he and Magnus continued to grow deeper.

But he wanted it to become even deeper.

He knew the Alpha desired him more than just a little, because he had made his intentions undeniably clear to Alec. Even so, Magnus had never asked him for anything, not once had pushed him to make a decision, never had pressured him into anything he didn’t want. He never knew Alphas like Magnus could exist and that disarmed him effortlessly.

Alec didn’t want to wait for his Heat to come to be intimate with Magnus.

He didn’t want their first time together to be when he was in Heat and they were both high on Heat-scent and Heat-lust; he wanted it to be when they were both clear-minded and in control of their emotions and actions—he wanted it slow and urgent and loving, to be desirous for one another yet have command of that passion.

It had been driving him crazy—the wait, and those kisses and caresses they had shared. His body felt feverish from the inside out whenever Magnus’s eyes skittered over his face, whenever those nimble fingers paid obeisance to his exposed arms and neck, whenever nomadic lips fed him ambrosial kisses, whenever the Alpha took in his scent and growled desirously, whenever that sultry voice called his name and murmured endearments in his mate’s native language.

He was done waiting, and he hoped Magnus was too.

The wind followed his footsteps all the way to his mate’s home.

His heart walloped and his lungs burned enclosed in his rib cage as he waited for the door to open.

“Are you alone?” Alec asked as his eyes wandered around the loft.

The older man made a confused face at him, his head tilted to the side a bit.
“Yes. Alec what’s-”

“Are you busy?” Alec interrupted, while he shrugged out of his black leather jacket, his hazel gaze now set upon him.

This was a momentous decision. No—not a momentous decision but the most momentous decision he had made in his life. It seemed that since meeting Magnus, he had been making significant decision after significant decision.

“Um, no…, Alec what is it? You’re acting strange,” the High Warlock expressed, eyes sprinkled with worry.

Dressed all in black, wearing only a thin sweater, his Alpha looked more attractive than usual. The less layers to remove the better, that must be it.

The young Shadowhunter took a couple of timid steps towards him. Through their bond, Magnus could sense a touch of fear and insecurity combined with determination and excitement. His own heart felt power-sawed by those emotions.

Something had flipped inside his Omega.

Everything was silent save for his cymbal-like heartbeats. The thumb and index fingers of his right hand rubbed together, a telltale of his emotional state.

This moment felt like the precursor of an epoch.

“Alec-”

Alec flung himself into his arms and plastered his tall body onto his—desperate large hands clutched at his sweater while a beloved face buried itself into his neck. He could feel his lover’s strenuous heartbeats against his chest—wild and unbridled.

He let his arms envelop the sturdy body which held him tightly, and pressed a kiss upon a mussy nest of dark locks, and then whispered into a reddened ear, “What is it, my sweet Nephilim? Tell me, please don’t be ashamed. Talk to me.”

A handful of seconds passed before he heard a familiar and hushed thrilling voice hot against the base of his neck—it tickled his skin and stimulated his senses.

“I-I want you, Magnus. Now. I don’t want to wait until my Heat. Do you want me? Do you want this?”

The young man’s admission and his questions left him stricken into silence, not just his words but his mind as well.

Alec wanted him, and he wanted to make sure Magnus wanted him as well.

He felt a nervous laughter bubble in his throat, but he smothered it right away.

His arms held on tighter to the man in his embrace at the same time his nose buried in his mate’s delectable neck. No other scent smelled as heavenly to him as Alec’ did. This boy was so precious, so dear to him that he felt fear at disappointing him.

“Of course, I want you and this. How could I not, when I have dream of this moment for so long? But are you sure you are ready?” he spoke into the Omega’s hair.
Magnus wanted his mate to be sure of this important step he/they were taking; he didn’t want even a shadow of doubt to tarnish this beautiful moment.

Alec undraped himself from his body and stepped back to face him. There was this new confidence etched in every feature of the young Shadowhunter’s face and a distinctive self-assurance vignetted in his limpid eyes, but it was his bold words which left him struck with wondrousness.

The Omega’s hands went up to frame his face, their soft caress a touch of marble on his warm cheeks.

“Why is it so difficult for you to believe that I want you as much as you want me? I want this. I want you. I need you. I love you. Do you understand, Magnus Bane? Is it clear enough for you?”

Magnus had felt overcome with emotion when Alec had accepted to be courted and was moved to the core when he accepted the mating gifts, but now, this moment—wow—this step was something he had fantasized about yet, it seemed like a faraway dream. And now, here they were, he felt overwhelmed.

Of course, they were both conscious that their Bond Consummation would have to wait until Alec’s Heat—today, there was no unhinged urge to bite or knot or mount. Today could be unhurried.

His hands went up to palm Alec’s and his lips extended into a liquid smile before he replied.

“Crystal clear, my light.”

The distance between them was once again shortened by his Shadowhunter.

Magnus’ heart did a somersault as their breaths intermingled and their scents blended. The perfume they made was a potent galvanizing potion which served a woodfire to their increasing hunger.

Plump, sumptuous lips took his own gently yet urgently. Alec’s lips tasted like pomegranates. He had never been fond of pomegranates, until now. Until he met these sacrosanct lips.

Their thirsty tongues massaged one another, entangled like wild vines while their hands palmed at each other’s asses and eyes fought to take in each other’s expressions but at the same time wanting to give into the sensations. Delectable sounds echoed between their mouths as lips brushed against each other and teeth playfully bit sensitive flesh.

Alec’s hands found their place in his hair, they carded at it and pulled lightly. Meanwhile, his own hands were busy discovering the feel and texture of his sensual Omega’s tantalizing skin.

“Mag-Magnus…”

Such a sweet broken sound, like a one-worded prayer.

He felt a sudden wanderlust to meander the unexplored panorama of Alec’s body, to let his lips maander the routeless paths of alabaster skin.

As they stumbled towards the bedroom on clumsy feet, they smiled and laughed while they kissed, too high-tensioned to control themselves. One snap of his fingers was all it took for countless white candles to litter the room; he forgone music as he wanted to delight in other much more divine sounds.
The wet sounds of their kisses and muffled laughter and desperate hands trying to remove clothing and uneven footsteps created its own song—it spoke of playfulness and giddiness and love.

For a moment, they forgot about the layers that kept their skin apart, and just focused on the kisses. Their tongues were heavy like melted milk chocolate and equally sweet.

Magnus’s playful fingers pulled at the short hairs at the base of his nape with such calculated teasing it made him beg for more. Only the warlock knew how to make his voice give a concerto.

While they kissed—both their eyes closed—the buzz under his skin became stronger. A thin sheen of sweat coated his skin and arousal simmered at the pit of his belly. His cock grew increasingly hard and his entrance trickled with hot slick. A growl rumbled through Magnus when he picked up on it while sultry lips kissed along the curve of his left ear and jawline and follow the path down his neck and nipped at it, and then lapped downward to lick and suck at his exposed shoulder line, to end once again connected to his lips. All the while, his fingernails dug at the meat of his mate’s taut shoulder blades—there would be half-moon marks left there for sure, and the thought of it made his inner Omega groan with pleasure.

Mine

One of Magnus hands dragged up his dampened back, while the other trailed slowly up his abdomen and chest. It tickled but at the same time aroused him, when the Alpha’s finger pads brushed his chest hair. But it wasn’t until talented fingertips circled and rubbed and pulled at his erect nipples that his hips felt the unbearable need to rock forward and grind against his mate’s equally throbbing dick.

In sync, they both broke off the kiss with a loud gasp and their eyes flew open.

Oh, God!

At the contact and subsequent grinding, his hands clawed even harder at the darker skin beneath his touch, all the while, his mate’s hands possessively grabbed his ass and kneaded at it with gusto.

More

He wanted much more, it was up to him to seduce the man in front of him into action. So, he leaned in closer, eyes honed in on their lust dilated chestnut-colored counterparts and then, he flicked the tip of his tongue along the warlock’s bee-stung lips, which propelled Magnus’ teeth to give a playful bite to it.

A pleasurable hiss breezed out of his mouth.

Magnus Bane was an uncontainable conflagration he should be afraid of, instead, he wanted nothing more than to be consumed by those raging flames.

He took a few steps back and without breaking eye contact, he decided his fate.

Alec hesitated to do what he knew Omegas did when with an Alpha. It took a colossal effort to do it, not because he didn’t think Magnus deserved him or because the High Warlock would look down on him, but rather because in his mind’s eye this position was linked to humiliation and subjugation. Despite the respectful and adoring way in which Magnus had always treated him, he was still afraid to let his inner Omega come forth.

Yet, in spite of his insecurities and doubts, he made up his mind and went for it.
This was Magnus. His Alpha. His Fated-One. His soul-bond. But most importantly, he was the person whom from the beginning had seen the real him.

His clumsy and tremulous hands scrabbled to disrobe him—there was not even a pearl of sexiness to it. Maybe Magnus would find him unappealing without clothes. He had been with women and men of different races, each of them surely exceedingly charming, attractive, and exotic.

What was he? A plain boy in the eyes of an irresistible and immortal Alpha Warlock? A pitiful virgin lacking sexual skills? A fool who thought he was enough to deserve the love and attention of one of the most powerful warlocks in the Shadow World? No. The man in front of him had proven he wasn’t as shallow as everyone thought.

*Enough with the useless fear,* his inner Omega scolded.

Desire bubbled and soared in his bloodstream as he climbed on the golden silk dressed bed.

His ears were immediately flooded by the surprised loud sound of a sharp inhale.

“By Lilith!”

Here he was—bare—in all the sense of the word: body, heart, and soul.

He felt aquiver.

When he saw Alec present on his hands and knees and his glorious ass up in the air, he couldn’t control the enthusiastic jolt of his cock not the growl that ripped out of his throat at the sight. Slick-covered inner thighs and florid runed skin, bowed head and his Omega’ scent which seemed richer and more intoxicating than ever—this was Alec without being in Heat, this was his innate sensuality and allure, this was a clear-minded person giving him consent and inviting him to take pleasure together.

The golden silk sheets only served to enhance the striking beauty enthroned on his bed.

*Mine*

“Oh, cintaku (my love), you’re exceptionally ravishing, extremely so,” he heard Magnus marveled.

As much as his inner Alpha instincts wanted to mount and knot its Omega good and thoroughly and make the young Shadowhunter cry out in pleasure, Magnus wanted to enjoy him slowly and gently and give this magnificent person the utmost pleasure. The pleasure he wanted to give Alec was drawn out and loving with a bit of roughness—he wanted to fly him to heaven in drunken ecstasy and plunge him into the deepest fires of passion, until he couldn’t remember anything else but the sensations and feelings of this moment, and the man who gave him such experience. So, he divested himself of his clothing and jewelry, without hurry, and enjoyed Alec’s hazel lust-blown pupils which stared at him as they followed each of his minute movements, delighted in the way shivers made his mate’s body quake and how his chest heaved with heavy pants.

*My sweet Omega.*

This boy in front of him, had offered him a show of trust which pulled at the seams of his soul and humbled it—to have such an honor, to be so blessed as to have Alec completely, it was like seeing a fevered dream come true.

*My true mate.*
He let his eyes take in the magnificent sight, and what a vision it was.

Illuminated by the moonlight, the length of Alec’s outstretched body was a backdrop of refulgent silver and inky black runes. Alec wasn’t small nor his body fragile, yet he possessed an inane tenderness to him. There was finesse in the lines of his body and grace in his posture as he held a bow. He had divine blood in his veins and stardust in his bones, and it was evident that he also had the silver beams of the moon living on his skin. Magnus might as well burn incense for his ravishing Omega. Because, wasn’t Alexander like a god to him? A god which he venerated every chance he got. Magnus didn’t fear to sound blasphemous for he was of demon-blood, thus, he was free to choose his own god.

*My soul-bond.*

The bed dipped when he crawled into it and their bond vibrated intensely in response.

*Warmth.*

As he got closer and closer Alec’s body tensed, yet no a tendril of rejection could be felt from it.

He let his finger paths wander up the nobs of the young Shadowhunter’s spine, and he felt a desert of goosebumps arise, followed by a shudder. His fingertips carefully sketched the sable-colored runes they encountered and as they did so, his mate’s snowy skin was watercolored a deep shade of pink.

*Home.*

His hands were pilgrims on the highland and lowland roads of Alec’s holy skin. Yet, he purposely avoided that tempting ass and inner thighs which beckoned him, not for lack of desire but because he wanted his mate to understand that to him this wasn’t only about carnal attraction. Also, it was obvious to him that Alec was still tense despite his assiduous ministrations. He needed to change that, to make the gorgeous man in his grasp feel comfortable and relaxed. There was only one way to accomplish that, thus he spoke quietly into one of his ears.

“As pleasurable and enticing as this backside view of you is, I really want to see your face right now. So, I’m going to turn you, okay?”

Before Magnus did so and without pressing up against Alec’s butt, experienced hands smoothed up over sturdy arms and detoured briefly to caress sensitive neck-lines, afterwards, they resumed their path down toned flanks, until they reached a lean waist and settled there. Then, the Alpha leaned down and imperious lips took domain and went on to pepper a canopy of open-mouthed kisses upon the supple bend of Alec’s neck and the expanse of his broad back.

“Ahhh! Mmm, Mag-nus…I-”

He was losing his mind just with these attentions. What would become of him during the course of this union?

There was so much tenderness in Magnus’s caresses, so much trust in Alec’s surrender.

Being Alec’s first wasn’t as important to him as being his last. Selfish—yes—he was aware. For now, he’ll forget about his immortality and savor the miracle.

A yelp leaped out of Alec’s mouth.

The warlock had manhandled him in a flash with such effortlessness it made him feel like a
weightless feather. Alpha strength was sure amazing, Alec thought to himself. When his eyes settled upon his mate, a breathless gasp was punched out of him. For a few seconds, he stared as if hypnotized, unable to stitch a word.

The mere touch of Magnus’s eyes was enough to convert a non-believer to a pious worshipper. Oh, these eyes, these eyes were even gentler than earth-colored ones. When he was finally able to move, his hands waded up to capture the High Warlock’s face.

“Your eyes…” he sussurred, still struck with awe.

My eyes? Oh! How did he fail to realize it? The glamour in his eyes had dropped without his notice. Immediately, he turned his face away from Alec and shut his eyes at the same time one of his hands went up to cover his face.

These hateful eyes; these demon eyes; these eyes which had revealed his nature—these cat-eyes which have made his mother fear and reject him, which have drove her to take her own life. Now, Alec had seen them clearly without the fog of his Heat.

His lungs felt as if full of smoke and his heart set into a tantivy—he couldn’t move, he had gone cold. All the while, he could feel the scrutinizing weight of bright hazel eyes on him.

Magnus was sure Alec’ rejection would be more painful than being wet and naked outside in the winter or than his body slowly blackening from frostbite. He gulped down his fear, bit down hard on his bottom lip as his hands clenched on his things, and waited for the verdict.

The Alpha’s scent had become tinged with a metallic smell. Alec despised that smell, especially if it came from Magnus. Because the man no longer between his thighs and turned away from him, shouldn’t be marred by such a hideous scent. Thus, he sat up and as one of his hands reached down for his mate’s left fisted hand, the other went up to perch on his rigid shoulder.

Through their bond, which had been momentarily obstructed by Magnus, he forcefully pushed waves of acceptance, wonderment, and affection. He let those feelings wash over his Alpha before he pronounced any words.

“Magnus, don’t hide from me. Don’t hide them from me. I want to see you, to see them,” he pleaded.

A couple of seconds passed.

Slowly, the High Warlock turned to face him, expression guarded and tinted with fear.

That gaze shredded his heart.

His hands held onto a well-loved face tenderly; he was almost overcome with emotion but he pushed through it, and finally voiced, “They’re beautiful, Magnus, just like you. And I love them as much as I love you. They are part of you, like your magic and my heart and soul.”

The Alpha smiled with his eyes way before that same smile reached his lips. Their hands were now entwined and his inner wrist had been branded with an adoring kiss. No words followed, there was no need. The passion that had been put on standby had come back to claim their bodies once again and they let it wholeheartedly.

Magnus was back in his rightful place, between the vee of his thighs. The man above him with his stunning cat-eyes and riveting presence made him feel adust with just one glance.
His Alpha warmed him up like Brandy in a glass with the heat of his palms, while he took in his scent as if it was the most tantalizing aroma, as he drank him sip by sip and tasted him slowly with his blazing tongue, until Alec felt like he was drowning in the void of his cat-eyed gaze. Until he, not Magnus, was deliriously drunk.

They were both hard and licking pre-come, and a constant stream of savory slick pulsed out of Alec with each loving gesture. Kisses were stamped on the Omega’ sweat-matted hair and forehead, on the tip of his nose and on ruddy cheeks and ears, along a smooth jawline and on his chin. All the while, black-painted nails lightly scratched up his hips and the back of his thighs. Alec’s slacked lips drew shaky breaths and expelled quiet whines, while his hooded eyes fought to stay open. His hands, held desperately onto a handful of golden silk—one next to his leg and the other over his head.

Magnus’ lips spent some time lapping and sucking at his Deflect Rune with so much zeal he was sure they’ll be bruises left, and at the thought Alec moaned and his back arched when the warlock’s cock brushed briefly against his own.

“Nn!”

Alec was like an empty cathedral—beautiful, quiet, and mysterious. And he wanted to draw out of Alec, Gregorian-chant-like moans.

“Ohhh…Mag-Magnus, ple-”

The High Warlock’s hands went to frame his hips while his thumbs massaged the crease of his thighs—they were too far away from where he wanted them. He wanted them wrapped around his length and fingers inside his hole. Alec wanted them all over his skin and in him and Magnus’s mouth on his lips and on his nipples and he needed his dick to make him full—he was greedier than he thought.

Open-mouthed kisses were inscribed down the column of his exposed throat, and once his mate’s nose reached the hollow of his throat he buried his nose there and inhaled a lengthy breath.

“You’re so good, my lovely Omega. So good for me,” Magnus husked sinfully, timbre down an octave.

A throaty moan emerged from his bosom at the praise as his hands clutched tighter at the sheets and his heels dug into the mattress.

Magnus’s lips were velvet on his lips and his tongue liquid silk upon his skin.

Careful teeth scrapped his collarbone and nipped at it, which caused his own teeth to bite down on his bottom lip as his mate’s mouth journeyed to one of his peaked nipples and lava-like hands left his hips to palm his ass. His own hands now ran freely over a sweat-blanketed back and arms corded muscles. Once Magnus mouth took a hold oh his nipples, it was relentless in its attentions—a scorching hot tongue circled his areolas and flicked at the nubs, careful teeth pulled and nibbled at them and sucked with increasing force, teasing lips printed light kisses on hypersensitive nipples and before he moved on, his Alpha blew air upon them thought pulsed lips which ripped a low cry out of his chest.

“So beautiful, my darling,” Magnus praised as he glanced up at him.

If this continued, he wasn’t going to last until Magnus decided to finally fuck him. Yes, he was sure Magnus wouldn’t mind if he orgasmed before they were joined, but Alec had already come
too many times fantasizing about his mate, this time—he wanted to climax *with* him.

If only he could find his voice.

Magnus’ lips continued its course down his torso towards the path of hair from his navel to his crotch. Yes, yes, that’s where he wanted that mouth if only for a bit. He couldn’t help the cant and roll of his hips as he begged through them for his mate to pay attention to his neglected cock.

“Shhh, beautiful, I got you,” murmured the Alpha against his erection as predatory feline eyes peered up at him through dark eyelashes.

Magnus blew at the reddened head of his swollen cock and a chill dashed up his spine. The tip of his mate’s tongue teased his sensitive slit and circled the head, with each heated touch, his legs splayed wider and wider as if his body was urging Magnus’ own to finally come home. While the warlock’s tongue licked up and down the length of his shaft, one of those talented hands massaged his balls expertly, which made him groan loudly and canted up his hips. His Alpha chuckled darkly against the tip of his dick and the vibrations fanned the fire in the pit of his stomach. His own hands were now buried in messy raven hair. He heard a snap of fingers and suddenly he found himself with two pillows under his butt propping him up for a better angle. It was when their gazes were anchored in one another that Magnus took him in his mouth, and he nearly came with a sharp cry—he was so close.

His hands tightened in his mate’s hair as his head bobbed up and down his length in a smooth motion, which set all of Alec’s nerve-ends ablaze.

“Ma-Magnus, mmm...Go-d!”

The young Shadowhunter called out his name over and over again in such a sweet voice Magnus didn’t know how he hadn’t lost his mind yet. His name combined with Alec’s delirious moans fed his desire for more.

He knew his Omega was close, so he dropped a kiss on the pre-come glistening head and took with him the salty flavor of his nectar. Alec’s taste didn’t have an equal and his scent was unrivaled—as his fingers roved over the sensitive skin of his mate’s inner thighs, he nosed at it and licked the scattered drops of slick.

An appreciative sound rumbled at the back of his throat and Alec quivered.

*More,* his inner Alpha demanded.

Before his tongue moved to find the source of the succulent flavor, he carefully bit the inside of his lover’s thighs. When he did so, a needy whine parted Alec’s lips and a fresh pulse of slick trickled out of his beckoning entrance. The scent of his mate’s slick was enough to drive him insane and the first full taste of it powerful enough to enslaved him to its rich flavors—it was sweet but with notes of spices and a touch of something earthy—and, he couldn’t get enough of it.

Magnus lapped at his entrance as if he was a famished man and his tongue traced the ring of muscles. Soon enough, the fingers of one hand joined the task—while the Alpha’ fingers stretched his rim and slid and sunk incrementally inside of him, his tongue pressed and rub at his twitching hole as well. His entire body tensed up and he knew he had to slow things down if he wanted to climax by Magnus’ knot. A possessive instinct overtook him and he reached for his mate’s head and hauled him up and into a ravenous kiss—he wanted both to satiate his thirst and taste himself in the warlock’s mouth. His head was braced by the High Warlock’s hands and his own legs where now loosely wrapped around the older man’s waist. Their bare cocks flushed together, ached with
need.

“Enough…want… you,” he mumbled between lingering kisses.

The Alpha nodded, expression alight with untamed desire.

One reverent kiss was inscribed over his noisily thumping heart as if a message from its counterpart acknowledging that they were in an equal state.

Magnus’s dick was heavy with desire, ready to thrust into him and paint him with his seeds. He was ready too—ready to accept all of his mate—so much so he could barely stay still.

The warlock hooked one of his muscled arms around Alec’s right leg, while the other reached for one of his hands. Once in his grasp, the warlock brought it down to coil around his strained erection—it was so hot. Alec gave it a slow stroke and reveled in the instinctive shallow thrust his mate’ hips gave. It was evident by Magnus’s glowing eyes that the action had erased the last thread of his self-restrain.

Mine mine mine

“This is because of you,” uttered the older man as his hips stuttered forward into his fist. “Bring it to where you want it, my love.”

The words left him agape and rammed his heart against his ribs and left his mind blank.

As he began to line up his mate’s cock, Magnus looped his other arm around his left leg. Once aligned at his entrance, which was lose with slick and aching with want, Magnus shifted his hips a bit and then asked, “Ready?”

Alec nodded, and with one fleet-footed thrust every inch of his mate’s dick filled him to the brim and stretched him delightfully—a guttural moan and head thrown back, a slightly arched back and curled toes, eyes shut close and thousand miles per hour heartbeats, lips parted and erect nipples and cock ready to burst, raspy breaths as hands clawed at the sheets—he was a mess.

His skin and Alec’s body were one during this moment as they joined.

Lovemaking was new to him, it was mind-boggling. For centuries, he only had sex.

The seconds slipped by and as much as he enjoyed the pleasant burn of Magnus’s thick cock, he wanted to feel the drag of it inside his body. When his eyelids parted, he was met with the sexiest visage and the warmest of smiles.

“There you are. Now we can continue,” whispered the man above him.

That Magnus was real and that he loved him—Alec still couldn’t believe it, especially at a time like this.

The High Warlock pulled back his hips and with it almost the entire length of his dick, but just when Alec was about to mourn the loss of it, his mate immediately piston back into his walls with a lilting movement. Magnus leaned down to suck, lick, and nibble at his puffy nipples once again—and God—was the warlock trying to kill him?!

“When I play with your nipples, you get so aroused that you tighten around me. You really enjoy it, how sensitive. It makes me want to tease you more and see how just my touch is enough to make you come.”
Alec was tempted to give him the green light to do just that, but no, not today.

It continued like this, in adagio tempo for an agonizing handful of seconds—until he felt that if Magnus didn’t get moving soon, he would take matters into his own hands. He cinched his legs around the older man’s waist and when those cat eyes were cast upon him, he rasped, “Alpha. I need. you. Move.” Each word was accentuated by brisk thrusts which hoicked twin pleasurable cries out of them.

From there on, he couldn’t catch his breath nor think, only produce sounds he never though he could before. The High Warlock unwound Alec’s legs and threw them over his shoulders and then placed one of his hands on the Omega’s lower back and the other on his hip. The young Shadowhunter’s own hands were on the round gloves of his mate’s butt, encouraging.

Eyes fixed on one another and hands on each other’s bodies, Magnus hips undulated in a slow rhythm, the drag of his prominent cock teased whines and mewls out of him. As the seconds passed, the shallow thrusts became more intense and Alec began to circle his own hips and meet his Alpha in the middle. The warlock snapped his hips swiftly with calculated rolls and changed angles until he hit a spot which shook Alec’s body and caused a series of tiny explosions inside of him.

“AHHHH!”

He dug in his heels on a taut shoulder blade and pulled Magnus hips against his own—he wanted more of that amazing feeling.

The warlock’s sleek smile was embroidered with promise, which he delivered again and again. The head of Magnus’s cock slammed against his prostate with scary precision, each time it caused him to see phosphenes and his dick to twitch violently. The smell of their combined scent and of musky sweat and pre-come and slick was another stimulating drug all on its own. Rivulets of sweat came down his Alpha’s chest and temples and gave his light brown skin a dream-like glow.

There was this natural synchronicity to their movements—their bodies swayed and rolled and undulated with almost graceful motions. Even their breaths and moans and heartbeats seemed in tune.

The fever inside of him rose as their hips collided and the slap of skin-on-skin continued uninterrupted. His body writhed in pleasure and his back arched every time Magnus rammed inside of him and nailed his prostate. It was too much and not enough—the fire that brewed at the base of his belly now raged like an inferno and his body seized up, every muscle became tense and his stomach contracted and a throaty moan escaped his heaving chest and his eyes felt as if they had rolled to the back of his head and his hands clasped tightly at the older man’s butt.

A slightly pained moan flooded his ears, and as his inner walls tightened around the Alpha cock seated deep within his body, more pleasurable sounds escaped the warlock’s sumptuous lips.

Magnus’s right hand moved to stroke his throbbing dick while he rode his orgasm, the sharp and quick snap of his wrist couple with his thumb rubbing at the tender head, unraveled the remaining whorls of passion within his body.

Yes! Magnus, Magnus, Magnus, Alpha he chanted in his head, or so he thought.

With each second, Magnus’s knot filled and filled and filled, until he could no longer thrust in and out of Alec with abandon. At the last sharp roll of hips, the already filled knot caught against his rim and he cried out with a drawn-out moan—it was a mixture of pain and pleasure, which made
his spent cock jerk with interest against his come-painted stomach, and caused his mind to whirl.

“Aa...h! Mag-”

The first pulse of his Alpha’s come inside of him was copious and oh, so hot— he felt as if he was being branded with sacred fire from the inside out. Magnus’s soft moans and almost inaudible groans and especially that low growl, which rumbled through the older man and into his mouth when he pulled the Alpha into a sloppy hungry kiss at the same time he wound his legs around talented hips and he ground into his pulsing knotted cock—drove Alec insane. To be the cause of Magnus’s sensual sounds and of his flushed copper skin and of his mussy hair and his wild cat eyes and ragged breathing and tensed muscles and sweaty body and bruised lips and racing heart—it was almost fantastical, just like their soul-bond.

“Alexander,” his mate whispered as he leaned down to plant a kiss upon his lips.

Alec didn’t know why just that word alone was enough to make him want to cry.

Now connected by Magnus’s knotted cock, the older man after catching his breath, hauled him onto his lap and into a sitting position against the mahogany headboard. With the mess of come on his stomach now magically gone, he plastered himself against his Alpha. He felt satisfyingly full, the burn of being stretched wide open had left him feeling high yet lethargic. His arms were coiled around his warlock’s shoulders and his face tucked against his neck—he inhaled in the scent—Magnus smelled like him, like Alec. They might not have completed the Bond Consummation ritual yet, but this man smelled like him and was marked by his slick—he never thought of himself as the possessive type, but here he was being exactly that.

My Alpha. My mate.

Meanwhile, his mate continued to shower him with kiss after kiss to his hair and ear and forehead and any space of available skin he could reach. Magnus’ hands were on his ass—they spread it and kneaded at it, while he encouraged with shallow thrusts for Alec to circle his hips.

Buried knot-deep inside his Omega, Magnus felt like he was finally where he belonged.

Alec had lost count of how many times the older man had come as Alphas could climax multiple times during the time they remain knotted. Though, he couldn’t complain himself as he too came a few more times while milking his mate dry. With Magnus, he came soon to realize, that wasn’t impossible.

After the knot had receded— 45 minutes later— Magnus once again snapped his fingers and new silk sheets, this time ruby red dressed the bed. He moved them to a much more comfortable position, now laid on the bed with the sheets covering the lower-half of their bodies. The High Warlock curled around him possessively, his hands settled protectively over Alec’ belly as if there was a life in there to guard. But they both knew there wasn’t, not yet at least; it was just Alpha instinct which guided his mate’s actions. Yet, the idea of a child made his heart wallop and his soul awash with a tidal wave of nervous excitement. But it was still too soon for that.

For now, he’ll enjoy this moment and his Alpha’s diaphanous kisses upon his shoulders and neck and nape, and the warmth of his skin and the hard lines of their bodies slotted together impossibly close. At this time, the only things he cared about were the arms which held him tightly and spoke of how much he was cherished, the nose which nuzzled at back of his head and took in his scent as if it was the most exquisite aroma, the steady breaths which caressed his skin and made him quake with exuberant delight.
But it was Magnus’s voice—the quiet sweet cadence of it—which lulled him to rest.

“I love you, Alexander. Deseo que siempre estes a mi lado. Saya sangat mengharapkannya! In aeternum te amabo, my darling. Tu es l’amour de ma vie, Alec,” his mate whispered into his skin as if willing the words to seep into him.

Some words he understood, others were spoke in languages he didn’t know.

“Sleep well, my beloved Nephilim.”

Alec fell asleep easily, unworried, and with his hands interweaved with his mate’ over his stomach. He felt safe and satisfied and loved, enveloped in the scent of home.

Chapter End Notes

Phrases Translation:
-Deseo que siempre estes a mi lado (I wish for you to always be by my side-Spanish)
-Saya sangat mengharapkannya! (I wish it so badly! – Indonesian)
-In aeternum te amabo, my darling (I will love you for all eternity-Latin)
-Tu es l’amour de ma vie, Alec. (You’re the love of my life-French)

If I have made a mistake with any of these translations please be kind when correcting me. My first language is Spanish so I'm confident in that one.

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Alec + Victor Aldertree
Alec + Jace
Alec + Magnus
Alec + Cat

Chapter Notes

Hi,
Thank you once again for your support and love love for this story. Your messages are my energy drink and I appreciate them a lot. I'm so glad you all enjoyed Malec' first time and felt the spiritual and physical connection between them, that was my goal. Happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A handful of days had passed since their first lovemaking, and they had shared many more afterward. Each as loving and thorough, numinous and freeing—those moments when they were together, not necessarily connected physically but just sharing the same space, were the definition of mated bliss.

After their first night together and as cliché as it may sound, everything had a renewed luster to it. Plenty of times since then, he caught himself smiling like an idiot at the memories weaved in Magnus’ bed.

To fall asleep in Magnus’s arms and with his body heat and blanketed with kisses, to wake up in his embrace and to see his face first thing when he opened his eyes and be greeted with a smile—he had never felt happier or more at home. Alec wanted this joy to last forever, this luck to never ran out, this love and passion to always burn.

Thoughts of Magnus monopolized all his attention. This new love was like sunlight, it made everything inside his heart and soul grow as if plants and trees and everything living on Earth.

His increasing love for Magnus was similar to a paper boat over water—lacking wind to move along, the water underneath quickly seeped into the paper and turned it to mush. He was lost in this thought when he heard a familiar smarmy voice call out to him as he passed by the Head of the Institute’s office.

“Oh, Mr. Lightwood, may I please have a moment of your time?”

Alec didn’t trust nor liked the new Head of the Institute. It wasn’t because he was lacking as a leader but instead because he had been hostile towards Jace, his eyes had been following his sister, and he was quite dismissive of Luke and Simon, and contemptuous towards Magnus.
“Sure,” Alec answered, turning on his heels and taking what he hoped was a ‘please don’t mess with me’ sigh.

“Do you mind closing the door?”

He did as he was asked, but stood right next to it. The look in Aldertree’s eyes was full of mischief as if he was already enjoying what he was about to say.

“Please take a sit, there’s no need to look so defensive. Jace is alive and well. His imprisonment and questioning were all part of protocol,” he explained.

Protocol my ass, he wanted to say, but didn’t. It had been obvious that the older Shadowhunter had been fixated on his parabatai because he was Valentine’s son and had refused to pledge his absolute allegiance to the Clave and had also left with Valentine (but it had been to save their lives!). Okay, he could see how it could come off as suspicious, but anyway, he didn’t like the guy.

He forced himself to continue with this undesired conversation just to avoid making things more unpleasant for everyone. Things were already tense and drab enough already at the Institute to add more gasoline to the fire.

“No, thanks. I prefer to stand. And just a reminder, in case you forgot, Jace saved your life,” he spat out the clipped words.

Expression amused, Aldertree stood up from his chair and slowly walked towards the front of the sturdy wooden desk, and then leaned against it.

“Yes, he did, though I never asked for it,” he retorted, voice calm. “Anyway, that’s not what I wanted to talk about,” the man continued.

Alec didn’t have time for this shit right now or ever. An irritated sigh bursted out of him as one of his hands carded through his hair and the other clenched on his side.

“Then what?” he gruffed, voice cold as frost.

A pompous smirk crept its way to the older man’s lips and the scent of Belladonna venenated the air.

Aldertree’s voice came like carefully manipulated poison-drenched spears. “How much can you be trusted, Alec? When you got yourself mated to a Downworlder? Idris boils with the news of your recent mating to a Warlock. The Clave and many in Alicante are questioning your allegiance.”

Ah, so this was it all along.

A huff of ice cold laughter rushed out of him as his eyes stared daggers at the older Shadowhunter.

“I’m still a Shadowhunter and a Lightwood even if I’m mated to the High Warlock of Brooklyn,” He made it a point to emphasize the latter, already fed-up with the scornful way in which many talked about his mate and their union.

Stygian eyes followed the movement of his lips, hungry and raptorial. It made his skin creep.

“Wow, you sound so proud to be mated to Magnus Bane,” Victor said mockingly.

Seriously, he wasn’t in the mood for this. But it seemed that life had seen it fit to test him today.

“What’s there not to be proud of? He’s one of the most powerful Downworlders. His magic is
strong enough to invade the Silent Brothers. He is a trustworthy leader, a loyal friend, and the best Alpha anyone could have. I say, I’m lucky to have him,” came his immediate ironclad reply.

All of him preened at exalting his mate’ virtues.

“Even if he’s Magnus Bane—the High Warlock of Brooklyn—the Clave isn’t pleased at all. You could have done so much better,” the new Head of the Institute said in a matter-of-fact voice, his eyes lingering for too long on Alec’s body.

Alec scoffed, his arms crossed over his chest like a Medieval Plate armor. He couldn’t help the way his skin crept at the way dark eyes leered at him, but he wasn’t going to let it show.

A sneer overtook his lips and contorted them hideously.

“Isn’t it presumptuous of you to think I care about either yours or the Clave’ opinions of me?” he snarked.

Victor sniggered—an expression that brimmed with contempt— as steps quickly erased the distance between them.

He really tried not to let the bastard get under his skin, it was a feat.

“You reek of him. Though I see, you aren’t completely his yet. There’s no claiming bite upon your neck or nape. You still have time to go back,” he stated, his tone jagged with distaste as one of his hands dared to come close to Alec’s face.

Lightning fast, Alec’s left hand slapped away the offending hand with a little too much force. No—maybe not enough force.

“Don’t touch me!” he roared with murdering intent.

Aldertree was either stupidly self-confident of his own strength or he had a death-wish, because he didn’t seem fazed nor with any intentions to backdown.

As if nothing had happened, he continued, “Yet, you let him knot you, a warlock. Don’t you feel disgusted? To be the whore of a Downworlder?”

A growl that tasted like blood traveled from his gut and ripped from his throat.

Something fierce and destructively sharp cut through him, and he had to close his eyes and breath in deep and think of Magnus’ smile just to be able to hold back from breaking every bone on this scumbag’s body.

Some people definitely deserve to be castrated, he thought.

He drew in a deep breath and with it Aldertree’ poisonous scent. What doesn’t kill you makes you stronger, right?

“This, is sexual harassment, Aldertree. I won’t play along. I will keep my eyes on you. Stay in your lane, because if you say something like this to me ever again or I learn that you did it to someone else—I’ll do everything in my power to see that you are sent to Wrangle Island, permanently,” Alec uttered, timbre steady and voice volcanic ash and expression obdurate.

“And you think you have that kind of influence, Mr. Lightwood?” Victor questioned, tone oozing with derision.
He wanted to eradicate that stupid smile and self-importance out of the man in front of him, even if all he could use to do it were words.

“Maybe not now, but who knows, things change. Although, if I can’t get the Clave’ justice, then I’ll just have to deliver my own,” came his riposte.

The older Shadowhunter squared his shoulders and his countenance emptied of all humor.

“Is that a warning?”

He shook his head and leaned in a bit closer, towering over the man in front of him.

A wintry whisper parted his lips, “No, it’s not a threat but a promise.”

Alec felt the Head of the Institute tense a little at his words and his overpowering scent become somewhat subdued. Good, he thought to himself. He was fed-up with self-entitled Alphas.

Before he left, he paused on the threshold, turned to stare at the older Shadowhunter, and then spoke.

“And to answer your earlier, utterly crude question— to be mated to and knotted by Magnus—a warlock—is the best decision I have ever made in my life. I rather be his whore than your mate.”

Despite the maddening encounter, to say those words out loud had put a little spring on his step. Though, his blood still felt like lava in his bloodstream.

*****

He had been lost in the labyrinths of his head, when he almost crashed into Jace after his argument with Aldertree.

Familiar hands held his arms and stayed him. His brother’ concerned voice plucked him out of his thoughts.

“Alec, what happened? Are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” he answered curtly.

A murmuration of unhappy thoughts sequestered his mind from the light in his heart.

"No, you don’t look fine,” his brother retorted, brow furrowed.

Jace’s voice sounded muffled in his ears.

“I saw you come out of Aldertree’ office. What did he say to you?” his parabatai insisted.

He felt angrier at the offenses thrown at Magnus than the ones flung at him.

“Alec. Alec!”

“What?! Nothing happened,” he spat out. His tongue tasted strange, like salt and something bitter.

An exasperated sigh rushed out of the younger Shadowhunter before he spoke.

“Then I’ll go ask him.”
Alec threw one of his hands out and firmly held onto his brother’ left arm.

“No!”

Jace cocked one of his eyebrows and pulsed his lips, eyes scrutinizing. “Then, tell me what happened. You carry murder in your eyes. And look around, your distressed and angered scent is affecting everyone.”

As his eyes took in his surroundings, he confirmed Jace’ words. One quick whiff was all it took to smell the tension drenched air—it smelled like fish left in a windowless room during the summer. Omegas and Alphas alike looked on edge, the Betas not so much.

He ran his right hand over his face and sighed. “Dammit! I’m sorry.”

One of his parabatai’ hand squeezed his left shoulder; the touch melted a bit of the tautness.

“No, never mind that. Tell me, Alec, what happened?”

Alec let out another weary sigh at the same time he scratched his nape.

The salt and bitter taste in his mouth intermingled with his words as he spoke.

“That bastard, he was being a knot-head. Talking trash about Magnus, spewing venom about our relationship. I should have broken his arm when he tried to touch me...” he said with regret.

Augh! He felt as if the incarnation of fury and he needed an outlet.

By the time he realized it, Jace was half way to Victor’s office, but thanks to his natural Omega ability and without the need of the Speed Rune, he caught up to his parabatai and held him back.

“What do you think you’re doing?” he asked through clench teeth.

Stormy eyes stared at him before Jace roared, “That bastard is gonna get it!”

His hands clasped tighter at his brother’ biceps as he spoke.

“Are you crazy?! You’re in enough trouble already to add one more.”

But Jace was stubborn as hell and insisted on delivering justice.

“I won’t let him get away with insulting and harassing you, Alec,” his brother replied, jaw bunched and expression determined.

He let his eyes drift close for a second and took in a deep breath, and then voiced, “Jace, I appreciate your intentions, but leave it.”

Jace shook his head, body tensed-up and frown lines pronounced.

“Alec, how can you ask me that?!”

“I’m asking it. Please, Jace.”

“Alec, I-”

“I don’t need anyone to defend me, Jace. I could have killed him if I wanted to. But how things are now, we don’t need any more problems. Promise me you won’t do or say anything to Aldertree.
Promise me,” he insisted, eyes anchored on tempestuous counterparts.

Jace huffed out a frustrated sight.

“Fine! I won’t do anything, but that doesn’t mean I’ll stay quiet if he says something to provoke me,” his parabatai retorted.

“Okay, that’ll have to do.”

“Are you telling Magnus?”

Alec shook his head and stepped away from his brother.

“If I tell him, I won’t be able to stop his fury. He’ll burn this place to the ground and the Accords would be broken, and that means war.”

That wasn’t an exaggeration. Magnus was ridiculously overprotective—not because he didn’t trust Alec’s ability to protect himself, but because any offense against him from anyone was unacceptable.

“Yikes!” Jace replied with half a smile.

For some reason, he couldn’t help the smile that flashed over his lips.

“Yeah, all hell breaks loose...”

*****

A couple of days had passed since his encounter with Victor and the Head of the Institute hadn’t tried to antagonize him again. Thank goodness for small mercies.

Magnus had sent him a cryptic fire message this morning, asking him to come home because there was something they needed to discuss. He had been nervous from the instant he read the message and till he crossed the loft’s threshold. But it had been for naught.

As soon as he was greeted by his Alpha’s infectious smile, he knew there was nothing to be worried about. Magnus looked so handsome even in silk pajamas—he was wearing the black and cobalt blue ones he knew Alec favored. The pajama top purposely undone as if the older man was tempting him to touch. And so, he did, because he wasn’t as strong to deny himself such pleasure.

They met each other half way, the greetings caught between their parted lips.

“Good morning, beautiful,” murmured the High Warlock, breath minty fresh and eyes as warm as dark hot chocolate. Meanwhile, his Alpha’s hands meander languidly but with clear purpose from the dip of his back up to his shoulder blades and back down towards the mounds of his butt where they stroke and squeezed and kneaded.

With each touch of hands and caress from loving eyes, his body grew deliriously feverish and his knees became weaker. All that was Magnus set him afire—from the way his breaths came to the way he formed words to how he held himself to how he always shows kindness.

Magnus Bane was the hurricane that shook his deep-rooted foundations—he blew away many eroded prejudices, wrecked ignorant traditions Alec had followed since childhood, cleared the air of blind fog to let him see past the Clave’s laws, and swept away many misconceptions about the
Downworld. He was profoundly grateful to have had his world inverted by Magnus’ sharp honesty.

“Hello,” he whispered back as one of his arms curled around Magnus’ neck and the other explored inviting coppery skin.

Their lips hovered over each other and their hot breaths mingled and their scents grew richer as the distance disappeared and touches made their bond vibrate. The tip of Magnus’ tongue brushstroke the seam of his lips slowly and calculatingly, effectively making his lips tingle with impatient desire. No longer able to stand the teasing, he took over the kiss and brought his man closer to collide into a torrid kiss—lips sucked one another with rapacious hunger and wild tongues savored each with thirsty abandon as they explored one another’s mouths and lick each other’s palates. They embossed each other’s lips and skin with the passion they aroused in one another.

They sighed and sussurred each other’s names into the kiss; they smiled and breathed into one another’s mouths. Alec felt as if a tattoo—Magnus’ touches were the outline and his kisses the shading.

The kisses and caresses continued, they never really stopped—one segued into another and another and another. This wasn’t some desperate attempt to get off and obtain self-gratification—no—this was the wordless conversation carried through their soul-bond. They were hard and aching, yet the purpose of these kisses and touches weren’t exclusively carnal. Alec liked that, that their connection wasn’t just a physical thing, it went beyond and it was fulfilling.

Alec kissed his lips like branding fire, but at the same time those plump scarlet lips felt like the most delicate flower as they painted his lips. This love he felt for his Omega was like the moon, it caused powerful tides inside and around him—it made him go higher and higher every time.

Once their lungs were out of oxygen and they both felt faint, they surfaced and drew in lungfuls of much needed air. Hearts palpitated out of control and pupils were blown with desire and bodies aroused with excitement and chests heaved rapidly—they held hands and anchored gazes.

After a moment of companionable silence, Magnus spoke.

“Sorry for the fire message so early in the morning. I hope I didn’t alarm you, my love.”

A besotted smile languorously curled his lips before he voiced his reply.

“Well, you did alarm me. But I forgive you, because your kisses are the best.”

At that, the widest and most heart-achingly beautiful smile crinkled his warlock’ eyes and scrunched his nose. Alec’ heart swelled with so much love and he felt himself melt at the sound of his mate’ laughter.

“You’re too sweet, too sweet,” Magnus almost cooed, eyes as soft as his words, as he let one of his hands caress his cheek.

It was impossible for him not to lean into that gentle touch, eyes closed for a second.

“I want to throw a mating soirée,” the older man announced abruptly.

The announcement took him a minute to process.

“A what?” was his dumb reply.
Magnus chuckled and stroke his cheekbone.

“A mating celebration. I want everyone to know of our union. You can say this soirée will be our ‘engagement party’ as the mundanes call it. What do you say?” his mate said in a cheerful tone. But then quickly added, “We don’t have to if you don’t want to.”

*A mating celebration*…did everyone in the Downworld had one when they mated or was that a Magnus thing?

“I’ll make sure we have fatty tuna,” the High Warlock promised with a wink.

At that, Alec grinned and nodded.

“Okay.”

Magnus’ enthusiasm was evident, it rolled off of him in waves. Such happy scent was as if an incantation—it seeped into him like rainwater through the cracks of the earth.

“Then I’ll start the preparations. Would you wear some clothes I bought for you specially for this occasion?”

Alec gave him a mild frightened look and Magnus couldn’t help but laugh.

“Don’t you trust me, my heart?” Magnus asked with the most irresistible puppy eyes he has ever seen.

“I do, but our styles aren’t exactly similar...” Alec retorted as hazel eyes roved over him slowly, appreciatively.

“Don’t worry your pretty little head—I assure you that you’ll be pleased. Isabelle helped me and did a godly job at curbing my choices.”

“Oh, boy! Okay. I’ll give you the benefit of the doubt.”

“I’ll bring it to you the day of the soirée. I can’t wait to see your face and how drop-dead gorgeous you’ll look in it. I might need a new heart,” the High Warlock joked as he smirked.

Alec laughed, a belly laugh that scrunched his nose and the corners of his eyes. Magnus loved that loose smile, the sound of that dulcet laughter—he would give anything to hear it on a loop sempiternally.

“I want to be the cause of most of your laugh-lines,” his Alpha whispered as one of those beautiful long-fingered hands caressed his cheek affectionately.

One of his hands went up to perch on said hand and squeeze it lightly.

“You already are,” he replied at the same time his lips imprinted a kiss on his warlock’s inner wrist.

They didn’t complete each other but complemented one another, and that was even better.

*****

Magnus had given him so much, not only emotionally but materially. And though it was evident the High Warlock wanted for nothing in terms of material things, Alec wanted to reciprocate his attentions—not as to pay a debt or as a polite gesture, but as a way to express his love and
appreciation for the Alpha. But he wasn’t sure what to get him, the older man had such a luxurious and singular taste, and Alec was limited on money. He had been racking his brain for days and he had turned empty-handed.

What could he get a man who had everything he could possibly want and who could get anything he desires?

That’s when he saw Cat from his post at one of the large screens in the Ops Center. He had forgotten she had been summoned to the Institute by Aldertree to give her report on a series of suspicious hospital deaths.

“Cat!” he called as he waved and strode across the room towards her.

The moment she saw him, a wide smile flashed across her serious features and her dark brown eyes twinkled with warmth.

Once they were in front of each other, Catarina reached out with one of her hands and stoke one of his arms.

“How did it go?”

“Good. You’re a sight for sore eyes,” she said, voice slightly tainted with displeasure.

He leaned in a bit, brows furrowed, and shoulders somewhat tensed-up.

“Did something happen?”

She shook her head and let go of his arm.

“Not really, but I don’t like your new boss not even a bit.”

So, something did happen. Despite what he had told that bastard days ago, he’s still acting like this was his personal harem. His hands balled up into tight fists and his jaw bunched and his feet itched to run into that knot-head’s office and make good on his promise. But he often forgot, how now that he no longer wore the Omega Suppressant Rune, his scent usually tended to give him away. He felt countless wary eyes on him and the touch of Cat’s soft palm over one of his fists.

“Calm down, Alec. Nothing happened, really. And if something had happened, this Institute wouldn’t be as peaceful as it is right now. I said I don’t like him because he’s your typical contemptuous Clave representative on a high-horse,” his friend explained while she looked at him. “So, settle down, okay?”

He nodded and inhaled a lengthy breath and let his eyes flutter close, and then let his body relax with the question that had lead him to approach Cat.

“Cat, what is the customary mating gift an Omega Downworlder gives their Alpha? Magnus had given me so much, so I want to give him something meaningful,” he uttered as his gaze floated to the floor and his cheeks stained with a high blush.

Alec could feel her eyes on him, light yet scrutinizing.

Her voice flowed like a zephyr as she spoke. “I know Magnus’s tastes are extravagant, but don’t let that fool you. Because my dear friend is a man who values the small details, personal touches, thoughtful gifts, time spent finding said gift, and handmade things. But let’s be honest, Alec. Anything that comes from you will be met with the biggest smile and received with the most
heartfelt gratitude. And I think you know that.’’

Alec replied to her with a tiny quirky of lips, his cheeks felt hot with embarrassment. What she said was true, but he was still a bit nervous. Magnus had given him so much—the emotional gifts by far exceeded the luxurious valuable gifts.

At his silence, Cat offered her help.

“Do you want me to go with you?”

That’ll be of great help, he though.

“Thank you, Cat. But you’re very busy at the hospital and with Madzie. I wouldn’t want to—”

“Before he could finish, she spoke over him.

“Nonsense! I offered my help. But if you don’t need my help, then I offer you my company. Moral support and all,’’ she replied with a wink.

“Thank—”

“I’ll go too. For moral support and all,” Izzy chimed in, excitement evident in her lively dark eyes as she strolled towards them.

“Ready to go shopping?” asked Cat with an expression of absolute delight on her features.

“Let’s go!’’ Sing-songed his sister.

Soon enough, he found himself being pulled by the arms and into a portal, destination unknown.

On the way, an idea suddenly hit him and he thought his heart would implode—he couldn’t wait to see Magnus’ reaction.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Magnus + Ragnor + Alec
Magnus + Alec
Magnus + Izzy
Alec + Robert

Chapter Notes

Hi,
Thank you so much for all your support and encouragement. Especially thank you so much for your kind words in the last chapter. I took my liberties with this story, it's set in A/O/B verse and in the canon (show) story line, but I have made changes which help me tell the story I want to tell better. If you don't agree with how I'm telling it, it's your right and you can always stop reading it. But for those who enjoy it and appreciate my storytelling, thank you.

Happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

With Jocelyn meeting her end at Valentine’s hands and also the revelation that Jace and Clary weren’t in fact siblings, things got more than crazy. Discovering Izzy’s yin fen addiction had been heartbreaking and worrisome to say the least. Victor was sent back to Alicante for his inefficiency to handle the Valentine situation—good riddance! Inquisitor Herondale swoop in to ‘put things in order’ at the Institute and with Valentine. It was revealed she was Jace’s grandmother. Afterwards, before she had been called back to Idris, she named Jace Head of the Institute. Yet, Jace didn’t see himself as a leader but as a soldier. Thus, he decided that the Institute would be in better hands with Alec as the Head.

The Clave would have never handed it to him because he was an Omega and mated to an Alpha Warlock, but they had no reasons other than those to take the position away from him. He had proven he had the skills and qualities to lead the Institute in more than one occasion. Alec will give them no reasons to underestimate him neither because of his Gender Designation nor for his chosen mate.

*****

With everything that had happened lately, their soirée got postponed more than just a few days—weeks went by before it could finally happen. After things started to settle down, his mate proceeded with the preparations. Magnus had sent invitations to their closest friends and family, and of course Maryse was invited as well as Robert. Alec had been hesitant at first to invite his father, his Alpha had listened to his gripping patiently, and offered his ever-effective comfort and
reassurance. He didn’t know whether his father would show up or not, but he had decided not to worry about things he couldn’t control. All he hoped for was that everyone involved would behave maturely. Magnus had poured himself into planning their mating party and if anyone dared to ruin it—by the Angel—Alec would end them.

His mother had accepted his mating with Magnus without any further fuss and he felt relieved he didn’t have to argue with her or Jace about it. Their relationship with the High Warlock was a work-in-progress, but he had no doubt his mate would end up earning their complete trust and affection. And if he was being honest, he didn’t think that anyone who gave Magnus a chance would be capable to resist his charm. Sarcastic as he was, Magnus Bane was so easy to love, well, at least for him it felt that way.

He recalled his mother’ words when he had met with her briefly this morning to talk about the Omega Suppressant Rune case.

“I’m so happy you found the person meant for you, son. I know we started off on the wrong foot because I let myself be swayed by ill-intentioned gossip and prejudice. But now, seeing how happy you are, I am certain you made the right choice for yourself in choosing Magnus as you Alpha.”

His mother had caressed his cheek with so much fondness and hugged him so tightly, like when he was a child. She had kissed him on the temple and pet his head and he had let her and embraced her as well—because they both needed it.

Rose bud tea and conversing with Ragnor were two of his favorite things. His friend had come to graciously deliver to him a particularly especial and more personal courting gift he had bought for Alec at an antique shop owned by one of Ragnor’ acquaintances. They sat in the living room, Ragnor in one of the arms chairs and he on the sofa—French doors sprawled opened to let in the crisp morning breeze and lukewarm sunrays and the faraway song of birds and the city noise. His friend wasn’t fond of big cities or crowds or noise, that’s why he lived in a secret country house just outside of London with his mate. But they were best friends and exceptions were made, plus his grumpy friend would never say no to rose tea made from scratch with fresh petals and sweetened with ‘Elvish’ honey from Turkey, his favorite.

The spellbinding fragrant scent of the brew couple with its light and slightly fruity taste matched the way he felt in this moment—calm, content, and present.

“You look refreshed and better than ever, my dear friend. You truly do love this boy, huh? I thought I would never see the day, after everything you had been through. I am exceedingly happy for you, my friend. Now, I don’t have to worry as much about you—my heart thanks you,” commented the older warlock as he drank a sip of the tea.

Magnus made an approving noise as he too took a drink of tea. But he knew his friend too well and the look of concern in his Ragnor’ eyes was something he was deeply familiar with. The High Warlock of London’ spoken words were as genuine as his unvoiced ones, and he wanted to listen to the latter as well. So, with a quizzical look and arched eyebrows and a slight cant of his head, he encouraged his old friend to continue.

Ragnor took the last drink of his tea, and then proceeded to serve himself more of it before he uttered any words.

As he stirred in the honey, his keen and unblinking eyes settled upon him, and then he spoke.
“For your soul-bond and true mate to be a mortal, it makes me particularly worried, my young friend. To see you so jubilant and excited, it makes my heart full—it truly does. But you are immortal…, death can’t easily touch us. Yet, I am certain once death touches the one who has changed you, it will also claim your soul.”

Ragnor’ sotto voice was imbued with raw affectionate love— those feelings of deep concern and brotherhood and loyalty and openness and sacrifice, which had been grown between them through centuries together as brothers in arms and confidants. For centuries this man had known him better than anyone. So, his concern, Magnus took it seriously.

The High Warlock of Brooklyn took another sip of tea, which had turned lukewarm as he listened to his friend.

At the same time, he set down the flowery white and blue teacup on the antique wrought iron glass square coffee table, he voiced his thoughts as he looked into observant obsidian-colored eyes.

“It’s too late for me to retreat, my dear sweet cabbage. Yes, Alec is mortal and I knew coming into this relationship that I’ll be signing my heart’s death upon his own. But I couldn’t help myself, I couldn’t resist him nor our connection, and I don’t regret it. I will love him until my last breath, whenever that may be. Until then, I’ll enjoy his presence and his smile and laughter, his honesty and all he is and everything he wakes up in me.”

Magnus saw his friend’ eyes go wide as he savored the last drink of tea. It must truly be a shock to him after he had console Magnus countless of times after his quarrels with Camille and his final goodbye with Imasu, and many other times in between when he felt lost or disenchanted about people.

“To feel so much after almost a century, isn’t it overwhelming?” his best friend questioned after a moment of silence.

A wan smile pulled at his rose-flavored lips, it tasted like hope and optimism, yet it had a note of melancholy.

“I’m not scared to feel, Ragnor. What I’m scared of is not feeling anything at all, of being numb, of existing yet not living—I spent centuries with walls around my heart, and it was awful. I rather let myself feel everything to its full extent than to feel nothing at all. At least with it, I know that I’m alive, that I have lived and loved. If my heart is to be worn out, I rather be it because it had felt so much it used up all it had to offer,” he confessed, it felt good to admit to it.

His friend nodded thoughtfully— legs crossed, left arm settled on the armrest, and right hand supporting his chin.

After taking a moment to consider his next question, his older friend asked, “Have you had the immortality talk yet?”

_The immortality talk_, it sounded so easy and casual. Well, it was and it wasn’t.

“No, not yet. We’re still working our way into growing what we have. And, I just don’t know how to start,” he responded still chained to his thoughts.

Without missing a beat yet voice tentative, Ragnor reminded, “You know, you can’t avoid it forever.”

If only he could…
“I know...”

He had never felt his immortality as heavy as he did now. When he had nothing to lose, when his heart had been protected inside an iron fort, when he had been lost in carnal pleasure, when he didn’t have anything to be afraid of—it had been easy to embrace his immortality as a gift a lucky few got to have. Now..., now an amalgamation of disparate feelings assailed him.

The older warlock leaned forward in his seat, hands interlinked and eyes alight with curiosity.

“What if he could become immortal?”

The question and the minuscule hope it held, the thought of Alec becoming immortal and of them literally loving each other forever—it made his heart pirouette clumsily and his magic pulsate vivaciously inside of him. But he quickly flung those thoughts out of his mind, because they were selfish.

“Become immortal? That’s a fairytale, Ragnor,” he immediately dismissed with a lackluster smile.

But his friend knew him too well, and insisted.

“Didn’t we used to think the same about soul-bonds? Didn’t you mate a Shadowhunter, something that have never been done before? Isn’t he your true mate? You and him have made myths come true, my dearest friend. Why should a mortal becoming immortal be any different?”

Magnus didn’t like this, the ember of hope in his heart steadily growing into a bonfire which nurtured could become a disastrous conflagration. He rose to his feet and took a few steps towards the opened French doors, and then leaned on his side against one of the doorjambs, his gaze casted upon the lively city below him and his arms wrapped around himself.

Haltingly, the words clawed out of his throat and as they did so, they left a trail of tautness and dolefulness and unrest within him “Because...I-I..., even if it was possible, I couldn’t ask him to renounce his family. I wouldn’t want him to regret it and then begrudge me for it. I couldn’t stand it; I’m not that selfish. No matter how much I love him and how much his death would hurt me, I can’t offer him an immortal life out of my fear to lose him.”

“Oh, my dearest friend, you might be powerful and the son of a prince of hell and demon-blooded, yet your heart is more human than most mundanes. I just pray and hope and wish that you’ll be rewarded for it,” said Ragnor in a quiet and fond voice tinted with pain.

For the longest time, probably since he was a child of nine years and his Warlock Mark made its day view and the truth of his nature took away his mother, he had been scattered in the wind like a handful of ashes trying to stick back together, and transform into something it never was. Now, he felt those ashes taking shape. But hoping for love to always be physically with him at the expense of Alec’s heart—no matter how much it hurts him to think about its ending—he couldn’t allow himself to entertain that feeling.

After a lengthy moment of silence, it was his friend’s voice which once again filled the air.

“I have never seen you so in love,” stated the older man, eyes fond and filled with wonderment.

“I’ve never been so in love,” he retorted almost inaudibly, feeling awed himself.

The quiet rustling of clothes caught his ears and just as his eyes went to follow the source of the sound, his friend concerned countenance made him dry swallow.
As he stepped closer, Ragnor’ humorless voice but tender all the same, uttered what had been eating at him for weeks now.

“I haven’t been able to stop thinking about Iris and what she did with those Omegas. Her plan, only one person has ever had those intentions. Do you think that-”

A knock on the door cut off his friend’ question and alerted them of a visitor. A visitor he had been expecting excitedly.

He was glad to escape from this conversation and whelve the existence of that person deep within the darkest chamber of his heart. A chamber which contained a necropolis he rather wished could disappear, but to which he was intrinsically linked to—the bones which laid there and the shadows of lives cut short because of his own failings, the pleasant memories and nightmares and screams and laughter—he couldn’t run from them, they were ghosts attached to him, and wherever he went, they followed.

Absent steps took him to the door to welcome a guest he hoped soon would become a permanent resident.

“Good morning, my darling flower,” he greeted at the same time Alec leaned down to meet his eager lips.

Oh, how he had missed home. Wherever Magnus was that was home. But walls didn’t make a home, he knew that too well. His home was a pair of strong warm arms wound tight around his waist and dainty lips breathing his name.

“Mornin’,” his mate whispered into the kiss with his eyes closed and arms draped around his neck.

Those who didn’t have the pleasure to know the man in his embrace well enough, wouldn’t suspect he was the ultimate cuddler and biggest affectionate teddy bear in the world.

Whoever didn’t know Alec would think liquid adamas ran through his veins. But that cool exterior was just a façade, it was the way he had learned to protect himself from being crushed by the unbearable weight of feeling too much.

As he looped one of his arms around his Omega’ waist possessively, he said, “Alec, let me introduce you to one of my best friends, Ragnor Fell—High Warlock of London.”

His Omega was a bit wary as he took in the much older warlock. He stood with his feet apart and hands clasped behind his back while a keen hazel gaze gauge Ragnor’s intentions.

Ragnor, on the other hand, wasn’t fazed at all—he was an unfamiliar Alpha, thus he understood Alec’s reserved and guarded attitude. Magnus bit his bottom lip when he caught the glint of defiance in his Shadowhunter’s eyes, as if daring the High Warlock of London to say or do anything unwelcomed. He shouldn’t have found it as endearing or hot as he did, but here he was thinking just that.
It was Ragnor who ventured first, right hand stretched out as a symbol of friendship which the young Shadowhunter reciprocated.

“Please to meet your acquaintance, Alec. I have heard plenty about you. It can be said that all his thoughts are an ode to you,” the older Alpha voiced as he glanced at his best friend.

Alec felt all the blood rush to his cheeks—he must certainly look like a cranberry. He didn’t know what to say, but most likely he didn’t have to because his heady scent of happiness mixed with embarrassment must have given him away.

He felt the weight of familiar loving eyes on him—they pulled his gaze like magnets and he let them.

“What can I say? I declare myself an Alecphile,” Magnus sing-songed in a dulcet tone as he grinned from ear to ear at his Nephilim’s reaction.

Ragnor made a disgusted face and sighed a put-up-on sigh—all in good humor, of course—and then spoke.

“Good lord! It is too early for so much sugar, I better leave before you newlymated make me sick to my stomach,” Ragnor announced with fondness in his eyes.

After the wave of emotions had simmered down, Alec spoke.

“Nice to meet you, Ragnor. I have also heard about you and your shared adventures in Peru.”

An almost nauseous groan passed the High Warlock of London.

“Don’t remind me of that dreadful time.”

Magnus simpered at his friend’s response. Alec couldn’t help but follow suit, because his mate’s smile and laughter were contagious.

After the exchanged pleasantries, it was time for his best friend to leave.

“It seems you love problems, old friend. Good luck! This one looks like a skittish colt,” Ragnor whispered into Magnus’s ear while he slapped him on the shoulder.

He shook his head fondly as a diminutive quirk of lips curved his lips.

“Will I see you and Fernanda tonight?”

His question was met with a familiar affectionate smile.

“But of course! We wouldn’t dream of not being by your side in this felicitous occasion. I’ll see you both tonight, cheerio,” uttered the older Alpha as he stepped into a recently opened portal.

Once they were alone, their eyes naturally gravitated towards one another again as well as their bodies. It was rather wondrous how one glance at those clear hazel eyes could tell so much, as if they were palimpsests exclusively written for him to read. They spent a moment like that—in silence and in a loose kind of embrace. This was a hard-earned peace, though thoughts of that person still lingered in his mind, which disturbed him more than a little.

After a while, he spoke.

“Ragnor could come off as grumpy and cold when you first meet him, but he’s a good person
through and through. The more you get to know him the more he warms up to you. And his wife Fernanda is most delightful and intelligent, a real miracle worker.” Alec already got along splendidly with Cat, but he also wanted Alec to get along with Ragnor, because they were both his best friends.

“I’m sure we’ll get along well. On a scale from 1 to Clary (when I first met her), he’s a two,” Alec joked.

Magnus couldn’t help the wreath of laughter that shook his shoulders and which threw his head back with glee.

Alec drank in the man in front of him greedily; today, they matched, at least in the colors they wore. His Alpha looked stunning which wasn’t new—slim-fit black trousers and combat boots, dark gray turtleneck sweater and black/light-gray single-breasted blazer jacket, Magnus’s favorite cluster of necklaces and rings, a dragon-shaped silver ear cuff and kohl rimmed eyes. It wasn’t difficult to become entranced by such view.

He was still in such a trance when Magnus’ voice reached out to him and shook him out of it.

“Can you do me a favor?” asked the older man, earth-brown eyes shimmering and timbre distinctively eager.

Curiosity tickled his brain. What could have Magnus so particularly agog? Sure, today was their most awaited mating celebration, but his felt a bit different than the enthusiasm his mate had shown for the party.

“Of course! What is it?”

“Close your eyes and stretch out your hands, palms up,” his mate replied with a soft smile.

Alec squinted at the request at the same time his head tilted to the side, as if doing so would help him see inside the High Warlock’ head. It was unbearably adorable and Magnus just wanted to pet his mate’s silky hair and cover his beautiful face with kisses. But that’ll have to wait for now, first things first—he could barely contain his excitement.

He heard footsteps walking away and then returning, felt Magnus’ unmistakable body heat in his personal space as the rich potpourri of his earthy scent flooded his nose—their bond vibrated vigorously within him and between them.

“I hope you like it,” his warlock said, tone expectant and slightly affected by nervousness.

To feel his Alpha like this, it made his heart turn into a timbrel at the hands of a child.

“Magnus, what is this?” he asked when he felt the weight of a package wrapped with sleek fabric being deposited on his hands.

Slowly, he opened his eyes and found himself being gazed at in the most adoring way for the umpteen time. That gaze unfailingly made him forget about everything, even about himself. He felt himself falling even deeper for this wonderful man. But, he wasn’t afraid any longer— Magnus was the sweetest fall he has ever taken.

“A gift. Open it,” Magnus encouraged with a full smile.

To be showered with gifts, displays of affection, and undivided attention—he still wasn’t used to it.
A stammered answer stumbled out of his mouth, “Y-you shouldn’t have, Magnus. You’ve already given me plenty.”

Magnus’ right hand came up to cup his face, and as a thumb stroke his cheek, the older man uttered, “‘Plenty’ is a word absent from my dictionary, sayangku (my dear). The gifts I gave you before were the customary ones, even if I personalized them. I wanted to give you something much more personal, so please, go ahead and open it.”

He nodded and let himself be guided to the sofa by his mate’s hand on the dip of his back. Once they had both taken a seat, he glanced at the High Warlock who smiled affectionately, and then proceeded to unwrap the brocade black fabric with raised patterns in silver and gold.

Hazel eyes settled upon the stack of three books on his lap and a loud gasp suddenly heaved his chest. He almost felt off the sofa when he read the titles of the books, the author, and their value. In front of him were the ‘Complete Works of Shakespeare’ in three full leather-bound volumes decorated in gold with embossed covers and gilt-edged, in the original text, and dating back to 1861. To say he was floored was an understatement—they had talked about many things since they met and so much had happened not only in their individual and personal lives but also in their respective jobs, that he didn’t think Magnus would remember his special interest in Shakespearean literature. And to go as far as to gift him an antique collector’s edition was just too much…

“Do you like it?” questioned the Alpha, voice quiet and eyes searching.

Alec nodded forward in agreement, still unable to pronounce words. Sometimes, he still thought he didn’t deserve someone as attentive and considerate as Magnus. It seemed he was hogging all the good luck, leaving only crumbs for the rest of the Omegas.

“I more than like it. Thank you, Magnus, for everything.”

For everything—love, understanding, concern, listening, comforting, soothing, accepting. Magnus’ eyes saw all of him, the Eden and the hell that made him, and he embraced it all.

Alec’s eyes said more than his mouth, they always had—he was sure his own eyes were the same. As old as he was, he had met a plentitude of people—he had been with thousands—yet with no one, he had felt as he does with Alec—as if his soul was filled with Alec’s soul.

“No—thank you for everything, mon chéri (my darling),” he whispered a hairbreadth away from his mate’ forehead, before one of his hands caressed his Omega’ nape and his fingers ruffled the short hairs at the base of Alec’s skull and his lips embroidered a deifying kiss upon his forehead.

Unknowingly and for centuries, he had been waiting for this love to come to him. This love had been worth the pain and heartbreak of waiting, even if many times he had felt himself running out of hope, shrouded in despair. He was glad he waited.

As Alec leaned in closer to feed him a kiss, Magnus murmured, “Alexander, you’re like a burn on my skin, but I wear you proudly, and almost possessively.”

Magnus always made him see stars with his eyes closed.

Whatever reply he was about to give was swallowed by their imperious mouths—they sought each other urgently. Lips like organza brushed and then crushed against each other at the same time their hands and arms held and touch and teased over each other’s bodies. Desirous tongues serpentine around one another and tickled palettes and then made way to light sucks and nibbles. Blood heated and skin abuzz, hearts pounding and aroused scents, lust-blown pupils and desperate hands,
erections aching and soul-bond delirious, a rhapsody of the most sensuous sounds and esurient lips—Alpha and Omega hummed with desire. Alec’s body fell back flat on the sofa and with it he reeled in Magnus. One quick snap of fingers brought the books to safety as they continued their kissing rampage.

Magnus’s fingers played on his skin as a pianist’ fingertips played the softest of melodies. His own fingers fumbled with his Alpha’s clothes, but he felt weakened by the way in which Magnus called his name between kisses as if he didn’t want to forget the taste or sound or feel of it on his tongue.

“Alec…. my Alexander…my sweet Alexander…”

As Magnus intoned his name, his mouth moved away from his mouth and down his neck—down, down, down. His torso was now exposed, clothes removed by magic. The High Warlock penned love letters upon his skin with fervent lips. And he let himself be burned.

To be hungry for someone—not carnal hunger, but the kind of hunger that makes your heart thump and collapse against your chest with so much force you can’t even breathe properly—so hungry that if he didn’t get even a taste of the person as soon as possible, he felt as if he would die—Magnus had never felt like that before. Yet with Alec, he felt famished, as if he had been food-deprived for centuries and all that accumulated hunger was awoken all at once.

Despite the fiery flames that consumed him, there was still something he couldn’t shake off his mind. His conversation with Ragnor about immortality was something else that lingered in his mind. But he wasn’t ready to approach the topic either. Having lived an immortal life seeing loved ones grow old and go back to the earth, he had learned to live in the here and now—what use was to worry about things he couldn’t change nor control? What he could do was love with all his heart and soul and let himself be loved in return by the love of his life.

What if Alec could become immortal? echoed a voice deep within.

He ignored it, but he had the inkling it would become louder.

Just when he was about to relieve Alec’ throbbing cock, his mate’s phone rang. At the interruption, synchronized groans rumbled in their throats.

It was from the Institute, work called.

Slowly, they both sat down and after gathering their bearings and clothes and finally breathing steadily, they abandoned the sofa and walked towards the door.

“Do you want me to open a portal for you?” Magnus asked in a husky voice, still affected by their amatory explorations.

“No, thank you. It isn’t a very urgent matter and I need time to, um, cool down…” the Omega murmured as his eyes guided Magnus’s own to his still straining erection.

The Alpha grimaced, expression sympathetic and regretful with a hint of humor.

“I hate to see you go, even though I’ll see you later,” the High Warlock confessed while his fingers distractedly traced the lines of his mate’ neck and shoulders.

He didn’t want Alec to leave not because he didn’t want to feel lonely, but because his heart ached with so much love it cracked a little each time his beloved Nephilim left.
The young Shadowhunter’s finger pads went on to brush the path of the Alpha’ hairline and then journeyed down to delineate the chiseled curb of his jaw. There was such candor frescoed on his Omega’ face, so much so he felt a pinprick of melancholy.

“And I hate to go,” came Alec’ reply.

One of Magnus’ hands made its way to the small of his lover’s back and the other went to cup the back of a runed neck, while Alec’ own arms held him closer to himself.

“Then don’t. Move in with me already,” he pleaded in a playful tone that didn’t match his feelings nor the features he felt etched on his face.

This urgency for Alec to move in with him, to have him for longer than a few minutes or hours, had been growing steadily for a while now. The more he got to know this amazing young man, the more this urgency grew.

“Soon…” the Omega murmured as he pulled Magnus into another kiss.

Alec too couldn’t wait to spend more time together. The wait hasn’t been easy for him either—whenever Magnus walked away from him, if only for a minute, his surroundings immediate became static and the colors dull.

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A sharp knock on the door took his attention away from a precious grimoire—recently acquired at an obscured little book shop in the Hispaniola one of the islands of the Great Antilles during one of his travels to the West Indies islands—which dated back to the 17th century and contained ancient warlock spells that weren’t even in the Book of the White.

His visitor was none other than one of his favorite people—Isabelle.

“Hey, Magnus,” greeted the young Beta as she smiled brightly. The aquamarine long-sleeved, just above the knee and skin-tight dress featuring a Queen Anne’ neckline added even more vibrancy to her features. She looked lovely and healthy.

He was glad she looked so well and cheerful after the difficult times she went through with her yin fen addiction. It had been a painful situation for her and by extension for Alec. To not be able to cure her instantly and having to wait until the potions Magnus prepared for her detoxified her blood, had been torture not only for her but his mate as well. Alec had blamed himself for not having noticed the changes in her, for Isabelle keeping all to herself—to see her suffer in silence, to carry all the burden of her struggle on her own, Alec had felt like a failure as an older brother. Thankfully, she hadn’t been using it for a long period of time, unlike Jem, so although it was a harrowing experience to go through withdrawal, she was able to come out of it triumphant.

Though, the temptation was still there and a slip could mean disaster, she had been taking it a day at a time and sought out help in mundane therapy sessions. Of course, he and Alec were there for her as well for whatever she needed.

“Hola guapa, come on in. Seeing as you’re by yourself and I just talked to Alec, that means you’re not here on official business. What can I help you with?” he greeted with a smile.

Dark keen eyes wandered around the place before the young Shadowhunter voiced her thoughts.

“I thought you’ll be super busy with the party planning for tonight. It’s very quiet here. I was expecting the place to be bustling with preparations.”
“The advantage of being a magic-maker is that with a snap of my fingers I could have everything ready in no time,” he replied with a self-assured smile as he snapped his fingers and conjured a vodka martini. “Though, I did hire musicians and caterers and took care of a few other things personally. So, everything is under control. But I don’t think you came all the way here to supervise my party planning…”

His sister-in-law shook her head while a smile flashed across her features.

Before he sat on one of the armchairs, he asked, “Can I offer you something to drink? Needn’t be alcoholic. Perhaps a virgin piña colada or a Shirley Temple?”

Isabelle waved one of her hands with a half-smile still upon her lips, and as her feet moved, she voiced her thoughts.

“Alec has never been an overly affectionate person, but that doesn’t mean he isn’t loving. And since meeting you, he is a completely different person. No, not different. My brother is now more himself than what he ever was,” started the young woman as she made her way slowly towards the sprawled French doors.

He said nothing and preferred to listen to everything she had to say.

“Alec has always been selfless, constantly worried about our family and our feelings and well-being. He’s been there for me and Jace through thick and thin, getting us out of trouble and being the voice of reason. Yes, he can be stubborn, obnoxious, and inflexible at times, but he’s honest, loyal, and affectionate when it matters. I used to worry a lot about him, it used to break my heart when he was in pain not only physically but emotionally, and all I could do was just be by his side unable to take it away,” for a moment as she said this, her expression became etched with a dolorous mask, but she quickly continued.

“He’s still reserved and observant, and speaks only after he has considered things carefully, but he’s more approachable now, less distant. Sometimes, he used to look so far away, like his body was still here but that which made the real Alec was seeking for something or maybe someone. Now, he’s present wherever he is, there’s this renewed energy surrounding him as if he finally found what he was looking for. I think that by accepting all of himself, he brought all the broken pieces scattered through the years back together. And you’ve much to do with that, Magnus. You made him see himself without prejudice and stereotypes and shame—he saw something in you which pushed him to finally confront his fears, open his gates, and make deductions for his own happiness.”

Isabelle made a brief pause, her eyes lingered on the city sprawled below. Her arms uncoiled from where they were over her chest as she turned to face him. She still had more to say, it was written in those bottomless eyes which sometimes seemed to reflect a wisdom as old as himself.

Voice steady, she resumed.

“He’s still the same worrywart, blunt, stubborn, and loyal person, but now he isn’t trying to live by other people’s rules or fulfill other’ expectations—now he does that for himself. So, I want to thank you, for helping him get there just by accepting him completely and encouraging him to be himself.”

Isabelle was the sister anyone would pray to have and luckily, she was Alec’s.

Magnus uncrossed his legs and set down the glass of martini still half full, and then rose from the chair. A couple of paces cut the distance between him and the young woman, but not enough to
intrude in each other’s personal spaces. Hands linked to avoid playing with his rings and in that way avoid a nervous tell, he responded while he looked her in the eye.

“Alec has done more for me than I could ever do for him. To accept him, to encourage him, to love him, to give him happiness—it’s my pleasure. Thank you for coming here and telling me all this, for supporting him, us. I also want you to know that you can always count on me.”

A quirk of lips and a nod was her reply.

“I’m getting hungry, my dear. How about you? Would you like to have lunch with me?” he asked at the same time he reached for his blazer draped over the sofa.

“Where are you taking me?”

Her cheerfulness put a smile on his face.

“I feel like eating some baked Alaska and eggs benedict, so Delmonico’s on Beaver Street is the to-go place. You’ll like it, I’m sure. Their steak is mouthwatering and the lobster Newburg is out of this world…”

Magnus couldn’t wait for tonight, to see his Omega and to celebrate their mating with everyone who mattered. There was something much more intimate and personal he wanted to share with his mate after tonight’s festivities. A ritual he had witnessed many times—a ritual he had longed to experience for himself with the one he loved.

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Later that day, he was still feeling energetic after his visit to Magnus and looking forward to tonight’s celebration so much so he glimpsed at the clock every couple of minutes. But then, he received a visit he wished he had not.

He hadn’t seen his father for a handful of days and when they had interacted, it had been too hectic to focus on personal issues. When it was about the Institute and work-related issues, they seemed to work better together. But when it was about more intimate and family related things, then the atmosphere became charged with tension and aggression. Alec still needed to confront his father about the Omega Suppressant Rune; he needed to know if his father was aware of its main purpose as well as its secondary effects. But the time was never right, or maybe, he was too afraid to hear the answer. Later, he’ll ask later.

Now there was something else he needed to get off his chest, that was, if his father for once let him talk and stayed quiet long enough to listen.

“You have brought shame to our name Alec. I’m sure we’re already the main topic of conversation in every tea house and dinner table in Idris,” declared his father who sat on one of the office chairs.

A heavy sight barreled out of Alec as he rolled his eyes and looked heavenward.

“Is that all you care about? Your precious reputation and family name? Let me remind you that you and mom where in the circle. I think you don’t have the moral grounds to reprimand me,” Alec scoffed taking his eyes off some papers he was in the middle of reviewing.

“Alec! Show some respect!”

“Respect? That’s earned, dad,” he retorted with venom.
The way his father growled at him wasn’t a first, yet his body jolted from the suddenness of it. But he wasn’t about to let his father dominate him. This was his life and he would make his own decisions, whoever didn’t like it could go and fuck themselves. They stared at each other as if this was so sort of deadly showdown, but he wasn’t about to back down no matter what. He was fed up with all the meddling.

When his father realized his words no longer held any weight at least to Alec, he sighed and looked away. Yet, he would see a parade of emotions crossed his altered expression—defeat, unwilling resignation, disappointment, regret, fear, concern. But of course, his father wasn’t about to give up without a last try.

“Alec, can’t you reconsider? So what if he’s your true mate? He isn’t a Shadowhunter, so that bond for all we know isn’t blessed by the Angel,” his father reasoned.

His head flew up and he was sure his father would be ashes if he had lasers in his eyes.

“Have you lost it?” Alec spat out. “You have no right to meddle in my life.”

But his father continued.

“You’ve brought shame upon our family’s honor by accepting that man as your mate.”

Irritation was quickly building within him with every word his father uttered, so much so, he had to put down the papers he held in his hands lest they’ll end up shredded.

“His name is Magnus!” he rumbled, shoulders tense and lips drawn back. “Shame. There you go again with that word. You’re a damn Pharisee, you know that? Who are you to talk about shame? I don’t even think you know what that means.”

His father blanched and he remained silent for a moment.

“Wh-what are you trying to say?” his father stuttered.

Clipped words rolled off of his tongue. “You, are the one who has brought shame upon our family. You, are the one who inflicted pain upon my mother. And you have the guts to come here to accuse me of being shameful? After what you did? Are you kidding me?!”

“You know…” Robert uttered in a reedy voice.

“Yes. Did you think I wouldn’t know? My mother told me. How could you do that to her? To your wife of decades? That Wedded Union Rune and all those years together meant nothing to you. The decent thing to do would have been to tell her you were no longer in love with her. Not cheat on her and make her the talk of the town.”

It ate him alive, his mother’s pain.

“Alec, things aren’t that simple.”

His blood seethed.

“They are. You owed it to her to be truthful.”

Robert shifted in his seat, hands interlinked and expression pleading.

“If what you feel for Magnus is true, then you should be able to understand me.”
No.

No.

This was the last straw.

“**Magnus isn’t an affair,**” he growled, his lips draw back.

His father’s body jolted.

A handful of seconds passed before the silence was broken.

“I understand. Please, forgive me,” Robert murmured. “But I’m not your enemy, son. Your mother and I have talked and despite everything, we still feel affection towards each other. That will never change. I hope you and I can mend our relationship someday.”

His father sounded defeated, hurt, and mildly hopeful, yet he wasn’t feeling kind enough to grant him relief.

Hazel eyes locked with downcast ones, before words followed. “Right now, I can’t think about that. But I hope, that at least you’re good to Annmarie. That’s the name of your Omega, right?”

Robert nodded.

“Now, please leave. I have a lot of work to do.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
A couple of hours before the soirée, Magnus portaled into the Institute with a handful of packages in his hands. Of course, everyone’s attention turned to the High Warlock who still wore the same gray/black clothes from this morning and not the ones for the celebration. To be honest, Alec was kinda disappointed, he had been curious to know what his mate was wearing for the party since they spoke this morning—it was childish, he knew, and he’ll get to see it soon enough anyway, but anything to do with Magnus always made him extra curious and impatient.

“Hello, darling,” the older man said with a blissful smile.

He couldn’t help but smile the same in turn. “Hey.”

They walked to his bedroom side-by-side and once the door was closed, set the packages down on the bed. Before any of them spoke again, their lips melted in a kiss—contained, controlled, and almost chaste because they didn’t have the time for anything too frisky right now. Since, they were the party hosts and had to welcome the guests, they needed to hurry.

When their lips finally parted, albeit reluctantly, his Alpha walked closer to the bed and began to reveal the contents of the packages. One after the other, they made Alec’s eyes widened and his lips increasingly part.

“Ma-Magnus, isn’t this a bit too much,” he stammered as his eyes lifted from the array of things on his bed to glance up at his cheerful mate.

“Nonsense, my darling. This is just the perfect amount of ‘too much’, you’ll look stunning. Also, isn’t ‘too much’ my middle? You should know that by now,” Magnus stated in a matter-of-fact tone as an amused smile stretched his lips.

“Now, get ready. I’ve to get going. When you’re ready to go, text me so I can come and portal you,” the older man continued. Before he left, he sauntered towards Alec and planted a quick peck
on favored plumped lips and then smiled. “Oh, one more thing,” the High Warlock added before flicking his wrist and conjuring up a small, long and thin mahogany box.

As Magnus handed him the wooded box, he said, “As the Head of the New York Institute you’ve to sign very important documents, so I thought this would be a useful as well as a personal gift. It’s a Limited-Edition fountain pen from an acclaimed company— made out of pure white gold. I placed a spell on it as well—you won’t have to worry about running out of ink.”

When he opened it, his eyes settled on the white gold pen which featured a yellow gold nib its body decorated with yellow and white diamonds, and which was engraved with his name. Careful finger pads brushed against the detailed bejeweled surface as he took in every detail.

A quiet interlude passed between them—comfortable and serene.

He didn’t feel the amount of presents weight him down nor pressure him into reciprocating, because this was Magnus’s way of saying what ‘I love yous’ couldn’t. Magnus expressed his love with touches and words and gifts and concrete actions. To accept them without resistance was Alec’s way of acknowledging those feelings. It had taken him a while to comprehend such thing, but when he did, he no longer felt undeserving.

“Thank you, Magnus,” he uttered as his eyes anchored in dark counterparts, and then leaned in to press another chaste kiss upon smiling lips.

Every kiss from his Omega filled his lungs with stardust—he could barely breathe, but he’ll gladly suffocate.

“You’re most welcome, mi amor (my love),” the Alpha whispered into the kiss, eyes half parted and hands upon beloved face.

After their lips temporarily said goodbye to each other with a lingering kiss, the older man spoke again just before walking into a portal.

“I’ll see you soon, beautiful. And hurry, I miss you already,” came the handsome warlock’s words together with a charming wink.

His heart thumped louder and faster and, on his cheeks, he could still feel the ghost of Magnus’s touch.

Hurry, hurry, a voice inside of him urged with excitement. So, he did.

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Every detail at their mating celebration was the embodiment of simplicity and sophistication. As Magnus had often said, ‘Every small detail makes the difference, Alexander.’

From the light-pink cherry blossoms (which symbolized the fragility and beauty of life) and white plum blossoms flower arrangements (which Magnus had told him symbolized perseverance and hope, beauty and purity and transitoriness of life), to the simple and minimalistic yet beautifully arranged and performed Matcha Tea Ceremony, which one of Magnus’ dear friend, Toshio-san (the grandson of Akihito Sugawara, the same old Alpha Warlock sensei who had welcomed him into his home as another son when he had been hit with a nasty curse spell) came from Japan to carry out together with his Alpha, Fujihiro-san. Toshio was the High Warlock of Tokyo and a male Omega.

Hanging scrolls which featured sage and popular adages and tatami mats were also part of the
décor. There was even a calligraphy, ikebana, and origami stations for anyone who wanted to try a hand at these lovely Japanese traditional arts.

Red and white paper silk lanterns with frames from bamboo were suspended in the air. Each had different things written in kanji on them, auspicious words to wish good fortune, long life, and a happy union. Their light set an intimate and warm mood.

The music was just sublime, there was no other word for it. Magnus had hired Japanese musicians to play three of the most important and traditional Japanese instruments: the shamisen (similar to a guitar with a long thin neck and rectangular body covered with skin, it has three strings and its plucked with a large triangular plectrum), the shakuhachi (a flute made out of bamboo and its played by blowing on one end, it has four holes in the front and one in the back), and last, the koto (a large wooden instrument with 13 strings, pics are worn on the fingers to play it). One of the songs he enjoyed the most was called ‘Sakura, Sakura’ performed on the koto. Magnus explained to him that this tune was usually performed during the cherry blossom season.

The food was also exquisite and arranged buffet-style for convenience— tsukune (or chicken meatballs), yakitori (type of skewered chicken), tempura (seafood or vegetables that have been battered and deep fried), and sashimi (very fresh raw meat or fish sliced into thin pieces), and of course, chūtoro (fatty tuna). As for drinks, well, Magnus didn’t hold back on that either—nihonshu (Japanese sake), shoshu, beer, and an array of exotic cocktails. Delicious Japanese sweets were also served: Hanami Dango (tri-colored sweets dumplings—pink for cherry blossoms, white for lingering snow, and green for spring leaves), creamy mochi ice cream (made from Japanese mochi with ice cream filling—green tea Matcha, strawberry, and vanilla), and wagashi in pretty and detailed shapes (traditional Japanese confessions made of mochi, anko, and fruits).

Everything was beyond perfect.

He couldn’t stop his wide-eyed look despite having been the first one to see everything.

Magnus was an expert at leaving him wordless.

Alec looked breathtaking in the suit Magnus had brought for him. A tasteful, custom-made suit which hugged the younger man in all the right places and accentuated his good looks. His Omega wasn’t only beautiful inside but equally ravishing on the outside. An all-white three-piece-suit with gold detailed buttons never had looked better— coupled with a crisp white shirt and white bow tie with gilded edges as wells as gold embroidered silk lapels and shiny black patent leather laced-up shoes. The clean and simple color of the suit couple with the golden touches brought out his mate’s lovely hazel eyes and fine skin tone. A well-made man through and through.

Now the challenge was to hold himself back from jumping him in front of everyone. It might be one of the hardest challenges he had ever faced.

“My heart, you look absolutely ravishing,” he murmured as he stood closer to the light of his life.

His better half chuckled shyly, still not completely used to his compliments—it was adorable and frankly irresistible to make a kickass Shadowhunter and the Head of the New York Institute and such a tall man, blush so brightly.

“You always say that.”

The chatter and music and everything else around them seem to fall back and become background noise when their focus was aimed at each other.
Another charming smile directed at him made his heart beat faster.

“That’s because it is true, Alexander. I wish you could see what I see when I look at you. How wondrous you are and have always been, and will always be.”

Magnus always managed to leave him agape and gasping for air, not only his words and actions but also the ways he looked and carried himself—always so self-assured and imposing, and today much more so. If his mate usually looked well-put together and dashing, today he looked especially exquisite—dressed in a classy cobalt blue velvet three-piece suit, black bow tie with gold embroidery and silk black shirt, black leather formal dress Oxford boots and a few golden highlights, kohl rimmed eyes and charcoal gray eyeshadow, his rings and an understated gold ear cuff. To say he could barely breathe every time their eyes met was an understatement.

His Alpha’s scent was healing. He felt a bit fidgety surrounded by so many people (some, he had just met), but his mate’s scent reached out to him and comforted him—it swathed him in a warming embrace.

They were both so focused on one another that they didn’t notice their friend approach, it was after he had cleared his throat loudly that they both noticed.

“Congratulations you two, this is a beautiful party,” stated Luke who looked sharp in a dark brown tweed windowpane suit, striped blue dress shirt, and a brown tie with a golden tie pin.

“Thank you, but this was all Magnus’s work,” he quickly replied as he took another sip of ‘the best martini in the world.’

Not one to lose, his Alpha replied, “I just worked my magic, but it was all inspired by all the things Alec likes about Japan and its culture.”

“Are you going on a honeymoon?” asked Maryse as she approached.

She looked more beautiful than usual in a knee-length and crew neckline, black lace-detail bell-sleeve dress. Her makeup was subdued except for blood-red lips. Hair pulled back into a low ponytail with a few ringlets at the sides of her face, high strappy heels and her favorite pearl earrings. It felt good to see her smile.

It was Magnus who answered her question, “We would like to take the ‘olden days traditional month-long mating trip,’ but the Head of the Institute and the High Warlock of Brooklyn can’t be away for that long during these difficult times.”

“Valentine always finds a way to ruin things, huh?” Luke commented as he sipped some beer.

A strange little furtive look was exchanged between his friend and his mother, before she spoke.

“Don’t mention that accursed name here, Lucian. We’re having a good time,” chided Maryse.

“Sorry…”

He and Magnus looked at each other, curious. The older man arched his eyebrows at the same time he emptied his glass, and then excused himself for a bit.

“Time for a refill, are you good?”

Alec replied with a nod.
“I’ll be right back, love.” After those and a peck on his cheek, his mate left.

There was this weird little vibe going on between the Alpha Werewolf and his mother, and to be honest, he really didn’t want to think about it too much. But what he knew with certainty, was that both of these people in front of him smiling at one another with reserved smiles, deserved to be happy.

Shadowhunter and Downworlders, together and having a good time instead of killing each other—was refreshing, it felt right.

He and Magnus were never alone for too long, someone always approached them to chat. With Magnus caught in conversation with Ragnor and his mate Fernanda who had just arrived, he was left alone albeit briefly when Luke and his mom went to try a hand at Ikebana.

When he was about to walk to the buffet table, a familiar hand on his shoulder stayed him.

“Hey, buddy. I can finally catch you alone, you’ve been busy,” said Jace, eyes bright and cheeks rosy—he wasn’t drunk yet, but definitely slightly buzzed.

The younger Shadowhunter looked good in the light-gray suit, white shirt, striped yellow/blue tie, and camel-colored shoes ensemble.

With an amused smile, Alec commented, “I won’t ask if you’re having a good time because you obviously are, but maybe lay off the sake for a bit.”

A childish groan and pout were his reply, which made the Omega chuckle.

“Hey, I wanna tell you somethin’,” croaked his parabatai, expression tempered with seriousness.

“Ok…”

“Alec, even if at first I was against your relationship with Magnus, now I can see clearly that being with him makes you happy. And that’s all I’ve wanted for you all these years,” his brother confessed.

It made his heart fill with warmth to hear those words, to sense through their parabatai bond that Jace shared his happiness.

“Thank you, Jace. I never thought I’ll ever hear you speak those words.”

A cheeky smile spread the Alpha’s mouth before he spoke.

“I mean, he’s still a sarcastic little shit but he isn’t that bad. He had saved our asses more times than I can count,” the younger Shadowhunter admitted with a smirk, eyes aglow with humor.

He couldn’t help but laugh at those words, it felt good to see the people he loved come together and accept each other despite their differences.

“You not only look happier but smell very nice as well. Since you stopped using the Omega Suppressant Rune, your scent smells different, much more pleasant, you know? Before you used to smell dull, faint. Now you smell like pumpkin pancakes and whip-cream.”

Alec’s head shook side to side with affection.

“So, I smell like food to you?” he replied with a chuckle.
“Yes, like One of my favorite foods. You should make me some pancakes…”

Clary’s familiar voice chimed in at the same time she stood next to Jace and was quickly pulled and tucked into his side, “Don’t let Magnus hear you.”

The petite Shadowhunter looked at ease and in high spirits with the bright yellow of her halter and long flowy dress giving her a nice glow. The sunny yellow color highlighted the vibrant green of her eyes and her red hair.

“Oh, please…, Alec knows what I mean. He smells like family, my parabatai.

A huff of laughter rushed out of him as he shook his fondly, “Okay, okay, I get it.”

“Congratulations, Alec, everything is perfect. You and Magnus look so happy together,” Clary expressed, expression sincere.

A half smile curled his lips before he spoke, “Thanks and we are…”

It felt weird to be so happy.

“You guys too, look happy.”

An enamored look followed by a mirthful smile passed between the two people in front of him, it made him miss Magnus terrible despite his mate being just a few paces away.

“We can’t complain,” came his parabatai’s answer.

He nodded. The glass in his hand was already drained and his throat felt dry.

“Now, we just have to catch Valentine and make sure he never threatens the Downworld and our people again, and it’ll be perfect,” stated Clary, eyes determined.

“That’ll be the day,” mumbled his brother as he took a long gulp of his beer.

Alec hoped that day will come soon. Too many people have died already.

As soon as Clary and Jace had left him to go join Izzy and Raphael at the calligraphy table, Magnus came to him accompanied by Ragnor and his mate, Fernanda.

“I’m back, my love. And I bring friends who wanted to say hello. You already met, mon petit chou (my little cabbage), this morning.”

Magnus’s rich voice came to him when he was missing it the most. His mate took his place by his side and immediately one of his arms wrapped around his waist. He felt a quiet sigh of relief escape him as his mate’s hand on his waist moved gently against his clothes.

“Good evening, Alec,” greeted Ragnor in his ever-formal tone but in appearance looking much more neat and comely—his hair had been trimmed and his clothes were much more modern at least by a century: black narrow trousers and dressed shoes, cream-colored figured silk waistcoat and light-colored shirt and cravat, and a cutaway black coat.

“Hello, thank you for coming,” he replied, now much more comfortable around the man after their first encounter.

“Thank you for having us,” was the High Warlock of London’s answer.
Beside him, was a tall and lean lady who smiled at him with her entire face: fair skin and long wavy black hair, delicate features and big light-brown eyes, an elegant stance and calm but confident demeanor—all of those characteristics coupled with the black and white beaded cap-sleeve chiffon evening gown she wore, gave off the air of royalty.

At her candid smile, he couldn’t help but reciprocate.

It was Magnus who made the introductions, his countenance fond and voice tender.

“Dear Fernanda, I would like to introduce you to Alexander Lightwood, my soul-bond.”

Alec’s heart throbbed furiously at the latter—no matter how many time Magnus said those words, he was sure they’ll never fail to render him an excited mess.

Calm down, breathe, get a hold of yourself.

While he was trying to compose himself, the older Omega spoke first.

“It is such a pleasure to finally meet you, Alexander. I’ve heard so much about you and none of it was an exaggeration,” she expressed with touching sincerity.

From the corner of his eye, he caught a glimpse of the smile he loved the most—eyes and nose crinkles were on full display. Magnus shouldn’t smile like that when Alec couldn’t forget his manners and kiss him breathless.

Somehow, he shook off the spellbinding effect of that smile, and voiced, “It’s nice to meet you too, Fernanda. Please, call me Alec. I hope you have heard only good things.”

He hoped it wasn’t rude of him to prompt her to call him ‘Alec.’ Because ‘Alexander’ was a name only reserved for Magnus.

In a short second or two, her soft high voice uttered, “Only good things, of course. To be one of the youngest Head of Institute in history, you should feel proud; it’s an impressive accomplishment not many can boast about. And as one of the first and most committed Shadowhunter, Downworld ally, I am sure your leadership will bring real change to the Shadow World.”

He didn’t know what to say to such genuine praise; he wasn’t even used to Magnus praising him—and they were mates. So, he stood there like an idiot with his mouth slightly parted.

“Indeed, he is wonderful, isn’t he?” his warlock murmured, earth-warm eyes loving.

Her smile grew with affection and something undetermined flashed across her features.

“Alec, I know it’s our first meeting but, can I give you a hug? But please don’t feel pressured to say yes.”

He noticed Ragnor’s hand on her left shoulder give a little comforting squeeze and his dark eyes become veiled by a shadow unknown. Magnus’s hand on his waist froze and he didn’t have to see his face to know it had been watercolored with an old pain.

The question surprised him a bit. He wasn’t used to letting himself be hugged or hug people he didn’t know well. But there was something dolorous etched in the lines of her visage, wisps of an old pain in her amber eyes, and he didn’t know why, but it hurt him—as if it resonated with something unknown inside of him.
He nodded because, because he couldn’t speak—not without his voice cracking.

Why? What was this pain? Why did it feel so his own?

The kiss on each cheek was unexpected, but not unwelcome, and the hug she gave him couple with a few whispered words in his ear felt good and made him blush.

“You are incredibly sweet, Alec. Thank you for indulging me, for this hug which feels like a gift. I am sure you’ll both continue to be very happy together, because there’s an overabundance of love in every movement of your bodies, in each gaze and touch, in your scents and words. Gracias, dulce angel (thank you, sweet angel).”

Once the hug ended, Fernanda stepped back next to her mate. He immediately tucked her to his side and kissed her temple and she smiled melancholically. Her eyes, which she had tried to hide from Alec, were tearlogged.

No one said anything for a moment.

It hurt.

“Please, go ahead and enjoy yourselves. Eat and drink to your hearts content. I know both of you fancy traditional Japanese music, you can ask the trio to play your favorite song,” encouraged Magnus with a smile.

Without words but with soft smiles and knowing gazes, the older pair walked away hand-in-hand.

After a brief silence, he looked at Magnus for answers. Not a word left his lips, but his mate knew.

Once face to face, the older man spoke.

“Those two, they’ve been mated for almost three centuries. Their love for one another, stronger each day—I have to admit I’ve felt envious of them many times, jealous of the bond they shared. They are as true mates as they come, though they don’t share a soul-bond. They are each other’s everything. But they had gone through many difficulties and heartbreaks—she’s of royal blood, the love-child born from a Princess of Spain with a Higher Demon. Her father was killed by Shadowhunters and her mother was forced to give her up to the Silent Brothers. But it was a lie, the royal family (who because of their long ruling history knew about the Shadow World), didn’t want such ‘infernal creature’ to taint their blood, so they decided to poison her. She didn’t die—some call it a miracle. In the end, she was taken in by the Silent Brothers but it was kept a secret, until this day. She and Ragnar met, fell in love and mated and she got pregnant—they were happy—then, the baby was born—stillborn at almost full-term. The venom she was fed as a baby, still lingered in her veins and served as a death sentence for any child that grew in her womb. It was devastating for them and for those of us who loved them.”

Oh, God!

He was without breath, his heart pierced by a cold and sharp pain. To lose a child… How do you smile after that? How do you breathe?

Magnus took his hands in between his own and kissed them reverently, squeezed them comfortingly. Most likely feeling his stirred opened emotions through their bond.

“I think she saw something in you or maybe felt it, which reminded her of her baby boy. And that’s why, she asked if she could hug you,” he explained in an undertone.
He didn’t know what to say. If he had known, he would have let her hugged him longer. Next time—next time, he’ll let her. When he was about to finally speak, Simon’s cheery voice interrupted the moment.

“Magnus, Alec, you guys look amazing. This party is incredible.”

They both blinked and exchanged knowing looks as their entwined hands eased their troubled hearts. They needed to put on a good face, even if their hearts were in pain. This was their night and celebration and all these people here were there for them, to share their happiness. So, they tucked away their sadness deep within, at least for now. When they turned to face their friend, they stood shoulder to shoulder—a mere hairsbreadth distance—because they both needed the physical closeness as well as their bond.

It was surprisingly him who spoke first.

“Thanks…You don’t look half bad yourself, Vampire,” joked Alec with a half-smile on his lips.

Magnus was once again wonderstruck by his mate’s strength and capacity to feel so deeply, his selflessness and ability to compartmentalize. His Shadowhunter was exceptional that way. They fed off each other’s emotions so, Alec made an effort to keep calm both for him and for everyone’s sake.

Simon grinned widely at the teasing compliment. He did look good in his well-fitted graphite suit, burgundy shirt and black tie. The young vampire still held on to the innocence that was so characteristic of him, it was rather sweet. Maybe it was because of the strong ‘fatherly instinct’ in him that he saw young Downworlders as his children—ones more than others.

His eyes swept the room and caught in Raphael who was talking animatedly with Fernanda, Rangor and Sahil out on the balcony. He was glad the sweet boy was having a good time despite being the lonely type.

But Simon wasn’t alone, Maia was there too.

“I second that, thank you for inviting me to this fancy shindig,” chirped Maia looking lovely hunter green, knee-length V-neck and line soft sheer waist sleeveless dress, coupled with black and golden ankle strap sandals.

With a smile, he replied, “It’s a pleasure to have you here, not as a bartender but as a friend.”

“From now on, Magnus should be in charge of organizing every party. My birthday is coming up soon, you know?” commented Simon with a grin and that particular cuteness he possessed which wasn’t sucked away by becoming a vampire.

“That’ll require a lot of payments in vampire hair—but I think you’ll look good bold,” retorted Magnus jokingly.

A wreath of laughter shook everyone’s shoulder, it felt good to laugh—before Magnus, laughing was alien to him.

Their chatter was interrupted in the best way possible. Maia and Simon exchanged smiles and then disappeared in the crowd.

“Magnus! Alec!” called out a delicate and dulcet voice.

Soon enough, Magnus had his arms full of the sweetest little girl.
“Hello, sweetheart! Welcome,” the High Warlock responded, voice full of joy as he twirled her around.

Once Magnus set her down, Alec crouched down to greet her. “Hey, Madzie, I like your dress. You look very pretty.”

She replied with a shy smile and a quiet, ‘thank you.’

The ruffled, hot pink short-sleeved dress, ankle high golden boots, the sheer black scarf she wore wrapped around her neck, and the diagonal multi-strand braids finished with a side ponytail, made her look like a modern princess.

“Sorry we’re a little late,” voiced Cat as she approached, “but a last-minute emergency at the hospital held me back. I need lots of nihonshu…” her voice trailed off as she came in for a hug and a kiss on the cheek. Then she added, “You two look like you came out of a runway.”

Magnus snapped his fingers and soon enough each of them had a drink in their hands.

“Thanks, dearest. You too look fantastic,” the older man uttered.

Just like the other warlocks present, she had glamoured her Warlock Marks. But she did look different than usual with her dark hair braided in a side swept style and dressed in an elegant tea-length, short-sleeved, jeweled neck with stand collar, seafoam-colored lace dress and deep emerald strappy sandals.

“Glad you both could make it,” Alec said.

Cat’s words came quickly and coupled with an easy smile, “I wouldn’t have missed it for the world, plus this kiddo wouldn’t have let me. She has been asking for the both of you non-stop.”

Those words made his heart melt more than a little, it made Alec want something he had been thinking about for a while now, even more.

Calm down, calm down, he told himself as his eyes followed Magnus’s soft voice.

“Is that true?” questioned Magnus, eyes alight with felicity.

“Yes,” answered Madzie shyly between them.

“You know that you’re are always welcome to visit, alright? With Cat’s permission, of course,” he told the little warlock, who in turn smile wider and nodded.

They couldn’t help but let their lips sprawl into the biggest smile and he felt it—strong and unrelenting—the need and want and a myriad of other things stir their bond. His breath stuttered at Magnus’s penetrating gaze—he wasn’t the only one who felt its force.

After, she had drained her glass, Catarina left them to get a refill and mingle with the others. Madzie, as much as she liked them, followed her like a baby chick.

Of course, they weren’t naïve enough to think that they’ll be able to be alone for at least a minute. Soon enough, Isabelle was making their way towards them, eyes steady and expression slightly hardened. Raven long hair down in soft curls and a peach-colored two-piece V-neck cap-sleeves lace dress decorated with fluttery petals all around paired with blush-colored high heels, and red lips—his sister-in-law looked beautiful.
Once she was close enough, she spoke.

“Dad isn’t coming. He sent a fire message just now,” informed Izzy with a somber look in her eyes, drink in hand.

After this afternoon’s discussion, he didn’t have the time or desire to deal with his father’s superiority complex nor with his reproaches. He had been concerned at the possibility of an unpleasant encounter and harsh words and insults. Now, he didn’t have to worry about it. He didn’t even feel disappointed.

Alec took a sip of his beer before he answered.

“Ok,” was his short response.

His sister looked between he and Magnus, and then caressed his left arm before she walked away.

“I’m sorry, Alec,” sussurred his mate at the same time his left hand glided up his arm and to his shoulder to offer some soothing.

“Don’t be. Maybe it’s for the best. It would have been awkward for everyone.”

His Alpha smiled that reassuring smile Alec craved every time things didn’t go well.

“Things will fall into place soon enough, manisku (my sweet). You’ll see.”

The older man sounded so sure that he couldn’t but believe him.

“Yeah…”

Alec refused to think about unpleasant things at the moment. This time was sacred.

His eyes wandered around the room which bustled with energy and laughter.

To see Max and Madzie sitting next to each other, talking and smiling as they made Origami figures, flooded him with waves of hope for a future where Shadowhunters and Downworlder could coexist in peace and even on friendly terms.

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Alec wasn’t a jealous or possessive person, or at least he wasn’t—not until he met Magnus anyway—he hated to give into his inner Omega’ base instincts, it wasn’t civilized and he was a self-controlled person. Yet, here he was being just that and trying with all his might to smother the low, warming growl that he felt began to rumble in his throat as Dot—his mate’s friend and maybe ex and kickass warlock—moved too closely to his Alpha. There was no physical touch—not really—saved for the brush of their shoulders, but he could feel her desire for more—not from her scent but from the look in her obsidian eyes, a lingering gaze which spoke of deep fondness. Or maybe it was just a figment of his jealous imagination.

He didn’t hate her not disliked her, she was kind and smart and powerful, but his inner Omega’s instincts urged him to draw a clear line for any unmated person near his mate. It was an almost uncontrollable and undeniable need—his skin felt abuzz and his teeth fought to bear themselves and his lips pulled at his mouth to draw back and his heart began to increasingly thrash against his ribs and his head started to become fogged by aggression—mine, mine, mine, back off, move, stay away, mine, my Alpha, my mate.
Those animalistic urges morphed into a noose around his neck, they dripped with dizzying venom and glazed his eyes—he had never felt such strong and violent and untamed emotions. He needed to be alone, to put distance between what had triggered this reaction and gain back his bearings. To feel like this, to be overpowered by such disgusting and undignified feelings—he felt ashamed.

Neither Magnus nor Dot had done anything wrong, but then again—why had she gotten so close to his mate, his Alpha, his soul-bond? And why had Magnus allowed it?! Why didn’t he stepped back and draw a line?! Why? Why? Why?

He was doing mad.

“Alec, my love, is something wrong?” asked Magnus, concern and unmitigated affection laced every syllable.

His Alpha’s ringed hand, warm and soothing on his right shoulder singed his skin—he inner Omega felt betrayed, wounded, and irate. But he was a logical and intelligent person, dammit! He wasn’t going to yield to these terrible emotions.

So, he shook his head—eyes evasive and thank goodness he had learned to control his scent much better lately. Yet, he couldn’t say the same thing about their bond. That one, he couldn’t manage as well. But with so many people and scents and feelings and happenings around them, it was easier to camouflage his state of being.

“If you’ll excuse me, I need to step away from a bit.” Alec hoped his voice didn’t give him away, that it didn’t sound as strained as every muscle in his body did.

As fast as he could but still keeping appearances, he got lost in the crowd and let his feet take his up the cast iron spiral stairs. He needed air, he felt as if he was drowning in tar—he couldn’t breathe nor see properly nor hear anything or speak—his inner Omega clawed wildly within him, he felt hideous.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Alec had lost all sense of reality for a moment, he couldn’t tell what he was doing—probably pacing like a caged beast.

It wasn’t until he heard a familiar voice that he stopped on his track and surfaced back to the inky veil dusted with brilliant diamonds and crowned by the full moon.

“Alec, what happened?”

When he turned, he found himself face to face with Catarina—she stood by the terrace door with her keen eyes honed in on him and expression both curious and worried. He turned from her to look at the night city lights and took a few shaky breaths, he let his eyes drift shut for a bit until he felt the treacherous emotions ebb somewhat. His hands clasped at the concrete balustrade as if to anchor him to the moment, the lines of his shoulders felt as stiff as an overdrawn bow, and his mouth tasted like the bile—the same bile that burned his stomach as if corrosive acid.

She stepped closer and stood beside him, three inches between their shoulders separated then. Her gaze was first over the city and then on him—he avoided it, his wounded dignity rejected it.

“What happened? Why did you leave the party? You’ve become quite good at manipulating your scent, but my nose is very sharp as it’s Magnus’s—you smell like unfiltered apple cider vinegar, tamarind and tar. Plus, for some things your poker face cracks.”

Should he tell her? Should he reveal his pitiful and rotten thoughts and feelings? If he kept them caged within, things could turn sour and awkward and it wouldn’t be good for anyone involved. Magnus was his mate and he wouldn’t lie about his feelings—the Alpha wouldn’t have committed in every way possible if he had any lingering feelings however small they were.

Without turning nor meeting her eyes, he spoke, “I couldn’t stand the sight of Dot and Magnus
standing so close together. It’s ridiculous, I know—their shoulders touched for an instant and their eyes met—but I couldn’t rein in this nasty fury inside of me. I know Magnus and me are true mates and soul-bonded, but he doesn’t belong to me in the sense of who he talks to or the relationships he has with others. Yet, I feel this possessive instinct in me as hot as molten lava. I feel ashamed, Cat. To feel like this for such a small thing, what’s wrong with me?”

A sigh left her before she pronounced any words, something like relief and understanding settle on her features.

“Alec, that’s normal. I’ve felt that way before, a few times. It may not feel great nor acceptable or make sense, but it’s something that comes with being human—it’s just that when one is Alpha or Omega, when a strong bond is shared between mates as its your case, the emotions become much more amplified. Feeling like this doesn’t make you a bad person. You’re human and our animalistic instincts sometimes surface when we feel threatened or vulnerable. It’s okay to feel all of these emotions—the important thing is not to fall prey to them or give them the full reins, nor let them act unhinged. You did well, you stepped away and put distance. You let yourself feel it, but didn’t let it dominate you,” his friend expressed with the calm demeanor which characterized her.

His vocal cords felt as if glued to the walls of his throat. He felt slightly better and somewhat reassured by her words. But he knew he needed to clear things up with Magnus as well. He was certain his mate was on his way, his delay probably due to people engaging him in conversation.

“Talk to Magnus about this, don’t keep it to yourself. He is a powerful Warlock and you do share a deeper bond than most, but he can’t read your mind. Don’t let it fester and clear things up as soon as possible,” she encouraged with a half-smile and a hand upon his left shoulder.

His lips reciprocated her gesture and one of his hands went up to squeeze her own, and then he voiced, now a tad calmer, “Thank you, Cat. You’re the best.”

A chuckle filled the evening air as dark eyes twinkled with humor, “Maybe I should switch professions. Psychologist Catarina Loss, doesn’t sound bad, right?”

Less burdened by the emotions that almost crushed him a moment ago, he huffed out a laugh.

“You’ll make lots of money, that’s for sure.”

Before he saw him, his nose picked up a whiff of familiar Alpha scent—it was Magnus.

In sync, both he and Cat turned towards the High Warlock who was trying hard not to fiddle with his rings, and whose features were etched with an amalgamation of innumerable emotions. Their bond brimmed with worry and confusion and pain and nervousness—it made part of Alec feel guilty and the other—which was Omega—overflow with lingering bitter displeasure.

The time has come. They needed to talk.

Before she stepped away, Cat squeezed his shoulder once again. As she passed by Magnus, she did the same to him and they shared a look.

*****

His feet took him closer to the Alpha, but not enough to invade his personal space. The Warlock didn’t try to erase it either like he had done countless times before. There was this invisible barrier between them—a wobbly thing made out of barbed wire and barren thorns—the ends dripped with poison as if each of them was a fer-de-lance snake.
Alec hated it, that feeling of distance; it made him feel like he was sat at a garrote and being slowly strangulated.

It was Magnus’s voice which hoicked him back to the moment.

“Would you sit with me?” the older man asked as he moved closer to the grey woven wicker outdoor sectional sofa, and waited for Alec to take a seat first.

As he stepped closer, he casted a few furtive glances at his mate. Magnus didn’t look mad nor did he feel angry. Instead, he sensed the Warlock was confused and sad, which made him feel even worse about this whole situation.

After he took a sit, the Alpha followed.

Between them, there was space—too much space—a terrain of badlands.

Again, it was the High Warlock who initiated the conversation.

“Alec, what happened? You’re not ok. What’s going on? Our bond, it’s…, in disarray.”

Expressive brown eyes which reflected the night sky above, searched his own. He was tempted to flee from them, but he couldn’t—*he couldn’t*.

Be honest, Lightwood.

A similar plea bursted forth out of Magnus’ mouth.

“Please, tell me, Alexander. Be honest, even with your anger. *Especially* with your anger.”

Be honest, he repeated to himself.

A deep breath entered and left his body as his hands found their way to his knees, before he voiced his thoughts.

“I’m ashamed to admit that I-I got... *jealous*... over something that I shouldn’t have because there was no reason for me to feel that way.”

To speak those words, it felt good—like he was lighter by a ton.

“Jealous?” the Warlock asked, brows furrowed and an expression full of surprise. “What did I do to make you feel that way?”

A heavy sigh left his mouth as his hands clasped at his knees tighter and his eyes wandered to the vast sky above.

“*Nothing*. And that’s why I feel so disgusted with myself,” he admitted, eyes timid as they found their way back to fathomless ones.

But such a half-assed answer wasn’t enough for his mate.

“Please tell me, Alec,” the older man insisted while his elegant long fingers played with his rings.

His mouth felt dry, so did his lips; he swept his tongue and wet them before he replied.

“I-I got jealous of Dot standing so close to you, of the look in her eyes when she looks at you, of the familiarity between the two of you. It’s stupid, I know, but...”
Raziel help him, he wished he could bury his face in the ground.

Magnus moved a little bit closer at the same time he shook his head.

“It’s not stupid. Your feelings are not stupid. All of your feelings are valid, because they’re yours and they affect you and by extension, me. What Dot and I had, ended almost a century ago; it was wonderful, she’s an amazing person. But, we both realized we’re better off as friends.”

This was raw honesty, no trace of lie existed. Yet, part of him still felt wretched.

“But maybe, she still has some lingering feelings, hope…”

The Omega in him felt wounded.

Without missing a beat and erasing another inch, the Alpha replied, “I’m not her to know what she’s feeling, but in my heart there’s no lingering romantic feelings towards her. She’s just a dear friend to me.”

His eyes were laser focused on the graceful hands that so many times had given him comfort and warmth—he wanted them— he wanted those fingertips pressed on his cheeks; he wanted those finger pads to caress his lips.

“Please, look at me, Alec,” murmured the man in front of him, timbre supplicant.

Right away, unconsciously, his eyes obeyed.

“I’m in love with you, Alexander. You’re who I love with my entire being. And you might not understand the enormity of those words for me, as you are the type of person who loves his family and people you come to care about with intensity, but for me— it’s a first. To love like this, you’re my first and most probably my last. You’re my true mate, my soul-bond, and there’s no one else on this planet I want more than you. I’m sorry I didn’t draw the line, that I didn’t see how upset you were sooner, that as a mated Alpha I let an unmated ex-romantic partner infringe my personal space and your territory.”

Alec shook his head, cheeks suffused with color and heart at full speed as if a wild runaway horse.

Quickly, he brought his hands up to cup the older man’s face, and as he looked him in the eye, he husked, “Don’t apologize. The fact that you let her stand that close and thought it was fine, tells me everything I need to know. You don’t see Dot as anything else other than a good friend. I’m sorry for making you worry and for ruining the mood of the party.”

They were impossibly close again and touching each other—their bond began to settle down, his inner Omega became soothed by its Alpha’s touch.

“You didn’t ruin anything, not at all. But Alec, please always tell me the things that you like as well as the things that you hate, never hold back—ever— not with me. I promise to always listen to you. I don’t want to see you struggling by yourself. I want to be good to you and for you. I want us to be good to each other. Nothing that you’ll tell me will ever make me love you less. I’m not going anywhere. Okay?”

Magnus smiled softly with his eyes, and then with his lips—so fond, so tender, so sincere—that he couldn’t help but follow suit.

“Ok.”
It was only natural that their lips drew closer and closer until they fused together, that their hands settled on muscled arms and cupped cool cheeks, and that stealthy tongues entwinned in a hungry frenzy. Quiet needy moans were returned back and forth, the aching need became increasingly stronger as the exchange prolonged. But this wasn’t the time nor the place to surrender to desire and fall onto love’s bed, thus, he fought against his Alpha-influenced forebrain and broke the kiss with a wet pop.

A whimper-growl noise rolled out of his Omega’s mouth, and he couldn’t help but smile smugly through his panting—to see his Shadowhunter being so honest about how much he wanted and needed him, released a kaleidoscope of butterflies in his stomach.

After a short interval during which they held hands and gazed into the distance, the flames within settled down into a comfortable simmer.

“Shall we head back now? After all, we're the hosts of this shindig, our guest will miss us,” his mate uttered as he stood up and offered him a hand.

Alec took it and rose to his feet as well.

“True. Um, can you head back first? I’ll catch up with you in a minute, I promise.”

The handsome man in front of him nodded and then, planted a soft peck on his lips.

“Ok, but don’t take too long. I already miss you.”

Alec chuckled at his mate's childish expression and sweet words—he’ll never get tired of this hopeless romantic.

Once again, he let his feet take him to the balustrade—he bracketed his spread arms on the concrete and tipped back his head, closed his eyes and inhaled through his nose. Then, he exhaled and the tense lines of his shoulders relaxed.

Red-hot jealousy had wreaked havoc within him and had dragged Magnus into its violent current—a destructive hurricane which would have left unrepairable damage if they had refused to confront it.

Absolute honesty and open communication, they’ve been saved by it multiple times.

Alec was undone by Magnus’s kindness and his wholesome love, by the way the older man treated him like he was some invaluable being, by the sincere respect he always showered him with, by the reverent way in which he downright worshipped his body almost bordering idolatrous. Now, Alec wanted everything he didn’t before. And, he wanted it fiercely, desperately, and without any prompting from Magnus.

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Just when he was about to head back, Dot made an appearance. The mid length fuchsia, sleeveless keyhole neck dress she wore highlighted her warm skin tone. A light breeze blew by and ruffled her hair as she marched towards him, her rose gold heels sandals clacked against the floor.

Alec had the urge to cross his arms over his chest, but that’ll look defensive and aggressive, and he no longer felt that way. But he didn’t know what to do with his arms other than to clasp it behind his back. He said nothing and opted for letting her do so first—she looked determined yet not combative.
“Can we talk?” she asked, voice bated.

He nodded and then answered, “Sure.”

They both walked towards the balustrade and leaned against it, the distance between them much more pronounced than three inches.

A handful of seconds passed before she finally voiced her thoughts.

*Emotions cloud judgement*—sometimes that motto wasn’t all that wrong. Especially when dealing with destructive emotions like jealousy.

“I want to say, that I’m sorry for acting hostile towards you and testing you back when we were at Iris’s place.”

She sounded sincere and her apology free from hypocrisy.

From the corner of his eye, he caught her looking at him but not in a distrustful way like before.

“Don’t worry, that’s all in the past. What you said back then made sense. You were worried about those Omegas, it was a very difficult situation.”

A sigh of relief ran free out of her moments before she continued.

“Hmm…Also, I’m sorry about tonight. I’m ashamed of my behavior, it was disrespectful and unacceptable for me—an unmated Beta—to get so close to your Alpha. I didn’t mean to cause trouble for you and Magnus or to hurt you.”

His insides no longer felt as if the home of Africanized bees—his conversation with Magnus had ameliorated the previous intense feelings. But he had to admit that hearing her apology completely assuaged his offended inner Omega.

As their eyes connected, he replied without pretense, “I know...”

A pause stretched between them before words filled the air once again.

Her voice sounded melancholic when she spoke. “Magnus and I had known each other for centuries, and I’ve never seen him as happy and fulfilled as he is now. He has been through so much pain and heartbreak and loneliness—no one ever truly got past the reinforced shields around his heart, until he met you. So, I will distance myself from him. The last thing I want is to make things awkward and cause him pain. For him to have found his true mate and for it to be a soul-bond on a planet with 7.4 billion people and 195 countries—it’s nothing short than miraculous. I don’t want to be the cause of unnecessary tension.”

No. Alec didn’t want that—it wasn’t right. A so-called ‘love’ rooted in possessiveness and jealousy couldn’t really be called true love. Sooner or later such base emotions would end up corrupting it, tearing it to shreds.

He turned his entire body to face her and she did the same, eyes unflinching and open.

When he spoke, he did so in an unwavering and sure tone, “No, don’t do that. Magnus values your friendship very much. If you were to end it, he’ll be very hurt, and I don’t want that. We are mates and soul-bonds, and I know how he feels about me. But I’m not immortal, I’ll die someday. And when that happens, he’ll be in pain. When that time comes, he’ll need all his friends to get through that grief.”
She sighed and smiled with a mix of humor, defeat, and sudden realization.

“Now I finally understand why he couldn’t resist you no matter how afraid he was to open up—it wasn’t because you were his true mate and soul-bond—but because of who you are. You’re both lucky to have each other. I’m glad he met you.”

To hear her say that, it made his inner Omega preen.

Without further words but meaningful knowing gazes, they parted with a smile upon their lips. They both wanted Magnus’s happiness, that was all. His heart felt lighter, now free from the white-hot clutches of jealousy—damned jealousy, it was bad company and even a worse adviser.

He let his eyes drift close, drew in one more lengthy breath and then let it go, and with it the remaining toxic bits that clung to him.

Magnus waited for him, so his feet hurried.

The rest of the evening passed by without any further unpleasant moments. Yet, the pessimist in him ensnared his mind in its dismal grasp and tainted his thoughts.

He struggled to break free.

Everything was too full of happiness, his veins bubbled with too much hope. He could feel the joy light up twinkles in his eyes, too many smiles lived upon his lips, and his soul felt strangely calm—but his heart, was still on guard, it wielded a seraph blade and a bow and arrow in case something happened to threaten this hard-earned contentment. When a person has become used to everything going to hell—happiness, true and unadulterated happiness—felt like a guillotine hovering over one’s neck.

Alec had become addicted to this bright light which illuminated his days.

As he looked around and took in the sight, everyone brimmed with laughter and peace. His gaze landed on Magnus who was at his side chatting animatedly with Raphael, Cat, and Izzy. He drank in all his gilded presence and that made his fear grow stronger. To have something that good was both a blessing and a curse. He agonized the phantom evils that could take away this happiness—his and Magnus’.

His Alpha’s rich sonorous laughter shook him out of his ruminations.

Warm brown eyes evanesced the cold in his veins.

A voice like calm incarnate blew oxygen into his lungs.

This moment—he shouldn’t let anything or anyone darkened it, not even himself.

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After everyone had gone home and they were finally alone, the perfect opportunity presented itself to finally do what he had wanted to do since he received the gift he had ordered for Magnus a few days ago.

Of course, things didn’t go as smoothly as he wanted them, because Magnus had insisted on cleaning up the mess, albeit with magic which only took the flick of his wrist. When everything was set and done and there were no other distractions, he decided to go for it.
He walked a few paces to reach Magnus who stood by the balcony’s sprawled French doors.

As he inhaled a nervous lengthy breath, he gathered his courage and then, uttered in a serious tone, “Magnus, I have something to give you.”

Magnus’ heart drummed out of tune and ungracefully against his chest. His young lover had something to give him. What could it be? It brought to mind the night Alec gave him the Omamori charm, and his lips quirked.

“Oh, Alec, you didn’t have to trouble yourself.”

“Trouble myself? Says the person who has been showering me with attention, affection, and gifts non-stop since we met,” retorted his Omega with a cheeky smile.

Magnus laughed—one of those full and rich belly laughs which shook his shoulders and crinkled his eyes and scrunched his nose—it sounded infinitely more delightful than a nightingale’s song.

After the laughter had subsided, he continued.

“Since you can’t wear on your skin the Shadowhunter’s Wedded Union Rune, I offer you this ring instead,” Alec explained as he held a small golden box in his tremulous hands.

A pair of pure white gold rings framed with black onyx and the Wedded Union Rune carved into the metal were revealed as the Omega opened the box.

Magnus was suddenly left agape—without air or words and weak at the knees. Was this real or a delirious dream?

Alec pulled the ring destined for his mate out of the box, in that moment he felt himself vibrate wholly and he thought he would fall to his knees. It was a mystery to him how he got his vocal cords and tongue to work.

“A rune on the hand, a rune on the heart, a union is born,” he repeated in a shaky voice the words he had heard as a child from one of the Silent Brothers.

These words had floated deep within his mind since he witnessed his first Shadowhunter wedding when he was a child, before he presented. He hadn’t known their significance then, but he knew they were meaningful. After he presented and was faced with his reality as an Omega, he tucked those words in the same room he had exiled his Second Gender to. Yet, they continued to beat—however subdued—with hope, inside that little dark room. And now that he could finally utter them to the person he was in love with, he could barely do so—with what his throat being strangled by a noose of unshed tears.

Alec held his hand out and his mate took it. Before he put his Alpha’s ring on the left-hand ring finger, he showed him the engraving. A sharp intake of breath, an agape mouth, and brown eyes which drowned him in the warm embrace of the earth, a parade of flashing emotions, and a smile that melted soft lips.

The High Warlock drop his eye-glamour—their gazes bore into one another as echoes of each other became imprinted in their souls.

“To thee I’m bonded...” Alec pledged as he slid the ring down his mate’s finger.

Then Magnus followed suit as he took out the other ring and read the inscription.
“...body and soul, everlastingly,” came Magnus’s promise at the same time he put on Alec’s ring. Both rings had half the inscription written on it and at the end of it, it had each other’s initials. His warlock’s lips met his hand, where he insculpted a kiss and another one followed on the ring. “I belong to thee,” Alec whispered. Magnus repeated, “I belong to thee.”

They shared a kindred look—a look that spoke a thousand words.

“Thank you, Alexander. I-I don’t know what to say, you always manage to surprise me. I will carry this ring and the sentiments you put in it, with me and in my heart every day,” the High Warlock declared at the same time his fingertips brushed a feathery touch at the white gold and onyx rings. The touch was so light, as if he was afraid they’ll disappear or disintegrate right in front of him.

“That’s all I wanted to hear. I’m glad you like it.”

“I don’t only like it, I love it. But I love you more,” Magnus sussured in his silvery voice as he came in closer for a deep kiss.

After their tingling lips parted, a quiet moment passed where only their eyes spoke.

“There’s one more thing I would like to do, mon ange (my angel). It isn’t something that is commonly done nowadays in the Downworld as part of the mating celebrations, but I’m rather fond of the ritual,” Magnus uttered as he stretched his hand for him to take.

He followed his Alpha’s footsteps towards the bedroom. The door closed behind him. With one snap of fingers the room became bathed in golden candlelight, the notes of ‘Moonlight Sonata’ filled the air, a loaf of fresh bread and a small wooden bowl of salt, an unlit white candle, and long cobalt blue and gold silk ribbons braided together sat on a tall wooden table near the large open window.

When his eyes floated back to familiar glowing ones, his mate continued.

“This is a handfasting ceremony, similar to a wedding ceremony, but in our case, much more intimate. It’s an old Pagan custom that dates back to the time of the ancient Celts. Each item here on this table has a special meaning. The bread and salt the couple feed each other symbolize their desire and hopes for a future as a family. The ribbons wrapped around the joined hands, symbolize their entwined lives,” the High Warlock explained, visage both nervous and excited.

This between them—a love as wild as the ever-changing earth and the resilient desert grass and the flowers that grew on the side of the road—he wanted to seal forever. Alec was it for him. And no matter what the days to come have in store, this was a reality not even death would be able to change. So, he wanted to seal their union in every way possible, to profess his commitment in the big as well as the small things.

Voice tentative, the Alpha asked, “Do you want to do this with me?”

Alec wanted to feel everything that came with this relationship—the happiness and the smiles and laughter, the sadness and pain and tears, the tenderness and the passion and everything in between. All his life, he had lived by the Clave’s motto ‘Emotions cloud judgement’, he had denied himself the pleasure of feeling even a bit, but not anymore—he didn’t want to. No, even if he wanted to revert to what he was before, he couldn’t, because with Magnus feeling was ineludible.
“I want to be bound to you in every way possible, Magnus. So, yes, let’s do this.”

An amused chuckle embroidered with affection reached his ears as a hand caressed his cheek and soft lips warmed his lips with a brief kiss.

“Let’s do this,” Magnus repeated with an impossible big smile.

Immediately after, he was pulled by the hand close to the large window from which the full moon could be seen clearly and a gentle zephyr quietly stirred.

Magnus was glad he had learned to trust his soul, because his mind though sharp, many times was a distrustful liar—it fed him loveless thoughts of times past. This moment was real. His relationship with Alec was real. He wasn’t going to feed his fear of heartbreak any longer.

The Alpha took a piece of the bread and a pinch of salt and then, offered it to him as he spoke the words, “Alexander, I offer you this bread as a promise that you and our family will never know hunger. May goodness and unity always reign in this house. I give you these grains of salt as a bringer of good fortune and to replace tears of sadness with those of happiness and laughter. May this house brim with prosperity and always offer you safety.”

Those words made his heart beat crazily as he heard them and grow a size too big as he spoke them back to Magnus.

After they both had eaten the bread and salt, the Warlock picked up the candle and light it up with the snap of his fingers.

“I offer you this candle, so you may always know light even in the shadows of darkness,” as he said these words, Magnus smiled sweetly and passed him the candle. He in return did the same.

His soul was already so full, full to the point of overflowing. But the ritual wasn’t done yet.

Magnus took the braided ribbons in his right hand and lifted his left hand between them and told him to do the same with his right hand. His right hand on top of Magnus’s left hand, both trembling a little—each of them took the ends of the ribbons with their free hand.

“This is the part where we say our vows, but you don’t have to push yourself. Say what you feel, no need to dress it up,” reassured his mate, expression fond and cat-eyes soft.

He nodded and the burn in his lungs reminded him to breath.

“For centuries, the love inside of me laid dormant—waiting, curious but afraid. Alexander, your voice woke up my soul. I will share your pain and do my best to mitigate it. I will share in your laughter and always seek the positive in you. I will share your dreams as if they were mine and I will honor you as an equal. Every fiber of my being is wholly devoted to you, Alexander. Today, tomorrow, and for always. You are my home. Our spirits and lives are now bounded, out of free will—eternally. ‘And so, the binding is made,’” the older man uttered in a sotto voice as he wrapped his half of the ribbon around their joined hands.

A wobbly smile pulled at his lips. Such words, such naked and raw and heartfelt vows—it made the tears drowning his eyes threaten to spill. But he had to keep it together, at least until he had said his own vows. He drew in a shaky breath before he spoke.

“When I met you, I began to know myself—to love and accept who I am. I will always look for the brightness in you and share your burdens, I will always listen to what you have to say and honor you as an equal. I want to keep growing with you through happiness and pain, through light and
darkness from this day forward and until the end. Blood isn’t the only thing that connects two people and make them family—I choose you out of free will. I want to be with you for the rest of my days and through the ever-changing flow of our lives together. ‘And so, the binding is made.’” He did as Magnus and tied the ribbon around their hands, without hurry and relishing in the weight of this moment and the vows spoken.

Neither of them pronounced any words for a long stretch of time, instead—they kept their hands bound and their eyes on one another and their lips free to draw however many smiles their hearts contained.

Alec evoked all that which a home did—warmth, love, safety, acceptance, comfort, understanding, coziness, and beauty. His Alexander was a walking home. A home he has vowed to cherish and protect until the end.

With the full moon as their only witness, their lips coalesced to taste the salt on each other’s tongue.

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Once the handfasting ritual was over, they sat on the bed—shoes and socks strewn on the floor and bow ties flung on the Persian rug.

Hands entangled and gazes locked and smiles afloat, a brief silence reigned until Magnus broke it.

“Mr. Lightwood, will you move in with me already?”

An uncontrollable smile stretched his lips into the biggest grin he has ever had on his face, so much so that it hurt a little.

“Yes, Mr. Bane, I will. I just have to get my things from the Institute.”

If looks could kiss, he was sure his body would be branded with Magnus’s burning kisses from the crown of his head to the tip of his toes. The thought made him shiver.

“I’ll portal you there first thing in the morning.”

A flirty smile bounced between them—easy and lighthearted.

“Eager, aren’t we?”

They needed and wanted one another, but those feelings weren’t enough to keep two people together—it was love that sandwiched those two feelings together and mixed them up until one cannot taste one without the other.

“Very…” his Alpha whispered.

Then he added, timbre passion-ridden, “Treat me to your lips again, I want to taste their flavors.”

Magnus’s voice trailed off as their mouths sought each other. Every thought in his mind evaporated as lips like tender fruit and a tongue like a revolution claimed him.

How they touched each other told a story words couldn’t describe—it made their skin tingle and their breaths stutter, their eyelashes flutter and hearts gallop from a nadir to a crescendo.

One soft breath from his Alpha’s hot mouth against his skin was enough to spread his legs.
The next day—at night’s end—Alec moved in with him. He didn’t have much to pack—save for a handful of boxes full of books—so it didn’t take long. To have his Omega by his side, for Alec’s face to be the first and last thing he saw every day, it was a priceless gift. His house became a home, a real home—warm, welcoming, and loving.

He would endure with pleasure his lonely and painful past and the feeling of despair and being loveless all over again if it meant to have this happiness he had right now. To have weathered storms and be cut by sharp edges and faced so many struggles—he was glad he survived.

He would wait for Alec a thousand lives if in every universe and in each one of those lifetimes, Alexander promised to be his.

Everything was going so well, but then the dreaded nightmares came back in full force.

Magnus saw them and heard their pleading wails and felt their excruciating pain.

That person was there too, piercing green eyes like a snake at the sight of prey.

Magnus, the person called in a façade honeyed voice full of razor-sharp teeth.

Magnus...

Magnus.

Magnus!

Now, this voice he loved.

It was his mate, his soul-bond, his Omega—his savior.

The warm soothing hands on his shoulders dragged him up from the depths of a treacherous cavern; the sweet sleep-drowned voice which called to him, dissipated the fog of confusion that had enveloped his subconscious.

“Hey…, hey, you’re ok. Shhh, you’re safe. I’m here,” whispered Alec in his dampened hair at the same time his arms gathered him up and embraced him tightly and soft lips brushed a kiss on his sweat-coated forehead.

He still could feel the echoes of the profound impact those past memories had on him, in his body—the tremors raked him from head to toe. Only his mate’s scent could calm him down after a nightmare, so he buried his nose in the young Shadowhunter’s runed neck and took a shaky breath. His cold hands clung desperately to his Nephilim’s naked back, eyes now opened to rest in a darkness he welcomed. Because the darkness from his dreams was oppressive, unnerving—it force-fed itself into him until he became it.

Alec didn’t ask questions, only hugged him—a full-body hug that seemed to purify his soul and wash away his sins and heal his wounds.

What could have made Magnus so distress? He could feel it through their bond—a castrating fear, a morass of emotions, a miasma of morbid hate.

He didn’t ask anything and just hold onto his Alpha tighter.
Thanks for reading!
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Maryse + Magnus
Alec + Robert
Magnus + a visitor from his past + Alec

Chapter Notes

Hey guys,
Thank you for all your support and kudos and comments, you know how to keep a girl motivated and happy.
Happy reading!

PS: I swear i had that Maryse and Magnus convo written before seeing the beautiful family dinner stills for this week.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The nightmares had continued for days on end, night after night. He fought sleep, but always plummeted hard into it. Even awake, he could still hear the echoes of familiar voices and pained screams in the air—they followed him everywhere he went—phantomlike and unshakable.

It was only in Alec’s presence and in his embrace that he could rest if only briefly. Unfailingly, his Omega saved him every night. He could sense Alec’s struggle—between his worry and desire to ask or to respect Magnus’ silence and not ask what troubled him. It wasn’t an easy spot to be in—he himself wouldn’t know what to do either if he was in his mate’s place. But that struggle made him fall in love with his Shadowhunter even more—he never knew his heart could contain so love much inside.

A sharp knock on the door effectively brought him out of his rumination. He was grateful, because being absentminded while in the middle of mixing a potion for a client was careless and unacceptable.

When he opened the door, his eyes widen a smidgen.

“Good afternoon,” greeted Maryse, tone calm and expression a mixture of anxiousness and contrition.

“Hello, welcome. Please come in,” he replied, feeling curious about this unexpected visit.

She didn’t seem confrontational, instead the Alpha seemed rather serene and almost vulnerable.

“Thank you,” she murmured.

“Would you like to take a seat? Care for a drink?”
The Alpha-Shadowhunter shook her head, a mannerism which reminded him so much of his mate.

“No, thank you. I-I would like to talk...,” her voice trailed off, as her obsidian eyes fell on his. They reflected so many emotions, he couldn’t keep up with them all.

“Of course,” was his brief reply as he poured himself a martini and remained on his feet.

“First of all, I would like to apologize to you for the aggressive and uncalled for way I behaved towards you as well as how I reacted to my son’s mating with you. I was out of line. I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive me,” her tone was undeniably sincere and her features channeled the feelings in her words.

The lines of her shoulder were visibly tense, even if she fought to remain composed. She gave off an air of royal dignity, which she shared with her children.

He sighed as he imitated the familiar motion of shaking his head.

“There’s nothing to forgive, you were just a worried mother. The son you raised with all your love had suddenly grown and started to make decisions on his own, for his own life and happiness. You panicked.”

“No. Don’t make excuses for me. I appreciate your kindness, but I was in the wrong,” came her self-flagellating retort.

She was right. Another trait she shared with her son—to own their mistakes once they’ve realized it.

“Ok. Yes, you were in the wrong. But you’ve realized it and now you’re here, facing it and trying to make things right. And that’s admirable,” he wasn’t being fake or serving platitudes, that’s how he felt.

“I know it’ll take more than words to make things work. I can’t change the past and take my words back, all I can do is try to be a better person, mother, and mother-in-law,” at the latter, her eyes gave off a subtle twinkle and her lips a subdued smile.

Magnus couldn’t help the chuckle that sprinted out of his mouth. For Maryse Lightwood—a traditional and strong-tempered Shadowhunter raised with the believe that Downworlders were detestable sub-humans whose demon-blood was disgusting and shouldn’t be mixed with the noble angelic-blood of Shadowhunters to tell him all of this, and practically calling him son-in-law—it was mind-boggling. Was he dreaming?! It took him a handful of seconds to reply.

“Maryse Lightwood, did you just call me son-in-law?”

A nervous quiet laughter flashed across her features, her eyes reflected a peace he had never seen in them before. It was rather humbling—to let go of the past and forgive, and to accept that someone who had said hurtful things could change if given a chance.

“I-I think I just did...” she replied haltingly.

“Wow!” his mind couldn’t still quite compute what just had happened. He tipped his glass and gulped down all its content, talk about being caught by surprise.

After a brief pause and a deep breath, she spoke again.
“Alec, he’s good, through and through—a good person, son, brother, Shadowhunter, leader, and as you must already know, a mate. We—Robert and I—put a lot of pressure on him. Made him believe he wasn’t good enough as a Shadowhunter. Add to that, the fact of his Second Gender—how our society treats Omegas as second-class citizens, it must have been awful. But he hid his pain, and only let it be seen when the pain felt as if it was eating him alive. As his mother, there was so much I could do. He repudiated part of himself and everything that came with it—he made himself forcefully forget his heart and that it was okay to feel, to be himself, to smile, and to allow himself to seek his own happiness. Duty, hard work, devotion to his family and calling, absolute loyalty and selflessness subsumed him. Alec did everything to please others to the point of forgetting himself.”

Magnus was rendered speechless by her raw honesty. He didn’t utter any words as he knew she intended to continue.

“Until he met you, he never allowed himself to want anything for himself. Meeting you, made him look inward and face himself—you were the catalyst. He walked into the darkest corners of himself of his own volition, and finally began to accept himself. For that, I will be eternally grateful to you. I should have trusted his decision from the beginning, because my son never does anything he doesn’t want—he is brave and strong and intelligent and honest to a fault. You make him happy and smile like he hadn’t done so since he presented as an Omega—Alec has finally begun to live for himself. Thank you, Magnus. He’s in your care now. And I’m sure you have never been in better hands,” she concluded, brilliant dark eyes submerged in unshed tears.

Her feelings bleed through each word. The affection of a mother who loved her son so much it made her want to cry. He definitely didn’t want to disappoint Izzy or Maryse’s trust, but most of all—he didn’t want to fail Alec.

He erased the few paces between them, let one of his hands perch on her shoulder, and then responded, “Thank you for your apology and for opening up to me. I love your son, Maryse. I wish there was another word—a stronger and more meaningful word to describe what I feel for him...”

To him, Alex was golden like the sun, more beautiful than sunrises or sunsets, and more brilliants than sun-rays.

A knowing look in her eyes preceded her words, her right hand on his left shoulder felt warm.

“You don’t need words; your actions speak on their own. My son wouldn’t be with you otherwise.”

Magnus had no words to reply to her own so he nodded forward in agreement, eyes alight with deep emotion.

“Well, I’ll take my leave now. Thank you for listening to me.” Her tone was soft and her visage even more so—the serenity that emanated from within her painted her in a golden aquarelle.

“It was my pleasure. Are you heading back to Idris?”

“Yes, but first I need to head back to the Institute,” she said as she headed towards the door.

“Do you want me to portal you?” he offered.

“Um, I’ll appreciate it a lot,” she answered with a smile, which he reciprocated as he proceeded to open a portal.

“Take care, Maryse.”
“Thank you, you too, Magnus. And see if you can convince my workaholic son to stop working so late at the office every day. It’s my fault, really—he inherited that undesirable trait from me.”

“I’ll try,” came his reply before closing the portal.

Life was full of surprises, at least this one was good.

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Alec was going through some reports, but despite his ability to compartmentalize—he couldn’t stop thinking about his mate and those nightmares which woke him up every night. What tortured Magnus so much he woke up trembling, sweat-bathed, and garbling strangers’ names? He wanted to respect the Warlock’s privacy, but he hated to see him so hagridden. His earth-brown eyes had become haunted and his energy morose as if whoever inhabited his nightmares, had sequestered him and condemned him to Cimmerian isolation.

A put-upon sigh rushed through him at the same time he pinched his nose and shut his eyes—it was frustrating and unsettling to see and feel the person you love in pain, and not be able to make it better. To be powerless, to not be capable of slaying the monsters in those nightmares…, he wished Magnus would talk to him about it. If nothing else, at least he could listen—he would listen for however long.

A couple of knocks on the door startled him out of his rumination. When he glanced up, he saw a face he hadn’t seen in days. He straightened in his chair and followed his father’s figure as he moved to the sofa.

It was mid-afternoon and he already felt drained—not only because Magnus’s mood affected his own, but also because he’d been extremely busy at the Institute. Though, there was something else going on. Since, he had stopped using the Omega Suppressant Rune, his body had been steadily adapting to its natural Heat-cycle, and even though he hadn’t gone into Heat yet, he could feel the unmistakable telltales of it—quiet, subtle. But it didn’t matter how he felt now, this conversation with his father had been postponed long enough.

“Can we talk?”

It was only a few days after the mating celebration and moving in with Magnus, that he and his father saw each other again. He had come from Idris as the Clave’s envoy to make sure everything was running smoothly not only in their search for Valentine and his people, but also in keeping the city safe from further demon attacks. Alec couldn’t avoid the question boiling in his mind any longer, he needed to hear the answer from his father’s own mouth. But he’ll let the older Shadowhunter speak his mind, one look at his father’s face was enough to tell him he didn’t come here to argue. The way he carried himself wasn’t imposing nor hostile and his eyes look remorseful.

“Ok.”

His father took a seat on the leather sofa, and after putting aside his paperwork, Alec did the same. As he sat in one of the armchairs, he took in his father’s harried countenance.

“I’m sorry I missed your mating celebration, Alec and that it took me so long to come back here to talk to you. But I didn’t think it would be appropriate nor pleasant for you or your mother if I went,” Robert admitted in a sincere tone.

A silent interlude followed. Not oppressive but not comfortable either.
In an almost tentative voice and as if he was dealing with a wild animal, his father added, “Congratulations on becoming Head of the Institute, you deserved it more than anyone, because you’ve worked so hard for it.”

“Thank you,” was his curt reply.

He couldn’t escape the question any longer, he needed to know. So, he went for it.

“Did you know about the purpose of the Omega Suppressant Rune?”

It took his father a moment to process the question and reply, but when he did so, his scent was free of deceit and lies. A hint of an old childhood medley (before he presented), rolled off of his father, it hit his limbic system with sharp nostalgia—sweet orange and fresh cut grass, new crayons and watermelon bubble gum.

His childhood could be called idyllic, until he presented that is. He had good memories of his father before his Second Gender revealed itself.

An ironclad answer parted his father’s lips, “No. Of course not. Do you think that if I did I would have let you use it? Alec, I may not be the best father, but I love you and care about your well-being more than I do about our family name. Even if you don’t believe me now, I will prove it to you.”

He was half relieved and half incredulous—words had never convinced him as much as actions.

Once again, it was the Beta who broke the silence, “I see the doubt and distrust in your eyes, and it hurts, but I deserve it. If I could hold the Soul-Sword in my hands and it compelled the truth from me, what I just said was it.”

Alec nodded thoughtfully, eyes still scrutinizing his father’s unflinching ones. Maybe, he could give him the benefit of the doubt.

“Okay, dad. But it’ll take more than words to make me believe you.”

His father scooted forward in his seat, hands interlinked and gaze determined.

“I’ll prove myself to you, Alec. I’m in this fight with you. Your mother and I already have the Inquisitor’s ear—evidence upon evidence, she seems more convinced. I assure you that heads will roll soon enough and the Omega Suppressant Rune will be no more,” was the older Shadowhunter’s surefire reply.

His retort came quick, “Dad, I don’t want you to do this just because I’m your son and an Omega. You need to do this because it’s the right thing to do. Getting rid of the Omega Suppressant Rune and punishing those who knew its purpose is just the beginning.”

“Yes, of course.”

After a brief pause, his father spoke again.

“I heard the mating party was quite the production. Truly Alec, I’m glad that you found happiness. That’s all that matters to me, even if it’s hard for you to believe it.” The latter caused a flash of pain to crack his father’s features, it made his own heart spasm violently inside his chest.

He didn’t want his newfound happiness and life with Magnus to be besmirched by negative emotions.
With a half a smile, he voiced his thoughts, “I believe in second chances.”

From one moment to the next, his father’s face watercolored with hope.

Alec didn’t want to continue holding grudges, especially not against his father.

*****

Whoever was knocking on the door was the impatient sort and gave off a turbulent energy, it was almost too familiar to the point of spiking the power within his wards. The closer he got to the door the more his inner Alpha instincts sharpened as if whoever was behind the door was an enemy. But that wasn’t possible, because he had inscribed within his wards all the necessary protections to repel any dangerous presence and reinforced them once Alec moved in with him.

“Coming!”

When he opened the door, he felt the weight of darkness fall on him all at once like wet sand and its clutches drag him down faster when he tried to fight it as if a swamp—he couldn’t move, the full-force of gravity had rooted him in place and crushed him to the bone. This person made hell out of his life without uttering a single word.

“Magnus, my child. How have you been?” the honeyed voice from his nightmares asked.

Was he having a nightmare?

No.

He wished.

For a moment, his mouth froze agape. The magic within his body pumped through his veins faster than when he faced a demon—it pulsed on his palms until it moved like lightning up his cool fingers. His fingertips lit up in a sanguine color for the first time in decades as his eyes abandoned their glamour and his skin hummed with a loud low buzz. Magnus felt all his muscles tense until they hurt and his jaw clench until his teeth ground against each other.

This nightmare was real.

“What are you doing here?” he growled in his Alpha voice, mood incensed by all the stygian emotions the man in front of him brought about. How he was still holding back was a mystery to him, because he had promised to obliterate this vermin on sight all those decades ago. He had promised her he would punish him. He had promised him he would avenge him.

The deceptive young face in front of him remained unperturbed at his fury as if it didn’t have anything to do with him, and calmly proceeded to question in a flat t dead one, “Is that the way to welcome the person who save you and took you in when you were all alone after bringing to an end the life of your step-father? Or did you forget I was the only one who cared about you when you drove the woman who gave you life to her own death? How cold. You are truly the son of Asmodeus—the one that has made him most proud.”

If a voice could be a thing, this man’s voice was the deathliest of venoms—rich, potent and caliginous. Every word capable of causing necrosis.

“Did you come here because you want to die?” came his immediate sharp response.

A detestable sound pierced his ears and, in that moment, he wanted nothing more than to be deaf.
Rabel’s laughter was just like his voice and Magnus wanted nothing more than to drown it with blood.

In a hushed tone filled with frost and indifference, the warlock in front of him said, “It cannot be you are still holding a grudge because of those two? What where their names again? Ah, yes! Sweet Emilia and naïve Francisco, right?”

At the mention of those names, his body rumbled with almost the full extent of his dark violent magic—that which he avoided, that which came when he drew power from his demon-blood. From head to toe he was taut and ready to attack, his leonine eyes honed in on his prey, but he had been in this situation before, and when he had let his avenging spirit and grief guide him, he had ended up at Akihito Sugawara’s sensei home in Japan after Rabel had blasted him with a nasty curse spell. That mind-curse almost drove him to irremediable madness—every moment of every day, he had been damned to relieved his most grievous memories. Until this day, hazy memories of that time as well as the memories which oppressed him, still harassed him.

“Don’t you dare speak their names! You dirty them with your poison,” he roared, lips draw back in anger.

A marmoreal smile drew Rabel’s lips into a thin smile, before he commented in a matter-of-fact voice, “You are still too naïve and sensitive for your own good. The power you have is wasted on someone as weak-hearted as you. Attachments are nothing more than inconveniences when one is a leader. The tittle of High Warlock is too big for you. You do not honor your names.”

Frown lines pronounced and jaw bunched, magic ready at his fingertips and rage-driven body—what was he doing still listening to this swine?! He should be dust already, even if he himself ended up as such.

“What you did to them is unforgivable. You knew they were like my children and you betrayed my trust and their innocence.” He wished his voice didn’t sound so dolorous and so feeble—strangled by heartache, he felt breathless yet vindictive.

The magic which crackled at his fingertips flared as his hands lifted in the air ready to strike unbridled, but Rabel’s dismissive words hit him in the gut with merciless force, almost to the point of making him lose his balance.

“But nothing happened, because in the end you couldn’t do your duty as an Alpha Warlock. Always so selfish,” the warlock sighed with disappointment. “You almost bit off chunks of your arms instead of giving them your mating bite and then, went on to drain your magic to stop the urge. What a lamentable waste. I should have known better,” he continued, expression immutable like a marble statue.

“Nothing happened?! They perished! I took them under my wings. They trusted me. They even trusted you. How could you do that to them, to me?!”

“Oh, you and your bleeding heart—always so self-righteous. I should have known better. They would have let you; they loved you. They were willing to make sacrifices,” he retorted in a toneless condescending voice Magnus abhorred.

“They shouldn’t have had to make any sacrifices. But your obsessive behavior, your self-absorption, your excessive desire for power and control—it made you forget you’re also human. Where was your compassion? They were children. They were innocent and without malice.” His mouth tasted like blood and rotten meat—the recalled memories as if corpses decomposing in his mouth.
Unaffected and in a blasé voice, the hateful man in front of him uttered, “My compassion? Please, don’t give that. Everyone has to make sacrifices. You knew Warlock numbers had been dwindling, but you couldn’t think of the greater good, only about yourself.”

Fuck this shit! He had given this bastard more time than he deserves. Rabel won’t take another breath. Just when he was about to unleash his magic free of any tethers, he sensed Alec.

Oh, no! No. No. Why now of all times?

“How? Are you kidding me?!” Rabel scoffed, emerald eyes amused. “That has always been your biggest flaw, to think of yourself as human. We are not human, Magnus. And you have a duty towards your people.”

One of Rabel’s hands dared to move up to cup one of his cheeks—he was fearless as always and treated him like a nine-year-old. But before he could react to it, Alec had gotten in between them.

Their soul-bond boomed low and dangerous, turbulent with fury.

A growled, “Don’t touch him!” thundered through his Omega’s body at the same time he slapped away the offending hand.

Alec’s back and shoulders were as taut as his voice. Omega territoriality was scarier than an Alpha’s. But Rabel was unfazed, yet as an Omega himself, he knew better than to push an Omega’s buttons when in protective mode.

He already hated this man furiously even without knowing who he was—the fact that he tried to touch his Alpha was more than enough for him to want to rip him to pieces, but what really pissed him off was how his presence had made Magnus physically and emotionally distressed.

The svelte olive-skinned Omega in front of him couldn’t be more than 20-years-old—his shoulder-length light-brown wavy hair framed his fine and almost hand-carved features, which gave off the feeling porcelain dolls gave off, that of emptiness. Well-manicured eyebrows highlighted a pair of unsettling malachite eyes fringed by long eyelashes. He was an inch—or two shorter than Magnus, give or take, and carried himself with a nobleman’s dignity. The way he dressed matched his aristocratic aura—a lace up to the neck white silk shirt with a flat-lace collar with ruffled sleeves, a sumptuous black coat embroidered at the edges with silver and emerald-colored thread, a well-fitted cream silk waistcoat embroidered in the same colors and the same style as the coat, lean line with low waist hunter green breeches, dark stockings and low black shoes.

The one thing that made his skin crawl and caused cold tingles in his spine was the Omega-Warlock’s absolute lack of scent.

After taking in the other man, the young Shadowhunter looked over his shoulder, and aflame hazel eyes glance back at Magnus with a mix of worry and curiosity.

“Magnus, is everything okay? What’s going on? Who is this man?”

At the latter, beloved eyes were no longer on him but pointedly staring at the older Omega. If looks were weapons, Alec’s eyes would have turn Rabel to smithereens on the spot.

Before he could reply, Rabel spoke over him—his countenance that of a king cobra ready to strike as realization downed upon him.

“Oh…oh! Is this, your mate, Magnus?” Rabel questioned, sharp green eyes turned slits as they took in Alec who now stood next to Magnus. “A Shadowhunter, huh? I heard whispers that you
mated one. I thought it was idle gossip, but I stand corrected,” commented Rabel as he eyed Alec. Then, he added, “What a surprise. Though thinking about it carefully, it really isn’t. You chose his kind over your own. What a selfish man you are. Will his blood be on your hands too?”

Alec’s blood…, the mere thought of it caused nausea to rise in his stomach.

“Enough!” shouted Alec, voice like a fog horn.

Magnus felt pathetic—he couldn’t react on time, like a spectator in one of his nightmares.

Rabel had seen Alec. He shouldn’t have let this happen. Why did Rabel come back? He felt like he was nine-years-old again or thrown back in time decades to the time when Rabel wreaked havoc in his life.

Alec wasn’t one to lose his patience easily and shout, but this despicable nasty bastard was pushing all his buttons.

“Who the hell are you and what are you doing here? What do you want? Speak, if you don’t want an arrow between your eyes,” rumbled Alec, menacing tone barely contained. He didn’t like this man whoever he was—there was something eerie about him.

Magnus could feel Alec’s composure crack, and from the corner of his eye he saw long-fingered hands ready at the bow. But he didn’t want his mate to intervene, Rabel was an extremely dangerous man and to him magic had no limits—he had a predilection for dark magic and he knew how to use it all too well. He wasn’t about to let anything happen to Alec, so he touched his right hand to Alec’s fisted hand on the bow handle and caught his tempestuous eyes in his own. The ring on his mate’s hand glimmered as if a reminder of the promises they made one another—he won’t let Rabel hurt Alec.

“My, my…. he is a feisty one, Magnus. Alexander Gideon Lightwood, is not only attractive but he also has a temper and I can sense he is very strong. Those two wouldn’t have done. I’m curious about the potential results of your mating. Maybe not everything is lost. Maybe we can still make more powerful Warlocks. A Shadowhunter and a High Warlock sired by a Prince of Hell, interesting,” the hateful warlock mused.

His Omega turned his face towards him, brows furrowed, “Magnus, what nonsense is this man rambling about?”

Fuck!

“Alec…” he murmured, but the rest of the words curdled in his throat as he forced himself to meet inquisitive eyes in a furtive glance.

In an almost sing-song voice, Rabel said, “Oh, my bad. You haven’t told him much, have you? Tch! Magnus, keeping secrets from your mate is no good. Young Shadowhunter, ask him about his father, that’ll make for a fascinating bedtime story.”

“Magnus?”

His mate’s voice waved through him, but instead of peace it brought him anguish.

Enough, he has had enough.

“Rabel, get the fuck out of here, now!”
But the Omega-Warlock wasn’t one to be intimidated easily, his attitude was that of someone who didn’t fear death because there was no known way to kill him—there wasn’t—at least not yet.

So, he continued, “Alexander Lightwood, you should ask the man you trust so much a bit more about his past. Ask him if his hands still smell of the human blood he shed centuries ago. Ask him if he still sees his mother in his dreams. Ask him about how he failed the Warlock community because of his selfishness. Ask him if he still hears the voices of those two during the night…”

“Magnus, what-”

The ground beneath him trembled as his magic crackled like lightning announcing a storm. Magnus heard things clatter, books hit the floor with blunt thuds, and furniture tumble. He felt Alec tense beside him and a hand grip his shoulder and a thunder-like voice penetrate through the dense mist which enveloped his mind. The satisfied sadistic smile of the man in front of him paled in comparison to the sinister look in his glimmering green eyes—brutality and unpredictability.

“You see, Alexander Lightwood? Those are the buttons that once pushed will bring about delicious rage,” Rabel said triumphant while his eyes remained focused on Magnus. “Do you think you have the right to have warmth? Do you think you deserve a mate, children, love—a family? You who failed his kind.” Those words were the final thrust before Rabel smirked all-teeth and left through a portal.

He couldn’t look at Alec who stood close beside him. His lips were stretched into a rictus he tried to keep out of his mate’s sight—a distorted thing sketched with hate and violence, self-disgust and pain. The blood in his veins had gone frigid and his heart still and his skin had become the abode of spiky burrs.

“Magnus,” a favored voice called to him.

He loved that voice that cared enough to sound so worried. But, he didn’t deserve it.

His mind whirred—full of trepidation.

His lungs burned—out of oxygen.

“Magnus?”

His eyes shut close—heavy with tears.

His hands folded to fists—powerless.

“Magnus!”

His mouth was temporarily sewn shut by unspoken words.

Was his last act of penance to lose the person whose love have given meaning to his life?

Was this a nightmare?

No, it wasn’t, but he wished it was.

Chapter End Notes
Thanks for reading!
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Magnus + Alec
Alec + Cat + Izzy
Malec

Chapter Notes

Hey there,
I hope you're all doing well and still enjoying this story. Thank you for all you constant support in your messages/feedback, and for leaving kudos :D

PS: I'm sorry I haven't written more smut, but I promise more soon. Yet I think, it's just as important to explore the emotional connection between Alec and Magnus. Don't give up on me ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After the encounter, he was left physically, emotionally, and mentally exhausted. He felt on edge, alarmed, somewhat anxious, and restless. Magnus wanted nothing more than to bury his nose in the crook of Alec’s neck and be flooded with his soothing scent, though maybe this time it wouldn’t work because he could sense the Shadowhunter was deeply affected by everything that had happened. He didn’t even feel courageous enough to look his Alexander in the eyes, not because he had anything left to hide but because he knew he had to explain things to him to avoid any misunderstandings.

Yet, right now, he was too high-strung and had no mental strength to face the many sources of his nightmares.

He said nothing.

Alec said nothing.

They both remained frozen in place for a moment trying to process what had happened, trying to shake off the dank and heavy feeling left by Rabel’s presence and his twisted intent—it lingered in the air, it was hard to breathe properly as it stuck to their skin and insides like a thick coat of glop.

Alec despised anything or anyone which caused Magnus to make such a sullen expression, that pushed him with incendiary words to the point of affecting his magic. That man, Rabel, with his lack of scent and indecipherable green eyes, curled thin lips and perfectly arranged brown hair, sedate mien and irksome words, was the cruelest kind of person. Because, he knew Magnus, he knew Magnus’s past, he knew Magnus’s emotional vulnerabilities and how to exploit them. There was no one more hateful than that. Omegas could also be malicious; the ability to harm didn’t have anything to do with sex or second gender designation but with the true nature of a person.
Once seated and after he had drunk three dirty martinis one after the other, Magnus spoke.

“We need to talk. Please, let me tell you everything without interruptions. I feel like I won’t be able to continue if I stop,” he pleaded in an undertone.

Alec nodded, hazel eyes overflowed with worry as they tried to catch evasive earth-colored ones.

He let his heavy eyelids slid close and block his reality for a moment, at the same time he breathed in through his mouth, and then gulped. Both of his hands held onto the martini glass for dear life, it was rather extraordinary how it didn’t shatter at the pressure.

Without allowing himself to meet his mate’s piercing gaze, he began to tell his tale, voice surprisingly steady and tone darksome.

“That man is Rabel Nocti and he is a Warlock much older than me. Older, deceptive, and monstrously dangerous. Evil. I met him when I was nine years old, he looked the same back then. When I was nine years old as you already know, I found my mother dead by her own hand because she couldn’t bear the thought of having given birth to the son of a demon. Afterwards, my step-father said terrible things to me— blamed me for her suicide and you already know what I did. I was alone. I had no one. I didn’t know what to do but cry for my sins and for the mother who was too afraid to accept someone like me. I—an abomination—had nowhere to go, no purpose—nothing. Until, Rabel showed up the day after the tragedy,” his voice became hazy and faded momentarily—punched by the recalled memories, prickled by the old tears in his nine-year-old eyes and the fresh ones which bathed them now.

He knew he couldn’t do this without more alcohol in his system, at least to drown the disgusting taste from his mouth—each memory made word was rotten. So, he rose to his feet, walked to the bar cart, and let his hands do what they were used to, but instead of his favored cocktail, he opted for something much stronger—a shot of Sunset Rum. To be honest, he wished he could drink a couple of Everclear straight shorts (the potent kind with 95% alcohol, not the diluted version), but he didn’t want to freak Alec out when he eventually went black and fell into a semi-coma. Ergo, he settled.

Before he spoke, he let the rum burn his throat and welcomed the heat and courage of the firewater. Eyes laser focused on the brick wall in front of him, he resumed his story. This time the words rolled off of his tongue a bit easier, yet equally haunted.

“It was rainy that morning, and I was soaked with water and mud after I had dug my mother’s grave. I cried and screamed and it thundered, and suddenly his large hand spread warmth from where it laid upon my shoulder. He showed me his magic and my cat-eyes revealed themselves— it was hope, a spark of it anyway, and I took his hand and followed him. Later, I came to regret it.”

The last words were spoken so quietly that a whisper would have been louder.

He felt taut all over, from the inside out. Dismantled.

Alec’s gaze was painfully sharp behind him as he let his feet take him back to the bar once again for another shot of liquid courage— they bore down on his head as if looking hard enough would help him see all that Magnus had not yet revealed. Drink in hand, he walked back to the sofa; it was difficult not to seek out those beautiful big eyes. To glimpse at redemption.

“I stayed with him for a while. Five long years. He was appointed High Warlock of Paris and became busy, so I managed to slip away from him. Then, the Silent Brothers took me in. A part of me was relieved, the other was confused. A couple of centuries passed before I saw him again. Though news of him always reached me. After I had found my place in the Downworld and had
many adventures with Catarina and Ragnor, and many more experiences in the Shadow World and met a myriad of people—I wanted to help other Downworlders who were as lost as me when I was a child. In one of those adventures, I met Emilia and Francisco in Santo Domingo—they were two young warlocks of 17 years of age, twins. They were entrusted to me by their dying mother who had raised them with so much love despite knowing of the demon-blood inside them.” His voice splinted and dwindled like the cry of a wounded beast.

He couldn’t keep his eyes opened, the reflection of their once exultant faces enough to scald his retinas.

As he stared at his hands with horror, he uttered, “I also have their blood on my hands. They were innocent and pure and I brought death upon them when I let Rabel get close to them. He had used my guilt and pain to manipulate me all that time I stayed with him, to keep me on a leash. But I never really knew of the extent of his obsession with the Warlock Twins legend.”

Alec at his side moved in his seat a bit closer but not enough for body contact. Not enough for contact but enough to feel his warmth, that warmth which kept him from completely becoming an ice sculpture.

He took another deep breath and continued, timbre of voice firm until the whip of fury and the sting of woe reopened barely healed wounds.

“Warlock twins are believed to be more powerful than the regular warlock, except for those sired by the Princes of Hell. Until Emilia and Francisco, such a thing was just a myth, an unconfirmed belief, because there aren’t many twin Warlocks born in the Downworld—they’re rare. So uncommon, it is said that the last known pair walked the Earth almost 2,000 years ago. Twins are also believed to produce more powerful offspring as well. So, when Rabel met Emilia and Francisco he became obsessed with proving the legend true. They were indeed very powerful, so that part of the legend was confirmed. But there was one roadblock to his plans—the twins didn’t go into Heat often, maybe once or twice a year, it was a natural physical reaction, since their bodies couldn’t handle the intense strains caused by their uniquely violent Heat. His obsession led him to develop some kind of potion to trigger their Heat, and it was...disastrous…”

Fatal.

An arrant pain seized his stomach as if he had eaten sharp hooks—his eyes pressed closed and tears wet his eyelashes, his blunt nails dug into his palms and his teeth bit down on his bottom lip. Alec’s left hand smoothed up and down his hunched back and although he didn’t pronounce a word, instantly some of the anguish bled out if only a fraction.

A grateful wan smile colored itself onto his alcohol-flavored lips, and after a lengthy sigh he picked up where he left off.

“Rabel, he took me by surprise with a spell which paralyzed me completely. Once in his private state in Castelnou, a secluded village in the Pyrenees that only he and I knew about—he injected me with a despicable illegal drug to trigger my Rut just as he had done to Emilia and Francisco. He threw us in a cell-like room as if we were animals, all to force me to mate and breed them…”

God, he wished he could have done something more for them. They were terrified—dark big eyes glazed over with tears and disgust, their wispy naked bodies trembled violently with pain and need, their light brown skin sweat coated and curly hair sweat-disheveled—they huddled in a corner of the poorly lit room, clung to one another so tightly their nails broke each other’s skin. With brittle almost inaudible voices they called his name. Oh, how he loathed the side of him which was Alpha in that moment, because despite his cemented fatherly feelings, his body reacted—no, he didn’t
touch them but the fact that he felt Heat-lust was shameful. He couldn’t speak these words to Alec—he didn’t want to disrespect their memories nor reveal that instant of weakness.

Yes, he was a damn coward. A dastardly person who couldn’t meet his mate’s eyes.

Voice hoarse, he spoke again, “An extreme Heat-fever caused by the potion Rabel injected them with to trigger their Heat was killing them slowly as well as the pain. I went berserk, bit myself countless times to keep from biting them and as a way to deplete my magic. I guess Rabel didn’t want me to cause myself irreparable damage, so he lifted the wards from the room before he left and with the little magic I had within me I contacted Ragnor and Catarina.”

Another sigh raked him as he continued, desperate to reach the last words. His voice sounded strange in his ears, disembodied. His body was here yet his mind was back to those entropic high-tension days.

He resumed the retelling, even if his vocal cords felt as if scorched by red-hot coals, “After trying over and over again to brew a potion to fight off the effects of the drug Rabel had injected them with without success and exhausting my magic to help relieve a little the excruciating pain they were in; after Cat and other warlocks healers did everything they could to help them, after Ragnor and Fernanda did extenuating research to try and figure out what type of potion Rabel had used on them, and even asking the Seelie Queen, the Werewolves and Vampires for any help they could provide—in the end, everything came to naught…”

His algid hands flew to his crumpled face as he murmured, voice muffled by his palms and raspy breaths, “I had to end the lives I considered as my own children by my own hands.”

His body juddered with stifled sobs and reined in tears. Alec was now closer, their sides touched and the young Shadowhunter’s hands perched between his shoulder blades and on his right bicep—so warm, gentle, and comforting.

After all this time, he could still hear their broken, harrowing pleas as if they were whispered in his ears by their restless ghosts.

‘Mag-Magnus, please let us go.’

‘Please fath-er..., ugh!’

‘Father, give us peace.’

It hurts…”

‘It’s not your fault, Magnus.’

‘Don’t cry…”

‘It’s time.’

You’ve done enough.’

No. No. No. Emilia! Francisco! Please, forgive me…”

‘Magnus, please…’

Tears flowed down his cheeks—abundant and bitter. Distraught. Worn thin.

Pain had covered him in layers—different types of thickness and levels, each with its own
embedded memories. It was that agonizing pain that had guided him to Black Friars Bridge so many decades ago. And despite Camille’s timely intervention and salvation, the pain kept mounting unrelenting. No one or nothing could appease it. Imasu had made waves in his heart and calmed it temporarily, like a numbing balm. But the guilt persisted and he was never truly present. Imasu’s ‘You are ephemeral’ pierced him deeply. He wished he was ephemeral or cold-hearted—it would have made things so much easier.

He had become used to goodbyes and disappointing people; he had loved and sometimes been loved in return but never fully. And when he did, those people had been ripped out of his hands. The guilt of the twins’ demise was together with his mother’s suicide and the murder of his stepfather, the sins he had been paying for all his immortal life. They stung and throbbed inside of him like a live wire.

Nothing could console him nor keep the nightmares at bay.

Not until him.

Alec, with his wondrous hazel eyes and blunt honesty, swift arrow and unflinching loyalty, virginal innocence and fierce way of loving, had sped past Magnus’s fortified heart like an arrow made from his own magic—so naturally he didn’t have time to put up his wards. But the memories of the twins, of his mother, and his step-father—they were vicious, relentless, they made him feel as if he didn’t deserve anything.

Rabel’s words stirred in him like shark-infested waters.

“Do you think you have the right to have warmth? Do you think you deserve a mate, children, love—a family?”

“I love them and I killed them, Alec. They were so good, they didn’t deserve it. I-I never wanted you to see this terrible side of me. The me who is the son of Asmodeus, the most powerful Prince of Hell. I wouldn’t blame you if you rejected me or hated me, I deserve it.” To admit all of this, it left him bone-weary and with a pounding headache and a queasy stomach.

As he waited for whatever was to come next, he felt so heavy as if a crash of rhinoceroses were piled on top of him. A feeling of crippling fear surged through him at the same time a sinking feeling throttled him whole.

But Alexander Lightwood did what he unfailingly did, surprised him by doing something unexpected. The Omega in a swift move knelt in front of him on one knee, took his face in those long-fingered tender hands, looked him unflinchingly in the eyes, and welcomed him as he was.

“You did everything you could to save them and I’m sure they knew that, and how much you loved them. Rabel manipulated and abuse you emotionally, but to you he was the only person you had as a child growing up. He killed them and hurt you and made you hate yourself for things that weren’t your fault, that you couldn’t control. And Asmodeus being your father? It doesn’t matter to me, we don’t choose our parents. I love you and I’m not going anywhere, Magnus. You’re stuck with me.”

Alec’s words felt like a refreshing cool breeze as they flowed around him and into him and blew away all those leech-like feelings which had stuck to him and almost sucked all the happiness out of him.

He was momentarily rendered speechless by such heartfelt words, but much more so by the deep emotions that circulated through their bond—acceptance, trust, understanding, sincerity, kindness,
serenity, and love to name a few.

Faith—it was a great thing to ask for, so he never did. Having a Shadowhunter believe in him was one thing, but having Alec’s faith was mind-boggling. Because it was pure and unconditional, so well-cemented it was unnerving. Magnus wanted to deserve it, to always deliver on that trust. The possibility of failing to do so, made him feel ashamed.

A quiet “I love you, Alexander,” was all he could answer to those ablutionary words as a tear-stained smile curled his lips and his Nephilim gathered him up in his arms in the most numinous embrace.

He let himself be engulfed and filled by the almost divine energy which emanated from his young mate, it was so warm, delicate, and safe.

Echoes of you are imprinted in my soul, he thought to himself as his arms held onto his Omega tighter and he took in the unique healing scent which invariably lulled him to rest. In Alec’s embrace he felt safe, hopeful, braver, and loved—flaws and all.

Magnus never expected to see Rabel again, much less talk to him and for the warlock to dare come to his house and face him. Rabel and everything that came with him to unbury unwanted memories will most likely throw everything into chaos. He should have expected that the nuggets of happiness he had been given by Alec’s side would be penalized harshly, yet he wasn’t unnerved nor regretful. If this was the price of joy, of light, he will face it head-on—he had never been one to be intimidated, not even by the older warlock who took away people so dear and precious to him. He couldn’t protect the twins, but he’ll protect Alec.

He can’t fail, not this time.

There had to be a way to kill the older warlock or at least to bind his magic—he had to find it.

During their unpleasant encounter with Rabel, the Warlock had taken a strand of Alec’s hair using his magic. At the time, neither Magnus nor he had realized it. It wasn’t until later that the purpose of such action was revealed by Rabel himself. By then, it was already too late to do anything about it.

*****

After what Magnus revealed to him, everything became a bit strange as if the ghosts of the past had attached themselves to them to make them stumble. It was a weird feeling, he felt unbalanced. So maybe that’s why, he ended up at a random café on a Saturday morning with Izzy and Cat. They ordered frappuccinos and lattes and some pumpkin bread; his expresso was half drunk and already lukewarm. He was half there and half roaming the unlit passageways of his mind.

It was a bit weird to see Cat with her glamour on, he had become accustomed to see her without it—instead of white shiny hair, there was dark brown hair, in place of azure skin there was rich brown skin, sky blue eyes were now a dark brown. Of course, he understood the need for the glamour. Mundanes will never be ready to see otherworldly characteristics. But despite her glamour, her essence was the same. Cat was Cat.

“Rabel is the worst of plagues. All he touches, he destroys. In every way. Because of him, Magnus came close to losing everything he held dear, including his magic. And what is a Warlock without magic? It is a dead sentence. Magnus and I are sure he was behind Iris’s Omega crèche. Rabel’s presence is a bad omen,” she declared in a foreboding tone.
His body tensed up as an unpleasant chill torpedoed up his back and made the hair on the back of his neck and arms stand on end. He felt one of Izzy’s palm cover his own, reassuringly.

Without any interruptions, Cat’s words kept coming.

“Think of it like this, if Valentine was obsessed with using the Mortal Cup to make more Shadowhunters, Rabel wants the same but with Warlocks. He wants to increase warlock numbers. All he desires is to make more warlocks, more powerful warlocks. And he will go to any lengths to accomplish it. Also, keep in mind that a half-Warlock/half-Shadowhunter child has never existed, and if one were to exist, we can only image what kind of powers it would possess.”

The thought of Rabel or anyone trying to come close, take away, and use the children he and Magnus could have in the future, made him bristle. A cold violent rage turned his hands into fists.

*I won’t let anyone put a finger on my mate or our children,* his inner Omega snarled.

“Rabel is old. Even older than Ragnor.”

“He is? When I first saw him, I thought he was younger than Magnus, but then he told me Rabel had found him when he was but a boy and he looked the same back then.”

“Yes. I can understand why you or anyone would think he was younger. His delicate and fine features are ageless, his hair untouched by time’s gray hand. His skin wrinkle-free, his voice oddly sweet and his bearing dignified yet deceptively innocent. It can be said he has the gift of eternal youth. But don’t let that fool you. As you may already know, he is dangerous and wicked. Add to that, his lack of scent which makes it even more difficult for anyone to read him if only a little,” Cat warned.

Alec nodded.

Rabel was extremely powerful and wildly dangerous, and his tongue more so—he knew which buttons to press and he was a sadist who delighted himself in the suffering of others.

He wanted to use Magnus again, but Alec won’t let him.

His introspection was cut short by Catarina’s candid words.

“It doesn’t matter if in our veins runs demon or angelic blood, the part of us that’s human deserves and craves compassion, care, kindness, peace, love, and understanding. Our ego and society see those things as weaknesses, but what are we if we are absent all those things? We just make ourselves and others miserable,” the Omega Warlock mused, expression thoughtful.

She continued, “I say this because in your society as well as in ours, there are people who put the mind before the heart. They don’t see people as people but as chess pieces. Valentine was like that, the Clave is like that, and Rabel as well.”

Those words rang true. From the corner of his eyes he saw his sister agree silently.

He shifted in his seat and cleared his throat, his actions brought Cat’s and his sister’s attention back to him. His hands were a jittery mess, so he linked them and let them rest on his lap, his feet shuffled under the wooden table.

“Cat, I also wanted to talk to you about what completing the mating bond implies,” Alec voiced, trying to maintain an unfazed and blush-free expression.
After he pushed himself to meet the older woman’s keen eyes for a brief moment, he purposely kept his gaze on his now cold cup of coffee. It was a little more than embarrassing to talk about this with his sister present, but she had been nothing but supportive and respectful of him and Magnus and their relationship.

The brilliant smile on the Older Omega’s face screamed with electric elation, as if she had been waiting an eternity for him to ask about this. In truth, it had felt the same to him.

The mere thought of Magnus’s teeth on his skin, of their force breaking his flesh, of their bond finally being consummated—it made his soul feel claustrophobic, his body too small a vessel to contain it.

“I have been waiting impatiently for this,” she confessed, the timbre of her voice gushed with enthusiasm.

Izzy’s giggles turned his gaze to her—she looked how he felt.

Before she continued, Catarina took a lengthy sip of her almost drained drink.

“Here it goes. A mating bond can only be completed during a Heat through a mating bite. The Alpha bites the Omega who willingly bears his throat be it on either side of the neck or the nape of the neck. As you might know, the bite mark is permanent; it only fades when the person dies,” explained Cat.

He didn’t want to think about death. Not now.

His sister, who was mildly obsessed and fascinated by the whole mating/soul-bond/mating bite topic jumped into the conversation with a piece of information and a question that had never crossed his mind.

“Cat, is it true that an Omega can also bite their Alpha at the time of the Bond Consummation?”

Out of the blue, his heart went wild.

Catarina nodded and smiled affectionately at Izzy’s amazed expression and Alec’s flabbergasted one. Her answer was beyond surprising to him—he had never noticed a mating bite on any Alpha he had ever encountered, not even a few of the older ones who everyone knew were/or had been mated to Omegas.

Magnus.

The thought of leaving his mark on Magnus for everyone to see was…tantalizing to say the least.

Oh, what was he thinking?

Mine.

His heart did handspring at the possibility.

Mate.

Calm down, calm down, he told himself. His heart refused, it thumped violently against his ribs like a wrecking-ball.

Alpha.
After she took the last long sip of her drink, the older Omega continued in a blasé tone.

“But even in the Downworld, such a thing is... how do I say it? Scandalous. Though, I beg to differ. That’s just a pathetic excuse used by prideful Alphas who think that bearing a mating bite is beneath them, thus they refuse. But it is important to keep in mind that in the Downworld, just like an Omega can’t be forced to do anything they don’t want, Alphas can’t be forced to accept a claiming bite. It’s up to the person; they get to decide. But to be honest, when the connection is strong enough, there’s no need to force anything—important things, true things, always happen naturally.”

At those words, sage brown eyes gave him a knowing look and he couldn’t help but think that Catarina Loss in addition to being a healer was also a mind reader. Her intuition was as sharp as the blade of a newly forged katana sword.

“Once mated, true mates can’t be intimate with anyone else. They are not interested in anyone else but their mates. Because of this, once mated, an Omega’s Heat will not trigger the Rut of other Alphas other than their Alpha,” Catarina explained.

That’s convenient, he thought to himself.

After a brief pause, she added in an even more serious tone, “When a mating bond is sealed, the Omega won’t be able to bear anyone else’s pups because their body will reject any other person who isn’t their mate. This applies to the Alpha as well. That’s why its very important that before taking that step, the people involved think about it very carefully. The consummation of a mating bond is serious business.”

That piece of information didn’t perturb him, because he was sure of his choice. He knew Magnus loved him and wanted to mate him, but did he also want children? The Alpha was great with Madzie and he was amazing at taking care of others. But that didn’t mean he wanted any of his own. He himself had been thinking about this nonstop for a while.

Information kept pouring out of Cat’s mouth.

“Mates—especially true mates with a soul-bond—sense when one or the other is in danger through their connection. Even before the bond is sealed, mates crave physical closeness, because it soothes them. This need becomes even stronger once the bond is completed. Once a pair is bonded, they are dependent on the bond they share as well as on each other—they feed off each other’s emotions/mood,” she concluded.

Yes, he had already experienced that maddening craving for physical closeness, the need to scent Magnus, and have his warmth 24/7. What will become of him, of them, when their bond was finally consummated?

His reverie was once again interrupted by Cat’s words.

“I know this will be mortifying for you to listen to, and you might already know it, but it’s very important. Outside of a Heat, the chances of an Omega getting pregnant is close to zero, as there’s little to no ovulation. But during a Heat, those chances go up to almost a hundred percent. Though, that depends on the constitution of the Omega. But it’s best to not take any chances—if you don’t want to get pregnant that is—and drink contraception pills or get the injection. Condoms won’t do as the Alpha’s knot will—”

“Oh, God! Cat, please stop! I get it,” he practically screamed with embarrassment, his face as red as an over-ripped strawberry and eyes wide.
Meanwhile, his sister’s raucous laughter echoed throughout the little cafe, turning heads and attention towards their table.

After they had their fair chair of laughter at his expense, his friend spoke once again.

“Alec,” Cat said, at the same time she set down her drink and took one of his hands, “I need you to understand and believe that Magnus is not doing you a favor by mating you. On the contrary, you are giving him an honor and he knows it.”

He couldn’t speak, so he nodded.

His heart spoke in Morse code and his mind translated it—*you and him, had been honoring each other all along, through mutual surrender.*

****

Before he met Magnus, he rejected his Omega side and all that came with it—Heats and an Alpha, bonds and mating, mating bites and his body which could make and carry life, a mate and a family of his own. Now—by the Angel—he wanted all of it with every fiber of his being.

They haven’t talked about having pups, not specifically at least. Magnus had mentioned it in his vows when they did the handfasting ceremony, he had mentioned ‘our family’. But he needed to know his mate’s thoughts about it, hear a concrete answer from his lips. So, he forced down his nervousness, took a deep breath, and spoke.

“Do you want pups, Magnus?” he asked while they were curled together in bed, his Alpha’s arms wound up around his waist and his long-fingered hands low upon his belly—possessively.

The sudden question caught him by surprise and left him momentarily speechless.

A family of his own…

Magnus had thought about that long and carefully—*for centuries.*

He had never thought of having children because of what had happened to his mother; he didn’t want to be the cause of death for someone else because of his demon blood. Though, the desire to sire children had always been there.

If they weren’t still knotted together, Alec would have locked himself in the bathroom. His cheeks burned with embarrassment.

Maybe he shouldn’t have asked, not now at least. Perhaps, Magnus didn’t want pups. Oh, God, it was probably too soon to even think about those things. He wished he could take the last thirty seconds back, he should have swallowed those words.

It was the High Warlock’s voice which plucked him out of his internal freak-out.

“You, I want *everything,* Alexander, no timelines necessary.”

The Alpha’s sotto voice sounded so gentle, it was soaked with tenderness and infused with unbridled hope—the scent of absolute happiness that rolled off of his mate flooded his nose and made his own heart somersault with elation. He couldn’t help but let loose the grin that pulled at his lips as Magnus’s own brushed his exposed shoulder.

Alec swallowed down a series of broken words—broken by excitement and overcome by emotion.
Once his heart had calmed down, he whispered, “Me too…”

They couldn’t change positions since his knot hadn’t receded yet, but he wanted to look into his mate’s eyes when he uttered the words rapidly piling one after the other in his throat. Thus, he briefly lifted his right hand from the warmth of Alec’s belly and brought it up to slightly turn his face. Hazel eyes sleepy yet bright with a particular glow gazed at him expectantly. He was sure his Nephilim could clearly feel the crazed thrashing of his heart against his back.

“Alec, I can’t promise you that everything is going to be a walk over a bed of roses and sunny summer days. Because in life there’re also going to be violent spring storms and gusty winter winds. But what I can promise you with certainty, is that I will always be by your side and that my love will be constant, that I will honor you, protect you and respect you always. I will try every day to be the best mate. And when children come into our lives whenever that may be, I will try to be just as good a father. This is my promise to you, Alexander,” he sussured, voice thick with emotion.

Being in love with Alec was easy. Staying in love with him was even more so. His mate was life-giving air and even an immortal like him needed air to live.

Alec couldn’t reply to that promise—not while copious tears tumbled from his eyes and his throat was raided by quiet sobs.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Alec + ?  
Magnus + Izzy + Jace  
Malec

Chapter Notes

Hello,
Thank you kindly for all your kudos and comments, it means a lot to me.

In this chapter, Magnus and Alec's POV will switch back and forth more than it regularly does. I tried something new, a back and forth scene switch. Hopefully it won't be too confusing.

Happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

With all of the evidence gathered by his parents, Luke, and himself—the last eighty years censuses showing the alarming decline in Omega population since the creation and use of the OSR, the anonymous testimony from the doctors, the physical examination results from Omega Shadowhunters around the world, and the testimonies of Catarina’s and her fellow healer warlocks—Inquisitor Imogen Herondale began to look into the grave accusation. After careful investigation, it was determined that indeed the Omega Suppressant Rune was deadly, its aim confirmed to be the extinction of the Omega Gender. Council Malachi insisted he didn't know anything about the purpose of the OSR and was thus put to the test per the request of Inquisitor Herondale and all the families whose Omegas were victim of the deadly rune.

The Silent Brothers not only questioned him with the Soul Sword, but also each member of the Clave. Of course, it was considered an outrage and many weren’t happy about it, for elite Alphas to be under suspicion was an offense, but it went ahead anyway. It was confirmed that indeed Malachi was telling the truth and that he wasn’t involved in the OSR secret—though, the guy was still an indisputable ass. The same couldn’t be said about the rest of the Clave members who went through the Soul Sword trial and who belonged to prominent families like the Blackthorn, Lovelace, Branwell, Pangborn, Highsmith, and Rosewain.

Those found guilty were either striped from their runes and exiled or sentenced to life-in-prison and sent to the Gard in Idris/City of Bones. Alec was pissed that they didn’t pay with their lives, that they got to draw breath while Omegas still suffered the consequences of that damnable rune and so many had died because of it. But it was all about the damn politics and how these old and influential Shadowhunter families still had the power to pull some strings.

When he had expressed his disapproval and inconformity about the sentence to Magnus, his mate had caressed his cheek and gazed at him with fondness yet a knowing look in his eyes—the kind of
look that told him that he understood Alec’s feelings because of their bond and also because he had experienced it. Then, the High Warlock had proceeded to reassure him with words.

“Death is a mercy, Alexander. They deserve to pay for what they did day by day, striped from their runes, away from their families and their homes, alone in a prison cell and without hope of ever getting back what they lost.”

His mate was right. Death took but a moment and then the punishment was over. Life was much more trying, a horrible torture as one thinks about everyone and everything that was lost.

At least, now the truth was out in the open and even if the responsible ones didn’t get the full force of the law (or maybe he was just twisted and thirsty for blood), it was ordered effective immediately that the use of the Omega Suppressant Rune was stopped permanently. Per the request of the Omega population, the rune was to be erased from their skins as well. Omega Shadowhunters everywhere knew about the consequences of the OSR and sought out medical aid to help determine to what extent the rune had really affected their bodies.

The road was long, still many bumps on the way, but it was a start—a very significant one at that.

*****

Days went by without any significant development at work—just regular everyday demon hunting, reports, meetings, and training. He wished it could have been the same in his personal life or at least that all of the developments were good. But that was too much to ask for.

The last thing he remembered was being on his way to the Institute earlier than usual. His body had been feeling off since the night before—he felt feverish, his body had started to ache terribly, and his head felt dizzy and foggy. He had noticed the almost imperceptible change in his scent instantly and even before Magnus. Thus, he knew his first normal Heat after he stopped using the rune was on its way. He had some things pending at the office, and he needed to take care of them before he went into Heat for two or three days. Alec knew his mate would have made a fuss and would have insisted on accompanying him, but Magnus had clients to see and other commitments to take care of, and things wouldn’t have taken long at the Institute anyway.

But he had been terribly wrong.

When consciousness came back to him, he found himself in an abandoned dilapidated building—he could see the darkening blue sky and some leafless trees from the broken windows which surrounded the place.

Obviously, he didn’t make it to the Institute.

For how long has he been unconscious?

Someone got the drop on him.

It was too late for regrets.

Magnus must be worried sick.

His family must be beside themselves.

It was when the person spoke that he realized who it was—it wasn’t a demon, it was someone worse.
“I never thought I would see the day when Magnus took a mate. An Omega, at that. Something he had avoided all his life because of childhood trauma. But its human nature to crave for love, power, and beauty—not even someone as guarded as Magnus could resist such things when encountered with them. For his mate to be fated, a Shadowhunter, and a soul-bond—it can only be called a miracle, no?”

One of Rabel’s hand hovered over his stomach, his magic glowed an iridescent pink.

“This is a confirmation that my life’s mission is destined to triumph. You and Magnus will bring it to fruition,” continued the warlock in a honeyed voice.

It was quiet, so eerily quiet it seemed like they were the only two living beings on Earth.

*****

Magnus had woken up in a sort of forlorn mood today. When he woke up this morning, instead of Alec’s furnace-like body by his side, there was empty cold space. He had gotten ready for the day in an almost robot-like way and eaten a conjured bland-tasting breakfast, and then had gone out to meet with other High Warlocks at Lake Uluru in Kata Tjuta, Northern Territory, Australia. He wasn’t in the mood to see anyone nor to deal with a couple of unpleasant High Warlocks in the group, but it was his job and he took it seriously. So, he had dragged himself to the outside world against his will.

An unusual absentmindedness had overtaken him. His brain jumped from thought to thought while he talked and worked—guilt and frustration stabbed at his insides, he was too old to let his mind and stirred emotions dictate him.

After he finished the job, he immediately portaled home. Since Rabel’s visit, he was constantly on guard, distrustful of his surroundings, and slightly overprotective. So much so that he offered Alec to portal him to and from the Institute or anywhere else he needed to go. The Omega of course had patted his cheeks, smiled affectionally, and told him he didn’t need to be so on edge, that he knew how to take care of himself, thank you very much. But the acute worry in his heart persisted.

To keep his mate safe and far from Rabel was his priority—he couldn’t lose Alec too; this time, he wouldn’t survive the loss.

He had stopped searching for love a century ago, but when love found him, it demolished all his defenses and unlocked the myriad of locks that sequestered his heart. Early on in his life, he realized that not even the most powerful warlock or spell could create true love—to an extent, magic could weave its shadow, but like a shadow, it eventually faded without light.

Throughout his body, the soul-bond bombinated.

Suddenly, Magnus felt something was off with Alec through their bond. He was certain something bad had happened to the young Shadowhunter. So, he let his magic flow and reach out to his Omega through their bond, the connection felt odd as if it had been numbed.

*****

The older Omega’s expression had turned sullen from one breath to the next. Green piercing eyes with a pinch of sympathy stared at him.

He felt lightweight as if his body floated in the air; he couldn’t move at all save for his eyes, and when he did so, he confirmed that he was in fact suspended in the air a good four feet from the floor.
“Your reproductive system is a mess. Your womb is weak. But it’ll have to do. How cruel for your own people to give their Omegas the gift of death,” Rabel lamented.

Alec knew the Omega Suppressant Rune provoked slow degeneration of the body and its functions, that’s why the Omega-Shadowhunters population had been on a speedy decline. That’s why he had confronted the Clave in the first place. Now, Omega Shadowhunters knew the consequences of using that godforsaken rune. But with constant medical care, their affected bodies should be able to heal, according to the doctors in Idris.

What was Rabel talking about then?

His woolly mind failed to comprehend the older Omega’s words.

His quizzical expression must have given him away.

“Oh, You, poor child. You don’t know, do you? Even if you stop using the Omega Suppressant Rune, some part or another of your body would mostly likely have been permanently affected by it. In your case, it was your reproductive system,” the older warlock stated.

Those words hit him with a ton’s force right in the solar plexus and his heart stuttered and then thrashed against his oppressed chest.

Oh, God! No!

No, please, Raziel.

He wished he could move and run away, he didn’t want to hear this.

Maybe it was a lie. Why should he believe anything this man said?! Yet, Rabel’s scent couldn’t lie, it became temporarily tinted with unfeigned sympathy which made it even worse.

Rabel’s scent? Why could he smell it now? No, that wasn’t important at the moment.

“But don’t worry, a little bit of my magic should help somewhat. Give your womb a little push,” Rabel reassured at the same time a pulse of magic made its way into Alec’s body.

No!

Alec didn’t want this.

He didn’t want another’s magic to course through his body and corrupt his Alpha’s magic. But, he couldn’t do anything to avoid it.

“There you go. Fingers crossed and it should work. You must be dying of want and need by now, huh? Craving for Magnus to make you full. Oh, don’t worry. He’ll be here soon enough. Work hard and make some healthy, beautiful, and powerful babies, Alec. Give Magnus the family he has always wanted. I’ll be rooting for you. Take good care of yourself,” the older Omega cooed as one of his delicate small hands swept over Alec’s sweat-lapped face.

Give Magnus a family, that was one of the things he wanted the most. But maybe he couldn’t.

“Sadly, I’m barren. A barren Omega with so much power, isn’t it tragic? My mate was killed by a Shadowhunter a long time ago. He wasn’t my true mate, but we chose each other…” Rabel’s words trailed off.

Alec felt like a branch that has been struck by lightning—detached, broken, and hollow.
After what felt like an hour, the older Omega resumed, “Dying is a much more kinder faith than being left behind after losing the one you love. But I had a mission to fulfil, it kept me grounded and I clung to life even when at times I wanted nothing more than to follow my mate,” Rabel uttered, timbre somber.

*****

An urgent loud knock on the door shook Magnus out of his trance-like state and he went to answer. “Isabelle, Jace, what happened? Is Alec…” his voice dwindled as he took in their grave expressions and smelled their anxiety-imbued scents. Something was wrong, he knew it. It wasn’t paranoia on his part.

As she walked inside, Izzy spoke, voice dappled with worry, “Alec didn’t make it to the Institute, Magnus. He was on his way when we hung up this morning. What could have happened? It isn’t like Alec to neglect his duties. We haven’t been able to contact him.”

At those words, his heart momentarily ceased in his chest and his stomach sank.

Alec! Oh, please let him be unharmed.

His mind reeled with atrocious deafening thoughts. He swallowed down the slew of frenetic emotions which surged through him as if tumbling waves, and tried his best to calm down. It was Jace’s low and disquieted voice which hoicked him out of his pondering.

“I tried to track him through our parabatai bond, but nada. It’s as if he’s vanished into thin air.” The young Alpha fought not to pace as his penetrating eyes searched Magnus for answers.

He couldn’t help the restless state of his hands on his sides as his thumb and index fingers rubbed against one another—a natural self-soothing mechanism, a telltale of his nervousness.

With a miraculously steady tone, he asked haltingly, “You-your parabatai Rune is…” The words trailed off and faded, suddenly his lungs were oxygen depleted and tension claimed every muscle in his body. A malicious carrying whisper in his mind painted him a thousand tragic scenarios. No, he needed to keep a cool head.

“It’s still there, he’s alive. He isn’t hurt either because otherwise I would have felt it,” came Jace’s surefire reply.

Two pairs of wildly concerned eyes honed in on him as his sister-in-law questioned him. “Magnus, what about you?”

What about him? He should have known right away when something wasn’t right at the moment it happened. He should have insisted more, letting Alec out of his sight had been a mistake and if something happened it would be his fault, and-

“Magnus!” the Beta’s voice was firm and urgent but not unsympathetic.

The High Warlock blinked a couple of times as to dissipate the panic rising inside. It wasn’t the time to lose the grip on his emotions, he needed to find his Omega.

Alec…To any deity with open ears, I beg you, please keep him safe.
Almost on autopilot, he uttered, “I-I just came back from Australia, me and other Warlocks were purifying the Female Great Dragon Ley Line which connects both Lake Titicaca and Uluru. When we’re so close to such a powerful energy source, everything else gets disrupted except for our magic. Oh, God! That’s why since I came back I have been feeling our bond was off...because something did happen to him…”

Time was of the essence, he needed to track Alec and, and---

As he thought about the situation carefully, his feet took him towards the closed French doors. His hands trembled lightly as his fingers played with his rings. When his eyes settled on the ring his young mate had given him, his eyes pricked with tears.

“Could it be him?” Izzy’s question made him feel sick to his stomach.

He had thought about that—in fact—it was his first thought. Yet, he had rejected it because life couldn’t be so cruel. But, who was he kidding? Life was cruel and now Alec was in his hands.

Isabelle’s eyes and his own met in a silent terror-ridden gaze—she had heard how heartless Rabel was, but Magnus had seen and experienced the depths of his callous nature.

Eyebrows furrowed and eyes narrowed as he walked a few paces closer, Jace asked, “Him? Who’s him?”

The young Beta looked between them, one hand on her hip and the other anxiously in her hair.

Tension ran high as the seconds ticked away.

“Well?” insisted the Alpha-Shadowhunter at the same time he raised his eyebrows and spread his arms.

A forceful swallow went down Magnus’s arid throat before he pronounced one word.

“Rabel...” Magnus murmured while he turned around on his heels to face the pair.

He never knew one name could hold so much oppressive morbid gloom—each syllable pregnant with artful malevolence.

“Who the hell is this Rabel? Magnus? Izzy?”

Isabelle sighed, gaze heavy with worry, and then glanced at her brother for a moment.

“I’ll tell you later, Jace. Magnus, we need to find Alec as soon as possible. Who knows what that bastard might do to my brother.”

Her voice was even and her composure measured; she was desperate but as in every difficult situation, Isabelle remained level-headed. He was grateful for that; his inner Alpha was riled-up enough as it was—her calmness settled him down if only a bit. Jace’s energy on the other hand was turbulent enough to make him want to growl and snarl.

He shook his head and tried not to remember all the times his sweet Omega had done that motion—to say it was nearly impossible was an understatement.

“No. I’m the only one who can track him. Rabel wants me to find him; his magic is calling to mine,” he voiced as the fingers of one hand pressed against his temples.

It was true and strange. The magic within him which also coursed through Alec, was also mingled
with that man’s own. How? At least he knew his mate was still alive though in distress.

*Please resist, my darling.*

“We’ll go with you,” declared Jace, timbre firm and expression determined.

He understood their worry as they were Alec’s family and loved him dearly, but this was something he needed to do alone.

After he inhaled and exhaled a much-needed breath of fresh air, he explained, all the while looking at the young Shadowhunters, “No, he’s too dangerous and I need to keep a cool head. And with Alec involved it’ll be extremely difficult for me already. So, please stay. I’ll contact you as soon as I get him back. I promise.”

A wave of anger and confusion rolled off of Jace. Magnus understood his feelings very well. Regardless, he will stick to his guns because Alec’s life was on the line.

Despite his flared-up temper, the younger Alpha didn’t snarl nor did any posturing, but kept his distance. “Magnus, how can you ask us to sit on our hands and do nothing when my parabatai is in danger?”

He was aware that he was asking too much, but this is how it needed to be. Rabel might be there or not when he arrives, whatever it was, he didn’t want to expose anyone else. Plus, there was also something else—a powerful force within him and in their soul-bond—which put on alert the part of him that was Alpha. Magnus could feel it in the aching marrow of his bones and in the high temperature of his skin and in his slightly fogged-up forebrain—*Alec’s Heat*.

Isabelle’s silvery voice filled his ears and temporarily evanesced the mist which enmeshed his mind. “Calm down, Jace. Let’s leave this in Magnus’s hands. He knows what he’s doing and he knows Rabel.”

A frustrated growl erupted from the young man, yet he said nothing else. The look in his eyes when he looked at Magnus said it all ‘you better bring him back.’ And that was exactly what he was going to do.

His sister-in-law approached him and as one of her hands comfortingly squeezed his left shoulder, she voiced, “Bring him back safe and sound. Call us when you do. And, please be careful.”

With a nod, he sealed his promise.

After Izzy and Jace had left, he went to the bedroom and grabbed Alec’s favorite hunter green t-shirt. His mate’s scent potent upon it. Immediately, he began to track him using their soul-bond, scents, and magic combined.

Thanks to their strong bond and the magic that lingered in Alec’s blood from their kisses and coupling, he could track him to an abandoned factory outside of the city limits.

Without wasting any more time, he opened a portal.

*Alec, my love. I’m coming. Wait a little longer.*

*****

He must have lost consciousness again, because when he opened his eyes, Rabel had this freakish Mona Lisa-kind of smile on his face while he held a syringe filled with a cerulean liquid, which
made his flesh creep and shudder.

Alec couldn’t move his body, it felt as if a bolder laid on top of him. It was evident Rabel had casted a spell so he couldn’t use his abilities and that way could inject him with the potion in the syringe. He felt as if he had inhaled laughing gas. His body felt tingly and mildly weightless, flashes of yellow played behind closed eyelids and his head spun—he felt languorous.

For a moment, the sensations felt overwhelming. He felt the pressure of the needle as it perforated the skin below his belly button yet not the pain, and the ghost of a sting as the liquid entered his blood stream.

“Despite my abhorrence of your kind, I am aware Shadowhunters’ abilities are powerful and useful and could help ensure the Warlock Community’s existence and dominance in the Downworld. That’s why of my fervent determination to use you and Magnus to accomplish my plans. Let’s make that Warlock Twins legend real. I’m sure Magnus told you about it.”

He could barely think, much less speak as his Heat-lust became increasingly overpowering.

Rabel continued, not minding his condition, “Commitment is the price one pays when one finds the person deserving of our time and all the love drowning our heart. As for me, I am committed to the Warlock Community. Magnus will do his part; he doesn’t get to have it all and refuse to pay his dues.”

A wealth of rabid emotions ruptured his heart.

Alpha

To talk about Magnus as if he was a thing to use and discard. To use their bond to bring about selfish plans. Indeed, some people were experts at making filth out of pure things.

Magnus, where are you?

Alec felt himself slip in and out of consciousness several times, overwhelmed by his Heat and the potion and Rabel’s magic within him.

Rabel. Where was he? The Omega-Warlock was nowhere to be found, perhaps he left. Of course, he had done whatever he wanted to do and left him here. What an ass.

His body still felt languid and feverish and aching, yet he could move his limbs and every part he couldn’t before. He made an effort to sit, mind a macramé of conflicting thoughts—a fight between his reason and his most basic carnal needs.

His reason blasted him with a thousand questions as to what that potion could do to his body and if it was true all that Rabel said about his reproductive system, if he couldn’t actually have children and what would Magnus think of it all. His primitive side on the other hand, reduced him to feel, to want, to need—he could sense the heat within grow increasingly, every pearl of sweat down his scorching flesh, even the soft cold breeze which blew his sweat-mated hair spread goosebumps all over, his cock throbbed against his soaked underwear and his entrance ache acutely at intervals, there was this maddening itch where his body claimed his Alpha’s knot and every time he took a breath he felt the desire increase ten folds.

Magnus Alpha

He was so out of it he had begun to hear Magnus’s velvety voice call his name and his unmistakable presence grow closer, his strong masculine scent caressed his nose and his tender
hands gather him up in safety.

Oh, it wasn’t an illusion. It was the real thing. He couldn’t speak. His tongue had gone to sleep.

*Magnus, Magnus, his mate was finally here…*

“Alec! Alexander, my love. Hang in there, please,” pleaded the voice he favored the most, full of love, fear, and panic.

*****

When he entered the building, he sensed traces of Rabel’s energy signature and oddly enough a whiff of his scent—he couldn’t describe its smell, it didn’t smell like things but emotions. The older warlock’s scent was permeated with… hopeful joy but also drops of… worry. Never mind that, he wasn’t here any longer. He had left.

*Alec!*

He needed to find his mate.

As he walked further into the building, he could smell his Omega’s potent Heat-scent. It called to him—almost playful—to follow and find its source. Drawn to the inebriating potpourri, his side Alpha clawed ferociously at his chest—he couldn’t blame the part of him which sought out such delightful fragrance. His feet set on a run and as he got closer to the room which held the one he loved the most—his heart lurched against his ribs and he found himself in a rush—face-to-face and on his knees, breathless and an ardent victim of his own approaching Rut, he let his lonely arms gather and engulf his precious Shadowhunter.

“Alec, my heart.”

Magnus scanned the length of his mate’s body with sharp eyes. There were no visible injuries on his mate.

His young mate’s eyes were bright and scrutinizing but weighted down by want, his cheeks suffused with high color like his neck and ears, his enticing pomegranate lips parted and his hair a messy nest, his clothes intact but dusty and wet—wet with mouthwatering slick. He fought the need to lick and bite, stifled a low growl and drowned away the encouraging voice in his head which told him ‘rip off his clothes and mount him, fuck him until all he can say is your garbled name’. If he was being completely honest, it was a tempting scenario, but he wasn’t a beast and Alec’s well-being was his priority. Also, he didn’t want their Bond Consummation to be in this filthy, horrid place full of awful memories for Alec.

He lost consciousness sometime after he was injected by Rabel and just when Magnus arrived and gathered him up in his arms.

“Alec! Alexander, my love. Hang in there, please.”

Magnus wished he was taking deep breaths because he had a good laugh and not because his anxiety had gotten the best of him, that his stomach hurt not because of hate but because of love. Rabel had done this. He left traces of his scent on purpose. The older warlock must have been keeping track of Alec since the day of the confrontation.

He was certain Rabel didn’t inject Alec with the same potion he did the twins—this was his mate’s Heat-scent, seductively sweet and free of corruption. Then, what has he done to Alec?
Magnus was in the middle of this thought when he felt his Omega’s hands slid up his nape and into his hair and slightly pull at it, and then whisper in an ever so raspy and needy timbre in his left ear, “Magnus, I-I...to be yours, I’ve-I’ve never wanted something so badly. If you don’t make me yours, I think I’m gonna die...”

Oh, by Lilith! Those words made him weak all over and temporarily turned his brain into mush. After a handful of seconds, he let himself speak.

“Alec, I feel the same.” Despite the worry because of what had happened, the truth was that this between them couldn’t be delayed any longer.

“Let’s go home and seal our bond. You promised, Magnus. You still want to?”

How could he not want to, when Alec was his dream come true?!

“I did. I do. I do, more than anything in the world. Let’s go home, Alexander.”

The last thing he heard before his mind went blank was the sound of his mate’s finger snapping and the whooshing sound of a portal.

Alec’s consciousness came back once they arrived home. As his senses became more and more sharp, he heard Magnus steady voice.

“Yes, Isabelle, I found him. He’s well, for what I can see and feel with my magic. No visible physical injuries, but he’s still not completely his regular self. He is, um…, he’s in Heat…, it just started. I’ll keep you posted.”

Once he hanged up, he walked back to their bedroom.

His mate was in bed, freshly cleaned by magic and mostly naked saved for his boxers. Boxers that were once again soaked by the Omega’s delectable nectar. His mouth watered and his manhood became stiffer as the divine smell ensnared his senses and drew out the Alpha in him.

Temporarily, the distress and sadness and heartbreak he had felt after being abducted and injected by Rabel was forcefully set aside by his unrestrainable Heat. His hazy mind and wanton body dominated him wholly, and he yielded to the need. To be honest, he didn’t fight it, because he wanted this reprieve—he needed to forget if only for a couple of days of the revelation that had befallen him.

When his handsome man was within arm’s reach, he murmured, “I need you, Magnus. Claim me. Make me yours. Mate me, Magnus...”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
As soon as Magnus was close enough to him, Alec’s arms instinctively coiled around his neck and pulled him down to sit on the bed; his own hands glided gracefully down his mate’s flanks and then, planted themselves firmly on his bare waist.

Delightfully erogenous words whispered between their torrid lips, set him aflame all over.

“I need you, Magnus. Claim me. Make me yours. Mate me, Magnus...”

Alec didn’t want his body to come out of this mating intact—he wanted his bones to hurt and his insides to ache and his heart to throb and his mind to be permanently embossed with the memories and his skin to be imprinted with signs of desperation and his neck to be branded forever. To become one with Magnus should be something transcendental, monumental, just like he felt it in his soul. He wanted their Bond-Consummation to quake with every emotion and crumble and be built anew by the two of them—link by link with each kiss, thrust and caress. He wanted Magnus to feel the intensity of this moment decades and centuries from now—for it to be unforgettable, for he himself to be a perpetual memory to the Alpha.

He was high on Heat-lust and Magnus’s Rut-arousal, and the Alpha on his Heat-scent—they were both high on this love that had taken a hold of their hearts and meld them together.

Despite the Heat and Rut that commanded them, this wasn’t a mere race to carnal pleasure. Sex—yes—he was an expert in that area. Yet, making love was another story entirely. In this, Alec was his first. His Omega was a first in many aspects. Between Alec’s thighs, they didn’t have sex—they made love. Sex involved only the genitals and lust, it was the way to reach empty self-gratification. Love making claimed the body as well as the soul.

Aromatic pink peonies in full-bloom and vibrant yellow buttercups, countless lit white pillar candles and lavish golden sheets were at once summoned with the flick of a wrist—this was a once-in-a-lifetime kind of moment, a celebration of their union, and no matter how much he
wanted to get this show started, he also wanted to make it special for Alec, for the both of them. Alec’s day had been dreadful enough, it was his self-imposed mission to offer him a much-needed respite. And this was a start.

“Yes, my gorgeous Omega. Yes, I will. But claim me too. Make me yours, Alexander,” he replied, voice a mellifluous sound he wished reached the deepest parts of Alec.

Alec’s mind was fogged by Heat-lust, but you bet those words dispersed it as if they were a gust of wind. Oh, God! *His mark on Magnus’s skin for everyone to see.* Everyone would know without a doubt that he was claimed—set apart by Alec. *That this man was his alone—his Alpha in every sense of the word.*

He felt possessive, territorial.

So, he decided to speak his lips on Magnus’ own and his tongue in Magnus’ mouth. Their lips met half-way in the same road and converged in a sultry esurient kiss. With each suck came a lick and then mischievous teeth joined, busy hands moved with élan to rid of unnecessary clothes and to traversed miles of sweat carpeted skin.

Euphonious mewls and moans rang out of the young Shadowhunter beneath him, so pliant, determined, and unapologetic.

The curves and lines and ridges and runes of Alec's body dared him to desire him more, lured him to succumb to its feel, taste, and smell. And he did so gladly.

His stunning mate welcomed him gladly between his splayed long legs; naturally and excitedly, their erections reacted to the closeness and the contact.

“Aah! Mag-…, ngh!”

“Nn! Ale-c!”

The High Warlock’s cat-eyes were preternaturally sublime and Alec wanted them to always gaze at him, to keep them to himself and not allow anyone else to settle their sight on them.

*Mine, only mine, mine alone, mine*

The slopes of his chest and stomach were quickly variegated with a flurry of adoring kisses, laps, and sucks—each an earnest thorough gesture that made his fingers claw at the golden silk sheets and his toes curl, his heels dug hard into the mattress and his back arc, his voice rive into a thousand broken songs and his eyes shut close as phosphenes dappled his pupils.

Magnus’s naked body was like the naked Earth—strong, solid, hot, inviting, unshackled, wild, and loved by the sun. In contrast, his voice was soft and his hands gentle and his lips tender. His Alpha between his legs was hard and leaking, and as much as Alec loved to see that tantalizing handsome face watercolored with passion and those ravenous cat-eyes bore into him, he didn’t want to be on his back right now—he wanted Magnus to manhandle him and be a bit rough.

His Alpha’s heavy sighs fell upon his flesh like a rainstorm and his feathery kisses felt like silk.

Magnus delicately kissed and sucked at his nipples and then carefully let the tip of his tongue circle lightly around the pert dark pink nubs and playful teeth nibble and pull at them with utmost care—such minute ministrations dragged a breathy shaky sound from Alec’s slack mouth and send electric currents from the soil of his feet all the way to the pit of his stomach where an ever-growing orgasm awaited to erupt. His fingers clasped the sheets and his Alpha’s silky hair urgently
but not too hard, as expert tapered fingers in sync moved up and down his heavy dick and rubbed
and flicked at the pre-come moist sensitive head. Breathless gasps and heaving pants barreled out
oh him and left him dizzy—if he was standing, he was sure he would have fallen on his ass.

He wanted something he thought he’ll never want in his life.

He wanted Magnus to mount him good. Never had he wanted to be taken on his hands and knees so
badly. But he needed it, wanted it with every drop of desire in his blood. So, he pushed Magnus off
of him, but not with force, and then presented.

Between raspy breaths, he murmured, “Magnus, I don’t want you to be gentle with me, not right
now. Now, I want you to let go of your inner Alpha’s reigns and just take me. I want all of you.
Everything.”

The coolness of Magnus’s Wedded ring, Alec felt it against his boiling skin keenly as devoted sage
fingers moved nimbly down the lines of his neck and the curves of his shoulders and followed the
way down his bowed back. His eyes drifted close while his hands clenched the pillow beneath him
vehemently, a pleasurable chill went up his spine and made his bones tremble fantastically and
compelled a copious pulse of slick to layer his already wet inner thighs. For a moment, he thought
he would pass-out as rivulets of salty sweat streamed profusely down his entire body.

“Ha! Oh, Go-d, Nn…”

Such sinful divine sounds made Magnus shiver with ferocious want. More, he wanted to hear more.

Alec was stunning; a sin made flesh—each part of him flawless in his eyes. It was as if Raziel had
been inspired while he made him by hand. Fragility and lust and unabashed wildness looked good
on his mate.

Before he let himself pronounce words he could no longer contain, he moved his hands which were
gently massaging up and down his Omega’s hips and thighs, to bracket Alec’s head and then,
pressing closer and closer, he uttered, “You’re so beautiful, so beautiful, so beautiful, Alexander.
That all I want to do is worship at your feet, day and night.”

The sound of Magnus’s dark low voice was like a well-known song—the earthly yet velvety
timbre of it slithered into him and seeped between the cracks left by battle scars.

His lips moved to weave words, but his brain couldn’t think of any, and his vocal cords had gone
out of order.

“Magnus…” was all his tongue remembered—one word, the most important word.

His warlock licked the slick between his thighs slowly, terribly slowly and hungry—savored it as
pleased noises escaped his busy mouth between thirsty laps and eager sucks.

By the Angel! He was going to burst and pass out if the older man kept this up.

Trembling arms crossed and dampened forehead pressed against clasped hands followed by his
sharp teeth biting down on the tender flesh of one of his forearms—Alec was at the brink of
irremediable madness.

A rough, sandpaper-like voice spoke to him, “No, my love. Please, don’t hurt yourself. Be loud.
You need not be embarrassed of your pleasure. Let me hear you, Alec.”

Dammit, how could he ever deny him? Not in this life, that’s for sure.
The Alpha’s hands now prayed on his spread butt cheeks, whilst blunt teeth dragged down his spine and made goosebumps surface. When those talented hips trusted at adagio tempo into him in one smooth swing and the igneous feeling of his man’s hard prominent erection breached the oversensitive ring of muscles and stretched him good, it punched-out a guttural cry of pleasure out of Alec’s throat.

“Ah, ah...ngh...!”

Magnus’ nostrils flared up as he took in another whiff of his lover’s aphrodisiacal aroma.

“A taste of you is not enough, sayangku (my dear). I’m more inclined to savor you,” husked the older man in a gravely tone as the tip of his scorching tongue licked the bent of his right ear and fingertips pressed down hard the meat of his hips.

Delicious pain bloomed from where Magnus’s nails buried. Yes, this is what he wanted. More, he wanted his mate to mark and mess him up even more.

He felt an ardent passion for Alec’s fragrance—in addition to his usual luscious scent and sensual musky Heat-scent—he also smelled like luxurious earthy myrrh and rich sandalwood frankincense, and for a brief instant, his runed alabaster flushed skin, shimmered as if gilded by the sun itself. Scent which steadily grew headier and more potent and intoxicating as Magnus assiduous hands, tongue, lips, teeth, breaths, and words continued to dispense thorough ministrations.

“Fuc-k!” he heard himself shout when the warlock rocked and circled his hips and ground against him with abandon.

His Omega was so biddable during such intimacies; he gave himself over completely and let himself feel everything Magnus provoked within his body, such trust aroused a strong sexual desire in him—animalistic, primal—ineradicable until their bodies and souls were finally welded. Seated deep within Alec’s body, for a moment, he let himself drape over that gloriously carved body underneath him and allowed his breath to ghost over the taut lines of shoulders and shoulder blades and for his nose to draw in the scent they’ve made together.

“We smell the same…” the surprised words floated out of him between a trail of mouthed kisses and nips he left upon his Omega’s nape.

A sumptuous back and forth of undulating hips—not only Magnus’ but also his own entranced ones—made him jolt and quiver, heart set into a crazy tantivy.

“A-ah...”

Alec had this raging fire buried deep inside him, and only when Magnus held him it came out all at once—an all-consuming conflagration. One light caress or furtive glance or susurration or a whiff of scent from his Alpha was enough to cause a combustion within him. He was the vessel and Magnus the detonator, always, always. In Magnus arms, he thought of all the times that fire almost got quenched—he didn’t want to imagine what would have been of him if part of him hadn’t fought tooth and nail for it not to happen. His mate unfailingly set off little explosions throughout his body with every roll of his hips and kiss upon the expanse of his sweat coated back—each part of their bodies that touched instantly sweltered.

“Fuck! Ah! Mmm, harder!”

Their bodies where flint over tinder against each other. The wet lewd sounds their bodies made as Magnus’s cock went in and out of his tingling hole, the incessant slap of skin as their bodies met in
unrelenting shallow and sharp thrusts, the straining of his own dick as it twitched and dripped pre-
come, and the raspy breaths intermingled with throaty moans and heavy pants—it wrung out of
him garbled pleas.

“Mag-, oh, Go-d! Ye-a…mor-e…!”

Alec felt scared because this felt too good but at the same time he wanted much more. His mate’s
scent was as virile and erotically mysterious as usual, yet there was something more to it—
something dangerous and feline which made his knees go weak.

“Alec, you feel so good, so good,” the Alpha said as one of his hands palmed his ass and the other
went up the front of his right thigh, brushed the crease and pubic hair and continued in the
direction of his balls and made a quick stop to rub and pull carefully at the sac and then let
experienced fingers swept up the burning taut base to finally wrap around his cock and
immediately begin to stroke it up and down in a slow burn tempo as he added calculated twists of
the wrist here and there.

“Shit!” he screamed into the pillow at the same time he spread his legs even more and Magnus
slammed with force into him, and made him see all the angels when the head of his cock nailed his
prostate head-on.

His knees shook and his bones rattled, his heart lurch against his chest with so much force he
thought it’ll open a hole in it and his skin felt abuzz, his eyes shut close and breaths stuttered, his
stomach tensed up and his lips were left agape and drool dripped down one of the corners of his
mouth—he couldn’t think only feel, from every spot Magnus touched and unraveled.

As the High Warlock pistoned into him mercilessly, he rasped, voice a husky tenor, “Oh, Alec,
you’re so tight. Relax, gorgeous, you’re going to break me in half.”

At the words, a needy cry scraped his throat and his hips drove back to chase the warlock’s own.
His teeth bit down carelessly on his bottom lips when his Alpha’s wicked tongue trailed down the
expanse of his back and sharp teeth lodged on tender flesh here and there hard enough for
pleasurable pain to part his bee-stung lips in high pitched hisses.

“Ahh, plea-ase… Alpha, I-I can’t—”

A gasp broke off and his eyes flew wide open and every nerve ending became alight when Magnus
tilted his world with a few stirring words spoken into his right ear in his rarely used Alpha voice
and one of his hands low in his belly, as he uttered them, all movement ceased.

“My sweet Omega, can I breed you full of pups?”

“Yes, yes, breed me, my Alpha,” he replied in his own single-minded Omega voice.

Alec wanted nothing more.

He couldn’t think. He couldn’t think. Everything was Magnus.

Before Magnus let his teeth break the tender skin at the left side on the base of his neck, his mate
suddenly manhandled him to his back and was brought back face-to-face with those eyes he loved
—he was left breathless and whining at the emptiness between his thighs and within his walls, but
not for long. Because immediate and without giving him time to miss it terribly, his Alpha filled
him up to the brim and made him see stars when with a sharp calculated trust, the tip of his cock hit
that bundle of nerves deep inside of his walls hard and ripped a drawn-out moan from him. Then,
rapacious lips collided and consumed one another in a battle of needy tongues, messy licks, loud sucks, and steamy breaths.

He wanted to burn forever in the sacred fire of Alec’s lips.

Alec felt like tender dough hitting bubbling oil—burned instantly by those impassioned cat-eyes.

Magnus wished his young mate could see inside his soul and feel all he felt for him as it happened; he wished his Omega could hear all the thoughts inside his head which never get to be put into words but express much more deeply the emotions awoken by every breath he takes. Sometimes, what he felt and thought was too strong and complicated and unexplainable to put into words—words seemed too simple and lacking to express such meaningful feelings and emotions. Because that wasn’t possible to the extent he wished it could be, he let all that he could flow into their bond and complemented it with all the loving gestures his body was capable of.

The Alpha’s arms looped around his waist and butt and Alec’s arms wrapped around his Alpha’s neck while the other hand perched upon Magnus’s head at the same time his legs wrapped around his mate’s waist.

Magnus continued to rock in and out of him and he in turn followed their rhythm without missing a beat. Sweaty and ablaze and a mess of slick and pre-come and saliva, they fed each other all they were without holding back—Alpha and Omega, Alec and Magnus, Warlock and Shadowhunter, mortal and immortal.

Teeth and necks bared, they each let their second nature take control. As if by primitive instinct, they bit each other at the same time—hard and hungry and intoxicated by one another—matching left side mating bites. Where neck meets shoulder was suddenly overtaken by a sharp pain—the sensation of firm teeth breaking tender flesh and warm blood tinting mouths crimson, flavoring it sweet and salty and metallic—was a rather erotic and stimulating experience. It seemed one didn’t have to be a Vampire to find blood delectable, but only if that blood belonged to one’s true mate.

The bite throbbed with a pleasurable ache Alec felt throughout his entire body from the inside out, and their bond vibrated even more intensely than before. It was as if he had gone through a metamorphosis of sorts—not just the physical kind but also an emotional and sensorial one. He could clearly feel Magnus’s pure jubilation and excitement, his unhinged need and unmasked desire, that love that ran deep and flooded him entirely, his fierce protectiveness and controlled territoriality, the tendrils of measured possessiveness and his unabashed sexual arousal as his knot increasingly filled while he briskly slammed his hips and orgasmed inside of him. It was a strange sensation of extremes—of feeling too much of an enrapturing mind-boggling experience and not feeling enough to render him unconscious.

Alec’s nails clawed down hard on his back as their teeth left indelible mark on the base of each other’s necks. They scratched down his sweat-dampened back with singular urge—an urge evoked by their mutual climax as his knot swelled and he emptied himself inside of his Omega, and Alec let himself be consumed by the fire of his own violent orgasm.

Soft needy sounds and low desirous groans, throaty sensuous moans and tiny whimpers—all in harmony like a choir of melodic voices. Which were his own sounds and which were Alec’s? He didn’t know, because there was no way to extract what had mingled. Just like their scents, their feelings or their souls.

His Omega’s skin and his own had made an unbreakable pact, and in doing so, they fused together.

Now, their bond was sealed forever—where they were once the halves of one soul, now they were
whole again. Two wandering spirits converged when they claimed each other. This was a privilege few had the fortune to experience. And he will treasure this moment and this deliciously aching pain and the blissed-out expression on his Alpha’s face until his last day.

“To be bonded to you, soul, heart, and body, it’s beyond what I deserve, much more than I ever dreamt of. I couldn’t conjure you in my fantasies, because I didn’t think someone like you could exist,” Magnus said, voice low and quiet and rough with emotion.

For centuries he had lived with a black hole at the center of his heart, from it only cold seeped through and froze him wholly, until the warmth of young hazel eyes began to thaw it a mile a minute. He never even dreamed to aspired to love—not to feel it as profoundly as he felt it or for it to be reciprocated as intensely.

Alec knew not how to form words at the moment—mind enshrouded by a maelstrom of fleet-footed thoughts and heart inundated by profound love yet also overmastering sexual appetite.

They lapped at each other’s mating bite with a mix of loving care and passionate desperation, as if to confirm their existence and reality—to be finally bonded to one another, to be claimed by each other—it all still felt like a drunken daydream. But it wasn’t. It wasn’t. The feel of teeth marks and taste of blood as they traced those blessed bites and the acute feel of them on their broken skin couldn’t be captured as precisely by the imagination.

This was real.

Their soul-bond was at last sealed.

They were mated.

His Alpha’s raspy voice came to him like a susurration, “Our Bond-Consummation is done. My body not only belongs to me now but also to you. I’m yours, Alexander. Today, tomorrow, and always—until you want me. I belong to you—heart, body and soul.”

Magnus’s hand rested atop of his heart, warm and soft as he spoke these words.

Ironclad, though less eloquent, his reply left his mouth swiftly, “Me too. All of me also belong to you, Magnus.”

To see his Alpha’s bright smile and those sleepy feline eyes glow with happiness, there was no ecstasy higher than that—because he was the cause, he had made his mate look and feel like this.

“Yours, yours, yours…for always,” he heard himself repeat over and over again as tears poured from the corner of his eyes, down his temples and into his sweat-mated hair.

His Alpha’s finger pads followed their route, while his own fingertips reached up to do the same down his mate’s flushed cheeks.

“And so, the binding is made,” he whispered, remembering their handfasting ceremony.

Magnus was the most beautifully captivating path he had ever taken, and he looked forward to the journey ahead.

With a wobbly smile, his Alpha repeated, “And so, the binding is made.”

To bear each other’s mark, it still felt surreal.
The High Warlock had left many hickeys on his body—near his now swollen nipples and on his hip bones, on his collarbone and on the soft skin of his inner thighs, below the vee lines which framed his crotch and on the column of his neck, on the nape and on his butt cheeks and behind the sensitive area of his upper thighs. Mark after mark branded him, but nothing like the mating bite beneath his Deflect rune.

This wonderful man had shown him how beautiful, good, loving, sweet, and intimate sharing a Heat could be. So much so that he couldn’t wait for his next one and the one after that. But until that time came again, he’d continue to enjoy Magnus’s thorough way of loving, his experienced hands warming him up and his careful ministrations coaxing out of him sounds he never knew he could make.

In Magnus’s arms, he wasn’t afraid to let go, to let himself be loved, to be an Omega—with his Alpha, he knew no shame.

Knotted together in body and bonded together in soul, marked not only by their mating bites but by slick and come, with his amazing Alpha curled around him, his back now to his mate’s strong chest—he drifted to sleep placidly (at least until the next wave of his Heat and Magnus’s Rut came), as all the stress and heavy emotions from the day descended upon him all at once.

*****

During his Heat, when his mind was claimed by Magnus, pleasure, and need—the memories of that encounter with Rabel remained at bay. But then, his Heat was gone and the fog lifted and the distorted memories became clear in his nightmares. What he couldn’t remember then as he came in and out of consciousness, he soon did.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Your womb is weak.

After his Heat was done—three intense and mind-fogged days—he had realized he had forgotten to drink the contraception pills. But it was okay, right? Because his womb was weak, because his body was broken.

The incertitude of not knowing what Rabel had done to him was like a slow-working poison—his heart beat faster whenever Rabel’s voice whispered in his mind and became dry-mouthed when he recalled his serpent-like gaze.

Hallucinations filled his pupils when he woke up at night shaken by violent convulsions.

“Alec…Alexander, shhh, my love. You’re safe,” Magnus husked, voice rough with sleep but unmistakably tender as the Alpha held on to him tighter with one of his arms and the other held his head and turned it towards his neck.

His Alpha worried gaze upon him felt as cool as an early March morning breeze, it wasn’t uncomfortable but it wasn’t comfortable either. He felt exposed.

Alec’s nostrils were quickly flooded with that rich earthy scent which never failed to soothe him. Breath upon breath upon breath, he drew it in greedily until wordlessly, he plummeted into sleep’s oblivion.
They didn’t know what exactly was in the potion Rabel injected him with. He didn’t feel any different. Alec had come to the conclusion that Magnus’s magic had protected him against the effects Rabel’s injection could have had in his body. Though, it made him feel guilty and uncomfortable to have some of Rabel’s magic inside his body. To be honest, he was more worried about the secondary effects of the Omega Suppressant Rune. What Rabel had told him kept him up at night.

He only remembered bits and pieces of his encounter with Rabel. Like how the man had kept track of him since he met him at Magnus’. The level of obsession the older Omega displayed was terrifying, yet, he didn’t feel threatened by him—the warlock didn’t want to hurt him per se but instead use him to accomplish his purposes. He didn’t know how to feel about it.

Other missing pieces surfaced during the night when nightmares assailed him. It was through his nightmares, he recalled things he wished were a delirious dream.

“I knew you would eventually bond, so I took a strand of your hair and casted a tracking spell. I wanted to know the exact moment you went into Heat so I could snatch you up for a bit,” explained the detestable old warlock as he injected him with a potion he had concocted.

No! Stop!

In his nightmares, he couldn’t move.

“The potion’s purpose is to increase the chances of conceiving twins. A Warlock and Shadowhunter pairing connected by a soul-bond is rare, practically unheard of. The offsprings of such a pairing would undoubtedly be half-Warlock and half-Shadowhunter. With such immeasurable powers, the Warlock Community would be unbeatable and the numbers would finally be replenished.”

As the memories came back, he remembered the way he felt like a tiny mouse in front of a black mamba snake. Each breath he took in Rabel’s presence was poisoned.

“If Magnus couldn’t fulfill his duty willingly back then, I’ll make sure he does it now. He made me do this, he forced my hand. You’re here now because he was selfish.”

In and out of his nightmares, his eyes roamed around the lightless room and settled on the large windows which framed the sky. The cloudless sky was illuminated by sequin-like stars, it was quiet, eerily quiet—yet his head exploded with all the raucous noises from within as if a flock of crows had made it their home.

“It would be a pity to waste Magnus’s powerful seeds, don’t you think, little prince? This potion will make sure—fingers crossed—that you’ll get pregnant with twins. It took me so long to create it, you should feel honored.”

He felt cramped in his own body, warped into an unrecognizable shape; Rabel had violated his body with his potion and his magic—Alec felt sapped and drained of personal autonomy, control taken from his hands.

“Raised properly, your children will be unstoppable and unrivaled in power.”

These latter words shook him to the core, because they underlain Rabel’s root intentions.

Instinctively, he hugged his abdomen—it was silly, he knew, because he wasn’t pregnant. But his inner Omega and all of him, needed to do this to fulfil an ingrained need, a biological imperative. In turn, Magnus nestled closer and embraced him tighter and buried his nose in the crook of Alec’s
neck were the bite was.

A lengthy sigh left him limp in such protective embrace and he forced himself back to sleep.

He knew Magnus found him through their bond, but by the time he got there Rabel was already gone. Maybe it was for the best—he didn’t doubt Magnus’s powers but the older Omega had no moral compass and his magic was unbridled. His mate had already suffered the sting of it to the point of almost going insane. So, until they find a way to neutralize Rabel, it was best to avoid him at all costs.

****

“Alec, you haven’t been sleeping well and you’ve refused to tell me what happened that day. It’s been four days since then. You say you don’t feel anything different within your body or mind, but you’re restless, exhausted, and withdrawn. Please, talk to me,” Magnus pleaded as he sat down next to Alec on the sofa and held his hands between his own, features etched with concern.

The Alpha waited there patiently, passive brown eyes anchored on their uneasy counterparts. Without meaning to, Magnus’s eyes chain-sawed through him mercilessly.

Alec wished he could swallow the words his mind so insistently reminded him of but lies didn’t have a place between he and his mate.

“Ok.”

So, word by word, he told Magnus everything he remembered from that damned day.

Each revelation was a stab wound from a rusted blade—they got infected, became inflamed and quickly festered. He shifted in his seat and created a slight distance between him and his Omega and was tempted to let go of his hands, but some part of him stubbornly refused even though he knew he didn’t deserve to hold on to them. He didn’t know how he managed to bear the weight of those gorgeous bleary eyes.

Guilt blasted his heart. How could he have allowed anything bad to happen to Alec? How could he make it up to him? It was his fault—his past had come back to bite him in the ass.

“I’m sorry, Alec. I let him get close to you. I should have been more vigilant. I failed you.”

Magnus’s faith in him was misplaced.

Magnus had failed to live up to it.

“Nonsense!” the young Shadowhunter’s immediately rebuffed, “How could you have known his intentions?! This is not on you.” Pristine hazel eyes stared at him unblinking, as if daring him to say anything else at the same time his hands were now cocooned in larger ones.

Yet, his Alexander didn’t lose faith in him, not even a drop. It was consistent and without pressure, honest and stubborn, and anyone who dared doubt Magnus or speak condescendingly to him, always faced his Omega’s sharp tongue. So much faith, he didn’t deserve it.

He shook his head with regret and his jaw clenched with anger—if something irremediable would have happened to Alec because of his oversight…unforgivable.

“I should have known! His premeditated visit, his choice of words, the interested way in which he looked at you—I should have suspected he was plotting something. If something irreparable would
have happened to you—” he couldn’t finish the sentence, because he didn’t even want to think of a world without Alec.

Just the thought made his eyes prickle with tears. And this time, his gaze shifted away from beloved ones. He needed a few seconds to collect himself.

Despondent thoughts cawed at him and he wished he could extract his brain and stop thinking if only for a moment.

The Omega squeezed his hands and erased the couple of inches that separated them and then, he spoke, tone ironclad, “Shhh…Magnus, I’m fine now. I feel well physically, just still a little shaken emotionally. After what he told me—”

Now it was his turn to soothe his mate, to alleviate somehow the pain of Rabel’s diagnosis.

“He could have been lying just to see your reaction—he enjoys to play with people’s feelings. Rabel is a cruel person.”

Little embers of hope shone in Alec’s eyes at his words and he wished them to be true—to offer his mate some temporary peace, it was the least he could do.

After he took a deep breath and gathered his courage, he uttered haltingly, “Do you-, uh…, um, do you regret meeting me? Mating me?”

The question froze him in place.

Magnus’s questions took him by surprise, but it only took him an instant to react. He had never shaken his head faster in his life, to the point of feeling dizzy.

“If I ever dare to regret meeting you, mating you, then I’ll be regretting most of the happiest moments and memories I’ve ever had, and I can’t do that—it’s impossible.”

For centuries, he had believed that what was dead couldn’t come back to life, but then this wonderful Nephilim went and did the impossible and prove him wrong. Alec had given his heart a second life.

“You know I love you, right?” he said as his hands settled on his Omega’s face and caressed it affectionately.

Alec nodded with a small sweet small upon his lips.

“We’ll talk to Cat and if you want, she can use her magic to make sure your body is well. Even if what Rabel said is true, that doesn’t change my feelings for you. I love you—heart, body, and soul, Alexander Lightwood-Bane, and nothing will ever change that. Do you understand?”

_I love you too, so much, so much_, he wanted to say but couldn’t. Because, he couldn’t weave so many words with such useless tear-drowned vocal cords.

“Yes…” was all he could manage to whisper back.

Magnus wanted to cloak Alec in brilliant gold and adorn him with aromatic flowers and layer him with devoted kisses from head to toe—to worship him with fervor. To have him—he still couldn’t believe his luck.

Close as they were, they both wanted to crawl into each other and coalesce—it was a need stronger
than anything. Alec’s hands had now moved to his mate’s face, they nestled it fondly as they searched each other’s eyes. Magnus’s elegant hands dragged and smoothed over exposed toned arms, tapered manicured fingers circled and brushed over slightly bent wrists, until soft palms curtained slender big hands upon his face. The Alpha then turned his head to infix a couple of kisses to the inside of his Omega’s wrists. Before he spoke again, he leaned in and impressed another kiss upon his mate’s forehead.

Once face-to-face, he uttered, “Alec, I was love famished. Then you appeared and fed me in every way a person can feed another. How poor would my love for you be if it had conditions, if its strength depended upon what you could give me? Never doubt my love for you, cintaku (my love).”

Magic was part of Magnus, but it wasn’t what made him. His Alpha was unconditional love and unfailing support, unadulterated kindness and deep empathy, distrust of those who wielded power like a death sentence, streams of pain and lakes of sadness, steadfast determination and a strength as unbreakable as adamas. Centuries of heartbreak and some spells of hopelessness had only made him more human instead of apathetic.

“Never,” was all Alec could answer.
Never.

*****

“Thank you for coming on such short notice, dear Catarina,” said Magnus as soon as his best friend walked thought a portal in the middle of the living room.

She wore her blue scrubs and her hair styled into a braid, her keen dark eyes swept over the two of them and when they landed on Alec, he saw a mix of open concern and relief.

“Sorry for always bothering you,” he added to his mate’s greetings with an apologetic expression.

With a wave of her hands and a playful eye-roll, she dismissed their words.

“What are friends for? I know I can also count on the both of you anytime, so…,” she uttered at the same time she made his way towards him and then continued, “I’m glad you’re back home, safe and sound.”

A small smile was his reply. She had been so good to him, always willing to explain things patiently and supporting him and Magnus unconditionally. He owed her so much.

They walked towards the sofa and armchairs and sat down. The splayed French doors welcomed in the cool mid-morning breeze and a few sunrays as they percolated through the thick gray clouds.

“So, what’s going on?” questioned their friend as she crossed her legs.

Magnus snapped his fingers and conjure up a cup of hot herbal tea for her, which she received with a grateful expression.

With a steady voice which sometimes dwindled and faded between words, he told her everything he remembered from his interaction with Rabel. It was difficult to keep himself calm, to not let the anger and oppressive fear and worry get the best of him. But, his Alpha beside him—with one of his hands at his lower back and the other on his right knee helped him remain in the moment and not slip back to that ghastly day.
After his retelling, a lengthy pause followed.

In a low voice, Cat uttered, “I’m sorry you had to go through something so awful. I’ve never heard of a potion capable of producing the effects Rabel claims but coming from him everything is possible. That man’s obsession is beyond appalling. For decades, he disappeared, but precisely when you two bonded he resurfaced. He’s like a nightmare.”

Worse than a nightmare, Alec thought to himself, because at least nightmares didn’t have the power to hurt as much and they stayed put in the subconscious. Rabel on the other hand, was unpredictable, powerful and a rogue.

“Catarina, there has to be a way to neutralize him. He is immortal but that doesn’t make him invincible. Many times, as warlocks, we forget that we can be killed too with just the right tool,” mused Magnus as he finished downing some black tea.

Magnus was past desperate to find something that could help them kill Rabel—a potion or spell or a weapon. It didn’t matter what he had to do or where he had go to get it. He just needed an answer.

“Back then, we tried but didn’t find anything. Well, let’s not talk about that man anymore, at least for now. Alec, lay down on the sofa, please. I will use my magic to scan your body for any abnormalities,” she said at the same time she rose to her feet and walked towards them.

Cat flicked her wrists and a pulse of peridot-colored magic lighted her hands.

He was still wary of what Rabel had told him. Although, he was aware the effects of the Omega Suppressant Rune could be mortal. Alec didn’t want to hear her verdict, but he had eyes and her gravely expression confirmed that man’s dreaded words.

His mate stood next to Cat, those absorbing brown eyes of his, laser focused on his own—attentive and kind. Alec almost forgot their friend was there or what she was doing.

“I can’t sense anything malign through my magic. It’s true that some of Rabel’s magic courses through you as well as Magnus’s, but his magic isn’t working against you. Though, what he said about your reproductive system is true, but it doesn’t look as serious as I thought. I think it’s best if you get examined by a doctor who specializes in these things,” stated Catarina as the magic on her palms evanesced.

A brief pause followed, before he replied, “I don’t trust any Shadowhunter doctors at the moment, I wouldn’t feel comfortable nor believe what they say.”

She looked from him to Magnus and then back at him with a small smile.

“Well, then I have the perfect doctor for you. Magnus, do you remember Guillermo?”,

Fabric rustled as his Alpha moved closer to him and reached one of his ringed hands to hold one of Alec’s own. His head turned to Magnus and their bond stirred.

“Oh, yes. He helped us contain and cure that nasty virus that almost wiped out all the werewolves in Granada, Spain all those decades ago. He’s a good person and an excellent doctor. You can trust him, Alec,” the High Warlock reassured with a half-smile and a kiss upon his right hand.

If his mate trusted that doctor, he’ll give him a chance. Though, he still felt somewhat guarded.

“Okay, um, when can we see him?” he asked as he sat up on the sofa. Magnus, of course, by his side, carefully listening and observing everything.
“I’ll talk to him and I’ll give you a call. But I’ll need some blood and urine samples from you to take to the lab and test them and check the levels of certain hormones necessary for conception,” explained his friend as she looked him in the eyes.

“Ok,” came his brief reply.

Automatically, his cheeks tinted a dark red and his eyes darted to the side. All this talk about hormones, pregnancy, and the functions of his Omega body was extremely embarrassing—it made him cringe a little. Being intimate with Magnus was one thing, but all of this being discussed now had always been alien to him and to an extent taboo. Omegas’ bodies and their natural functions were shamed by the Shadowhunter Community ever since he can remember. To talk so openly about them was…weird.

“I know it is hard, but try not to stress, ok?”

“Yeah…Thank you, Cat.”

“Don’t mention it.”

Despite the hope she offered and the brave face he put on, those accursed words reverberated ceaselessly inside his head.

*Your womb is weak.*

He felt as if his heart had been hit countless times by a meat tenderizer.

*****

Alec took Cat’s advice and let her set up an appointment with her friend and fellow warlock, Dr. Guillermo Franco at his private practice out of St. Ambrose Hospital.

A couple of days later, he and Magnus met with the doctor and Cat at the hospital.

Catarina had told them that there was no need for a glamour as the staff were all warlocks who she had known for decades.

He always thought that the time spent in the waiting room was the worst part—it made his entire body tense up to the point of aching. To say he was nervous was an understatement, his hands were sweaty and cold at the same time and his heart thumped against his chest like a wrecking ball. Magnus’s scent did keep him grounded and from going into a complete freak-out, and his steady and soothing hands on his back and entwined with one of his own, gave him much needed comfort. But he couldn’t wait any longer, his feet bounced nervously as he sat down and forced himself to keep calm. His breaths were shallow and his mind flung back and forth thoughts of every nature from the most positive sunny ones to the most dismal dark ones.

Alec just wanted this over with, to eradicate this uncertainty once and for all.

“Mr. Lightwood-Bane, the doctor is waiting for you. Please come in,” said a petite wispy young man, an Omega who looked a couple of years younger that Alec but who was probably centuries old.

As calm as Magnus tried to appear and tried to rein in his emotions as not to agitate their bond, he was the first one to vault from the uncomfortable seat, and Alec quickly followed.

A friendly familiar face greeted them with a reassuring smile as soon as they walked into the exam
“Alec, this is my good friend Dr. Guillermo Franco. He has delivered more babies than any doctor in this hospital—both mundane and Downworlders. Guillermo, this is my friend Alec Lightwood,” Catarina said as she made the introductions.

“A pleasure to meet you. Catarina has told me much about you,” confessed the burly man in front of him with an exuberant smile on his lips as he stretched his stubby hand towards Alec.

Alec liked him instantly, the tall older man with his gray clean-cut hair and full cheeks and warm brown skin and soothing voice, and his orange/star anise seed scent, gave off the air of a loving grandfather.

He took the offered hand and then replied, “Nice to meet you too, Dr. Franco. Cat and Magnus gave you excellent recommendations.”

“They better,” was the old man’s retort as he gave his fellow warlocks a playful look. Then, he quickly added, “And please, call me Guillermo, ok?”

A curt nod and half-a smile was Alec’s response.

He had been a bit distrustful and wary when he learned that the doctor was an Alpha, but the fact that he was mated and that Magnus and Cat trusted him made those feelings ebb considerably. Yet, personally meeting the older Alpha and seeing his personality on full display for himself dispersed any remaining reservation he might have had.

“It’s an honor to have the High Warlock of Brooklyn in my office. You owe me a steak dinner and some of that aged wine you keep jealously, Magnus Bane. It has been too long. Granada wasn’t a walk in the park,” the Alpha uttered with a full smile both on his lips and in his eyes.

With an equally wide smile, his mate replied, “Too long indeed. You and you lovely family are always welcome in our home, just pick a day.”

“Will do. Please, have a sit.”

Although he didn’t like hospitals, Dr. Guillermo’s consultation room was inviting and cozy with its sunny yellow walls and crisp white trims, dark hardwood floors and comfortable gray armchairs, walls adorned with classical art, family pictures and birth announcements, bookshelves filled with books and a neat desk with a few nick-knacks. Despite the medical equipment and the examination table, he didn’t feel as on edge as he always did when he had to see the doctor at the Institute or in Idris. It also didn’t smell sterile like alcohol or strong disinfectant—it smelled clean and almost neutral save for the hint of citrus.

“Catarina has told me about the reason for your visit today, but I will like to hear the details from you, if you don’t mind. I imagine it isn’t something you’ll like to do, but it’s important. Afterwards, we can proceed with the examination. What do you think?”

He nodded, hands entwined as to not clasp anxiously at his knees. Magnus, who was always sensitive to his emotions even before their Bond-Consummation, put his palm over his hands and gave a little ‘I’m here, you’re not alone’ squeeze. For an instant, he could breathe again and the quicksand underneath him harden temporarily. Before he proceeded to answer the doctor’s question, he inhaled a lengthy breath and let his eyes find comfort in chocolate brown eyes.

After he had told Dr. Guillermo everything that he remembered from his horrid encounter with Rabel, there was a brief stretch of silence.
His hands tightened their hold on each other and his pulse increased dramatically as he waited for the older Alpha to speak—it was torturous to wait, with each second that passed by, he felt more off-kilter and his mind pulled apart by violent claws.

Before the doctor spoke, he and Cat exchanged a look between them and with Magnus. Meanwhile, his Alpha’s hand remained firm and comforting on his own tremulous ones. Maybe he felt weak and tremulous because he hadn’t eaten anything in the last eight hours per Cat’s instructions since he was getting an ultrasound done. But no, that wasn’t it---

“I’ve never heard of a potion used to manipulate someone’s body to produce a certain number of embryos. Of course, with Rabel involved I shouldn’t be surprised. You say you don’t feel any different since that day and Catarina told me she didn’t sense anything strange. But because of the prolonged use of the OSR your Heats are irregular which indicates your reproductive system has been compromised. The blood and urine test results didn’t reveal anything abnormal, though they can be unreliable in your case since your internal body structure is different from mundanes. I’ll give you a general physical examination first and then, I’ll use that machine,” Guillermo said as he pointed at said machine next to an examination table, with his index finger, “to give you an intrauterine ultrasound exam.”

Alec’s brow furrowed and his heart tossed inside his chest, he licked his lips and gulped down his anxiety in preparation to speak. But when he was ready to ask what the hell was an ‘intrauterine ultrasound exam’ the doctor proceeded to do so unprompted, or maybe prompted by his unmasked confused expression.

“This procedure should be relatively painless for you. It uses sound-waves to scan the body’s interior. Because you are not yet pregnant, we’ll have to insert the wand-shaped transducer into your rear, since the opening that develops during pregnancy in the space that is currently your perineum—which connects the birth canal to the cervix and womb—is non-existent, yet. The sound waves are collected and then converted into images that’ll appear on the monitor. This exam will help me determine the condition of your ovaries, uterus, and follicles that hold the eggs prior to your Heats,” explained the old man with a soft and friendly expression upon his face at the same time he rose to his feet.

His face felt on fire, which is why he could barely hold Guillermo’s gaze. From the corner of his eyes he caught a glimpse of Magnus, who also glanced at him with eyes full of...amazement and something else too difficult to put into words but that he could sense through their bond and made him blush even harder.

Guillermo and Cat left the room for a bit to give him some time to change into the hospital gown. The door closed behind them as they remained sat on the chairs, motionless.

Alec didn’t know how he got to his feet or got closer to the examination table—his mind was a murky puddle. His hands lifted up to unclothe him, but they just fumbled pathetically. They had become useless as they trembled uncontrollably with nervousness. Not for the exam per se or embarrassment, but because of the possible negative verdict that might come from it.

He couldn’t see anything in front of him, not even his mate. Not until a voice like satin whispered close to one of his ears, “Breathe, Alexander. Breathe.”

Those words coiled around him like velvet and heated him up—he did as he was told and let himself drawn in a few deep breaths imbued with his Alpha’s lulling scent. He felt his shoulders loosen a little and his eyes drift close as he let himself relax.

A kiss branded to one of his cheeks dragged out a sigh of relief—he wasn’t alone in this.
“I am here, malaikat kecilku (my little angel).”

Button by button, zipper by zipper, lace by lace, Magnus helped him out of his clothes and shoes and into the patient gown. His touch was so dear, so tender, and calming.

His legs trembled and almost failed him, so the High Warlocks helped him get on the examination table, laid him down on it, adjusted the pillow below his head, and covered him from the waist down with one of the flimsy hospital blankets used during the exam.

Another gulp and deep breath, his heart convulsed behind his ribs and his stomach twisted violently. His eyes remained shut as he tried his best not to lose his composure. A sweet kiss planted on his dampened forehead brought warmth to his icy skin and another sigh was yanked out of him.

Guillermo and Cat came back inside and quickly proceeded to get ready for the examination.

Magnus crouched next to him and asked in a quiet voice, “Do you want me to stay with you or wait outside?”

Without pause, he answered, “Please, stay with me.”

His mouth felt arid at the thought of his mate’s absence.

With a fond smile, his warlock replied, “As you wish,” at the same time his right hand caressed Alec’s face.

As he took put a pair of disposable gloves and took a seat in front of his splayed legs, Guillermo asked, “Are you ready?”

“Yes.”

Cat stood next to the monitor with the transducer ready in her hands.

“Here we go, Alec. Try to relax and breathe through it,” was all the doctor said before he took the transducer from Catarina.

The gel which coated the wand-shaped transducer was cold and he couldn’t but flinch when the tip of it pressed against his entrance. His hands clenched, one on his thigh and the other in Magnus’s hand.

To have someone other than his Alpha see him so exposed was unnerving and damn embarrassing, but he reminded himself that all of this was worth it, that it was necessary in order to clear up all doubts and find answers. Though, he still wished he didn’t have a foreign object up his ass. But it was inevitable. A cold hard probe didn’t feel that great—it kind hurt a little as Guillermo maneuvered it around and checked everything thoroughly.

The uncomfortable pressure against his uterus and cervix made him cramp a bit, but this pain was nothing compared to the incertitude about the truthfulness of Rabel’s words.

Throughout the exam he held his breath, even when a prickle of pain here and there bloomed—his teeth bit down hard on his bottom lip and stifle any noises, his grasp on Magnus’s hand like a death grip. His mate stood there patiently, lovingly carded his fingers through his hair and massaged his scalp in a motion that almost made him relax completely. But he was too nervous, too on edge—this exam was taking too long, time dragged like a snail. He needed to know. He needed to be put out of his misery.
Magnus hated to see Alec so distressed; he felt powerless in moments like these when he couldn’t do anything else other than stand by his side. He wished he could whisk his mate away—far from any danger, from evils like Rabel, and any heartbreak that lurked along the way.

“The damage caused by the Omega Suppressant Rune is evident, yet not as bad as I had previously thought. Though, mundane medicine won’t help repair the damage,” the old man stated, sympathetic jade green eyes locked with Alec’s unblinking ones.

Those words felt like an irrevocable sentence—sharp and definite. All of him rejected them fiercely with silent violence. He felt eviscerated. His own people had done this to him. How many more Omega Shadowhunters had suffered the same fate?

His thoughts were interrupted by the older man’s gruff yet amiable voice. He no longer had the probe in his hand nor the gloves. When had the ultrasound exam end? He didn’t even felt the drag of the wand as it made its way out of his body…

“Alright! You can close your legs and scoot up. The invasive mundane exams are over. Now, I’ll use my magic to examine your body. It’ll be the same in way Catarina did it, my hands over your abdomen.”

Alec nodded once again and magic came forth on the old man’s palms—a soft violet light. There was no pain nor discomfort, it even tickled a little.

After Dr. Guillermo scanned him with his magic, he spoke, voice steady but expression confounded, “There’s ancient magic wrapped around your entire reproductive system organs, can’t you feel it?”

At those words, his entire body tensed up, every muscle ached with tautness and his stomach clenched.

Rabel. Rabel’s magic. Suddenly, he wanted to throw up.

“It’s subtle,” was all he said, eyes downcast and heart heavy as he moved in his seat uncomfortably.

Magnus’s left hand on his right thigh grounded him, but also felt heavy—not because he was angry at him but because he felt guilty. Guilty for ‘allowing’ Rabel to hurt him. Alec wished his mate could understand that what happened was perhaps inevitable, as the older Omega was obsess with that Warlock Twins legend and won’t stop a nothing until he succeeds.

“It doesn’t seem to be evil, more like…healing. Rabel isn’t a healer, but his powers are vast and mystifying,” explained the older Alpha as he walked back to his leather chair.

He sat on the examination table, a little wobbly. With a flick of the wrist, Magnus dressed him. Together, they walked back to the armchairs—quiet, spirits low, and concerned, though maybe for different reasons.

Alec didn’t like the fact of Rabel’s magic inside of him, regardless of its intent. It made him feel unsettled and nauseous but it was something that he’ll have to get used to as it seemed there wasn’t a way to remove it. Magnus sat by his side, silent and pensive and with a frown upon his brow, his warm hand took one of his and enlaced them tightly. Cat remained on her feet, also silent.

Dr. Guillermo continued, “Cat is one of the best healers in the Downworld. She will use her restorative magic to help your body repair itself from the damage done by that damned rune. She’ll monitor you and keep me posted about the progress. We just have to see how your body responds
to the treatment as it goes into natural Heats. Magnus’ magic is abundant inside of you and as you are soul-bonds and true-mates, it’s sure to help your body heal faster. It’ll take time and at times it may become tiring, but I am going to ask you to be patient and not to give up.”

“I will use every drop of my magic to help you, Alec. Have faith, all will be well,” added his friend, visage determined.

So, there was still hope, yet he didn’t welcome it with open arms but instead with trepidation. What would become of him if Cat’s magic wasn’t able to heal him? How would he face Magnus when his body is confirmed broken? Would Magnus resent him because he condemned him to a life without the laughter of his own children? Would their love survive when all hope is lost?

Dr. Guillermo spoke and Cat did so as well as did Magnus, but he couldn’t hear their voices. Their optimism couldn’t reach him—he was always like this, hideously pessimistic.

He was sinking slowly in a swamp without hope; there was no terra firma, only swamp upon swamp upon swamp—he couldn’t move to save himself, he was drowning, drowning; the murky thick water slowly filled him up, until he was completely submerged—another corpse in the depths of despair.

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After what happened with Rabel and the subsequent visit to the doctor, they both needed more than their jobs, responsibilities, family, and friends to keep their minds away from what had happened. And even more so, after spending much time researching how to defeat Rabel and then, learning from Ragnor—who had concluded that the only thing that could kill Rabel was his own magic. They both were desperate for a change of scenery and routine.

The stress had been building up so high that if something wasn’t done soon, their relationship would suffer the consequences. Frustration burned like red-hot coals at the soles of their feet. Tempers were easily enflamed. Their inner Alpha and Omega clawed viciously at their walls—desperate for release.

It had been awful for Alec more than himself, since his mate was the one who had been abducted, held against his will, injected with a potion made of obscure ingredients, told he might not be able to have children, infused with magic from his kidnapper, and had been restless because of constant nightmares. Each of them in their own way, had suffered distress and been affected mentally, emotionally, and physically. So, they needed to get away for a bit.

He’ll put on his best impression of puppy-dog eyes, kick up his charm a notch, and hopefully that’ll be enough to convince his favorite Nephilim to kick back and relax for a change.

Said precious Nephilim sat on the cool floor, the French doors sprawled as the nightly breeze invited itself into their home—long boxers-wearing legs stretched out in front of him, hunch back against the sofa, one of Magnus’s sleeveless workout hoodies zipped-up, barefooted, mussy hair, a mug of piping hot black coffee on a wood and marble coaster to his right, a book in his hands, and many others littered around him—he was the vision of apparent comfort and relaxation if it wasn’t for the fact that said ‘books’ were an anthology of tomes on ancient warlock magic.

In silence, he moved towards the sight in front of him—equally barefooted, silk black/gold pants paired up with an opened matching long robe, and a cup of lavender tea in hand. Without either of them uttering a word, the young Shadowhunter leaned forward to let him sit behind him on the sofa and then leaned back. Bracketed between his legs, his Omega continued reading. Magnus set the teacup down on one of the side tables and let his hands wander down his mate’s shoulders—
they felt hard to the touch, painfully corded. This won’t do, it couldn’t continue like this. So, he began to knead at the taut muscles first without much pressure and then increasing it as the flesh beneath his magic-infused finger pads began to give in.

A low groan and drawn out moan escaped Alec’s lips as his neck tipped to the right and his Deflect Rune and mating bite were exposed.

Yes, that it, a little more, Magnus thought to himself, while he continued his massage and leaned down to let his lips brush over that alluring inky rune that unfailingly tempted him to touch, until his mouth ended where it always did when dispensing loving gestures on Alec’s neck—the mating bite, his mark, the visible symbol of their bonding. Kisses were scattered followed by the eager yet low attention of the tip of his tongue as it traced the deep teeth marks, and then his teeth came out to play, to lodge teasingly and carefully upon the bite.

“Magnus…”

A gasp broke through his mate’s lips and a blunt thud echoed in the air, no longer was the tome in Alec’s hands. His scent had also begun to return from unsweetened black coffee and soured milk to its usually lovely redolence of Egyptian musk and old leather, eucalyptus and raw honey, peonies and lavender, fresh apples, fresh baked bread and high-end coffee grounds. To have accomplished such results with only his hands and his mouth, it made his inner Alpha preen.

“Sometimes, I wish you were a bit selfish. I really want to spoil you, darling. Please let me,” he murmured against his lover’s left ear. He felt on his lips, the pleasurable shiver that made the young man tremble like a sail at sea.

Alec’s waxen wings had been put to the flames far too many times and when Magnus met him, the gorgeous Nephilim could no longer fly. He was determined to sculpt those melted wings anew and see his Alexander fly as high as he wanted.

A tottery breath rushed through the Omega a moment before he swiftly turned around and were once again within each other’s sight. Kneed between Magnus legs, large hands immediately tangled with his own and breaths slightly quickened—Alec looked so much younger than he was and smaller too. A fierce desire to shield him from suffering gusted through him and he held onto him tighter.

“But you already do—a lot—every day,” his Omega stubbornly replied, “you’ve ruined me, you know? I’m too spoiled with an obscene amount of love. In my mind’s eyes, no one comes close to you.”

A silent gasp left him and his heart went on to play hopscotch. His Omega’s confession left him temporarily surprised. To be thought of in such a way, it was a first. Alec was all his most important firsts.

He moved closer to his gorgeous mate and wound one of his arms around his waist and the other glided up to caress a rosy cheek and then roamed down, with the pads of his fingers he whisked gently against plump seductive lips.

“Let me ruin you more. Let me spoil you more. Alexander, I want to spoil you rotten. Please let me, even if it’s just sometimes. Huh? Let’s go far away, you and I for a few days. You need it, I need it—we need it.”

A sigh drained of air his lungs. It was true, they needed a change of scenery. But to leave now with Valentine still out there, he was hesitant. Yet, he knew Magnus was right.
“I’ll talk to my family and make arrangements. It might take a few days though.”

“Sounds good.”

Magnus’s hopes were beaded with Alec’s name; the present was brighter because of him—even if the future was speckled with uncertainty and pain, moments like these made up for it.

“I want your mind to think only of me when we’re together, for your soul to crave madly for me, for your heart to beat faster exclusively for me,” the Alpha sussed, scarlet lips now a hairsbreadth from his own.

Slowly, their lips swallowed the inch between them and collided into a kiss that felt like a breath of fresh air—it tasted like sweetened black coffee with a bite to it and lavender and of promises of many more moments like these, together and at home in each other’s arms.

Alec’s kisses were as if fine aged wine being poured into his mouth, each more inebriating than the last. They sent him into a blessed stupor and made him forget the world and its chaos and their worries.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

Lots of Malec
Alec + subordinates
Magnus + Alec + Jace + Clary

Chapter Notes

Hello,
This is a long chapter, I hope you enjoy it. As always, thank you for your lovely comments and feedback, encouragement and kudos—they always make my day.

Happy reading!

****EXPLICIT LANGUAGE****

Vocabulary:
-Matahariku (my sun- Indonesian)
-cintaku (my love- Indonesian)
- Sei bellissimo (You’re beautiful-Italian)
-Ma moitié (My other half-French)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alec had felt guilty for leaving the city when Valentine was still at large, but his mother, Izzy, Jace, Clary, and his father had told him everything would be fine—that they’ll take care of things, and for him to try and take it easy for a change. Even Luke, Cat, Simon, and Raphael had expressed their support and spurred him to go on this mini-vacation. He was lucky to have so many people who cared. As he thought back to the snippets of conversations with them, he couldn’t help but smile.

“Go, big brother. Don’t worry about a thing, we got this. You deserve some time off with your mate after all you’ve been through,” insisted his sister, eyes kind and lips sprawled into an encouraging smile. “Just remember to bring back some souvenirs,” she added with a wink.

“But…”

“No buts. Alec, you deserve a rest. Let Magnus take care of you. We can hold down the fort for a few days. Don’t be stubborn,” said his parabatai with both of his hands upon Alec’s slightly tense shoulders.

“It’s okay to take a break, Alec. You’ve earned it. I think we can manage for a few days without our leader,” came Clary’s words, countenance bright and eyes playful. Even though the Omega still infuriated him at times, she was growing on him. Another little sister, perhaps.
“Son, trust us. Everything will be fine. And if something comes up, we’ll just send you a fire message or call you. Don’t overthink it,” voiced his mom while she patted his cheek and smiled sweetly at him.

“Alec, go. A leader also needs to know when it’s time to recharge and clear their mind. If you aren’t in top shape, you can’t lead properly and make good decisions.”

To hear his father speaking these words, it felt strange—to him and his mother, duty has always been a priority. People can really change after all.

“I…, um, ok,” was all he could respond to such strong support.

“Enjoy this time away and don’t even dare call to check in on things. My pack and I will keep working with the Institute to keep the city safe and an eye on Valentine. Have fun with Magnus, eat delicious food, go shopping. Live.” It never crossed his mind that Luke would become such a trusted and good friend, life was full of surprises.

“Thank you.”

Though he and Raphael weren’t the best of friends, he was Magnus’s adopted son, therefore, he did his best to get along with the vampire. And to be honest, the leader of the New York clan also made an effort to have a cordial relationship with him.

“You look exhausted. Magnus looks worn-out. Medium rare steaks, martinis, and hot bubble baths aren’t cutting it. Travel with him, it always makes him feel better,” was the vampire’s argument. His visage serious as always, but underlaid with sincere concern.

“Thank you, for telling me this. I didn’t know.”

“Dude, you don’t say no to traveling, especially when it’s for free. Are you kidding me?! Portaling still isn’t my thing, but if had the chance I’ll take it, nausea be damned. Magnus must know all the best hotels and restaurants and secret hidden sports around the world, live a little,” Simon stated excitedly with his usual child-like smile.

“I think it’s a fantastic idea. Travel, relax, eat, laugh, let your Alpha pamper you, enjoy each other’s company far away from here. Being under too much stress not only affects the mind but also the body and its functions. We’ll begin the treatment when you come back. I’m sure your body will be more receptive to it because it’ll be less tense. Even Guillermo thinks it’s a brilliant idea. Doctor’s orders.” He couldn’t contend her reasons, because even he knew he was too high-strung and it was also affecting Magnus.

So, the decision was made and a few days later, they left.

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Portals were amazing indeed. One day they were in one continent and the next they were in another.

The cafes and tea houses in Tehran were irresistibly charming with its colorful floor cushions and multi-colored tapestries and thick soups, smoke water pipes and small dishes and bowls with golden rice. They visited the grand mosques and its inner courtyards ornate with refined art as well as clay villages and glimpsed at the lavish dwellings of rich Persian merchants, the smell of aromatic flowers and the delightful redolence of saffron/roses/pistachio of the Iranian cuisine will forever be imprinted in his nose. They visited the grave of the great poet Hafez, where people sat around chatting, reading, and drinking delicious tea. After they walked around the city, they
stopped to eat freshly baked bread and mouthwatering eggplant dishes. They also visited the
bustling bazaars where luxurious silver objects as well as exquisite chadors were sold. He was in
awe of the friendliness and wisdom of the people, how open and welcoming they were. More than
the beauty of the country, he’ll never forget the warmth of its people.

A young girl recited a line of one of Hafez’s poems, and it spoke to him so profoundly, he had to
swallow down the tears lodged in his throat.

*It makes no difference if you love me or hate me, if you leave or stay. My eyes will always flow
towards you’*

Next was Grand Canal, Venice, Italy—Palazzo Brandolini. Wow! That place was spectacular, his
jaw almost fell to the floor. And Magnus just smiled affectionately and held his hand as they
walked inside. There was such a mix of styles and ridiculously expensive furniture and décor that
he was afraid to touch anything. He felt like a bull in a china shop.

“*Relax, darling. Don’t worry about anything,*” his Alpha said when their eyes met.

So yes, the palace—the formal dining room was designed by super famous designers according to
Magnus. The chairs were 18th century Venetian, the wall paneled in 17th century mirrored boiserie
and the giant carpet art deco Chinese, but don’t ask him what any of that meant because he was
closeless. He just knew it was too much for his taste, though that didn’t mean it wasn’t impressive.
The terrace dining room was decorated with Louise Phillipe mirrors adorned with shell and antler.
Magnus was kinda bummed out that he missed the designers who had just been here the day
before. It seemed he was friends with the older of the two. The ballroom had coral branch
decorations. But the space that took his breath away was what he decided to call the ‘blue gilded
room’. That bedroom was gorgeous—the golden ceiling and trimming and baroque furnishings
and fine rugs predominately blue with flowery details, the massive canopy bed with its sumptuous
silken blue fabric and tassels, it was the most opulent room he had ever seen in his life.

"*You’ll look so gorgeous on that bed, Alexander. Seeing you in this room makes me want to dress
you up in blue and gold. Isn’t this chamber particularly fitting of us? Maybe I should redecorate
our bedroom back home. What do you think?*"

Magnus had gazed at him in a way which made his knees tremble a little, for a moment he had
been sure the Alpha was ready to push him down on the bed.

Alec’s wide-eyed expression at every new adventure and sight made Magnus want to do this more
often, to pull him away from all the bloody chaos, numerous responsibilities, and oppressive
reality, and just have him look and be like the young man he was.

They finally went to Marrakech and ate those scrumptious lamb kebabs Magnus had promised him
in what seemed like a lifetime ago, when they were trying to go away on their first date. The Jemaa
el Fna—the heart of the medina—left him totally captivated with its ‘world’s greatest open-air
show’: the acrobats, fortune tellers, magicians, snake charmers, dentists, Gnaoua musicians,
storytellers, and orange-juice sellers, made him believe he was in another world entirely. At sunset,
they enjoyed the delicious and exotic food from food stalls—though, he wasn’t as daring or brave
as Magnus to try a goat’s head or snails (when Magnus tried to kiss him after eating those things,
he gave the warlock a pointed look and that was enough to get him to snap his fingers and clean his
mouth minty fresh). But he did try merguez (beef-based fresh sausage), chicken tagines with herbs,
and harira soup. He was so full he almost passed out. Magnus laughed, heartily—he’ll never get
tired of that melodious laughter. It made his belly feel warm. Afterwards, they wandered through
the souks, serpentine alleys overflowing with goodies from colorful sequined babouches
(Moroccan slippers) to lanterns, pottery and jewelry, spices and silken kaftans.

Magnus will never forget the clamoring of his heart as he walked through the shadowy streets hand-in-hand with Alec, who brimmed with excitement and laughed so loudly.

*Barcelona, Spain* was also part of their tour, and oh, wow—if Palazzo Brandolini left him agape, La Sagrada Familia stole all his breath. Magnificent is such a simple word for such architectural masterpiece with its Gothic and Art Nouveau styles. There was something humbling about it, he felt small, like a child. Such a grand place shouldn’t feel so welcoming, yet he couldn’t help but feel warmth. Secretly, he couldn’t wait to come back here with Magnus when it’ll be finally completed with its 18 towers in 2028. And maybe, just maybe, it won’t be just the two of them next time. He left a small silent prayer there, at the feet of the grand altar.

*Valensole, France* was next on their list. Those lavender fields, rich and vast were breathtaking. He could have spent hours walking them, taking in that perfumed fresh air and enjoying the soft breeze that tussled his hair and soaking in the warm sunrays which added gold to his skin. Magnus own skin glowed a stunning coppery color—relaxed and temporarily free of the heavy responsibilities which came with being a High Warlock, his mate looked much younger. Alec wished he could see him like this more often, to hear him smile and laugh out loud, to see those kind eyes alight with happiness.

The *French Riviera* came next. Villa Egerton in *Monte Carlo, Monaco* (built in 1902), with its art nouveau style and turn-of-the-century splendor, classic sumptuousness and million-dollar views across the Bay of Monaco, travertine pool terrace bar and jacuzzi hot tub, open-air dining and sun room, Italian wine cellar and its magnificent views over the gardens and the Mediterranean Sea and fresco murals—it was the definition of palatial. Of course, Magnus had been good friends with the architect back in the day. And, told Alec that he had also attended posh soirees held here in the 1940’s and ‘50s hosted by Coco Chanel, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Greta Garbo. He had never heard of those people, but according to Magnus they were famously wealthy prominent figures. Those days out in the sun had painted both their skin a shade darker and their hearts a shade lighter—it felt good to live.

They took a detour from their trip and went to *West Africa’s Akodessewa Fetish Market in Togo*, which left his curiosity picked in more ways than one. “In need to pick up a few things, darling. Bear with me,” Magnus had said with eyes aglow with unbounded excitement. And how was he supposed to deny him when he looked like that, so joyful, like a child on Christmas morning. According to Magnus, the market was established in 1863 and since his first time here with Ragnor and Catarina, it had become his favorite shopping place to restock on supplies. As they passed stall after stall and the High Warlock bargained with sellers he came to know throughout the years for buffalo skin and dried cobras and powdered chameleon, toes of frogs and eyes of newt—he couldn’t help his desire to know more about his mate’s craft. Magnus’s apothecary at home was quite impressive as it was, but this was on a whole other level. They passed stalls which offered human skulls and dog paws, skulls and heads of monkeys, owls and snakes. They even met other warlocks, who either did business here working as ‘on-site healers’, known as ‘fetish priests’ or were also on a shopping spree like Magnus.

“Don’t worry, my love. No dark magic is practiced here, there’re wards all around to keep out warlocks who practice it.”

After seeing so many weird things in that market, he was ready to let his mind be cleared by *Jaipur, Rajasthan*. The Hawa Mahal (also known as “Palace of Breeze”) with its uniquely detailed architecture and 953 windows and five stories, built from red and pink sandstone and designed in a honeycombed hive style, was an extension to the Royal Palace. But to him, it was even more
magnificent. From atop, it offered a view to the city that was hard to describe. Yet, what he would never forget was his first camel ride. Of course, Magnus was an expert, camels loved him. Camels hated Alec. They were temperamental creatures, and Magnus joked that maybe he and the camels weren’t much different in that aspect—they either liked you or hated you with passion. In the end, after much laughter from Magnus and the nice people around them (both natives and tourists), he managed to get on the beast. He held onto those reins for dear life much to his mate’s amusement.

To see Alec smiling was one of the biggest pleasures—those big bright eyes and ample lips were meant to be ablaze and kissed by happiness. How he wished pain never dull them nor twisted them.

Their last day of vacation came too fast.

Sitting side-by-side, bare feet heated by the still hot sand and skin stained with sea salt, bodies languorous by a humid summer day and muscles kneaded by crashing waves—they sat in Fubogahama Beach in Kagawa Prefecture. He couldn’t travel the world and not go to Japan. The sunsets here were supposed to be one of the most beautiful sights on Earth and he wanted to witness it for himself. The Seto Inland Sea stretched wide and vast and at times almost completely still in front of them. The warm yet comfortable breeze imbued with salt and indescribable far away smells brushed his skin and ruffled his dampened hair. It felt surreal. Only he and Magnus were there, maybe because it was the middle of the week and people were working or going about their routines.

His eyes fluttered closed and his hands rested on the sand, he let his head tip back and took a deep breathe and then let it all out—his bones ached pleasurably and his muscles felt as soft as dough and his heart and mind had finally settled down. They’ve brought wagashi (colorful Japanese handmade traditional sweets of different shapes such as flowers or animals) and Magnus had conjured a tray with Japanese green tea served in a Nanbu-Tekki teapot (cast ironware) and a couple of traditional porcelain black teacups.

The tide was low and the evening serene, a calmness fell upon the water and the sky reflected itself on the massive liquid mirror—a rippling ensorcelling sight that made even the seagulls’ cries go silent. It was their own Salar de Uyuni.

As they watched—hand-in-hand and shoulder-to-shoulder—as the king of the day went down and painted the horizon in fiery gold tones, he turned his face to his Omega and declared, voice thick with emotion, “In all my immortal life—you Alexander—are the single most precious everything I have had the honor of loving.”

This sight and this moment, Magnus’s poignant words and his shimmering cat-eyes, the way he felt both sad and happy—it was otherworldly, just like his feelings for his Alpha.

“I love you too, Magnus.”

As the waves crashed gently against the shore, their lips merged as softly.

*****

When they came back a few days later, he felt renewed. His body had never felt as relaxed nor his mind as clear or his heart as tranquil. But more often than not, good things didn’t last long.

He delivered to his family and friends the souvenirs he had brought them as a thank you for their kindness and hard work, and then made his way to his office.

As he walked to the office, he unintentionally heard a conversation between a female Omega and a
female Beta. The female Omega was a new transfer from the Copenhagen Institute, its Head (whose name isn’t even worth mentioning) was one of those old-school Alphas who wasn’t very fond of Omegas or new ideas—a hard-ass who made life difficult not only to his Omega and female Beta subordinates but also to those who dare question the rules.

In a hushed and tear-ridden voice, the Omega said, “My son is sick. He was born with a heart condition that has gotten worse. He’s only a year old…I-I want to be with him. The doctors tell me his condition might improve if we spend more time together. Something about hormones and our mother-pup bond—they can’t perform the heart surgery he needs if his emotional and psychological state are in decline from our separation. My parents are taking care of him since my mate passed away a few months ago. But the doctors say their bond with him isn’t enough to strengthen his decayed mental and emotional health. Ari needs my nurturing.”

Her voice sounded rough from crying. His own lungs felt as if they’ve had dissolved.

“Can’t you ask for a special leave? These are grave circumstances—life or dead,” the Beta suggested, timbre alarmed.

The brunette and tall Omega shook her head, tears now on the verge of spelling over. “I tried before when I was in Copenhagen, but Mr. Petrov denied it saying that my priority as a Shadowhunter is to serve and protect.”

Alec juddered violently from indignation, sadness, and rage—Petrov had to be made out of adamantine to be so damn unfeeling and unsympathetic. He needed to do something, to right wrongs, and so he stepped forward. When the women saw him, they shared anxious looks. Tension rolled off of the Omega, pungent and free.

He gave the best smile he could despite feeling how he felt, and then he spoke, voice steady and clear but also soft.

“Go be with your son. Ari needs you and he is more important than anything else. Take as long as you need, nurture him back to health, see through his surgery and then, after he’s all better, come back and work even harder. You’ll get paid leave,” he reassured.

Both women couldn’t believe their ears, they stared at him as if he had lost his mind.

It was the Beta who spoke first. “But, we don’t get paid leave for sick family members.”

He bit his lips to stop himself from snarling—not at them but at the injustice.

“I’ll take care of that. Things will change.”

The ladies shared another shocked and unbelieving look, and then the Omega voiced, “Thank you, thank you. May the Angel bless you, Mr. Lightwood…”

Her voice cracked and her face crumpled, the tears now streamed down her sunken cheeks.

He squeezed one of her shoulders and gave her an encouraging smile. Her scent no longer smelled like rotten seafood, it had taken the notes of fresh lemon and mint.

A plaintive sigh bursted through him—he needed to do more.

Once in his office, he decided it was time to make some changes. So, he proceeded to draft some paperwork to send to the Clave to put in place two important benefits: First, the establishment of a free of charge daycare for the pups of active Shadowhunters at the Institute (that way the parents
can have their children close instead of having to leave them in Idris, if they wanted to—less worry about their pups well-being will improve performance and efficiency and motivate them to do better. This in turn will also create jobs for older Omegas (who are struggling to make ends meet) as caregivers. Second, institute paid leave for Omegas when they go into Heat instead of using their sick/vacation days.

Baby steps as frustrating as they were, also brought people closer to their goals. Someday everything will fall into place. For now, he’ll do everything he could to make sure that day comes, just like when he took a leap of faith when he decided to accept who he was and fought for his own happiness.

As he thought about all of this, a sudden sting of melancholy prickled his heart.

Sadness—yes—he knew it too well; it had been a close friend for a lack of a better word. He knew it from the many times he had never felt good enough a son or a capable soldier and the countless times he tried to bury his true-self. It still visited him but much less often. And Magnus was responsible for the long intervals between visits. He had given his mate an Omamori charm for good luck and protection, yet it was the older man who was Alec’s good luck charm—who protected him with reassuring words and soft quiet smiles and soothing caresses. His Alpha had him spellbound without magic.

He couldn’t give every Omega an Alpha or partner like Magnus, but he could fight tooth and nail for equal rights, respect, safety, and protection. He’ll start here at the Institute, one baby step at a time.

*****

A couple of weeks later, the energy and freshness he had brought with him from their brief getaway had completely vanished. He was ready for another escapade, yet it was impossible for now. But his mate was determined to help him unwind and even make him forget how to think.

While Magnus kissed, sucked, and licked Alec’s nipples with ardor and as if it was the only purpose in his life, his firm yet gentle hands slithered up to seize his own.

“Don’t cover your face nor drown your sounds, beloved,” his Alpha pleaded. “I want to see you, Alec. I want to hear you, my love.”

Alec’s body arched, and he lifted his ass from the sofa cushions so he could rid him of his pants.

His mate could have used magic, but he seldom did when they were intimate. Magnus preferred to do it all himself. ‘It’s my absolute pleasure to do it all by hand, gorgeous,’ his Alpha had told him over and over again. And to be honest, he preferred Magnus’s careful and slow burn speed than swiftness and instant gratification. The buildup drove him mad with passion and that was part of the fun.

Magnus was an expert at melting and molding him into something he never thought he could be.

“Oh, my sweet, you are so sensitive over here,” cooed Magnus as he flicked his tongue on the tip of one of his erect nipples and blew on it, while his nimble fingers traced the lines and curves of his flanks and waist.

“Ahh, fuck!”

A dark chuckle caressed his ears and he shivered.
“Mmm, I love it when that sweet angelic mouth of yours becomes dirty with need. Look at these long strong legs, how they sprawl so easily the moment my touch burns on your skin. I feel so welcomed...What do you want, darling? Tell me,” Magnus encouraged, cat-eyes aglow.

How could he speak through a traffic of unearthed moans?

“Alec… Alec, tell me. What do you want, Alexander?”

His Omega’s name was the only word that sounded right and tasted sweet in every language, as if an ancient magic spell.

Alec needed to find the way to relay his answer soon, his head spun like a dreidel. His hands glided down to hold Magnus’s head, he could barely keep his eyes open—they felt heavy lidded with passion.

“I just want you, Alpha. Do what you want with me, but do it now,” he husked. Cat-eyes flashed and that’s when he knew playtime was over. A sigh of relief washed over him and he surrendered.

“I’ll love you thoroughly, Alexander.”

A loud knock on the door startled them both.

A low dangerous growl breezed past Magnus’s lips, cat-eyes gave off a reddish glow.

“Don’t answer,” Alec begged.

“Sounds good to me.”

Another urgent knock.

“Whoever it is I’ll send them straight to hell,” his Alpha grumbled.

“C’mon guys, I know you’re there. I can smell you. Please, open the door,” came Jace’s weary voice.

“Okay, I’ll send him to the worst part of hell. Duduael is nice this time of year,” his mate rasped.

“Guys, I know you’re there!”

In unison, Alec and Magnus groaned, and with the snap of a finger their clothes were on neatly. The same couldn’t be said for their straining erections which they had to give a bit of time to subside.

Magnus headed to the little bar to pour himself some strong vodka, while he went to answer the door.

“Your timing is always unfortunate,” he said as soon as he had his brother face to face.

“What were you guys doing that it took so long to answer?”

Twirling on his heels with a drink in hand and an irritated look on his face, his Alpha snark, “Obviously not praying the Rosary.”

Jace grimaced, “Sorry for ruining the mood. But can I stay here for tonight?”

Alec and Magnus shared a look, another fight with Clary, huh?
“Of course,” replied Magnus. “Want a drink?”

“Thanks, and yes, please.”

“You’re hungry?” questioned Alec.

“Dying.”

Alec made his way to the kitchen, and then stopped mid-stride. Since their mating, he didn’t allow anyone to enter their bedroom—he became possessive of that space, of its scent, and the feel of it. Their bedroom was a safe haven, where no problems entered, no disagreement lasted, no bad feelings lingered, and pain was soothed without the need of magic—it was his and Magnus’, so no one else belonged there.

“You can stay in the guest room until you sort out your thoughts, but please stay clear of our bedroom,” reminded the older Shadowhunter.

“Fine, Fine. I learned my lesson. It’s not like I want to get another eye full of you two going at it like bunnies.”

Alec released an exasperated sigh, “Serves you right.”

“Jace, hurry up and make up with biscuit, I want to go at it like bunnies with your brother on every surface of this place,” whispered Magnus with a devilish smirk.

“Magnus! I can hear you!”

“Oh!”

“You’re the worst,” spat Jace as he quickly flew to the guest room.

Meanwhile, Magnus clamorous rich laughter could be heard throughout the loft.

Once in the bedroom, Jace shouted, tone a mix of disgust and fear, “Magnus, why is the Kama Sutra on the bed?! Please don’t tell me-”

He was always in the mood to tease Jace—Jace who had this annoying habit of cockblocking them.

“Boy, calm down. Today was the sofa’s turn,” he retorted, voice full of mirthful laughter.

At his words, a loud groan came from the bedroom at the same time a string of giggles came from the kitchen. His lips spread into a smug grin at the latter, because making Alec smile or laugh made him feel immensely proud.

“Take your damn book!”

“Keep it, I don’t need it—it’s all in my head with a few modifications and additions. Right, Alexander?” was his quick reply.

“Fuck!” Jace shouted.

“Magnus!” Alec chided in a mortified voice. But if he was being honest, the Kama Sutra had nothing on his Alpha. When compared to Magnus’s expertise, it fell kinda short.

A fit of giggles caught him—ah, it felt good to laugh.
Four days later, their guest showed no signs of ever leaving. So, Magnus took matters into his own hands.

He picked up his phone and dialed a familiar number.

“Hi, Magnus,” a disembodied voice floated through the receiver.

“Biscuit, dear, you need to take your man home. We love him, but Alec and I— let’s just say we’re mighty frustrated in some areas.”

“Oh, God! Please stop, I understand. I’ll drop by later,” the redhead replied flustered and quickly hanged up.

It was so much fun to tease these pups.

*****

Ever since he became the Head of the Institute, he had been staying late at the office more often than he cared to admit. He felt guilty every time he came home and found the house bathed in darkness—except for the bedroom—and Magnus in bed, reading one of his grimoires while he waited for him to come home. Despite Alec telling him not to wait up, his Alpha resisted the urge to pick him up from the Institute or wait for him in the living room, yet stubbornly insisted to wait for him in bed. But tonight, was different— tonight his mate came to greet him, and to be honest, that’s exactly what he wanted.

“You look exhausted, amore mio,” commented his Alpha as he made his way towards him.

Alec nodded, his head felt so heavy and his bones ached.

“We had to face a hoard of demons and a nest of vampires affected by blood lust, and then there was a meeting with some members of the Clave. And I tell you, I’d take the first two everyday over those meetings,” he confessed while he toed of his boots and shrugged off his jacket. He quickly proceeded to hang his quiver over the wooden chest that kept his arrows (Magnus had made sure to include a 1000 foam arrow divider, which not even the Institute had!). And then, carefully laid his bow on the simple yet exquisite handcrafted ebony bow mount Magnus had surprised him with a few days ago.

As he turned to finally greet his mate properly, he was met with the softest and fondest expression—ah, there it was, that scent he adored and wished he could bottle up so he could smell it whenever he was away.

Yes, he was addict to his Alpha’s earthy scent, to its touches of sweets and spices.

The High Warlock stretched one of his hands towards him while the other went up to cup and caress his cool cheek. His heavy eyelids caved at the weight. Simultaneously, Alec took his mate’s offered hand and then leaned into the touch of the other. The bond simmered and vibrated and his skin tingled.

Sightless, he could feel it much more intensely.

Alec could hear what Magnus hadn’t said yet. He could feel Magnus’s body heat as it evaporated the cold that clung to his skin. His lips were suddenly seized by red coal-like lips—those lips brushed slowly over his own and sucked playfully until an almost inaudible whine leaped up out of him. The warlock’s hand remained entwined with his while the other, after playing with his ear, went down his neck and traced his shoulder and contoured his arm. Said arm was cinched around
the older man’s waist, his hand full of delicate teal-colored silk as it perched on his mate’s lower back. Magnus’s lips continued to feed him ambrosia and now his tongue knocked at the seam of his lips.

His knees felt weak and trembled, Magnus held him in place and smiled into the kiss. He found himself throwing his head back, throat exposed and inviting—a low growl, a possessive growl, reached his ears. A needy moan was his reply. It was soaking wet between his thighs—his boxers and black pants felt uncomfortable and disgusting against his skin.

He wanted.

He needed.

He was no longer weary but desirous.

Magnus had slain all that which had clung to him and depleted his energy.

Now, the tip of Magnus’s tongue traced his Deflect Rune—goosebumps arose. Their hips rolled forward in sync and rocked together in an adagio tempo. Lips parted in a shuddery breath and a silent moan.

“Alpha, please...”

Magnus’s tongue outlined his mating bite—and that set Alec aquiver. A feather-light kiss was stamped on the bite, before his mate’s hungry mouth followed the path of his neck upwards while dispensing a series of soft nibbles.

“Oh, by the Angel!”

An open-mouthed kiss and a careful bite to his chin and a gentle hand back on his cheek.

“Let me make you feel better, Alexander. Let me pamper you, beloved,” Magnus voiced in an enticing susurration.

He nodded.

Alec couldn’t speak, he was reduced to putty at Magnus’s loving gestures—pliant in his Alpha’s arms he let himself be lead to their bedroom.

After he insisted on taking a quick shower to wash away his exhaustion and sweat— despite Magnus offering to do it magically—he quickly hopped out of the bathroom and wet as his body was both from water and slick, he immediately walked towards his mate—who stood by one of the windows looking outside—and attacked his irresistible mouth like a hungry wolf.

The young Shadowhunter, took his lips abruptly as deft hands clumsily rid him of his pajama top, which fell on the floor with a quiet sound.

One bruising kiss segued into the next, such desperate urge aroused his body’s instincts and his heart’s longing—he was quickly overruled by need and want.

“Alec, what’s gotten into you all of a sudden, my love? You’re already dripping with slick and your body is burning up. But you don’t smell like you’re in Heat yet,” Magnus murmured between ravenous kisses at the same time they stumbled towards the bed.

They fell into it ungracefully—Alec landed with full force on his back and he managed to nestled
swiftly albeit wobbly, between his mate’s parted legs. His Omega was a divine vision against rich midnight-blue silk sheets—bare and panting, fine runed skin like polished silver as a thin sheen of sweat and blush carpeted it throughout and arms reached out to coil around his neck, hazel eyes darkened by desire and messy ebony hair still dampened by water, flushed cheeks and spit-glossy bruised lips, heaving chest and erect nipples, hard cock heavy against a tense stomach and slick coated inner thighs.

No one—on any dimension—possessed such bewitching ravishing beauty. A beauty of body, but more than that, a soul of exotic beauty. In front of his mate, there was no need to hide his cat-eyes or the extent of his lust nor the weight of the love he felt.

Low moans and whines escaped him, his Heat hit him right then with unrelenting full force—his skin buzzed with want and his lower half ached with need. And his Alpha just smelled so good—it drove him crazy—that intoxicating scent that unfailingly felt like an aphrodisiac: sweet musk and dark woods, ensnaring raw honey and enticing Indian sandalwood, spicy cinnamon and fresh eucalyptus. His mouth salivated at the whiff of that drug-like scent.

“I want you to mount me, pin my wrists to the bed, and take me whoever you want. Fuck me, Magnus,” Alec said in a breathy voice as he turned around and presented.

Those words did unspeakable things to him, but much more so the sinful view—Alec was breathless, his eyes glimmered with the dust of lust, and a lovely pink flush expanded from his ears to his marked neck and down to his runed back. His Omega was the most splendid sight he had ever beheld—a delicate beauty mixed with singular strength.

His cock strained against his boxers, the tip wet with pre-come like Alec’s own. With a flick of his wrist, he rid himself of his pants and boxers, and proceeded with his amatory explorations. Their coupling wasn’t just for mere release to satisfy their bodies, instead it was an almost sacred ritual to reach total satisfaction of the heart and soul.

“Mag-Magnus…mmm!”

Even when they were both desperate for it, Magnus took his time and he let him because not so secretly, he reveled in his Alpha’s thorough ministrations.

Every brush of mellifluous lips spelled out the depthless of Magnus’s affections; his expert hands were swift birds that took flight over the expanse of his sweat-misted back—they had purpose as did the sweet tongue which lapped his sensitive flesh as if it was honey.

“Alexander, my love, you taste so good,” whispered the Alpha between sucks and licks and nibbles.

He was reduced to low and breathless sounds—mind blank.

“Alexander…”

His name—desire-drown—engulfed his skin as if steam. A pulse of heady slick streamed down his thighs and his hips shook with need.

Magnus began to tease Alec’s twitching entrance one finger at a time, his mate’s moans increasingly got louder.

“Yes, just like that. Let me hear you more, matahariku (my sun),” the Alpha cooed sweetly as his fingers kept moving inside hot walls and his lips watered as if flowers every rune and mark on Alec’s strong back.
A quake shook the hand carved-like body beneath him when his left hand took a hold of a sensitive pert nub and rubbed it expertly.

“Ma-Magnus! Mmm, ah! Fu-”

One of the High Warlock’s fingers brushed against his prostate and cut the filthy word in half.

His Omega’s Heat and his own Rut, Alec’s bowed head, canted hips, and hands crossed at the wrist obediently still in the hold of his left hand, had him hard-pressed to think. Add to the mix Alec’s erotic moans and raw carnal desire and he was sure madness wasn’t far off. Yet, what affected him the most was the way in which his precious mate said his name—each letter was savored thoroughly and permeated with feelings that tasted better that the sweetest aged wine. His Shadowhunter’s feelings were actions not words, and this was the answer to his love. The submission spoke of what was in his heart.

A seakquake of emotions waved throughout his being and through their bond—one by one they sprouted from his lips. He whispered them hotly in Alec’s red-tinted ear.

“You’re mine and I’m yours, cintaku (my love). You’re the only one for me, Alec.”

Oh, by the Angel! Magnus played dirty.

Slowly and without hurry, Magnus pressed the blunt head of his cock against his waiting entrance. Incrementally, his mate’s prominent erection slid into him and stretched the sensitive ring of muscles until the older man bottomed out and was fully seated deep inside him. The delicious burn and feeling of fullness coupled with one of his Alpha’s hand languidly snaking down and up the back and front of his right thigh and then taking the path towards his throbbing dick and teasing it with playful finger pads, whilst his other hand kneaded and palmed his ass, made a guttural moan breeze out of him.

“Haah! Fu-ck…”

Alec’s body was a candlewick to Magnus’s flames—soft and at his mercy.

It was scorching inside of the young Shadowhunter, like sacred fire; his soft tight walls snug around his member as if unable to restrain themselves from milking out every drop of semen out of him. A gasp surprised him and he had to hold on for dear life to his mate’s trembling hips, he felt giddy and weak at the same time. Once he had caught his breath, he let loose his inner Alpha.

His swollen cock bobbed up and down and side to side as his Alpha’s hips rocked in and out of him in calculated and rhythmic rolls. His own hips followed suit and met midway in sharp thrusts that left him clutching at the midnight-blue sheets desperately and out of air.

“Ooh, God…, Mag-, mmm…”

The loud wet sounds as Magnus’s cock slid in and out of him in earnest thrusts stirred his desire even more.

“Darling, sei bellissimo (you’re beautiful). You’re everything to me, ma moitié (my other half),” rasped the older man in that basso profundo voice which he used when they made love.

Magnus knew how to drive him crazy, how to reduce him to a needy babbling mess effortlessly.

“Ah, ah… ngh!”
Every part of him loved every part of Alec—his hands which touched the Omega gently and desperately, his eyes which feast on the sight of his blush, his nose which inhaled the exquisitely sexual scent of his mate, his ears which greedily hoarded all the enrapturing sounds as pleasure took him, his lips which worshipped his flesh as the young Shadowhunter branded them with his heat, his tongue which tasted the salty flavor of his Omega’s erotic sweat, his skin which his mate burned with his sultry breaths, his heart which unshackled threw itself against his aching ribs at the movement of Alec’s body against his trembling hips.

*I’m yours. I’m yours. I’m yours. Because it can’t be any other way.*

As their hips became a mess of erratic thrust and their chests heaved in a long string of labored breaths, his Alpha delineated his mating bite hungrily, and then nipped at the meat of his shoulders and upper back possessively, whilst his hands spread his butt cheeks even more and plunged into him with one last sharp and hard thrust. And that did it. His inner muscles began to tighten around the now filled out knot, and his stomach clenched—and his orgasm hit him like rickety waves, with force as they crash against the shore.

They both came with each other’s broken names upon their lips.

Quick pants and low moans and almost inaudible whines and welcomed silence.

Silence and heartbeats.

“I would do just about anything for you, mi cielo,” Magnus murmured against the nape of his sweat-coated neck as he rolled them to the side with one swift move. Bodies spent and heavy, temporarily sated and plastered together—post-coital bliss at its finest.

What he felt for Magnus had grown inside of him like a giant sequoia tree, its roots wrapped around his bones and its branches and leaves and flowers flourished and filled the spaces between his organs and ribs and cavities—unrestrained, untamed: a forest of its own.

“Me too…” Anything. Everything.

He gave and Alec gave—they filled each other with everything that flooded their souls. They were never empty, but somehow there was this constant thirst impossible to quench, this insatiable hunger impossible to appease. They shared the same need and want, and only devouring each other gently they could calm down.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

Malec

Chapter Notes

Hello,
I hope you guys aren’t tired of Malec fluff yet. Once again, thank you so much for your messages, they always make my day :D

Happy reading!

PS: 'The Very Thought of You' sung by Nat King Cole. You guys should listen to it while reading that part of the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

With Valentine and Council Malachi, as well as a part of the Clave members dead at the hands of Jace and Clary (when they revealed themselves to be part of the Circle and Valentine’s accomplices), as well as the all those who knew about the real purpose of the Omega Suppressant Rune now imprisoned at the Gard or exiled, and new laws established to protect Omega rights, things had begun to change in small but sure steps throughout Idris and the Institutes with the help of the new Council Gia Penhallow, an Omega. Izzy was appointed Weapons Master and Clary had received her Angelic Rune, which meant she was no longer a Shadowhunter in training.

Things at the Institute were running smoothly without major incidents. His personal life and that of those he loved were going relatively well, but he couldn’t deny it felt a bit strange and disquieting—the pessimistic in him constantly reared its head and reminded him of Rabel’s words. But he pushed himself to not dwell in them, to fight the acrimonious taste of his hate against the Clave and the Omega Suppressant Rune. He tried to focus on the good things even when his own mind tried to pull him down a spiral staircase and into a dark alley.

He drew strength and courage from Magnus and his magic.

Ever Since they bonded, he could feel Magnus’s magic course through his veins—he relished in the feeling of it although he couldn’t use it. It made him feel closer to his Alpha if that was even possible, it was comforting and soothing.

*****

After Rabel’s injection, Cat kept a close monitoring of him. She did regular checkups on him using her magic to make sure he was fine and started the treatment. The older warlock’s magic still coursed through him, but he didn’t feel any different.

His Heats had been irregular. Guillermo had advised him not to drink contraception pills, he had
listened. Magnus of course had been giving him concerned looks, had expressed his worry for Alec’s mental and physical health more than a few times.

“I love you, Alexander. And children or not, that’s never going to change, so love, don’t be so hard on yourself. Lean on me, talk to me—I’m here for you, always.”

Oh, how he loved that man. Alec loved him more than he loved himself. He never knew he could love someone so much, not in the way he loved Magnus.

In his dreams, sometimes he saw himself praying to Magnus on his knees. Praying to the half-demon to whom he had given his heart. So fervently, so adoring, so passionately. Alec’s own god. A god he had chosen for himself.

Though, since their relationship had begun to get serious, something crucial had crept and lodged itself at the base of his skull, its claws pointedly toxic. A definite something, an inevitable thing—an insurmountable abysm between them.

Magnus was immortal, Alec wasn’t.

His Alpha had seen people he loved die from old age, illness or from being killed. And he had lost two children. He was always aware of his mortality and Magnus’ immortality—he will grow old and their children too if they are born Shadowhunters instead of what Rabel had claimed (half-Shadowhunter/half-Warlock). His heart ached for Magnus, but there was nothing he could do about it. The only thing Alec could do was live in the moment, love his Alpha, give him a family, and savor every second they shared together.

He wanted to be a bright spot in Magnus’ immortal life, enough so that his memory never fades—a memory that would bring him joy and warmth. For their bond and life together to be a source of comfort and strength. For their children and descendants to give him hope when Alec is no longer of this world. But in no way he would let Magnus’ immortality be a fountain of sadness to either of them—he wouldn’t entertain forlorn thoughts and feelings because it was a waste of time, and to them time was precious.

*****

One late Summer morning

When he woke up, Magnus’s side of the bed was empty and cold—he scowled at the empty spot and at the ghost of his mate. He swung his feet over the bed and proceed to walk to the bathroom to brush his teeth and wash his face. Alec put on one of Magnus’s silk robes, the black one with golden tones he favored, over his almost naked body save for a pair of black boxers. When he walked out of the bedroom and into the living room, his eyes trailed over the quiet and empty space.

Where could his Alpha be?

Alec could still feel his presence nearby through their bond, so he followed his hunch and let his feet take him up the spiral iron stairs and out to the terrace. And there he was—his warlock sat on an obviously newly magicked rattan sectional with white cushions. He was carefully studying an old thick leather-bound grimoire, teacup in hand, and surrounded by cats.

As soon as Magnus felt him, earth-brown eyes looked up from the book and greeted him with a wide smile and loving expression.

“Good morning, my honey bit. Did you sleep well?”
“Mornin’. Yes, I did.”

Alec smiled in turn and made his way towards his mate, and as soon as he was within reach, muscular arms stretched towards him and reeled him in, until he was straddling his Alpha. Before they exchanged any other words, his man’s arms tightened around his waist at the same time his own looped around the warlock’s neck; noses swept along each other’s hairlines and cheeks, ears and jaws and chins, until they traced the lines of their necks and settled for a moment on one another’s mating bites. Deep breaths drew in beloved familiar scents and after their senses were satiated, their lips coalesced in a green tea and mint flavored kiss—it was slow and soft and delightful.

Afterwards, their faces remained close to each other as they caught their breaths and their gazes wandered into one another—willingly lost in well-known paths.

“I’ve always meant to ask you; how do they manage to get here?” Alec questioned as curious big eyes took in their morning visitors.

“Simple, I have a cat portal permanently opened,” Magnus answered in a matter-of-fact tone, as if it that was the most casual and normal thing in the world.

“Oooookaaay...”

The older man chuckled and pressed a light peck on his lips and squeezed his ass while he scooted forward on his seat. Alec tightened his grip on his mate’s neck and cinched his legs around a sturdy waist. Alpha strength in full display, Magnus held on to him firmly and then stood up.

“Any ideas what we should cook for breakfast? Or should I cheat today and conjured some?”

“No, lets cook together. I like to see you in the kitchen,” his Omega replied between urgent kisses which made walking very difficult for Magnus, not because of lack of strength but because he was extremely tempted to postpone breakfast and reschedule all his house calls, and just pin the Nephilim in his arms to the nearest wall.

“Some French toast sounds nice. You like how I make it. What do you say?”

“As you wish, my love.”

*****

A heavy downpour fell upon the city, violent and inescapable just like his Heat.

Alec felt so hot, so horny—that’s why as soon as he arrived home from the Institute he took a quick shower, cleaned himself thoroughly, and was now naked in bed with two pillows underneath his head and legs wide open and his hands busy, one wrapped around his throbbing cock and the other desperately trying to appease the ache and itching inside his slick-coated walls. Yet, it wasn’t enough—no amount of self-pleasuring could scratch that incessant itch and calm that sharp ache.

He was in Heat and his Alpha was nowhere to be found, but he was sure his relentless need and growing want could be sensed through their bond. How could it not, when he felt he was losing his mind with Heat-lust?

Alpha, Alpha, where are you?

As his fingers thrust and scissored and dragged and rubbed against his slippery walls, the hand fisted round his heavy erection pumped up and down clumsily while his thumb teased the slit and
coaxed out more pre-come.

_Magnus mate mate come home_

His eyelids felt as if sandbags and his muscles stretched like rubber bands ready to snap—how long would it take until the full weight of his Heat fell upon him? His mind was a battered canvas of scribbles.

_Magnus hurry hurry_

Pants and groans left his heaving chest and his heart drummed violently against his ribs. His middle finger swept against his prostate and his entire body went taut and limp at the same time, yet climax eluded him.

His body knew what it wanted.

_Mate_

His inner Omega craved the hardness and intensity and bites and licks and roughness only his mate could give him.

_Alpha_

He desired the whispered words of love his Alpha branded against his sweat-lapped skin.

_Magnus_

His teeth bit down viciously on his bottom lip till blood bloomed.

_Alpha need you_

Alec was so lost in his Heat, he didn’t even hear the bedroom door open.

A familiar velvety voice spoke and each of his movements ceased.

“What do we have here? My Omega in Heat and quenching it on his own. I’ve never seen anything so sexy.”

As the older man voiced these words, he closed the door behind him and walked purposely slowly towards the bed, his cat-eyes aglow with brazen desire.

He could cry right now. Magnus was finally home! Relief washed over him, tumbling waves that left him open mouthed and breathless.

“I’m setting myself on fire for you,” he sussurred in between pants.

That feline hungry gaze was enough to unravel him—he felt as if a notebook whose spiral binding coil had come undone.

A knowing smirk shaped the warlock’s luscious lips before he playfully chided, “You’re being naughty, Alec. As much as I love to see you pleasure yourself, I would like for you to let me be the one to set you on fire.”

The punctuated way in which his mate licked his lips in slow-motion at the same time his feline eyes swept up and down the length of his body hungrily, as if a starved man offered a feast—brought forth a strong wave of Heat and a copious stream of slick down his inner thighs.
A drawn-out moan ripped from him and his eyes drifted shut.

“Th-then, um, co-come here,” he stammered, body aching and feverish and sticky hands now full of pink silk sheets.

Alec was the personification of debauchery—a sight he’ll never get tired of. And Magnus wanted to see more and more of this gorgeous creature who came out to play every three months or so. His unrestrained Omega.

As he crawled into bed, clothes now gone by the blessing of magic, he murmured, “You look ravishing, Alexander.”

Too much talking, not enough touching—overwrought by the heady scent of arousal which emanated from his Alpha, he reached for the older man and pushed him down on his back. The Heat had gone to his head and fogged up his mind with lust, he could no longer bear the onslaught of desire throughout his body. Want and need clawed at him with every breath he took.

“Yes, love. Do with me as like. I’m yours.” He didn’t move, instead he waited for Alec to do as he pleased.

The exquisite Nephilim above him straddled him, their dicks barely touched, but it wasn’t necessary to feel consumed to ashes. Gaze upon gaze became woodfire and flesh against flesh a windswept conflagration. The whorls of passion grew inflamed as his Omega spread open-mouthed kisses on his skin like the Spring breeze scattered cherry blossom petals on the air.

“Alec, I carry you in my blood and in the marrow of my bones. I would do anything for you,” he confessed, voice a husky tenor, at the same time his left hand wandered up his mate’s right thigh and the other glided up to tilt his chin up.

Shaky breaths and rosy cheeks, wild eyes and disheveled hair and pearls of sweat—they were both almost at the end of their ropes.

The need and want to have Alec in his arms, his runed skin beneath his fingertips, his plump lips caught carefully between his teeth, and be buried deep within his hot welcoming walls wasn’t only limited to the fires of his Heat. His desire to consume and be consumed by Alec was constant and urgent.

The storm outside was as if a reflection of the passion between them—fierce and unrestrained.

Magnus pulled him in and settled him on his broad muscled chest, each leg astride as he straddled the warlock. One of his Alpha’s hands came up his left thigh and up his torso, slowly and with purpose as the other took a hold of his strained dick and brought the glistening head into the cavernous heat of his mouth.

His hips reacted by instinct in a shallow thrust and the High Warlock chuckled, cat-eyes alight with mischief.

“Fuc-k, ngh! Oh!”

The head of his cock rubbed against the roof of his Alpha’s mouth and made his entrance tingle and an ardent heat rise up from the pit of his stomach. He couldn’t help the lilting movement of his possessed hips, and Magnus encouraged it even more by palming his ass.

“Aa…h, y-ea, Mag-, more…”
Each of Magnus’s caresses whetted every nerve-end and inch of skin and each of his senses—it incited his whole being to willingly relinquish total control to his Alpha.

He wanted to be stuffed to the brim with Magnus’s knot, like ten minutes ago.

“Hmm,” Magnus hummed around his cock, and he felt himself sway and moan loudly.

“Ahhh…, enough with the teasing, Magnus. Do it…do it properly,” he whispered as he drew in a shaky breath and threw his head back in agonizing pleasure at the same time his hands clenched around his knees.

Alec wanted Magnus to appease the delicious ache that ran through his hips.

“Do what properly, darling?” Magnus teased, while one of his hands spread his butt cheeks and the other followed the path of slick up his inner thighs and to his aching rim.

On his sweat-licked skin, Magnus’ fingertips were painterly brushstrokes that drove him to madness. Careful finger pads circled his entrance slowly, slowly, too slowly. He felt tears sting his eyes and he closed them tightly and bit down on his bruised bottom lip hard enough to break skin, a little quiet sob forced his lips open, and the mouth that was upon the head of his dick, abandoned it, and went on to place a couple of feather-light kisses on each trembling thigh and his tensed stomach.

“Shhh, Alexander, I got you.”

“Mmm, by the Angel, Magnus-, oh God!”

A dark chuckle slithered into his ears, journeyed down the pit of his belly, and fanned the flames violently.

“Ple-ase, Alpha, fuck me already and let me com- ah!”

From one breath to the next, Magnus was no longer beneath him but behind him, and he was now on his hands and knees. How had that happened? Magic, maybe? He didn’t know and he didn’t care, because his Alpha was finally where he wanted him and---

“Ha! Oh, Raziel…, fuc-k!”

Magnus rammed into him unhinged and with force—inebriated by Heat-lust and his own Rut, and Alec surrendered to it, welcomed the painfully delicious feeling of being stretched by his Alpha’s hungry cock. Both let their primitive impulses guide them, knowing full well that they were comfortable with each other and one another’s needs.

Their hips met thrust by thrust, roll by roll, and as they did, the warlock’s hands clasped tightly around his hipbones, the meat of his hips branded by crescent moon nail shapes—he rejoiced in the urgent pain of it.

More. More. All of it.

“Ah, ah…ngh…! Harder, ple---”

Magnus wanted to explore every hidden alleyway and abandoned building which made his Nephilim’s body. He wanted to see everything, to know everything—every single spot of pleasure.

“Alexander, Alexander, you are mine. Mine.”
Yes, yes, yes. I am. I am.

“Hah! That’s, ohhh…”

Their sweat and body heat, heart beats and saliva, scents and pleasurable noises, breaths and slick and come—all mingled effortlessly until they became a sole being moving in sync in perfect harmony, and each time it felt new, like the first time Alec invited him in to enjoy this gift together. He knew every curve and edge and mount and valley, yet his finger pads, lips and tongue unfailingly made brand new discoveries during their amorous explorations.

Between nibbles and scratches, whispered endearments and whines and moans, a messy kiss and slaps of skin against skin—he came untouched all over his abdomen and the silk sheets, and Magnus flooded his insides with the first wave of his hot seeds.

Labored breathing filled the air for a moment and then, a peaceful silence.

At the end of their coupling, their bodies unfailingly ended up like two trees embracing one another.

“Magnus, I love you.”

“I love you too, mon petit coeur (my little heart).”

Meeting Magnus and getting to know him, to fight beside him and spend time together, to discover how different he was from the Alphas he grew up around and knew—it had hit him like a meteor back then, how he yearned and craved everything he swore by the Angel he would never want: a mate, a bond, a shared home, a family of his own. And now that he was willing, determined to have it all, he couldn’t have it or at least one of those things—a child. He wanted to carry Magnus’ child, their child, but his body had taken his previous bitterness and rebelled against him. Months of trying with no favorable results despite his Heats being more regular. Not even Catarina’s healing magic had been able to work a miracle.

It was his punishment, his curse. His womb couldn’t be a welcoming home to a child he prayed for, it was as if his body had decided to force him to fulfill his past promises. Magnus deserved better, deserved a mate who was whole, who could give him a family. He was a dried-up tree unable to produce fruit.

Despite his Alpha’s reassuring words and loving actions, soothing kisses and reverent touches, and hope-infused promises, Alec had lost some of his faith. Yet, he couldn’t let go of Magnus and his love. They kept sharing their bodies in and out of his Heat with an even greater passion than when they first mated.

What will happen will happen…

*****

Darkness had fallen—the moon was nowhere to be seen, but the stars embellished the sky like gold a Klimt painting.

Weariness inhabited his muscles and lulled his mind into a calm state. He couldn’t wait to get home, take a shower and go to sleep.

The weight of the day fell upon him all at once as soon as he left the Institute, so much so he felt a little disoriented for a few seconds as he walked home. But as soon as he opened the loft’s door and crossed the threshold, he stopped on his tracks, and right away, he knew his plans for rest would
have to wait. Yet, he didn’t mind. Not when his Alpha looked like he did, not when a brilliant
smile welcomed him home with such delightfulness.

Soft candlelight and aromatic red roses all around, and a charming voice singing a love song.

‘The very thought of you and I forget to do
The little ordinary things that everyone ought to do
I'm living in a kind of daydream, I'm happy as a king
And foolish though it may seem to me that's everything’

His Alpha stood elegantly in the middle of their living room looking dashing in a black and gold
embroidered three-piece suit (intricate gilded needlework on the lapels, wrists, and the side of the
pants), black dress shoes, and a black bow tie which matched his black silk shirt. Of course, his
hair also looked amazing styled in its usual way as well as the inky kohl and shimmery gold eye
shadow. His rings and an olive wreath-shaped ear cuff completed the ensemble.

“Welcome back, Alexander.”

A dreamy sigh escaped him without notice. His feet had grown roots and his brain struggled to
provide words. He could only look and look and look and gape. Anyone would think he was
already used to this—but no—how could he be? His man could be quite whimsical sometimes.

Magnus snapped his fingers and in the blink of an eye he was also wearing a black three-piece suit
—the jacket had some silvery shine to it as did the white bow tie, a crisp white shirt and black
shoes pulled together the outfit.

When he finally shook off the starstruck-like trance, he asked, “What is this for? What are we
celebrating?”

A soft and utterly fond smile preceded the High Warlock’s answer, and he couldn’t help but feel a
little weak in the knees.

“You. Us. This love.”

That sotto voce and those words, catapulted his heart to his throat. Once again, he was struck
silent.

Magnus always found the right words and actions to reach him, to make him feel grounded and
safe and calm, but most of all, to make him feel unconditionally loved.

‘The mere idea of you, the longing here for you
You'll never know how slow the moments go till I'm near to you
I see your face in every flower, your eyes in stars above
It's just the thought of you, the very thought of you, my love’

“Dance with me, amor mio (my love),” Magnus uttered in an irresistible basso profundo voice and
a charming smile upon his lips at the same time he stretched one of his hand towards him.

His feet quickly erased the few paces between them and he immediately took the offered hand—
their bond hummed intensely, like electricity through a live wire.

How can one person be so seductive? How can a pair of eyes be so magnetic? Since the beginning,
there was always this ineffable aura about Magnus. Even before he learned they were true mates
and soul-bond, he was already enthralled by the Alpha—unable to speak properly, his feelings an
entropy, his whole being alert and awoken.
'The mere idea of you, the longing here for you
You'll never know how slow the moments go till I'm near to you
I see your face in every flower, your eyes in stars above
It's just the thought of you, the very thought of you, my love’

Magnus guided his hips with one of his hands as the other drew him closer towards him by the neck to sing in his ear. His Alpha’s rich dark voice swallowed all his breaths and hushed his heartbeats—wrapped in that voice, he felt lighter and lighter and lighter. Weightless like a helium balloon.

“To have you like this, only for me— exclusively for my eyes, wholly for my touch, entirely for my lips—always, always, for as long as you let me, is my greatest wish,” Magnus whispered in one of his beet red ears.

Alec couldn’t help the wobbly smile which curled his lips or the prickle of tears in his eyes nor the murmured “I love you” that made his voice tremble.

As they swayed together, he buried his face in the crook of his Alpha’s neck where the mating bite was, his lips paid homage to it with a sacrosanct kiss and his nose reaped the rewards of such gesture when his mate’s scent became infused with the sweetness of happiness and the spice of excitement.

They danced and danced and danced—unhurried—romantic song after romantic song—slowly, cheek to cheek, arms wrapped around one another, bodies pressed together while hands dispensed a few caresses here and here. And Magnus kept singing for him softly, in that sultry voice which closed his eyes and transported him to a place where only he and Magnus existed—no magic, no runes, no fertility problems, no fighting—only them and their love for each other.

What will happen will happen…

And then, something unexpected happened…

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Chapter Summary

Alec
Alec + Magnus
Family + friends
Malec

Chapter Notes

Hello,
Writing this chapter made me smile and giggle, and I hope it does the same to you. Thank you again for your constant support and lovely messages.

Happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Was he hallucinating? Was this real? Was he sleeping and this was a dream? He went on to pinch himself, and the sharp short pain that bloomed dissipated some of his doubts. But no, if he was to approach this logically, he knew it wasn’t a dream or a hallucination if only because his body felt different, little nuances here and there which couldn’t mean anything else.

His hands trembled violently; he could barely hold his weight on his gelatin-like knees—he fell down on his butt on the bathroom floor. Forcefully, he gulped down the handful of pebbles lodged in his windpipe, screwed his eyes shut, and let himself lean back against the tiled wall. Breathing had become the most difficult thing for him—he needed to breathe, yet his lungs had forgotten how.

Their prayers had been answered.

His body felt as heavy as an anvil but at the same time as light as a feather.

Hope was made reality.

A sigh of blissful relief sprinted out of him and left him flaccid from head to toe—weariness made his eyelids impossible to remain open, and when he blinked and close them again, tears tumbled down his warm cheeks like marbles out of a broken glass jar.

Gratitude cleaved his chest from the inside out and a chocked-off cry was wrenched out of him.

Six months had passed before their dedicated love making yield fruit. The last treatment had been a month ago. Guillermo and Cat had told him that it wasn’t advisable to continue for much longer, that it was necessary to give his body a rest and let it do its own thing. Cat’s magic could only do so much and the rest was up to his body and how it would respond to it.
And this was his body’s answer.

He had been feeling off for the last few weeks, the pregnancy couldn’t be more than three weeks.

“Thank you! Thank you! Thank you…,” he sobbed, hands still tremulous and pregnancy test clasped tightly within his fingers.

He couldn’t believe it. Not even after taking four pregnancy tests.

_Magnus._ He had to tell his Alpha.

The test slipped out of his fingers and hit the floor with a blunt thud, and then he allowed his arms to finally hug his exposed midriff in a semi-tight hold. Another sigh left him a drained relaxed mess against the cool wall, he tilted his head back and drew in a deep breath.

To think his womb had become the home of a child he didn’t expect—it felt surreal.

_Magnus, we’re going to be parents._

Shaky tender hands stroke his hard belly, it’ll take months for his state to show, but it didn’t matter as long as he could feel the life growing inside.

A fit of uncontrollable laughter caught him by surprise, it bubbled up like boiling water inside a geyser and then, it came out all at once—unstoppable. His entire body shook with joy. He suddenly realized that the love he had been holding inside—the love meant for their child—had almost turned him bitter. For months, he had been so focused on the fertility treatment and trying to get pregnant, and whenever his Heat came and went and he didn’t, he grew more and more resentful. It had been difficult for him, but also for Magnus who had the patience of a saint and didn’t lose his composure, not even once.

Alec needed to tell his mate. He wanted Magnus to be the first one to know the good news. And he knew that if he went back to the Institute as he was now, he wouldn’t be able to hide it from anyone—this happiness he felt was too strong to contain.

Since things have been relatively quiet, save for a few demon attacks here and there, and he had told his sister he needed to take care of a personal matter, he’ll wait for his mate a little longer. In the meantime, he’ll get himself presentable and wash his hands which smelled like pee, thoroughly, and then, he will make some rosebud tea. The wait will kill him, but he didn’t want to text Magnus in the middle of work because he’ll worry and think something was wrong.

So, he will wait. Meanwhile, he’ll think about how to announce the big news.

*****

Thankfully, he didn’t have to wait long. Alec was about to serve himself a cup of tea when a portal opened in the middle of the living room. If his heart had been in a steady tautivity before, now it was set at the beat of a tantara—loud and on the rise by the second.

With a slightly surprised look but a smile upon his lips, his mate commented, “Alexander, what are you doing here in the middle of the day? Not that I’m complaining, but it’s unusual.”

He couldn’t help the wobbly smile that pulled at his lips when Magnus came closer and hugged him from behind. Strong yet gentle arms tighten around his midriff while a playful nose nuzzled his nape and then, his Alpha’s face pressed into his back between his shoulder blades.
“Welcome back. Do you want some tea? Its rosebud, your favorite,” he asked, timbre soft as he tried his best not to lean wholly into the embrace and lose the grip on the kettle.

A few seconds passed before he got a reply.

“Sure, thank you. Is everything okay?”

At the question, his heart lurched and he almost burned himself.

As hard as he tried to keep a steady voice, his excitement betrayed him. “Ye-yeah, why wouldn’t it be? Have a seat, I’ll bring it to you.”

Having Magnus so close made him incapable of keeping calm—the words threatened to possess his tongue and speak themselves.

“Ok…but, are you sure nothing’s going on?” insisted the High Warlock when he finally untangled himself from him and walked towards the sofa.

Before he responded, he drew in a lengthy breath, let it go, and then picked up the teacup and saucer. As he padded to where his mate waited, he felt dizzy with joy and nervousness. For a second, he thought he would lose his footing.

“Everything’s fine. Here.”

By the Angel, he had never been good at 'lying’ and he couldn’t help his trembling hands nor hold his excitement for much longer. It was already a feat not to let his feet bounce into a happy dance while he sat on the sofa.

Their bond vibrated and boomed as if it had gone haywire.

“Thank you,” Magnus said with a smile as he took the floral porcelain teacup. After he sipped some tea, he added, “It’s delicious. Oh, before I forget. I saw Sahil today, he sent his greetings. He got mated to another warlock, we’re invited to the celebration in a couple of weeks.”

Absently, he voiced, “Really? I didn’t know he was seeing someone.”

“It was kind of hush hush, because his family is very strict. Though, both the families had been in talks for some time now. Aren’t you drinking any?” The High Warlock questioned, tone tinted with curiosity at the same time keen brown eyes searched his face for an answer.

This was hard. He wanted to set the mood and do this in a way that felt special. Well, the news was beyond special in itself, it’s just that he wanted it to be more…. God, this was frustrating.

“Um, yes, in a bit…” was his halted reply. His eyes darted around the room, and in that moment, he knew he couldn’t postpone it any longer.

The warlock set the teacup down on the saucer in his left hand and then uttered, “Alec, what is it? Did something bad happened at the Institute? Is everyone okay? You’re fine. I don’t sense anything---”

At the thought of the life inside of him, a gust of potent sweet scent rolled off of him—it was mixed in with his regular fragrance, a new note—sweet pea.

Magnus’s nostrils flared as a wave of his Omega’s redolence enslaved his nose, and then voyaged up to his brain, where it made itself at home in his forebrain. Oh, goodness! This distinct aroma
was new. So sweet. Almost too sweet, to the point of rendering him besotted. A million thoughts sprung across his mind and all of them pointed to one specific answer—an answer which scared him half to death but also made him the happiest man on Earth.

A loud gasp parted his lips as the realization dawned on him.

_Alec was…_

Could it be?

He gulped down all the heartbeats that had clogged his throat and held onto the teacup in his hands a little tighter, and then voiced, “Your scent, just now, it smells… Alexander, are you-”

Alec didn’t want his Alpha to finish the question, so he did to Magnus what he had done to him all that time ago and hushed him with his index finger upon his semi-parted lips.

Tone overrun with emotion and voice rough from both crying and laughing, he uttered, “I wanted to carry your child as soon as I fell in love with you, even if at the time I refused to accept it because I was too scared. I wanted to give you a family, your own family. Our family. And now, I can tell you that that wish has become true. Magnus, I’m pregnant.”

The Alpha’s eyes went comically wide and his mouth fell agape, the teacup in his hands almost slipped out of his grasp if it wasn’t for Alec’s quick reflexes. For a moment, no sound pierced the air. It was as if the entire world had come to a standstill and only the two of them and this moment were in motion. His heart beat so fast, he could barely feel it in his chest and he was sure Magnus would pass out soon from oxygen deprivation if he remained in this frozen state.

“Magnus? Hey, are you okay?” he questioned, somewhat concerned he had broken his man. His hands went up to cup the astounded face in front of him and soon enough he got his response.

_Pregnant. His Alexander was pregnant._ His ears weren’t playing tricks on him, right?

_Oh, God!_

_A child. Their child._

Silence was startled by Magnus’s landslide-like laughter—loud yet melodious and captivating. His hands were now in his mate’s gentle hold, and adoring kisses blanketed his palms like morning dew sprinkled the grass.

Magnus felt tears well up in his eyes and he allowed them to cascade down his cheeks. Alec’s own soon followed. His heart was a pond relentlessly being hit by skipping stones whenever his Omega gazed at him with those limpid eyes—eyes which reminded him of Spring and new life. This beautiful man in front of him couldn’t be anything other than a gift from life.

“Oh, Alexander! I don’t believe I can ever top this gift. Alec, soul of mine, thank you. Thank you! For the first time in centuries, I’m grateful I am immortal because I got to meet you and live in the same time as you. To fall in love with you, for you to choose me, for us to make a life together and walk hand-in-hand, for this child to exist—what other name could I give it but a miracle,” he whispered, voice rough like gravel over asphalt whilst he scattered kisses all over his mate’s hands and wrists and finally gathered him in his arms in a soul-melting embrace.

“Mag-nus, Magnus, Magnus…”

It didn’t matter how many detours life put on his way, because in the end, his soul arrived at its
destination and knocked at the door of Alec’s soul.

“Let me tell you with kisses how much I love you, and how grateful I am for the life you carry inside you,” Magnus murmured close to his mouth. Then, those lips together with his entire body knelt on the floor between his legs.

Careful hands slowly lifted up his navy-blue shirt and unbuckled, unbuttoned and unzipped his dark gray pants and then, once his stomach was completely exposed, his mate’s warm lips went on to make an offering of pious kisses to the pup inside his belly.

Alec couldn’t take his eyes off of the man in front of him, all of him was completely bedazzled by the endless fountain of pure love at his feet. His hands moved on their own to pat his Alpha’s silky hair and as his fingertips massaged the scalp, he let his eyes flutter close momentarily and allowed himself to fully revel in the loving gestures.

“Magnus, I lo-”

His words were cutoff and swallowed by an abruptly famished mouth that made his thoughts scatter.

“I love you dearly, Alec, with a love that threatens to burst my heart and turn me to dust,” his mate whispered into the kiss.

Magnus’s fingers-tips were a fire brand over his papyri-like skin—all consuming.

“I love you too.”

His Alpha’s arms wrapped around him tightly as one of those long-fingered hands glided up to the back of his head and cupped it gently while their lips crashed and fused and their tongues moved together in a sensual dance and licked the ambrosial flavors of one another.

Magnus had been once a will-o’-the wisp for him, and even now, he still couldn’t believe they were together. Together. Mated. Expecting.

The reactions from their family and friends had been much more emotional than he expected. They knew how much a child meant to them, how much they’ve desired a baby, the struggles they’ve gone through, how emotionally/physically and mentally draining it had been the last several months. They’ve offered them unconditional support and encouragement throughout this journey. So of course, they were over the moon with the news.

“What did I tell you, huh? That all will be well. Congratulations you two, no one deserves this more than you guys,” said Cat with a huge grin on her face as she hugged them both. “Madzie will be thrilled when I tell her she’ll have a little cousin to play with.”

He couldn’t help but smile just as brightly. The thought if his favorite little sorceress and his pup playing together was too cute.

The loudest scream he had ever heard came out of his sister’s mouth before she almost tackled him to the floor. “Oh, my, God! Alec, Magnus, I-I’m so happy for you guys, congratulations! I’m going to be an auntie!!! I’ve to learn how to cook baby food.”

He and Magnus had looked at each other with worried looks on their faces and horrified at the idea of their baby eating Izzy’s food.
His mother’s reaction was similar to his own—surprise, tears, and unbridled laughter. “You will be the best father, you’ll both will. This child is lucky to have you both. Congratulations! I’m going to be a grandma, I can’t wait!!” his mother voiced at the same time she held them both individually in her arms.

His heart was ready to burst.

“Son, Magnus, congratulations. This pup couldn’t ask for better parents. I can’t wait to meet my grandchild.” His father’s voice had been lined with unusual tenderness and his eyes bright with emotion, it hit him hard to see him so open.

“Thank you,” he said as his father hugged him.

Jace had said nothing at first. He had flung himself into Alec’s arms and hugged him so tightly it hurt a little, but he let him. His parabatai could be short of words most of the time, so his actions spoke for him. “Congrats, buddy, and Magnus! I’ll spoil the hell out of this kid. When you guys need to get away, go on a date night, Clary and I will babysit.”

“If Clary is there, then I trust you to babysit,” Magnus joked with a beaming smile Alec will never get enough of.

The red-head’s sonorous laughter reverberated in the air before she spoke. “I’ll gladly babysit. Congratulations! This baby will have the coolest parents.”

“Thank you, biscuit.”

Max, who was usually more reserved, coiled his arms around him and didn’t let go for a while. Then, he had glanced up at Alec and then at Magnus, and said, “I hope it’s a boy so we can become parabatai.” At that, his heart flipped-flopped and melted into a puddle inside his chest, and he had to hold it together lest he cried. Stupid hormones!

“Guys, wow, mazel tov! I’m very good with kids, so uncle Simon is at your service any time you need a babysitter,” the young vampire uttered in a jovial tone, lips stretched into a huge smile.

“If I were you guys, I wouldn’t trust someone who can’t even take care of himself,” teased Raphael with a smirk. “I, on the other hand, I am an expert. Magnus can attest to that.”

Not a word left their mouths, but he and Magnus already knew that there was not a chance in hell these two would babysit on their own. They’ll bicker and forget about the baby.

When they told Luke, he had clasped them on the shoulders as a sunny smile sprouted on his lips. “I knew that if anyone could defeat the odds it’ll be you guys. Congratulations, it couldn’t have happened to better people.”

To be showered with so much genuine love and best wishes from family and friends, it was one of the biggest blessings. They were both lucky to have all these wonderful people in their lives. Their pup will be fortunate to have so many loving people in his life. After all, it takes a village to raise a child.

*****

Once he learned he was pregnant, he took new responsibilities and stayed at the Institute. No more missions, it was too dangerous and he wasn’t willing to risk the life of his unborn baby. It never crossed his mind that it’ll come a day when he would put his out-on-the-field Shadowhunter duties after a child—his and Magnus’s child. But that wasn’t completely true, he might not be an active
soldier, yet as Head of the Institute his responsibilities were a bit more challenging with what dealing directly with the Clave and all. Yet, the Clave couldn’t argue his abilities or leadership nor his commitment to build better relations between the Shadowhunters and Downworlders or his professionalism and determination to fight for Omega rights.

Now, his duties were less exciting but he enjoyed them, because for the longest time, he had waited to take over that position which he had earned with hard work. Planning/assigning missions, making schedules, dispatching teams, writing/giving reports to the Clave, and attending meetings —those were his daily less taxing tasks.

Also, who would have thought that despite god-awful morning sickness, he’ll have such intense food cravings. Recently, homemade strawberry jam was a wild favorite of his and the only thing he wanted to eat at all times of the day and which didn't make him want to puke his stomach out. Fernanda, who was an angel, made it for him, and Magnus would portal to her and Ragnor’s house in London to bring it back home. He would have loved to visit, but now days, using portals made him extremely nauseous.

Speaking about nausea, it had made not only his daily life at work difficult but also, other much more pleasurable things a bit more challenging. Thank goodness, Magnus had asked Cat for some magic-free remedies that could help alleviate the queasiness and his mate had come home with ginger and mint decaffeinated tea. The funny thing was that his Alpha also suffered some of his discomforts, like nausea out of the blue (though not as severe as Alec). While he stood on the balcony of his office, chamomile tea in hand, his mind recalled the not-so-sexy experience from a couple of days ago. As he did so, he couldn’t help the heated flush upon his cheeks nor the little giggle that escaped his mouth.

He had been sweating so much since he got pregnant, even if it was already mid-Autumn. Guillermo had said it was because of hormonal changes linked with the pregnancy and his body trying to regulate its temperature. So that’s why, whenever he got out of the shower, he didn’t bother to dry himself much. Tonight, wasn’t the exception.

Sandalwood-perfumed hair still dripping wet and skin pearled with a multitude of lukewarm droplets, he stepped out of the shower and onto the fluffy white rug. Pruney fingers for being in the water too long reached for a striped soft white/gray Turkish towel and then wrapped it around his waist, and then grabbed another to throw over his shoulders. Languidly, he strolled out of the bathroom and into the bedroom where his mate sat on the spacious armchair nearby reading ‘What to Expect When You’re Expecting’ for the second time in the course of a month.

As soon as the High Warlock heard his footsteps, his focus was no longer on the book and his arms were now outstretched towards him. His Alpha was an automatic aphrodisiac with his broad chest, muscled shoulders and arms exposed and all that bronze skin, that affectionate smile and make-up free face, those pretty dark chocolate eyes and those light-gray sheer cotton voile pajama pants. Irresistible. As if entranced, his feet took him to his temptress and once within reach, delicate firm hands wrangled him in and deposited him onto his warlock’s strong lap. Astride as he was, the towel around his waist hung on precariously and he could feel himself working up a sweat just by the closeness.

“What have I told you, cintaku? You can’t come out of the bath soaking wet, you’ll get sick,” Magnus chided fondly at the same time his hand reached for the towel around his shoulders and went on to pat his hair dry.

Meanwhile, his arms twined loosely around his mate’s neck and then he leaned in to inscribe a kiss upon the Alpha’s forehead. A pleased sound flowed into his ears and his lips continued their
winsome peregrination down his mate’s brown and the curve of his nose, the sharp edges of his jaw and the mounts of his cheekbones and the bents of his ears and flats of his temples—it was meant to be playful and lighthearted but then, then…

Provocative lips branded the underside of his chin and nibbled at the jut of his chin and licked the bend below his lips, while Magnus’s hands like rivers swept along his fever consumed flesh, watered it, poured life into it—slowly, thoroughly. They moved expertly up his taut thighs and closer, closer to his already throbbing cock and trickling entrance. A glance at his Alpha’s crotch through his passion hooded eyes and he knew this armchair would be tonight’s rendezvous for their coupling. Pre-come dampened the spot where the warlock’s dick strained against his pants.

Twin sighs and smiles converged and were gulped down by ravenous mouths as his hips rocked in limesome rolls against his Alpha’s prominent erection. A pleasurable chill leaped up his spine and his eyes fluttered closed, his spit-slicked lips and tongue were willing victims of nips and sucks, and his own hands were now in silky raven locks.

“Mag-Magnus, do it, ngh! hah…”

“Mmm, you’re so wet already, on both ends,” Magnus sussurred between kisses and bites.

Ye-a…for you, nnh! Plea-, oh!”

Fingers curled around his length and thumbed at the slit with slight pressure, and then went on to stroke him at a slow tempo. Meanwhile, the other hand sailed over the loosened towel and slapped his ass just the right way—with an edge of stinging pain. Afterwards, experienced fingertips kneaded his butt cheeks and palmed it for a moment before the hand slipped inside the towel and finger pads trailed down the crease of his ass and arrived to where he wanted not only these talented fingers, but something much bigger and filling.

“Fuc-k!!! Shi-, aah…, harder!” he screamed at the same time he threw his head back and his back arched.

Skillful fingers slipped inside him one by one—they rubbed and scissored and his walls tightened around them. So good-

Ugh!

Out of the blue, his stomach swooped and twisted and a wave of nausea made him tense up and gag.

"Magnus, wait!"

All of a sudden, he was no longer on his mate’s lap but in the bathroom, on his knees in front of the toilet vomiting everything he had eaten that day. Thank the Angel for his natural Omega speed! Cold beads of sweat trickled down his temple and coated his forehead and the column of his neck, while labored breaths filled the air after he was done emptying his stomach. His hands held on tightly to the edges of the toilet and his eyes remained screwed shut as the putrid smell of puke made another wave of nausea arise.

A cool towel swept gently over his brow, temple, neck, and back. A tender hand carded through his sweat-matted hair. The toiled was flushed and the disgusting smell dispersed considerably. An attentive hand smoothed up and down his back while the other brushed towel over his mouth. A few deep breaths and his nausea subsided, yet he still felt weak all over.

“Can you stand? Or should I carry you to bed?”
After a moment, he replied, “Help me get up, please.”

Robust arms wrapped around him and with a snap of fingers he had a pair of boxers, sweat pants, and a t-shirt on. Slowly, they made their way to the bed and he laid down. A sudden fatigue rendered his body limp on the soft white silk sheets, but Magnus had other plans for him before allowing him to sleep.

“Drink this first, it should help. It’s ginger and mint tea. Cat said it should help alleviate the nausea,” the Alpha explained as he handed him the teacup with an empathetic look on his face.

“I don’t want to. I just want to sleep.” Yeah, he sounded like a brat, but he didn’t have any energy left, not even to lift a cup.

“You’ll sleep after. Now, open your mouth, c’mon,” insisted his mate, who lifted the cup to his mouth and fed it to him.

The freshness of the mint and the spicy note of the ginger couple with the warm slightly sweetened water went down his raw throat easily and soothed his sensitive stomach. Thank you, Cat!

He didn’t know how long it took him to drink the tea, because he was too tired to keep his eyes open and much less to pay attention to time. But one thing he knew, he was infinitely grateful to have this man now curled around him protectively as his mate. Alec didn’t think he could live without Magnus, without his warmth and love.

“Thank you, Alpha. What would I do without you?” The words rushed out of him like water from a broken dam—it left him strengthless and submerged him into a deep, deep slumber.

That night had been both unpleasant and good—to be the object of Magnus’s kindness and attentiveness, to be pampered by him and dotted on wasn’t a novel occurrence, yet to him, it was precious no matter how many times he experienced it.

*****

Magnus had taken it upon himself to read all of the baby books he could get his hands on, in every language he knew. It was endearing to see an 800-year-old powerful Warlock with his nose in baby books instead of some ancient grimoire. From those books came his Alpha’s newest favorite thing to do before they went to bed every night.

“What do we really have to do this?” he asked as he crawled into bed half-naked.

“The experts say its beneficial to the baby’s developing brain to listen to classical music in the womb, Alec. Don’t look at me like that,” his mate replied as he put on some headphones gingerly over his still flat belly.

He chewed his lips as he gazed at his Alpha, who laid on his elbows flat on his stomach also half naked saved for his black silk pajama bottoms next to him, and who had a look of utter concentration in his visage. It wasn’t like he could see the baby react to the music or even feel it, not yet. Alec was only eight weeks pregnant. Yet, he let the Alpha do what he wanted and also let himself be pampered by him, because it felt good but also because it gave Magnus pleasure. And to see Magnus like this—so joyful and relaxed—it was delightful.

“You’re so cute, you know?” he admitted almost distractedly while one of his hands settled on his abdomen and the other went to caress his mate’s face.

A dulcet huff of laughter and radiant cat-eyes were the initial reward to his words, and then a hand
on his cheek and a kiss upon his belly as well as on his nearby hand.

“And you are handsome, gorgeous, adorable, extremely so.”

He found himself smiling mirthfully, so full of warmth—it was a bit scary.

_Raziel, please let this last._

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Alec had sensual lips. The sight of them made Magnus want to lick his entire body. The feel of them upon his mouth awoke in him a desire to touch him more and more, until his Omega’s throat went raw from screaming Magnus’s name.

Magnus’ kisses had traction—an indescribable pull that rendered him unable to pull back (not that he wanted to anyway). But that was exactly it—his mate was a force he couldn’t fight off easily. His Alpha had the same effect forbidden things had on people which was—the more you resist them the more irresistible they become.

The young Shadowhunter clung to him with his entire body and gazed at him as if he held all the mysteries of the universe in his eyes, and every time his Omega did that, a throng of constant feelings crashed and ebbed like waves against and off the shore inside of him.

“What am I going to do with you, gorgeous Nephilim?” the older man uttered against his mating bite.

Magnus love had weight—not a crushing weight, but a weight that filled everything. They’ve shown each other every part of themselves, including their naked souls—to feel it more than to see it—what a privilege. Bare flesh couldn’t compare.

“Whatever you want, you handsome High Warlock,” whispered Alec with a mischievous yet shy smile upon his lips.
He wanted to leave pockets of happiness inscribed in Magnus’s memory so when he was no longer of this earth, his mate could look back and smile as he remembered them.

More often than not, he felt himself burn in the bonfires of Alec’s hazel eyes whenever his gaze caught him—they dug deep into him with curiosity and he willingly let himself be discovered and explored.

“Mmm, you’re quite the temptress, Alexander,” murmured his Alpha as the tip of his tongue licked the seam of his smiling lips.

Magnus had touched countless bodies in his immortal life, but this was the first time he had touched a soul—it was almost too much.

He wanted Magnus so bad that he had trouble remembering his own name or how to breathe. Alec was lost in his touch and scent, in his sounds and feel, and in those glimmering cat-eyes which he loved. He wished he could spend days on end counting the flecks of gold that lived in those mystifying eyes.

Alec felt so hot and his hole dripped warm slick uncontrollably down his thighs, his heart hammered so hard against his ribs that he thought he might have a heart attack, and his cock was painfully hard. A spike of pleasurable pain rose from his needy entrance all the way up to his head and he suddenly felt dizzy. Magnus’s hands went up to cup his crimson painted cheeks and gentle thumb pads stroke his cheekbones.

“Ngh! Alpha...”

By the Angel! Alec felt like he was melting—his insides felt so hot and Magnus inside of him felt even hotter, it was as if the Alpha was trying to brand him from the inside out. He couldn’t think a clear thought, not with the sinful wet sounds their bodies made as his mate thrusted deep into him and he responded in kind with his hips. The pink head of his cock glistened with pre-come and his entrance overflowed with thick slick and his mouth trickled with saliva—he felt like a wonderful disaster. Magnus’s hands bracketed his hips tightly and his mouth made a mess of his sensitive nipples and his tongue played with his parted lips and his teeth teased the mating bite at the base of his neck. He felt on the verge of unconsciousness—Magnus was a beast devouring him whole.

_More. More. More._

Alec wanted Magnus to gobble him up.

His heart went on a furious drum-roll behind his chest.

Alec’s nails scratched down the Alpha’s sweat dampened back and his long legs cinched around his waist, his hips met Magnus’s thrusts halfway and his mouth chanted his name as if it was the most important prayer.

Bedhead and sleepy eyes, fucked out and blissful—they ended up chest to chest, limbs entwined.

Since the beginning, they were what each other needed—for him, Alec had been the doorway into true love and he had been Alec’s doorway into self-acceptance.

*****

At almost 13 weeks they went to Guillermo’s office for his second prenatal visit, and also to listen to their baby’s heartbeat for the first time.
A mix of excitement and nerves left him feeling woozy.

As he lay on the examination table pants low on his hips, t-shirt all the way up to his pecs, and belly totally exposed, Magnus stood beside him and held his left hand tightly between his. He couldn’t even feel how cold the gel was on his stomach, that’s how nervous he was.

Guillermo brought out a small handheld machine called a Doppler stethoscope and he moved the wand slowly down on his abdomen below his navel. And…

*Thump, thump, ba boom, ba bump…*

A silent gasp parted his lips and sent his own heart into a presto, and his Alpha’s grasp grew tighter.

*Thump, thump, ba boom, ba bump…*

Their gazes met and their lips sprawled from ear to ear—this moment was a memorable epoch in their lives.

*Thump, thump, ba boom, ba bump…*

The sound of their baby’s heart was the sweetest sound Alec had ever heard—strong and rhythmic. He could listen to it for hours on end, the sound of life inside his body.

It was almost sad to part with it when Guillermo pulled the wand away.

“This bouncy pup is developing well as of now. Everything is on track. Keep doing what you’re doing, Alec. Now that the morning sickness has subsided considerably, it’s time for you to eat well and keep active. But try to rest, and please, no more late-nights at the Institute,” the doctor chided affectionately with a pointed look.

He nodded.

“Got it. So, when’s the due date?”

Alec couldn’t wait to have his pup in his arms, to see his little face, and for Magnus to meet his child.

“I say this baby is due late Winter, March 1. But since it’s your first child, it might come a bit earlier or go over the due date. It’s normal for first timers,” Guillermo explained.

March couldn’t come soon enough.

*****

The first trimester had been difficult with what the constant nausea and the need to take naps, but he wouldn’t change a thing. He was growing a life inside of him—a life he never thought he could nurture. This was his and Magnus’ child, a life made with so much love and hope. Alec felt a strong connection to this pup already, a defenseless being that needed him to survive, grow, and thrive. He still couldn’t feel the baby move and his belly was still practically flat, but the morning sickness and fatigue, tender nipples and mood swings, and all the other fun discomforts that came with it were wholeheartedly welcome.

He and Magnus even downloaded a pregnancy app, and to be honest they were both rather obsess with it. Every day, as soon as they woke up, they’ll open the app and read the baby’s progress.
“How’s my little peanut today?” cooed Magnus against his belly, eyes fond and touch a soft delight. “You’re 14 weeks today, sweetheart, and the size of a lemon. Be good with daddy today, okay?” his mate added as he glanced up at him with the warmest brown eyes in existence.

He couldn’t help but cup his Alpha’s face and reeled him in for a kiss.

Alec’s scent was like an orchard where the smell of fruit and sugar maples and sweet pea mingled in an exquisite taste which ensorcelled his senses. They enjoyed the flavors off of each other’s tongues unhurried—lick by lick, and sucked the juices of one another’s mouth slowly, every note fully savored.

This love, their love, had made a life—half of each other in one little being they both cherished with all their hearts.

Whenever he had a chance, Magnus caressed his belly affectionately and let some of his magic flow as he did so. His Alpha kissed his stomach adoringly as they laid in bed and talked to the pup in different languages with the sweetest and gentlest voice.

“I love you, kelinciku (my bunny). You make us so happy, querubín (cherub). Daddy and papa can’t wait to meet you, mon étoile (my star).”

Every day, left indelible memories in his mind—they carved themselves into his heart like a most welcome scar.

*****

Alec shouldn’t have agreed to watch this movie. He thought it was gonna be one of those saccharine romance movies many mundanes seemed to enjoy so much, but in a colossal ship and back in the 20th century. Thus, he didn’t give it much thought because Magnus’ tastes in movies hadn’t let him down so far. Plus, he really liked to listen to his mate talk about random movie facts while they were watching it. But this movie had been a bad idea, especially because with the pregnancy his hormones were a mess. His mood was a grand chaos, sometimes he couldn’t even stand himself—it was like being in the middle of a snake pit surrounded by different types of snakes. Some of the snakes were passive and others were aggressive, and while some of them crawled up his body unthreatening, others launched at him violently.

If he himself felt on the verge of whiplash, he could just imagine how his mate, family, friends, and colleagues felt. And now here he was, sitting hip-to-hip on the sofa with his Alpha, wearing a pair of black sweat pants made of the softest cotton, cloaked in his favorite cobalt blue cashmere blanket, wrapped possessively by one of his mate’s strong arms, and also trying hard not to cry. He was really trying. Really. And, he had held himself back many times, which in his opinion wasn’t short of heroic. But dammit, this time he couldn’t blink the tears away. So, he let them fall.

Jack could have gotten on that wooden plank with Rose. Why didn’t he even try?! They would have both fit; they wouldn’t have sunk. It was a movie, fiction, yet it stirred pain in him.

Just the thought of losing Magnus was enough to cause him bodily pain not to mention make him cry more profusely. Which made him think of Magnus and his immortality, of how many he had love and lost, of his centuries-old loneliness—bearing so much pain and carrying it with him day after day. Alec was mortal, their children might be mortal and he hoped, prayed, wished that most of their memories were happy ones so when he was there no more, Magnus could look back and find warmth and comfort in them—so he would remember how loved he had been and hopefully how much so he was by their descendants. They haven’t talked about it yet, not really, just in passing and above the surface, but someday they will have to face it.
For now, he’ll keep making even more happy memories for his Alpha.

As the tears kept streaming down his now cool cheeks, he kept his eyes on the screen. Because he was a gentleman and a prince, Magnus said nothing, yet his hand was there carefully entwined with his own and offering sweet silent comfort.

He felt a bit ridiculous for crying about a movie, but he could always blame the baby. And, he could also blame the pregnancy for how much more sexually insatiable he had become, good thing his Alpha’s refractory period was ‘magical’.

All in all, despite the nausea and vomiting, body aches and dizziness, increased libido and emotional whiplash—he was feeling amazing.

They were happy with their little family.

*****

Everything came crashing down at 15 weeks, on a day when heavy gray clouds crowned the pastel-colored skies. Alec had entered his second trimester and his almost four months belly was starting to show a little. They were scheduled for their baby’s first ultrasound next week, he couldn’t wait to finally see their pup and neither could Magnus.

It was when he was getting ready to head out to the Institute that he began to feel increasingly strange—nauseous, pelvic pain, exhaustion, and some cramping. But he didn’t think much of it, pregnancy wasn’t an easy thing and his body was changing as the baby grew and took more space. So, he left for work. Maybe a walk and fresh air would help him feel better.

Thank the Angel Magnus wasn’t home, because he’ll have made him stay and kept him in bed the whole day.

Maybe, he should have.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

Alec + Izzy + Jace
Malec

Chapter Notes

Hello,
This is a short one but very intense. Please read the tags carefully. Beware, a very sensitive situation in this chapter.

Happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything was going well until it wasn’t.

Later that day, when he was still at the Institute, the mild symptoms he had felt all day long became stronger, almost unendurable. The nausea had given way to vomiting, the pelvic pain now was accompanied by intense abdomen and lower back pain, fatigued had settled deep into his bones and his head felt dizzy, he wasn’t in Heat yet sweat pooled at the base of his neck and trickled down his temples and forehead.

The world around him swirled.

The gold fountain pen Magnus has given him slipped through his fingers and fell on the hardwood floors with a muffled thud. He could barely hear anything through the harsh rush of blood in his ears and the clamorous beats of his heart. All noise and sight, smell and taste and feel faded away and only the unbearable pain and terror remained.

“Aaargh, aahhh!”

A forceful yowl rushed out of his throat at the same time he doubled over in pain and clutched his belly.

Through his own inner turmoil, he heard his sister’s voice. But he could barely remain straight on the chair or open his eyes to look at Izzy or even move his mouth to form words.

“Oh, God! By the Angel, Alec, you’re burning up!” said Izzy, her voice worry-ridden and hands tremulous upon one of his shoulders and forehead.

“Iz…, ugh! Izzy, I-I feel horrible… my pup…Mag-Magnus, call-”

He felt as if cleaved in half by an invisible ax, right through his stomach.

“Uggh, oh, God…”
Your womb is weak, Rabel’s sentence echoed in his mind, foreboding.

NO NO NO NO NO NO

“Alec, come on, get up,” his sister urged as one of her arms coiled around his waist and the other pulled his left arm over her shoulders. “We need to go to the infirmary.”

With effort, he stood up and his legs almost gave out from underneath him, but his sister held on to him tightly.

“Magnus…” he called in a stuttery voice, chest heaving faster and faster.

“Shhh, I’ll call him, but first we need to get a doctor to see you,” his sister responded, tone taut.

As he walked on lead-heavy clumsy feet, his chest heaved forcefully as a uterine contraction cut through him and parted his lips.

“Aaaah!!! he caterwauled out in pain.

His body quivered and he almost fell to the ground if it wasn’t for another pair of familiar arms which stayed him.

“Alec! Alec! Oh, God, what’s going on, Izzy?”

Jace.

He couldn’t hear them clearly through the deluge of terrible thoughts rushing through his head and the dreadful feeling which had settled in his heart. His eyes lids felt as heavy as sandbags and his mouth tasted sour. Suddenly, another contraction stabbed him and he couldn’t help but double over in pain.

Magnus

“Aahhhh!”

Please come Alpha

Muffled alarmed voices yelled and screamed and called for help.

Magnus, our pup

His legs no longer worked, he couldn’t move.

Pup be safe be safe please

Something warm and thick and copious soaked his underwear and pants, it had a sharp metallic smell.

Blood. He was bleeding.

Magnus

His hands went to clutch his stomach protectively.

No. No. No.

Please. No.
My pup. Raziel, please!

Magnus’s child. Our baby.

No.

He felt his mouth move and his head shake from side to side, his breaths came faster and faster and
his legs folded, his heart walloped and his body shook violently—he was falling and his
consciousness was fading. But before his mind went black, the arms he knew better than his own
gathered him tightly and carried him away.

“Alec! Alexander, my soul. I’m here. Please hang in there…”

“A Magnus…”

When his Omega’s body fell limp against his chest and his hands became drenched with blood, he
knew. He knew.

From that moment, a soul-freezing cold claimed him and didn’t leave him for a very long time.

*****

To wait for Dr. Garzes and Catarina to finish treating Alec was one of the most difficult things he
had ever done in his long life. To not be able to be in the room with his mate while he underwent a
dilation and curettage to remove any remaining pregnancy tissue from his uterus was distressful—
he felt absolutely powerless.

He remembered pacing up and down the hall, scent potent with anxiety, aggression, and fear. From
the corner of his eyes, he descried the tension and alarm from his family and friends. He was given
a wide berth to pace undisturbed, no one tried to come close lest he responded with violence. If his
mood went unchecked, he could go feral from the high amount of stress hormones.

When he first saw his mate after the surgical intervention, he almost fainted. His young
Shadowhunter was hooked to an IV, an oxygen meter clipped over the index finger of his right
hand and a blood pressure cuff around his right arm, his face was drained from all color and his
skin was paler than usual, it was obvious he had lost a lot of blood; his brow was furrowed in his
sleep and his cheeks were tear-stained, his hair sweat-matted and from his mouth a few pained
sounds made their escape here and there. He took a sit on the plastic white chair next to the bed,
and immediately reached for his mate’s left hand which laid flat on the mattress—it felt a bit cold
to the touch, so he used some magic to spread some warmth.

“I’m here, my darling. I’m here, open your eyes. I love you, Alexander,” he sussurred as his lips
cloudburst an outpour of kisses all over his Omega’s hand.

As he waited for his beloved to wake up, he recalled the conversation he had almost half an hour
ago with the doctor and Cat.

“How is he?”

His best friend sighed and then, came closer and held both of his hands between her own, and with
a steady yet croaky voice, she uttered, “Alec’s fine, he’s stable after the procedure. He’s still
knocked out with anesthesia, but his vitals are as they should be.”

A lengthy sigh also left him, and his entire body felt weak with relief. His eyes drifted close and
before he gathered the courage to ask the question pounding at his heart until it perforated it, he
gulped down the nest of thorny tears which had made their home in his throat.

“What happened? Everything was going well. What happened?”

Dr. Garzes cleared his throat and walked a pace closer, his weary eyes and solemn face spoke volumes of how much this situation had affected him, despite maybe having done this more than a few times.

“It was a late miscarriage. We call it that when the baby is lost between 14-20 weeks. They are rare, affecting only 2% of pregnancies. But in Alec’s case, because his uterus has been affected by the Omega Suppressant Rune, it is normal for it to have happened. His cervix was too weak to hold the pregnancy any further. But don’t lose hope, since the last time I examined him, his reproductive system looks healthier, with more treatment it should heal almost completely,” the old man explained.

Fucking Omega Suppressant Rune! Damn bastards who created and demanded its use! He could kill them all, send them to hell.

The magic within him pulsed and whirred and grew and grew, until his palms and fingertips glowed with it—an intense bright purple. And he felt his Warlock Mark push at the glamour in his eyes, his father’s demonic magic waved inside him with a force so strong the floor beneath him shook and the walls trembled as shouts around him aroused.

He heard his name being called, but he couldn’t stop—he didn’t want to. Fury possessed him. He could try to find a way to portal to the Gard and execute those fuckers who knew about the OSR. He could hunt down those who had been deruned and exiled and make them pay for the pain they’ve caused his mate, and him.

His name was called again and again and again, nothing got through him. Nothing, until…

Egyptian musk and old leather, eucalyptus and raw honey, peonies and lavender, fresh apples, fresh baked bread and high-end coffee grounds flooded his nostrils and soothed the rage that coursed through his veins. He found himself holding one of Alec’s favorite t-shirts, the olive green one which brought out his gorgeous hazel eyes. Who had brought it? When he finally opened his eyes, he was crowded by familiar faces. Faces whose features were etched with some of the pain he felt.

Just remembering made him prickled with anger. But he needed to keep it together, to be strong, to remain calm for Alec.

After a while, Alec stirred and his eyes slowly parted, they struggled to remain opened. Perhaps, it wasn’t only because of the anesthesia, but because his subconscious wanted to protect him from the heartbreak that awaited him once conscious.

His vocal cords felt as if glued to his throat, it was a challenge to string words together and pushed them out of his mouth, but he did. “Oh, cintaku, thank God! How do you feel?”

Magnus’s voice sounded faraway, distorted. When he turned his face to look at his Alpha, the face in front of him was a hazy view. He wanted to touch his man’s concerned face but he felt too feeble. He wanted to speak yet his tongue refused to obey him.

He was in the infirmary—his body rested on one of the unfamiliar beds, yet his head rested on a couple of his own pillows, an oxygen mask covered his mouth and nose and he was hooked to an intravenous drip, his body still felt tender and his insides ached and throbbed intensely. A patterned
hospital gown and a soft yet thick white cotton blanket covered his body instead of his clothes, and
the sweat had been cleaned from his skin.

His lips tasted salty when the tip of his semi-numb tongue swept over them, and he grimaced at the
acrid taste of his mouth.

_Pain, so much pain. Blood, so much blood. And the feel of large clumps of tissue down his legs_,
the memories came back to him so fast he had to close his eyes. Everything spun.

Oh, God!

Before he answered his mate’s question, his hands found their way to his belly. Haltingly, he asked
the question to which he already knew the answer.

“O-our child, is-is it…” he couldn’t finish it, that question hurt too much.

Magnus’s somber silence was his answer, and he felt as if he had suddenly been thrown against a
wall and broken his nose.

“I’m sorr-” Grief broke his voice into smithereens. He had lost their child.

He had been swallowed whole by a beast called anguish.

“Oh, Alexander, please don’t say that. This wasn’t your fault, my heart,” his mate reassured, hands
loving upon his own on his belly. The tears that shone and inundated those dark eyes, also drowned
him.

His womb was empty again. Blood and tissue down his thighs.

Magnus couldn’t bear to see his beloved like this—strangulated by sorrow.

Their bond thrashed as if a mortally wounded creature struggling against the pain. Even breathing
hurt.

“My love, you’re in much pain. Please, at least let me take away the physical pain,” he pleaded,
heart a lump of flesh going through a meat grinder.

The Omega shook his head at the same time he clutched his empty belly.

“No,” he rasped, and that was that.

Alec could have used the Iratze Rune to heal himself and take away the pain or Magnus could have
done it like he had offered, but he didn’t want to. He wanted to feel the total extent of this loss in
every sense—physically and emotionally. Just like he had felt all the joy and love of welcoming a
life into his body. His child—they_first child_had lived a short life inside of him and given them
happiness, and then had left them heartbroken.

His eyes became sour rivers streaming down his cheeks, they stung and itched as sobs shook his
bones.

The air smelled like raw meat that had stewed at the highest temperature—it was nauseating, it was
his scent.

“Magnus, take me home. I don’t want to be here,” he begged.

He felt cold from the inside out. He didn’t want to see anyone. He just wanted to be in their
bedroom and in their bed, just the two of them—to grieve their loss and cry his pain away and crumble in his mate’s arms.

*****

Alec couldn’t tell which where his tears and which was water as it streamed down his crumpled face.

It hurt, it hurt too much to even breathe.

He couldn’t touch nor even look at his belly without thinking of the life that had left him.

He felt Magnus’s presence before he felt his mate’s arms coil around his waist and his warm body plaster against his hunched back and his lips press a kiss between his shoulder blades—it wasn’t sexual but a means to provide comfort and reassurance, to soothe and say ‘I’m here. You still have me. Your pain is my own. We are both in this together. I love you.’ And Alec couldn’t hold in the emotions and sobs any longer, so he turned in his Alpha’s arms and embraced him tightly and buried his face in the crook of his warlock’s neck and then, let the deluge inside him finally spill over.

“It was a boy, our child. It was a boy,” he whispered in a hollowed tone through silent tears, hands on his now empty stomach.

His Alpha didn’t want to know the sex of the baby when they had been at their last appointment, but Alec did. So, he asked Guillermo to write it down on a piece of paper for him to open later. It had been hard not to let it slip when his mate talked to the baby.

Now, it didn’t matter anymore. Their boy was dead.

Magnus held him in a grip so tight it bordered painful, but a good and healing and grounding kind of pain. Hot tears soaked his neck and drowned cries flooded his ears—they both clung to one another for dear life as they wept their loss.

They’ll be fine. They’ll be fine as long as they were together. This pain broke them yet made them stronger, reinforced their feelings for each other.

Magnus couldn’t escape his heart no matter how painful the loss was—escaping it would mean to deny the happiness within it as well. His Omega needed him and he needed him. He let their connection overflow with all that he felt—the ache and the love and everything in between.

They’ll be fine. Together. Always together against anything life threw at them.

Their bond brimmed with so many intense emotions and feelings that it was overwhelming, but he welcomed it—to feel so much alone and together, it gave Alec courage and strength.

They’ll be fine. They’ll have to be. It’ll take time.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 27

Chapter Summary

Alec + Maryse  
Alec + Izzy  
Malec

Chapter Notes

Hi,
Another short but meaningful chapter, I hope you enjoy it. Thank you so much for all your comments, it makes me happy to hear from you and know that this story is touching your heart in some way.

Happy reading!

PS: No more chapters until next week.

Grief came hand-in-hand with a welcomed natural kind of somnolence, it was as if being sedated by his own brain. He preferred it, because it was better than being awake and aware and jumping from thought to thought. If only morphine worked on emotions too…

He didn’t want to see anyone; he was already fried at the edges and pulled at the seams—sad eyes and soft voices and sympathetic hugs, he didn’t want them. Not even from the people he loved. But his mother—he couldn’t deny her—not when she walked into their bedroom and opened her arms for him to nestled in.

Her scent was as calming as always when he was distraught—notes of fresh rosemary and tangerines, cranberries and cape jasmines. He breathed it in and let it permeate him, every part of him—from his aching womb to his maimed heart.

“Oh, my sweet boy! I’m so, so sorry. We all loved that baby so much,” his mother murmured as she hugged him tightly and kissed his hair.

He let himself be cocooned in her warmth and motherly love—a love he now understood too well.

“For we are all dust and shadows,” he whispered, voice cracked every which way.

Even though their pup didn’t have a name, he wanted to do this for his boy.

In a voice also shattered, his mother replied, “Ave Atque Vale. Hail and farewell.”

This was his own ‘Rite of Mourning’ for the child who gave him and Magnus so much happiness in such a short time.
Thick tears sprung out of his eyes and stung the swollen sensitive skin below, they flowed down his cheeks while he clung to her and sobs quaked his body.

“Cry. Cry all the pain out of your heart, mom is here.”

*****

Magnus could feel his Omega’s pain and vice versa, it was terrifying how intrinsically connected they were. The love and the soul-bond they shared were wondrous yet formidable, but not once he had regretted it. Now more than ever, he wanted to protect it.

They needed one another, especially when they were hurting, like now. He needed Alec because he loved him immensely. With his Nephilim, the ordinary things always seemed extraordinary. And just like Alec had offered him comfort and support, he wanted to make sure his mate knew that in him, he had that as well.

Their bedroom, their bed, had become a sort of haven where love always won—a sanctuary of mutual healing. Alec laid next to him with his back to him, unmoving. A sepulchral silence swallowed all the oxygen in the room. It was oppressive.

The air reeked of rotten meat and eggs—death had made their sanctum its home.

Magnus put the book he held in his hands on the night table and then, he let his right hand card through his Omega’s messy onyx hair and his lips kiss his temple.

“Tell me, Alec, what do you need from me? What can I do to comfort you? I’ll do anything.”

Magnus’s voice left him adust inside out. His mate sounded helpless just like he felt.

Their bond bombinated with a desolation so deep he could hear its inconsolable cries.

“I—I’ve become a burden to you.” His own voice sounded strange to his ears, raw from disuse.

He had come undone, and he needed Magnus to help him put himself back together.

“Never, ever. Please don’t say that, please. To care for you, Alexander, I consider it an absolute pleasure,” his Alpha murmured with such conviction and truthfulness, it felt like a slap on the face. Those magic-wielding hands were warm on his head and left shoulder.

Carefully, lovingly, he was gathered up in his Alpha’s arms—sat between his legs, back to chest, and sheltered protectively. In Magnus’s embrace, he always found rest. In them, his troubles didn’t seem so big and his body didn’t feel as empty. His mate was serenity and warmth and everything that a home should be. They grounded him and put his thoughts in order.

His magic couldn’t heal Alec’s womb, and worse, it couldn’t mend his broken heart.

“I wish I could take all of the pain you’re feeling onto myself, Alexander. All of it,” the High Warlock confessed, chin propped on Alec’s left shoulder and gaze upon his own.

His Alpha was so strong, yet his heart was as gentle as a child’s, and it was as fractured as his own.

“Just stay with me and hug me tightly,” he replied at the same time his arms wrapped around the older man’s, “you don’t have to say anything, because you’re hurting too. Let’s stay like this.”

Another kiss caressed his temple and his eyes fluttered close as his head tipped back to rest on a firm shoulder.
“Yes…” was the warlock’s brief reply.

In his long life, Magnus had learned that often times, when someone was in pain and one can’t fully understand that pain, the only thing you can do is reach out, pull them closer and embrace them— pain and all. There’re some things that only touch could convey.

*****

He had thrown himself into his work like never before and late nights became a thing again. Since he came back from a forced short leave of absence, he had drafted a proposal for paid Maternity/Paternity Omega Leave as well as organized/dispatched three special teams lead by Omegas to crack down on Omega crèches (farms).

It was painful to be here at the Institute and in this office, but it was also painful to be at home. The scent of pregnancy still lingered in the air at the loft—he had come to hate the smell of sweet peas if only a little. It reminded him of the life he lost, of Magnus’s tear-logged eyes, and of his weak womb.

Alec didn’t want people to ask him how he was feeling nor to see their eyes turned to him in pity— not even his family with all their good intentions.

More often than not, vivid memories of that day flew to him like a lost gust of wind and in those moments, the pain which he contained would burst through him with merciless force.

It had happened here, at the Institute and in his office and he couldn’t help but recall that day with all the physical and emotional pain and blood and smell of rotten meat and sadness and loss it carried, and how Magnus’s voice called to him drenched in panic and fear—nausea and distress overtook his mind whenever he remembered.

One of those days, his sister had come into his office, closed the door, walked towards him, and hugged him tightly.

“Good times will come again, Alec. The bad times don’t last forever. Your sad tears will turn to happy ones, and smiles will soon heal the heartbreaks. You’ll see. Trust your little sister, okay?” she had said, eyes a mix of sadness and hope and a subdue half smile upon her crimson lips.

His sister’s words and optimism, he wished he could believe and share it, but his heart was still in clutches.

After meeting Magnus and mating him, for the first time in his life, he was happy to have been born an Omega. Because even if he was a man, he was able to give birth to the child of the person he loved with all his being.

But he had been naïve, and karma had taken its revenge.

*****

He didn’t want to let the light in— be it in his life, in their bedroom or in his heart—all of him was in mourning.

Since the miscarriage, he couldn’t remember what it felt like to be grateful. Even though he knew in his heart and mind that he had much to be grateful for—like his amazing mate and his supportive family and friends. But in these moments, everything felt wrong—the chirpy melodies of the birds or sublime classical music sounded hideous to his ears. His skin felt constantly cold when Magnus wasn’t near, only his hugs were warm.
Under the covers—with his Alpha curled around him—were the only times he felt comforted. But once the feelings of grief invaded him again, even the candlelight bedside blinded his eyes. He knew he had to get himself together, for himself and for Magnus. Their lives weren’t over yet, even if sometimes he felt his heart will never be the same. He blamed himself for using the Omega Suppressant Rune for so many years, he had told Magnus as much.

His sweet and honest Alpha had just gathered him up in his arms and brought him onto his lap and peppered innumerable tiny kisses over his heart and had whispered to him, “It isn’t your fault, my light. I don’t know why this horrible thing happened to our baby and to us, but one thing I know—it isn’t your fault, you did nothing wrong. You need to forgive yourself, Alexander. Just know that, I love you deeply. I-I adore you and I’ll always be here for you—always. Please, let me give you comfort.”

And he had let him.

Pain was a cacophony inside of him—a tragic symphony played on his heart’s broken strings, and only Magnus could alleviate it.

Honeyed kisses sang sonnets upon his lips and into his mouth. He felt himself surrender into it completely. Magnus was so inside of him that even if he wanted to get him out, he couldn’t. To forget his pain momentarily, he welcomed it greedily.

Miscarriage was common, it happened to many Omegas. Intellectually, he knew that, yet it didn’t make it easier to accept. Deep inside, in his grief shrouded soul, he believed he was being punished because he had cursed his Second Gender so much. It wasn’t easy for neither him or Magnus to deal with the loss of their pup, specially almost five months into the pregnancy.

Magnus was in awe of his mate once again, not surprise there. It didn’t matter how many well-meaning friends and family members told them it was a common thing to happen, Alec refused to accept their words or dismiss his pain. He mourned the loss of their first child thoroughly— with confidence, grace, and love.

The pain and darkness of death shone a new light on him and Magnus and their relationship. They cried and got angry and clung to each other with a need so ravenous it made their bones ache.

Together.

Together, they will be able to pick up the pieces of their shattered hearts and try again.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
A Blessing

Chapter Summary

Alec
Malec

Chapter Notes

Hello,
Thank you all so much your support, it means a lot to me. Also, please read the tags, I've been completely honest in them. This is kind of a long-ish chapter, enjoy.

Happy reading!

Vocabulary:
-Schatz (Treasure- German)
-'umri (my life-Arabic).
-A’Ashaquk (I adore you-Arabic)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

One Friday night, he arrived home earlier than he usually did. As soon as he opened the door, he heard the sound of a catchy song he had never heard before blasting from what he assumed was Magnus’s iPhone. He couldn’t help but smile and then walk stealthily to the kitchen where the music came from. It smelled delicious. His nostrils were immediately hypnotized and his mouth watered at the palatable smell of pot roast—a Lightwood recipe passed from his mother’s mother. His mate’s cooking always tasted exquisite, as if the Alpha needed to be any more perfect than he already was. It was ridiculous, really. When he got to the kitchen, he did a double take because his mate was not only singing to the song but also dancing to it provocatively.

For a moment, his breathing ceased and the desire to stride across the kitchen, take the spatula from his mate’s hand and kiss the hell out of his Alpha took a strong hold of him. A hold he hadn’t felt for weeks, not since they lost their pup. The aroma of savory food and the loud sound of music brought him back to reality. Magnus hadn’t seen him, but he was sure his scent had been noticed since he entered the house. Yet, the older man remained with his back towards him and pretending not to have noticed—playful little devil he was, the warlock undulated his hips even more voluptuously.

Magnus looked and felt a little more relaxed and less stressed, the loss had taken a toll on them on every aspect and this was the first time in a while he had seen his Alpha somewhat back to his usual self. Not that they will ever be, because fractured hearts could never fully heal—the wounds might heal but the scars will always remain.

Without further ado, he let his feet take him to where he wanted to be since he crossed the loft’s threshold. Once close, he cleared his throat—arms loosely crossed over his chest, smile in full bloom, and eyebrows arched, he waited for his mate to turn around. Carefully, the spatula was set
down on a plate and the stove was turned off and then, the handsome man in front of him swirled around dramatically to face him with the biggest smile on his visage. The scent of bourbon and cedar rich and erotic as were the exotic cat-eyes gazing at him, enamored.

“Welcome back, Schatz (treasure). Are you hungry?” voiced Magnus as he leaned in to take his lips.

“Starving,” he replied into the kiss at the same time he took a hold of his Alpha’s hips and deepened it.

Between playful kisses, the older man’s hands curled around his hips and coaxed them to sway.

“Come on, baby, move those hips like you do it in the bedroom,” the High Warlock whispered in his ear, and this time, a full body laughter left him. It felt good to feel something other than grief for once.

After they finished their dinner, they went to the living room and took their rest on the sofa.

Magnus leaned back against the armrest, sprawled on the cushions, his legs splayed to accommodate Alec who rested against his chest. Their feet caressed each other, their hands entwined as they rested on Alec’s stomach. His Nephilim was dangerous. He commanded him so effortlessly and without intending to. The Omega was an open book to him—a pure and battered soul yet very strong, more brilliant than anything that could shine. Alec was a mix of beautiful contradictions. The Shadowhunter got closer to him and leaned down and then, bit his neck playfully, right where the mating bite was and then, slowly licked the spot. A delicious moan left his Alpha’s wicked mouth which set Alec’s body afire from head to toe. Soon, he was chest to chest with the older man, groins almost touching but not quite.

“Magnus…”

The High Warlock pulled teasingly at the short hairs at the base of his nape and brought his face down to meet his own. They gazed at one another, eyes clouded with desire—and their lips could no longer withhold the need to drink from one another. Magnus’s hand traveled down his back and followed the curve of his ass, and soon it was being kneaded by greedy hands. A dark grin curled his warlock’s lips and soon enough their hips ground against each other. Their steel-hard erections slid together in a decadent roll. Sensual moans danced out of their throats as their eyes fluttered closed and teeth bit down on bottom lips. The kiss was now more desperate and intense—bites and licks turned messy. Magnus sneaked one hand inside his beautiful mate’s loose black sweats and to his surprise there was no underwear underneath.

“Oh, you, naughty boy.”

A shy smile and an irresistible glance through a curtain of luxurious eyelashes was his Omega’s response.

Alec still wasn’t ready to make love, but that didn’t mean they couldn’t fool around.

A herd of loving kisses rushed headlong upon his lips and face, neck, hands, and ears—he relished in them, in this moment of pure surrender and trust and intimacy.

Afterwards, they snuggled up on the sofa. Magnus was the little spoon for a change, which felt nice. “Up” was the movie of choice because it looked cute and funny which it was, but it had also been an extremely bad idea and an overall low-blow. It hit him hard when Ellie was told she couldn’t have children, so hard he almost broke down in tears. Couple that with when Ellie died
and Carl stayed by himself in their house—miserable and hopeless—and the tears finally let themselves down his cheeks. Silent sobs shook his body. Magnus flicked his wrist and the TV turned off and then, he turned around in Alec’s arms to hug him.

“I am so sorry, darling,” his Alpha murmured, lips upon his forehead.

He felt as if the darkness surrounding him was gravity and it was trying to crush him.

Alec let himself be embraced and embrace without words.

Every hug fed him in ways words couldn’t. They were different from sensual caresses and intimate touches—they were a quiet balm yet powerful, they nurtured the part of him which opened up only in the moments when Magnus’s arms gave him shelter.

Slowly, slowly, this pain will heal.

Together.

*****

His body had healed after the miscarriage and his Heat came again after almost four months. He was afraid to hope and fail and lose again, but he refused to drink contraception pills or use the injection or run away from his Heat.

What will happen, will happen…

He hadn’t felt the desire to be intimate with Magnus since the loss of their pup. Though, they had kissed and touched, grown closer and loved each other more than ever. But now was different, this was his Omega instincts unhinged, and maybe not only because of the Heat-lust and Magnus’s Rut, but because of all the desire that had accumulated deep within him. His Alpha was attentive and kind, charming and caring, supportive and sensitive, extremely handsome and oh, so sexy. It was only natural that after such a long time of sexual abstinence, he felt ravenous.

“Alec, you smell divine. I want you, my love. Let me have you,” the older man pleaded, dark irises dilated.

Like perfumed sacred incense, Magnus’s prayers swirled to him—so precious and desperate, faith-imbued and vulnerable and hopeful. How could he deny them? How could he turn a blind ear to them? His Alpha’s voice was sweet and lush, fresh and harmonious, loving and soft. The scent of his honest prayer, powerful beyond his might. To him, more holy than the word of any god or angel. One word from Magnus’s lips conquered him.

“Yes, yes, take me. Take me and make me forget this pain, Alpha.”

Most of the time, Magnus enjoyed taking his time undressing him slowly and if he was being honest, he craved the torturous slow burn of clothes and fingertips as they brushed against his fevered skin. But there were other times—like today—when the urge commanded them and neither of them had the patience to drag things out, when they just wanted to touch, feel, kiss, lick, and suck at desire-ablaze flesh as soon as possible.

He let himself be guided by his base impulses; Alec wanted to forget and he will make him, even if it was only for a few hours, even if it’s only in bed.

Magnus’s tender lips upon his skin and his gentle fingertips tracing his lines were like healing vapors carefully mending all his cracks. His mate knew loss and from it came his kindness, the
same he used to let him grieve at his own pace.

“Ah, ah..., Mag-Magnus…” His heart throbbed furiously against his ribcage as moans and groans and whines shook his body.

He wanted Magnus to take him hard, but at the same time he wanted to give that pleasure to himself, even if for half of their coupling. So, he manhandled his Alpha to his back and his mate let him—no resistance nor instinctual need to dominate, the warlock was self-confident enough in himself to not feel the need to impose his Gender Designation. And if that wasn’t the sexiest thing ever, he thought to himself.

Once on top and astride his mate, he grabbed a hold of that prominent cock he had missed so much and then, slid down on it hard and needy in one swift move. In unison, pleasurable noises echoed in the air.

“Nn!”

“Ha!”

Magnus was grateful the walls were soundproof because his mate was a vocal lover, and as he rode him with abandon, the Nephilim moaned sinfully—those delectable moans could put to shame even the highest paid madam in any fancy bordello.

“Ye-a..., ngh! M-more, aa...h! Mag-nus…”

Alec was a breathtaking sight whenever, but much more so when he was in ecstasy, taking what he wanted and needed—mouth agape and panting loudly, eyes shut and a pretty florid blush upon his high cheeks and heaving sweaty chest, perky nipples and hard dick and ass stretched with his cock as he milked him expertly. But his young mate wasn’t a selfish lover—on the contrary—he was the most attentive man. He loved when Alec chanted his name breathlessly as he laced one of his hands with his own and took Magnus’s other hand to bring it down to his throbbing erection. The Omega looked at him with heavy eyelids, plump lips parted, and hazel eyes amorous.

His mate knew how to get him to do what he wanted. One of those glances and he would do anything Alec desired.

“Magnus…” Alec sussurred, immediately followed by an irresistible mewl.

And he immediately complied with the wordless request—a light kiss on his Omega’s right hand and his left hand wrapped upon his straining manhood. Lazily, he stroked his length.

Rapacious honey lips flew down to suck on his, and he let himself be eaten.

Only his Omega’s lips over his own could meliorate the pain of loss in his heart. They were the only nepenthe for one another.

Once he had had his fill, he dismounted from his Alpha’s dick and went to his back. Now, he wanted Magnus to dismantle and assemble him with each thrust.

“Alexander, spread your legs more for me and let me come home.”

Copious amount of warm slick and hypersensitivity, feverish flushed skin and welcoming entrance, intoxicating heady Heat-scent and an even sweeter taste—Magnus wished he had multiple hands, mouths, and tongues to savor every bit of deliciousness that was his ravishing mate.
Magnus words made the tears he fought to hold back, spill over.

*Home. Yes, yes. Please come home.*

“Ngh...!”

He was full again, stretched until it burned and pain flourished in a pleasurable sensation. Full to the brim in every sense.

“I love you, ‘umri (my life). A’Ashaquk (I adore you).”

Alec’s flesh felt as if hand-poured wax caressed by flames. He could see himself as he was in those expressive otherworldly cat-eyes—in them, he wasn’t all that broken nor a failure or fragile.

“Alpha, Alpha, mmm!”

Thrust by thrust their hips met in an already familiar yet never boring encounter.

His young mate’s inciting lips beckoned him, and ensorcelled by their allure, he seized them.

“Alexander!”

His orgasm punched all the air out of him as Magnus’s own claimed him and filled him up with warmth. It was always like this—a total collapse into each other’s arms—intense, absolute, plentiful.

He wanted to wrap Alec up in lavish golden silk and shower him with aromatic red rose petals—his mate looked particularly otherworldly, blissed-out and imbued with post-coital glow.

After climaxing, still tied together, chest to chest, their tongues found their way to each other’s mating bite—they traced and licked it and their bee-stung lips kissed it. Magnus then took his left hand and brought it to his lips and pressed a feather light kiss on his Wedded ring—he unfailingly did this, as if a promise to uphold those vows spoken that night they exchanged rings, promises, and a handfasting.

“For centuries, the love inside of me laid dormant—waiting, curious but afraid. Alexander, your voice woke up my soul. I will share your pain and do my best to mitigate it. I will share in your laughter and always seek the positive in you. I will share your dreams as if they were mine and I will honor you as an equal. Every fiber of my being is wholly devoted to you, Alexander. Today, tomorrow, and for always. You are my home. Our spirits and lives are now bounded, out of free will—eternally. ‘And so, the binding is made.’”

“When I met you, I began to know myself—to love and accept who I am. I will always look for the brightness in you and share your burdens, I will always listen to what you have to say and honor you as an equal. I want to keep growing with you through happiness and pain, through light and darkness from this day forward and until the end. Blood isn’t the only thing that connects two people and make them family—I choose you out of free will. I want to be with you for the rest of my days and through the ever-changing flow of our lives together. ‘And so, the binding is made.’”

The unassailable words stirred in him like a seaquake and doused him with something he thought had abandoned him—hope.

There was still hope.

*****
The faint smell of sweet peas and emotional sensitivity, the undercurrent of nausea and weariness made themselves at home in his body once again, and he could hardly believe he had been blessed with such a wonderful thing.

He was pregnant.

Was it true?

Hope turned into a blessing.

To discover he was pregnant again after having a miscarriage six months ago was both joyful and frightening. As with his first pregnancy, it took four pregnancy tests for him to finally believe what his eyes were seeing. It felt like a mirage, only that he wasn’t in the desert but at home and in the bathroom. His butt had ended on the cool floor and his back against the tiled wall once again. Magnus wasn’t home either, just like last time.

Last time…

The delightful memories of the day he discovered he was pregnant with their first child didn’t come alone, unwelcome vivid images played in his mind from an invisible projector. Bloody.

“Aaargh, aahhh!”

A forceful yowl rushed out of his throat at the same time he doubled over in pain and clutched his belly.

“Oh, God! By the Angel, Alec, you’re burning up!” said Izzy, her voice worry-ridden and hands tremulous upon one of his shoulders and forehead.

“ Iz…, ugh! Izzy, I-I feel horrible… my pup…Mag-Magnus, call-”

He felt as if cleaved in half by an invisible ax, right through his stomach.

“Uggh, oh, God…”

Your womb is weak, Rabel’s sentence echoed in his mind, foreboding.

NO NO NO NO NO NO

“Aaaah!! he caterwauled out in pain.

Something warm and thick and copious soaked his underwear and pants, it had a sharp metallic smell.

Blood. He was bleeding.
Magnus

His hands went to clutch his stomach protectively.

No. No. No.

Please. No.

My pup. Raziel, please!

Magnus’s child. Our baby.

No.

His arms instinctively coiled around his bare stomach as he gulped down a knot of barbed wire screams that had lodged in his windpipe. Cold sweat coated his forehead, he was on the verge of a panic attack. All these emotions came pouring down upon him without mercy. His mind reeled and shallow breaths bursted out of his arid mouth and his heart raced at the speed of a derailed train.

Oh, God! This was supposed to be a happy moment. He was supposed to be jumping on one leg, but fear had taken him hostage.


Magnus, we are having a baby.

He wanted to laugh and cry—it was too much for one person to feel.

Alpha, Alpha, come home…

Today was one of those days were darkness seemed to be winning and sadness effortlessly punched through his heart—unraveling feelings and emotions that intended to envelop in miasma the hopeful seeds growing in his soul.

To let it win—no—this new life deserved to be greeted with joy and hope, because it was a blessing.

“Hey, tiny pup. I’m your Omega daddy. Please, please, grow healthy and strong. I can’t wait to see you and have you in my arms. Your Alpha papa, will cry when I tell him about you. He is the best, you will love him so much. Stay with me, stay with me,” he uttered, voice a tangled mess of freshly shed tears.

“I love you,” he whispered as his shaky hands cradled his belly affectionately.

*****

Just like last time, he gave himself some time to think on how to break the good news and made himself some chamomile tea, but this time he actually drank it. It did him good and calmed his nerves and loosened his corded muscles a bit. By the time Magnus got home about 45 minutes later, he could breathe better. Well, at least until he was face-to-face with his mate.

“Alec, what are you doing here in the middle of the day? Did you forget something? Is everything ok?” the High Warlock questioned, voice tinted with concern and eyes searching as he strolled towards the balcony where he stood.

It was kind of a déjà vu but not quite—the same questions and almost the same time of day but a
different season and as different people as they had been before. Life was such a strange thing.

Now, fully turned to face his mate, he took a moment to bask in their reality and in the fact that he was the only one who knew a life-changing truth. The sun shone high in the sky and the fresh breeze ruffled their hair and clothes gently, the city noise close yet somehow muffled and the white honeysuckle and jasmine fragrant upon his nose—it all felt like a fate-calculated interlude just for them.

He reached for his mate’s hands and brought them to his belly, Magnus’s eyes widened and his lips parted in a silent unbelieving question. Alec couldn’t hold back the smile that curled his lips into an elated grin.

“Ale-”

“Say hello to your child, Alpha,” was his straightforward announcement, because there was too much happiness inside of him to come up with anything more elaborate.

What? Oh, by Lilith! Was he hearing things? Did he hear right?

**Pregnant. Alec was pregnant.**

“Really?”

A confirmation nod from his Shadowhunter and his legs weakened.

*His beloved was with child. His child. Their child.*

He wanted to write onto his precious Alexander a sinfonia of indelible kisses.

From one breath to the next, Alec found himself being embraced tightly by the warmest arms and clothed by love in the shape of a drove of venerating kisses upon his neck, forehead, cheeks, hands, lips, and stomach.

Copious tears overflowed their eyes and dampened their flushed cheeks, quiet sobs mixed in with rough laughter and wobbly smiles.

Unalloyed bliss rose in him like an unstoppable torrent and he let himself be carried away.

“Thank you…, oh, Alexander…”

Magnus felt such a tremendous love for this gorgeous and intelligent and brave man he called his mate. His Nephilim was the reflection of the best part of his soul.

“I love you. I love you both…”

He prayed that this time they could keep their pup.

On his knees, hands upon his Omega’s belly, he made a humble and fervid supplication.

*Please, please, Raziel.*
Thanks for reading!
Their family and friends were over the moon with the news. But it was evident that they withheld some of their excitement unlike last time, not because they were any less happy or lacked affection towards this new pup but because they were being considerate of their feelings. The loss of their first child will always be an aching wound in their hearts, yet they would honor this new life with all the felicity and enthusiasm it deserved.

As Magnus had told him that night after he first learned they were expecting, “We have to have faith, believe things will be better this time. Lotuses grow from the slime and muck of a lake, water cleans them and they emerge triumphant. We have lost and felt pain and darkness. Now is time to emerge, Alec. Our first child will always be in our hearts. This happiness we feel right now isn’t a betrayal to his memory.”

Like most of the time, his Alpha was right.

Life was a collection of tragedies and a few happy moments, and he was ready to enjoy the latter.

Of course, the morning sickness was present in full-force but so was the ginger and mint decaffeinated tea, a piece of toast or fresh bread before eating anything heavy. The pregnancy app made its comeback on their phones as did the headphones and classical music over his belly, the nightly book reading to the pup and one-sided talk.

He had begun to feel tiny flutters of movement inside his stomach at 10 weeks. At first, he had been surprised and had convinced himself that maybe he was imagining things. But when he told Cat, she had told him it was normal because with each pregnancy the fetal movements could be felt very early as the body is familiar with the distinctive sensations.

“Ah, the pup moved!” he announced while he lay on the sofa sprawled like a starfish and with a pillow under his head, hands on his belly and a huge grin on his face.
“What?! Really?!” said Magnus as he rushed to his side and knelt beside him. “I can’t feel it. Did I missed it?” his Alpha mumbled at the same time one of his warm hands smoothed over his exposed midriff gently.

A string of giggles spilled out of his mouth before he uttered, “Well, the pup is still roughly larger than a strawberry.”

Earth brown eyes narrowed at his belly and then journeyed slowly up to his own.

“It isn’t fair, that’s favoritism,” his mate pouted while careful finger pads tickled the expanse of his belly.

At that, jolly laughter bubbled in his chest and he immediately reached for his warlock’s face and then, pulled him closer. Magnus carefully settled between his splayed legs and then their lips fused in a gleeful needy kiss.

Everything sweet was on his list from kiwi and cantaloupe to pineapple and chocolate chip cookies, fondue and cheesecake and soufflé—he craved things he never did before.

To portal around at whatever time of day to fulfill Alec’s cravings during pregnancy, Magnus had never done anything with more pleasure—except love Alec, of course. Seafood paella from Alec’s favorite restaurant in Barcelona, crostini di fegato (warm bread with a spread of chicken liver pate) from a small restaurant in Tuscany, and satay (meat skewers cook over coal) from a reputable street stall in Jakarta, specifically the chicken and goat ones, were a few of his mate’s recent cravings. Seeing his Omega eat with so much gusto something he had brought for him made his inner Alpha preen with pride and satisfaction.

Anything his Omega wanted was his, nothing was off-limits. In these moments, he appreciated his magic more than ever.

*****

Tum tum, tum tum

This glorious sound will never get old.

Tu-tum tu-tum

Each beat sounded like the peal of church bells.

Ba-dumm, bumm bumm

The lively song of their child’s strong heartbeats greeted them with rambunctious effusiveness.

Neither he nor Magnus had control over their emotions, lips or actions anymore—tears soaked their cheeks and drowned their voices and clogged their hearts. Their hands enlaced tightly as the image on the ultrasound monitor came alive. Such a tiny person yet so important, vulnerable yet strong enough to have them both by their souls.

What a powerful hold this was—the unmeasurable love he felt for this life nestled inside of him cozily.

Guillermo glanced at them with a fond look in his eyes as he moved the wand around his belly, and then spoke, “This sweet child sounds and looks perfect. Do you want to know the gender?”
“Of course!” they replied in sync and without missing a beat and maybe a tad too loudly, which released a pent-up rumble of laughter from all of them.

They had talked about this before coming to today’s appointment. Almost 16 weeks had been enough time to be in suspense. Magnus had regretted denying himself that knowledge during the first pregnancy, he had told Alec as much. Not this time, he wanted to experienced everything with eyes wide open.

The wand felt a bit uncomfortable pressed against his abdomen, but not enough to hurt. Their little nugget didn’t like the pressure much and met it with a few lightweight kicks. It was a sight too adorable to resist. And Magnus wanted their family and friends to witness it too, so he worked his magic and recorded the whole thing.

“Oh! Here, you see?” pointed out Guillermo with his left index finger. “Good pup, it turned a bit. If it didn’t move the legs in that direction, it’ll be difficult to determine the gender. You’re in luck.”

Alec’s heart couldn’t take any more delay nor his left hand, because his Alpha was so absorbed and nervous he hadn’t noticed the dead grip he had on his hand. One glimpse at the older man and it was obvious he was holding in all his breaths.

With eyes brimming with amusement, Guillermo asked, “It’s…. are you ready to know?”

“Yes! Come on, Guillermo, tell us!” Alec demanded breathlessly.

His body juddered with anticipation and his lungs burned from lack of oxygen—he felt lightheaded. He was sure his butt would have hit the floor by now if he wasn’t laying down.

Their friend playfully prolonged the dramatic silence, it was torturously eternal.

“Congratulation guys, you’re having a beautiful baby…GIRL!”

The scream that came out of him wasn’t human.

A girl! They were having a little girl!

All of him was aquiver. Magnus’s arms draped around him and he went limp. A dreamy sigh rushed out of him and his hands clung to his Alpha for dear life—he felt light, so light, filled with helium but not quite. His mate rooted him in this moment of absolute felicity. He bawled like a baby, but he wasn’t the only one who spilled tears of joy. His ears caught the delightful quiet sounds of his warlock’s sobs as well as the warmth of those precious tears upon his neck.

Their little blessing was a girl.

After they had calmed down and gathered their bearings, Magnus spoke, voice rough like tree bark.

“When is she due?”

Alec couldn’t wait to meet the bowl of light inside of him, to shower her with kisses.

While he put away the wand and cleaned the sticky gel off of Alec’s stomach, their friend responded, “Hmm, I say she’ll make her entrance into this world mid-Autumn, November 7th.”

November 7th was still so far away, but he’ll wait patiently. Until then, he’ll enjoy each microsecond of this pregnancy. For now, everything was going well which was reassuring. But it
wasn’t until he passed the period of possible late miscarriage—20 weeks—that he could finally breathe properly.

*****

One random day at the Institute, as he was about to walk past the kitchen, he caught an earful of a conversation between two recently transferred Alphas whose voices were drowned with disgust and hate.

“Can you believe we have a Male-Omega bitch as Head of one of the most important Institutes in the world?!”

“It’s shameful! The Clave has become too soft and lenient towards those needy cock-suckers.”

Other people’s opinions about him didn’t matter to him. They were worth nothing because he took words from where they came from and to him, these Alphas and others like them were nobodies to him. But he wasn’t about to let this slide, there was no tolerance for this kind of talk at his Institute.

“And to top it off, he’s the whore of the High Warlock of Brooklyn. Who in their right mind would mate a Downworlder?”

“Maybe the Warlock has a big knot and his brain has turned to mush. What that little slut needs is a real Alpha to put him in place—on his hands and knees is where he belongs.”

His jaw bunched and his lips drew back in fury and his entire body tensed. And that was all Alec could listen to because, really?! With his innate Omega-speed, he moved into the kitchen and his right fist hit one of the Alphas right in the bridge of the nose, the bone cracked with a mix of a wet and sharp sound, and then he followed with another punch to the solar plexus which made the asshole stumbled to the floor with a howl while he held both places. The other Alpha tried to sneak attack him, but these bastards weren’t match for him even being five months pregnant. An upper cut and then a right hook to the jaw, immediately followed by a few punches in the ribs before he kicked the legs from under the fucker in front of him.

His chest heaved after the effort and his hands quickly went to his stomach and patted the already rounded belly. “I’m sorry, baby girl.”

The commotion drew in others and whispers inundated the air. Ugh, he didn’t want this so early in the morning but what was he told do.

“Alec, what the hell happened here?!” questioned his parabatai as took in the sight before him and then looked at Alec with an alarmed look on his face and both hands upon his shoulders.

“Nothing. Just that these gentlemen don’t agree about having a ‘Male-Omega bitch’ as Head of the Institute,” he went on to explain, voice booming.

“What the fuck?!” roared his brother, rage aflame on his face and fists ready to throw some punches.

He stretched his arm in front of Jace and uttered, “Relax, I got this.”

“Since you’re so unhappy here, get your things ready because in a few minutes you’re heading to Wrangle Island for a while. I heard the weather is delightful there. I’m sure Aline and Helen will take good care of you both,” he stated, tone calm and arms crossed upon his chest and a shit-eating grin upon his lips.
All around, people chortle and murmured.

From the corner of his eyes, he caught his brother’s matching grin.

“Remind me not to get on your wrong side,” his parabatai said after the kitchen had cleared out.

“I thought you were smart enough to know that already,” he retorted in a playful tone.

Laughter and a clap on his shoulder was his brother’s reply as they walked out of the kitchen.

“Not a word to Magnus about this,” he added.

“My lips are sealed.”

He really didn’t want to deal with his powerful and overprotective Alpha who would kick someone’s ass if anyone so much as looked at Alec the wrong way. And it was even worse now that he was pregnant. No, thanks. Anyway, he could take care of these assholes himself, pregnant and all.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 30

Chapter Summary

Malec
Malec + Izzy

Chapter Notes

Hello,
Thank you for all your messages and kudos, you're the best. This chapter is a bit long and a roller coaster. Please read the tags carefully.

Happy reading!

Vocabulary:
-Cintaku (my love-Indonesian)
-Habib alby (love of my heart-Arabic)

PS: Explicit language.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As the pregnancy progressed and his stomach got bigger and rounder, his skin began to itch and feel dry, so Cat suggested that he rubbed it with a specialized lotion. Of course, his Alpha didn’t miss the chance to do it for him every day and let his magic flow as he did so.

“How’s papa’s little princess today? Have you been good to daddy?” the High Warlock cooed while they lay in bed, as his finger pads swept over the precious baby bump.

He couldn’t help the beaming smile on his face at the sight—his Alpha relaxed and talking in such a low soft voice to the tiny little person they had made together with so much love.

“How your little princess has been a bit naughty today, punching me non-stop and even throwing a few kicks into the mix,” he said with a smile as his fingers bushed over his belly and then tangled with his Alpha’s hand.

Magnus made a playful surprised face, but it was obvious from the smug fruity scent that rolled off of him that he was satisfied with that report.

“Oh, my sweet girl is a badass already. Papa is so proud,” he praised, brown eyes bright and lips stretched from ear to ear.

How could this be his life? He felt so happy, plentiful. After an extended period of mourning, this blessing inside of him had come to give him renewed hope. To see his Alpha so joyful, to enjoy his bottomless affections—he was lucky, so lucky.

With the constant growth of his stomach, some stretch marks had appeared on his skin and he
couldn’t deny he was a bit self-conscious about it, but they meant nothing in comparison to the life responsible for them. His girl was growing steadily and that was all that mattered.

But as always, his mate was in tune with him and everything that had to do with him. His always attentive man never failed to soothe his insecurities and doubts in ways that left his cheeks burning and his heart racing.

“These are the most beautiful battle scars I’ve ever seen in my life. You’re breathtaking, Alexander—a divinity growing a masterpiece inside his body,” the older man whispered as he traced the pinkish lines with his fingertips and then, peppered them with kisses.

Those clean chocolate eyes reflected the same boundless love he felt inside his soul.

“I love you,” he found himself saying as his hands reached for his Alpha.

“And I love you,” was Magnus’s response before their lips were swallowed up by a kiss.

His bellybutton had popped out at 26 weeks and it was a bit strange, but to know that his pup and he were connected physically through it, constantly left him emotional and in awe. What didn’t feel that great was his girl’s newfound hobby—using his bladder as a seat to bounce on. This little game contributed to his constant fatigue as he had to get up and pee every ten minutes.

“Maybe you should ask Catarina to hook you to a catheter, that way you won’t have to get up from the bed,” had suggested his parabatai jokingly. To which he had replied with his two middle fingers and an irritated glare.

Despite the discomforts, he didn’t complain. Who would, when the culprit was so cute.

One night, he got home a bit late from one of those tedious Downworld meetings where everyone wanted to talk and not listen. The day had definitely taken a toll on him and he was ready for bed. Silence reigned and he was certain his mate was asleep already. He toed off his shoes at the entrance and sauntered his way to their bedroom, careful not to make too much noise as not to wake up his sleeping Nephilim. His Omega had been feeling fatigued recently with what pregnancy hormones and a growing belly as well as difficulty falling asleep.

Surprisingly, the bedroom door was a tad open and the warm light from inside spilled over the floor outside and dimly illuminated a bit of the hallway. Now that he was closer, he caught the sound of fabric rustling. When he was but an inch away from the door frame, he pushed at the door softly, and his eyes captured the whole of Alec’s naked body on the bed. A semi-loud gasp left him and he swallowed down forcefully and his heart thrashed against his ribs and his lower-half began to harden. He felt a rapid-fire rise from his feet to his cheeks and his eyes dilate and a growl rumble in his throat. But most of all, he was battling the straining erection against his black pants.

His hands were itching to touch every part of that glorious pregnant body, to adore it and pay homage to every inch of beloved skin. Alec was on his hands and knees, legs sprawled so wide his entrance could be seen clearly—his entrance which was colored a pretty pink and was coated with abundant slick. Long fingers circled at the rim and then thrust inside while the other hand pumped his swollen length with a touch of urgency.

By Lilith! What an extraordinary vision!

It was a bit silly to try to be quiet now, when he was sure his mate had noticed his presence—if not for the noise, surely by the heady smell of his arousal. Still behind the mostly closed door, he tried
to calm himself down. His Omega being like that in bed didn’t make it an automatic invitation to mate. Eyes shut and hands balled and mouth parted, he leaned against the doorjamb and tried to rein in his inner Alpha. He was so self-focused that he didn’t notice the footsteps approaching.

When the scent of sweet peas and Omega-arousal became all, he could smell and feel, he opened his eyes, and his heart almost came to a halt.

A deep pink blush suffused the Nephilim’s cheeks as the shadows and light caressed his bare skin with the loving touches of a devout lover, his crystal-like eyes were sharp as they searched his face while fleshy lips remained silenced by unshaped words—the man in front of him looked confident, every line and curve of him, yet he gave off an aura of heart aching vulnerability which always seized Magnus’s by his soul.

Wordlessly, he took one of Magnus’s hands and pulled him into the bedroom and towards the bed. Once there, face to face, he pushed the warlock down gently into a sitting position. There were more than a few questions in those mysterious dark eyes and also a lot of lust. To know his less than chaste display had provoked such reactions in his Alpha made his Omega side mewl with need. Once between the older man’s legs he voiced his thoughts.

“I want to take you in my mouth. I want your knot to stretch it and for you to empty yourself in it. Would you like that?” asked his Omega in the most sensual smoky voice as he sunk on his knees slowly, naked runed body golden as if the light which illuminated him came from within and not from the candlelight.

God, what a question! Would he like that? Of course, he would. He would, but he worried too, because Alec’s belly was already big and his back and knees would hurt if he knelt for too long. But, but maybe if he used his magic to deflate the knot before 30 minutes went by, they could do it.

His intuitive mate noticing his hesitation lifted his hands to his face and held it lovingly, eyes determined but understanding. A quiet conversation took place in a seconds-long gaze. He couldn’t mask his desire nor excitement nor the heady aroused scent of his pre-come already dampening his underwear.

“I promise that if I start to feel unwell, I will stop and let you know. Now, what’s your answer, Alpha?”

The Shadowhunter’s sultry tone sent electric currents throughout his entire body, every nerve-ending a live-wire.

He swallowed down an animalistic lustful growl at the same time he nodded his head and cat-eyes broke through his glamour. His hand went to cradle the enrapturing sensual face in front of him and then, he leaned forward to feast on aphrodisiacal sumptuous lips.

“Mmm, ahhh…, I’m yours for you to do as you please,” he murmured between nibbles and sucks and urgent licks. “Show me what this pretty mouth can do, Omega.”

Oh, by the Angel! He was already hard and leaking from his dick and hole, and Magnus had only kissed him. But it wasn’t only the voracious kisses which elicited this response from his body, but those titillating words and that gravelly voice in which they were spoken. Alec was sure he could climax by his mate’s vocal stimulation alone.

With a pop, he freed himself from those delectable lips and let his hands divest the older man of his pants and boxers. Before they started, his Alpha snapped his fingers and a pillow cushioned his knees. It were the little things that made his love for this man in front of him grow even more each
day.

Once half-naked, his cock was free from its constraints and such freedom made him hiss as it moved in a short but quick side-to-side motion. His mate didn’t waste time to get to where he wanted to be, even though he could feel a little hint of nervousness from him.

“You don’t have to do this, Alec,” he reminded, tone soft and hands upon a handsome face.

“No, I don’t. But I want to.” And with those words left up in the air, he was swallowed down slowly in one swift move.

His back arched and his hips stuttered and his toes curled as pleasure billowed within him. “Fuck! Ngn…”

Fingers curled around the base of his dick and the other hand went to massage his balls expertly, he couldn’t help but think that Alec had taken notes all those times when he had pleasured him. As the Shadowhunter bobbed his head up and down, the tip of his tongue rubbed at his slit and then, curled around the sensitive head wickedly. Meanwhile, the fingers at the base pumped up and down in quick short motions at the same time they massaged the root.

Magnus couldn’t think only feel, inside his mate’s hot mouth he was a willing slave—his hands buried themselves in silky mussy hair but didn’t pull, he only needed something to keep him from collapsing.

“So good…, mmm, ah!”

The sheen of sweat over Alec’s forehead and his sensual little wet sounds as his mouth moved up and down his shaft, coupled with those spit and pre-come slicked lips and his own erection hard and leaking, were gasoline imbued kindling to stir his orgasm.

Teasing teeth carefully scraped up his shaft and plump lips sucked at the head of his cock and then, pressed light kisses upon it. A playful tongue flicked and licked at his slit with insistence. All the while, his balls were rubbed with a tad more pressure.

“Alexander, amazing…aah!”

Drops of sweat trailed down his temple, neck, and spine, his chest heaved rapidly and his breath hitched, his hands clenched a little and his stomach muscles tightened, and a deep lengthy groan left him as a gush of come filled his Omega’s mouth.

His eyes pickled with tears and he felt like he was on the brink of drowning, but that wasn’t enough to make Alec quit. So, he relaxed his throat and lips and swallowed down as much as he could.

As his knot expanded, Alec’s cheeks bulged and his lips were stretched further than they already were. Every gulp down his mate’s throat made Magnus lose his mind even more.

“Ngh! Oh, Alexander, you’re marvelous. You’re doing so well. You’re so good, my perfect Omega,” he praised as his seeds flooded his mate’s mouth.

Magnus’s hands never pushed his head down or grabbed at his hair too hard nor he thrusted his hips into his mouth—it where things like these which made him fall more and more in love with his mate. He didn’t lose himself in self-gratification and forgot about him—no—Magnus took pleasure but also reciprocated it ten folds.

He waited for the warlock to empty every drop of nectar into his mouth—a first wave that
overflowed his mouth and streamed down his chin and onto the floor, so warm and thick and salty and sweet. A hummed vibrated through his mouth and his lust blown pupils registered every little expression of ecstasy in those feline hooded eyes and that flushed erotic face.

Beautiful.

Alec was fearless in his love and unapologetically fierce in how he showed it— for there was no other way for him to love than this— completely, unending, unshackled.

He had been so caught up in his Alpha’s own pleasure that he had forgotten how hard his own cock was or how wet his entrance was— both throbbed and ached pleasantly and suddenly a mighty need hit him. Mouth still knot-stretched and hands coiled at the base and on Magnus’s right thigh, he glanced up at him through heavy eyelids—a silent question, an irresistible proposal.

His Omega knew how much he enjoyed the sight of him pleasuring himself— unashamed, wanton, self-assured of his sex. How could he reject such gift? Not even if he were insane. The hands which had been buried in sweat-matted raven hair went to caress his mate’s mating bite and to trace the come-painted lips he loved the most.

“Show me,” was all the Alpha said, and at the command a shudder sprinted up his body and a pulse of slick coated his inner thighs.

Oh, he will show him alright. This command came from a Prince. His own.

“Ngh…”

His mouth stayed where it was, full and stretched as he slowly at first but then desperately, stroked himself with his right hand while the other fingered his sensitive entrance.

“Mmm, nng…hah!”

“That’s it, my love, find that spot I have nailed with my cock so many times. Slowly, deeper, deeper,” the High Warlock sussurred in a spell-like timbre.

“Mag-nus!”

A few more strokes and one more swipe over his prostate and the fire at the pit of his stomach bursted fleet-footed out of his body— his mind whirled and his body swayed and from his throat was wrenched of a muffled scream of utter pleasure. His mouth and throat hurt a little and his lips had started to tingle, but not for a minute had he regretted doing this for himself and for his Alpha. Even though there was a fluffy pillow under his knees, they still ached and all of a sudden, an exhaustion settled upon him. He couldn’t move, but he didn’t have to.

“Now, come here, cintaku. Let me hold you,” whispered Magnus as he flicked his wrist and cleaned them both and then, reeled him in into his arms and under the azure silk covers.

“Rest, habib alby (love of my heart). I’ll look after the both of you. Sweet dreams, Alexander.”

With those words upon his ears, he let go of consciousness and let oblivion’s arms welcome him into a deep slumber. It felt warm all around him and within him—a plenary peace.

*****

Because of what happened with his first pregnancy and the still delicate condition of his womb—at 27 weeks—he was put on bed rest despite everything going well. Yet, he didn’t complain because
he’ll do anything in his power to ensure their child was born healthy and safe. Also, his feet ached like crazy and he ran out of air whenever he walked or stood for too long, so bedtime wasn’t the worse thing ever. Plus, with the way he carried Elena—high—which almost felt like she was in his ribs, any movement left him breathless. So, these days, he was confined to the loft, specifically to the bedroom. But, he was never short on visits.

One day, while he and Magnus where in bed, sitting side-by-side reading and knitting, his sister arrived to their home with a big grin on her face and a shimmer of excitement in her big dark eyes, and right away he knew she was up to something.

As she sat on the bed, after greeting them, she announced enthusiastically, “I’m going to throw you guys a baby shower!”

“A baby what?”

“A baby shower. That’s what Mundanes call a celebration where friends and family give presents to the baby and the mom, in this case, you!”

“Whose idea was this, Simon’s or Clary’s?”

“Neither. I came up with it all on my own. I’m a dedicated auntie,” she proclaimed.

“I don’t think-”

“C’mon, Alec! It’ll be fun!” Izzy insisted with the best puppy-eyed look she could give.

“Isabelle, dear, we appreciate the thought but, we have everything we need,” Magnus chimed in as he momentarily stopped the knitting needles in his hands.

She rolled her eyes and put her hands together as if in prayer, and then voiced, “I know, I know, you’re loaded and with the flick of the wrist you can conjure the best of the best but let us do this for you guys. Please!!!”

He and Magnus exchanged looks and twin smiles watercolored their lips, it could be fun.

“Okay but keep it simple and only with family and our close friends.”

“Promise, fingers crossed.”

Their girl was already so spoiled and she was still in his tummy. Everyone was wrapped around her little finger.

*****

Despite everyone’s good intentions, the baby shower never took place.

The day he entered his 28th week and a day before the party things took an undesirable turn.

He had been feeling a bit uncomfortable the whole day, just a bit more than usual, the pup had been super active and kicking for most part of the morning, but then she had calmed down considerably and hadn’t moved much for the rest of the day. But he had read that babies had days where they are more active than others so he didn’t think much of it. As they day went by, he began to fell a dull ache in his stomach and lower back, it wasn’t unendurable but it spiked some concern, so he went back to bed after walking a bit around the loft.
Magnus was at a High Warlocks’ meeting and then off to attend some house calls. He didn’t want to worry his mate by calling him just because of his unduly anxiety—though he tried to reason this with a cold head, he felt unsettled. He went to sleep hoping it’ll help, when he woke up it was the middle of the night, he had slept for a few hours and Magnus was now beside him, also sleeping.

Even before he opened his eyes, he felt lightheaded, and when consciousness came back to him in full, he felt a wet warmth between his thighs—it wasn’t blood nor slick. But before he could check what it was or call for his Alpha, the abdominal and back pain dug their claws deeper into his flesh in a relentless attack.

Low groans and whines ripped out of him as he writhed on the bed, his body now shredded by an unbearable pain that threatened to render him unconscious.

No, not again.

Please, please, Raziel...

Memories of that wretched day a bit over a year ago lambasted him and his arms wrapped protectively over his swollen midriff.

“Alec, what’s wrong? You’re in pain,” his mate said in a panic ridden voice, expression grave as he snapped his fingers to try and mitigate the pain with his magic.

“Mag-Magnus, the pup...., ahhh!”

“I’ll send a fire message to Guillermo and Cat, let’s go to the hospital. Please, hang in there, love,” urged the Alpha at the same time he carried him in his arms and walked into a portal.

God, please let this child live.

“Alexander! Hey, stay with me. Alec!”

Please don’t let anything bad happen to his baby girl.

A moment before he lost consciousness, he thought, life couldn’t be so cruel as to take her away from them, could it?

He wished he never asked...

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
And here it was again, the scent of rotten raw meat, the same scent as back then when the life of their first pup dissolved into blood and tissue—his scent—the scent of loss.

Today, something irrecoverable had died inside of him—it tasted like love and looked like hope.

Alec was already 10 cm dilated and fully effaced. His water broke on its own and things became even more intense. Shoulders down and jaw, face, and bottom loose, he pushed as Guillermo directed.

“Alec, give me one long push.”

He held onto one of Magnus’s hands while the other clasped the bed’s siderail—both with bone-crushing strength.

“Ugh! Ahhh!! Go-d…”

He felt the stinging burn of her head as it stretched him out, and the acute pain of her shoulders tearing his flesh—it felt as if she would rip him in half; he felt the terrible silence that followed and the stillness of her limp body, he felt the emptiness she left behind her and in him, and the weight of her on his flabby belly when Guillermo set her there and looked at them with teary red eyes. She had lived and died inside of him—she had filled him with happiness and now, she filled him with sorrow.

The placenta was delivered and got stitched up, all while he held her tiny lifeless newborn on his chest.

Alec gave birth to a stillborn Elena without anesthesia, because he hoped the physical pain would overpower the one in his heart. Magnus had seen Elena’s head crown as did Alec through a mirror held by Cat in front of him. Guillermo was there to pull the quiet small babe out of him—he had
already told them beforehand that death had claimed their child. His eyes had prickled with tears when he had held her in his hands and looked at them and asked Magnus if he wanted to cut the umbilical cord.

He had gone deaf in both ears; his body had gone numb to pain; his eyes saw nothing but blurs, except for his child—he could see her in heightened definition. Their precious babe had blueberry-colored skin—the kind that shimmered when the right light hit it. So, *this is what it felt like to have a chuck of your heart rip out, to lose someone dear*, the thought flashed through his mind like a bright neon sign. For a moment, his head spiraled.

The life he had grown inside of him for seven months had come into the world without a heartbeat.

With so much care and affection, Catarina had wrapped their little pup in the softest pure white blanket while she was still in his arms. It felt as if someone had taken a scalpel to each of his nerves and cut them one by one—a pain so overwhelming he felt nothing.

Both of them held their Elena Lestari (Everlasting-in Indonesian) in their arms for a few hours—a tiny babe, blue and soft and dark haired. She was beautiful. Their second child. He and Magnus showered her with kisses and loving touches and studied her carefully, sang to her with broken voices and whispered countless ‘I love you’s’, bathed her peaceful face with bitter tears.

They dressed her with clothes Magnus had made for her (a pink/white short-sleeved dress adorned with a pink flower and cinched with a silk white ribbon), a hat to match and white cable-knitted booties.

Alec didn’t want to let go of her. Elena, his sweet and small and lifeless Elena—in that moment he wanted the world to disappear and for time to stop. He wanted her back inside his belly and feel her move and kick. He wanted Magnus to touch his belly lovingly and kiss it and smile at their little miracle together.

“I-I love y-you…s-so much, Elena Lestari. My sweet girl—” He couldn’t do it, not with the gaping hole in his throat.

“Princess, papa loves you very much. You made us very happy…”

*Someone, please make it stop,* Alec thought as his chest constricted and crushed his heart.

After saying their goodbyes to their precious Elena and bathing her serene face with more kisses, their little sweetheart was taken away by one of the nurses. And as soon as she was taken from his arms, his beloved Alexander had fainted—all the strong emotions and restless feelings and the weight of grief had descended upon him all at once like a deluge.

“Alexander!”

“Don’t worry, he’s fine physically. It’s best he rests. Unconsciousness is a blessing at the moment,” his friend said as her right hand squeezed his left shoulder in an attempt at comfort.

His voice couldn’t birth any other words, they had all left him.

Magnus hadn’t gone outside yet to meet their family and friends. Catarina had volunteered to be the bearer of the unfortunate news. Not wanting to shake Alec’s emotions even more, he had erected a soundless barrier around their hospital room. He’ll have to face familiar faces soon enough, but now he couldn’t see through the elegiac fog and couldn’t breathe the air which had turned into glass dust.
“I feel so powerless, Cat. What use is my magic if it can’t help the one I love the most and our child?! Never have I felt so utterly inadequate…” he admitted in an undertone once she had come back into the room, eyes red and tear-drowned while his friend held him in a tight hug.

He felt like an antiquated typewriter—useless.

She didn’t say anything, because she knew there were no words to console him.

They had met her, named her, and made funeral arrangements all in one day.

To let go of their baby and to bury her in the cold earth—Elena Lestari Lightwood-Bane—their sweet girl whom they had loved with everything they’ve got, it was heart-wrenching. She will always be an unforgettable light in their lives and as her names stated, she’ll be a shining light in their lives everlastingly.

Her life had been short, but she existed and she was loved fiercely.

They both had lost a child, a part of their hearts. They both mourned her loss and cried and felt lost. Their bond was a collective sorrowful line. His Alpha tried to talk to him, to get him to open up, but he didn’t want to—no, it wasn’t that—he couldn’t.

Alec felt like a leaf suspended in the air by the silk thread of a spider—devoured by a beast called grief.

*****

He had become recessive, detached, and unresponsive. He felt like a comet out of ice—just a simple asteroid lacking significance. These feelings weren’t healthy, but they were the only ones he had.

Not Magnus or Jace nor Izzy or his mom or their friends could get through to him. They didn’t understand how he felt, they couldn’t. None of them had been pregnant and given birth to a dead child.

Maybe that’s why she was here.

“My dear, Alec. I’m so sorry for your loss, Angelito,” Fernanda said as she wrapped him in one of her distinct affectionate hugs. Her voice was like warmed milk with honey—calming.

He felt a tender affection for her since the day they met, maybe his soul knew something then that his mind didn’t—that they would become kindred spirits.

“My Elena, she was so beautiful and small, so fragile. She looked Magnus. She had his nose and the shape of his lips. My baby was so warm in my arms. When Magnus held her, his face was full of a love I’ve never seen before, of a pain that broke the last standing piece of my heart. Our little girl, I will never forget her sweet face,” his mouth sprawled in a wobbly smile that closed his tearlogged eyes and brought forth streams of bitter pebbles.

“She was your blessing, even if it was for a short time. Elena will always live in your heart. Her memory will guide you as you go through this dark valley. This loss, you need to mourn it thoroughly, my dear boy. But don’t let it take your future. You can’t lose hope.”

Hope, such a hateful word.

Through careful examination of the placenta and laboratory tests it was determined that in addition
to having had a preterm labor at 28 weeks, caused by a leak in the amniotic sac, a bacterial
infection which had spread silently and quickly had also contributed to the death of Elena.

The word *hope* made him nauseous when he recalled Guillermo’s explanation of Elena’s death.

“How do I not lose hope when reality relentlessly tears piece after piece of my soul with its pointy
claws?”

Hopelessness killed at a torturously slow pace, it amputated everything valuable with a horrendous
precision and in cold blood. When one is hopeless, it’s like one is dead—indifferent to any
emotions and feelings, people and things.

Before she spoke again, Fernanda took a deep breath, her sincere and empathetic eyes fixed upon
his own and her hands an anchor around his own, “I didn’t lose it completely until I learned that
the venom in my blood would kill every child that dared to live in my womb. And even then,
despite not being able to get pregnant, I still held on to it. Centuries passed, we helped many young
Downworlders, and they became my children. That doesn’t mean I have forgotten my boy—my
dearest Dariel Felipe—who was stillborn at almost nine months. But he lives in those children I
have loved. Like you, Alec. You’re like a son to me. Your little Elena, she blessed you and Magnus
with her short life and that’s something no one can take away from you.”

No more words came out of his mouth, he felt beyond exhausted—not his body but his soul.

“How did you do it? How did you console Fernanda when she went through this?” he questioned
with his third martini in a row in hand.

Sadness was no longer a feeling which gnawed at his heart like caterpillars do to leaves, instead,
sadness had become him.

“My dear friend, don’t lose hope. I know it must be frustrating and irritating to hear others tell you
this, but if I had lost all hope I wouldn’t be of this world. Even if your hope is dying embers or of
crippled wings, its necessary that you don’t abandon it,” his best friend insisted, dark eyes earnest.

He felt bare, stripped of everything even his bones—engulfed in a slough of despondency.

“Elena took most of our hopes, Ragnor. You should have seen her—so small and delicate and
defenseless, a blue sweet baby with lingering warmth. She was perfect, my little princess. With her
compact body and a head full of ebony fine hair, five slender fingers on each hand and five tiny
toes on each foot, a round lovely face and a dusting of dark eyebrows, a pair of thin lips and an
adorable button nose. But her eyes were closed shut, her eyelids didn’t move nor her eyelashes
fluttered—she didn’t get to *meet* us,” he lamented, throat burned with tears.

It was never a good idea to let bad emotions victimize him because they messed him up badly. But
he couldn’t help it, because this loss felt like volcanic glass carving-in detailed patterns of sorrow
inside his soul.

“She might not have met you with her eyes, but she did so in every way that matters. Elena felt yours and Alec’s love for her; she felt how precious and cherished she was by her parents. She knew she was wanted and needed. You had a bond with her that death can’t sever. Your daughter will forever live on in you, in Alec, in the love you share, in your memories, and in the days that are to come,” the older Alpha reassured, hands upon Magnus’s shoulders.

“Oh, Ragnor, I just want Alec to be happy. I wish I had the power to change what happened. I want him to be pain-free. Why things have to be so difficult? Alexander—he doesn’t deserve this,” he confessed as tears inundated his eyes.

It was painful to breathe, each breath felt like glass slipping up his nostrils. The image of Elena’s lifeless body and Alec’s broken expression in his mind, were like quills stuck to his brain—they pierced his flesh and poisoned him.

“He doesn’t and you don’t either, but that is life and things are not always as we want them to be. Yet, that doesn’t mean we should give up when things get hard. These difficult and painful times won’t last forever, my friend—together, you’ll beat them. You’re both good people and someday you’ll have your arms full again.” Ragnor’s hopeful and reassuring words touched him but for the life of him, he couldn’t will them to jump-start his heart.

“Thank you, mon petit chou.”

“You welcome, my dear friend.”

Time. They both needed time to process this loss.

Silence.

Silence.

Silence.

Alec’s silence was deafening.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
The aftermath of Elena’s stillbirth was desolating for him, for his Alpha, for everyone. But even more so for him, because his body produced milk to feed a child that wasn’t there anymore—his dear Elena, so sweet and tiny and pure—the precious life that grew and lived and died inside of him. Her absence was harrowing—he found himself rubbing his empty soft belly when thoughts of her sequestered his mind from whatever he was doing. And sometimes it was dangerous when that happened, because it happened during missions where his life and those of others were on the line.

Despite his inherent Omega ability to heal faster than Alphas and Betas, his womb ached for days after Elena’s passing. As if it missed the life it had held and wanted to hold it again.

He became distant from everyone, even from Magnus—especially from Magnus.

Magnus, his mate—the one he loved the most—he didn’t deserve this treatment. But Alec didn’t know how to face him, what to tell him. They had comforted each other silently, had let their arms and hands and lips and skin speak instead of their words.


But eventually, the heavy silence would give way to words. Words he didn’t want to speak. Words that tasted rotten and made him heave with nausea. Words like swords—sharp, terrible, and hurtful.

It was a dark morning when it happened—with heavy clouds just like his state of mind and the color of his mood. Not even a ray of light percolated through the clouds, it couldn’t. Rain poured down violently. His strength had been drained by the silence which ruled the loft and the strange eerie muted song of a great-tailed grackle flock that passed by.

Each drop of water sprouted goosebumps on already moist skin. The breeze carried a myriad of
droplets from the open air to splatter against his face—each of those seemingly weightless pearls felt like ice spikes as they pricked his flesh. The usual charming sound of the pitter-patter caresses of life-giving beads made a raucous sound against the lifeless leaves which carpeted the balcony floor. Peace wasn’t his anymore, pain had stolen the comforting touches and the music rain made from him.

“Oh, Alec, habibi (my beloved), you’re soaking wet. Come here,” Magnus said, voice low and laden with a sadness Alec felt through all the pain he was feeling.

He felt his Alpha’s warm hands as they turned him around and wrapped around his slack hands and pulled him back inside.

With the snap if finger, he was instantly dried and clean and warm clothes covered his cool body—his favorite black sweat pants and grey t-shirt and some woolen socks, because of course, Magnus knew that if his feet were cold, the rest of his body will remain cold as well.

On autopilot, he sat on the sofa surrounded by pillows and blankets imbued with the scent of when he was pregnant and happy and that of his mate—surrounded by those smells, he felt less heavy, less like a boat adrift at sea.

Familiar cat-like footsteps approached his resting place with what smelled like lavender and chamomile tea, and he wished he felt welcoming instead of on his guard. To love someone to the marrow of his bones and every cell in his body yet reject them out of self-punishment—it was self-mutilation.

“Alexander, I am worried about you. You’ve become withdrawn, distracted during dangerous missions. Talk to me, please. Please,” expressed the High Warlock as he sat beside him.

An energy-sucking sigh dragged out of him as his shoulders drooped and his back hunched and his hands held onto one of the pillowed which he pressed against his stomach. His eyes refused to meet their worried counterparts—he couldn’t face them; he didn’t want to see his pain reflected in them.

“I’m just…tired. Don’t worry, Magnus. I’m okay.” His mouth tasted salty, it felt dry—he felt on the verge of vomiting. His emotions and his temper were high-strung—a rickety bridge with worn-out ropes.

An almost inaudible deflated sigh reached his ears—he wasn’t the only one in pain, he knew. He knew. And that knowledge clipped at his heart. Magnus had not only lost a child but now, he and to deal with a broken mate.

“No. You are not ok, Alec. And that’s fine, its normal. After what happened—"

His entire being had become a pitch-black cauldron of boiling emotions he could no longer contain. All the pain and anger, hate and powerlessness, frustration and bitterness that had accumulated in him gusted out of him in a violent outburst.

“Shut up! I said I am fine! Leave me alone!”

He didn’t mean to scream, to put that wounded look on his Alpha’s face. Alec didn’t want to talk about it, or hear Magnus talk about it—yes, it was selfish of him and he was being a jerk but---

The melodious, calming, and soothing voice that met his scream, punched him in the gut.

“You are not fine, because I am not fine, and you feel what I feel. And, I feel what you feel.”
He couldn’t breathe, everything hurt—he just wanted Magnus to hug him so tight their bodies would merge.

Elena’s loss felt fatal.

“You carried her inside of you for seven months. I hear you crying at night, your back turned to me, as if you want to carry this pain alone when you know I am there. Alec, I love you so much more than those words could ever express. We need each other to heal, cintaku—to accept this pain, to remember our Elena, to honor her memory, to continue living despite her loss.”

Intellectually, he knew his Alpha was right, but he had lost all his strength. He felt like an empty seashell, hollow at his core.

“I can’t give you a family! The family you want so much!” he shouted, feeling frustrated and desperate and like a total failure.

Failing himself didn’t hurt as much as failing the man he loved. He felt his hands roughly grab fistfuls of hair and immediately after, he felt firm yet tender hands drape over his fisted ones—their warmth effortlessly coaxed them to free his abused hair.

Magnus’s sour scent made his stomach roil violently.

Dammit, he was being so selfish only thinking about his feelings. Looking at his mate through blurry eyes, he could see all the emotions he was feeling carved harshly on Magnus’s features and body language. His Alpha never let his back hunch or his shoulders droop or his head hang, but now here he was doing all of that because Alec was too pathetic and self-centered. He wasn’t the only one who had lost two children. The unflinching gaze of those loving cat-eyes contained much more than he could bear to carry. Yet, he forced himself to remain chained to them. He needed to because otherwise he would shatter beyond repair.

“That’s not true. Not at all. Oh, Alec, I hope you don’t believe that.”

Magnus’s words sounded pained, they tinged the air with something foul akin to putrid animal remains. And it was wrong, it was all wrong. It was wrong that he put that devasted look on the face he loved the most. Alec felt his own facial muscles contort with pain and he fell to his knees hard and Magnus followed.

But his Alpha wasn’t done yet.

“My love for you broke my heart from the inside and it was when I met you that I truly began to live. You, my most beloved, you filled all the cracks. Children or not, I love you above everything else on this earth.”

In that moment, something he should have realized long ago downed on him—they fed off each other’s emotions. They were each another’s rock. When one of them was falling, the other became a rope. They were each other’s support and strength. But when the other refuses to be saved, to be helped, then the job of the other becomes unnecessary. If they can’t reach each other, not because of a lack of effort but because they chose to hide or run away, then the only thing left is to fall together. And, he wasn’t about to let Magnus fall.

“I-I-…. sorr-y, Magnus, sorr-”

By the Angel, he was such a mess.

Copious streams of tears wet his cool cheeks, which soon damped Magnus’s burgundy velvet
When did Magnus pull him into his arms? That wasn’t important though, what was important was the fact that they were entangled around each other on the floor in the middle of their living room, dim lights around them and rain now falling softly in the background.

Just the two of them—crying into each other’s necks, clinging to one another, and healing.

Healing slowly.

Healing together.

“Alexander, my light, you have already given me a family. Don’t you know? You are my family. Whether we have pups or not, you have already given me a family. So please, stop tormenting yourself,” his Alpha uttered in a susurration as lukewarm air tickled his left ear.

His arms held on tighter around his mate’s sturdy body and a flurry of unhurried kisses were dispensed to his mussy hair, forehead and temple, to the tip of his nose and reddened ears and flushed cheeks, to the curve of his jaw and parted lips.

Alec didn’t know if he could talk through the noose of acrimonious tears tightly entwined around his throat, it was too much—he felt hopelessly overwhelmed by love, fear, pain, and loss.

“She was so beautiful and sweet, our little blue angel,” he whispered in the crook of Magnus’s neck.

“She was. She will always be. Our little princess will always be a part of us and be in our hearts and memories, forever. Elena lived and she was ours.”

It was an unhappy situation, a moment full of heavy grief, yet Magnus couldn’t help but marvel at his reality. They have lost blood of their blood; both of them were exhausted and running low on hope—they were leaves in the wind stuck together through it all. They were running out of everything, except their love for each other. There had been so much frustration and impatience, heartbreak and throbbing wounds, tears and screaming, but not once has their hearts faltered due to lack of love.

He had chased his dream encouraged by people who knew him better than anyone. And here he was, proving that dreams could come true. Alec was worth it. So worth it.

Now more than ever, he believed that he and Alec were born bound to each other.

Giving up wasn’t an option for either of them.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 33

Chapter Summary

Malec
Malec + Cat

Chapter Notes

Hey,
Thank you once again for liking this story so much and being so invested in it, thanks for all the comments and kudos. You make my day whenever I read them. I know there’s been so much angst in these latest chapters, but please bear with me. We’re one step away from stepping into the light again. Meanwhile, enjoy this chapter.

Happy reading!

Vocabulary:
-Kelinciku (my bunny-Indonesian)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Elena was buried in the sunniest spot at the cemetery near the Institute. Magnus had used his magic to raise the grave a bit above the others like a small mount. They wanted her to have her own little space away from the other graves. She deserved to be surrounded by beauty and as much light as she could get. Not only sunlight but moonlight, because she was also a daughter of the night and of the moon.

“She was half-angel after all, and angels belong in the sunlight. But as a demon-blooded, she also belongs under the silver light of the moon,” had said his Alpha with a poignant affectionate look on his tired face as he glanced at her tomb.

The idea of withered flowers was neither appealing nor acceptable to either of them, thus Magnus made sure to conjure flowers that’ll never shrivel all around her grave—light pink tea roses (sweetness), white dahlias (purity), blue forget-me-not (true and undying love), red poppies (peace in death), yellow tulips (cheerfulness), and white lilies (innocence). They smelled sweet and delicate yet fragrant.

On the marble gravestone, where a baby angel sat with splayed wings and a crown of wild flowers, her name and the dates of her conception and death were etched as well as the phrases, ‘Beloved daughter of Alec and Magnus. Everlasting shining light. Forever in the hearts of those who loved her. Hope. Blessing. Light.’

They visited Elena at the cemetery every other day and spent some quiet time there just the two of them—hands held in silent support and cheeks wet with quiet tears. Other times, he went alone, because sometimes he felt the need to be by himself with his pain and his loss.
His loss was not only physical but spiritual—he had felt connected to his child since he learned he was pregnant. She had held all his hopes; she was a piece of him and Magnus; she had been a blessing after that first terrible loss.

Alec felt beyond broken, like no amount of repair could save him.

His body had failed him. His body had been a death trap for his baby girl, and for that first pup. What if his body could never bring life into this world? What if this was his punishment for all the hate he had harbored before for his Second Gender? What if he gets pregnant and it happens again?

What if… What if… What if…

What ifs asphyxiated him constantly, be it in his waking hours or in his dreams.

He hated this world that moved on without his daughter.

Time passed too slowly. Time passed too quickly. It didn’t matter the pace; his heart was still in shambles.

Letting go was something he struggled with, and he wasn’t the only one—Magnus felt as lost as he did, despite all the people he had lost throughout the centuries, he didn’t do well losing those he loved. Several nights, his mate would toss and turn and leave the bed in the middle of the night after unconscious garbled pleas.

“No, No, please, Elena. Kelinciku (my bunny), open your eyes. Alec…, please…no, don’t lea---”

Even their dreams—specially their dreams—were haunted by grief.

Reminders of Elena were everywhere—on his body, in the scent imbued in the air, in their bedroom which held clothing knitted by both of them, baby books and Baby Einstein playlists, and on and on. She occupied every space.

On one of his walks, he passed by a women’s shelter—pregnant mothers with low to no income. And he knew then, what he had to do next.

It had been one of the hardest things to do. But the memory of his Elena gave him strength. Magnus agreed instantly with a fond piercing smile and bright eyes.

“I am so proud of you, in awe of your strength, and blown away by your kindness, Alexander. Our little blue angel continues to give light through you.”

All of the things that were meant for Elena (with the exception of the handmade things that Magnus had knitted/crocheted)—be it the ones they bought themselves and the ones gifted by family and friends—were all donated to that mundane shelter for pregnant single mothers. It was too painful to keep them, and he wanted his daughter’s soul to be free and Rest in Peace. He wanted to honor her memory by helping others less fortunate.

Alec still felt broken, pain still consumed him, but he wasn’t alone in this journey. He had Magnus and his love—though at times, he felt he didn’t deserve it, but he was too selfish to reject it, too greedy not to covet it all, and too in love to let it go. He was sure he wouldn’t have survived this loss without his mate’s unconditional love.

He still struggled.
Slowly. One day at a time. Breathe.

****

One afternoon, Cat dropped by the loft. He thought nothing of it. She must had just come to visit like always. But, he was wrong.

“Here,” she voiced as she stretched her right hand and handed him a white envelope.

He stretched one of his hand to take the envelope, and even before he opened it, he knew whatever was inside would pull at and dig into the still very fresh wound. With that gut feeling, he went ahead and opened it.

A muted scream lodged in his throat and he felt himself being throttled by it as if cold hands closing around his neck.

Catarina had secretly taken a picture of Alec, Elena, and Magnus before the pup was taken away to be shown to her other family members and readied to be buried. She seemed hesitant to give it to them, but she had decided to go through with it after Alec had been released from the hospital.

“I am sorry if crossed the line. But I only wanted you to have hard evidence that you were a family, that Elena made it into this world and you had her in your arms,” she explained tentatively, eyes watery and countenance splinted.

Words like a bird shutdown mid-flight rushed out of him as his fingertips brushed over his daughter’s sweet face on the picture and his tearlogged eyes honed in on it.

“Oh, God! Elena—”

He felt as if his skin had been peeled off layer by layer and vinegar had been poured in between.

The most broken sounds ruptured his throat—a bloody battle between guttural sobs and harsh cries.

Both of their hearts had been defenestrated out of their bodies with this picture.

He couldn’t hear nor see anything; all his focus was on the photograph clasped in his tremulous hands.

“Thank you, dear Catarina,” whispered Magnus, voice a tear-strangled mess. It was a challenge to keep it together in the face of this new wave of pain. Though, he didn’t blame his best friend.

Sorrow wasn’t the end of their journey. In all this darkness and pain, light is surely hidden for them to find—together.

Always together.

After Cat left quietly, he let himself crash into Magnus’s waiting arms. With a loud guttural scream, he uprooted all the pain which had entwined itself in every cell that formed him—it hurt—the sensation of being taken apart, to feel the sharpness of pain shred every fiber and feel the force of such pain pulverize every atom. But no one could heal if the cause of such pain wasn’t treated, cut off, cauterized, stitched. To feel like this, shattered and made to gather the pieces and encouraged to put them together, it was an important step—that first step was a life-saver.

The screams were no longer trapped in his chest, they had been freed by Elena’s peaceful expression and lifeless body through a picture and in a moment when he couldn’t feel anything but
numbness on a hospital bed.

Grief had shattered his soul. And said soul had left him in each tear he had cried.

The picture clutched in his hand trembled with him—they had been a family for a brief time. It had been real, like all this pain within him and inside Magnus.

*****

Several weeks after Elena’s death, Toshio sent he and Magnus a compact lacquered chest etched with a red snapper fish (which according to Magnus was associated with happiness in Japan) as well as a couple of koi carps (which represent love, perseverance, and happiness). Inside it were: three small vials with an iridescent pink potion, a potion recipe, and a letter.

Dear Alec and Magnus,

Fujihiro and I are truly sorry for your loss. Please let us express through this letter our condolences in these difficult and painful times. We apologize we can’t be there physically, but we’re dealing with some troublesome yokai infestation.

I understand it will take time to heal from the passing of your beloved child, but life continues and by living bravely and happily, you will honor her.

I recently found a book of spells which belonged to my great-grandfather. In this book, I found this potion. His wife, my great-grandmother had difficulty conceiving and bringing the pregnancy to full-term, thus he devoted himself to create a potion to help her with this matter. And, he was successful. After she drank this potion for three consecutive months on each full moon at midnight before coupling, she was able to get pregnant and give birth safely several times. When you are ready and if it suits you—if you wish it—please drink this potion, dear Alec. I’m attaching the recipe in case Magnus wants to study the ingredients and replicate it as need it.

May the Mother bless you both and kami hear your prayers.

Yours truly,

Toshio~

Their gazes fell on one another, no word sprouted from their mouths—the loss was too recent, the wounds too fresh, and the pain lingered. So, Alec placed everything back in the chest quietly, carefully, with curiosity about the future when its content might be used. They still grieved and cried and lamented and held onto each other desperately, but in this chest, there was hope. A hope which lit up sparks inside his mourning heart. He saw it too in Magnus’s brown eyes, he saw fading embers come alight timidly.

Alec turned to him and slowly got closer, until there was barely a stone’s throw distance between them. Word were not needed, only their arms upon one another, their eyes drifting close, and their lips parted for the encounter.

His Omega fed him intentional kisses—long and tender and with a hint of desperation, and he ate them greedily like a famished beast.

To kiss Magnus was a gift he gave to himself, every kiss planted and swallowed filled his belly with warmth. A warmth he hadn’t felt since Elena’s death.

Perhaps not all was lost.
Time. Only time will tell…

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!

PS: The fight is not over and it isn't our last hunt. Keep up the pressure on social media and tweeting #SaveShadowhunters #PickUpShadowhunter
They haven’t been intimate since Elena’s death almost four months ago. He hadn’t felt the desire, in spite of his ever-growing love for Magnus. He felt himself as if grieving out of all happiness in his heart, and he knew he couldn’t continue like this. Because, Magnus needed and loved him, and he felt the same.

Catarina’s words came to him like a deluge—a deluge which threatened to drown him.

"When a mating bond is sealed, the Omega can’t bear anyone else’s pups because their body will reject any person who isn’t their mate. This applies to the Alpha as well."

What if he couldn’t get pregnant again? What if he did get pregnant but miscarriage? What is he lost another child like he did Elena?

What if…

Agonizing thought after agonizing thought came to him, they piled inside his head one on top of the other rapidly and without respite, until they made his mind dizzy and his feet unbalanced. Thank goodness Magnus’s strong arms held him securely from behind in an enveloping embrace.

Alec turned around fully in his arms, and then wrapped his own arms around him. Ample rosy lips placed a tiny kiss on the tip of his nose, and afterwards they wander down and settled snug on his lips.

Each of Alec’s kisses were like the most exquisite cup of tea—aromatic, light, and flavorful. A feast for his taste buds.

With bated breath, the young Shadowhunter spoke, ‘I’m-I’m a mess. A chaos of emotions. I-I
can’t…”

This pain was like a lamprey, it sucked the lifeblood out of Alec and left behind a gaping hole.

Oh, how he wanted to take upon himself his Omega’s pain, for it to drain him dry instead of his sweet mate. The feeling of a love so profound and big that the rest of the world didn’t mattered at all—not when they were together—invaded him. And with it, he let the words find flight.

Magnus leaned in closer and touched their foreheads together and pressed their bodies closer as one ringed hand came up to caress his cheek. With teary eyes full of love and desperation, his Alpha whispered, “Alexander, you’re my chaotic mess of emotions, so perfect for me. And I adore you so much that I frighten myself.”

What could he reply to that confession that could actually express what he felt?

The truth. Only the truth.

“A part of my heart feels empty. My body feels achingly empty—empty of her. And not the comforting kind of empty of having her in my arms. I feel devoid of warmth and love and hope. Like she took with her part of my happiness. But I know I have to keep going, because I have you who I love above everything else. Magnus, make love to me. I need you. I need your comfort. I want you. Make me whole again,” the words came out of him without pause or hesitation—a patched-up prayer stitched with fervent devotion.

Alec felt a sadness so big and deep, it felt as if it was trying to crush and swallow him all at the same time. He could feel its weight on him, around him, feel its tentacles slither inside of him and spread mortar-like ink. And Magnus was the only one who could save him.

Those words ripped his heart into smithereens with utmost brutality and for a moment he couldn’t speak. After a brief pause, his answer made it past his barely functional throat.

“Oh, Alexander, I love and want and need you too, so much. Let’s make each other whole again, hayete (my life),” sussurred his mate as he carried him in his arms effortlessly, and then walked towards their bedroom.

All the while, their lips sought each other out and coalesced into a rich and sultry kiss that tasted like vanilla, cinnamon, and almond. Their tongues moved almost wildly inside their mouths and on one another’s spit-slicked lips as if they wanted to lick every flavor upon each other. Needy sounds slipped past the hairsbreadth space between their voracious mouths while mischievous teeth playfully teased sensitive bruised lips.

Meaningful kisses, no matter how long or short—from Alec’s lips—always catapulted him into a temporary meditative state. It always amazed him how such a simple carnal act had become daily ritual ablutions.

His Alexander had given life to his moribund existence.

Alec found himself on their bed, his back against pitch-black silk sheets embroidered with gold thread. Candles everywhere and the sweet aroma of Lily of the Valley infused the air and that of sandalwood light and woody on Magnus’s hair—thoughtful little details that triggered something forgotten in him as a man and heightened his sexual desire to new levels.

Mate. Alec wanted him like never before.

Slowly, the older man’s slender ringless fingers pulled at the belt of his light-gray cotton bathrobe
and once opened, gentle fingertips slid it off his shoulders and arms in an unintentional sensual
drag that made his body quiver pleasantly from head to toes.

*Alpha.* The Omega side of him *needed* him with crazy urgency.

He wanted to burn in Magnus’s hellfire, for all of him to be eaten by his flames, and for no ashes to
remain.

*Magnus.* All of him screamed a love he could no longer contain.

Magnus took care of his soul so well that his body craved his touch.

Wordlessly, the High Warlock pulled down his black boxers and left him completely bare. A half-
hard cock bobbed in the cool air briefly before it fell against his stomach.

“Ngh!”

His mate’s hands took a hold of his left foot and kiss by kiss, lick by lick, nibble by nibble, Magnus
made his way torturously slow up his leg. Each kiss was a silent promise, a quiet blessing, between
his skin and Magnus’s lips.

“I touch you, like I haven’t touched another—on you, my hands and lips and eyes and tongue and
entire being become fervently devoted to arouse desire and give you pleasure,” murmured his
Alpha against his skin with fiery breath, brown eyes now feline.

His body which called Alec his home, committed itself to worship every inch of sacred skin. Every
square inch of Alec had so much numinous golden light that he wanted to drink it up with every
kiss, lick, and suck.

Just the thought of Magnus’s breath hot on his flesh, branding kisses and tracing his runes was
enough to splay his legs and ignite white flames at the base of his stomach. With them, there was
not only a blessed union of bodies but also a profound communion of souls.

“Mmm…, oh, God!”

The High Warlock moved down, down, down his body, until his face disappeared between his
trembling thighs. His Alpha’s tongue lapped at his oversensitive entrance, it’s tip contoured his
twitching rim, and he felt himself melt. Their scents combined went from tangy to sweet to spicy as
the ministrations escalated—a redolence totally different from Heat-Scent.

“Ah, Magnus!” he cried out at the same time his toes dug in the mattress and his back arched and
his hands clawed at the sheets.

He wanted to weave his love and desire for Alec on that expanse of runed skin with every part of
him, to show his gorgeous and brave Omega how much he was cherished and adored, and how
valuable he was.

“Ngh…, fuc-k!”

Alec’s sturdy long legs spread like unabashed tree branches as they opened up for him. His slick-
covered thighs welcomed his tongue into the heat of his walls and made something inside of
Magnus implode. No matter how many times they’ve become one, this show of pure trust and
absolute surrender was like looking at a surrealistic painting—fantastical, dreamlike, and capable
of making his mind short circuit.
“Plea-se, oh! Ma-Magnus…, now, now…”

Pleasure after pleasure after pleasure—that’s how it felt to make love with Magnus. Yet at the same time, it also felt as if he was drowning in a deep well of unconditional love.

“Yes, keep calling my name, darling. I’ll give you anything you want, everything you need,” the Alpha whispered as he licked up his cock and sucked on the tip of the flushed head and teased his slit, and then licked his way up his navel and chest and flicked his tongue on his sensitive, erect nubs.

Alec’s hands held on tighter on the sheets and his eyes fluttered closed and his entire body shuddered—he was at the brink of climax, so close.

“Hah! Ah, ah! Al-pha…”

He could map Alec’s body hundred and hundreds of times, and not once find it boring. Every time, it was as if the first time—exciting and new. It was like looking at the stars or at the moon, a wondrous experience which bewitched his soul’s every corner.

Magnus’s arms wrapped around his shaky thighs and lifted his hips as he lined up to enter him. His own arms were thrown over his head and his hands held handfuls of ultra-soft dark silk. Their eyes remained anchored on one another, hungry at the sight of each other, and their bruised lips stung by reckless need, longed for more as heavy pants parted them. The down pillows beneath his ass were already dampened with slick, but when his Alpha slid inside of him with one smooth, sharp thrust it felt as if all the slick in his body had streamed out of him to welcome Magnus’s cock, which his body had missed after months of grieving and abstinence.

Unshackled, throaty moans and breathless whines breezed out of him, one of top of the other, until they staggered and stumbled into a chocked-off cry of pleasure.

“Haah! Ungh…”

His mate’s inner walls were like deep summer heat—scorching and all-consuming.

“Oh, Alexander! You’re so tight and hot, so good…, ngh!”, he rasped as their bodies moved together in a steady and rhythmic cadence.

Alec’s soul was made out of ether and earth, divine light shone in every corner of his soul. He was sacred and human and flawed, yet his heart, mind, and conscience glowed with incorruptible flames. Love made him and grew him, and Magnus will make sure it’ll keep him. Always.

They found each other again through pain—the pain of the children they have loved and lost.

Elena’s short existence and premature death had changed them as individuals and as a couple; their child’s fate had changed them all—they were closer now. A life-altering change. But everything changes, even the positioning of the stars in the sky after centuries isn’t the same as when our ancestors lived; it was natural, inevitable, to change.

Curled up together in bed—face to face—after the knot had receded and Magnus had magically cleaned them, his Alpha spoke in a sleepy quiet voice.

“Decades ago, when I was struggling with feelings of self-worth and despondency after being hit by Rabel’s mind-curse and the death of Emilia and Francisco, Akihito Sugawara sensei told me that, our scars, chips, and cracks could be fixed with precious golden varnish. That just like broken Japanese pottery was given a second chance with kintsukuroi or ‘golden repair’ by filling the
cracks with a special lacquer made of powdered gold, silver, or platinum—humans are also given a second chance to live after taking a beating from life’s circumstances. Till this day, I remember his words verbatim.”

His eyes were as if a compass and they only pointed towards Magnus—always. There was something about those brown eyes that made him feel at peace.

After a brief pause to kiss Alec’s forehead, the Alpha continued.

‘‘Magnus’, he had said in his ever-soothing voice, ‘we humans worship perfection because it doesn’t exist. And what doesn’t exist is beautiful and ideal to us—we are attracted to beauty and the divine because we are far from it. But blemishes add character. Pure white is free from color and pure black is absent of light—both are at extreme opposites, both are perfect qualities and that which makes us, us, are our powdered gold and they fill our cracks. Let those seams of gold glimmer freely, because there is no need to be ashamed of the scars left by a life lived and faced head-on.’’

“Wow.”

“Yes, sensei was an enlightened person, a humble man who saw souls and knew how to talk to them.”

Alec didn’t know what else to say, only that he was grateful sensei had left those words with Magnus. He wanted more than ever to let his cracks be filled with gold—to draw strength from his pain, to let himself believe that they could still be happy despite intervals of oppressive darkness.

Thinking about it carefully and with the thick veil of pain momentarily lifted, all their losses had shown them one unchangeable truth—he and Magnus were in this journey together, the heartbreaks had made their love, respect, and admiration for one another even stronger.

Together.

As long as they were together, they could keep walking ahead, pain and all.

They both needed to take time to heal, to be filled by gold.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!

PS: Remember #SaveShadowhunters
Chapter 35

Chapter Summary

Malec

Chapter Notes

Hello,
As always, thank you so much for all your comments and kudos. Keep them coming, lol ;D
Please enjoy this kind of long chapter. I hope you like it.
Happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Magnus had just given him a head to toes massage with a rich aromatic myrrh and frankincense balm he had made himself. It felt cleansing and helped his skin and muscles relax and de-stress. Alec was pretty sure he’ll soon fall asleep on the sofa after a hot drink.

He sat down with a cup of orange and cinnamon tea he had just brewed. Immediately, his mate made his way towards him dressed in his favorite cobalt blue/black silk pajamas and in a graceful movement, laid down and put his head on his lap.

“What would you say about going away for a few days?” the High Warlock asked tentatively, brown eyes hopeful.

A trip. It was tempting but he felt guilty for wanting to escape—guilty for breaking his mourning, for even thinking about allowing himself to feel a bit excited, for desiring fresh air. Before he answered, he took a sip of his flavorful tea.

“Magnus, I don’t feel like it…”

A brief pause extended, but soon enough the warlock’s words filled the air.

“It will do you good, it will do us both good. We need it, Alec. A lot has happened and we’re drained in every aspect. Please consider it,” his mate insisted in a low, gentle voice full of concern. The weight of his Alpha’s head on his lap a comforting feel.

Magnus always had a way with words; he possessed an almost preternatural gift of persuasion—irresistible yet not forceful.

A mild sigh escaped his mouth.

“But, the Institute…”

Without pause, his mate retorted, “The Institute can survive with its shining Head for a few days.
And I’m sure your family will be more than happy to take over.”

A few seconds past before he finally replied, “I’ll think about it.”

A ringed, slender hand went up to settle on his right cheek and caressed it affectionately. Their bond juddered with a sort of sweet intensity that made a chill run up his spine.

“Alexander, I love you more than anything and I want you to be safe. Do you know why I am not reckless and protect my body so much? It isn’t just because I value my life, but most importantly, it’s because this body of mine isn’t only mine but also yours—not only our souls are connected but our bodies as well. So please, take good care of your body because it is also mine as well. We are of one body and soul, almost literally—linked in life and death.”

Those words held onto him firmly and rooted him in place. They were a wake-up call.

Linked in life and death.

Alec didn’t want to think about death anymore—he wanted to live, to live for his first pup and for Elena, to live for himself and for Magnus and for all the people who loved him.

To live.

He wanted to live.

He will live.

*****

Before they left on their trip, he sent a proposal to Jia and the Clave. His proposal was to establish safe spaces at the Institutes where Omegas/and mother could breastfeed their pups and also pump milk. These places were absolutely necessary to help with the bonding experience between pups and parents, and also for the parents to feel comfortable/safe. He was relieved to witness that since the old council had been prosecuted and a new one had been put in place, with diverse people who represented different Second Gender groups (Alphas/Omegas/Betas), that the voice of the oppressed groups had grown louder and was being heard. More and more proposals like his own had been pouring from Institutes across the world to the Clave. Baby-steps made important changes after all.

*****

The portal opened in their living room and they went off on this adventure hand-in-hand.

For a few days, they forgot about their responsibilities and got lost in the world and its wonders.

“This trip will help you, us, to de-stress; it’ll be good for our overall health and wellbeing. Our hearts are shattered, but we’re still alive, my soul.”

At first, he had been hesitant about this trip. He felt as if he was betraying and disrespecting the memory of his Elena if he let himself smile or laugh or feel joy.

“Alexander, my life and my time began to move forward when I met you. And I want us to keep moving forward together. Doing so, isn’t a betrayal to our Elena’s memory. Let’s honor her by living.”

Magnus always knew what to say and how to say it, his wise words always came at the times he
needed them the most. Alec felt he had to be in an unbroken state of mourning after losing her. But maybe he had been mistaken. Pain had a way to sculpt a person into someone stronger, kinder, resilient, and more empathetic. If only we don’t let the heartbreaks and challenges make our soul a crippled victim.

La Habana, Cuba was like a fantastical dream, a flash from the past—the 50’s to be exact. Of course, it had its more modern conveniences and newer buildings, but he found himself charmed by the ‘Old Havana’ with its old, colorful colonial buildings and cobblestone streets, friendly people and lively salsa music playing from well kept, bright-colored vintage cars or homes with their windows thrown open.

“Not much has changed since I was here a few years ago,” said Magnus with an almost sad expression as they walked the bustling streets of central Havana shoulder-to-shoulder. “Not the government or the poor areas nor the kind, smiling people.”

There was pain here, loss of freedom, regret, there was darkness in this sun-drenched Caribbean Island, yet its people refused to give up. They continue to fight, to live, to hope maybe, to look ahead. Happiness wasn’t a full course but sprinkled here and there—he was sure there was a lesson here to be learned.

Children played on the streets without distractions from cellphones or any technology—they rode their bikes, played soccer, or some other made up game. They had so little yet made the best of what they had—it was a much-needed reminder. There was still hope here.

The food was to die for, so flavorful and rich. He hadn’t eaten much since Elena’s passing; his body didn’t crave for anything. But all it took for his mouth to water and his stomach to rumble was to catch a whiff of Cuban cuisine. They could have gone to a five-star restaurant or those frequented by tourists, but Magnus assured him those places didn’t hold a candle to the more modest restaurants in the island. When his mate had told him that he knew a place where the best home-cooked Cuban food was made, curiosity tickled his mind. He didn’t expect such a small restaurant with only five tables, hidden in a corner of an old building in Old Havana.

“Oh, is this-?” the older lady half-asked with a heavy accent at the same time she looked between
them knowingly.

Fighting an almost giddy smile, Magnus nodded and then spoke, “Yes, he is the one. This is Alec.”

The one. Alec didn’t know he could love the man in front of him even more than he already did nor that he could fall in love all over again or want to kiss him so much it was almost unbearable.

“Alec, this is Mamá Carmen. I met her fifty years ago when she married Mario, an old friend of mine and a Werewolf. He passed away a few years ago defending some children from a Revenant (aggressive, powerful ghost),” explained his mate, tone somber.

One of her wrinkled yet firm hands reached for one of his own as the other went up to his face and touched it affectionately as if she knew him or had been expecting him.

“Familia. Por fin ya no estas solo. No lo dejes ir, Magnus. El te hace feliz y los dos se aman.” (Family. You’re not alone anymore. Don’t let him go, Magnus. He makes you happy and you love each other.)

He didn’t know exactly what she said, but by the way Magnus gazed at him, he didn’t need to know to understand.

After the introduction, they sat on the table that was next to a window. From there, the clear starry sky could be see without much obstruction. A pleasant fresh breeze ruffled their hair gently and brought with it the smells of Cuban cigar and delicious food. Mamá Carmen sat with them as they enjoyed savory dish after savory dish—Ropa Vieja (shredded flank steak in a tomato sauce base, olives and capers coupled with yellow rice, black beans and fried sweet plantains), Pernil Asado con Mojo (Mojo-Marinated Pork Shoulder Roast) was greasy and messy but oh, so good with its citrusy flavor, Pescao en Escabeche (fish with escabeche sauce) was a simple dish flavored with garlic, yellow onion, bell pepper, and a few bay leaves but which made him ask for seconds. This wonderful celebration of flavor ended with a cup of the best coffee he has ever tasted in his life and the most scrumptious cookies he had eaten in a while (torticas de morón- shortbread cookie with cream cheese, guava and sprinkles of sea salt on top).

While they ate, Magnus and Mamá Carmen talked animatedly, and his mate translated for him. Laughter and some tears, music and good food, warmth and friendship—it was a perfect moment.

Alec will never forget Cuba nor how its people stirred hope inside him. It was a first for him to miss the feelings strangers and new friends in a faraway place awoke in him—strength of spirit and kindness didn’t have borders. He couldn’t wait to go back.

It did him good to put distance between New York and himself, to distract his mind and shake himself off. Since Elena’s passing, he had felt too much every day, constantly. So much so that he had become emotionally sedated by the overwhelming amount of pain and distress.

Japan was always a favorite destination, there was always so much to see. This time they went to Gifu Prefecture at night to enjoy Himebotaru (fireflies in the forest). The dark bamboo groves in the darkness were an otherworldly sight, like a fantasy. It left him breathless as his wide eyes took in the mesmerizing view. The fireflies’ luminescent golden light parted the darkness in a midnight ensorcelling dance. They also visited ‘The Pond with No Name’ or as it’s famously called ‘Monet’s Pond’ in Nemichijinja Shrine in Gifu. It became known as such because it resembles Claude Monet’s ‘Water Lilies’ painting with its green, blues and violet water colors. The koi swam freely and gracefully in this lovely pond. The pictures he took with his phone per Izzy’s request didn’t do it justice. Most beautiful things couldn’t be fully capture in a photograph.
The day after, they went to Tsurui, Hokkaido to see the graceful red-crowned crane in the wetland of Kushino Shitsugen National Park. “These majestic birds are seen as a symbol of longevity and have been cherished by the Japanese for centuries,” had explained Magnus while he took in the glorious view of the shimmery water, luscious trees, and treasured cranes as they move about. “They are normally migrant, but here they can be seen year-round. And there are now over a 1000 and growing steadily. The word ‘Tsurui’ means ‘village where cranes stay’, so you can understand how important they are for the Japanese,” his mate concluded.

Oita Prefecture was their next stop. Nada Kaigan in Kitsuki was one of the most stunning beaches he has ever seen—white, soft sand and innumerable pine trees along the coast and a line of enormous rocks protruding from the water—it was an astounding sight as their eyes captured the sunrise. The landscape was made even more ethereal by the sacred, almost 1290-year-old Nada-gu Shrine enthroned on the tallest boulder. Peach, orange and lavender skies reflected on the fiery sea and created a play of pastel colors. The bright light from the sun above, emblazed the most sumptuous golden path between one of the smallest rocks and the shrine. He had always been partial to sunsets, but this sunrise was one-of-a-kind. Magnificent.

They visited Omicho Market in Kanazawa, Ishigawa just to try soft ice cream sumptuously wrapped with high-quality, edible gold leaves. The glittery lavish sweet was not only a feast for the eyes but a delight for the tongue. He wasn’t typically a sweets man, but Japanese deserts always managed to give him a sweet-tooth. In one of the many Tokyo cafes, they enjoyed some scrumptious Japanese matcha (powdered, high quality green tea) with higashi (traditional dry confectionary), which were shaped in detailed pink camellia flowers and pine leaves. Of course, they will take home a generous amount of both.

Magnus insisted they went to an old shopping mall, north of JR (Japan Railway) Nakano Station called ‘Nakano Broadway.’ There they tasted the tallest soft ice cream cone he has ever seen in his life—the extremely popular 8-swirl deluxe. This ice cream cone had eight mouthwatering flavors which represented the spring season—strawberry, vanilla, green-tea, chocolate, café-latte, cherry blossom, honey, and cotton candy. To be honest, he didn’t know how he finished it all, even the cone nor how he didn’t get a stomachache. Was it Magnus’s magic or was his stomach made out of iron? He didn’t know and really didn’t care—eating delicious food was one of the few pleasures he didn’t dare to deny himself. They enjoyed other delicious local specialties and by the end of the day he was sure he had gained a few pounds.

They couldn’t leave Japan without going to a Hanabi Festival (firework viewing). Leave it to the Japanese to put on a spectacle to always remember. To the festival, he wore a rich emerald green yukata (lightweight cotton robe) with a silk and linen woven silver obi, and traditional geta sandals in black. His Alpha made him hot under the collar looking stunning in an all-black yukata embroidered in gold at the hems and fastened with a black leather whipstitch obi belt with tassels on each tie ends, and black geta sandals. Let’s say it took him a moment to remember how to breathe again after such an appetizing sight.

The electric and intense atmosphere at Sumidagawa Hanabi in Tokyo was insane. Many people were dressed in yukata and mats were layout throughout the grass to enjoy the show. Before it started Magnus gave him a little background about the origins of this fireworks event.

“This festival was one of the country’s first major fireworks show back in 1732. I was here with Cat and Ragnor and a few other warlocks. It’s the oldest firework demonstration in the world. That first event was funded by a Shogun as a way to distract the citizens from revolution at a time of famine and economic collapse. As you can see, it’s still very popular and one of the biggest summer festivals,” the High Warlock explained as he let his eyes scan the surroundings.
Alec will never cease to be amazed by Magnus’s worldly knowledge. He was glad to be here with him, in a country they both loved and enjoying something so beautiful. He was happy to be in a place where Magnus had been centuries ago and be able to witness this together.

As everyone focused on the fireworks that illuminated the sky—including his Omega—he was more distracted with how the light of the fireworks colored auroras on Alec’s skin than the impressive spectacle in the sky. To see his wide-eyed expression and wonder, to sense happiness and renewed energy—it was the most delightful feeling.

“Ai shiteru, Alexander (I love you—Japanese),” he murmured, his gaze still upon his favorite view. He didn’t expect an answer or for his mate to have heard him, but the young Shadowhunter gave him a side-glance and held his left hand at the same time an ample smile stretched his lips.

Magnus was sure his heart could be heard more loudly than the fireworks.

**Chiang Mai, northern Thailand** (second city) was their last stop, and what a wild ride it was. They arrive just in time for Buddhist New Year. The enthusiasm and joy of the local residents and those who had moved but had come back to celebrate this important holiday, was palpable. This celebration had it all—from religious processions to much more playful antics, like water-warring shenanigans. In the middle of April, a sticky, wilting haze filled the air—it was hot and humid and the rains that are to come late May seem to want to come earlier. But it held back. This city with its 300-plus temples and serene-looking gilded Buddhas, imposing mountains which surrounded the city and the scents of ultra-spiced street food/ripped mango/tropical frangipani and people with buckets of water abrim, plastic water guns filled and thumbs pressed over hose tips—it was exceedingly contradicting. He was enthralled.

Families wore matching colorful Hawaiian shirts with floral garlands around their necks. Because Magnus wasn’t one to be left out, they wore matching flamingo themed Hawaiian shirts much to his embarrassment. Pink flamingoes and palm trees over a white background, it could have been worse. The High Warlock got a kick out of it and grinned widely, and Alec was gone. Plus, the garlands his Alpha bought from a street vendor smelled divine—white plumeria, orchids, and jasmine blossoms.

Songkran which means ‘Transformation’ of ‘change’ in Sanskrit (is the spray-and-pray festival) marked the Buddhist New Year and it was bewildering to say the least. It was an interesting mix of religious activities and all-out fun. At first light, families poured into the silent, dark wooden gabled temples with their offerings of carefully cut paper flags called ‘prayer flags’ (many of which were themed with zodiac signs and are said to bring luck), bags/buckets of sand (which represented the earth that the believers had carried out on their feet the year before), and saffron-perfumed, jasmine-petaled water (which is sprinkled over the head of one of the Buddhas). Orange-robed monks welcomed the worshippers and prayed and swung thuribles (incense burners which hanged from a chain) while prayers/blessings were chanted.

This festival was symbolic of renewal, the birth and hope of a new year, a new opportunity to improve and grow.

Of course, they were invited to participate in the madness that was this so called ‘aquatic war’. Water guns were provided to them by a young family who insisted they join in the fun with bright, welcoming smiles. They spoke but he didn’t understand, but Magnus did. “They are telling us to join this craziness. This super-wet madness is an important part of welcoming the new year by washing away the old year. It’s a blessing, a fresh start. A good beginning for the new year,” explained his mate. And so, they did—they got one another and others around them soaked. It felt good, to let go and be free of responsibilities, of pain if only temporarily, to be like a child.
Laughter bubbled out of him unrestrained, a sting of guilt pierced him and Magnus knew but didn’t say anything, only smiled poignantly.

People were so kind and respectful—he didn’t feel like an outsider in this holy celebration.

They ate khaep mu (deep-fried pork rind) and chao kuai (bitter, black herb jelly), and patiently waited for the procession of graceful and cheerful dancers and musicians and flower smothered floats each with a Buddha from one of the temples upon it. The old and young filled the streets in this elaborate and raucous event. It was impossible not to be affected by the contagious happiness. These days spent here and on this overall trip, will always be imprinted in his mind and in his spirit.

To see Alec like this—easy smiles upon his lips and rich laughter out of his chest, eyes bright and wide as a child and without a care in the world—it was a gift.

Every drop of his blood wasn’t only branded with magic but with Alec’s scent. His mate had taken root in his veins. He needed Alec because he loved him, because he was what his soul longed for. If Alec was happy, he was happy. If Alec was sad, he was sad. They were soul-bound in every way two people could be to one another. Sempiternally.

Their trip came and went in what felt like the blink of an eye. Secretly, Alec wished it didn’t have to end. New York held bad memories for him, he didn’t want to be swallowed up again by them. But it was an illogical thought, because his memories lived in his mind and not in a place, yet here he was dreading the trip back.

As if Magnus had read his mind, he hold onto his hand tightly and before they walked into the portal, he said, “I’m glad I fell in love with you. I’m grateful you fell in love with me. Meeting you, being soul-bonds and mates are some of the best things that have ever happened to me. And I will forever treasure each memory, every moment spend with you. Alec Gideon Lightwood-Bane, you made me look forward instead of staying in the past. Thank you for showing me how to live,” his Alpha uttered, voice soft and visage tender.

To look forward.

The words he needed to hear always came from the wise man he called his mate. He never saw the shadows around him when he looked at his Alpha’s face, only his beaming love.

A smile drew itself on his lips before he replied, “Thank you for being my sun.”

*****

One morning—days after their trip—Alec woke up to a bed variegated with pink and red rose petals and kisses upon his face and hands framing his face. Sat on the edge of the bed was the source of these delightful gestures, with a velvety fond smile on his alluring lips and brown eyes overfilled with a warmth he wanted to live in forever.

“Magnus…”

Now, his Alpha had crawled into bed and between his legs, skin warm and chest bare except for a familiar charm. Whenever he saw the omamori he gave Magnus after their first Tokyo date carefully set on a red silk cord around his neck, he couldn’t help the series of pirouettes his heart did at the sight.

A wreath of giggles left him as smooth warm lips drew unknown symbols upon his naked chest.
“Magnus, what’re you doing?” he whispered with laughter in his voice at the same time his fingers played with satiny raven locks.

With a mischievous dark-eyed glance and a playful smirk, his mate replied in a smoky voice, “Worshipping your body by kissing every inch of skin.”

He shook his head affectionately and let his lips draw a smile.

“You know…, it isn’t fair that your runes get to kiss your flesh all day long and I don’t,” the High Warlock complained as he mouthed at his left nipple.

A drawn-out moan surfed out of him with ease and arched his back.

“Who would have known you were so possessive and jealous…”, he responded before another moan parted his lips.

Giving his right nipple its freedom briefly, the older man retorted voice sultry against his skin, “And you love it.”

A smirk of his own curled his lips as his fingers played with satiny, glossy-ebony hair and his gaze sank into Magnus’s deep brown eyes, which were always comforting like summer sunsets, filling him with the feeling of home.

“Yes, I do. Very much.”

It was only natural for him to claim those lips for his own, and for his hands to reel in the cause of his stirred heart and rapidly burning skin—in a sultry kiss and a snug embrace, they descended together into a pleasurable inferno of delicious sensations.

“Ungh! Haah…, love you…”

Others knew only angles of him, the sides he wanted to show—but Magnus knew each corner and line and what filled those open and closed spaces. Only him. Only this man who had made his way into his soul with bold courage.

“Mmm, me too…, my angel.”

Alec’s mouth tasted like pure river water and his skin like almonds toasted by the sun. Their lips crashed hard and ebbed slowly just like the waves against the seashore.

Magnus decorated his soul with a lush garden of love, happiness, laughter and tears. And tended to it each and every day unfailingly.

Elena will always live in their hearts and their love for her will never fade. With courage, they will keep moving forward. Together.

Together, towards the future. Whatever it may hold.
Thanks for reading!
Chapter Summary

Alec + Cat + Izzy
Malec

Chapter Notes

Hello,
I hope this new chapter helps mend your hearts a bit. Thank you all who have left kudos and always take the time to leave a nice comment. You always put a smile on my face. Please enjoy :)

Happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A smiley face on a stick and two pink lines on the other.
A positive blood test.
A hand over his belly which glowed with golden light.
Smiles upon his dear friend’s emotional face and on his excited sister’s visage.
Waves of emotions. A barrage of feelings within.
His heart lambasted with echoing words.
Cold hands and shaky limbs, heart a drum roll and stomach assaulted by violent carps, lungs burning and mouth dry; stinging eyes and rapid short breaths, weak knees and throat tightly wound.
Mind a rainbow-colored amalgamation of thoughts.
A soul-bond that reverberated with a myriad of impossible to name sentiments.

*It wasn’t a dream, right?*

After the death of Elena, they had waited a year to try for another pup. Cat per Alec’s request, made him potions to heal and strengthen his womb. He had heard from her how Omega Downworlders swore by them—though he didn’t know if they were meant to fight the damage the Omega Suppressant Rune has caused. Though, he also felt Rabel’s magic course through him, as if it was still determined to heal him. He also drank Toshio’s potion as directed—all of these careful preparations were done with timid hope, slight fear, and profound love.
Then, at last, he heard the words he had longed for.

“Your suspicions were right. The tests confirm it.”

Catarina’s wide smile set his heart aflutter.

“Yes. You carry life inside you, my dear Alec. Congratulations!”

He felt affectionate arms embrace him—his sister’s or Cat’s—he couldn’t tell because while his body was there, his mind became entangled in a storm of contradictory thoughts and countless emotions swarmed him with such an intensity that his vision almost went blank.

“When will you tell Magnus?” Cat’s voice and his sister’s enthusiastic screams momentarily faded away and fell away from his ears.

Pregnant.

He was pregnant again.

Magnus.

He felt elated but terrified.

Magnus.

He needed to tell him right away.

“Alec. Alec? Are you okay?”, his sister’s insistent voice snapped him out of his thoughts at least for a moment, enough to settled their worried expressions.

A forceful swallow almost made him gag. But the joy that filled him up made his heart jump from emotion to emotion between one breath and the next.

“I-I’m fine.”

Fear choked his throat yet he couldn’t help but laugh and laugh hysterically while jumping up and down clapping his hands to quickly spiral into inconsolable sobbing.

It has been two years, since he miscarried their first child. Alec still grieved for him.

A bit over a year had passed since they lost their dear Elena. And he still hurt from her loss, ached for her sweet small face— they both did.

And now, he had been given another opportunity to give Magnus a family, to make him a father.

“I wish I could see Magnus’s face when you tell him. Well, I’ll be going now,” voiced his friend with a radiant smile.

A portal opened in the middle of the living room, but before Catarina step in it, he walked towards the white-haired warlock and gave her a kiss on the cheek. She has been so kind to him, to them, and he was glad Magnus had her as a friend for all these centuries. Cat had been by their side to support and console them when he had his first miscarriage. It had been her who had wrapped Elena in the softest cotton blanket and put her tiny, lifeless body in his arms. She had dried his tears and gathered Magnus into her arms when Alec pretended to sleep and Magnus had broken down in the hospital room. She was family.
“Thank you, Cat.”

“You welcome. Make sure to make an appointment with Guillermo as soon as possible. And, I want to see you every couple of weeks, because I assume I will be your midwife, right?”, she said with a knowing look in her sky-blue twinkling eyes.

Despite himself and the apprehension he felt, a smile spilled on his lips and then, he nodded.

“I wouldn’t have anyone else.”

“Smart man. Bye, Isabelle.”

“See you soon, Cat,” Izzy replied with a smile.

He had called Cat to the loft in the middle of the day after having left the Institute in a hurry. His stomach had been bothering him for a handful of days, he hadn’t been able to keep anything down except for salty crackers and warm milk with honey. And he was feeling sleepier as of late, his body heavy with exhaustion as well as becoming extremely sensitive to smells. Every scent he had been okay with before now, had become intolerable and vomit-inducing—except of course that of his mate, which unfailingly soothed him.

Alec had experienced this before and even without pregnancy tests he was certain of what was the cause, yet he couldn’t bring himself to take the tests alone. So, he had called Cat and asked Izzy to accompany him for moral support. Peeing on a stick while his hands were trembling uncontrollably was a feat, and even more so standing on jelly-like legs while he waited for the results.

Thinking back to earlier this morning, he remembered Magnus’s words whispered against his sleep-warm skin while his Alpha kissed down his neck all the way down his back and even further down. His mate had nearly spoke the words he still didn’t dare to believe.

“Darling, you smell so very sweet and much more enticing than usual, like lavender and chamomile and raw honey mixed in together, but also—sweet peas. And your lips and your skin, they taste just as delicious. Could it be that you are-”

Alec hadn’t let him finish his sentence lest it wasn’t true. He had abruptly rolled over and rose up to devour his warlock’s alluring lips, and once words and thoughts were scattered by smooth licks, careful nips, and frantic sucks, his hands had dashed down to clasp around Magnus’s bare hips. Long legs splayed and knees drawn up and his Alpha encased between his thighs, he had lifted his hips and met their counterpart in the middle in a mouth-watering moment that left them both panting against each other’s mouths. Tousled black hair and makeup-free face, fevered dark chocolate eyes and parted florid lips—Magnus looked hungry and Alec couldn’t wait to let him eat.

“Please…” he uttered, eyelids heavy with desire and flesh enflamed by the impetuous beats of Magnus’s heart thumping against his chest.

“Mmm, how to deny you, Alexander?”

It was those earth-brown eyes as fathomless as the depths of the dark ocean which caressed him, before magic-infused hands sailed up to cup his blush suffused cheeks.

It was his hot breath casting a magic-less spell against his waiting lips, which entranced him.

It was the warmth radiating from sun-kissed skin, which possessed one of his hands to move down Magnus’s hip and wrap around his straining erection and give it a drawn-out stroke. Slender hips
had stuttered, brown eyes flashed to feline yellow, and a sharp inhale morphed into a low growl. But despite the intense energy emanating from his mate, Magnus had taken him slow and gently, one or both hands always finding their way to his belly as if drawn there by some strange force.

The sound of the portal closing hoicked him back to reality. A nervous tongue ventured out of his mouth to lick his dry lips and right after, anxious teeth chew on them. Suddenly, he felt awkward standing in the spacious space he called home. The thigh holster felt too tight secured around his right leg and his arms felt too heavy as they lay on his sides, his shoulders held so much tension he couldn’t move them and every joint in his legs felt loose, his feet refused to take steps and his blunt nails bit down hard on his moist palms.

Once alone with his sister, the feelings and emotions he had pushed aside came rushing back to him as if a flash flood.

His stomach turned and he felt the urge to vomit, but then a zephyr stirred in the air and brought to his nose notes of sandalwood, almond, and cinnamon. And like a magic spell, the nausea ebbed away.

Magnus…

“Alec, what is it?”, Isabelle questioned, concern laced her words as she approached him. “Here, sit down,” she added at the same time tender hands guided him down to sit on the sand-colored armchair. Crouched in front of him, she waited. Big, expressive eyes looked up at him, patient and calm. Familiar hands rested on his thighs, their heat reassuring. She waited.

...please hurry back home.

When he finally allowed the words to leave his vocal cords, it felt like tiny spears had impaled his mouth— “I have a weak womb. A weak womb because I overused the Omega Suppressant Rune. It’s my fault, Izzy. It is my fault out first child miscarriage. It is my fault that Elena, our beloved baby girl was stillborn. And now, now maybe I can’t carry this child to term, either. Magnus deserves better than this, than me.”

When he had lost their first child almost five months into the pregnancy, he had been devastated and he had mourned that pup that he never got to meet. With Elena, it had been hundred times worse because he had held her in his arms, warm and lifeless.

He had seen Magnus cry until his eyes were blood-shot; he had heard his mate’s heart crack into a thousand fissures; he had felt his grief, the old and new pain of loss.

“Oh Alec, that’s not true. You are not at fault. The Clave and the doctors in Idris are to blame; they decided to keep quiet about the dangers of using the Omega Suppressant Rune. That’s on them. And thanks to you, the truth is out and now Omega-Shadowhunters are aware of the secondary effects. You did what you had to do to protect and take care of yourself,” his sister reassured, hands gentle and warm as they held his own.

He couldn’t speak, but he didn’t have to.

“As for those babies that didn’t get to live, those beautiful pups that grew inside of you, you gave them the safest home and so much love. And you’ll do the same once again for this life growing inside of you. It may seem bleak now, because you are afraid and stressed out, but believe me, big bro—you and Magnus will have the family you want so much,” she continued, voice firm and expression confident.
By the Angel, how he wanted to believe those words. For them to come true.

“How do you know that,” he rasped, voice drown by unshed tears and hands tremulous.

A reply like rapid-fire came from his sister’s mouth, “Because you are both good people and no one deserves happiness more than you two. And please, stop talking that nonsense about how Magnus deserves better. You know better than anyone, that for him, there’s no one more precious or important than you. What I’m about to say is mortifyingly cliché, but to Magnus, you are his sun, his moon, and all his stars.”

Those words lifted him from the depths of his anxiety and almost made the tears in his eyes fall over, but he drew in a deep breath to calm himself.

“Thank you, Iz. I love you.” As he said these words, he let his arms wrap around her in a grateful hug.

“I love you too, Alec. So much.”

His sister was a constant presence in his life, just like the stars are always there on the sky even when outshone by the sun or veiled by the clouds. And he will forever be thankful to have her.

*****

When his Alpha came home, he was sitting on the sofa in one of his favorite gray t-shirts and black sweat pants while drinking rose tea and read through one of his mate’s poetry books. As the portal closed behind him, the High Warlock smiled fondly and made his way towards him.

Magnus’s quizzical eyes looked between him and the two dozen red roses and expensive dark chocolate truffles on the coffee table. A wordless question, which Alec answered first with a sprawling smile and then with words.

“These are for you,” uttered the Shadowhunter from the sofa with a special glow in his limpid hazel eyes.

“For me? It isn’t my birthday yet nor is our mating anniversary or Valentine’s Day or handfasting day,” the High Warlock replied with sly suspicion and a curious look as he took his red velvet jacket off.

An amused airy laughter echoed through the loft, and Magnus almost swallowed his tongue. He hasn’t heard that dulcet sound in so long, at least not as heartfelt as now.

His Omega rose to his feet, set aside the teacup and book and then, padded barefooted to meet him half way and then, nestled his face gently in those big warm hands. With eyes as shinny as the sequin-like stars outside, his young mate responded, “I don’t need reasons like that to give you presents. Just like you don’t need them to spoil me all the time. Right?”

A rich, attractive chuckle rumble in his Alpha’s throat before he spoke.

“Right!”, the older man quickly agreed before he continued. “Thank you, you’re a sweet man, Alexander. So, so, adorable,” uttered the High Warlock now much closer, with a charming smile upon his tempting lips.

Magnus taught him tenderness and held him by the hand to show him what it felt like to be loved just as he was. By Magnus’s touches, he learned to be soft.
Alec couldn’t wait any longer, the words had been suffocating him for hours. God, he couldn’t help his trembling hands and loud heartbeats—he had done this twice before but it still felt like the first time.

Before he could voice any words, Alec wrapped his arms around his neck and kissed his lips and down the side of his neck until he reached the mating bite which he also kissed, and then, he murmured the words that’ll never cease to render him speechless.

“Magnus Bane, I’m going to make you a father,” his mate announced, tone light and expectant.

Silence rushed in and stirred the waves in his sea-like mind—Alec’s words made away with his heart. They were expecting again! They were going to be parents once more. It was with profound joy and crippling fear that he embraced the news—a child.

“What? Really?!”

The Omega bobbed his head as tears drowned his pretty eyes.

He felt like he was going to faint. Alec was pregnant again. How could he have missed the signs? The sore nipples and fatigue, frequent bathroom trips and nausea, and the change of scent. But right now, none of that mattered, because his mate was with child. Their child.

He felt as if he had created happiness itself. It was an old feeling. It was a new feeling. It was a strange feeling. It was an extraordinary feeling. And it was Alec who brought it about. His Alexander.

His own cheeks were now soaked with jubilant tears—they streamed freely and cleansed his soul.

“I want the baby to look like you, with your same eyes—both—earth brown and feline ones. For it to be kind and loving like you,” Alec voiced, timbre a murmur as he held Magnus’s face. And as he held his mate’s handsome face in his hands, a random thought flashed through his mind—even if he were to forget this man’s name, he wouldn’t be able to forget his face.

He has always hated his Warlock Mark, not only because they reminded him of the fear on his mother’s face but also because he shared the same cat-eyes with his father. A father who exploited his loneliness and ignorance when he was a child and nurtured his darkens impulses. A father, he wished loved him. Yet, seeing and feeling how much Alec loves them, how he had called them beautiful, it made him slowly like his feline eyes.

With a full bright smile and gentle palms upon his belly, his Alpha admitted, “Oh, but I want our pup to have your beautiful smile and strength and sweetness.”

His own universe existed within Alec and his soul lived in his Omega’s heart—he was sure that if the multiverse theory were a confirmed fact, he and Alec would be together in every universe; in each reality they would love each other. And if they weren’t already together, there would be no ocean that would keep them apart for too long.

The High Warlock gathered him up in his arms and clutched him to his chest, and for the life of him, Alec couldn’t get away from the gravitational pull of his embrace. His mate was the sun and he was the Earth.

“I love you like a madman, Alexander. And I already love this life growing inside of you.”

They surrendered to the joy of this new journey, because nothing could eclipse the light of a new beloved life. A hope, a blessing—a fervently prayed-for miracle. A miracle he hoped, wished, and
prayed would come into this world with a beating heart and loud cries and happy tears.

“Then, we’re both madmen.”

With Magnus, together—it wasn’t impossible to continue living despite the pain of loss which had burned through his heart. Maybe his heart would turn out to be a Phoenix and raise from the ashes.

With a mix of joy and trepidation, they stepped into this new pregnancy.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 37

Chapter Summary

Malec
Malec + Guillermo
Malec lovin'

Chapter Notes

Hey,
Thank you all for all the sweet comments and kudos, they keep me going. I feel like I have traumatized you all with the angst, but trust me, okay? All is in the tags. Now, enjoy this chapter and all the fluff.

Happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Light had poured into him once again and he felt like bursting from the immense joy he felt.

His morning sickness was as intense as it had been with his two previous pregnancies, but they knew the drill and were ready to tackling it. Ginger and mint decaffeinated tea, a piece of toast or bread before eating anything heavier, watermelon and fruit popsicles also sat well with his stomach. Magnus also made sure to keep packets of soda crackers by the bed and made him eat it slowly before he got out of bed in the mornings.

Magnus was awestruck by his beloved Alexander now more than ever. Alec was a new discovered world to his eyes whenever he gazed at him in the silence between them.

His brave Omega welcomed the morning sickness with happiness because as his mate had told him, it meant that the child inside of him was growing healthily. Every kick was met with a delighted smile, tender words and comforting touches, and any discomfort met with patience. Magnus couldn’t help himself and hovered around him more so than usual. His Alpha instincts were always on alert and bordering overbearing to the point he had to put some distance and gather himself. Such intense anxiety wasn’t good for Alec or their child—he didn’t want to feed them negative emotions. Thus, he pushed them away and focused on the positives, on the blissful feeling.

He wanted to give Alec the world, to put everything he desired at his feet, for his mate to want for nothing.

His Alpha was all over him, even more so than usual. Always trying to find ways to make him feel more comfortable be it with expensive loose-leaf teas, relaxing massages, luxurious pillows, and soft blankets for their now king-sized bed which he had transformed into a nest, his favorite foods, drinks and desserts, movie nights, aromatherapy to help with the nausea, and extended foreplay and slow love making, among others. All in all, his man was constantly lavishing him with every
drop of attention and though he had always denied himself mundane pleasures, his time with Magnus had made him more open about enjoying and basking in them.

As long as they could spend time together, whatever Magnus wanted to do to or for him was okay in his book.

Magnus gave him courage when the crippling fear of the past came to haunt him, when he felt prey to the fear of losing this pup like they did Elena. It hurt to love her, to miss her, to know she had been alive inside of him, and not have her with him physically anymore. But she’ll always live on in him, in his memories of her growing inside of him, in the ghost touch of her movements in his belly, in the color of blueberries, in Magnus’s features, in the feeling of happiness and warmth and fulfillment she made him feel.

Because of what happened during his pregnancy with Elena and her unfortunate death, he was monitored even closer and Guillermo recommended a quick but lifesaving procedure to secure the safety of the child. The doctor used a cervical cerclage, which in short meant that his cervix was sewn shut. He didn’t feel strange nor felt any discomfort, and he was much more confident and calm about his pregnancy afterwards.

This time, they’ve ditched the pregnancy app and stuck to books instead and tried not to obsess so much over the day to day progress, instead they chose to enjoy every moment of every day.

He was at the Institute when he felt the first movement at 9 weeks, like little bubbles in his stomach. Subtle yet energetic flutters that made his heart skip more than a few beats. They waved through his body and culminated upon his stretched-out lips and a rumble of laughter with sprinkled tears, and his slightly trembling hands upon his belly. Oh, how he wished Magnus was here and could feel it like he did. The smile upon his lips grew even wider, which he had thought wasn’t impossible, when he pictured his mate’s pouty expression upon learning the news.

Magnus. Just the thought of him stirred in Alec what felt like an unending flood of love.

Love. He met love when he met Magnus.

Even before they went to see Guillermo for his first ultrasound to confirm his due date and listen to their child’s heartbeat, he knew he was having twins. And not because he was some kind of psychic, but because of something less pleasant.

It had been such a long time since Rabel had appeared in Alec’s dreams—correction—nightmares. And although the older Omega was always at the back of his mind as was his magick inside of him, his eerie presence didn’t distress him as much any longer. But now, now it was different.

“Finally, twins, dearest Alec. Congratulations! Although, I’m so very sorry about dear Elena and that first lost pup. But rejoice, because the potion has done its job. You and Magnus have done exceptionally well. Now, take good care of yourself and those precious pups. They are the future,” the warlock whispered with a foreboding smile.

He felt as if he was experiencing sleep paralysis—he couldn’t move his body, only his eyes. He was unable to speak. Fear gripped him from the shadows like an alive force trying to swallow him whole. The pressure on his chest took all the air out of him. Dread filled him. Rabel had kept an eye on them from afar and knew everything that had happened with their two first pups. And now, he was here again, a nightmare that refused to loosen its hold.

His eyes dashed around the bedroom and his heart hammered against his ribs and the sense of choking was finally gone —he felt bent out of shape for a moment.
Rabel had said those words with such hope and elation, and with a smile on his face—it felt strange to see him smile genuinely, to even catch a tendril of affection cross his ageless features. It unnerved him, and as soon as he could move again, he couldn’t help but scoot closer to Magnus who was curled around him, one of his arms over his waist and hand spread protectively over his swollen abdomen.

Alec tried not to let the terror and anger bleed into their bond, he didn’t want to worry Magnus or agitate the babies. His own hands settled on his belly and his Alpha’s hand as he sighed and took in a deep breath and let his eyes drift close.

Magnus stirred behind him and his nose nuzzled his mussy hair, before he husked, “Something wrong, love? Are you uncomfortable? In pain? Should I take it away?”

Another sigh fell from his dry lips as a half-smile full of fondness curled them.

“I—I’m okay. Just… hug me tighter, Magnus. Come closer.”

Closer, that wasn’t possible. Not even air could slip between them, that’s how physically close they already were. Yet, he wanted to be closer and closer and closer.

The four of them—he wished they could be closer.

Rabel, that man was a lurking predator. Just waiting for the right moment to pounce.

He won’t let him get his way; he can’t let him.

With that thought, sleep claimed him again despite still feeling shaken. As it usually happened when he felt on edge, surrounded by Magnus’s scent, he felt the calmest.

Twins. Could it be true? He was both joyful and terrified.

*****

Sweet music filled his ears.

*Whup-whump, whump-whump*

Loud music.

*Thump thump, ba boom, ba bump*

Pleasant music.

*Tum tum, tum tum*

*Tu-tum tu-tum*

How he had missed it.

*Ba-dumm, bum bumm*

An enrapturing heavenly symphony.

But there was something different this time…

His heart stuttered as he recalled the nightmare he had a few days ago.
Rabel’s voice… “Finally, twins, dearest Alec.”

A forceful swallow pushed down his throat at the same time his hand entwined with Magnus’ clutched firmly.

“Oh! Do you guys hear that? Two heartbeats,” Guillermo announced as he moved the wand around, looked closer at the screen and pointed at the two little dots.

*Two heartbeats.*


Twins…

“Yes. Alec, Magnus, you’re having twins,” announced their friend with a full grin on his face and eyes shiny with emotion.

Oh, by the Angel! So, his dream with Rabel had been like a sort of premonition? He felt like he was going to faint, and he wasn’t the only one. But maybe for slightly different reasons.

His Alpha swayed by his side and Alec tightened his grip on his trembling hands.

“Twins... Ah! Oh, wow..., I...,” came Magnus’s failed speech attempt.

They were both overwhelmed by the news.

Two pups, two lives—two souls to love.

“These little ones will be born next Spring, in April,” their friend announced with a smile.

Spring—a time of new beginnings.

As they looked at one another with tears in their eyes and some dampening their cheeks, he couldn’t help but think about their soul-bond. They were both here together and mated mostly because of free will and because they fell in love, but their pre-destined bond was an important part of the equation. They were fated before birth; it could be said that they were born for one another as cheesy as it may sound. But it was true. And now, here they were once again, meeting their children for the first time.

“I love you. Thank you,” he mouthed to his precious mate, who in turn mouthed back, “I love you too. We love you.”

Together. Strong. Pain and all.

*****

As with his first two pregnancies, everyone at the Institute had become extremely protective of him as well as ridiculously attentive, he was grateful, really. But sometimes, he felt especially irritated and suffocated—he still wasn’t used to being mollycoddled be it by his family, friends or con-workers. The Betas were a bit more relaxed with their attentions, letting him move about but still keeping an eye on him. The Omegas, on the other hand, were constantly trying to make him feel comfortable, always insistent on feeding him and bringing him drinks, telling him to rest, in short—nagging all day long.

Clary, not so surprisingly, was one of the worst—“Alec, you have been standing for too long. You haven’t drunk anything in the last thirty minutes. Have you eaten yet? Jace, I’m taking Alec with
me to the kitchen. So, take over.” It didn’t matter how much he resisted her or anyone’s attentions, they didn’t listen and did as they pleased. And despite himself, he let them—secretly, he was happy to be showered with so much affection. After everything that had happened, he couldn’t blame them for feeling the way they did.

Yet, the Alphas were at another level of annoying.

Okay, he knew he smelled like everyone’s favorite smells combined together or ‘divine’ as Magnus had told him over and over again while kissing and licking and nibbling at his bare skin. Oh, by the Angel! Now, he was horny. The pregnancy hormones were driving him crazy.

Anyhow, the Alphas were more often than not exceedingly aggravating. He couldn’t even carry a small box of papers or a handful of weapons or try to move a chair because one or five of them would be there in a millisecond to give him a hand. Though, he had to admit it was pretty funny to see them act like that. Although, when Jace was near they’ll keep a distance. His parabatai had become more protective than before, particularly when Magnus wasn’t around.

And speaking of Magnus, his mate tried hard not to hover lest it exasperated him. But really, who could blame his Alpha for doing so with what two losses already? And frankly, Alec wouldn’t get mad at all if his warlock decided to stay the entire day at the Institute. At least thrice a day, Magnus would portal to the Institute, wordlessly pull him away from his duties and into his bedroom (he still kept it for when he needed to rest during the day), and then Alec would bury his face in the crook of his husband’s neck. In those moments, everything felt right—because his mate’s inviting scent, his soothing warmth, and the inimitable feeling of sturdy arms keeping him close was the only thing which calmed his anxiety.

He dropped by the Institute as much as it was considered prudent—he didn’t want to add to his Omega’s stress levels which were already high. Not because of his job as the Head of the Institute which he was leading phenomenally, but because of the high-risk pregnancy. He didn’t want to tell Alec what to do—not now not ever—but sometimes he couldn’t hide how vexed he was because the feeling tinted his scent. Yet, he knew he needed to rein-in his worry since they fed off each other’s emotions and feelings. It was difficult. Extremely difficult.

“Good afternoon, darling. How are you feeling? How’re my little sugar plums behaving?”

As if on command and as soon as they heard Magnus’s voice, the twins responded with synchronized kicks.

An affectionate smile melted on his lips as he turned to look at his mate. Then, he replied, “Hey, there. I’m doing well. I’m pretty sure these little pups have a competition going on to see who punches and kicks the hardest.”

At his response, the man in front of him couldn’t help but laugh and shake his head fondly as he erased the distance between them.

“They can’t deny who their parents are. A healthy competition is stimulating. But I bet they’re doing it because they want all of your attention,” his man murmured in his left ear which set him atremble.

When Magnus felt his mate’s body sag a little into his arms and felt long arms embrace him as well with the same urgency his own were holding on, his lips sprawled into a contented smile at the same time his eyes drifted close. His nose found its way into dark messy hair and a lengthy breath brought with it familiar notes of lavender, chamomile, and raw honey with added hints of baked Cortland apples and cinnamon—yet, sweet peas reigned supreme.
A long-drawn sigh left him in a rush like a gust of wind in late autumn. And without pause, amorous words broke away from his lips as if ripened leaves from dried branches.

“Alexander, cintaku, I want to devour you slowly and completely—eat you like the most delicious morsel.”

Everything Magnus did to his body—the slow, light caresses as well as the rough touches—felt good. There was nothing his Alpha could do to his body that he wouldn’t enjoy.

“Mmm… Magnus…, I-”

As his nose nuzzled around, their arms held on tighter around one another and a pleasure-filled hum reverberated against the place on his neck where Alec had branded his mating bite, it was quickly followed by the slow drag of a lazy tongue and the stamp of an open-mouthed kiss. Magnus’ arms loosened their hold and a noise of protest filled the air—an amused chuckle sprinted out of his mouth as his hands searched for golden skin and glided up a slightly hunched back. Goosebumps and a shiver where left on their wake—pregnancy always made his Shadowhunter extra sensitive and his inner Alpha preened at the knowledge his touch alone invoked such titillating reactions.

Once his hands reached the short strands of raven hair at the base of Alec’s neck, well-manicured ringed fingers tangled in them and then gave a careful tug. A low hiss sucked in the air between them at the same time his Omega’s long eyelashes did a series of blinks and the tall body caged in his arms became aquiver with delight.

“Magnus… Mag-nus…”, his Shadowhunter called, voice ineluctable like a powerful spell.

“Yes, my love. I’m here. What is it that you want?”, Magnus knew, of course, what the sensual man within his arms desired, but he wanted—no—more like **needed** to keep hearing his mate’s desire-ridden voice. He wanted to be dragged to the bottomless depths by it.

“Mmm, you know…. you know…”

Now wider hips moved against him in a maddening undulating motion, while runed-arms loosened to allow large hands to travel north and south—one of them made its way up to the back of his head and the other down to grab his ass. He let Alec’s hands pulled him in, and at the contact of their erections, their fused lips parted in a shared guttural moan.

“Oh, by the Angel, Magnus!”

“By the Angel…”, he repeated, almost intoxicated.

Before his eyes welcomed a foggy hazel gaze, traced upon his lips, he felt the shape of a familiar pomegranate smile. One of Alec’s smiles could bring him to his knees effortlessly. Sometimes he wondered if his young lover truly comprehended the profoundness of his love for him.

“Magnus,” Alec called in a dulcet tone.

He wanted to dwell slowly on the moments he spent with Alec. And the more smiles those moments contained, the slower he dwelt on them. Because his Alexander’ luminous smiles painted him in a gilded light which made him look even more stunning than usual.

“How do you want it, my heart?”, he whispered as he licked and sucked and pressed his teeth at his Omegas mating bite and coaxed a drawn-out moan.
Alec’s fire could burn worlds, and only he knew it.

“Huh? Hmm, any way you want it, I don’t care. I just want you, now. Magnus…”

A low growl traveled up his throat, and although he would have wanted to let his desperate urges and Alec’s raw hunger overtake their coupling unbridled, they had to slow down and accommodate his husband’s pregnant belly. And in a way, he preferred it—to take his time, to adore his mate’s body properly, to inscribe prayers with his fingertips and to chant his love with every kiss, his tongue also demanded time to paint wishes upon favored skin. Every part of him was a humble offering to the wanton deity commanding him to worship upon his altar.

“Hurry, Alpha…”

He held himself back from teasing Alec’s slightly swollen nipples, which had become hypersensitive. So much so, even to the ghost of his breath was enough to make his beautiful Omega whine. If he was being honest, it was a feat to hold back and not let his desirous tongue take a quick taste. But, overstimulation of the nipples could trigger labor. Not to worry, he’ll feast on other equally delicious places.

The Alpha manhandled him and bend him over the spacious sturdy desk, a snap of fingers conjured a pillow between his belly and the desk’s edge, and his clothes were now gone as it was Magnus’s. The High Warlock’s hands traveled up the sides of his legs and as the left one continued its journey up his flanks and heaving chest, the other squeezed and hitched up one of his legs on the desk to give him better access.

It was a little uncomfortable to be in this position since he carried the twins low on his belly and they sat on his pelvis, but the desire for his Alpha always won.

The taste of Alec’s slick was as strong and delectable as his sweet honey scent, it was equally intoxicating as well—like an aphrodisiac or the finest liquor he has ever savored. Slowly, he eased into wet, delicious heat and became enveloped in tight, slippery walls.

Thrust by thrust, their hips met in a kind of possessed rhythmic motion, like a pendulum swinging freely to and fro—until they each reached the climax of their pleasure.

“Ah, ah…, Fuc-k…! Ma-Magnus!”

“Oh…, ngh! So good, Alexander…”

Love. This was love. This was how love was made. This was how the precious lives inside of him were made.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Alec hadn’t dreamt about Rabel since that day he woke up with the revelation he was carrying twins. Thus, he decided to keep those nightmares to himself and not tell hos mate. Why worry him? Why tarnish their happiness with fear of a what if? He was determined not to allow that sadistic warlock to hector him any longer. It was best to whelve those nightmares where light never reached them, until they faded and where forgotten.

He hoped he was doing the right thing.

The days passed by without much upheavals either at work or his personal life. Things were going well and he didn’t question it, no matter how the pessimistic voice at the back of his head whispered in his mind. But times of weakness caught him off-guard sometimes and he couldn’t help but be ensnared by those ineluctable barbed wire-like thoughts of amorphous despondency.

Today happened to be one of those days where he was suddenly struck by a fit of melancholy. He feared losing the twins how he had lost Elena.

But, he and Magnus were there for one another. Neither of them was afraid to step into the darkness with the other. They met each other where they were, where either of them needed the other.

“Have faith, Alexander. Faith in us. Faith in what connects us, in our bond, in what brought us together. Our little sugar plums, will be fine. Everything, will be fine.”

His Alpha’s arms draped around him like the warmest wool blanket, and he reveled in the safe, soothing feeling it gave him. Of the tens of thousands of scent molecules his nose could discern, Magnus’ bouquet was his favorite. The concentrated scent of aniseed made him feel safe and the notes of cypress commander his brain to concentrate much more intensely in his presence and the light sweetness of orange blossoms painted him with joy from the inside out.

Magnus had caused an everlastingly ripple effect on his tranquil façade of a life the day their eyes
met. Since then, his soul had broken free from the clutches of self-rejection and his heart became courageous. Their meeting had given him the strength to fight for himself and accept who he was, and now, to have hope and faith things will turn out okay.

“Ok,” was all he could reply. There was no room for doubt when Magnus gazed at him with aqueous unblinking eyes and spoke with such confidence. He didn’t know why, but this time he really believed things will be different.

The impression Magnus’s words, actions, and love had left in him were like a sort of healing wound—it cut him open with finesse and let the pain festering inside drain out with all the bad blood.

The pain, losses, and struggles have made him stronger and slowly freed him from the chains of paralyzing fear—not only him, but also Magnus and their relationship. Without the struggles and everything they carried, they wouldn’t have grown as individuals or as a couple. There was a purpose to darkness, now he could see it. He had to work with his fear, his pain, and his losses instead of fighting against them in order to be able to overcome them. They weren’t the enemy; he was his own enemy by resisting those emotions and feelings. It was okay to feel.

Most of the good things in his life had happened to him when he met Alec. The young Shadowhunter had meandered his way into his heart as effortlessly as the wind through a tree’s leaves.

Alec’s pain and pleasure, joy and sadness, love and hate, were more than echoes within himself—a sort of empathetic feeling yet much more profound. It was as if they were the same person each experiencing the other’s inner turmoil and ecstasy. Soul-bonds were a mighty force unparalleled by no other. Scary yet wondrous. And he wouldn’t change it for anything in the world. To be so close, to feel so much, not everyone had the fortune of such blessing.

The ancient Greeks would have been wonderstruck if they had had the opportunity to witness his and Alec’s love, because their feelings encompassed their four kinds of love—Philia (a love in friendship which comes from the mind and is shown through loyalty), Storge (love given to family and which comes from one’s heart), Eratos (romantic love which comes from the body and evokes sexual desire), and the ultimate kind of love, Agape (which is selfless, unconditional and comes from one’s soul—it’s true love that never dies). This was them.

He believed the words he told Alec; he didn’t know why, but he trusted the certainty of them deep in his heart.

*****

His bellybutton had already popped out just like it did with Elena and his feet were swollen and throbbed if he so much as stood for more than five minutes. The babies had decided it was fun to use his bladder as a trampoline. He felt breathless if he walked up stairs or for a long time, and he could barely bend over. Maybe that’s why the idea of hammock hadn’t left his mind for a while now. Being in bed all day got old pretty quickly and being outside on a hammock sounded very pleasant.

“Ah, a hammock would be nice right now,” he voiced without meaning anything by it. It wasn’t like he said it so Magnus would magic it for him, but that’s what ended up happening. During his pregnancies, his Alpha was even more overindulgent of him. Recently, he had to be careful what he wished for because anything that came out of his mouth was a ‘your wish is my command’ kind of
thing with the High Warlock.

The words hadn’t fully come out of his mouth when his mate opened up a portal, carried him princess-style, walked into it and out into the terrace, and then snapped his fingers to make his wish come true. Magnus wasn’t only ‘quite magical’, he was magic itself.

“Here’s your hammock, my darling. Is this big enough? Soft enough?”, asked the older man in a dulcet tone with the most charming of smiles.

It was almost dusk and a few stars had begun to adorn the rich blue sky, the city noises sounded faraway like a white noise and a refreshing soft zephyr swept by like a gentle caress on his skin. The air smelled oddly fresh like Japan’s countryside and like orange blossoms. Magnus had not only conjured up a simple hammock—no—he went even further. The hammock was spacious and cream-colored, hand woven of Brazilian cotton and had beautiful hand-crocheted floral side panels, it had sturdy eucalyptus spreader bars and was attached to a robust mahogany stand. Paper lanterns and small palm trees lined the way towards it and fresh green grass paved the way, a handful of white silk cushions and a cream linen blanket decorated the hammock, golden fairy lights hung from the stand and wrapped around the columns, and a delicate lace netting canopy draped over it.

The sight was out of a fairy tale, it momentarily scattered all his thoughts.

But there was more. On a bamboo table next to the hammock were all kinds of treats, all of them his favorites—fresh coconut water and cherries/blueberries and cranberries, peach and apricot jam from Fernanda, small Cuban rolls from Mamá Carmen and Japanese matcha (green tea) served in a Nanbu-Tekki pot, a Japanese white vanilla with strawberry filling roll cake with a pretty flower pattern and a tray of colorful and cute wagashi sweets, pink peppercorn and rose tea donuts and Fiji water, sakura onigiri (cherry blossom-flavored rice balls) and sakura soba—he was in paradise without leaving their nest.

It took him some time to voice his thoughts, but once he had processed everything, he murmured, “Um, ye-yes, it’s perfect. But Magnus, I didn’t say that so you would conjure it for me.”

He was so spoiled in every sense. His mate still held him closely in his arms. Love—he felt so much of it his heart felt on the verge of giving up.

“I know, matahariku (my sun), but I wanted to do it for you. Everything, anything to make you feel comfortable.”

Alec couldn’t look away from those brown eyes; they were like a lighthouse to his soul.

“Thank you. You’re too good to me.”

The Alpha shook his head, eyes bright as if they had taken all the light from the paper lanterns.

“No, that’s not true. Whatever I can do for you will never be enough, Alexander.”

By the Angel, it was a miracle his heart was still beating.

Clumsily and slowly, he whispered, “Magnus, I…, I never knew dreams could come true until I met you.”

“Me either,” his mate whispered back, his lips now upon his own.

Magnus’s kisses where indelible ink on his lips.
When he was put on bedrest, his mother temporarily took over as Head of the Institute, but he insisted on getting daily reports. Since he had so much time on his hands, he read all the books he could get his hands on, which wasn’t difficult as Magnus himself was determined to read them all — and in every language he understood. His mate was a bit eccentric to say the least. This time, he had also picked up knitting which his Alpha excelled at in addition to crocheting. It was idyllic in a way—despite his high-risk pregnancy—moments spent together in bed, sitting next to one another and making clothes for their twins, talking about things they have learned and exchanging baby names, putting classical music for the babies and talking to them.

Just like with Elena, Magnus rubbed lotion on his stretchmarks-painted stomach as he let magic flow from his fingertips and then, adoring lips would take their turn to venerate said marks.

The pups kicked, flipped, and often a little foot or hand and even a little bum would poke up his belly. They would laugh and rub at the tiny foot or hand of bum lovingly just to get more reactions.

None of his regular clothes fitted anymore, so when he complained, Magnus had flicked his wrist and magicked forth an array of pregnancy clothes which curiously all fitted like a glove. At home though, when they were alone, he tended to lounge around in his boxers. But when it was cooler, he also threw on one of his mate’s silk robes. The soft feel of it plus his Alpha’s scent infused on it made him feel calm, relaxed, and safe. He had also come to favor oversized cashmere/pure cotton sweaters and wool socks while he reposed at home and wrote in the baby book Clary had gifted him. In a way, he was glad he didn’t have to dress up for work—all his pre-pregnancy clothes felt rough and uncomfortable against his hypersensitive skin.

He was beyond pampered, God help him. Magnus had ruined him for good.

His mate’s cravings sent him once again all over the world and he did it with an almost giddy pleasure—from Germany’s Spreewald gherkins pickles to Korean cabbage kimchi to purple sweet potato ice cream.

These days, it was common that they ate breakfast, lunch, and dinner in bed since it was more comfortable for Alec.

Despite normally not having a sweet-tooth, during his pregnancies Alec turned into an insatiable sweet monster—cookie dough and ice cream, lattes and milk shakes and lots of chocolate—he craved it all. It was a miracle he didn’t gain an astronomical amount of weight with what pizza, popcorn, cake (red velvet, chocolate, dulce de leche), pumpkin pancakes with lots of whip cream, wagashi (traditional Japanese sweets), rose and violet gelato, and mango-raspberry ice pops to name a few.

To see his Omega, eat with so much gusto food he had provided him, pleasantly tickled his Alpha side.

One day, Izzy came to visit and brought a belly casting kit and two pairs of the most adorable and tiny bunny slippers he had ever seen.

“So, I’ve heard many mundane moms do this when their bellies get big and round like yours. And
they keep it as a memento of their pregnancy. Do you want to try it?”, questioned his sister, eyes expectant and hopeful.

God, it was difficult to say no to her when she looked so happy and made those puppy eyes at him, but he felt too lazy.

“Hmm, I don’t know, it looks messy,” he replied as he sat on one of the armchairs and rubbed his distended belly to calm the energetic twins.

“Oh, come on! It isn’t like you’re gonna clean the mess and it’ll be fun. Magnus, tell him. You can show it to the twins when they’re older,” insisted his little sister with a pout.

Magnus wrapped one of his arms around his now thicker pregnant waist as his right hand went down to his rounded midriff and caressed it affectionately. Their little babes kicked and a pair of fond smiles melted on their lips while they listened to his sister talk animatedly.

“Mmm, it could be fun, kelinciku (my bunny). But only if you’re up to it,” added his mate, gaze soft.

He looked back at his sister who was at the edge of the sofa and waited impatiently for his answer—blame it on the pregnancy or his big brother instincts but he could rarely deny her.

“Fine. You win. But I might fall asleep while you do this,” he warned as a yawn left his mouth.

“Oh, don’t you worry. I got you!”, came he chirpy reply at the same time she got to work.

He was 24 weeks and he could barely see his feet anymore. And to think he still had weeks to go before his due date. It wasn’t hard for him to imagine he wouldn’t be able to get out of bed as the weeks pilled up. If it wasn’t for Magnus’s massages, his back would have given up long time ago. Yet, despite the discomforts, he wouldn’t change a thing.

Magnus had taken to using a Polaroid to take pictures of him while pregnant as he did with Elena. But this time, instead of doing it by week, he did it daily—his Alpha would snap pictures whenever he thought he looked ‘irresistibly divine.’

At 26 weeks he was already exhausted having to get up every 15 minutes to pee, but oh, he wouldn’t change it for anything—he welcomed the annoying bathroom trips with a sleepy smile.

He waddled like a duck now and went from feeling grumpy to emotional in the blink of an eye—he even cried at the end of ‘Coco’. Raziel help him, sometimes he felt his pregnancy hormones were out to drive him crazy.

With the twins’ pregnancy now in his seventh month, he felt that every time he sneezed he was about to pee himself. It was mortifying but it was a good thing he was home. He should be better about doing his pelvic exercises, yet there was so much he could do before he felt uncomfortable.

Despite feeling like a pregnant whale, Magnus never wasted the opportunity to express his devotion. More often than not, whenever he got out of the shower, he found sweet brief notes from his Alpha written on the steam of the mirror—from “I love you three to the farthest moon and back” and “My entire world lives in this house” to “Let’s kiss until our lips hurt.”

He drank Magnus’s love with utmost gluttony.

One night, he had decided he needed fresh air and to see another view other than the loft’s walls. So, slowly, he made his way to the balcony.
Magnus snapped his fingers and the sensual sound of saxophone filled the air, strong arms wrapped around his swollen belly from behind where he stood out on the balcony. Slowly, they began to sway to the music as his own hands found his Alpha’s splayed ones on his stomach. Warm sumptuous lips peppered kisses down his nape and over the expanse of his tank top clothed back and his heart painted its joy upon his lips.

“May I have the pleasure of this dance, Gorgeous?” murmured the High Warlock in his ear, voice low and breath steamy against his skin.

His body shuddered at the sound and his eyes fluttered closed, his scent spiked from one second to the next and a plenitude of feelings like droplets of water babbled and burbled in his heart.

“Yes…,” was all he could reply still shrouded from behind by those protective arms.

Magnus’s words unfailingly seduced him in a way no touch ever could.

Under the light of the crescent silver moon, they danced slowly, in silence, back-to-chest and chest-to-chest, until his eyes closed from exhaustion in the safe warmth of his favorite embrace.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 39

Chapter Summary

Malec

Chapter Notes

Hello,
I hope you're not tired of Malec fluff yet. Please enjoy these cuties. Also, thank you so much for all the kudos and encouraging and funny comments. I appreciate them so much. Take care!

Happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It had been a long day full of house calls, meetings that dragged on, and interminable eye-rolling at the stupidity of some people. All he had wanted the entire day was to go home to be with his Omega and twins, to unwind and spend quality time with those he loved the most. As soon as he stepped out of the portal in the middle of the living room, an intense happiness invaded him when his eyes set upon his beautiful mate. A lengthy sigh of relief left him and his muscles automatically relaxed.

An out of the blue but completely natural thought crossed his mind, even if he didn’t have a heart, he would love Alec. This strong, stubborn, intelligent, loyal, and honest man he called mate, had an exceptional influence in him, in his life and existence. Another thought flashed through his mind, Alec couldn’t touch his soul, because he was his soul.

Thought after thought rooted him in place, unable to take a step toward his love. It was as if a sort of forced meditation had been thrust upon him. The thought that came next filled him with renew intent and purpose. We are all weak deep inside, and love is what makes us stronger—it isn’t until we have someone important to us to protect that we discover our true strength. And he discovered his when he met Alec. Now, he also had the twins to protect, and he felt his magic growing in power.

It was after this realization that he could finally take back control of his limbs and move.

Alec laid on the couch as he slept soundly, the steel gray chunky knot blanket Magnus had given him covered his lower half while the super soft light grey t-shirt he had taken from Magnus rolled up as he moved in his sleep and left his rounded belly half exposed. He could hear his Omega’s adorable little snores as they escaped him from slightly parted lips. Hair mussy and cheeks flushed with sleep-warmth, quiet sounds and sweet little noises, one of his hands on his stomach and the other arm under his head—it was a damn endearing sight.

The three people he cherished and love more than anything or anyone else in the world were here, at home, safe and comfortable, and totally vulnerable.
He couldn’t resist the vision in front of him, it tugged at his heart strings and moved his feet forward. To him, the love of his immortal life and two pups on the way, a welcoming home full of everything his soul had always desired—it was a miracle, a reward of sorts, and whether he deserved it or not, he was beyond grateful and blessed to have it. He’ll protect these treasures always, with every bit of strength and magic he possessed.

Once next to his Shadowhunter, he went to his knees, and with an enamored smile he imprinted two kisses on his mate’s naked midriff—one for each of his sugar plums. We can’t have them feeling jealous that papa only gave one, right?

Alex stirred and even without glancing up, he knew those sleepy, pretty hazel eyes were on him. When his gaze settled on his beloved, identical smiles sprouted upon their lips as hands flew to perch on warm cheeks and relaxed bodies.

“Hello, Alexander.”

For Magnus to be the first person he saw when he opened his eyes was always exciting.

In an utterly disarming raspy voice, his Omega pouted, “Is there not a kiss for me?”

The grin that seized Magnus’s lips was achingly wide, it was a feat to tame it, so his answer took a few seconds to take shape. And when it did, it escaped in a love-drowned whisper, “Of course, my love. For you, always. Your kisses keep me alive, so I not only want to kiss you but need to.”

Alec felt giddy all of a sudden—his mate was here and he felt safe, happy, and loved, and the pups had woken up and were as energetic as usual.


Magnus has come into his life to change everything—nothing had been the same since then and he wouldn’t have it any other way. Before he met the Alpha, every day was the same, and even the sunlight was bothersome. The older man discovered his virtues and embraced his flaws and gave him unconditional love and the family of his own he refused to recognized he wanted.

“My sappy Alpha,” he murmured as his hands drew Magnus closer and closer, until his mate was above him and between his thighs.

“Mmm, yours... yours,” repeated the warlock, lips preternaturally hot and eyes aglow in their feline glory.

He forgot himself whenever those piercing cat-eyes set upon him.

“Yours,” he repeated as their lips converged in a steamy sleepy kiss laced with need.

*****

Alec woke up in the middle of the night from one of the most pleasant dreams he has had in months—so much so that his skin was damp with a heavy layer of sweat and his body burned as if he was being consumed by a conflagration.

Every part of him from the top of his toes to the crown of his head and every strand of hair felt ultra-sensitive. Even the air from the air conditioner was too much and not enough. The light pink silk bed sheets as soft as they were made him hiss, yet he longed for something a bit rougher to touch his skin. In one breath to the next his heart had gone from a largo tempo to a presto. His hands reached for the covers and pulled them off of his half naked body. Rivulets of sweat fell
from his temples and forehead. He felt strange, though he was certain he wasn’t in Heat.

Pregnancy had made his libido skyrocket from one moment to the next.

He bent his knees as much as he could with his seven-months twin pregnancy belly, and let his hands pull down his black boxers, and as the fabric dragged over his skin, he bit down on his bottom lip to stifle a needy moan. He kicked his sweaty and wet underwear to the floor and took a deep breath. Between his slicked-coated thighs everything tingled delightfully—his cock was as hard as adamas and his entrance twitched with hunger. His back arched almost a perfect half-circle from the mattress and his eyes fluttered closed when he breathed in his Alphas’ intoxicating scent.

_Mate. Alpha. Mine._

Magnus stirred, and his body turned from where it rested on its side to be sprawled on his back—muscled arms and a strong chest and everything but his warlock’s naughty bits were exposed and oh, by the Angel! That just made a riptide of desire surge through him. A pulse of slick streamed down his things and he let himself be guided by lust. So as fast as he could, he sat up and straddled his mate, who Alec was sure was completely aware of everything that was happening.

When he sat on his Alpha’s lap, Magnus’s strong legs bent to give his back much needed support. The High Warlock’s dick was steel-hard against his stomach, a few drops of pre-come coated the head—he couldn’t help but lick his lips, it made his mouth water. And it also made him recall his dream.

In it, he took Magnus’s big cock in his mouth and he gave his Alpha so much pleasure that he knotted Alec’s mouth and he drank his mate’s come until his belly was full with it—and all the while, Magnus petted his hair and his face, praised him and call him beloved and gazed at him with so much love he felt his heart was going to jump out of his chest and into Magnus’ own.

But enough about the dream, because in this moment, all he wanted was what only his mate could give him. Alec undulated his hips slowly against his man’s erection, and even if Magnus could resist his scent for the sake of driving him crazy, Alec knew what to do to get this party started. He leaned forward a little and because Magnus was a worrywart, his gentle but strong hands came up to hold his hips firmly. An affectionate smile graced Alec’s lips. _Got you_, he thought. His lips brushed Magnus’s semi-parted lips and his warm cheeks and his forehead and down his nose, and then they traveled to one of his mate’s ear, they lingered there for a bit, the warmth from Alec’s breath made a shiver zoom up the older man’s body.

A smug smirk spread his lips and then, he nuzzled down his warlock’s neck and stopped at the mating bite he had given him all those years ago and bit on it again but gently—Magnus hissed and his cock jolted, and Alec mewled at the knowledge that his ministrations were powerful enough to drive the man beneath him insane with pleasure. A wicked tongue traced the bite and Magnus’s scent became heady. But it wasn’t just his Alpha’s scent—his own scent screamed ‘fuck me hard.’ Oh, how he wanted that.

He couldn’t take it anymore, this kind of teasing foreplay that made his insides ache.

Thus, he brought his tremulous hands up to his mate’s broad chest and as he leaned down once again, he whispered, “Alpha...”

His love, opened his eyes slowly.

_Mate._
The heart underneath Alec’s hand thrashed violently.

Mine.

They both panted with desire.

Alpha.

“Magnus...” he murmured again as his hands moved slowly down a heated chest.

Omega.

“Alec, cintaku,” Magnus husked, voice gravelly and pupils passion-blown and hands now caressing his belly affectionately.

He gulped down a series of whines—he felt afire and breathless. His right hand, seized Magnus’s left hand and it guided it down, down, down to where he craved his mate’s prominent cock.

Make me yours.

“Alpha, I need you. Fuck me,” he begged, voice drowned with untamed urge.

A growl reverberated throughout his Alpha’s body and yanked a drawn-out moan from him—he felt unbalanced when expert long fingers coated with slick began to rub and circle his rim, and then when they slipped and thrusted and scissored inside, a loud scream bursted out of him at the same time he threw his head back and arched his back.

Yes!

“More!” he cried out. And Magnus delivered.

Magnus’s mouth devoured him like a thirsty mouth did a watermelon on a hot summer day.

His Alpha’s free hand wrapped around his cock and gave it a quick stroke. Then, he was manhandled until he was hovering over his warlock’s waiting dick.

“Take what you need, gorgeous.”

Alec’s fingers flew down to grab a pre-come covered manhood and as he trailed his fingers over the head, he scooped up some of the sticky liquid and brought it up to his lips and licked his fingers cleaned. Magnus groaned and his fingertips dug into Alec’s soft skin. They were both desperate and at the brink of insanity. Without further ado, he took Magnus’s member, pressed the tip of it to his ravenous entrance and in one smooth motion took in every delicious inch of it.

Groans and pants and growls and whines filled the air; their rich strong scents combined together stimulated their senses to the point of feeling inebriated. Upward thrusts as he ground down his Alpha’s cock, calculated rolls of hips while hands caressed sweat-painted skin, nimble ringless fingers played with hypersensitive nipples at the same time eager lips collided to devour each other—they were both deliriously blissed out. He was close, so close.

Magnus’s knot had begun to fill, but before he could no longer move as he wanted, his Alpha gave him a look he knew too well. So, he curled his hands around the High Warlock’s neck and once ready, he nodded.

His Alpha’s hands slid up the back of his thighs and rested behind his knees, and then they pushed up and spread his legs as much as Alec was comfortable with in his state. The angle was perfect,
and when Magnus rolled his hips in a series of slow and sharp thrusts, he lost all sense of reality and was ravished by the fleet-footed rapid-fire that rose from the pit of his stomach. He felt the warlock’s knot expand in him and stretch him good, his inner muscles tighten around the knot and milked it thoroughly. Boneless as he felt, he almost collapsed against Magnus’s chest. But his Alpha was swift and held him up, then he sat against the headboard and magicked a few pillows behind Alec’s back and with another snap of his fingers, the mess of come that had splattered all over their abdomens was cleaned.

Their bond vibrated with waves of satisfaction and affection and felicity. Weariness settled in his bones and sleep in his brain.

Suddenly, he was embraced by strong arms and showered with petal-light kisses. His own arms were still around his mate’s neck and his head rested buried in said mate’s neck. Meanwhile, the twins kicked and moved as if irritated at being woken up.

“It seems some little people aren’t very happy with us at the moment,” Magnus whispered in his ear.

Alec couldn’t help the goofy languid smile that stretched his lips as Magnus’s own did so upon his temple.

“I’m renting them a cozy and safe living space, so they can’t complain too much of my activities,” he joked.

An amused chuckle came from the man massaging his back expertly.

“I love you, Alexander. I love you so much. I love the three of you with all I have and everything I am.”

Alec felt blessed. He couldn’t believe his luck.

Every day, he woke up and pinched himself, because he still couldn’t believe that this was his life. He was in love and was loved by the man of his dreams. An ever-growing love, which seemed to have no end. He had his family and friends. He had the memories of their sweet Elena and those of the first child they lost. And now, these two tiny beings inside of him. These two babes he made with the one he loved the most—even more than himself.

“I love you too. We love you, Magnus.”

He hoped these halcyon days remained even after the twins were born. Born safely, both of them alive and healthy.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading and for your comments/kudos!
Rain continued to fall and classical music to play on the Victrola, the gray skies had remained aglow with lightning and rolling thunder made itself heard almost uninterrupted. The book he had been reading for the fifth time since his Omega had announced he was pregnant for the third time, had now been set on the coffee table via magic. The sleeping beauty comfortably slumbering on his lap, snored quietly and without a care in the world, as it should be. His fingers were now caressing the slopes of a beloved tranquil face instead of soft messy hair and down to a precious, big round baby bump underneath his mate’s favorite cobalt blue cashmere blanket. Only this time, the twins didn’t kick with force at his touch—they were sleeping peacefully just like their daddy.

He couldn’t help the upward curves at each end of his mouth—just like light couldn’t be concealed at the night, happiness couldn’t be suppressed either.

Magnus still couldn’t believe they’ve been together for a bit over four years already. They’ve gone through so much in such a short amount of time. The time spent together seemed short but felt long. He felt like they were an old-mated couple in every aspect, yet at the same time it felt as if they were just newly-mated.

His heart and soul still danced and skipped whenever he lay his eyes upon Alec. His mind went blank at the touch of his warm breath. His body reacted with primitive impulses as his provocative Omega-Scent. Their soul-bond flared wildly at each word spoken.

When he met Alec, he recognized in the young man a loneliness that was much like his own—maybe that’s why, as soon as he saw him and before he realized they were soul-bonds, there was something nameless which pour the Shadowhunter’s soul into his own.

A dreamy, lengthy sight dragged out of him as he leaned closer to his mate’s face.

“Mon Coeur (My heart-French), it’s time to move to the bed. Your back will hurt if you sleep here any longer. Come on, let’s go,” he murmured in his sleepy mate’s ear, but it was for naught.
Pregnancy had taken its toll on his Omega and he was constantly exhausted.

Thus, he summoned all his Alpha strength and carried his mate to bed. Alec’s arms instinctively wrapped around his neck and well-known sweet lips pressed a kiss upon his clavicle. He smiled to himself before depositing his sweetheart on their bed. The sight of the necklace around his young mate’s neck curled his lips into another fond smile. Alec had to stop wearing his wedded ring because his fingers had become a bit swollen, so he wore it on a silver necklace around his neck.

Wedded rings and mating bites, handfasting ceremony and vows, mating gifts and mutual devotion; love and sadness, laughs and cries, tears and smiles—them.

“Good night, my darlings.”

*****

When Alec was pregnant, his usual scent which was already a medley of the most enticing smells, became especially sweet, almost overpowering the others—he couldn’t resist his gorgeous mate.

“How are my sugar plums today?” asked the Alpha in a familiar, affectionate low coo close to his rounded midriff at the same time he rubbed the big belly—fingertips alight with magic as he kissed it.

The twins’ answer came immediately in the form of a kick-punch combination in response to their papa’s question. Sometimes—like now—the reply was quite enthusiastic much to Alec’s discomfort. It wasn’t that he hated it—he could never even think it—but his ribs, abdomen, and backside were rather tender and sometimes numb because of the wild movements. Tiny yet strong feet to his ribs and arms pressed to his stomach—yeah, it wasn’t fun and sometimes he could hardly walk or breathe properly. Yet, he wasn’t going to deny Magnus the pleasure of talking to his babies.

But it wasn’t all that bad, his mate would work his magic and make the pain go away with the flick of a wrist if it got to be too much. Though, most of the time, he welcomed this pain because it meant his pups were doing well.

Two high-risk and tragic pregnancies had taught him that childbearing can cause a person to experience distress, difficulties, and physiological anxiety as well as emotional instability.

“Alexander, do you want me to take the pain away?” the High Warlock asked, voice ridden with concern and fond eyes aligned with worry as he crawled into bed.

He shook his head, still languid with sleep.

“If you embrace me, I’ll feel much better,” came his reply softly spoken with affection.

The pregnancy pillow, his mom had given him had been a lifesaver these last few weeks, but still, sleeping had become a challenge. Every position was uncomfortable. The circles under his eyes were looking darker each day. He looked like a raccoon. But no discomfort was too much, because these babies were growing healthily.

Without words, his Alpha did as he asked and strong arms quickly enveloped him in the most soothing hug. Suddenly, he went limp and the pups calmed down. They were all safe.

His Nephilim had a particularly charming aura whenever he was pregnant as if his holiness was exalted somehow by the lives he carried within. He couldn’t help but to let his hands caress the Omega’s sleep-warm skin and his finger pads brush against the distended belly. His children and
the one he loved the most were in his arms—what else could he want? Well, there was one more thing, but he refused to think about it.

*****

Alec was the love of his immortal life and he didn’t need to wait and live more centuries to fully believe so. Alexander Gideon Lightwood was and will always be an unhealed burn branded in his heart. Each heartthrob was a reminder of his mate, whose free and unconditional love, loyalty, faithfulness, and devotion had thaw the icy casing that had surrounded his old heart.

Their bond so deep and strong that Magnus’s magic responded to Alec and his beautiful Omega could wield, albeit limitedly. That was something unprecedented, and thought of as a legend among the Warlocks. Seldom, would a mating bond between Warlocks allow for this, much less a bond between different races as was theirs. But Ragnor and Cat had shared with him knowledge they had acquired through their recent travels—soul-bonds which were rare, had the power to allow mates to share some of their abilities, including magic, among other things.

To see Alec’s fingertips, glow an electric blue while he sat naked in bed—cross-legged and belly round with pregnancy—as the golden sunlight percolated through the large windows and watercolored his runed, pale skin, was absolutely breathtaking.


It was as if he was a divinity, a god—a god full of life, love, and strength—and Magnus’s everything.

He sat behind his Omega and nestled him and their precious unborn bundles between his legs. His hands mellifluously sailed up his mate’s slightly curvaceous hips, and then settled upon the Shadowhunter’s own, which were splayed on either side of his rounded middle. The caresses weren’t meant to be sexual but reverential—they felt more transcendental, profound. Meanwhile, with the tip of his nose, he traced the relaxed lines of his gorgeous Nephilim’s marked neck as well as his shoulders. He could feel the joy and feeling of safety that emanated from Alec, it made his inner Alpha brim with pride because he had made that happen.

Magnus allowed his lips to roam freely, let them inscribe on his Omega’s warm skin kisses to which said mate responded with drawn out ‘mm’s’, and then by fully resting his full weight on him.

“Yes, rest on me and in my arms, beloved. I’ll protect the three of you,” his Alpha murmured into his bed-hair.

Alec’s head reposed on his left shoulder, it felt heavy with relaxation. His angel completely surrendered to him, to his embrace and care. So much trust—all his trust—it was the ultimate proof of love his Alexander willingly gave him. He could cry; his heart felt overfilled, so much so that he could feel it crack at the pressure—as if there were two galaxies inside of it at the brink of coalition.

“You are a god, you know that? My own. A miracle carrying two other miracles. Beauty beyond the mundane. Sometimes, I think a djinn must have trapped me under an illusion,” he confessed, cheeks suffused with blush.

There was brief silence between his admission and his mate’s reply. A pause which breathed fresh air.
Hazel eyes searched and claimed his own, pure and sincere and open. Then the words came, like an afterthought.

“I’m not a dream, Magnus. All of this is real—the heart-wrenching pain we went through and the love we feel for each other and the happiness we have. Everything is ours. We have earned it.”

Everything is ours. We have earned it.

Firm words.

Unflinching.

Like words from the mouth of a saint who had spoken to God or had an epiphany.

This was his reality.

He nodded and that was that.

While they remained in bed, enjoying this indescribable moment, he snapped his fingers and conjured a silk lavender-colored pouch. Wordlessly, he then offered it to Alec, whose hands left their post at his belly and slowly opened it.

“What is this? It’s beautiful,” his Omega asked as his finger pads brushed against the beaded necklace. The black onyx on the necklace matched the onyx of their Wedded rings, and the knowledge made his heart skip a few beats.

“I’m happy you think so. It’s a *shakti mala,*” replied Magnus, “it’s inscribed with protection and healing runes, and made with a total of 108 beads out of rose quartz (restores energy and calmness and it’s the stone of universal love), amethyst (helps soothe the spirit and cleanses negative energy and aids with sleep), and black onyx (helps restore balance and strengthen emotional and physical health). Sahil’s Alpha-Warlock made it per my request. It’s supposed to strengthen the balance between spirituality and materiality in one’s life. Shaktii, is believed to be the great feminine energy that exists within and without our bodies. This energy is a universal force, it powers everything in the universe.”

Magnus’s thoughtfulness, the way he cared so much and loved so deeply, the way he looked at him with those eyes that seem to have the ability to see his bare soul—it overwhelmed him to the point of spilling some tears.

“Why are you crying, my light?” asked the older man while his finger pads collected the tears and his smooth lips kissed his damped cheeks.

“Be-because… I-I love you so much. You’re always so thoughtful, so good to me, to our pups. Thank you, for everything,” he rasped, barely breathing.

A smile so soft and almost shy and so so so heartachingly beautiful drew itself on Magnus’s lips, and his chest constricted.

“I thank you too, soul of mine. Aku cinta kamu, Alexander.”

*Aku cinta kamu.* This was the first time he had heard those words and for some reason he knew they were special.

“What does it mean?”
The smile grew and cheeks and ears flushed a pretty dark-red, and warm brown became brighter and warmer.

“‘I love you’ in Indonesian. It’s the first time I’ve ever said it to anyone in my entire life.”

Alec heavily pregnant with his children was a sight so holy it made Magnus unfailingly tear up, it blessed his eyes and cleansed his heart.

Alec’s throat closed and his chest hurt, his heart went crazy and his ribs ached, his entire body felt hot and his mouth went dry, his breaths stuttered and his mouth went agape, his hands trembled and his eyes stung. The twins no longer slept. They kicked and moved inside of him as if their papa’s words had reached their dreams.

No words could give an answer to those earth-shattering words Magnus had just spoken, so he captured his mouth and let his heart speak through his lips.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading :D
The air was perfumed with a combination of hibiscus, lavender and rosebud. Steam clung to his skin like a soft, comforting blanket. Orange peel bath salts sat at the bottom of the large claw-foot bathtub filled with warm, coral rose petal-sprinkled water. Cedar-wood candles gave off a woody smell which made the atmosphere even cozier. On a round, bamboo table next to the tub, an apothecary-style bottle of Magnus’s own brew of sandalwood shampoo from Indian sandalwood that he started mixing back in the 18th century sat waiting to be used. To have his hair washed by his Alpha was one of the biggest pleasures of his life—those talented fingertips weren’t only wielders of powerful magic but also givers of mollitious pleasure and relaxation.

Slowly, his feet met the crystal clear aromatic water. His right hand and waist supported by a firm yet gentle hold. Before he sat and allowed the luxurious bath heal his aching body, he waited for his mate to sit first. Carefully, he lowered himself, his hands clasped to each side of the bathtub and the High Warlock’s hands secured on each side of his wider hips. Once immersed, he let his back lean against the broad hard chest behind him. Back to chest and arms lovingly wrapped around his round belly, protective hands upon their unborn children and affectionate lips on his hair—it was as perfect as heaven could be.

His Alexander was a stream of golden light. To see his young Omega and hold him in his arms was his every day wish as soon as he woke up. Even in his dreams that wish shone brightly.

“How do you like it? Is the temperature of the water okay? Do you need anything else? Did I forget something?”, questioned the older man, voice quiet against his nape as his nose nuzzled the ticklish spot.

A sigh left him before he could answer, his head fell back against muscled shoulders at the same time his legs stretched in front of him and every muscle in his body released the tension accumulated. His hands moved to where Magnus’s own rubbed his distended stomach fondly, fingers entwined and eyes now upon each other. Smiles flourished, languid and blissful. Eden.
“I wouldn’t change a thing. Thank you, Magnus,” he murmured, his lips now against their appetizing counterparts.

There were no longer walls between them, they couldn’t exist—not with the bond they had. It wasn’t the soul-bond in itself, but just the way they’ve chosen to love each other.

Their connection ran deep, deeper than the constrains of their human bodies. Their bond was something few could truly understand, only other soul-bonds might be able to do so—it was as if his soul and Magnus’s were made of the same essence. They were complete individuals, yet everything finally made sense when their hands had touched for the first time—an awakening, a wordless calling, an awaited reunion of fated mates.

He was so grateful that Magnus’s heart was still available when they met. As if it was patiently waiting for him for all those centuries.

Alec multiplies his happiness by ten folds just by being there. And now, pregnant as he was, that happiness had multiplied into infinity—bottomless, unquenchable. Now, his immortality had much more meaning and purpose.

“Alexander, you are my everything. You had given my heart a second chance at life. You’ve given me so many priceless gifts. I’ll never be able to repay you for any of it…”

His eyes fluttered close as his heart slammed itself against his ribs, desperate to break out and fly to Magnus.

“Y-you can. You have repaid me just by loving me like you do…”

Kiss by kiss and touch by touch, gaze by gaze and word by word that’s how he discovered the meaning of love with his Alpha. Unconditional, without shame.

A sharp inhale of breath from behind and the mild slap of water was all that followed.

A pause. Peaceful and meaningful.

“I love you, cintaku, with all I have, with all I am.”

Magnus’s low and dark voice caressed his ears as sensually as his fingertips did his skin. His right hand grabbed a hold of his mate’s right hand and brought it with purpose down, down and under water, and then, pressed the Alpha’s hand against his hard cock for a quick stop, but guided it to where his eager entrance awaited with impatience.

“Show me,” he whispered, eyes heavy-lidded and needy mouth hovering over mellifluous lips.

It didn’t take long for their mouths to merge into a sultry kiss which lit the fire at the pit of their stomachs.

“You drive me crazy, Alexander.”

Despite the prominent erection and lust-scent and heated desire, Magnus was always so careful sinking into him (much more so now), a slow kind of thrust that set every square inch of his body afire. Flames of need and want raged inside of him just at the feel of his Alpha’s cock stretching him open and making him full.

“Gorgeous and perfect just for me. So good, so tight, Alec. Ngh, ah!”
“Ah, ah..., fuc-k! Magn-us, oh, God… ungh, more, plea-se!”

Thrust after thrust, gasp after gasp, titillating word after titillating word, the splash of water and cries of pleasure and the ghost of warm breaths in his right ear, his arched back and scrabbling hands, his Alpha’s fingertips upon his mating bite and teeth playfully nipping at his chin—ecstasy had a name and last name, and it was Magnus Bane.

‘Braxton Hicks contractions’ weren’t fun but they weren’t too horrible either. Movement helped to make them go away. They weren’t as frequent either so he was thankful. But he already knew about harrowing pain, about pain that felt as if he had been impaled by an ‘Iron Maiden’ torture device. Yet, he wasn’t about to let those kinds of things mar his/their happiness and enthusiasm.

At least, his appetite hadn’t been affected—increase water intake and watermelon and melon, soups and smoothies of all kinds (not spicy things, because he had been suffering from heartburn for a while now), pumpkin and orange peppers and carrots, mangoes and passion fruit and papaya, oranges and tangerines, wild salmon with cilantro, everything sweetened with natural golden honey, walnuts and almonds, sunflower seeds and pistachio nuts. He had gained weight but not an astronomical amount compared to his voracious appetite. And recently, he had lost some of that weight, but Guillermo had calmed his nerves and told him it was normal at this stage.

A little over a month before the pups were due, he had begun tidying up—it was an irresistible feeling of wanting to clean and get the babies’ corner of the bedroom ready, collect pillows and blankets on their bed and have everything they needed for them.

It was difficult to take his hands away from tiny socks, bibs, jumpers, ruffled rompers, and onesies made of the softest organic yarn and cotton.

Alec was trying to figure out what to pack in his hospital bag. Maybe some soft cotton blankets for the pups, socks/slippers/t-shirts for him, nipple cream, clothes for the twins, and what else? It seemed kinda silly to pack a bag when Magnus could just conjure everything they needed. But he just felt this need to get things ready for the twins. ‘Nesting’ Cat called it. He had been cleaning like crazy this last week. It won’t be long before the babies are born. The thought overwhelmed him with immense joy but also filled him with anxiety.

He couldn’t have a home birth in the water like he had wanted to, because of all the complications from previous pregnancies. As his midwife, Cat didn’t recommend it and Guillermo had stated that it was best to give birth at the hospital. They both had his/the pups best interest in mind. It had been a bit disappointing to know he’ll have to be away from the familiarity and comforts of their home, but his melancholy didn’t last long. His mate promised that when the time came, he’ll personally arrange the hospital room in a way he wouldn’t miss home as much.

“My sweet darling, do not despair. I got you. Have I ever gone back on my word?” Magnus cooed as his hands cradled Alec’s face and his lips poured a flurry of petal-like kisses from the crown of his head to his forehead down to the tip of his nose to parted lips where the kisses deepened until both where left gasping for air.

While both regained their bearings, his Alpha’s hands traveled the curve of his shoulders and downward muscled arms to trace a thick waist until they settled and framed his naked distended
belly, and then warm kisses tickled it until he felt teary-eyed with contentment.

Despite having what he had convinced himself he would never have and the love he felt for his pups, there was still something that hammered at the base of his skull and made him uncertain. He wasn’t sure if he’ll be a good father, if he would be good enough to nurture these children. After all, his own father wasn’t close to winning a Father of the Year Award.

But, he shook off those feelings, he wasn’t alone in this, his Omega was by his side and together they will try their best.

*****

Wetness—thick and somewhat abundant. The metallic smell of blood and the indescribable odor of amniotic fluid. Body joints loosened. The pressure on his bladder and rectum an unbearable, strange sensation. His lungs could finally expand to almost their normal size, yet this relief was outweighed by the stretching of his pelvic muscles which brought with it cramps that made him claw at the bed sheets with desperate urgency as well as an intense pain in his lower back and groin. A pain that could only be described as a thousand sharp spikes piercing through his back, and intense abdominal tightening and pressure that left him gasping for air.

Increased pain in a regular pattern—frequent, longer, merciless. Barbed wires tangled around his uterus, its pointy tips penetrating the flesh. Movement didn’t help. Pain radiated down his trembling legs and a violent shudder brought with it goosebumps. Shaky hands cold as snow. Sweat on his forehead and under his neck—cool and sticky. He could barely form a clear thought with what everything around him looking blurry and the terrible headache which had begun to torture his brain and how he felt his feet more swollen than usual, but he was damn sure these contractions weren’t the same he had been having for a week now—the so called ‘Braxton Hicks’. These were around 30 to 70 seconds long. Too fucking long.

Arid mouth and heavy tongue. It was difficult to speak through the screams he was trying to swallow. There was still a bit over three weeks to go. It was still early for the pups to come.

Too early…

Please. Please. Please.

*****

Alec was in labor with the twins.

In labor with almost four weeks to go.

Everything had been going well.

*What went wrong?*

Warlocks were not allowed in Idris, but exceptions were made for him to bring Alec there since it was a life or death situation.

Life or death.

Death.

No. No. No.
He had to rush Alec to the hospital in Idris to have an emergency cesarean section. Guillermo’s voice sounded tense when those words had left his mouth over the phone.

Alec’s life was in danger—he was too weak and feverish, and in excruciating pain.

His own life was also on the line.

They were linked in life and death, in happiness and sadness—one until the end.

Copious amount of sweat coated his brow and pooled on his neck, his body felt as if it was being tortured with electric shocks and red-hot coal—if this was his pain, he could only imagine the pain Alec had to deal with on his way here. Though portals were fast, strenuous pain could make it seem eternal. But what was frustrating and infuriating was that his magic had zero effect on calming down his mate as his own body and mind were under stress as well. When they arrived to the hospital in Alicante, Cat and Guillermo were already there waiting for them along with their family members.

Magnus’s fierce protectiveness of him and their children exceed the highest levels, not wanting anyone to get close even if they were family. It must be the acute stress his mind was under and his own distress affecting the Alpha. Lips drawn back and bare teeth and exposed cat-eyes and magic ready to strike—he was bordering going feral. They couldn’t have that.

“Magnus…” whispered Alec through his pain, “y-you need to calm down, plea-se, aaah!”

Eye contact. Finally. But those pretty hazel eyes were glazed and heavy.

“Yes, yes. Alexander, I will. Please, please, don’t leave me…” he begged through tears.

A wan smile quirked his Omega’s lips—by Lilith, Alec was white as a sheet of paper and crushed by pain, yet he fought against it just to give Magnus comfort, to keep him from going feral. He had never admired his mate more.

“I-I won’t…I’m not going any-anywhere---, ugh!”

A strong contraction, stronger than the previous ones lambasted through the Shadowhunter and his body quaked violently. Because the pain was agonizing and the distress extreme, the Omega fainted.

“Alec! Alexander!”

His mate had gone limp in his arms. Alec felt so hot against his body, and his breathing labored.

“Cat! Catarina, please save him and the children. Please, please Cat, save them,” he supplicated through inconsolable sobs.

An amalgamation of sweet and sour, bitter and fishy, spicy and salty smells assaulted his nose and mouth—the terrible smell, the nauseating taste, it made his stomach abruptly turn inside of him. Disgusting.

In the blink of an eye, his best friend was by his side. Her gaze traveled between him and Alec while her hands moved about his mate’s body. “Oh, my dear friend. You need to calm down if you don’t want to go feral.”

He didn’t matter. Only Alec and the children did. Why was she so concerned about him?!
Shit!

His eyes were suddenly drowned in tears again, it stung horribly.

“Cat, please, promise me that i-if my children don’t make it…, if my Alexander, if Ale-” he couldn’t finish the sentence because a gut-wrenching cry drowned his words.

His blood burn in his veins as if it had mutated into acid. His heart felt raw as if it had been flayed. His insides ached, a sharp kind of ache, as if he had been eviscerated.

Their bond had gone silent. Numbed with fear. It felt as if it had flat-lined from feeling too much.

“Shhh, Magnus, calm down,” whispered his friend. “We need to get him into the operating room as soon as possible. Time is of the essence.”

The buzz under his skin had become an unendurable acute itch he couldn’t appease, like a festering rash.

He took in a deep and lengthy breath, straightened his back and gulped down the nasty flavors in his mouth. The hold on his mate tightened as if a promise.

“If they don’t make it, promise me you won’t break our soul-bond.”

“Magnus, don’t make me-”

He cut her off, ignored the words he knew she’ll say and continued, “I-I don’t want an immortal life without him, Cat. I don’t want this life without my magic either. He is my heart and soul, and magic is my lifeblood, who I am. Promise me.”

An oppressive silence stretched for seconds on end. He could feel its noose around his neck. He was sure their family heard every word. He didn’t care. Call him weak, but those were his feelings.

“I promise,” the Omega replied hesitantly. Yet, the next words didn’t contain a trace of indecision. “But I sure as hell won’t let it come to that. I won’t allow it. You and Alec deserve a happily ever after and all that romantic saccharine fairy tale crap. So, I promise you, your Alexander and your pups will live.”

A nod.

A pause.

Alec was no longer in the embrace of his arms but on a gurney. He had set him down carefully. His Omega was still unconscious.

His lips planted a kiss on a dampened forehead, and then on lukewarm lips.

The High Warlock reached for the black silk string around his neck.

Magic pulsed and glowed into it, together with a simple prayer.

Around Alec’s neck appeared the Omamori charm he had given Magnus all that time ago—his mate and their twins needed all the protection and good luck they could get.

Live.

Please live.
All of you.

Raziel, please, please save them.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!

Thoughts?
Chapter Summary

Malec + much more

Chapter Notes

Hey guys,
Thanks for all your support. I appreciate each comment. Keep em coming.
Are you ready?
Happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Exhaustion.
Ache.
Heaviness.
Slowly lifting fog.
An odd lightness.
Slowly, his sleep-weighted eyes parted to welcome in the light.

When he woke up, he found himself in a hospital room. As his eyes roamed the space, he was immediately greeted and surrounded by familiar things and smells. Magnus had fulfilled his word beyond anything he could have imagined. His mate had made sure the birthing and recuperation room brimmed with all his favorite things.

His mind was still in a haze, but as the seconds passed, he could recall bits and pieces of what had happened.

The realization hit him like a bolder a placid lake.

The twins…

His hands flew to his still distended yet less rounded belly. Pain radiated from the lower part of his abdomen and a quiet hiss escaped him.

The memories began to came back in a steady stream.

*A blue curtain separating his upper body from the rest, intense pressure on his belly, the sensation of something being pulled out, Magnus at his side reeking of fear and perfumed with excitement, sweet angry cries, and weight on his chest.*
Alec heard some muffled voices inside the room. His eyes followed it. Nurses. His shaky hands remained still on his much softer and less rounded belly and for a moment, he panicked. But then the nurses’ words as they spoke to one another while they took down notes on his chart and inspected all the medical equipment/supplies, calmed him down.

The feel of his pups’ delicate warm skin as he held them with trembling hands, he was sure would never fade. That transcendental sensation not even in and out of consciousness, he could ever forget.

He remembered fainting and the carrying sound of Magnus’s terrified voice shouting his name.

The enthusiastic conversation between the nurses hoicked his attention, and he let it.

“I never thought an Alpha could be so sweet, devoted, and loving to their mate. I’m impressed, jealous and envious. My eyes have been opened,” said one of the nurses, a petite, brown-haired Male-Omega.

“Right?! So much contempt shown towards Downworlders by so many in Idris, and they have proven to be a class act. Catarina Loss is a marvelous healer and Dr. Guillermo have proven to be a miracle worker with his surgical skills. But Magnus Bane takes the cake, by the Angel! That man is splendid and so masculine and fiercely protective,” praised the other Omega, a tall red-head with fair skin.

He couldn’t help but smirk, the orgulous feeling inside his chest made his inner Omega preen with self-satisfaction. Praises to his mate always made him happier than praises directed at him.

The conversation continued animatedly and he listened on with curiosity.

The Male-Omega added, “I almost fainted when he asked me to let him know as soon as his mate wakes up. He hasn’t separated from his Omega not even for a second, until a couple of minutes ago. Certainly, he must be with his pups. Aren’t they just the prettiest little ones you’ve ever seen?! The perfect mix of their parents.”

Oh, thank the Angel!

His twins were alive and born healthy at 37 weeks. He needed to see them, to hold them, to hear their breathing and feel their heartbeats, to touch them and confirm they were doing well.

“They truly are! And I was so surprised when Mr. Bane personally brought everything his mate wanted from home instead of conjuring it—from pillows to blankets and cushions they had in their nest at home as well as Mr. Lightwood-Bane’s favorite books, classical music, and even a mini fridge with all of his favorite juices, fruits and desserts. I’ve been charmed. I want one just like him!”, murmured the red-haired Omega.

Alec couldn’t help but grin at that. Sorry ladies, he’s already taken and I’m not letting go, he thought to himself.

How did he get so lucky? His mate was the most wonderful man.

“But Mr. Bane is also very lucky, because his mate is beautiful, and the first Omega in a century to occupy such an important leadership position. They match well, more than well. They’re the rumored soul-bond that took the Shadow World by surprise,” marveled the other nurse, his quiet voice filled with awe.
His cheeks felt warm. To hear others, talk about him like that, it still felt weird.

As she nodded, the tall Omega spoke, “That’s true. They’re both amazing—the Head of the New York Institute and the High Warlock of Brooklyn. Their bond gives us all hope.”

*Hope*...

“Indeed,” the male nurse quickly agreed.

Unexpectedly, a current of pain surged through him and a loud groan bursted out of his mouth, which alerted the nurses of his awoken state.

Both nurses rushed to his side, eyes searching and hands occupied as they moved about the IV and his oxygen mask.

In that instant, the door opened and his heart leaped with such force, it hurt a little. As if it was trying to uproot itself out of the confines of his constricted chest.

“Alexander!”

Oh, how had he missed this handsome face and sultry voice and this rich scent and captivating smile.

As soon as Magnus crossed the recuperation room’s threshold, an uncontrollable smile watercolored itself on Alec’s lips, and when an equally elated smile was reciprocated, he sighed in absolute relief. It wasn’t that he didn’t believe the nurses when they said the twins were fine, but he needed his mate’s confirmation.

“How are you feeling, my soul?” Magnus asked as he strode across the room.

“I’m fine, just a bit tired. I tried to activate the Healing Rune, but I’m still too weak for it to work,” the Shadowhunter as he pulled the High Warlock into the bed.

He couldn’t help the tiny quirk on his lips. An immeasurable giddiness had take over him.

“Don’t push yourself. Let yourself be pamper and be taken care of,” Magnus chided, tone soft as his man settled himself behind him and carefully embraced him.

Alec let the full weight of his body lean against the Alpha’s firm chest and his head rest on a broad shoulder, while his eyes drifted close and his palms squeeze his mate’s hands.

With his face pressed into the older man’s branded neck, he asked, “Our children?”

“They’re flawless. It couldn’t have been any other way, right?” Magnus replied with a proud grin as he painted a mural of kisses on his forehead and then the rest of his face.

“I want to see them,” Alec murmured into the nectar-like kiss.

A hum reverberated against his kiss-bruised lips and his eyelashes fluttered.

“They’ll be here soon enough. We just gave them a bath and they’re getting dressed to meet their ravishing and brave Omega daddy.”

Magnus’s words spoken against his lips, tickled.

Then, something fell on the floor with a sharp noise. The sound of a plastic tray.
It was then, that both of them remembered they weren’t alone in the room. Though, they had no problems with public displays of affection, at least not anymore. But this was a moment both of them wanted to keep to themselves.

They were both overly jealous of their intimacy.

It was Magnus who spoke first with a smile in his voice and another upon his lips— the ever gentleman.

With his charming disposition, he addressed the nurses, “Jude, Arlette, I’m sure you must be tired since you’ve been taking care of my beloved day and night. I’m here now and my mate’s condition is stable. Do you mind giving us a moment of privacy, please?”

At his words, once rosy cheeks were now of a florid tint. Oh, Alec understood their reaction, he had been there several times, still was. He couldn’t help but chuckle, and then cover said smile behind one of his hands.

“Ah, um, o-of course not. Please excuse us,” Arlette uttered haltingly.

“Oh, God, I think I just died,” said Jude in an undertone. Magnus didn’t hear it but Alec did, blessed be his Omega hearing.

After they had exited the room, they both looked at each other and giggled like children.

“You’ve fans,” he reported to Magnus after the fit of giggle had resided.

“I do?” questioned the warlock playing dumb.

“Maybe you should dial down your charm, Mr. Prince Charming of Brooklyn,” he teased as one of his hands reached to trace his mate’s hairline and all the contours of his face, and brush those life-giving lips.

Their bond thrummed and boomed and waved with a macramé of mixed emotions—the loss of the past and the pain that followed, the jubilation and smiles and the new vibrant lives.

The present—they wouldn’t be here if it wasn’t for the past with all it held.

The future—they won’t have one if important decisions aren’t made soon. Alec was resolute on a central piece of it. But for now, he’ll enjoy this moment that’ll live in their memories forever.

Magnus’s laughter, oh, how have he missed it—he thought he’ll never hear it again in its full glory after all that had happened. Today was a great day indeed.

“Huh? Is someone jealous?” retorted his Alpha, eyes bright with mischief and tone playful.

Love found them when they needed it the most. It was a slow and careful love, thorough and unabashed—the kind of love that healed and erased distances and lowered defenses and demolished walls. An honest love.

Alec shook his head, his weary hazel eyes fixed on fathomless counterparts.

“No, because you’re mine as I’m yours—heart, body and soul.”

He was Magnus’s. He wanted to be completely Magnus’. With his softest touch, this man who looked at him like he was a rare treasure box full of invaluable gems, caressed him around his rough edges until not only his body but also his mind and soul were taken into the most accepting
world where words needn't be said.

Alec’s words, simple yet revealing, pierced him.

When they first met and he saw Alec’s light, dimmed as it might have been by self-hate and self-denial, all the darkness inside of him evanesced.

No one can’t explain love because love has no logic. Of all the matches that could have lit up his soul in all the centuries that he had lived, only Alec was the one to set it ablaze. A continuous fire with no end in sight. A fire that gave birth to a life he thought was out of reach for someone like him. Now, they were a family of four.

“When you’re right, you’re right, manisku (my sweet),” he responded, hands entwined with larger ones and gazes locked. “As cliché as it may sound, I was yours before we met. My soul knew it even if my mind remained ignorant.”

“I love you. I love you. I love you…”, was all Alec could reply. The words resonated throughout him, like hymn.

Their lips coalesced once again, familiar and tender.

Magnus seldom felt small. Magic had been rushing through his veins since before he was born, its power reassuring and freeing. But oddly enough, he enjoyed the moments that made him feel small. Like siring two beautiful children with the one he loved more than life itself or seeing those children grow inside his mate’s body or witnessing those lives come into the world or the feel of holding all he held precious in the circle of his arms. He took great pride in being a warlock—a High Warlock—just as he took immense pride in being the best mate he could be and as he now too took profound pride in being a father.

Feeling small in front of the important things in his life wasn’t such a bad feeling. On the contrary, he welcomed it wholeheartedly.

*****

The twins were born on a Monday night, on April 2nd at 11:11 PM. A night, when according to Magnus, the moon was full of silver light and the skies were clear and the stars were shining shyly.

Per his Alpha’s accounts, their adorable little girl came into the world first, with a loud roar and red-faced. She weighted 6lbs. 11oz. and measured 14in. Their sweet little boy was less furious but equally if not louder and came out kicking and punching the air. He weighted 6lbs. 8oz. and measured 14in.

Two tiny babies. The princess, snuggled in a softest vintage airplanes and hot air balloon swaddle set, and their prince in llama and cactus set.

They were perfect.

Alec couldn’t stop staring at these treasures in his arms nor stop kissing them—he needed to make sure this wasn’t a dream, that he hadn’t died in childbirth together with his pups, and that his mate hadn’t followed soon after. But Magnus’s grounding arms around him and his scent of absolute delight and the tears in his own eyes and the little sweet noises and minute movements his tiny babes made were enough proof that this was his fortunate reality.

Finally.
Finally.

Thank the Angel!

After so much pain and darkness and heartbreak, this was their triumph. This was their world, their little family—nothing, not even Heaven or Shangri-La or whatever version of Elysium could ever compare to his own. Paradise was his twins and Magnus, and all those wonderful people waiting outside his hospital room.

Blueberry-colored skin, the same as their beloved Elena, and the Angelic Rune upon their forehead (this was astounding, it had never happened before. No Shadowhunter had ever been born with the Angelic Rune already upon their skin)—half-Shadowhunters and half-Warlocks.

He could cry.

He already was.

Emotion overtook him at the sight of their little miracles.

They were perfect. So perfect.

Their twins smelled like oatmeal milk and honey, lavender and spearmint, lemon basil and fresh eucalyptus with a hint of peonies. With eyes wide open, the twins looked at them with curiosity and familiarity and something that pulled at their soul-bond poignantly. What lived in those immaculate eyes resonated with him and Magnus, as if they’ve brought with them the essence of the pups that didn’t get to live, and of a pair of twins long gone.

The words he wanted to say fought hard against the knot in his throat.

“Hey, pups, I’m your Omega daddy. Welcome! You’re both so beautiful,” he whispered in a shaky voice through the tears of joy that had stained his smile.

Pure love. Holy love. The most sweet and profound love—that was what his entire being felt when his gaze met the twin’s sleepy little eyes. Nothing has ever felt this way. This love was indescribable.

“Can you give daddy a little smile, little ones,” cooed his Alpha, voice a satiny whisper at the same time his thumbs caressed plump rosy cheeks. “Show daddy that cute gummy smile you’ve shown papa.”

As if on cue, they did.

Ah! His heart was about to explode.

The C-section incision on his belly ached and his insides felt tender and every so often a twinge of pain would stab him, but he wouldn’t change it for anything because this was the proof he had given birth to these two beautiful living pups.

To have a family with Magnus, to have been able to give it to him, to see him smile widely, to hear his laughter and his soft voice as he interacted with their pups, to sense that core-deep love which emanated from him towards him and their babies, to witness the peace in those magnetic eyes, to feel the warmth he irradiated from every pore of his body—it was so touching. They both really wanted to have a family of their own, and after so many trials and losses, tears and pain and heartbreak, at last, they had it.
Together, the four of them. Always.

Each loss had sheared his heart with a sort of blunt messy cut that had damaged him profoundly. But now, he got to enjoy this. His tears fell like Autumn leaves gliding in the wind, unbridled and thick—a refreshing shower which cleansed his heart.

Magnus wanted to bottle up each of Alec’s happy tears and lock the vial under countless locks, because they were too precious to let them fall and disappear.

This was happiness at its best, in its purest most selfless shape.

Neither of them would trade places with anyone.

*****

As much as they wished they could spend more time alone, just the four of them, they couldn’t be so selfish. Thus, their loved ones were welcome into the room to officially meet the twins. Sadly, Luke, Maia, Raphael, and Simon couldn’t be there to share this moment because Downworlders were not allowed in Idris. But they’ll have time to do so when they go back home which he hoped was soon. He didn’t like the smell of hospitals.

Their family flooded inside and made a beeline towards them, expressions cheerful and eyes bright.

“Hey everyone, say ‘hello’ to Indira (beauty; splendid—Hindu/Sanskrit) Sophia (Wisdom—Greek) and Cahya (one who is the light in darkness—Indonesian) Gideon (one who cuts down—Hebrew) Lightwood-Bane,” he announced, lips wobbly.

“Congratulations guys, you make the most beautiful pups,” said his sister with tears in her eyes and voice overcome with emotion as she stroked his cheek and looked at her niece and nephew with fondness.

He couldn’t argue with that.

So, he smiled widely until his face hurt, his own eyes tear-logged just like everyone else’s in the room. Magnus on the bed by his side, one of his arms wrapped around his waist and the other over his own around the babies, lovingly placed a kiss on his temple.

A stream of congratulatory words followed from the rest of the family as they each got their turn with the twins.

This moment was real.

They made it.

Their dream came true.

Death and pain had given way to life.

Finally. Finally.

*****

If only these moments would never end. If only these feelings of exalted joy and soothing peace would continue uninterrupted.
But he should have known better…

His nightmares came back to haunt him while wide awake.

The face in his dreams and the voice hidden in the darkness came to light.

He was to blame.

It was his fault.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
A peaceful haven.

The truest love in his arms and within him.

His soul soared at the sight of the miracles feeding from his body.

Sweet little sounds of life as Indira and Cahya fell asleep after a good feeding.

His spirit felt replenished by their presence, and by the love he felt through his and Magnus’s soul-bond.

Alec was certain no one was as happy as he was, well, except Magnus.

He had been breastfeeding the twins, and now they were placidly sleeping in his arms.

So sweet. So dear. He couldn’t do anything else but smile at their angelic visage. But such joy didn’t last long.

The door to the room swung open.

When his gaze went up to take a glimpse at the visitor, a familiar face came into view.

No.

The smile on his face melted away into a gasp.

No.
His chest hurt by the force of his heart as it thrashed against his glass-like ribs.

It can’t be.

His arms held on tighter to the babies in his arms.

No. Please.

His eyes felt like owl’ eyes.

The rush of blood in his ears was deafening.

It was his fault.

The blood in his veins had morphed into frost.

The sweat upon his forehead felt like an overbearing ice crown.

Why? Why?

The oppressive air filled with the stench of fear collapsed against his nose.

His lungs ached something terrible as if smothered with sand and smoke.

Mag-Magnus…

Oh, God!

Forgive me.

Magnus…

“Good evening, little prince. You did well. You made the Legend come true.”

Alec couldn’t move. His body a mass of water weighing him down to the profundities of panic.


Those words echoed in his head as if the resounding sounds of a gong.

As soon as Magnus sensed Rabel’s presence, he came rushing out of the bathroom and before the older Omega could release his magic upon him and the pups, his Alpha casted a protection spell over them. His magic now divided between the bright electric blue for defense and the rich flaming red for offense.

Magnus wasn’t going to risk it, to go on an all-out battle with Rabel when Alec and the pups were there. Thus, the only option he had was to immobilize his former teacher until he could get his family away from danger. How long he could do this for was to be seen.

Meanwhile, Alec felt the heavy chains of guilt grinding him to dust. Until he almost couldn’t breathe.

He tried to speak, but his body had rebelled against him. This was his punishment.

The memories of nightmares came barreling towards him—unstoppable—like the twangling of a discordant cello.
When the words stuck in his throat finally saw through it and became free, they came out as a string of shattered apologies.

“Ma-Magnus, I’m sorry..., sorr-y..., I... forgive me…”, he rasped.

The broken-down words grated his throat until it felt raw.

Magnus brow furrowed, but not in anger. It was much more painful than a reproach. It reflected the betrayal he felt. Those feline eyes asked him, ‘Why didn’t you trust me?’, ‘Why did you keep it to yourself?’ It hurt more than any pain he had felt before. Yet, Magnus wasn’t disappointed nor mad, not really. Because he was too busy blaming himself for the current situation, for ‘failing’ to know what his nightmares were about. But his Alpha wasn’t at fault, this unfortunate mess was solely on him.

“Sorry, I’m sorry…” he repeated like a broken tape.

Thoughts flew higgledy-piggledy in his mind.

“Please, Magnus, forgive me…sorry…”

All his being was in upheaval—cracked, shaken, and shell-shocked.

Oh, Alexander, no one has ever broken my heart with the words ‘I’m sorry’ before, Magnus thought to himself. Yet, now wasn’t the time to dwell on his feelings, he needed his Omega to snap out of it and focus on the immediate situation.

“Alec, please, calm down,” he said, voice firm and unshaken.

Their bond was in upheaval. But the steady current of love was unshaken, like always.

“Ah, you didn’t tell him about the dreams, did you Alec? What a bad boy,” voiced the older Omega, green eyes alight with delighted malice.

That question struck him hard and without mercy as if a sledgehammer.

It was his fault.

“Magnus..., I...”

His barely audible words were cut-off by Magnus’s composed ones.

“Hey, Alec, look at me.”

And he did, for the first time since Rabel entered the room, his eyes met Magnus’s head-on. He could barely hold his gaze, he felt too ashamed, too guilty, too embarrassed.

“Everything will be fine, I promise.”

Such fire in those preternatural eyes, he had never seen. He didn’t like it one bit. It spelled heartbreak.

Rabel’s voice splintered the moment, it was rough and grated against his eardrums.

“No one can’t enter this room, because I have erected wards all around it. There’ll be no help
coming. Not that they could do anything anyway. Not even you, Magnus, can do anything to keep those pups away from me. It’s their destiny.”

Magnus’s eyes settled upon the hateful Omega, jaw clenched and body tense.

“Be quiet!”

The much older warlock crossed his hands and chuckled, expression dripping with amusement. Alec hated him so much. He wanted to rip his throat out and cut him into pieces and bleed him out. But here he was, without his bow and quiver, without his seraph blades, his body still weakened, and his arms full of helpless babes.

Pathetic. He was utterly wretched.

“Sooner or later you will get tired and your magic will be depleted. Then, what will you do?” The older Omega questioned, voice disgustingly sweet and a mocking kind of smile that was all teeth. Like a beast who had let itself be trapped and enjoyed this type of sadistic play.

This bastard!

But Magnus didn’t back down, his magic became much more powerful, with a sort of tempered rage outlining it. A rampage waiting to happen.

“I will use every spell I know, every drop of magic I have, even draw from my demonic blood if necessary, but I won’t let you touch them ever again. This ends today. Once and for all,” the High Warlock declared, his mind most probably overfilled with strategies and innumerable scenarios while his riotous cat-eyes glowed with a brilliant golden hue full of determination.

Seeing Magnus like that made a chill run up his spine and panic take root in his bones. His Alpha was hell-bent on protecting them no matter the cost. And the cost could be his life.

No.

Not now, not yet. Not when they were finally a complete family. It was too cruel.

They didn’t fucking deserve this! Not after everything they’ve gone through.

It wasn’t fair!

The protective barrier around them was suddenly lifted, and with the ever-elegant flick of his wrist, his mate opened a portal.

“Take the twins and leave,” Magnus commanded, eyes bright as crystals. Unshed tears.

Alec was paralyzed by those words, by the look of self-sacrifice in his mate’s gaze.

No. No. No.

To renounce him, to leave him—all of him refused to do it.

How could he do it? He didn’t have it in him. He wasn’t that strong. Would the twins forgive him for his selfishness?

He shook his head before he could produce the words tangled around his tongue like thorns.

“I can’t... I won’t give you up.”
Laughter bubbled out of Rabel’s chest—a raucous, hysterical laughter that highlighted his maniacal expression.

His Alpha clenched his jaw and shut his eyes, his reddened lips trapped between harsh teeth. A heavy, lengthy sigh left his mate’s body. Seconds passed before words made it out of his mouth.

“You have to, for our children. Please, listen to me and go. I’ll take care of this,” insisted Magnus with desperation evident in his voice while his magic kept Rabel frozen in place.

Those words culled his heart.

His feet refused to take any steps.

All the loving, passionate and reverential words Magnus had told him over the years came back to him, barrels filled to the brim with bittersweet feelings.

“Magnus, Magnus, Magnus, you naïve, sweet child. Your magic is very powerful indeed, I’m very proud. But how long can you keep me like this before your magic runs out? As I am, you know you can’t kill me. I will have those twins. You owe me a pair.”

The nerve of this asshole had no parallel.

“I don’t owe you anything!” roared Magnus, magic now a destructive force that shook the room.

It was spine-chilling to be faced with the possibility of losing Magnus right in front of his eyes. To be a regretful witness to the loss of a dream he had always longed for.

“Alec! You need to go NOW!”

At his Alpha’s shout, he startled as did the twins who soon began to fuss.

Alec’s mind was a rhapsody of lamentations, he regretted every word he omitted to say to Magnus about the nightmares he had had with Rabel about the twins. If he had told him everything back then, this wouldn’t have happened—maybe it could have been prevented or they could have been ready for it. But because of his stupidity, now they were in this hellish situation.

“Go! Tell Cat to sever our bond. She’ll know what to do. You’ll be fine. I love you, Alexander. I love the three of you. This isn’t your fault. Now, go!”

Alec’s legs had turned into lead blocks and his body felt as heavy as an anvil, his vision blurred and his cheeks became wet, and his arms held on tighter to the pups crying inconsolably in his embrace at the same time his entire being was rapidly crushed by pain from the inside out.

Before Rabel voiced his thoughts, a dark look shrouded his angelic face as a grin that resembled a shark’s open mouth overtook his lips. “Awww, how touching. But it’s useless. This love-sacrifice won’t do you any favors, dearest Magnus. I will have those children and there’s nothing you can do to stop me.”

Words like a death sentence—final, incommutable. Alec wanted to wake up, for this to be a ghastly nightmare.

There was this simmering something inside of Magnus—a cauldron filled with pointy nails and sharpened knives, deadly spears and poisonous daggers—cooking slowly and heating up to temperatures unknown. Sweat dripped down his temples and his heartbeats galloped so fast he could barely feel them against his ribs and sternum. His arms fought against him, threatening to
move like snakes in front of pray. His frigid hands itched to grab a hold of the neck in front of him, to close on it like a lion’s fangs on a gazelle’s delicate neck.

This reality was like a guillotine to his dream; his centuries-old dream.

No.

No, he couldn’t lose it now that he finally had it within his grasp.

“Are you going to be selfish again and sacrifice the life of a loved one? Of your true mate? Don’t be stubborn, my child. Hand over the pups. You can always have more. But if your Omega dies, everything will be over for you,” Rabel warned, emerald eyes cold as Arctic wind.

Fury slithered from the darkest corners of his soul and tainted every molecule in his vibrating body, his feet moved forward, ready to strike. Obsidian glass, like the color of the demonic blood inside of him clawed and tore the tender skin of his insides. He wanted to let his wrath consume him, to unleashes all his magic against the executioner calmly standing a few paces away from him, but he didn’t. He couldn’t. His family’s safety was more important than his thirst for vengeance.

“Are you insane? How can I just hand over my children to a monster like you?! Over my dead body!”

The word ‘death’ painted his tongue sour.

He didn’t want to die. Not anymore.

With an irritated look on his face, the older Omega spoke almost disappointed, “Tsk! I thought you were smarter than this. Love has made you weak. You’re forcing my hand, Magnus. Forcing me to do something I don’t want. Again”

*Please, please, someone, help us*, prayed Alec. He wondered if anyone in heaven had their ears open to grant this favor.

“Alec, go!” urged Magnus once again. Immediately, he added, “And Alexander, remember that I will always love you. You saved me.”

*Oh, God! How could he leave after hearing those words?!!*

His stomach roiled and his throat closed, his bones clattered and his body shuddered, his eyes drowned in Dead Sea-like tears and his heart detached itself violently from its four chambers, his brain was on fire and his senses on autopilot— dread almost choked him. His eyes darted between the spiteful warlock and his Alpha, like a silent plea.

*Raziel, you son of a bitch! Do something! You owe me! You owe us!*

As he was about to head towards the portal, a compelling force stopped him in his tracks, his arms had become heavy by the weight of his children in his arms. When he looked down at them, his eyes went wide and a loud gasp bursted out of him.

The pups’ cries became louder and stronger and as it continued, a silver soft light brighter than the glow of the moon on a pitch-black sky glistened like diamond glitter in the air.

Silence stole every word and every breath in the room.

Right in the middle of the Angelic Rune upon their forehead, a Third Eye (which were cat-like just
like Magnus’ and their grandfather, Asmodeus), opened. It was his first time seeing it, and for Rabel as well (maybe for the first time in his immortal life). Magnus had seen it not even half-open when they were born. And according to some research he, Cat, and Ragnor had done—it only opened when they sensed danger.

They were still too young to use it, because it required a great deal of magical powers, at least that’s what Magnus had said. Apparently, the twins didn’t get the memo, he thought with mild amusement. Dammit, now wasn’t the time to make jokes.

A sharp intake of breath broke the momentary silence, it came from the older Omega. His eyes went wide open, almost as wide as stargazing binoculars.

“By Lilith! Such magnificent power… I must have them!”, declared Rabel as his hands lit up with magic.

The Alpha moved in front of Alec (his back to him) and in between he and Rabel. Body on the defense and limbs gracefully positioned while his arms and hands waved around with a flourish.

“No, you won’t!”, came Magnus’ response with flagrant fervor, his hands now pulsing with scarlet and onyx light.

The cries of the babies reached a point beyond mundane sound frequency. Strangely, it didn’t seem to affect neither him or Magnus. But he couldn’t say the same about Rabel.

When the sound reached the Omega-Warlock, his body quaked and his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth bled.

“Ughhh!!!”

But that wasn’t all, when the pups’ eyes settled upon him and the potent silver light reached him, Rabel’s hands no longer shone with magic. The indigo glow in his palms had been forcefully pushed into his body, absorbed by his flesh. The older Omega tumbled to the floor, face contorted in pain and petrified with fear, his hands trembled violently as did his entire body when he tried to call forth his magic but received no response.

*By the Angel! Could it be? No. Right?*

Magnus remained in defense mode, his stance protective and ready to attack. Yet, his gaze revealed the same thoughts and questions which crossed Alec’s mind. Confusion reigned for a while. Meanwhile, the twins no longer cried; they were now tranquil in his arms, their Warlock Mark now out of sight.

Rage gave a boost to the feeble man on the floor.

“What have they done to be?! M-my magic…WHAT HAVE THEY DONE?! MAGNUS!!! My magic, I-I-…” Rabel blustered, expression distorted by shock.

Indira and Cahya had done the impossible—they turned Rabel’s own magic against him.

The twin’s magic didn’t kill Rabel, instead, it did something much worse—seal his magic forever—neutralized it.

It was too disturbing, the sight in front of him. Karma in motion.

The instant Rabel’s powers were sealed by the pups’ Third Eye, his youth evanesced and the hand
of time fell down on him implacably—no longer a young man, he became an old, old man: an immortal elderly warlock unable to use his magic.

Wow!

“Tell them to give it back! Y-You, abominations, give me back my magic!”, bellowed the warlock as he launched himself towards Alec and the babies.

In a flash, Magnus was there, in front of him, cat-eyes aglow and magic electrifying. But his Alpha didn’t use it, he didn’t want to, he didn’t need to. Rabel jadeite-colored eyes went wide in terror as the full realization of his reality dawned on him. As if all the strength he had left in him had been swallowed by a vortex and the will to live had abandoned him, the pitiful man in front of them fell on his knees as if boneless.

“No… no…, i-it cannot be. Ugh! AHHHHHHHHH!!!”, he howled, palsied hands upon his pallid crying face.

Not a sliver of the once orgulous man was left.

It was hard not to feel sympathy for him, for Alec’s empathetic self not to feel his pain.

“Kill me. Magnus, Magnus, kill me…please. Kill me,” begged Rabel through sobs.

His hubris had paved the way to his self-destruction.

Magnus looked back at him and then at the kneeling man.

“No. I won’t kill you, Rabel. You’ve committed heinous acts, so you don’t get to take the easy way out. You need to stay alive and pay for your sins. You need to repent and redeem yourself. Magic or not, you still have a well of knowledge, use it to help others,” replied Magnus, body still tense but expression relieved.

A raspy, wet laughter filled the air. The scent of doom and anguish became an almost smothering smell like stagnant water where filth gathered.

“You are cruel as you are righteous. Your Father would be proud of you, Demon,” came Rabel’s detestable response, eyes blood-shot.

And just like that, the empathy he felt towards the Omega was washed away. Alec no longer felt bad for the bastard. The fucker got what he deserved. Thank you, Indi and Cay.

An immortal warlock without magic—poetic justice at its finest.

Rabel’s obsession with the Warlock Twins legend was his Frankenstein.

Soon enough, the wards Rabel had erected around the room dissipated and as soon as it did, their family and hospital staff came rushing in. Between questions and worried faces, concerned voices and angry words thrown at the decrepit old man, Rabel was taken into custody by the Clave.

While Magnus hugged him and their children, and after raining kisses upon their faces and heads, his Alpha whispered, voice affected with emotion, “It’s over. Your safe. I love you. I love them.”

Everything essential to him was within his reach and within him—Alec and their pups. That’s all he needed. They were his home.

“I, we, love you too, so much. We are not going anywhere.”
Magnus was warmth itself—he needed him close, so close; close enough to evaporate the chilly air around him. To have him close, that was happiness. It was in that gesture that he felt safe, awake or asleep.

They were safe and at home, all four of them.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!

Thoughts?
Home

Chapter Summary

Malec + twins

Chapter Notes

Hello gentlepeople,

Six more chapters to go before it's all set and done. It makes me sad. Anyway, thank you so much for all your lovely comments on the last chapter. Karma is a bitch, huh? Indira and Cahya are finally here!!! Ready for some tooth-rooting fluff? Yes? Then, enjoy!

Happy reading :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The day they came back home from the hospital, they were greeted by sunflowers, a table brimming with fresh tangerine tea, carrot cake with grated carrots and nuts on top, scones, freshly made strawberry jam from Fernanda, cheese and sausage sandwiches with the crust cut off, colorful polka-dotted balloons, and a giant banner that said ‘Welcome home, Indira & Cahya’.

A few days at the hospital in Idris felt like a thousand years. Nothing could ever compare to their nest. It was also nice to be just the four of them without any nurses or doctors or family barging in the room every few minutes.

They were finally in their favorite place.

Their children took after the both of them, though both had inherited Magnus facial bone structure and Alec’s eyebrows. Their girl had big earth-brown eyes and their boy hazel almond-shaped eyes. They both shared Magnus’s nose and Alec’s lips and Magnus’s ears, Magnus’s skin color (when their blueberry blue skin wasn’t on display) and dark hair. The pups had their own unique scent but they also smelled like he and Magnus.

A baby’s scent was indescribable—it must be how untainted innocence smelled like.

Both, little as they were had shown a penchant for the dramatic like their Alpha daddy. They had also inherited the Lightwood temper.

‘May the Angel help us all,’ Ragnor had joked.

Their boy sported a mohawk since he was born, because the nurses at the hospital kept giving him one after each bath. And, their little princess with her wild hair had hers in the most adorable tiny ponytails.

While Magnus looked at the sleeping faces of their twins as they slept placidly in their arms and
with his perfect mate mouth stretched in a dopey smile and his beautiful face buried in his neck, Magnus was overcome with emotion. There was no person on Earth as happy as he was—he had been given so much and he was so damn grateful.

They had their ultimate miracle after spirals of grief and bouts of heartbreak. They have had irreparable and irreplaceable loses, but life had finally granted their shared wish—the lives his beloved Alexander had nurtured inside his body were alive and healthy and a while ago crying red-faced in their arms. Their shared journey, this moment, Alec’s tears and his own smiles, and the joy of their loved ones as they waited impatiently outside of the labor and delivery suite—all of it was sacred and theirs to keep forever in the folds of their souls and in the epicenter of their hearts.

The twins’ Third Eye hadn’t opened again since that time with Rabel at the hospital.

Magnus explained that the Third-Eye took a lot of magic from the user and since they were still newborns it’ll probably stay dormant until they grow much older; they will have to learn how to control such immense power. Back then with Rabel, they must have sensed the great danger they were all in as well as his and Magnus’ tension and distress, and that’s when their most powerful Warlock Mark awoken—out of self-preservation and desire to protect their parents.

His little warlocks were so cool. Alec was grateful to them in so many ways.

After his heart had been chain-sawed by the loss of their first child, their baby boy and then, the tragic death of their sweet Elena, he didn’t think happiness was possible. But despite the wounds of loss still fresh in his heart, Indira and Cahya had come into their lives and given him and Magnus another change to be a family.

“You can teach them how to use their magic and mix potions and be a proper Warlock. And, I’ll teach them all about runes and the bow and how to be Shadowhunters,” he voiced, tone low and quiet while the four of them were in bed one night.

Magnus will never be able to pay for this happiness in the entirety of his immortal life—how could he pay for something he earned with pain, loss, and love? It was impossible.

He smiled and nodded, and then spoke.

“This immortal life hasn’t been easy—many times it has felt empty, at other times it has been pain-consumed, purposeless and meaningless—but when I met you, oh, Alec—everything finally fell into place. You add meaning to each day, flavor to each hour, color to each minute, and warmth to each second. I love you, cintaku (my love-Indonesian),” he murmured, completely captivated by the splendorous man in front of him.

Alec filled all of the parts of him which were hollow or inhabited by frost and ghosts with a love only he could give. A love that could read the dusty inscriptions inside his heart.

“I love you too. So much, so much. So much so, that I won’t feel forever if I’m with you.”

These words had a deeper meaning, meaning Magnus had failed to grasp, but it was okay. They had all the time in the world to talk about it.

He would never ask Magnus to give up his immortality, and he was sure Magnus would never ask him to give up his mortality. But, he certainly wasn’t against becoming immortal if it were possible. To be with Magnus forever in the literal sense of the word was something he had been thinking about for years now.

*****
Alec was a divine vision—he always was—but much more so when he breastfed their twins. Chest bare and expression serene, eyes loving and arms full, an easy smile sometimes mixed with pain when the pups sucked too hard on his tender nipples—he was Magnus’s god. So beautiful, so dear, so strong, so brave.

While Alec nursed the twins, he fed his precious Omega some of his favorite foods and sweets—seafood pasta salad, cinnamon donuts, and crunchy golden-brown peach galette garnished with fresh raspberries and mint leaves on top.

As he ate, Magnus’s gaze didn’t leave him, it felt a little bit embarrassing to be stared at with such focus and love while he chewed his food. A smooth ringed hand settled gently on the side of his face and his mouth stopped, his heart stuttered and his eyes fluttered closed briefly—ever since he gave birth, his emotions felt even more enhanced than before, the sensations stronger.

“You are my favorite view at every hour of the day, mia anima (my soul-Italian). A view I’ll never tire of,” he whispered, enthralled by the man in front of him.

An uncontrollable smile painted his lips as his cheeks heated up. His Alpha always found the words to turn him into a blushing virgin. Speechless, he glanced at their pups as his face leaned into Magnus’s touch.

He loved his babies more than life itself, but some things were not how he had imagined them, for example, breastfeeding. As the twins fed, he recalled a conversation he had with Cat before he gave birth.

“I want to breastfeed but I don’t know if I can do it. What do you think, Cat?”

“Breastfeeding is ideal. Not only because it has many health benefits for the babies and you, but also because it helps strengthen the parent-child bond. Of course, I don’t have anything against formula-feeding. Many Omegas and female Betas/Alphas can’t produce milk be it because they had C-sections and the milk never came or because of other health problems. But if you can do it and are up to it, you should give it a try. Most of the parents who have done it, say it’s worth it despite being tiring and time/consuming,” his friend explained as Magnus listened next to him quietly and attentively.

Since he had a C-section—an emergency one at that—his milk had taken its time to come. The twins got a bit desperate suckling his almost empty nipples but despite the frustration and sometimes hopelessness, he didn’t want to give up. Cat and even his mom, recommended foods/drinks that could help his body produce more milk (oatmeal with ground cinnamon and honey and fruits, spinach salad, garlic soup, apricots, yam, carrots and sesame seeds, and a whole bunch of other things he didn’t care to remember). He tried it all and the breast milk finally started to come in abundance. Of course, the pups most often than not got hungry at the same time and his arms were fully with voracious little cuties.

Breastfeeding was supposed to be a beautiful bonding experience with your child, but why the heck no one told him he was going to have puffy sensitive cracked nipples that’ll make him want to rip them off. Thankfully, Magnus’s healing magic was always at his disposition to make it better.

How do mundanes do this without magic?! He had new found respect for mundane mothers, they were heroes. His nipples had become milk sprinklers every time he had to feed the twins, and whenever they cried not necessarily for milk, his nipples would ache and leak milk uncontrollably as if his body had been trained to provide nourishment on command. More often than not, he’ll end up with a soaked t-shirt or a big puddle on the mattress.
He had accumulated experience in diaper changing with Izzy and Max, but Magnus had no clue except for what he learned at the hospital from the nurses. Girls were easy, but boys—well, let’s just say you had to keep their little naughty bits covered while you changed the diaper, if not, your get sprayed with pee all over your clothes and face. Which had happened to his Alpha more times than he cared to remember. But each time, it was funny as hell, and ended up with all of them laughing until tears feel down their cheeks.

“They drank every single drop of milk I had and now my nipples ache,” uttered Alec, expression a mix of satisfaction and exhaustion.

Years ago, he wouldn’t have dared to envision this life. It still felt surreal at times.

It was so sweet when the twins smiled while his Omega-daddy nursed them. For sure, they must feel all the love which emanated from their daddy and from him, because more often than not when the twins were in bed with them, they’ll look between Alec to Magnus and then giggle.

“Ah, look at them. They’re quite taken with your eyes. Honestly, I don’t blame them. I love them, they are beautiful,” murmured his Omega, countenance the epitome of delight.

Cat-eyes looked back at him with so much love he felt his cheeks heat up and become scarlett.

“Then, shall I list all the things about you I’m taken with? Because since the beginning, your presence and beauty left me agape,” the older man replied with a charming smile that made him go weak all over.

Magnus provoked in him things that couldn’t be spoken, not because they were scandalous but because no words existed to described them. His Alpha was an impossible dream come true.

He still couldn’t believe that he and Alec had made these two extraordinary little miracles. That Alec had become his family and filled all the lonely parts of him and then his remarkable mate had given him two more family members to love. He felt on top of the world, much more powerful and courageous than when his magic rose to the surface. To hold in the circle of his arms his entire universe, wasn’t that astonishing? The journey to arrive here had been nothing short of an adventure—full of excitement, fear, bravery, laughs, tears, happiness, pain, discovery, and above all, love, as well as total surrender to each other.

Trust was the cornerstone of their relationship.

If Alec hadn’t trust him and stretched his hand for Magnus to take; if he hadn’t let go of his fear of rejection and hadn’t taken Alec’s hand—they wouldn’t be here. He would still be pretending to be fine while in reality, he was slowly dying inside. And Alec would still be denying himself the gift to be himself or worse, be dead.

As the twins fell asleep in their Moses basket, he and Magnus sat together on the bed. His Alpha’s lap was the most comfortable seat and his strong arms around his waist the safest place. Chest to back and his own around his man’s, in those moments everything felt right. They would sit there in complete silence as if in contemplation, and just stare at their pups in totally enrapturing contentment. The most wonderful bliss was right in front of their eyes—all encompassing, soul embracing, heart-healing, and mind-boggling. True love.

“You’re my one and only, forever. There’s nothing I wouldn’t do for you. Nothing,” declared the Alpha, eyes earnest and expression soft.

Having children with the person he loves the most in the world was the best feeling ever—he felt
his heart ready to burst, it barely fitted inside his chest.

“It’s the same for me too.”

He has been tamed by Magnus’s love and devotion—connected and bonded sempiternally in an irrevocable mutual attachment. Both of them a significant and irreplaceable existence to one another.

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The twins slept serenely in their basket in the bedroom. They had tiptoed to the living room in search of their own little quiet place. There was this need for closeness, for intimacy beyond sex (which it was still too soon for); their souls craved each other, just the two of them. So, they opened the French doors and let the moonlight inside the otherwise dark space and as the light, cool breeze ruffled the curtains and tickled their skin, they lay down on the sofa, face-to-face.

“You’re so beautiful. The most exquisite sight my eyes have ever had the fortune of beholding—no matter the time, day, or season,” whispered his mate as he looked at him with his favorite pair of cat-eyes.

Magnus’s fingertips traced his cesarean scar with a gentleness that made his heart pirouette. The way he gazed at it with such adoration spoke of the gratitude he felt. There was not a day when said scar didn’t receive a reverential praise.

“This body of yours created miracles, my dear soul. This scar is the crowning jewel of your body, and I will forever cherish it with the holy worshiping it deserves. Thank you, Alexander for giving me so many gifts,” voiced his mate with such tenderness he felt like crying.

He had decided to not heal the wound with an Iratze after the birth of the pups, mostly for sentimental reasons—it was too precious, it was a sort of war trophy, a reminder of the lives he had grown inside of him, a symbol of unconditional love. And now, seeing how his Alpha venerated it with such piousness, he couldn’t help but mentally pat himself in the back for his decision.

“Magnus…”

His mind went as blank as a brand-new canvas as soon as Magnus’s warm breath ghosted over his skin.

“My dear heart”, murmured his Alpha against his feverish skin.

Magnus licked across his lips and bit his chin and underneath it and all over his neck. Foreheads touched and were kissed tenderly by sweet soft lips. Soft spoken words were imprinted against semi-parted lips while eyes remained closed and arms held on tightly to each other’s bodies, slotted together side to side on the sofa.

He was sure the taste of Alec would never fade from his tongue. It was already part of him.

“Should I conjure some Godiva Chocolate cheesecake? I’ve a sudden craving for something sweet.”

A huff of laughter bursted out of Alec’s lips before he replied, “You know that I don’t like sweet things that much.”

“Oh, really? You’re such a liar?”
“Hmm, a liar? Why?”

“Because you like me, and I’m plenty sweet, aren’t I?” Magnus chimed with a goofy grin pasted to his lips.

A rumble of laughter bubbled in his chest and lit him up from the inside out.

“You’re such a sap,” Alec rasped as his hands caressed his Alpha’s handsome face.

Alec was his paradise, ergo, he didn’t need heaven.

“Ah, but you like it,” he responded in a matter-of-fact voice full of self-satisfaction.

His young mate shook his head fondly, eyes alight with happiness.

“Sadly, yes…it always works,” the gorgeous man in front of him admitted with a full smile.

A fit of giggles ensued, both of them trying to keep it down and shushing one another. Afterwards, Alec gave him an elfish look and then quickly shifted and straddled him.

“Oh, whoa!”

Unfailingly, Magnus was the igniter of the fever in him and also the remedy.

“If you’re craving something sweet that much, then why don’t you give me a try. Haven’t you said my skin and slick taste sweeter than honey?”, teased his Omega, voice effortlessly seductive and runed skin an irresistible lure kissed by moonlight.

Alec’s Love was like the rain—it bathed him wholly and washed him new.

The High Warlock’s kisses were a testament of his love for Alec, and he cherished each one as if he had never kissed those fiery lips before, as if each kiss was the first.

His skin felt as if licked by fire as Magnus’s tongue savored him.

To bear his throat to Magnus had become some sort of flirting technique—his Alpha immediately growled at the same time his cat-eyes appeared and one of his hands sailed smoothly up his chest towards his neck. Once there, igneous finger pads gently traced the ridges of his windpipe and Adam’s apple, and afterwards, his mate’s aphrodisiacal lips and sinful zealous tongue would follow the same path—slowly, almost maddening.

He let the sensations overtake him and the love he felt inundate him.

“Mmm, ah! Magn-us…”

Excitement and uncertainty, exhaustion and awe, happiness and a bit of fear were all the emotions that accompanied this new season of their lives together. To be responsible for these two new lives, to guide them and protected them, to love these pups and raise them to be good people, it was an almost overwhelming feeling. But they were made ready, made for this job, they were capable to handle this wondrous adventure. They had each other and their family and friends to rely on. But most of all, their hearts are full with love and love trumped all doubts and fears.

They were finally where they had wanted to be—after so many seasons of pain and loss, confusion and hopelessness, trials and emptiness, their prayers had been answered with miracles.

Alec knew this feeling and gift were unwonted. Not everyone got to live their dreams. So, he was
determined to relish each second with his eyes and heart wide-open.

So much joined them—an unbreakable soul-bond and mating gifts, free-will and vows under the full moon, wedded rings and sacred words, a ribbon of silk and mating bites, and now their children—love made blood and flesh.

Bliss had become him.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!

Feelings?
Felicity

Chapter Summary

Malec + twins + Ragnor/Fernanda
Malec

Chapter Notes

Hello angels,

Thank you so much for everything, you've been so good to me and this story of mine. Five more chapters to go. Hope you enjoy this chapter, it has a bit of everything.

Happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ever since he miscarriage their first pup, he had felt as if a titan had been stepping on his chest. When they lost their darling Elena, his heart was wounded beyond recovery, impaled by unmitigated pain. With the birth of the twins, he felt as if he had been reborn—everything seemed brighter and hopeful and beautiful. Chubby little feet and fat tiny hands and full rosy cheeks and those bright eyes so full of curiosity—their pups were the sweetest and most precious things he had ever seen.

Alec could say he was truly happy and undeniably in love with his mate and bursting with love for his pups. The ache of loss still lingered, but he'll honor their sweet missing angels with a life well-lived, laughter, and the memories of what they made him feel forever engraved in his heart.

This was a new beginning for all of them.

Before meeting Alec, his life was a kind of ennui—outwardly, he was living his best immortal life, yet inwardly, he felt hollow, weighted down, and terribly lonely. He was constantly hither and thither, but nowhere felt like home. Now, though, he had finally found it. What he spent centuries looking for—home, someone to belong to. He had found his forevers person, and his person was the bravest, most honest and loyal being he had ever met. A man who had given him immeasurable love, acceptance, and a family.

Alec had healed wounds he didn’t even know he had.

Magnus was sure he had used every ounce of luck he had accumulated over the course of his life. And, he was okay with that.

One morning, while Alec breastfed the babies, the following words got away from him without thinking. “You are my person, Alexander. The beginning of my forever. I don’t think I can conceive life without you anymore.”
His heart thrashed against his chest in overwhelming turbulence and his mind raced like a roller-coaster without brakes. It was absurd to feel like this when he had made much more profound declarations than this before, but for some reason it felt like a grand revelation.

He felt loved and safe, in the embrace of Magnus’s arms as if they had been made just for him—it was like his frame was the puzzle piece for which his Alpha’s arms were create for.

Magnus gave him exactly what he needed without him asking for it—sometimes, he thought his mate knew him more than he knew himself. His Alpha effortlessly anticipated all of his wants and needs with astonishing accuracy. For this, an infinite amount of reasons, it was impossible for him not to be utterly and irrevocably in love with his mate. Magnus was born and made just for him, just like he was for the High Warlock. He couldn’t imagine himself being someone else’s. His mate produced ripples of love forever in his soul.

Alec couldn’t ask for a better mate or for a better father for their children.

After a moment of pause, where Alec’s mouth opened and closed like a fish out of water, his reply finally came—soft, clear, and firm.

“And you are mine. I gave you my heart at first sight. You better keep it forever. No returns accepted.” This last sentence came accompanied with the loveliest of smiles, and once again his soul fell in love.

As if drunk on happiness, he replied, “I love you more than you will ever know, sayangku (my dear-Indonesian).”

Forever.

He wanted forever with Magnus and his children.

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Seeing Magnus interact with their children gave him the most heartwarming feeling—his mate gave them kangaroo care (skin to skin contact), dressed them without magic in the cutest outfits (tiny headbands and footie pajamas in flower, dinosaur, bee, and pumpkin patterns, elephant and watermelon and leaf/deer print dresses with matching bows, matching fox appliqued striped hooded jumpsuits with ears and tails, polka-dotted buttoned down sleepers made with the softest organic cotton, striped/camo/and solid colored jumpsuits with attached bow-ties, the softest and glitziest tutus and coziest fabric/suede boots and mocks, and combed their wild hair so gently the pups more often than not fell asleep.

He was always so careful with them, making sure their belly button stumps were clean and dry. Cat said it’ll take 1-2 weeks for it to dry up and fall off. But with these pups, things seemed to work differently.

His Alpha enjoyed doting on their babies every second of every day, and he did all of it with the most serene and pleasant expression on his ever-attractive face. Magnus soul was overjoyed, it shone so bright it was a miracle Alec wasn’t blinded by its light—those gorgeous brown eyes sparkled with unrivaled delight.

He even enjoyed changing diapers, even the poopy ones. So, he couldn’t resist the words circling in his mind. It reminded him of that time he asked Magnus why he didn’t just snap his fingers and be instantly clean instead of taking showers. His mate’s answer that time never failed to make him smile. “Because I like taking showers.” It was such a simple answer.
While, he stared at his mate changing Cahya’s diaper as the Alpha hummed an Indonesian nursery song, and he patted Indira’s to get her to burp after a feeding, he finally said, “You know, you could just flick your wrist and their diapers would be changed instantly.”

A rich chuckle and a nod and a love-full gaze that made Alec shudder, that was his initial answer. And then, the words came, “I know. But I’ve waited for far too long to do this. It’s my absolute pleasure, really, stinking mess and all.”

The last word came accompanied by a wink. He felt attacked.

Alec fell in love all over again with this unique Alpha who he had the honor of calling his true mate. In fact, he was in a constant ‘falling-in-love-state’ with everything Magnus did or said, especially when it involved their children.

He couldn’t speak. Not after that answer. Thus, he lowered his gaze and then glanced up through his eyelashes and smiled shyly. Their bond became an electrifying mess as their eyes met again.

Oh, by the Angel!

This love was a never-ending tidal wave.

****

Often, Magnus used his magic to entertain Indira and Cahya—he would make animals out of glitter and light and make them move about in the air. And the twins loved it, so much so they tried to imitate him. It was the most adorable thing to watch as they followed their papa’s movements with keen eyes as if enthralled.

He was wrapped in absolute bliss.

They looked so cute dressed in their new outfits and fresh out of the bath (in the kitchen sink), after a big explosion on poop in their diapers. Indira dressed in a white and yellow, happy face dot long-sleeved 1-piece with matching beanie, and Cahya outfitted in a white/purple/pink/yellow striped hooded cardigan and striped sweater pants.

Alec wanted time to slow down, for them to stay little indefinitely.

His heart ached with so much love. Every day was an adventure, a dream-like state.

On one of those days, Fernanda and Ragnor dropped by for a visit.

After exchanging warm greetings, which consisted of Fernanda hugging the heck out of him and kissing his cheeks once each, and then quickly taking the twins in her arms to rain kisses upon their heads and whisper a litany of praises and sweet endearments, they sat down.

“Mi querubines preciosos, estan hermosos. Abuelita Fernanda y abuelito Ragnor los han extrañado muchisimo. Que bellos estan mis bebés. (My precious cherubs, you’re so beautiful. Grandma Fernanda and grandpa Ragnor have missed you so much. You babies are so beautiful).”

The twins adored the attention, they were truly fond of her.

Ragnor looked at her with such heart-aching love, it made his own heart compress in his chest as he and Magnus exchanged knowing looks.
They were family and the twin’s adoptive grandparents, just as Cat was their auntie and Guillermo their uncle. Their family was big, eclectic, loud, crazy, loving, and damn loyal—they were lucky, so lucky.

“We’ve brought some goodies,” said Ragnor as he handed Alec a linen bag and then sat next to Fernanda.

“Oh, thank you! You shouldn’t have,” Alec voiced while he looked through the bag.

The gift bag included: Homemade peach and strawberry jam, a set of cotton monogrammed blankets lined with pompoms in white and ivory blush colors, rainbow socks and organic lavender body lotion and shampoo, a couple of maple wood cloud teethers with rainbow beads (etched with their names, date of birth, weight and height), and homemade oatmeal chocolate chip lactation cookies.

Goodness, they were so spoiled.

An almost overwhelming feeling of warmth spread through him, to the point his eyes watered, it must be the pregnancy hormones still left in his body. Yes, that was it.

Ragnor waved one of his hand at the same time his other hand went to tickle Indira’s tiny feet.

“Get use to it, dear boy. Grandparents are experts at spoiling their grand kids,” he uttered as he glanced at Magnus and smiled. Then, he added in a playful tone, “Ask Magnus how much Catarina, Fernanda and I have spoiled him, and we’re not even his grandparents.”

At that, laughter ensued as Magnus pouted at the teasing.

The twins looked on with curious looks as if trying to understand the reason for the laughter. Not wanting to be left out, their little hands glowed golden and the unexpected happened.

Suddenly, Ragnor’s horns were covered with bright green glitter from top to bottom.

“Oh, my!” exclaimed Fernanda, her lips curled in an amused smile.

At first, everyone was in slight shock, but then, the twins started to giggle and wiggle on Fernanda’s lap and their small shoulders shook with laughter.

“So, it seems these cheeky pups inherited your love for glitter, my friend” he said to Magnus as he fought a smile.

Indira’s and Cahya’s antic coupled with their smug gummy smiles, sent them all into a fit of giggles.

Ah, life was good.

Finally.

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When the twins took their nap in their bassinet, he and Magnus would lay together in bed in stillness, doing nothing but listening to each other’s breathing and heartbeats, and sharing body heat—it was comforting, familiar, and oh, so healing—it was what they both needed.

One of those days, Magnus turned on his side—expression vulnerable and open and voice raw as earth brown eyes bore into him.
“Alec, do you, um, do you ever regret mating me?”

To be asked this question again, it broke his heart. How could he make his mate believe his words? I think he knew how, but it’ll be a conversation for later. Soon, but not right now.

“No. Never. I couldn’t regret anything that brought me to you, Magnus. I’ll live it all again—the pain and loneliness, the chaos and the struggle. It was all worth it. Everything that had happened and could happen, it was and will always be worth it,” he said all of this while holding those endless eyes, voice unshaken and doubt-free as his hands cradled his mates face tenderly.

Sometimes, his Shadowhunter would say things that left him astounded and gasping for air and scrambling for words. He never though he would be loved like this—so wholly.

“You’re so dear to me, Alexander. More beloved than my own life,” his Alpha confessed in a susurration that caressed the core of his being.

Magnus’s words set his blood ablaze and provoked a strong sexual desire within him; it arose his need and made his insides throb furiously. He wasn’t in Heat but it felt like he was. Even without being touched by his mate, he became wet with thick slick between his thighs. It was a bit surprising, since he had felt somewhat dry since giving birth. But now that Magnus’s primitive scent had seeped into his nose and captivated his limbic system, he couldn’t help his flaring impulses.

“I want you,” said his Omega, eyes heavy-lidded with passion.

He could taste the flavor of the High Warlock’s desire in his tongue; his taste buds were wanton at the thought of the mated bliss caused by the Alpha’s amatory explorations.

“Mmm, Alec, are you sure that your body can take it? Isn’t it better to wait a bit longer? I can give you utmost pleasure in other less intense ways,” replied his Magnus, breath hot against his famished lips—lips that waited desperately to be fed life.

Alec was so honest in times like these, in moments when his body craved for his touch.

An impatient head shake was the initial response and then, “No. No, you’ve done that enough. It felt good and I’m grateful, you’re such a giving lover, but I want you to feel good too.”

Persistent twanglings of lust played the strings of his body, each nerve-end a live-wire.

Velvety feline eyes touched his skin with the lightest softness before a reply finally came from intoxicating lips. “I feel good when you feel good.”

Of course, that was his answer. Always selfless, unfailingly giving. Now, he wanted him even more; he wanted Magnus to poured all of him inside of him, to flood him until he couldn’t remember who he was.

His hands went down Magnus’s marked neck and his fingertips caressed a fine collarbone and then, went on to busy themselves in the task of unbuttoning his luxurious silk black shirt. As he did so, he voiced, “Don’t give me that right now. I want you, can’t you understand? All of you inside of me, not just your mouth and your fingers. It has been six weeks today since the C-section and I feel comfortable. Cat gave me the green light.”

At the last sentence, his mate blinked rather caught off-guard. Alec delighted in it.

He wasn’t due for his first Heat after giving birth for at least six months, but he didn’t need to be in
Heat to want his Alpha with ravenous hunger. In truth, he never did.

Magnus’s arms tightened around him and brought him closer.

“You asked her?”

He himself still couldn’t believe he did that either; he had always been too shy to talk about sexual things with someone else, even if that someone had seen quite a lot of his body already. But, he was more than a little desperate to know when it was okay to lift-off his forced abstinence.

“Yes, I did. I’m desperate and so are you, don’t deny it,” as he gave his answer, his cheeks instinctively grew warmer.

Magnus’s torrid gaze felt like a burning sun over his flesh. Too many clothes. The air felt humid despite the cold outside.

“I won’t deny it,” was his Alpha’s straightforward reply.

God, he needed Magnus so badly.

“Then, lets feel good together. Make me yours as I want to make you mine,” Alec urged, voice shaky as he kissed and slurped on his Alpha’s fingertips.

“Oh, Alec, mon ange (my angel-French),” murmured the older man against his heated forehead as he branded an open-mouthed kiss.

Alec’s beet red visage was both innocent and tempting, it tickled Magnus’s most basic instincts and stirred his cock awake. To have been denied the wetness and tightness of his ravishing Omega for weeks had been torture. Coming in Alec’s sultry mouth or by his skilled hands had been a wonderful experience, but he missed the warmth between his thighs.

He had nor the patience or time to divest his Shadowhunter of his clothing, so he flicked his wrist and in an instant, they were both bare. Soon the pristine, silk white sheets were covered in slick and pre-come and sweat, and perfumed with the scent of their passion.

“Ah, ah…, ngh! Mag-nus, ah…”

The first time having sex after the birth of the twins, the foreplay was slower than usual, careful and filled with an aura of pious adoration but at the same time much more desperate and hungrier.

Fingertips that had taken him from Earth to the heavens with just one gentle brush. They were pure fire— white flames that made him lose his senses. Fingertips which made magic out of him, took away his shame, and made him wanton.

“You’re so hard…ungh!” Alec observed as his right hand curled around the base of his dick and stroke it slowly.

Magnus’s back arched and his hips rocked back and forth at the same time his hands clap around the temptress with splayed legs underneath him.

“You’re a fiend, gorgeous. You’ve no mercy, do you?” he whispered as the tip of his tongue traced the line down his man’s runed neck and sucked on the mating bite with gusto.

“Ahha!” Alec gasped. His hands tightened on his Alpha’s prominent erection and one of his well-sculpted ass cheeks.
He didn’t want Magnus to love him gently—he wanted his Alpha to devour him with his mouth and take him apart with his touch. Intensely, until he lost his senses, until his skin and Magnus’ tasted the same, until their lips were no longer two but one and the same.

“Oh, Go-d! No, I don’t. Not when I want you so much.”

Those big hazel eyes always persuaded him effortlessly. How could he say no to his beautiful Omega? He smelled divine and his skin felt wonderful against his own.

“A-okay, but please let me know if it hurts or feels uncomfortable, I’ll stop before my knot fill,” Magnus said this in a dark, rich voice that send electric currents all over his body.

A knowing and rough chuckle stirred against his left ear gently but purposeful, and he was soon aquiver and his cock and insides twitching.

Knot. Magnus's knot. The thought made another heavy stream of slick trickle down between his thighs and make a puddle on the sheets.

The flavor of Alec’s pleasure-infused sweat and slick upon his tongue tasted like wild honey. To consume and savor each drop felt heavenly—inebriated by such flavor, he sought out his Omega’s plump lips.

His taste upon Magnus’s lips and in his mouth excited him even more; this man was claimed by him, this Alpha belonged with him.

Alec’s kisses were like sustenance to him—nourishment for his spirit.

Being burned by the fire of Magnus’s ardent lips was the best way to be consumed.

For now, Alec’s nipples were off-limits, but the rest of his glorious body was open territory inviting him to come and explore.

Alec’s body was a museum which held invaluable treasures—battle scars and life-giving scars in every shape and size, curved and sharp raven-colored runes, scattered beauty marks and soft chest hair and tender midriff flesh, light stretch marks and now, florid blooms he painted with gentle sucks and fingerprints pressed on alabaster skin.

Magnus was the fire in his veins, each of his kisses lava, each of his caresses life-water, and each word whispered against his skin the sound that coaxed his moans.

Alec’s body was the stake he didn’t mind burning in—there was something sacred about that immaculate, pale skin that called to him in the most sensuous way.

Slowly, he sank into that magnificent sacred heat he called home. Soft walls spread and tightened around his cock, and sucked him in, deeper and deeper. Gasps and moans and clapping hands and arched backs and stuttering hips and pre-come and fluttering eyes and needy whines, hearts set in a drum-roll and tensed muscles reigned once again in their bed.

“Oh, pleas-e, ngh…Magnus, harder…”

Most of the time, during their coupling, Magnus always gave him what he wanted and how he wanted it—but sometimes, during those times when his heart and body where all over the place and he wanted everything at once, his Alpha denied him his wants and gave his exactly what he needed instead. And, he was so grateful for it. Magnus’s actions never came from selfish desires, they always came from a place of fathomless love. That’s why Alec unfailingly and fearlessly and
without an ounce of hesitation gave himself over completely—no conditions, no doubts.

“Make me yours, Mag---, oh! Mmm, more…”

“Alec…, my love. Alexander, Alexander!!!”

“Magnus, ah!!!”

Thrusts after sharp thrusts, sensitive prostate nailed time and again, shout of pleasure and cries for more, and sweat and come and slick and curse words—they both rolled down into an ecstasy that levitated them to extreme heights. Their brains fogged-up and bodies spent and souls brimming, they came down from their explosive orgasms slowly, slowly.

His body was a strange mix of heaviness and weightlessness—Magnus snugged and wrapped around him and his knot full inside his body.

Lovemaking at its finest.

After their intense love making, sleep claimed him—irresistible and heavy; it took away all his strength and quieted down his thoughts. And he welcomed it, the hands of oblivion pulling him down, down, down, to a comfortable darkness. Alec felt full in every sense of the word for the first time in a long while—their children were healthy and their relationship was stronger than ever and everyone he cared about was content.

To ask for anything else would be sacrilegious, yet here he was, on the verge of asking for something else, the one thing he thought he never ask for.

Forever.

Alec wanted forever.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!

Any thoughts?
Decisions

Chapter Summary

Malec
Malec + Ragnor + Catarina

Chapter Notes

Hello,

Thank you all so much for all your nice and encouraging comments, they always make my day. This is a short chapter, but very important. So, I hope you enjoy it.

PS: Whatever your feelings might be about the topic to be discussed, I hope you are respectful of my and others opinions.

Happy reading :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Fate.

Destiny.

Life had conspired with the universe to let them meet in the same lifetime, and to fall in love with one another until their time ran out. Magnus knew that he’ll love Alec sempiternally, even when his Omega’s body turns cold by death. Though, he wished his mate could live an immortal life by his side. Yet, that wasn’t up to him. Alec had to decide that for himself. Their soul-bond made it possible for Alec to gain immortality. Maybe.

Alec had lost two children and the pain had been unbearable, it was still heart-wrenching. He had seen his Alpha mourn those children— cry, felt powerless, toss and turn countless times at night. He had felt Magnus’s eyes on him when he thought Alec was asleep. Alec knew what his mate was thinking and didn’t dare to voice. His warlock would never ask him to join him in an immortal life. If anyone had asked him before meeting Magnus—if he would want to be immortal—he would have replied without a doubt a rotund ‘no’. Now, it was another story. There was no way he could make Magnus go through the heartbreak of losing his soul-bond and true mate, not if it was in his power to change their future.

Yes, it’ll be painful to see his loved ones grow old and eventually die. But, he’ll never be able to forgive himself if Magnus was condemned to loneliness everlasting. It will be the two of them—always—until they were both claimed by death. This decision was made easier by the fact that their children were without a doubt immortal as well.

He didn’t want to die, at least not before Magnus did. Alec didn’t want his mate to go through the agony of loss once again. While they sat on the sofa drinking tea and the twins played with
colorful balloons attached loosely to their wrists and ankles, he knew in his heart the time had come. He set the teacup on the coffee table and turned his body entirely towards his Alpha.

His mind was set, and he spoke it all the while looking at his mate straight in the eyes.

“I want to love you forever, Magnus Bane.”

Magnus’s eyes narrowed and his brow furrowed with unspoken questions as his head tilted to the side and his hands held a bit tighter to the blue and white china teacup.

His postpartum journey hadn’t been rough in the physical sense, thank the Angel and his natural healing abilities. But he couldn’t say the same about the mental and emotional parts of it—pregnancy hormones had run rampant those first few weeks and made him laugh one second and cry the next. He thought he might had been going crazy. But now, he felt better, more stable, more himself. Going out on his own to shoot some arrows and train his body had helped him feel more in control. He was so grateful to Magnus who had encouraged him to take some time for himself.

Alec no longer felt as overwhelmed. And that’s why it had taken him until now to announced his decision to Magnus. A decision that would change their world and their lives in more ways than one. He needed an unfogged mind and a steadfast heart to make such an important decision. Now, it was the time. The words had sat long enough in his eager lips, and finally, he set them free.

“I want to spend eternity with you. And for that, I need to become immortal. Would you grant me that wish?”

Not a dollop of doubt existed within him. The choices he had made for himself, he never regretted them. Especially this one.

Magnus’s brain short-circuited, to hear those words from his mate—he had held little hope. And now, he couldn’t form words. So, he did the only thing he could, he set the teacup aside and then, gathered his Omega in his arms and let clumsy words become kisses. All of him trembled with roaring joy and mighty fear and many other feelings he couldn’t quite put into words. Was this a dream? A manifestation of his innermost wishes? If they were, he respectfully asked the deity responsible for this fantastical dream to prolong it, to let him exist in this plane a little longer.

When he finally gained control of his vocal cords and his breathing became steady, he asked, “Oh, Alexander, mon ange (my angel). Are you sure?”

He couldn’t help the question despite the wormwood taste it left in his mouth.

A curt nod, and then Alec’s spoken answer, “Yes. Why wouldn’t I be?”

By Lilith! That answer was as if a lenitive to his soul. He had to admit to himself that the fact that Alec was mortal and could be taken away from him by Death was his worse nightmare. It had been since the beginning.

“What if you regret it later? And your family, they will… The Clave, they wouldn’t approve. What if you end up abhorring your immortal life? What if you grow to despise me? What if you end up resenting everything around you? What would I do then? I couldn’t bear it for you to look at me with nothing but hate…, for you to be miserable because of me…”, came his Alpha’s words like gales of unharnessed emotions as Magnus scooted closer to him, hands now slightly tremulous as they cradle his face in their soothing touch, and visage distorted with spindrifts of conflicted emotions.

Even if it was dangerous or it hurt, he would never regret loving Magnus. There was no possibility
of a change of heart on his part, and he knew it was the same for the Alpha.

Slowly but firmly while his palms tenderly covered his mate’s hands, he replied, “I’ll never regret anything I love, and I love you, Magnus.”

Before Magnus could form some sort of reply, he continued, voice unwavering, “I know myself and I’m sure. I’ve thought about this for a very long time. My family—they’re my blood and I love them, and they love me and want me to be happy. I’m sure they’ll be concerned, but you’re my mate, my soul-bond, the love of my life, and I don’t think I can live knowing that my mortality could separate us at any moment. In the future, I might be sad some days, but not because I regret becoming immortal but only because I will still have a human heart—a heart which will always miss those loved ones already gone. And I know you’ll understand me, because you always do, because you’ve been through this countless time. Our hearts are sensitive like that. But I know, you will be my rock just like you are now.”

His eyes had been spelled by the mesmeric beauty of Alec’s soul. He was blinding, a true angel.

But Alec wasn’t done yet. “As for the Clave, I know them. This new Clave is better but no less thirsty for knowledge. And having an immortal Shadowhunter, who is also the Head of one of the most important Institutes in the Shadow World as well as the true mate and soul-bond of the High Warlock of Brooklyn, one of the most powerful warlocks ever, and the father of rare, mixed-race twins—I think they won’t resist the idea too much. So, I’ll handle them and my family. Trust me.”

For a moment, silence sat at their lips and only their gazes spoke. Explosions went off in their hearts—the kind that makes the mind burst with sundry thoughts and held his spirit in thrall with the sublime allure of Alec’s fidelitous love.

“Alexander, you are amazing. Thank you, thank you. What did I do to deserve you?”

He felt so much love for his Alexander, that he could feel it almost bustling out of his bloodstream—thick, pure, and oh, so impatient.

“Exist,” whispered Alec, lips still hovering over parted lips, hot breath intermingling.

Alec had read in one of the many books he had devoured during those nights when insomnia had plagued him—before he met Magnus—something along the lines of how ‘Lukewarm feelings have never ignited the skin on fire. You either love fully with every breath and heartbeat, or walk away with your heart intact. Because real love isn’t for cowards.’ Now, he agreed with those words. Their soul-bond was predestined, yet they chose to nurture it and defend it. Together.

Their lips once again gravitated towards one another and merged into a fiery cool kiss that silenced all the thoughts inside Alec’s head.

Long ago, Magnus was the type of person who didn’t believe in destiny, but now he couldn’t help but believe that meeting Alec was predestined—fated by life, the gods, or Heaven—as if their names were written on the same page of a divine book, next to each other.

Maybe, some things in one’s life are written with indelible ink, just like their bond.

*****

Peace.

Warmth.
Safety.

Family.

Love.

Those words made him. And also, impatience.

Time felt heavy when one waited for questions to be answered.

One look at Magnus outside on the balcony, eagle-like eyes roving over the awakening city and slender fingers fiddling with his many rings—it was obvious he wasn’t the only one with such thoughts.

The house was quiet, except for the raucous gallops of his heart. Ragnor and Cat and the conversation to be had were the cause of the commotion inside his chest.

Tummies full, bodies clean, and hearts content—the twins were now napping snuggled together in their Moses basket on the floor next to the sofa. Two sweet pups, placidly snoring and smiling as they dreamt, probably about breast milk or glitter animal figures or balloons.

A mild breeze. An opened portal. Magnus by his side.

“Thank you for coming as soon as we called,” greeted Magnus as his best friends walked out of the portal in the middle of the living room.

“Don’t mentioned it,” Cat quickly replied as she waved her right hand.

“So, what it was you wanted to talk about with such urgency, dear friend?”, questioned Ragnor with curious dark eyes.

Alec and Magnus exchanged looks before he replied, “Magnus told me that you two know of a ritual that might make me immortal.” He didn’t want to beat around the bushes, this was too important to delay.

Tense silence fell as curious and surprised looks were simultaneously exchanged. The air could be cut with a blade of grass.

“Well, this is, um, rather unexpected...”, admitted Ragnor as his gaze found that of Cat’s standing next to him.

It was Cat who spoke first, unmasked voice filled with worry.

“Alec, this is a very important and life-altering decision. A decision that is not reversible. Ever. Do you understand?”, questioned Catarina, light blue eyes concerned.

“Yes, I do.” His rapid-fire answer bursted out of his lips, so strongly it left his mouth tingling.

“Once you’re immortal, you can never go back to being mortal,” explained Ragnor, voice grave and keen eyes piercing.

It was a feat to keep his feet from bouncing or his hands from folding into fists or his jaw from clenching, he wasn’t angry, but instead irritated. Alec knew they care for him and wanted him to be clear in all things. But he was sure; he wasn’t a child. He knew what he wanted. He wasn’t one of those capricious people who decided things on a whim. He had never been.
“Immortality can be a burden even to those of us born into it, Alec,” went on to state Cat, whose worry came from a place of love for both of them. It was evident she wanted to save them the pain of future regret and heartbreak.

“I have considered all of that, Cat. This isn’t an impulsive decision,” he immediately responded—eyes sure, body relaxed and straightened, and tone neutral and voice steady.

Of course, she wasn’t convinced yet.

“Are you sure?” his friend insisted as her fathomless eyes scrutinized him.

His and Magnus’s gaze found each other once again, and the answer came as easily as the first time he answered the same question for Magnus, “Yes, I’m sure.”

Seconds crawled by in a torturously slow pace before anyone uttered any words.

“Very well then. But I just want you to know, that his ritual has never been performed before—that is—not with a Shadowhunter and a Downworlder at least. ‘Might’ make you immortal is the keyword here. I can’t guarantee it will work,” clarified Ragnor as he waved his right hand and conjured a thick, distressed black leather-bound grimoire.

“We better sit down, this is going to take some time to explain,” suggested Cat as she took a sit in one of the armchairs.

“Tea or alcohol, anyone?”, questioned Magnus on his way to their kitchen, the lines of his shoulders lined with tension.

His mate could have magicked them forth, but he needed those minutes to breathe.

Once seated and drinks in hand, the thorough explanations began.

Catarina’s started, “The name of the ritual is **Immortalis Ritualis**. You have to let all of your magic flow through you freely from your core to your entire body during your coupling and then, Alec has to accept it all through his body and your shared bond. This ritual needs to take place under a full moon at midnight as well as out of Alec’s Heat and your Rut, because it needs to be done with a clear mind and spirit.”

Talking about such intimate things when others were present still felt weird and uncomfortable. No matter how coolly dispassionate the explanation sounded.

“You’ll need to set the twelve purified key crystals: **Clear crystal quartz** (the sun stone and health), **moonstone** (the moon stone and growing love with a soulmate), **red jasper** (the Mars stone and change), **orange carnelian** (the Uranus stone and fertility), **yellow citrine** (the Mercury stone and learning), **green aventurine** (the Venus stone and good fortune), **blue sodalite** (Jupiter’s stone and wisdom), **purple amethyst** (Neptune’s stone, all-healer and protection), **brown tiger’s eye** (another sun stone and negates negative energy), **pink rose quartz** (another Venus stone, attracts peace and trustworthy love as well as emotional healing), **hematite** (another Mercury/Mars stone and protects against all harm), and lastly, **black onyx** (Saturn’s stone and clears the mind and brings order to chaos), within a pentagram. The pentagram needs to be **inscribed with ancient runes/alchemic symbols** as well as **demonic runes**, which are written on this book, and it needs to be drawn by both of you. The circle needs to be made out of **stones, shells, herbs and flowers**, the latter two need to be exactly as written in the book, no substitutions,” the older Omega warned before she took a drink of tequila.

They listened with rap attention to everything she said, hearts thrumming and skin humming with
excitement. Their bond vibrated energetically, it felt like sparks made out of fire and electricity.

Ragnor picked up where Cat left off. “Also, at the five points of the star, each of you have to bleed some of your blood as a sign of your commitment to each other, but one of the most important ingredients is a sliver of Magnus’s immortal soul.”

This is ridiculously involved, thought Alec to himself, brain a bit overheated.

The older warlock continued as he glanced at the tome on his lap. “The pentacle needs to be underneath the bed where the coupling will take place. You will also need water that has been exposed to three full moons and you have to pour it into five bowls, which will then go at the five points of the pentacle.”

The instructions were far from over.

“You’ll also need twelve beeswax candles in specific colors carved with your names on them as well as the symbol of your nature—Warlock and Shadowhunter. The colors are very important as they represent an specific association: White (The Goddess/Higher Self), black (Binding/Protection), brown (Special Favors), silver (Astral Energy), purple (Spiritual Power), blue (Element of Water/Good Fortune), green (Element of Earth/Physical Healing), pink (Affection/Nurturing/Planetary Good Will), red (Element of Fire/Blood of the Moon/Survival), cooper (Passion), Golf (The God/Happiness), and yellow (Element of Air/The Sun). Incense has to be burned and salt placed at the 5-points of the star aligned with your blood and the purified water,” Catarina explained turning a few pages.

Wow, that was an overwhelming about of information, Alec thought to himself once again as he gulped down a drink of herbal tea.

“Before the ritual commences—you, Magnus—need to chant the spell on this page,” said Ragnor as he pointed at said spell. Then, he continued, “It is in Enochian and Latin. After the ritual is finalized, you need to remove the final piece of stone that was set down in order to allow the energies to flow freely and in this way uncast the circle.”

Alec had so many questions, so many it was difficult to pick one to ask first. But as always, Magnus spoke the voice of his heart.

“So, after this ritual, Alec will become immortal? Is it certain?” Magnus questioned, voice low and hopeful.

A brief pause passed. A pause that felt like a chiliad.

“It’s what my colleagues and I have gathered throughout the centuries. Bits and pieces then carefully put together by Ragnor and Fernanda. Keep in mind the special circumstances of your soul-bond, as well as how a Warlock-Shadowhunter mating is on its own a very rare occurrence. So, I can’t warrantee its effectivity. But you won’t lose anything by trying it,” Cat stated, tone hopeful.

Won’t lose anything? How wrong that assumption was. Of course, they’ll lose something—something very important—hope. But Magnus forced himself to remain positive. It’ll work, he repeated to himself like a mantra.

Now it was Ragnor’s turn to speak as he placed the thick spell book on Magnus’s hands.

“You have to follow the instructions step by step without missing or substituting anything. Study it carefully, thoroughly. If you have any questions, don’t hesitate to call me.”
“Or me,” chimed Cat with a subdued smile on her lips.

Magnus nodded. “Thank you so much.” Those simple words of gratitude left a delicate cozy scent trail in the air—sweet like warm vanilla sugar.

“How will we---, I know it worked?”, questioned Alec, feeling jittery and heart aflutter.

This time, Cat’s eyes also smiled.

“Oh, you’ll know. It’s a feeling you can’t miss; it’s unmistakable—you’ll feel it reverberating throughout your body and in your blood. Your soul will know.” Cat’s ironclad answer brokered no argument. Even Magnus nodded in agreement, with a knowing smile upon his lips.

After saying goodbye to their friends, they both sat in silence on the sofa—side-by-side hand-in-hand, shoulder-to-shoulder, and heads leaning against each other. It was familiar, natural, comfortable. Just what they needed as they reflected about the conversation.

Magnus could live without Alec, but he didn’t want to. Once he had known such a profound, rich, and boundless love, how could he live on without it? This love was the salt of his life, it gave it flavor. He refused to go back to the dull old days. The taste of this love had ruined him for all others.

After he met Magnus, he had decided to walk out of the room that had kept him confined since he presented as an Omega. He shut close the door to self-denial, self-rejection, and internalized Omega self-hate. He walked towards a new door, his door to happiness—and that door was Magnus Bane. The Alpha quickly became his moon through an ample skylight.

Alec had never been one to give up so easily. Persistence was one of his best qualities.

If forever was possible, he was determined to try anything to have it.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!

Thoughts? Feelings?
Magnus had insisted that every piece of clothing and blankets were made from organic cotton. It turned out he was fussier that Alec about baby stuff. And even though he rolled his eyes whenever his Alpha insisted on natural and organic things, he not so secretly thought that his mate was damn adorable. The High Warlock had even crocheted a couple of cat stuffed animals for the twins—light gray and white cats with pink noses and black/golden eyes.

To say that they were living a dream-like life was an understatement.

The twins slept in the same bassinet next to their bed (by Alec’s side), since they are too small and the closeness helped regulate each other’s temperature. Plus, they automatically started crying whenever they were separated. They were happy babes and smiled at each other, and at him and Magnus, a lot. Innocent smiles that upended him in the air. It was so sweet and fascinating how Indira’s and Cahya’s motions worked— they would suck their thumbs almost in sync, they would get hungry and cry and need a diaper change at the same time.

They had such a strong bond. It was a touching thing to see. They also loved to be swaddled and despite no longer needing it, Kangaroo care was one of their favorite things, as well as taking baths in the kitchen sink while Magnus filled the air with soap bubbles.

He felt this sleepless love for his mate and their pups—a mesmeric kind of love that made every fiber of his being elated.

They had visitors almost every day. To be shown so much love, he was so grateful.

Izzy had come to visit one day and brought with her fresh flower crowns for the twins. Immediately, she proceeded to have a mini photo session with them in the living room.

As she picked up Indira Sophia, Isabelle spoke, “Your auntie is going to teach you how to walk in
5-inch heels and kick some ass, my sweet little doll. Because you have to take care of your little brother, okay?"

He and Magnus just looked at each other and smiled, hearts bursting with affection.

“My niece and nephew are the most adorable pups in the entire world—no—in the whole universe. Right, babies? Look at your auntie, Izzy. Yes! Just like that. Give a smile. Yes, yes! You guys are so smart. Auntie loves you so much, my sweet angels,” she said, tone sweet and voice dripping with love as a smile illuminated her soft visage. And the twins delivered, and gave her what she asked for, because she was one of their favorite people in the world.

They were lucky to have her.

But she wasn’t the only one spoiling the twins. His mother visited often as well. She dropped by one afternoon and brought with her a big and colorful polka dotted bag which had many goodies—matching crotchet cat and bear hats/organic cotton onesies, fawn hats with their names embroidered on them (brown/cream spots). Also, a light olive-green palm-tree-print bloomers/ruffled onesie for Indira and long white/llama printed pajamas for Cahya. As well as a couple of knitted teddy bears, it was the cutest thing ever.

“My sweet grandbabies are going to look even more adorable than they are with these. Grandma love you two so much, my little blue cherubs,” his mother had cooed with the fondest expression and softest eyes as she caressed the twins’ chubby cheeks. And they loved it, they couldn’t get enough of her. So much so, that they always cried when she left.

To see them bonding, to see their love—it was the best gift of all.

Clary and Jace frequently showed up unannounced (nothing new) and bearing presents with the widest grins on their faces. One Sunday, late in the morning, while he and Magnus were having breakfast, they walked into the loft, waved hello and then, immediately went for the twins who were laying in their basinet playing with light and glitter figures they’ve magicked themselves. And without so much as by your leave, Jace proceeded to change Cahya into a cute white overall in a cactus print for and Clary clothed Indira in a white romper in a black/white umbrella print for. They smelled of baby fever. He and Magnus couldn’t help but look at each other knowingly, a wordless conversation—“These two won’t take much longer to bond and make pups, huh?”. “Well, it’s about time.”

Maia and Luke had dropped by often to visit and spend time with the pups. One day, they brought with them the most adorable baby pillows in the shape of clouds. They were light blue with a sweet, blushy smiley face on it, it was made from the softest organic cotton and lined with velvet. The children loved it and they looked so freaking cute sleeping on them that he and Magnus took a myriad of pictures of them. Of course, Maia and Luke did too as well.

The twins loved when their aunt Maia’s eyes glowed bright green, they had a strange obsession with preternatural eyes. With Luke though, they loved to play tickle monster, but their favorite was when the Werewolf pretended to bite their plump feet and hands. It was always loud and cheerful when they came to visit. Luke was pretty amazing, no wonder his mom had fallen for him and was so happy now.

Raphael also visited often and always brought presents—wooden toys and books in Spanish, and even brought groceries with him to cook lunch or dinner for everyone. He was an excellent cook and it was heart-melting to see him and Magnus in the kitchen cooking, bickering and teasing each other. The vampire leader had wormed himself into Alec’s heart, though he’ll never admit it out
loud. On the other hand, Indira and Cahya adored him. They often played with his fangs much to Magnus’s amusement. Whenever ‘big brother’ Raphael showed up, the pups wanted to be held by him until he left.

“These kids are spoiled rotten, Magnus,” he’ll say with a self-satisfied smirk and bright eyes while he held both of them in his arms.

“Look who’s talking, the biggest baby of all,” his Alpha would retort in a playful tone.

To see them four interacting was heartwarming. Alec would just sit back and take in the view, and maybe the occasional nap on the sofa.

His dad more often than not showed up with stacks of baby books and spent at least an hour reading to the pups and playing peak-a-boo which, the babies enjoyed a bit too much, almost to the point of going into a coughing fit after all the laughter. There was always such a gentle smile on his father’s face, such affection for his grandchildren.

“They’re as curious as you were when you were a baby, son. And also, as sweet and smart. You and Magnus are doing a fine job at raising these pups. I’m so proud of you.”

His father had said this in such a soft voice, while a multitude of emotions watercolored his countenance. Alec couldn’t help the prickle of tears in his eyes nor the fluttering of his heart.

Simon dropped by every week for movie night as he had declared that he was determined to educate them on everything movie and pop culture related stuff. From actors to pop culture references to video games and manga/anime. He could do without but Magnus had a soft spot for the ex-mundane/baby vampire, and Alec had a soft spot for Magnus so it was a no-brainer.

“I’m not going to let these pups grow up like they’ve lived in a cave their whole lives, I still can’t believe you haven’t watched The Graduate!” he babbled as he got some popcorn ready. “Uncle Simon is gonna hook you up and you’re going to be the coolest kids in the Shadow World,” the self-proclaimed uncle declared looking at the twins and making hand gun-motions. And the twins responded with a gummy smile from their lounge chairs.

“You’re such a nerd,” teased Magnus from the sofa before he took a drink of martini.

The vampire smiled, fangs and all. “But you love me.”

“Maybe…” replied Magnus as he smiled and winked at Alec.

He wanted these happy days to last indefinitely.

The babies were showered with affection and gifts not only from their family, but also from their friends far away.

Toshio and his mate sent their congratulations for the safe arrival of the twins as well as a couple of the most adorable Japanese traditional jinbei kimono—one in an elaborate bamboo pattern (white/dark brown) and another one in a cherry blossom pattern (white/ light pink). To say his heart melted at the sight of them was an understatement. But he had to wait a little longer to dress the twins in them as they were meant to be worn when the babies were one year old.

‘Dearest Magnus and Alec,

Congratulations on the safe arrival of Indira Sophia and Cahya Gideon. May the kami (gods-Japanese) bless them all the days of their long lives with health, joy and prosperity. We will visit as
soon as we deal with some delicate matters. Alec, I will bring all your favorites. Magnus, we will bring all of those important ingredients you asked for. Until then, please take good care of yourselves and the pups.

Much love,

Toshio & Fujihiro’

Even Dot had been incredibly gracious to send Indira and Cahya a pair of stunning jade and gold bracelets. A handwritten note accompanied the gilded wooden jewelry box.

‘Dear Magnus and Alec,

Congratulations on the birth of your beautiful children. May they grow to be courageous and wise, modest, righteous and compassionate, this is my wish for them. I am sure they will grow up to be this and more, because you two are the best examples your pups could ever have.

With love,

Auntie Dot~’

Sahil and his Alpha, Rodrigo, also sent gifts (or bharai/bharna) for the twins—a couple of small, silver bangles for each pup engraved with their names in Hindi.

‘Most cherished Magnus and Alec,

Many congratulations for the miracle of life you’ve brought upon this world. These silver bangles are a traditional gift given to children in India, it represents our hope that your new family will always prosper. It is our wish your pups grow up to be strong and healthy, successful and intelligent, and as they grow older may their life bring further happiness to all.

Jaldā mileṃge (see you later-Hindi)

Sahil and Rodrigo~’

They were so fortunate, beyond words.

Thank goodness for Magnus’s magic, because whatever didn’t fit in their house he’ll just store it safely somewhere and with the flick of the wrist would make it appear when needed. They were drowning with so many gifts, but he didn’t complain. Although, whatever they didn’t need because they had too much of it, they would donate it to a family shelter.

*****

“My princess, you’re so stinky, so sticky”, Magnus said in the gentlest voice while he waved one of his hands in front of his nose. “You’re gonna make papa pass out,” he added as he blew raspberries on her little belly.

She bursted into a fit of giggles and Magnus followed, and Alec couldn’t help the goofy and totally enamored smile on his lips as he witnessed this sight. To see Magnus beaming with so much happiness, it was the most beautiful and endearing thing—in moments like these, he wished he could have a thousand babies.

The sweet boy that slept in his arms stirred and right away, Alec’s eyes traveled to his son’s sleepy face. Immediately, wide smiles curled their lips.
“Oh, it looks like our sleepy head wants to join in the fun,” cooed his Alpha, all smiles.

Magnus continued, “I think it’s time to get this diaper changed and start the dance party.”

It was hilarious and adorable to see Magnus dance around the loft with one of the twins (each had their turn) strapped to him in one of those baby carriers. The sweetest part was seeing the pups kick their chubby legs and wave their arms all the while giggling at the shenanigans.

This was his Utopia, his safe haven; the peace his heart had always craved, the love his soul needed to thrive.

His whole world was within these walls.

At this age, the twins mainly loved him, his milk, sleep, their papa’s cat-eyes, Magnus’s and his voice and both their scents. They were so adorable, even their sleep positions (spread like a starfish) were the same, and Magnus joked that they slept just like Alec.

Since the twins were born, it was so difficult and almost painful to leave them, their nest, and his Alpha. He just wanted to be with them all the time and not miss a thing, to always be surrounded by their heavenly scents and precious smiles. But he had responsibilities, which he couldn’t abandon despite his inner Omega wanting to throw everything not family-related into the wind. Magnus knew of his inner struggle and like the wonderful mate he is, he dropped by during the day with the twins and waited for him at night in their bed with the most welcoming expression and charming smile—the pups carefully snug in their bassinet next to him.

His heart unfailingly collapsed against his ribs and he felt like crying whenever he came back home—this was the place he felt most comfortable and safest at, where the souls he loved the most lived and waited for him, where love welcomed him with open arms—this was home.

His heart lived here.

*****

His first child and Elena were always at the forefront of his mind—they were physically gone but their presence will forever linger in his soul. And he wanted the twins to know they had siblings, siblings that shared the same home as them. So, he and Magnus had talked about bringing the twins to visit Elena’s tomb.

Clear blue skies and golden sunrays, dew still clinging to the blades of fresh grass and new flower petals, a refreshing zephyr and the rustling of newborn leaves, the cry of birds and the murmur of the awoken city—it was a beautiful day to be here after so much adversity.

“This is your older sister, Elena. She was so sweet, cute and blue, just like you two,” he uttered, voice steadfast and tone calm as he held Cahya closely.

The place she inhabited in his heart still ached, it still lingered with what ifs. But, he felt this odd peace whenever he thought of her. It was as if her spirit was trying to comfort him, to tell him is was okay to live, to smile, to move on and be happy, for him not to feel guilty.

“Elena Lestari is your big sister. She is the tiny pup in the picture you like so much. She’s no longer here with us, but her spirit will always protect you,” voiced Magnus who wore Indira against his body in a peach print wrap and stood next to him with his right arm wrapped around his waist.

The pups looked at them with their curious big eyes and then at one another, and then, they reach
for each other’s hand. As their gazes journeyed to the tomb, their chubby little hands sparkled pink and instantly, a young cherry blossom tree in full exuberant bloom appeared behind the tombstone.

Both, he and Magnus gasped and looked at each other with surprise and emotion. These children were young, but they had a very old emotional maturity. Their understanding of the human soul was... astonishing.

Spring, the fleeting nature of life and its beauty, a time of renewal and merriment—that was the symbolism behind cherry blossoms.

“Thank you,” he whispered as he kissed the crown of his children’s heads.

Magnus in turn kissed his cheek and held him tighter.

He was determined to live a good life, a happy life—and for that to be true, he wanted to be forever by Magnus and his pup’s side.

To be able to love them forever, that was his biggest wish.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
His conversation with the Clave had gone as he predicted. They objected for a moment, but after a bit of reasoning and selling them the pros of his decision, they agreed. Not that Alec would have given up on his decision anyway. But it felt good in his heart that his decision would not influence his status as a Shadowhunter. He loved being a soldier, a leader, he was born into it. But more than anything, he felt his position as a Shadowhunter and leader could be of service and help to others who do not have a voice—be it other Shadowhunters or Downworlders. He took this moral responsibility very seriously.

With that conversation out of the way, now came the hardest part—talk to his family. Not that any of their opinions would change his heart, but it’ll be nice to have their support in this revolutionary life-decision.

Despite being firm in his decision, he still felt somewhat nervous. His body felt a tad tense as he sat at his desk and his hands felt cold, his feet bounced on the floor distractedly and the notes of his heartbeats played in staccato, short and separated, each beat played forte—loud passages that threatened to drive him deaf.

While he waited for his family members in his office, he thought about his Alpha. About how he was still the same as when he met Magnus, yet at the same time so different. His values were the same, but his mind had expanded to embrace other’s points of views and experiences. Magnus saw his potential as a leader, as a person who could change the life of others, even before he saw it himself.

Magnus wasn’t only his soul-bond and mate, his Alpha and father of his pups and a mighty warlock, but he was also an inspiring and wise person, loving and kind despite the rejection, lovelessness, and abandonment he had gone through.

He knew Magnus by heart, every square inch of him from the inside out. He didn’t need to memorize him, because Magnus was inscribed permanently in the fabric of his soul.
Magnus had never asked anything of him, had never pushed him to do anything he didn’t want, and always respected his decisions. His mate was selfless, he didn’t think of himself first when making decisions. The High Warlock had always put him first, always so giving and caring. So much devotion, such deep love, such profound trust—it had awoken in him a stream of emotions he had never experience until they met and got to know one another. He didn’t want the Alpha to say any more goodbyes. Alec wanted to be his forever with an ongoing ever after.

And that’s why he had come to make this decision. He wasn’t particularly attached to his mortality. He didn’t fear death, the only thing he feared was leaving Magnus alone.

A knock on the door hoicked him out of his contemplation, and on autopilot, he stood up to greet his family. The familiar scents flooded his nostrils and spread within him, until they reached his limbic system and soothed his nerves. His heart went from a presto tempo to a ritardando passage—gently slowing down.

After his family members had taken a seat as he remained on his feet between the two armchairs where his mom and dad sat, he drew in a deep breath and then spoke without delay before anyone could say anything.

“There’s a ritual that if it works, it would allow me to become immortal. And I’ve decided to go through with it.” His voice and tone held no doubt, it was steady and resolute just like his gaze as it settled upon each of his loved ones.

A few gasps and silence and a myriad of unspoken questions—suddenly it had become loud without anyone uttering a single word. But it didn’t rattle him, because his heart and soul had deep, strong roots.

It was his mother who stood in front of him and spoke first. Her hands reached for his own and her warmth defrost them. Her keen yet affectionate eyes studied him, they searched far and wide with utmost concern. He expected that of course.

“Oh son, that’s literally a life-altering decision. I know Magnus is your true mate and soul-bond but, you won’t regret it later?”

It was a valid question and concern, but it was also irritating to hear it over and over again. He didn’t decide on immortality with his logos inclined mind but with his heart, and his heart belonged to Magnus and his children. His heart was a better judge than his fear-overgrown mind. Long time ago, he had decided to live his life despite being afraid of what his choices could bring.

His hands held onto his mother’s smaller ones, and as they gazed into each other’s eyes, he replied, “I know this decision will change my life and I know it might be hard for you to accept. I didn’t make this decision lightly; I thought about everything it entails. I love you all so much.” As he said this, his eyes met each familiar pair in the room. He was met with glistening eyes and trembling lips and the most loving expressions.

Before his vocal cords could collapse with the deluge of unfiltered emotions, he continued, “Of course, I’ll be devastated when you’re no longer with me, but your faces will always be imprinted in my heart, your words in my mind. You’re my family.” At this, his lips trembled and his teeth bit down on it, desperately he tried to blink the tears away and get a hold of his faltering voice. His mother’s hands were now upon his face, soft and kind like a balm.

Come on, Alec. Now isn’t the time to give into your feeling, he chided to himself. After clearing his throat, he continued from where he left off.
“But Magnus has lost so many people in his life; he has been alone for too long, he has suffered enough—I don’t want him to be in pain anymore. I don’t want him to lose me and be alone again. So, no, I’m sure I won’t regret it. I’ve thought about this carefully for a long time. I’ve lost two children, and I could barely bear it. When I think about how Magnus have gone through that time and again for centuries, my heart hurts so much. I love him and if there’s something that could allow me to become immortal, I will do it. I want to be with him forever,” he concluded, now unable to pronounce any words.

An interlude that was much needed allowed him to gather his bearings, and the others to digest what had been said. There was no tension nor the scent of discontent or anger, just surprise. He understood, it was a lot to take in. As anxious as he was, he didn’t speak again.

Suddenly, not only his mother was in front of him but his sister. His little sister whose dark eyes spoke louder than the words that followed.

“Do what’s in your heart, big brother, because it had never failed you,” she voiced while one of her hands caressed his cheek tenderly. “I’ll always support you and love you, even when I’m old and wrinkly.” The smile on her scarlet lips was so heartachingly beautiful that he felt his heart break a little.

He couldn’t speak, not with the crown of bittersweet tears closing around his neck. So, he planted a kiss upon her forehead and smiled.

Afterwards, his mother spoke, voice cracked and eyes waterlogged.

“All I ever wanted was for you to be happy, Alec. If this will make you happy, then you have my blessing. I love you, my sweet boy.”

To be embraced by her so tightly, so warmly, it made him feel like a child again. He will miss this when he no longer has it. But he wont ever forget how she made him feel—accepted, loved. He buried his face in her neck for seconds or minutes maybe.

In a blur, his mother’s arms were no longer wrapped around him, but Jace’s.

“You’ve always thought about others first, Alec. You’ve always taken care of others. Now it’s time to think about what you want. So, go ahead, try it. I hope it works. It will work. Regardless, I’ll always be here for you, parabatai.”

His arms held onto his brother so tightly he thought he heard bones creak, but then again, Jace held on just as much.

Now, it was his father’s turn. The Beta had remained thoughtful and silent throughout the conversation. Alec was expecting some sort of resistance for his part, was waiting for harsh words, for a disapproving gaze, but…

“If that’s what you want, then there’s nothing else to talk about,” came his father’s words. They held no heat or criticism; his scent and demeanor were free of judgement.

“That’s what I want,” was his firm response.

He was determined to love Magnus with all his high and low emotions and sweet simple intimacy, with sympathy and empathy, with every drop of his will and intelligence; he wanted to love him more thoroughly and better. Just like his mate loved him.

“Then, my boy, fight for it as you have done until now. We love you, we’re proud of you, and we
only want you to be happy.”

The man in front of him had change so much for the better. What he did to his mother still stung, but thankfully Luke had turn heartbreak into love once again. His mother was happy.

Alec was so grateful for their unconditional love, for their support, and their understanding. It must be difficult for them to accept his decision, but they wanted his happiness, thus they respected his wishes. He was so lucky to have them as his family; his heart could barely contain all the love he felt towards them.

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His once painfully empty arms were now full with the lives created with the person he loved the most.

It was a typical Saturday morning in the Lightwood-Bane household—the air was filled with the smell of fresh brewed coffee and ginger tea, sunlight glimmered through the diaphanous curtains and a gentle breeze swept through the opened French doors, his Alpha attired in burgundy/black silk pajamas and barefooted was at work in his apothecary, and the twins and him lounged in the living room sat on the sofa after a good breastfeeding session.

An idyllic morning…

Kind of.

His little blue cherubs were only angels when they were nursing or sleeping. The rest of the time, they were the definition of double trouble.

As the last words of the story he was reading to them left his mouth, small and plump hands went aglow. The book in his hands fell on the floor with a muffled thud as a gasp rushed out of his mouth.

Shit!

They’ve done it again…

“What the?! Magnus! Magnus come here right now!”

In a flash, his Alpha was there.

“What is it, my love? Is anything wr-”

The warlock’s eyes went a little wide as did his lips.

“Y-yes, kind of… look! Look what they did just now. We were reading this book and all of a sudden their hands began to glow orange and this happened,” he explained as his right index finger pointed to the latest twin-related mischief.

A look of amusement and unabashed pride shone in those magnetic cat-eyes as they took in the view.

“Oh, by Lilith! My sugar plums are amazing. Gadis baik (Good girl-Indonesian), pria baik (Good boy-Indonesian),” cooed the High Warlock with the biggest grin on his lips, before he looked back at him and at the expression on his face, his Alpha tried hard to suppress his pride.

“Magnus! Stop encouraging them! This is serious,” he chastised with a pointed look. Then, he
continued, “One thing is to open a portal in the living room to let all the cats in the terrace inside, which isn’t that funny while I’m breastfeeding them. But another thing is to conjure half a dozen ponies! At this point I’m afraid to read any animal books or dinosaur books, can you imagine?! A dinosaur in New York?!”

At that, a rumble of laughter bursted out of the Warlock which startled equal laughter from the twins. The twins laughed as if they knew what he and their daddy were talking about. Maybe they did. After all, they were both extremely smart. Despite himself, and unable to avoid the cuteness of those gummy smiles and sonorous laughter and how adorable they looked in their unicorn print rompers, he laughed. But afterward, he cleared his throat and gave his mate another sharp look that lacked all sharpness or heat. He wasn’t really mad but worried.

“Don’t worry, my honey bit. This is just their curiosity, experimenting with their powers. Something innocent. They’re brilliant despite their age. Right now, they’re too young to understand all the rules they’ve to follow, but as they grow older, they’ll learn. Meanwhile, I’ll be here to take care of any crazy thing they conjure. Okay?”

As he spoke, the High Warlock waved his hand in the usual graceful motion and the ponies disappeared much to the twin’s displeasure, but they didn’t dare to magic them forth again. Smart babies.

“Okay. But by the Angel, these pups haven’t even fully awoken their Shadowhunters abilities yet. I’m afraid to imagine all the trouble they’ll get into,” he sighed with a lingering smile.

At this young age, they had even learned how to glamour their lapis lazuli skin and feline third-eye. They were truly bright.

“Hmm, we’ll be here every step of the way to guide them. It’ll be fine,” replied his Alpha as he sat on the sofa and snuggled up with them.

He melted against Magnus’s body, his head settled on a muscled shoulder while he held the pups who were cooing and making adorable little noises. Kisses tickled the crown of his head and a contented sigh flowed out of him.

Home was so warm.

*****

Sometimes, he brought the twins to the Institute.

For the most part, they were well-behaved and entertained themselves with their toys, balloons or using their magic to make smoke-shape figures for each other. Whenever they were at the Institute, everyone fawned over them and they relished in the attention. One gummy grin caused a barrage of ‘awwws’. Like father like pups—they inherited that from Magnus.

Most of the time though, either his sister, Jace or Clary would ‘steal’ them and take them to the Institute’s nursery to play with the other pups or their bedrooms (which were now littered with toys of all kind, mainly noisy ones). But when the pups had had enough and missed the scent and warmth of him and Magnus, they either portaled back to him or if they sensed their papa was at the loft, they’ll go straight home. Magnus would usually send him a text or fire message to let him know. It was almost a normal and ideal life, and he loved every sweet precious second of it with all his heart.

There had been countless play dates with the twins, Max, and Madzie. Max was completely
dedicated to teach the pups everything about being Shadowhunters, it was adorable to see his serious face as he talked to them as if they were big kids. And the babies listened with a focused beyond their age, as if they were absorbing and memorizing every bit of information. His brother had already declared that he would wait for his nephew to grow up and then, he’ll ask Cahya if he wanted to be his parabatai—Alec couldn’t wait for that day.

But his brother wasn’t the only dedicated teacher. Madzie was their little sorcerer sensei. She was as dedicated as Max and the twins were charmed by her calm voice and sweet demeanor, also absorbing her teachings like sponges. They followed her with their gaze everywhere she went and crawled to her and squealed as soon as they saw her. Madzie’s face would automatically lit up with glowing happiness at the warm welcome.

He hoped they remain close all their lives, it was one of his wishes for his children—to have people who loved them wholly, and for them to love and protect.

His pain and his grief for the loses he had experienced will always linger someplace inside of him, but it had been greatly ameliorated by the joy of these miraculous pups that have come into his life to bring nothing but joy. Once not too long ago, he had felt physically, emotional, and spiritually bankrupted—now, he felt replete. So much so that his dreams no longer held darkness.

When he met Magnus, he was at a point where he felt like a heart in need of cardiac massage, and the Alpha was the person to do it. Magnus had saved him in more ways than one. And the twins have saved them both.

This love he felt for them was an ocean of bountiful raindrops—the more he felt it and gave it away, the more it grew.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Towards the Future

Chapter Summary

Malec + pups
Malec

Chapter Notes

Hello there,
Guys, I can’t wait for you to read this chapter. I was so giddy and happy and dying of love while writing it. I hope you love it as much as I do. I’m gonna miss this story so much!!! It has become a part of me. Malec always gives me all the feels. I think when a couple gives us such beautiful intense feelings that means they are something special. Thank you so much for all the comments (I never get tired of reading them and smiling) and for the kudos. Will this story make it to 2k kudos? I hope so.
Anyway, please get comfy and warm and enjoy. One more chapter which is more like an epilogue to close this beloved story of mine.

Happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Days and weeks passed in between the craziness of work and the heaven at home.

Magnus felt like an ever-exploding star—bursting with love and light. Forever. Alec was his good fortune, even in the darkest of times, he was always good luck. His Omega made him feel happy to be alive, and now he gets to feel that way for the rest of his life whether the ritual works out or not. Because the future was every second he got to spend with his soulmate and his pups. His children and Alec were the best gifts he could have ever asked for. After so long, after so much pain and loss and heartbreak—he finally had it, his own Nirvana.

The twins never ceased to amaze them and everyone else—they were indeed remarkable not only with their magical abilities but also developmental as well.

One day, while the four of them lay in bed, playing with their very mundane wooden toys and reading their favorite books while classical music played in the background—they did something he and Alec should have expected.

“Pa-pa l-love”, Indira said in a sweet voice that made them gasp loudly. Those words pierced their hearts, because it was clear in her big and bright earth-brown eyes that she knew what they meant.

But before they could react, a couple other words made their hearts jump in their chest.

“Da-da l-love,” Cahya uttered softly, his face alight with excitement and hazel almond-shaped eyes as bright as his sister’s.
It was a bit of a surprise and kind of expected that their first words were spoken when they turned four months.

These two tiny babes with their blueberry skin and mischievous expressions and delighted gummy smiles and dressed in star print footie pajamas were expert tear fiends. He and Alec could no longer hold themselves back and joined in a group hug filled with praise and kisses and giggles.

“Daddy and papa love you two so much,” Magnus murmured between kisses.

Yes, they were idiot parents who got teary-eyed whenever their pups did the smallest cutest things or reached a developmental milestone. But, why wouldn’t they be after all they went through to finally have them?!

His pups were so goddamn cute, he couldn’t help but boast about them and show them off. They even yawned cutely, sucked their thumbs, and held Alec’s fingers when they were breastfeeding or Magnus was feeding them the bottles with breast milk.

Ah, he was in paradise.

If he thought Magnus was impossibly sexy before, it was nothing compared to how irresistibly sexy he was now—especially when sleep still clung to his penetrating brown eyes and shifting in bed made his hair a mess and his chest was bare, while he woke up during the night to change the twin’s diaper or help him get them ready for a feeding. And even more so when his Alpha didn’t go back to sleep and kept him company until the pups were done nursing and back in their bassinet. Afterwards, His mate would carefully rub some cream on his sensitive nipples, put on the softest t-shirt, conjure some water for him to replenish his body, and then embraced him lovingly as they fell back asleep.

They were meant to meet, to be and to last forever and ever.

He had come a long way on his journey to self-acceptance. Now, he didn’t think his Heat was troublesome or vulgar, but something natural and to be cherished. It offered an opportunity to create life, to free his Omega nature, but most importantly, it gave he and Magnus the freedom to release not only their desire for one another but the full extent of their love—without restrain and straightforward.

It had been a lit challenging to find time for the two of them to be alone, because the twins were now older and they didn’t sleep as much. But thankfully their family was numerous and always willing to babysit, even without asking.

The twins were the cutest cockblockers, so he didn’t mind the interruption as much when they were getting it on. But Magnus had been holding back for so long that he was ready to burst and it was obvious that his Omega felt the same way.

He wouldn’t change this happiness for anything in the world, it was perfectly imperfect and chaotic and the best thing that has ever happened to him.

Magnus could say he was blessed and immensely grateful—spoiled by life.

*****

Alec often found the twins holding hands, hugging or smiling and giggling or babbling at each other. It was both endearing and heartwarming. Sometimes, he still pinched himself. This was his
life and it was surreal—he had what he never thought he wanted or needed and didn’t let himself
dream of.

The twins were the ultimate pampered babies, by everyone in their family and friends.

They sucked on organic pacifiers gifted to them by Guillermo, and pacifier clips made of wooden
beaded, a gift from Fernanda who had bought them in France in her recent travels. The pups also
sleep with the stuffed animals his mom had knitted for them, their favorites.

And were constantly showered with books by his dad and Cat. ‘Guess How Much I Love You’ and
‘Goodnight Moon’ and The Tale of Peter Rabbit were among their favorites to be read before
bedtime. But one book in particular had to be read every night and it was always a hoot. It was the
first book Magnus had bought and read to them.

One night after nursing, bath time and bedtime routine—between his and Magnus’s incessant
giggles—they took pictures of their pups as they slept in their bassinet. The giggles were caused by
the twin’s expression, which were similar to the main character of the book, ‘The Pout-Pout
Fish’—with the book propped behind them, they made the exact pouty expression as the fish. It
was a plump lips and chubby cheeks galore and it was irresistibly cute.

“I might have read that book to them to many times while in utero,” his Alpha said between
laughs.

Ah, this was the life.

Their children were precocious. What did he expect? Of course, they were.

They had begun teething a couple of days after their first words left their mouths. And well, let’s
just say he’s grateful his mate was a Warlock and could take the pain and discomfort away with
the flick of a wrist. But when Magnus wasn’t around, it was a mess in the kitchen with him trying
all sorts of remedies to alleviate the ache.

Teething was so much fun especially with twins who cried in sync, said no one ever! The pups just
wanted to be held and scent him and breastfeed, because it made them feel better. Seeing them
tear-eyed and fuzzy broke his heart, but it made him feel a certain pride when his presence calmed
them down. Thankfully and despite the cesarean section, he produced a lot of milk. Also, Cat has
made a list of foods/drinks to consume to make more milk.

Usually, when they nursed at the same time (thank the Angel for feeding pillows), they feel asleep
without any problems. Breastfeeding had gotten easier, and he loved the quiet moments they spent
together. The babies started at him and smiled and he had to hold back his squeals—they were so
darn cute!

He usually pumped at night to leave milk for Magnus to feed them during the day and he did it
during work hours as well because if not his milk would soak his clothes, and what a waste it’ll be.

“We can’t waste not even a drop of that precious liquid,” had said his Alpha with an adoring
expression on his tired handsome face as he sat next to him on their bed after he had nursed the
babies.

He produced enough breast milk to feed them to their hearts content and freeze extra to last them
almost a year.

The human body was extraordinary indeed.
Of course, they were no ‘angels’ (no pun intended), at least not when they were awake. They were a couple of little devils always up to monkeyshines.

“Indira and Cahya, you can’t just portal to the Institute whenever we’re playing hide and seek. I can’t portal there! And you’re distract everyone when you do that,” chastised Alec while Magnus made a big effort not to laugh (which often ended in failure).

Pointing at them, he said, “Look at them. Look at those elfish eyes. They freakin’ know what they were doing!”

But how could he be mad at them when they were so dang cute?!

All those rolls and cheeky smiles and dimples were too much for his heart. Also, Magnus, that little shit, wasn’t helping at all with his bright eyes and failed attempt at biting down his laughter. It was hard being the disciplinarian.

This was his family—childish, playful, crazy and happy.

By the Angel! This was his. All his.

*****

In the course of several weeks, Magnus had gathered every ingredient Ragnor’s tome had listed as vital for the *Inmortalitas Ritualis*.

The twins weren’t at home. They were with Maryse, Izzy and the others at the Institute, because this ritual needed their complete attention and zero distractions (no matter how cute).

While they worked in silence and followed the instructions Catarina and Ragnor had given them, Magnus let his mind wander a bit. He took a glance at his brave, wondrous, and beautiful Omega hard at work and completely focused on the task at hand. He still couldn’t believe how lucky and blessed he was to have found him.

Their meeting had been an encounter of souls—his tired and old one, and Alec’ innocent and young one. One gaze was enough to conquer him, one word enough to stir his soul. Before Alec, love had hurt in the shallowest of ways and had poisoned all his hopes and dreams. After meeting his mate, he came to know the true meaning of love. Love was like water—sacred and essential. Nobody could live without them, not really. A person can try to survive without them, but at what cost? One will only be existing like an inanimate object that with time will be forgotten, buried in dirt and despair.

After all the preparations, they lay on top of soft white silks; cocooned by a long lace veil in their canopy bed. Their room look like a day-dream, a fantasy from another world—a myriad of colorful candles and crystals, flowers and seashells and stones, fragrant scents and water and blood, forgotten writings and the full moon. But among all that beauty and mystery and sacredness, Alec stood out—he was silver and gold, incense and myrrh—the divine mixed with the earthly.

He could always taste his Omega’s scent even before his nose smelled it or his taste buds erupted with its flavor. Magnus wanted to become an expert cartographer by making maps of all the pleasurable points on his mate’s body. To be able to set him ablaze with the tip of his fingers.

Magnus’s soft lips peppered open mouthed kissed down his nape as his hot tongue liked along the way, until he reached the mating bite below his deflect rune and traced it with the tip of his tongue, sucked at it as if it was a ripe mango, and pressed his teeth upon it to imprint once again his claim.

“Alec, your essence is intermingled with my blood and just like it, it courses through my veins,” Magnus whispered as he rid his mate of the black silk bathrobe that covered his life-giving body.
He might as well be wax at the mouth of a volcano. Magnus breath was enough to melt him.

“The more love I pour into you, the fuller my heart feels. But it shouldn’t surprise me, because every smile you give me and each word you whisper to me, every touch you bless me with and every gaze you cast at me, instantaneously refills my heart,” his Alpha continued.

The High Warlock’s words were a sort of foreplay even before his hands and lips could mold him. Each syllable made love to him, so much so his entrance quickly dripped with slick.

“Magnus…”

His soul flew in the smell of Alec’s alabaster runed skin and his spirit glided in the feel of his lips.

He had been conquered by the earthly wood notes of his Omega’s scent and become addicted to the sheen blanket of his fresh sweat and the hard-earned victory which lingered in his raven hair. His taste buds had been spoiled by the sugarcane flavor of his heated pale flesh—no drink had inebriated him as much.

Magnus’s experienced hands on his body were as smooth as milk, soft as silk, and serene as an early spring zephyr—they lulled the restlessness beneath his flesh and awoke the fire in his belly.

Magnus’s lips drank him all, and the more he drank the thirstier his kisses got. He didn’t mind being sucked dry.

“Alexander, my love…Alec…”

His Alpha said his name like no one else—with a mix of awe and bittersweet pain, reverence and a hint of fear—and underneath it all, an achingly sublime love that unfailingly left a taste of raw honey on his tongue.

“Magnus, I love yo-u…”

Magnus’ name rolled off his tongue like a pleasurable scream at his man’s meticulous ministrations.

He wanted to keep all of Alec’s expressions to himself, it was silly and unreasonable, he knew that, but sometimes love knew no logic.

The High Warlock’s sumptuous lips prayed upon his skin, a zealous kind of prayer.

Kiss-bruised lips and bites on his upper arms and neck, hickeys bloomed on the line of his shoulders and on his pecks and down the v-of his slick-coated inner thighs. Magnus’s love-marks on his flesh stirred not only the Alpha but also himself—it wasn’t a symbol of ‘property’ but one of uncontrollable desire for the one he loved. It was exhilarating to be wanted so much to the point of losing himself in such drunker power.

“By, the An-gel…Oh, ngh!”

He was hungry for his Alpha’s kisses and his mate was thirsty for his mouth. He craved his touches and Magnus longed for his hands. He relished being full of his warlock and his Alpha lost himself in the sounds that leaped out of his chest—they were both intoxicated with one another.

“Alpha…, Alpha…”

Bite by bite and suck by suck, lick by lick and kiss by kiss, Magnus devoured him with devoted
preternatural hunger. And the delicious pleasure of his caresses overtook every inch of his aquiver body as their bond bombinated with unbridled hot need and profound love. His mind was not of his own as wasn’t his mouth or the sounds it made. Every region of his body was claimed and branded by Magnus’s devilish touch.

“Saya di sini, matahariku (I am here, my sun-Indonesian),” Magnus prayed against his skin.

Alec was the sweetest ache and the most unbearable craving and the utmost insatiable hunger he had ever felt in his immortal life.

Magnus’s scent spread through him like the savoriest of flavor.

There was no hurry in their love making, there never was—not even when he had to hurry back to the Institute after an emergency call. Tonight, wasn’t the exception.

“I-I want you now, Alpha…”

Alex’s words were gospel to him.

The Warlock’s finger pads always teased his entrance with caution, circled it with soft easy motions until Alec’s legs parted so widely he’ll be embarrassed later on. Slender fingers stretched and scissored and rubbed cleverly at his tight walls. Lazily but with purpose, fingertips found a bundle of nerves that cause his back to arc into a perfect bow. Such caresses coaxed low moans and tiny whimpers and words from his mouth which move his Alpha to make him full with his cock.

Magnus not only made love to his body but also to his soul—it was thorough, all encompassing. It left him breathless and tired, nurtured and fulfilled—utterly loved, spent, blissful, sleepy, and yearning for more, as it should be. And in Magnus’s eyes, he knew he did the same for him. Like a circle, like the infinity symbol—round and around, never ending—no beginning and no ending.

Slowly, they sank into each other as only lovers can—wholly, ardently, and uninhibited. And together their bodies swayed sensuously as they descended into a disorderly ecstasy paved with gratitude and happiness. Goodness filled them while their delectable passion was all they could feel, taste and smell.

His Alpha rolled in an out of him at the rhythm of an inaudible slow-dance, the sounds of his pleasure held the steady and smooth cadence of soft water flowing down a stream.

He was the High Warlock, the commander of magick, yet it was the splendid runed body beneath him that had him under an unshakable spell. Between Alec’s thighs, he was reborn time and again.

Alec felt on the brink of collapse from the inside out, his body an aching mess as Magnus thrusted into him with desirous desperation.

Magnus’s hands were molded to Alex’s shape and his lips to Alec’s mouth and his nose to the fragrance of his Omega’s sensuous skin—his mate had molded him like clay to the curves and lines of his captivating body.

“You’re mine and I’m yours, ruhi (my soul-Arabic). Forever,” rasped the High Warlock in the most erotic dark, husky moan as he thrusted into him one more time before their orgasms exploded.

He was molded by Magnus’s hands and kisses and the way his mate whispered in his ear and made him feverish with desire and delirious with love.
Just before his climax, time felt as if it had stop—a slow motion sort of feel where his body and all its functions paralyzed for a millisecond, and then like a flash flood all the sensations hit him all at once.

“Ah, Magnus!”

Magnus was all he could taste and smell, see and feel and hear—his mate consumed him and filled him to the point his thoughts were his face and his voice his breaths. They were one in body like Achilles and Patroclus’ ashes mingled together, but more than that, he could feel his Alpha’s soul—naked and vulnerable and beckoning his own to join it.

From the beginning, Magnus was it for him—he was the staircase and the gateway, the hallway and the final door to fulfill his destiny. Magnus stirred up his inner Omega and made him a man, gave him courage to love wholly and inspired him to be true to himself. Magnus didn’t change him but made him want to be the better version of himself. And to top it all off, he made him a father several times, a miracle and a blessing and a dream come true.

“The only thing I want to do for the rest of my life is wake up in the mornings, reach for you, kiss your lips and smell your scent. And each night, I want to hold you closer and fall asleep with your warmth upon my skin,” murmured Magnus in his right ear, breath hot and lips gentle.

They were of one soul now—it felt like it.

Finally.

Finally.

Finally.

Their souls had met half way and then melded.

Even if immortality wasn’t his, for some strange reason, now he felt they were permanently fused, inseparable.

Did the ritual work?

That was yet to be seen...

Regardless, nothing could break the unbreakable, and their love was one of those things.

Chapter End Notes

Did you like it?

Thanks for reading :D

***Maybe some day someone will make fanart for this story. When that happens, please tag me.

Much love to you all!
Epilogue- Forever

Chapter Summary

Into the future with Malec.

Chapter Notes

Hey ShadowFam,

So many great things happened these last few days. WE WON FOUR PCAS!!! And Harry and Shelby are expecting (feelssss). Among all the bad things we have our silver linings.

Anyway, I know it had taken me a bit long to post the last chapter, but I was trying to get myself ready to say goodbye to this story that has been with me since the beginning of the year. It's such a special story to me because before deciding to write this story and post it, I had given up writing. I didn't feel I was good enough or that anyone liked my writing, I didn't have any self-confidence. So, I am so grateful to all of you who have received this fic with so much love and have taken time to write comments and leave kudos.

Thank you, thank you, you have made me so incredibly happy. I am glad I had the courage to share this story with all of you. Much love to ya'll!

Happy reading :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Magnus remembers as if it were yesterday what Alec told him once he felt immortality within his body.

“We have eternity together, and in that time, the Shadowhunter Law will change and we’ll be able not only to wear our Wedded Rune rings on our fingers and mating bite on our necks as a sign of our commitment and love for each other, but also the Wedded Rune upon our skin. I promise.”

And he delivered. Twin Wedded runes were branded upon their hands where they wore their rings.

What began what they had, was a glimpse at one another in the middle of a club, their first kill together followed and then, a stuttery introduction. Their hands held around a summoning pentagram and exploring gazes naked on one another—it was then he sensed their shared soul-bond, like a mustard seed waiting to be nurture and cared for. Denial and fear pushed their feet to step back and raise their guard, but no matter how much they fought it, the seed grew and grew and grew until they could no longer deny their connection—true mates, fated. Fear gave way to an unmistakable curiosity and sincere interest and undeniable affection—they met in the middle when they both too a leap of faith. And that was that.
Now, they were immanent to each other’s existence.

His life was a needlework project—each experience a needle pushing through his heart and the threat unforgettable memories pulling at it steadily. But now, he wasn’t alone in this, his Alexander was with him, not as a beautiful painful memory but as an eternal companion who shared such feelings.

30 years have passed since they met and sealed their soul-bond, a few years less since they did that *Inmortalitas Ritualis*—Alec’s face was still the same as back then, untouched by time, his Omega walked side-by-side with him as the first Immortal Shadowhunter. That Alec chose him, chose to walk beside him through time, chose to love him and accept him—it still felt like a dream, a sweet life-saving mirage. What a privilege it was to have his Nephilim, each day he woke up by his side and went to sleep by his side was a reason to get on his knees and whisper his gratitude.

He still wrote love sonnets upon warm alabaster runed skin, it had been his favorite pastime since his Shadowhunter said ‘yes’. He delighted in such pleasures, especially when his tongue dragged out dulcet sounds from pomegranate lips. His kisses upon Alec’s lips were wishes full of happiness and love. It wasn’t until he kissed Alec for the first time, that he realized that all his lover’s kisses had sat upon his lips waiting for that one person who to feed them to, and in turn, also waiting to be fed wholeheartedly without reserves.

Alec loved all the parts of him he used to despise. It’s no wonder then, how in love he was with this beloved Shadowhunter.

He will never forget the words Alec spoke to him one night many years ago, when they lay in bed face-to-face moments before their bodies fused together.

“I love all of you—the strong parts of you that leave me in awe and the weak parts that make me realize we are the same.”

Life made him wait for centuries to find Alec, to meet him—now, he could enjoy the everlasting sweetness of having found him. Waiting wasn’t that bad when this love was his reward.

After so much patience and impatience, pain and loss, laughs and tears, and a wait that seemed eternal—Alec has what he secretly had prayed for before meeting Magnus. He was glad he had taken that leap of faith that day when Magnus asked him to let him court him. The universe certainly knows how to reward patience.

Everyone in their family including friends had found happiness and their place. Between biological and adopted nieces and nephews said family had grown—it was louder and crazier than it ever been. Maybe, it was time for he and Magnus to try for another pup as times were now more peaceful than ever before. Adoption was also something he and Magnus wanted to do. With eternity before them, there were still countless stories to be written. As long as they are together, anything was possible.

Indira had presented as an Alpha and she was now a chosen representative to sit on the Council, respected and admired—and a fierce advocate for Omega rights. Cahya was now the second-generation Head of the New York Institute—an Omega and fearless leader no one dared to look down upon. Also, he had become his uncle Max’s parabatai. The twins had embraced their Shadowhunter-Warlock nature beautifully. They were the crowning jewels of the Shadow World and as cheeky and mischievous as when they were pups, also just as loving. They were not mated to anyone yet, there was no hurry. After all, they were immortal. But Alec couldn’t deny he was itching to hold in his arms some sweet grandpups.
To become immortal had been the third best decision of his life: The first one was to say ‘yes’ to Magnus, the second was to have children with him, and the third was to walk forever by his side hand-in-hand through everything.

After the immortality ritual, he had felt as his old self, but at the same time, he had felt like a new person. The passing of time felt different yet not heavy; he had purpose—he had his mate and his children and his family and friends. He had people to protect, Omegas to stand up for. Time didn’t seem like an enemy or a punishment because his life was rich in meaning.

Alec continued to fight demons and evil as a Shadowhunter and as an Omega, though he no longer was the Head of the Institute. Instead, he occupied the highest seat in the Clave as the Consul and made sure Omegas were treated equally. He and Magnus could have lived in the Gard in Idris, but they chose to remain in New York living at the loft. The Shadow World enjoyed a period of relative peace. The relationship between Downworlders and Shadowhunters could even be called friendly, although some tiffs bursted here and there.

His parents were still alive and well, dedicated to serve as they have always been. Seeing them age didn’t hurt him as much as seeing his sister and brothers do so. Many times, he had felt as if his insides had been put through a blender as he was suddenly hit with the fact that the will eventually die.

 Needless to say, he didn’t regret his decision of becoming immortal. Every time he caught a glimpse of Magnus’s and their rings, his heart beat faster—this wonderful man had been his haven and rock since they met. To see him smile and full of life and his gaze drown with love every time his eyes landed on him, it was a blessing.

Immortality wasn’t a curse when he got to spend it with the love of his life and their children.

He still favored nights since he can remember, much more so since Magnus came into his life. The Mating Presents and the ring exchange, their mating celebration, their vows and handfasting, the potion which helped him get pregnant again after Elena’s death and the immortality spell ceremony—each of those had taken place under the veil of the moonlit starry sky. The High Warlock was the embodiment of all things nighttime—the moon and the stars, fresh breeze and city lights and lazy strolls back home, bonfires and candle light, fairy lights and relaxation, flaming hands on eager skin and meteor showers, whispers and well-kept secrets in fathomless brown eyes. A mystery. An unlocked door encouraging exploration.

Alec felt full to the brim from the inside out as he walked shoulder-to-shoulder with his mate, cool hands entwined and eyes alight with unquenchable love. A portal would have been faster, but they both enjoyed the time spent together in companionable silence and delightful peace. Their bond vibrated and waved and flowed and streamed with everything unsaid, knowing and ever-growing. It was in moments like these he felt like crying at the memories of the past, at the what ifs. What if he hadn’t met Magnus? What if he hadn’t said ‘yes’? What if he hadn’t decided to be brave and fight for himself and for this love?

What if, what if…

He was glad he didn’t have to wonder. This was his life; he chose it and this man beside him as bright and all-encompassing as the sky above was his to love forever.

To Magnus, Alec had been an easy choice from the moment he began to know him. He took Alec like a sacred oath, and he’ll keep him and honor him as such until his last breath.

Hand-in-hand, they still walked this Earth—to live, to love, to fight, to die—they will do it
together.

This is what always meant to them.

Without knowing why, he felt the need to let the words making ripples in his soul fly out of him and perch on his soulmate.

“You know, my heart was a quiet place until I met you,” Alec confessed, “I’m so glad you made so much noise and awoken it.”

Alec’s words were always like fire melting metal—ineludible, all-consuming.

“Aku cinta kamu, Alexander,” he whispered in his native tongue. He hadn’t spoken these words in a while, not because he didn’t feel them or Alec didn’t deserve them, but because they were meant to be spoken in certain sacred moments when all other words couldn’t express his feelings. He was Alec’s, every piece of him—he had given the last piece of his heart to the love of his immortal life.

Alec ran through his veins—wild, warm, and achingly sweet. The old writings inside of him, only Alec could read. To live without Alec would be to live without his heart. To live without Alec would be to exist without his soul. He was glad he didn’t have to.

A smile like a sunbeam replied to him before words could, and he was once again totally captivated.

“I love you too, Magnus. With everything I have, with all I am.”

Their mouths followed the invisible heat of each other’s breaths, and sunk slowly into a torrid kiss made out of soft moans and velvety tongues as their arms welcome each other’s bodies into the nurturing embrace of home.

Magnus had given so much love all at one that it hurt his heart, but in the most pleasurable way.

He and Magnus had been through so much in their journey together, but always hand-in-hand—Always has become his favorite word.

They had loved their children into existence and wished their love into reality and each other into being—this love, this bond, their family, it was their legacy.

*Forever, in love and sorrow.*

**-Finis-**

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading and for every nice comment and every kudo, you always made my day.

PS: I will be posting an unrelated Malec one-shot in a couple of weeks. It's not Christmas-y, but short and sweet and very romantic. I think you'll like it. Please come
with me on this adventure as well :3

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

PS: Want more Malec? Click here Call Me Darling

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