Sacred Bond will bind us...

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Sacred Bond will bind us...

by TheUsagi1995

Summary

When it is revealed that Magnus has to go to Edom to find a way to imprison Lilith, Alec is furious. Yet, as he and Magnus talk, he understands that his lover has to go, has to defend his people. But, Edom is dangerous, it's Asmodeus' lair, filled to the brim with monsters and all kinds of horrors which lurk in the dark pits. Alec, knowing that he can do little else, offers to bond with Magnus, so that the Warlock can have an anchor which he will follow, so as to escape Asmodeus claws...

The bond is deep, pure, intimate... And dangerous. But when has danger ever stopped Alec and Magnus?

Notes
So... I'm posting the first chapter of this story, so as to see if you'll like the idea!! If you enjoy this, then I'll keep it up!
Keep in mind, the story will have 3 to 4 chapters!!
I hope you'll enjoy!!

See the end of the work for more notes.
"Alexander's offer..."

Chapter 1: "Alexander's offer"

“No!” The echo of this fierce refusal traveled throughout the large loft, causing Magnus’ lean figure to flinch and his face to morph, as sadness begun eating him from the inside out. “Alec, we have no other choice-” Magnus tried to make his young Nephilim come to his senses, for what could have been the tenth time ever since they had returned to the loft, but as it would seem, his tries were futile. “There’s always a choice! You’re just not looking for it!” “Alec-” “Tell me one good reason why it has to be you! There are other Warlocks who can go, Warlocks older and more powerful than you —” As a way of answering, Magnus arched an eyebrow, crossing his well-trained hands across his chest. Alec huffed, waving his hands as he turned around so as to face his lover. “Am I not one of the most powerful Warlocks?” Magnus questioned, pretending to be offended, in an attempt to ease the tension in the room.

To say his attempt was fruitless, would be an understatement. At the sound of this sassy comment, Alec’s face twitched and Magnus bit the inside of his cheek, bracing himself for the next words he would hear, as the young archer opened his mouth. “I don’t think it’s a good time for snarky comments, Magnus!” “Alright, you’re right, Alec.” Magnus admitted, lowering his voice, abandoning his playful façade. “But we’re talking about a mission not many can pull off. The fate of my people is at stake, and you know I can’t step out of this.” Magnus explained, his voice serious, but his face remained soft and his heart was aching at the sight of Alec’s turmoil.

“That’s exactly the reason why you shouldn’t go! We’re talking about venturing to Edom, in search for a spell to imprison Lilith! Lilith, the mother of all demons!” Alec’s chest was heaving, rising and falling uncontrollably, hands shaking at his sides. Magnus swallowed hard, exhaling tiredly, yet his heart was swelling up with a feeling akin to adoration for his young lover, who so fiercely was trying to prevent him from getting to harms way. He opened his mouth, ready to offer yet another redeeming quality which would hopefully bend Alec’s resolve, only to close it the very next second, as his eyes beheld a heartbreaking sight.

“Magnus, it’s Edom, it’s the most dangerous realm of Hell, it’s where the worst of the greater demons has his lair—” Alec bit his lip to the point of tearing up the flesh, causing warm, crimson blood, to flow down his chin freely. His frame shivered violently, and Alec found himself clenching his fingers into fists, as he sunk down on the floor, resting his hunched back on the wall, only to place his forearm before his eyes so as to conceal all those things he didn’t want Magnus to see. “I’m sorry…” The muffled, choked apology reached Magnus’ ears, causing him to move across the room with steps light and fast. “I’m sorry… I’m sorry… I…” Alec’s fragile voice faded away into nothing, but he did not turn away when he felt the heat of Magnus’ body on his own, as the Warlock kneeled beside his lover.
Magnus kissed the top of the young archer’s head, letting his tender hands travel down the length of his tensed back, pulling him against his chest. “I’m sorry… I didn’t mean—” “I know, I know my darling… But that’s why it has to be me. I have extended knowledge of the realm of Edom, I know even its furthest reaches, and secret passages…” “And what about Asmodeus? What about your father, Magnus?” The young archer uttered, raising his head after a long while, revealing to the Warlock his watery, hazel eyes. Magnus swallowed hard, Adam apple bobbing, lips parting slightly as a bitter sigh escaped them, a sigh which emerged from the depths of Magnus’ throat. Driven by sadness was that exhale, as the sight of Alec’s pained face, ravaged Magnus’ heart. His hands moved, cupping each side of Alec’s face, and ring-clad fingers brushed the flushed skin as if it was the finest porcelain.

“Alec…” Magnus hesitated, but eventually replied.

“Alexander… I will not lie to you. My—” The words got stuck in his throat, tangled in between his vocal cords, each and every time he attempted to utter them. Alec’s pained face softened, like it always did, flooding with an unearthly understanding for the matter, which never ceased to amaze Magnus. “My father will make my stay rather unpleasant.” Magnus offered, hoping against all hope that Alec wouldn’t ask any further questions. No sooner had Alec opened his mouth, than Magnus laughed inwardly. There was no way Alec wouldn’t bombard him with questions. “Unpleasant, how?” “He will try to lure me in the darkest pits, in hopes that I will forsake my life here and join him…” “Why?” “Because…” Magnus hesitated, but eventually replied.

“Because I am the strongest of all his offspring. Should I forsake my humanity, then… I would be the perfect disciple, the perfect heir, able to rule Edom by his side.” Magnus voice faded and he lowered his head, ashamed for yet another time, as he was bound to the demon blood which was running through his veins. “Okay…” Was all Alec said, voice hoarse from all the raw emotions the archer was trying to hold back. “Okay?” Magnus asked, raising an eyebrow. “Well, given who your father is, it’s not strange he wishes to…” Alec didn’t dare to finish the sentence, and Magnus couldn’t blame him. Long, torturous moments passed in utter silence, with the two lovers dwelling in their thoughts.

Alec lowered his gaze anew, and Magnus gasped as he felt him melting under his touch, broad shoulders hunching in a gesture of pure resignation. “Alec?” Magnus pressed, raising his lover’s chin, obliging him to meet his gaze. “I… I know you have to go. I know that, if the tables were turned, you’d let me go.” “Eventually…” Magnus uttered, exhaling bitterly. “But not without a fight.” He admitted, knowing that Alec was torn to pieces by the desire which had overrun his heart, a desire selfish, yet so very understandable. Silence leaped in between them once more, and Alec pulled Magnus towards him, crushing him on his chest, stealing the breath from his lungs. “Wait…” Alec uttered all of a sudden, grabbing Magnus by the shoulders, pushing him backwards so as to be able to look at him.

“What? Alec, what is it?” “You said he will try to lure you in the depths of Edom.” The sheer terror
in the archer’s voice caused Magnus to flinch. “What if you… What if you can’t come back? What if he makes you forget—” “I can’t forsake my humanity. Not anymore.” Magnus assured, loving Alec all the more for his honesty. “What if he—” “There is nothing he can give me, nothing he can promise me so as to make me stay there.” Magnus cut Alec’s frantic whispers off. “But, what if—” “There is nothing for me there. Nothing.” Magnus pressed, underlining the last word, so as to further emphasize his point.

“You have to promise me… Promise me you’ll come back.” Alec nearly begged, grabbing the collar of Magnus’ silk black robe. “There is nothing there… But… Here…” Magnus brushed his thumbs over Alec’s cheeks tenderly. “Look what I have waiting for me right here…” The Warlock almost chanted, eyeing Alec if he was but a mirage which would soon fade away. He leaned forwards, letting his forehead rest against the one of his lover. “You are my anchor to this world, Alexander. In you, I see all that is good and pure. You represent all the things which I can never forsake. All the things that wait for me, are right here.” Magnus spoke, voice but a mere whisper.

“If I am your anchor then… Bond with me.” Alec offered, eyeing Magnus with those round, hazel orbs, which could make the Warlock surrender to him in a million different ways. “What?” “There has to be a spell, or…” Alec paused, blinking, as he searched for the appropriate words. “Or a potion you can make and I can drink… Or a…” Another pause, longer, heavier. “A mark… Which you can look at and remember that…” Swallowing around the lump in his throat, Alec spoke the words he so wanted to utter. “Remember that I will wait for you… For as long as I have to.” Alec offered, voice low, yet sure, accompanied by the archer’s piercing gaze, which Magnus could not bear to hold for long, for it was so heavy and meaningful.

Magnus’ eyebrows came together in confusion, but then were arched upwards as the Warlock realized what Alec had just asked of him. “There has to be something…” Alec’s voice was filled with determination, and held no traces of fear, causing Magnus to shake his head in disbelief. How could it be? How could it be possible for Alec to trust him, to love him so much? So passionately? So blindly? Clearing his throat, the Warlock spoke, voice low, heavy. “And if I were to tell you that there is such a spell… A spell which can bind us together, so that when I am in Edom, I will be able to feel you with me, a bond that I could use as an anchor which will lead me back here… You would want me to cast the spell on you?” Magnus questioned, eyes blurring when all Alec did, was to nod his head in agreement.

“My dear Alexander… I love you all the more for offering me this. But there is no such spell, and even if—” Alec’s eyes narrowed as he scrutinized his lover’s face. “The spell exists.” He stated, talking over Magnus when the Warlock opened his mouth to protest. “How dangerous is it?” It was Magnus’ turn to narrow his eyes. “How is it you can read me so well?” All Alec offered as an answer, was a weak, one-sided smile. “I’ve had a good teacher.” The archer replied, eyeing Magnus playfully. “But, I’m still working on it.” He continued, silently demanding further insight on the matter about the spell. Magnus sighed bitterly, yet he complied. “There is indeed such a spell, its effects similar to the ones of the parabatai rune. Yet, it is dangerous, and only a handful of beings
“I want to do this, Magnus. I don’t care about what happens to me. I’ll be fine. I want this... But only if you want it as well.” Alec pressed, causing Magnus to smile softly at him. “Alec—” “Tell me you don’t want this, and I’ll stop.” The archer pressed, tightening his hold on Magnus’ shoulders. “Using my words against me, Alexander?” Magnus pointed out, yet in his heart, he knew that, should he virtue in Edom, the bond with Alec could be very useful. “Tell me.” Alec demanded, eyes fixed on Magnus’ brown ones. “It’s not that I don’t want it. But it could be proven fatal for you—” “I trust you.” Was all the archer replied. “Alexander, if anything were to happen to you—” “I trust you, Magnus.” Alec pressed, leaving the rest of the sentence unsaid, yet it echoed loud and clear in Magnus’ ears. ‘I trust you with my life.’

“Very well then. So be it, Alexander.” Magnus offered, surrendering to his heart’s desires. He got up from the cold floor, pulling Alec up on his feet gracefully, leading him to the couch. “What are you doing?” Alec asked when Magnus waved his hand, indicating that Alec should take a seat. As soon as the archer had sat down, Magnus turned on his heel, heading to the kitchen. “I’m making us some tea.” The Warlock explained, feeling Alec’s gaze fixed on his back. The young Nephilim leaned on the back of the couch, only to move to the side when Magnus returned to the living room, a cup of steaming, hot tea, in each hand. Alec accepted the cup with a thankful nod, taking a couple of small sips, allowing Magnus to do the same, so as to orchestrate his thoughts.

“If we are going to do this, then we need to talk about it. I owe to fill you in, tell you everything you need to know, everything you wish to know.” Magnus stated, placing the fine porcelain cup on the table. “Alright. I’m listening.” Alec replied, shifting so he could face Magnus while resting his back on the couch. They had a long conversation lying ahead...

End of Chapter 1...
A very long conversation (Part 1)

Chapter Notes

Oh God, this fandom will be the death of me. 42 Subscriptions in less than five days?"
What can I say? I love you so much! Thank you so much for all your support! I am
posting chapter 2 and 3 together, because the next days will be hellish for me, so I won't
have time to post new chapters.
I hope you'll enjoy! Thank you so much again!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 2: "A very long conversation... (Part 1)"

Magnus swallowed, inhaling deeply. “Like I said before the spell will bind us together, in a fashion
similar to the one the parabatai rune binds you and Jace.” Alec opened his mouth, but Magnus raised
a hand, indicating that the young man should stay quiet. “It’s similar to the parabatai rune, but not the
same. It’s much more… Personal, much more… Intimate. I will be a part of you, a constant
presence, lingering deep inside you. In a way, a piece of me will find solace in the depths of your
very being, in the core of your very soul. It will be overwhelming, to say the least.” Here Magnus
paused, eyeing Alec thoroughly, for a part of him was expecting the archer to back out.

Alec did indeed open his mouth, but the words he uttered caused Magnus to blink. “Okay, so that
part of you which will ‘find solace’ in me, will act as a safety mechanism, right? So that you won’t
end up getting trapped in Edom. So that you can follow it and come back here.” It wasn’t really a
solid statement, but Magnus offered him a reassuring nod. “Okay, that’s all?” Magnus chuckled at
the remark, speaking yet again. “No, I’m afraid not. You will be able to feel my presence in the back
of your mind at all times. It’s not as easy as it sounds, Alexander. It could even be painful for you.”
“Magnus, I can handle the pain.” Was all the archer replied. “Alec—” “Tell me the rest, Magnus.”
The Warlock took a few moments to compose his thoughts and then he spoke, voice low.

“The hardest part for you will come in case I need to use the bond.” Magnus explained, eyeing his
lover softly. Alec’s brows came together in confusion and Magnus hurried to elaborate his point.
“The spell will bind us together, but if all goes according to my plan, I will not have to call out to that
small part of my soul which will be bonded with you. I will be back to New York safe and sound,
and then we will break the bond.” Magnus paused and Alec realized he was expecting him to ask
him something. “I got that part.” The archer reassured steadily, encouraging Magnus to continue.
“Now, should… Should my father try to tempt me to stay there, then I will try and fight him. But in the case I can not win, then the spell will take effect and I will…” Magnus hesitated, but Alec moved closer to him, taking a hold of his hands, offering silent, yet so meaningful comfort.

“I’ll have to call out to that small part of me, and in truth, I’ll be calling out to you.” Magnus’ voice faded, but Alec offered a light squeeze and a small smile. “Alexander… If that happens, then you’ll collapse right where you’ll be standing, as flashes of Edom will pass before your eyes.” The Warlock’s voice was low, filled with guilt. “That doesn’t matter Magnus.” Alec replied kindly, voice steady. “Doesn’t matter?” Magnus rasped, body tensing, face hardening. “The intensity of whatever may be happening to me, will strike you like a thunder strikes a tree during a storm. You will feel all the power of my father’s bonds, the power of his luring spells. And believe me when I say, you won’t be able to withstand such an assault.” Magnus snapped, attempting to move away from his lover, only to be stopped by two strong arms which barred his way, not allowing him to flee the intense gaze Alec pierced him with. “I am not as weak as you think.” He retorted at once, pulling Magnus back to his side.

“Weak? No, my dear Alexander, by no means are you weak.” Magnus offered, and try as he might, Alec couldn’t find even the slightest traces of doubt in his lover’s voice. “Then why would you say that I won’t be able to—” “Because, Alec, my father’s spells are devastating. That’s the reason why he is more than just a greater demon, that’s why he is the strongest prince of Hell.” The words, poisonous and torturous for Magnus, caused him to avert his gaze from the young Nephilim. “What about you? If Asmodeus’ spells are so powerful, then if he fights you, how will you fight back?” Alec questioned, and Magnus smirked, yet it was a sad gesture.

“The spells won’t have the same effect on me as they will have on you, should we form the bond. They won’t harm me, Alec. To the contrary, the magic will call out to who I really am, and it will lure me deeper in Edom. After all… That’s where I come from—” “Enough, Magnus.” Alec’s strict voice interrupted the Warlock’s train of thought, causing a sad smile to appear on his face. “You’re right. I’ve told you more than enough to make you understand that there is no way we—” “We are doing this.” Alec’s fierce tone left no room for an argument, yet, despite the roughness, Magnus could easily trace the love and affection Alec was trying to convey with his words. “Now, tell me what I’ll have to do to pull you back out from whatever dark pit your father will try to lure you in.” The archer said, pausing when Magnus spoke.

“I will not have you risk your life, Alexander, not for me. I won’t have you face my…” My father’s
spells, to help me come back here. If my fate is to end up by his side, then so be it.” A low exhale, which escaped Alec’s lips, echoed loud in the overall quiet room, and was accompanied by an equally low rustling sound, as the young archer moved his hands, raising his lover’s chin upwards, meeting his brown eyes for the first time after a while. Magnus tried to turn his face away, but it was futile, for Alec’s hold on Magnus’ jaw—gentle as it may have been—could not be broken.

“You are not your father, Magnus. I know it’s hard to believe me, but you’re nothing like him. And Edom—” Alec blew out a breath, whilst licking his lips, taking a moment to organize his thoughts. “Edom is no place for you. Your golden eyes are meant to witness the wonders of this world, and shed light upon its mysteries. They are not meant to witness the everlasting fires of the darkest pits of Edom.” The words faded away, yet they nestled around Magnus’ heart, warming it up, causing it to flutter.

“The golden orbs you so adore, are a courtesy of Amodeus. They are yet another proof of my lineage, yet another reminder of what I am.” The words held so much bitterness, that Alec felt it creeping inside him from the pores of his skin. “You are who you choose to be, Magnus. That’s what you’ve taught me, and it applies to you as well.” The bold honesty which was coating those words caused Magnus’ lips to move upwards, forming a hesitant smile. “Magnus, look at me.” Alec requested, even though the two lovers had maintained eye contact. When the Warlock arched an eyebrow, Alec brushed his thumbs over the Warlock’s cheekbones tenderly. “Drop the glamour and look at me, Magnus. Really look at me.” So soft were those words, that Magnus found himself unable to disobey. He closed his eyes and when he reopened them, all traces of brown were gone, replaced by a mesmerizing, shining, golden hue.

The archer lost himself in between layers of gold and yellow, allured by the beauty those orbs were gifted with. “Those eyes are not the eyes of a demon, Magnus. They have witnessed the Roman empire crumbling to dust, they have witnessed the tide rising and falling time and time again, and Men, rising and falling right along with it.” Here, the archer paused, not having the courage to utter the words which were swirling in his mind. ‘So much sadness and pain they hold, and I can do nothing to ease their burden.’ The thought caused the archer to swallow soundly, so as to regain his composure.

“And yet… And yet, your eyes shine, lighting up this world, my world. They look at me with
kindness and compassion, with passion and lust, with… With so much love that I feel I could drown in it.” Magnus swallowed hard, daring to offer a nod to his lover. “And that’s why I know that your eyes may have come from Asmodeus, but they are not the same as his. Because, you, are not like him.” The archer concluded, placing a kiss on Magnus’ forehead.

“Alexander…” It was a chant, low, deep, unsteady. “What good deed have I done to deserve you?” The question was spoken in a low tone, yet Alec could tell Magnus had asked himself that same question many times. “Many things. But the one that comes to my mind right now, is that time where you changed my life by walking down that aisle on the day of my wedding.” The honest, bright smile, which was spread across Alec’s face lifted Magnus’ spirit and eased his troubled mind.

“I merely offered you my hand. You walked down the aisle and took it.” Magnus offered, and a small part of him hoped he had managed to destruct Alec from the topic of their previous discussion. But he was mistaken. “You’re right. You’ve pulled me out of the dark, in which I was drowning. Now, it’s my turn to do the same for you. Tell me what I’ll have to do if you call out to me.” Alec pressed, causing Magnus to huff and put his glamour back up.

“It’s complicated… You’ll have to fight the pain and find your way out of those hellish images. You’ll have to focus on me. You’ll have to find me and call out to me through the bond.” “So it’s like a mind link? Is that why you said that I’ll be feeling you in the back of my mind?” “Yes. But never fear, I won’t be able to read your thoughts. I will, however, be able to feel your presence, just like you’ll be feeling mine. Strong emotions, such as intense pain, fear, or pleasure, can also travel through the bond and flood your mind, but only when the bond is forged for the first time, or when it’s activated. And I will activate it only in a time of utmost need.” Magnus elaborated and Alec nodded.

“Okay, so, if you activate it while you’re in Edom, I’ll see images of Edom, but then I’ll have to move past them, and focus on all the good things I can think of, so that I can… Project them in your mind, through the bond. That way, you can overcome your father’s spell and follow that missing part of your soul, back here?” “Precisely, Alexander.” Magnus praised, gaining a small smile from his lover. “In other words… That part which you’ll entrust me with, will act as…” Alec trailed off, searching for the right word, but when he failed to find it, Magnus offered his help. “It will act as a beacon, Alexander. A beacon, which will show me the way back here. Back to you.” The Warlock concluded, gazing at his young Nephilim with eyes filled with fondness.
“Well… It doesn’t sound that bad.” Alec offered, eyeing Magnus thoroughly. “Alexander… It’s not as easy as it may sound.” “I know, Magnus. But I won’t be the one venturing to Edom. It’s the least I can do to help you.” Magnus eyed him with fondness in his, now glamoured eyes. “You’re offering me so much more than you can imagine, Alexander.” Magnus admitted, placing a soft kiss on his lover’s puffy lips. “Now, it is very important that you ask me any questions you may have.” Magnus nearly demanded, eyeing his lover.

Alec took a few moments to think, for this was proving to be far more complicated than he had originally thought it would be. And yet… Alec knew it, deep inside him… There was no way he wouldn’t help Magnus. Besides, a bond with him, a deep sacred, bond with someone like Magnus… Alec would never dare to admit it out loud, maybe not even inwardly, but he wished to become one with the Warlock…

End of chapter 2…

Chapter End Notes

So here ends chapter 2! Liked it? Hated it? I would love to hear your thoughts! Kudos and comments keep me going! So, until next time, Love you all, Usagi!
Chapter 3: “A very long conversation (Part 2)

After a while, during which Alec was lost in deep thought, the silence became deafening, but Magnus knew he had to be patient. What his lover was offering him was something he would have never even dreamed of having. It was worth the wait, Magnus realized, when Alec finally opened his mouth to speak. “Okay… Is it permanent?” The archer asked hesitantly, voice low. Magnus chuckled slightly. “It can be, but that’s a whole different spell. Our bond won’t be permanent. We will break it as soon as I am back in the city.” A small shadow passed over Alec’s face, but Magnus made no comment on the matter.

“Have you done it before?” A small trace of fear could be found in Alec’s voice, a fact which caused Magnus to clear his throat. “No. Never, Alexander.” The honesty in the Warlock’s voice was evident. “Then, how come you know so much about this bond?” Magnus should have been expecting the question. And yet, now that he had to answer it, his heart missed a beat. “Aside from the fact I’ve lived for centuries and I have studied every spell known to the Warlocks?” Magnus offered tenderly, earning a small smile from his lover.

“Well… I have extended knowledge about the procedure and how to cast the spell, because… Because, even though it is dangerous, I… I’ve always hoped that I would be able to experience it. The intimacy it requires so as to be done… Those who have tried it, say that nothing can be compared to that feeling of utter complicity, of utter… Fulfillment.” Alec’s eyes shone under the dim light of the living room and his hands found Magnus’ in less than a blink of an eye. “Alexander, I want you to know that, I’ve gone through every book known to the Warlocks, which has even the smallest reference to the bond, I’ve done extended research.” The tone Magnus had utilized was meant to reassure his young Nephilim, causing Alec to smile at his lover.
“I wouldn’t even be discussing this with you if I wasn’t certain that there are no exceptions to how
the spell is casted, since you are a Nephilim. The only difference is that, since you are not a Warlock,
it’ll take more time for the whole ritual to be completed.” Magnus’ voice trailed off. Alec however,
remained silent, knowing that the Warlock had something more he wished to say. “Alexander… I
know this whole thing sounds chaotic and complicated. And to tell you it’s not dangerous would be
an absurd lie. But…You have to know I will do everything in my power to keep you safe. I will
never let anything happen to you.” He continued, voice steady, fierce. “I know, Magnus. I trust
you.” The young man replied at once, voice equally fierce. “Now, back to you. Think, Alexander, is
there anything else you wish to ask me?” Magnus pressed and Alec licked his lips.

“Jace, will he be able to feel you as well?” Alec questioned, his voice now unwavering. “I am not
sure, for no Nephilim has ever bonded with a Warlock before.” The statement left the archer’s mouth
gaping. “Never?” “No, Alexander, never. And it’s reasonable. No child of the Angels would ever
wish to form such a bond with a half-demon.” Magnus lowered his voice, but the archer intervened.
“I want to, Magnus.” The words were spoken in a low tone, yet Alec’s voice was steady. The
longing which was lingering in those words, was carefully masked, yet Magnus could trace it. This
time, the Warlock did comment on the matter.

“So do I, Alexander. Besides, you are no ordinary Nephilim… And that’s a very good thing.” Alec
huffed, but smiled shyly. “As for Jace… Having read about the intimacy of the bond, I am guessing
Jace will not even be aware of it.” Magnus continued and Alec’s brow frowned. “You speak of
intimacy, of utter fulfillment…” Alec pointed out, eyeing Magnus questionably. “Yes… This bond is
deep, Alexander. Deeper than the one you share with Jace, for the spell is very old.” Alec licked his
lips as his mind began to understand what Magnus was implying. “Okay, go on.” The archer
encouraged, eyeing his lover softly.

“It’s true that no Nephilim would want to form such a bond with a Downworlder, but the prejudices
about my kind are not the only thing which stands in the way of performing the ritual.” “Then, what
else stands in the way?” Alec questioned patiently. “The books say that it is best if the bond is forged
between two beings of the same race. That’s a fair recommendation, because In order for the spell to
be casted and for the bond to be formed, the two participants need to… See the world through each
other’s eyes.” “Excuse me?” Alec blurted out, utterly confused.
“Remember when I told you that you’ll see flashes of Edom—flashes of what I will be seeing—before your eyes, should I activate the bond?” “Yes.” Alec replied, his full attention on his lover. “Well, when the spell is first casted, something similar happens. You’ll see the world through my eyes, the way I see it. You’ll see how unimportant the passing of time is for me, and then you’ll see what I could have, should I remain in Edom.” Alec raised an eyebrow as Magnus paused, but he chose not to interrupt him.

“In other words, you’ll see why the bond is needed. Then, you’ll have to show me the world through your eyes. Show me the reason why I should entrust a part of my very soul to you, show me why I need to come back here and not remain in Edom. You’ll have to show me those same images—project them in my mind through the bond—should I activate it while on the mission.” Magnus explained and Alec took a few moments to process the news.

“So… It’s like a rehearsal of the time when you’ll use the bond?” Alec finally asked, and Magnus swallowed thickly. “You could say that, for the procedure is similar.” “Okay. That can’t be so hard.” Alec offered, but Magnus nestled closer to him, requesting his full attention. “It is extremely hard, Alexander. In fact, it’s the most dangerous part of the entire ritual. It can be overwhelming to the point where you could—” The Warlock bit his lip, afraid to even utter the words.

“Magnus.” Alec’s call wasn’t harsh, but it was demanding. “I need you to tell me. That part can be overwhelming to what point?” Magnus swallowed hard. “To the point where you may get trapped in between our minds, in between our souls. If that happens, you’ll never find your way back, you’ll never regain consciousness. Your body will linger and you’ll eventually die.” The fear in these words made something inside Alec snap.

“What about you? Is it as dangerous for you as it is for me?” Magnus’ eyes widened, welling up with tears. “No, not as much, Alec. I don’t want you to take this the wrong way, but my mind is…” Magnus slowed down, searching for the right words. “Let’s say, that I am more accustomed to facing difficult situations of this nature. My magic protects me, so for me, the ritual is far less dangerous.” Alec licked his lips taking a few moments to assess the situation. “So, the connection will be more overwhelming for me, when we first form the bond, and if you later activate it, because…?” His voice was soft, yet Magnus knew he had to answer him. He owned Alec every ounce of honesty he had within him.
“Because, I have a different understanding about how the world works. All Warlocks are free of the bonds Time shackles other beings with, whilst this is something utterly new and foreign for you. You don’t look at things the way I do. And it’s only natural for you not to. So when images of ‘my view of the world’ flood your mind, it will undergo an immense strain. That’s when you may get trapped in between our souls.” Magnus explained, falling silent when Alec turned away from him. The archer lowered his head, raising his hand when Magnus began to speak. “When you’ll ‘see my world’, will you see just the present? Or can I show you my memories as well?” Alec questioned, causing Magnus’ face to frown.

“The choice is yours, Alec. You can choose to show me anything you wish. I will be inside your head the time the bond will be forged, so, I’ll see the world as you see it. Or, as you once saw it. Remember, this is the part where I understand why I should entrust a part of my soul to you. Those same images will flash before my eyes if I activate the bond while in Edom, so they’ll have to be able to convince me to return back to you and not remain in my father’s domain.” Magnus elaborated patiently. “But you don’t know the way I see the world. You don’t know…” His voice faded, for he was not brave enough so as to utter the words which were swirling in his head.

‘You don’t know what my world looked like before you. Before your glitter and your sassy comments brightened it.’ “Alexander, my darling, I need you to tell me what scares you.” Magnus pointed out, getting Alec out of his thoughts. “My view of the world, it may not be as easy for you to process, or…” Alec’s voice faded, as fear shaded his features even more. Magnus’ frown deepened and he obliged his lover to maintain eye contact, urging him to continue. “You have every right to be afraid, Alec. What we’re discussing is complicated and deep. That’s why I need to know what troubles you, so that I can shed some light on things. I need you to tell me what you’re thinking.” “The way I see the world, may not be as appealing as you think.” The archer’s voice faded once more, his words cloaked in fear.

“Wait a minute…” Magnus begun, blinking at his lover. “You’re scared… Not of the procedure, but of the fact that I…” “You may not like what my world looked like before you, Magnus.” Alec completed Magnus’ sentence, causing the Warlock to lean forwards so as to enfold Alec in a breathtaking embrace. “Oh, Alec… My beloved Alexander…” At the sound of his full name, the Nephilim relaxed, melting under Magnus’ tender touch.
His well trained hands wound themselves around the Warlock’s back the very next second, as fear began pouring out of him, driven away by Magnus’ tender touches and soft caresses. “There is nothing you could show me, which could make me turn away from you. Do you understand that?” Magnus reassured when the young man pulled back. “There is nothing ugly about you, Alexander.” The Warlock continued, his statement earning him a small smile. “Using my words against me, Magnus?” Alec questioned, but Magnus could tell his mind was calmer than before, for his heart was once again warm, free of fears and worry. “I know all those things are a lot of information.” The Warlock admitted, but Alec just shrugged, his smile widening.

“Look, I got the main point. It’s a deep mind-link, a sacred, old bond, which binds two beings, two minds, two souls. Sure, it sounds crazy and scary, but I am not backing out. I’ll understand this whole ‘see the world through my eyes’ thing, when the time comes. Besides, you’ll be right there with me. You’ll talk me through this… Right?” It wasn’t really posed as a question, but Magnus found himself reassuring Alec in earnest. “Of course, of course I will be there, Alexander. In fact…” His voice trailed off, the hesitation in it, clear. Alec’s brows came together and he raised his head, meeting Magnus’ gaze.

“Magnus? What is it?” “When I told you the bond is deep and intimate, I meant it. No random strangers can perform the spell, not even close friends. The participants have to trust one another deeply, so as to be able to form the bond. The part where you’ll have to ‘see the world as I see it', requires a certain state of mind, where all your thoughts and worries have left you, allowing you to… Become one with me, so as to see the world through my eyes. You’ll have to…” Magnus paused for yet another time, but when Alec indicated he wanted him to continue, Magnus complied. “Alexander… You’ll have to become one with me. In other words, you’ll surrender to me, allowing me to enter your mind, so that I can show you the world as I see it. And then, it’ll be my turn. I’ll have to surrender to you, emptying my mind so as to see the world as you see it.” Magnus concluded, voice low, meaningful.

“Okay. How do we achieve this… State of mind you spoke of?” Alec questioned, but his voice held no fear in it. “Well, I could make you a special herbal tea, which will help you relax. We could take a bath… But eventually, we’ll have to…” “Have sex?” Alec offered, blushing slightly, well aware of the fact that whenever they were intimate together, his mind would end up blanking from the overwhelming sense of pleasure Magnus would make him feel. Magnus chuckled, as he beheld his
lover’s reddening face. “It’s more than that. More than sheer lust, more than reaching climax. It’s a slow procedure, deep, and pure. You get to know your partner’s body as if it were your own, you get to memorize every curve, every edge, every old and new scar, you get to kiss every inch…” Magnus’ voice faded again. Alec, however, took over immediately.

“So… You need us to… You need to make love to me. Like that very first time.” He concluded, eyeing Magnus with so much love that the Warlock had to avert his gaze. “I don’t ‘need’ to do anything, Alexander. I want to make love with you, not to you, like that first time. Whether we succeed in forming the bond or not, is not important.” Magnus corrected, cupping his lover’s face. “But you’ll need it—” “Alexander, forming such a bond is not easy. But since you are so eager to try, then we will try it. Know, however, that, I will stop the ritual the moment I’ll realize it’s too much for you. Are we clear?” Magnus rasped, voice steady.

Alec offered a reassuring nod, melting as Magnus leaned forwards so as to capture his lips for yet another kiss. “When do we start?” The archer questioned as the kiss broke. “I need you to take the night and think over this, my darling.” “Magnus—” “Think over it. Promise me, Alexander.” Noting that there was no way around this problem, Alec exhaled, nodding his head. “If we do this, you’ll call me tomorrow morning, to let me know. I’ll need a few hours to gather the ingredients for the spell.” Another small nod from Alec’s part followed Magnus’ statement. “Okay, then, I’ll call you first thing in the morning.” Alec replied, as he got up from the couch, grabbing his phone from his back pocket.

“Um… I need to go, get back to the Institute.” The young archer offered apologetically, noting that the time was already past midnight. “Do you need a portal?” Magnus questioned, aware that the hour was growing late. “No, no, save your magic for what we have to do tomorrow.” “Alec, you promised me that you—” A kiss, passionate yet so deep and filled with love, cut Magnus off, stealing all breath from his lungs. “Goodnight, Magnus.” Alec offered, smiling, as soon as he could speak again.

Before Magnus could protest, Alec activated his runes, sliding the enormous window which led to the balcony, open. Magnus extended his hand, but Alec had already jumped off the balcony, landing gracefully on the roof of the nearby building. Magnus ran outside, flinching as the cold air made contact with his face.
From the next building, Alec smiled at him, his frame bathed in silver moonlight, his bow and quiver, which he was passing over his shoulder, shining with a shimmering, peculiar hue. “Be safe… My Alexander…” Magnus mouthed, but Alec’s gentle nod was enough to prove he had read the Warlock’s lips. “I love you, Magnus…” The whispers got carried away with the gentle breeze, as Alec took off, yet they reached Magnus’ ears. The Warlock smiled and got back inside, knowing that he should get some sleep. Tomorrow would be a very interesting night…

End of Chapter 3...

Chapter End Notes

So, here ends chapter 3! Liked it? Hated it? I would love to hear your thoughts!! I hope that you're not confused with the bond, because it took me some time to find the right words so as to express myself. Agh... That's what you get when you're not a native speaker... Anyhow... Next chapter will not be uploaded until next week, because I won't have much time. Plus, I wanted to post this before tonight's episode because I've no idea where the Malec plot is going! I hope you enjoyed!! Until next time, Love you all, Usagi!!

End Notes

So... Here it ends!! Want to see more? I would love to hear your thoughts! Until next time, Love you all, Usagi!

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