stuck in a rut

by kinkymagnus

Summary

Magnus has been on the receiving end of a rut before--and he wasn't eager to do it again.

Notes
should i be working on one of my prompts? or one of my wips? yes. but i just. this was. it was so cute fl;ghgf fuck

also SERIOUSLY WARNING read the tags ok

See the end of the work for more notes.

Magnus had been on the receiving end of a rut before, and he wasn’t eager to do it again.

But his boyfriend—the first alpha he’d dated since… in a while—was due.

And Magnus wasn’t sure he was going to be able to bear it—his sweet, considerate, wonderful, and gentle mate… becoming rough and violent and cruel, uncaring, completely focused on getting what he wanted, what he needed from Magnus.

He knew, of course, that under normal circumstances Alec would never, ever hurt him.

But he’d witnessed firsthand what ruts did to alphas.

It changed them. It made them… different. Primal, aggressive, and perfectly willing to take what they wanted… even if it hurt their omega. Even if their omega was begging them to stop. Even if their omega was bleeding.

And the idea that Alec, someone he trusted and loved, would do that to him was… terrifying. But he wasn’t sure that his alpha would have a choice.

And Magnus certainly didn’t.

Alec needed this, he needed his omega, his mate to help him. And Magnus couldn’t bear to deny him.

It would hurt, it would be scary, but without him there to help, the rut could be painful and long and possibly seriously hurt Alec… or it might make him seek out someone else, an omega who could satisfy him.

And Magnus didn’t want that. He wanted Alec to stay with him.

He hadn’t such a good, kind, and gentle partner in—well, ever. He knew he didn’t deserve Alec, but for some reason Alec wanted him.

And Magnus didn’t want to lose him because he couldn’t take one night to be selfless and let Alec take what he needed.

He didn’t want to lose the best thing that ever happened to him because he was selfish and cowardly.

Magnus could take a little pain, could take nightmares and bruises, if it was for Alec.
That first week, when his rut was going to be due soon and Alec had warned him with concerned eyes, Magnus avoided sex with Alec.

He couldn’t help it.

Normally they couldn’t keep their hands off each other but now all he could think about was Alec with blood red eyes, holding him down, only not firmly and gently like he usually did, comfortably, Magnus knowing he would let go if asked… but instead, tight and bruising and trapping him, hurting him—

It would be fine, once it was over with.

It would be fine, Alec would be himself again and he would be gentle and loving and whatever happened during the rut, Magnus would recover and it would be fine.

He told himself this over and over when he woke up from nightmares and let Alec comfort him and kiss his forehead, not knowing what, exactly, Magnus had dreamt about.

He was just nervous. That would go away.

A few days before Alec was due, he sat Magnus down and asked him if he was okay with this.

He offered to lock himself alone in a room, with toys if necessary, maybe some things with Magnus’s scent if he was comfortable with that.

But Magnus told him it was fine, he was fine, that of course he would be there for Alec’s rut.

(He was an omega, after all, it was his job, of course he would do this for his alpha)

He tried to calm himself down, stealing shirts with Alec’s scent on them and wrapping himself in them constantly, nervously beginning to build a nest on their bed for them to mate in.

His heart wasn’t in it, but he tried his best, and by the time he was satisfied with it, it was comfortable and it smelled like them. That was enough.

The day of the rut, Magnus woke up to a thick erection pressed against his ass.

It hadn’t officially started yet, but Alec had clearly begun to feel the effects.

He went to take a shower to cool off a bit, leave Magnus time to get ready.

And Magnus prepared himself, fingering himself open and trying to no avail to get himself slick, trying to think of how Alec normally fucked him, how good it felt.

But he just couldn’t enjoy it because he felt sick with fear. His stomach was twisting and he felt light-headed and shivery.

It was almost time.

Alec emerged from the bathroom, and his posture, his stance—it had changed.
The rut was in effect.

Magnus looked up at him—it took an effort, he was trembling, forcing himself to look at his alpha head-on instead of staring downwards—and his eyes were glowing alpha red.

Alec climbed onto the bed, hungry and red eyes intent on Magnus, stare heavy on his exposed body.

Magnus whimpered involuntarily, but still lay back and shifted on the bed, inhaling in the soothing scent of the nest and spreading his legs warily.

He was prepared—he’d forced himself to apply a generous amount of lube, because he wasn’t slick at all, his cock was soft, he wasn’t turned on, and he knew he was going to need all the lubrication he could get.

He felt so vulnerable like this, lying naked on their bed, waiting for his alpha—no longer did he really feel like Alexander, just his alpha, primal and in need and rough—to fuck him.

He closed his eyes as Alec climbed on top of him, heart pounding. His teeth are near Magnus’s neck, and he’s pushing Magnus down on the bed firmly and—

Alec kissed him.

Not brutally, not roughly, not even with tongue, not even on the lips. Just… soft, warm lips pressed to the side of his neck, no teeth.

And he licked there gently, kissing him again, nipping at the skin slightly—but it didn’t hurt, just a light scrape of teeth against sensitive flesh that made Magnus shiver.

His hands pinned Magnus’s wrists above his head, but it was… it was firm, but not rough or bruising, just keeping him comfortably pinned in place.

He nuzzled into Magnus’s neck, scenting him, and Magnus almost jumped at the primal growl that leaves his alpha’s throat only—it’s… more like a purr.

It’s just so… gentle. Sweet.

“So beautiful,” Alec growled, that alpha growl Magnus had come to fear, and he tensed again.

But instead of any violence, any pain, he felt Alec’s hands leave his wrists to caress his body, and even though he didn’t have to, Magnus found himself keeping his hands where they were.

Alec kissed him all over, eventually even on the lips (his hand cupping Magnus’s face, tongue slowly licking into his mouth, hot and slick and not forceful at all) and it felt amazing.

He checked to make sure Magnus was prepared, even though at this point his long and thick cock was throbbing with need, his hips twitching as he resisted the urge to bury himself deep in his omega.

He kissed down Magnus’s body, keeping up the sweet nothings. He spoke in only short words and growls and almost possessive words of praise—mostly almost reverent mumbles of his name, and short growls of you’re so beautiful and mine and my sweet perfect omega, telling him how good he is, how good he feels.

And then he licked at his hole, beginning to coax warm slick from him, fingertips pressing into his
thighs firmly and keeping his legs spread wide, the firm pressure causing more heat to bloom between Magnus’s legs.

He—he got Magnus slick, got him moaning, until the omega’s hips were twitching against the bed and tingling heat was washing over him in heady waves.

He made sure Magnus was enjoying himself, as attentive and loving as he’d always been.

His eyes were blood red, and every learned instinct Magnus had was screaming to run, to hide, to go limp. Every primal one told him to submit, to give him what he wanted, to present for him. But he didn’t give in to either, succumb to any animal instincts—instead he willingly let go, took a breath and decided to trust Alec.

He—he hadn’t hurt Magnus yet. And he wasn’t going to.

Alec pulled back and gently guided him onto his stomach and Magnus didn’t resist, spreading his legs again and licking him just a little more—and Magnus was so wet, hard cock pressed between his stomach and the bed, moaning as Alec slipped a finger inside him, still licking at his rim.

Magnus was clutching at the sheets, moaning as Alec fingered him open. He could feel the bed rocking slightly as his alpha ground his hips against the bed, clearly impatient but going slow for Magnus anyway.

“H..hurry up and get inside me,” he gasped out, and he could barely believe the words were coming out of his mouth, that he was lying on his belly under an alpha in rut and he actually wanted more, but he meant it, he meant it, he wanted Alec’s cock inside him right now.

And Alec pressed a wet kiss to the side of his neck, right above his scent glands, and Magnus shivered with pleasure. Then Alec positioned himself carefully, his hands sweeping up and down Magnus’s hips, thumbs stroking his skin.

The head of his cock kissed Magnus’s wet hole, and Magnus resisted the urge to buck back and push himself onto it.

Alec’s hands gripped his hips tighter, thumbs pressing down and holding him in place, and then he slid deep inside, his thrust fluid and smooth, the way easily lubricated by the copious amounts of slick and lube. A pleasured cry was punched from Magnus’s lips, his eyes rolling back.

The slide in was smooth and easy that Alec was balls deep inside him almost immediately.

“A-Alexander…!” Magnus moaned.

Alec gave him plenty of time to adjust to the long, thick, and heavy stretch, and Magnus can’t help but just gasp and whine and rock his hips because he hasn’t felt Alec’s cock in over a week and he was so fucking turned on, he was hard and wet and he needed this.

There was no pain, absolutely none, just hot pleasure surging up his spine, tingling under his skin. And then—Alec began to move.

He pulled out slowly, swollen cock dragging against Magnus’s sensitive walls, then plunged back into him hard. He thrust in and out in rough and deep motions, fucking him hard and fast.

The growling praise from earlier returned, voice stuttering slightly as he thrust into Magnus with
his whole body over and over again.

*My gorgeous wonderful mate and you feel so good for me, so tight, and I love you, and Magnus, Magnus, Magnus.*

It was the first time Alec had really been this rough with him, hands gripping his hips tightly and firmly holding him in place as he was pounded into. And the primal *need* of the rut is clear in every slap of his balls against Magnus’s ass, in how he rutted into Magnus like an animal, the almost possessiveness he touched Magnus with.

But all of that is softened at the edges with the clear care for his pleasure and wellbeing that is there, too, the sincere love that Alec holds for him even in this state.

The roughness wasn’t… violent. It didn’t hurt, it wasn’t scary or painful in the slightest. It was hard and deep and it feels *fucking amazing.*

Magnus was *slick,* so slick he’s dripping and his thighs are completely soaked and it made every thrust in and out so much easier, so much more *obscene.*

With every thrust he heard the filthy and somehow really fucking *hot* squelching noise of Alec’s cock sliding through all the slick and lube, fucking his tight and wet hole open mercilessly.

“O-oh my god,” Magnus whimpered. “Fuck, you feel so good, so good…”

“Good,” Alec growled, and his hands curled under Magnus’s hips and pulled him up, thrusting deep into him at the same time and changing the angle.

Magnus cried out, helpless to do much but take it. “A-alexander…!”

Alec leaned down and kissed his neck from behind, cock pounding into his prostate, and Magnus’s vision went white.

The orgasm was sudden, but *intense.* He could feel the dampness of his cum on his lower stomach and on the sheets, and his thighs were dripping with slick.

Alec stilled inside him, letting him ride out the waves of pleasure coursing through him, then pulled out.

Magnus let out a little involuntary gasp, and Alec let go of his hips, laying him back down on the bed.

“You haven’t—” Magnus croaked, feeling a little raw, but before he could finish his sentence, Alec rolled him over onto his back.

Magnus pliantly let him, rolling his head back and feeling his lips curl into a smile as Alec pressed kisses against his throat.

“Alexander…”

Two fingers slid into his wet, raw hole, and thrust in and out.

Magnus moaned loudly. “Fuck,” he swore, “oh, fuck, that feels—too much—”

They stilled, Alec watching his expression, and Magnus practically yelled, “*Nodon’tstop!*”

His whole body was buzzing and he was an absolute fucking mess, stomach damp and messy,
thighs fucking dripping and soaked, and he should have felt gross and sticky but he mostly just felt debauched and it was hard to focus on much beyond the twin—three fingers teasing his swollen, sensitive rim.

Alec withdrew his fingers, shifted, and climbed on top of him.

Magnus lifted his head to look properly and he caught a glimpse of Alec’s long, throbbing cock.

“Fuck,” he whined, letting his head fall back.

Alec nudged his thighs further apart, and Magnus waited a moment, eyes closed.

And then—that familiar stretch, hot and thick, inch by inch sliding in until Alec’s balls are pressed against him again.

Magnus knew he was shaking, on the edge of overstimulation but arousal still building as Alec pressed all the way inside him.

Alec was apparently impatient now, though, because he quickly built up a pace and fucked Magnus hard and fast.

And it was so good, so deep and heavy and thick, that Magnus couldn’t think, couldn’t move, couldn’t do much more than tremble and moan and arch his back off the bed and beg for him to go harder, to stroke him, to touch him.

It felt so amazing and it’s not—all of this is—it was nothing like he expected, nothing like he’d come to be used to, and Magnus can’t help but begin to cry.

It was happy tears, pleasured tears, but Alec still kissed him, thumb gently rubbing the tears away.

His thrusts slowed and he looked concerned, blood red eyes searching his face for signs of pain, but Magnus could only manage to choke out, “N-no, please, don’t… don’t stop, fuck me—”

And he smiled, burying his face in Magnus’s neck and kissing him there, inhaling his scent, and then his thrusts sped up again.

He changed the angle and suddenly he was pounding directly into Magnus’s sweet spot, over and over again, sending blindingly hot waves of pleasure cascading through Magnus, electric bolts surging up his spine and leaving him utterly breathless.

His toes curled, and he clutched at the sheets. Helpless whimpers and strangled moans of pure pleasure were forced from his throat.

He clutched at Alec’s back as the alpha slammed into him over and over, fucking him good and hard. It was so good, so good, he couldn’t think—all worries and fears chased from his mind entirely, leaving only lust and need.

And then Alec’s cock began to swell inside him, getting larger and larger, stretching his rim more and more with each thrust in and out.

“A-alpha,” he whined helplessly, hips rocking as Alec kept his pace, never slowing.

Alec licked and sucked at his neck, occasionally muffling a moan against his skin as his knot slowly grew.

Tears sparked at Magnus’s eyes as the knot grew larger and larger, swelling inside him and forcing
his rim open a little more each time.

It felt so good, nothing like he had imagined—while it forced him open a little more each time, it didn’t feel like he was tearing, like he would bleed. It didn’t hurt.

The warm wet between his legs was all slick, with no blood whatsoever. There wasn’t even a spark of pain.

He felt a second orgasm building, his whole body buzzing, heat pooling between his legs rapidly. His thighs were fucking soaked by now, his hole dripping around Alec’s swelling cock, and his cock was sensitive and hard.

Alec’s knot was so large he was having trouble pulling it out and punching it back in, and Magnus was so close to coming with every tug on his sensitive hole.

He was babbling, he knew he was, but he couldn’t hear the words coming out of his mouth—praise for Alec’s knot, his cock, begging for more, breathless and reverent statements of how full he was, how big Alec was—but Alec seemed to enjoy it, grinning against his neck and enthusiastically fucking him harder.

It was so big, so huge and round and his sensitive walls couldn’t help but spasm and clench down it, feeling how large he was, how stuffed full Magnus felt—

There was nothing in particular that pushed him over the edge, no single moment—just that hot pressure in his gut suddenly snapping, and every nerve in his body lighting up at once.

He screamed Alec’s name, eyes rolling back, his hole practically squirting slick around the cock pistoning in and out of it, slick gushing out as the knot pushed all the way into his hole and then tugged at his rim as it refused to come out.

His whole body was alive with sensation, hot and tingling and electric.

Alec followed shortly after, grinding his knot—now too large to pull out of Magnus’s ass—into him as he came.

He groaned, emptying his huge and hot load deep into Magnus’s ass, knot throbbing inside him.

Magnus trembled and whimpered as the aftershocks rolled through him, his cock spitting out more cum as he felt the thick and hot ropes of seed pumping into him, stuffing his ass full of cum.

His ass was so fucking full, massive knot stretching him open and holding all of Alec’s cum inside him, along with his own slick.

Alec’s orgasm lasted a bit longer than Magnus expected, filling him with a ridiculous amount of seed. But then, it was breeding season, he supposed.

God. Alec had bred him. It was very possible that he was pregnant right now.

(Imagining that—his belly swelling with Alexander’s children, being pregnant and in Alec’s arms—

Fuck, why did that turn him on?

This was… something to explore at a later date, he was much too overstimulated and fucked-out to get hard again, and anyway, the red was fading from Alec’s eyes.)
After a few minutes, they’d both mostly calmed down. Alec was still on top of him, knotted inside his ass, but his breathing had slowed and his eyes had faded to their usual warm hazel.

And Magnus was just... relaxed. Alec’s breath was heavy on his neck but he was just gentle, large hands caressing Magnus’s body sweetly.

Magnus lay panting and helpless under him, totally fucked out, still stretched around his huge knot, but Alec just kissed him. Held him. The soothing scent of the nest, the warmth of Alec’s arms, the fullness in his hole...

It was comforting.

Magnus felt safe.

“That was... amazing,” he finally said, voice hoarse from the screaming and moaning.

Alec grinned sleepily at him. “God, you were amazing,” he said. “You looked so beautiful, kitten. And you feel so fucking good on my knot. Look so good, too.”

Magnus squirmed under the praise, cheeks heating up, but he was pleased.

“I just—it was nothing like I expected,” he sighed happily. “It felt so good. Thank you.”

Alec stiffened slightly, brows furrowing. “What... did you expect?” he asked slowly, as if afraid of the answer.

Magnus blinked, and then shrugged, avoiding his gaze. “I’ve only been with a few other alphas, before, and—I know it’s hard to control yourself during your rut.”

Alec looked... even more concerned. “Did you think I would—rape you?” he seemed to have trouble getting the word out, like it was too big and sharp for his mouth, like it horrified him to have it on his tongue at all.

“No, I—I told you I would do it,” Magnus said, like it was obvious. “Just—it usually hurts. A lot.”

“...sex isn’t supposed to hurt,” Alec said quietly.

Magnus shrugged again, being far too blasé about his own comfort and wellbeing for Alec’s comfort. “Well, it doesn’t, for the alpha.”

“It’s not supposed to hurt for you either,” Alec said. He sounded almost... angry.

Magnus shrank back slightly, before squaring his shoulders and forcing himself not to flinch away. “It’s just during ruts. And you needed it. I know you would never hurt me normally, obviously you wouldn’t! It’s not about you, it’s just... what ruts do.”

“No,” Alec said, sounding slightly hysterical and very sad, one hand cupping Magnus’s face and tipping his chin up so Magnus would look at him. “Sweetheart, no, it isn’t.”

“It’s okay,” Magnus said. “And anyway, you—you didn’t. And even if you had, it would have been okay. I can take a little pain. Some blood and bruises are totally worth being with you the other 364 days of the year.”

Alec looked absolutely stricken.

“Blood and br—what the fuck.”
He looked like he might be sick.

“And you said your ruts only last a day—some of my exes’ lasted a whole week! Really, I’m lucky.”

The smile on his face was totally, heartbreakingly honest, like he really thought he was lucky at his mate only being violent for a day.

Not to mention.

“Magnus, ruts always last a day. Unless they don’t have an omega or their mate to help them, they last a day. Only a day. For everyone.”

Magnus frowned. “I don’t…”

Alec didn’t even want to think about the implications, but they rushed through his mind anyway—that Magnus’s exes had faked being in rut for longer somehow, had hurt him and made him bleed and pretended like they couldn’t help it, and Magnus had taken it.

His knot started to go down—how much of that was natural and how much was his new discovery completely turning him off, Alec wasn’t sure.

Magnus groaned slightly as Alec pulled out, his large but soft cock and still slightly swollen knot dragging on his walls.

“I—or, I’m gonna… I’m gonna clean you up,” Alec said finally. “Some aftercare. And we’re gonna… talk about this. Okay?”

“Okay,” Magnus agreed, still not entirely sure what there was to talk about. He knew Alec wasn’t lying, but maybe—it had changed, over the centuries?

Or maybe… they’d lied. That was very possible. Camille lied about a lot of things, he wouldn’t be surprised if she’d lied about this, too.

And as for the others—well, that wouldn’t surprise him that much, either.

Which probably had horrifying implications, but—there were a lot of things that in retrospect, had clearly been toxic and horrible. But he’d just… always thought it was normal. And even if it wasn’t, that he deserved it.

But even if that was true, what did he and Alec really have to talk about?

Ruts usually hurt, but this one hadn’t. And that was nice.

Maybe Alec wanted to tell him it was a one-time thing—unlikely, but still, Magnus’s heart quaked a little at the thought—or that he was special for some reason, unusually good at controlling himself during ruts.

When Alec returned with a damp cloth, a snack, and a glass of water, Magnus sat up, wincing as soreness flared in his ass.

Alec handed him the glass. “Drink up,” he said softly. “Your throat is probably quite dry. There’s a snack on the table when you’re done, if you want it.”

“Thank you,” Magnus said sincerely, voice soft and smitten. He took a sip, closing his eyes at the refreshing cool liquid hitting his dry throat.
He took another sip, smiling and leaning back as Alec went to work cleaning his thighs, gently wiping away all of the stickiness.

God, this felt so good. Lying back in his nest, surrounded by the scent of his mate and their coupling, Alec sitting between his legs and pampering him.

Alec always took such good care of him, especially after sex. Magnus could very well clean up by himself—and with most partners, he did—but Alec enjoyed taking care of him.

And it felt so nice, being pampered and kissed and treated like he was precious and worthwhile.

Magnus set the glass aside, choosing to leave the snack for now.

Alec gently wiped at his hole, staring a little at the gape of it. How it dripped.

Fuck. He was so wet and loose. He was just begging for a cock, and every inch of Alec wanted to bury his dick deep inside Magnus and show him how loved he was, make him howl and beg, make him cum over and over again on his alpha’s knot until all he knew was pleasure and Alec’s cock inside him.

But his rut—and the included stamina—was fading almost completely, and Magnus probably couldn’t handle anymore anyway.

And besides, as good as it would feel for both of them, it wasn’t what Magnus needed right now.

Alec finished up, throwing the cloth aside to take care of later, and went to work on changing the sheets, trying his best not to disturb the nest or Magnus (although it was impossible not to move both at least a little).

And when everything was clean and dry, he climbed back into the nest and then up to eye level with his mate.

Magnus’s warm brown eyes fluttered open, and he smiled.

Alec cupped his jaw with one hand, and Magnus leaned into it.

He leaned down and kissed the omega sweetly, feeling Magnus hum happily and kiss him back.

And then he pulled away.

“We should really talk about this,” he said.

Magnus sighed. “It’s really okay,” he said.

“It’s not,” Alec said. “It’s—Magnus, ruts aren’t supposed to hurt for you. They aren’t supposed to last longer than a day. And—if you were—if you were scared that I would hurt you… make you bleed… I just—why didn’t you say something?”

Magnus watched him with dark, sad eyes. “I—” he stuttered, then exhaled, closing his eyes and gathering his thoughts.

“I guess… I just…” he bit his lip slightly, looking down. “Expected it.”

Alec’s thumb brushed over his cheekbone, eyes soft and sad. “I would never hurt you,” he said.

“I know!” Magnus cried. “Normally, you would never, ever hurt me, I know that! I trust you! But
—ruts aren’t normal. They—they change people. I know that, I’ve experienced that. And it’s—it’s okay, you’re worth it. I knew what I was getting into.”

“Magnus,” Alec said, and Magnus was horrified to see tears in his eyes. “Magnus, they—ruts can make an alpha more primal, I guess, even rougher, but—they don’t… they’re not supposed to hurt. It doesn’t make an alpha hurt their omega. Why would primal instincts make someone hurt their mate? It can make them want to—to breed”—his cheeks flushed slightly, stumbling over that word, but he continued on without pause, “—but never actually hurt their omega. If they did that, that—that wasn’t the rut. The rut doesn’t make you… want anything.”

Magnus swallowed, adams’s apple bobbing. “That they… didn’t already want,” he finished quietly. “I… see.”

He didn’t look surprised. Just… hurt.

Alec hesitantly continued, thumb still steadily stroking his cheek.

“And the fact you thought I was going to—to hurt you, that you were scared of me—that… that…”

He stumbled over his words, trying to put to words how horrible at felt. “I just… I want you to tell me, if that ever happens again. I never, ever want you to be scared of me.”

“I’m not,” Magnus said, “I swear, I’m—I’m not.”

Alec’s other hand cupped the other side of his jaw, both hands framing Magnus’s face. “I’m not angry, baby, I just—if I’d known it scared you, I would have wanted to talk about it. I love you, and I never—I never want you to feel like that again, if I can help it.”

Magnus blinked back a few tears of his own. “I—okay.”

“…Okay?”

“Okay. I—I know I bottle things up a lot. And… well, clearly I have a lot of issues.” He laughed self-deprecatingly, eyes flitting down. “But I do trust you. And I love you.”

Alec smiled, still a little heartbroken for his boyfriend. “Do you wanna talk about it?”

“About… the other ruts?”

“You don’t have to,” Alec said, quick to reassure him. “Just… if you need to. I’m here.”

“It hurt,” Magnus said. “A lot. Like they were—it really hurt.”

He sounded choked, unable to get the words out.

“I think… later. I’m sorry.”

“You have nothing to be sorry for,” Alec said firmly, and he withdrew his hands and rolled off of Magnus. He pulled Magnus up with him and into his arms, so that Magnus was sitting up and leaning into Alec, who was now kneeling in the middle of their little nest on the bed.

Magnus relaxed into the hug, “You didn’t hurt me,” he whispered, burying his face in Alec’s neck. “Not once. I—I was scared at first. Before we started. But then you kissed me, and the more you touched me, the more I relaxed.”

As he spoke, he wound his arms around Alec’s waist, hugging him back, pulling himself closer and snuggling against Alec.
“I felt safe, Alexander. The whole time. It wasn’t… it wasn’t fake. It felt really, really good. You made me feel really good.”

Alec’s arms squeezed a little tighter around him. “I’m glad,” he said.

“I mean it,” Magnus said fiercely, and he squeezed his arms around Alec’s waist, too. “By the time you were—inside me, any… any trace of fear or—or discomfort I’d felt was completely gone. That was some of the best sex I’ve ever had. It was amazing, okay? I just… I need you to know that.”

Alec twisted to leave a kiss in Magnus’s hair. “I’m glad,” he said again, softer.

“You didn’t hurt me,” Magnus repeated, voice muffled as he nuzzled further into his alpha’s neck, inhaling his scent.

It was half reassurance for Alec—telling Alec that he was okay, that he’d been scared but Alec had comforted him and chased that fear away before it could even take root, before he’d even realized Magnus was afraid—and half for himself. It was disbelieving, reminding himself that Alec had just been in rut, had fucked him and bred him and knotted him and yet… it had been amazing. Alec hadn’t hurt him.

Alec wouldn’t hurt him.

It was a fear he hadn’t realized was so potent, but now that it was gone it was like a burden was lifted. He’d known Alec wouldn’t hurt him intentionally, not ever, but knowing that even during his rut all he wanted to do was make Magnus feel good was… nice.

He felt Alec’s large palms rubbing his bare back, calloused and warm and soothing.

He closed his eyes, melting further against his alpha.

“I love you,” he whispered.

“I love you, too,” Alexander said, his voice a low murmur. “More than anything.”

After what felt like just hours of sitting there, holding each other, but was likely only minutes, Magnus lifted his head and mumbled, “My legs are getting a little sore, can we--?”

“Of course,” Alec said hastily, leaning to press a kiss to his forehead, then letting go of him.

Magnus reluctantly withdrew then laid back on the bed, stretching his legs like a cat. He gave a sleepy sigh as Alec flopped down next to him, and turned over to grab a pillow and rest his head on it.

Alec turned off the bedside lamp, grabbing one of the many blankets around them and draping it over them.

Magnus waited for Alec to pull him close again, as he always did, and—sure enough, a strong arm wrapped around his waist, pulling him back against Alec’s chest so that his alpha was spooning him.

“This okay?” Alec asked quietly.

Magnus hummed happily, snuggling back into him. “More than,” he said.

Alec nuzzled into his neck from behind, kissing at his scent glands and marking him with his own scent. "Good night, kitten," he said.
"Night," Magnus mumbled back.

It didn't take long before Magnus was lulled to sleep by the warmth of his alpha and the comforting scent of their nest.

He didn't have any nightmares.

End Notes

i'm not exceedingly happy with the ending conversation cos i suck at dialogue but,,,,, STILL! :D

adgd also me? emphasizing over and over again how magnus was scared but Alec would never hurt him and how safe he feels with Alec?? that magnus has been hurt but now he's safe??? that Alec loved him and cared for him and just wanted him to feel good???? that they communicate so well and the second Alec realizes something is wrong he stops and wants to make magnus feel better?? that the idea of magnus being scared of him or expecting to be hurt by him completely broke his heart???? that magnus just thought that it was normal?????????????? and Alec making sure he understands that that was abuse and when he's ready to talk about it he can????????? that he will never ever do that???????? me, emphasizing over and over again that magnus is safe now and despite his fears just had the best damn sex of his life???????????????? me, emphasizing that sense of safety and comfort over and over again???? more likely than you think.

also nesting is the most comfortable concept. "i'm just gonna steal a fuck ton of pillows and blankets and my SO's softest clothing that smells like them and pile it into one big nest that i will sleep in and cuddle in and it is our Safe Place. where we will make love and also babies." like??? damn same just a really nice smelling warm and comfy pillow fort designed for mating and cuddling lfgjfgjh it's probably a logistical nightmare but i don't care this is fiction shhhhh

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