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The Omega

by SisterWitch

Summary

Three months after Alec Lightwood presented as an Omega on his eighteen birthday, his first heat arrives. As the only Omega Shadowhunter, unmated and unclaimed, what will he do?

Please note than I do not own the characters from The Mortal Instruments or The Mortal Instruments themselves. They belong to Cassandra Clare.
Chapter 1 - Alec's First Heat - An Introduction

Chapter 1

Alec’s First Heat – An Introduction

Day 1

It was hot. So unbearably hot. That was Alec’s first thought as he drifted up into consciousness from a horrible night’s sleep. He’d tossed and turned all night, feeling like his body was on fire. Sweat soaked his tangled sheets. As his eyes fluttered open, he groaned. His whole body ached with a pain that he’d never felt before. He wasn’t hurt. Was he ill? All he wanted was to pull his pillow over his eyes, shielding them from the blinding light coming through his bedroom window. But he couldn’t do that. He wouldn’t do that. He wasn’t allowed too. He was Alec Lightwood, a Shadowhunter for the Clave.

Born a nephilim, angel blood ran through his veins. It was his job to hunt and fight demons. It was his job to seek out what went bump in the night, to protect those who were unaware of the dangers around him. Alec climbed out of bed. A shower is what he needed. A cold shower.

Midway to his bathroom he stopped. A thick warm liquid was running down the back of his legs. Reaching around he wiped at the wetness. It only took a second to realize where it was coming from. He ran the last few yards to the bathroom. Looking in the mirror he took in his flushed cheeks. Cheeks that were normally porcelain pale. Sweat covered his brow and soaked his body. In that moment he knew. He knew what was happening.

It had been three months since his eighteenth birthday. The day he had presented as an omega. He’s not just the only male omega at the Institute, but the only omega Shadowhunter. And he was in his first heat. The wetness running down his legs was slick.

Fear filled his belly at the ramifications as to what this meant. The moment his heat started his omega pheromones had started increasing, increasing his omega scent. Every alpha in the Institute could probably smell him by now. He had to get out. He had to get out of the Institute as fast as he could.

Stripping off his sweat soaked t-shirt and slick soaked boxers he dressed as fast as he could. Where he would go, he didn’t know. Jeans, a faded baggy sweater, and black combat boots. He was set. He glanced at the clock. It was 5:25 am. Grabbing his stele, he quickly activated his silence, speed, and stealth runes. Stuffing his stele in his pocket he moved quietly to the door.
The old door creaked as he opened it. Sticking his head out, the corridor was quiet and empty. This was good. Slipping quietly out of his room he ran down the corridor. He ran through corridors, down flights of stairs, and finally reached the front door of the Institute, not making a sound. The Institute was quiet. No one saw him.

He knew his parabati, Clary, would be panicked once she woke, so he had to act fast. Pushing the heavy Institute doors open, he stepped out into a cold, brisk, winter morning. With the doors of the New York Institute, his home, falling shut behind him he glanced back. He was fleeing from his home. With a heavy heart he set off at a run, not bothering to look back.

Comments, suggestions, and feedback are always welcome! If you like this chapter please leave a vote!
Chapter 2- The Omega

The Omega

- Day 1

Clary woke with a start. She looked at the clock, 5:14 am. Something was wrong. She could feel it in the pit of her stomach, and through her parabati bond with Alec. Fear and dread. Those were the emotions coursing through him. But why, Clary thought. What could cause this kind of fear in her parabati? Alec was the Institute’s most fearless and fiercest warrior. Nothing scared Alec, except his sexuality. What could have happened that was so bad that it could put this kind of fear into the most fearless person she had ever known? She had no idea, but she was going to find out.

Slipping out from beneath her sleeping mate’s arm, she slid out of bed. Jace stirred in his sleep but didn’t wake. Her beautiful alpha was a heavy sleeper. Jace was her alpha, and she was his beta. They had mated last month, after her eighteenth birthday when she presented. Jace was only a month older than her. Alec was the oldest of the Lightwood’s and our leader. Slipping into a long robe she tied it quickly and headed for the door. At the door she stopped. Maybe he had just had a nightmare. He has been plagued with them since he had presented as an omega three months ago.

Since that day everyone at the Institute had been treating Alec differently. Like he was unworthy of being here. Like he was no longer one of them. It didn’t help that Robert and Maryse were awful to him, saying the most horrible things a parent could say to their child. They seemed to take every opportunity to say the nastiest and most hateful, hurtful things. They reprimanded him for even the smallest mistakes in training, adding extra training sessions set at a grueling pace.

Every mistake made in the field was somehow his fault, rather he was there or not. If he was there, it was assumed that he had failed in leading and covering his team properly, making him responsible for any mishaps or injuries. If he wasn’t there, he was blamed for not being there. If he had been there to lead the team and fight, nothing would have gone wrong. He was damned either way. Izzy, his twin sister, and I both have been outraged at Izzy and Alec’s parents for how they’ve been treating him.

They treat him like he was no longer the best Shadowhunter at the Institute. Like he isn’t the most skilled warrior with every weapon here. Like he was no longer the best archer the Clave had ever seen. He’s never once missed a target. It was like everything he had worked for and trained for during the first seventeen years of his life had vanished in the blink of an eye on his eighteenth birthday, when he presented as an omega.
Alphas are considered the strongest in our race. Betas are strong, but not as strong as alphas, and omegas where considered the weakest. Now that Alec was an omega, most of the Shadowhunters at the Institute were treating him like he wasn’t the fierce warrior with angel blood running through his veins that he was, the best Shadowhunters alive. Like he was no longer one of them.

It didn’t help any that when he presented, his sexuality was revealed. Male omegas were always homosexual. They could only be impregnated by other men. Alec had been hiding his sexuality for years. Only Izzy, his sister, and I had known that Alec was gay. Now that Alec was an omega, he had been getting a lot a lot of shit and was being bullied and called nasty names by his own people, his ‘friends’.

But Alec doesn’t tolerate bullies. He doesn’t tolerate taunting or insults. He’ll take on anyone in hand to hand combat. Nobody has ever been able to beat him. Only the four of us, me, Izzy, Simon, and Jace know that for years Alec’s been secretly taking various mundane martial arts classes and has been incorporating what he’s learned into our training. He’s mastered every course he’s taken. We are the best that the New York Institute has ever seen. The best of the best. Even the Clave has taken notice of our skills in combat. And as for omegas being weak? What a joke.

Alec may be an omega, but he is stronger than any alpha I’ve ever known. He doesn’t cower down to any alphas will, not even his parents. Why not? We don’t know. But Alec is Alec, omega or not. He was born and bred to be a strong alpha. Having two alpha parents it was assumed that Alec would present as an alpha and was raised accordingly.

Robert and Maryse where embarrassed and ashamed after Alec’s presentation. That much they made clear. They had wanted to send him away. “Omegas are breeders, not warriors.” But the Clave wouldn’t allow that. He was still a person and the best Shadowhunter they had. The problem was that there hadn’t been an omega Shadowhunter in centuries. Not until Alec.

After the Dark War, the Clave was desperate for more Shadowhunters. Our numbers had dwindled greatly due to the casualties. My father, Valentine, started the Dark War. Thankfully, Alec put an arrow through his heart. I felt his guilt the instant that it happened. Guilt for killing his parabati’s father. But it didn’t matter to me. It was actually a relief to me. I didn’t love my father and he didn’t love me. I felt no grief over his death and had told Alec as much. I tried to reassure him that he had nothing to feel guilty about. My father was a deranged monster that had waged war against us, his own people, to gain The Mortal Instruments. He wanted to use them to raise the angel Raziel.

In the time of Jonathan Shadowhunter, the first of the nephilim, the angel Raziel gave him the three Mortal Instruments. Should anything catastrophic ever happen, the Mortal Instruments could be used to summon Raziel. The summoner would be granted one wish. Valentine was going to use that wish to kill off all downworlders. The downworlders were made up of four species; vampires, werewolves, seelies, and warlocks. Together the downworlders outnumbered us three to one.
Regardless, we couldn’t let Valentine carry out his plan, outnumbered or not. We might fight
demons, and arrest downworlders who break the laws set out by the Clave, but they were people
too. So Shadowhunters and downworlders united to fight against him in the Dark War. Each side
took heavy losses, but the various species were now safe from Valentine and his twisted views and
hatred for the downworlders.

Alec was called a hero for killing Valentine, and for his combat skills during the battle. He fought
nonstop for over nine hours, killing more demons than anyone could count, then Valentine
himself. He battled his way through hundreds of the demons Valentine had somehow managed to
release into this world. And now Alec was afraid? Filled with fear and dread? No. No nightmare
could put this kind of fear in Alec. Something was defiantly wrong. And I was going to find out
what it was.

Comments, suggestions, and feedback are always welcome! If you like this chapter please
leave a vote!
Quite opening the door I stepped out into the corridor. Alec’s room wasn’t far. Just a few doors down. I walked quickly, stopping when I saw his door open. Looking inside I saw that he wasn’t in bed. Pushing into his room I quickly checked his bathroom. He wasn’t there either. All I saw was a pile of dirty clothes on the bathroom floor and a tangled heap of linens on his bed.

Panic started to set in. Turning, I ran out. Maybe he was in the training room, working out his feelings on whatever had put this fear into him. Racing down corridors and flights of stairs I finally reached the training room. It too was empty. Alec was gone.

Turning on my heel I raced back up the stairs and through the corridors I had just flown through. As I reached Izzy and Simon’s room I banged on the door, shouting for them to get up and to come to my room. I didn’t wait for a response, I just ran on, back to my room. Throwing myself on the bed I started shaking Jace.

“Jace, get up. Something’s wrong with Alec.” Jace groaned but didn’t budge. “For the angel’s sake, Jace, get the hell up!” I shouted.

“What?” Jace asked, groggy from sleep. “Clary, what’s wrong?” Before I could answer Izzy and Simon burst in.

“Clary, what it the angels name is going on? Why did you wake us at this godawful hour?” Izzy asked, a frown on her beautiful face. She had long black hair, silky smooth like Alec’s. A Lightwood trait. Izzy might be petite, but she was a badass warrior, just like her older brother.

“Alec’s missing”. I said.

“What do you mean missing?” Simon asked, wrapping his arms around Izzy’s waist. Simon was Izzy’s mate. Izzy was an alpha and Simon was her beta, even though he was a dork and wore ugly glasses.
“I mean he’s missing!” I shouted. “He’s not in his room or the training room. And somethings wrong. Bad wrong. I can feel it through our bond.”

“Well, let’s not panic just yet.” Jace said, sitting up in bed. I shot him a death glare. “There are plenty of other places he could be.” He went on, ignoring the look I gave him.

“Jace is right, Clary.” Izzy piped in. “There are plenty of other places he could be.”

“Like where?” I snapped.

“Well, did you check the kitchen?” Simon asked. “That’s the first place I go when I get up in the morning. Well, after the bathroom.”

“Simon’s right, Clary.” Jace said, rubbing a soothing hand across my back. “He could be in the kitchen or the library. You know he loves it there. Or he could be in the weapons room or up on the roof doing a little target practice.”

“True. I hadn’t thought of that”. I admitted.

“We’ll all get dressed and search the place out. I’m sure he’ll turn up somewhere. Don’t worry.” Jace said soothingly.

Ten minutes later we were all dressed and moving quietly throughout the Institute. Simon and Izzy had volunteered to check the rooftop and library. Jace and I were to take the kitchen and the weapons room. We had decided to meet up in the OP’s center.

I was pacing impatiently beside Jace in the empty OP’s center, chewing my thumbnail. We hadn’t found Alec in the kitchen or the weapons room.

“Stop that.” Jace said gently, pulling my thumb from my mouth and pulling me into his arms.
“Where is he, Jace?” I asked. “And where in the angels name are Simon and Izzy?”

“We’re here.” Izzy said, sauntering into the OP’s center, Simon trailing along behind, watching the way her ass swayed when she walked. “We couldn’t find him.”

“Great. Just fucking great. I told you. I told you he wasn’t here!” I exclaimed, pulling away from Jace.

“Babe, try and calm down.” Jace said. “Maybe he went out for a run. Let’s go check his room and see if he left a note or something.”

“I’ve already been to his room. There was nothing there.”

“Well, were you looking for a note when you were in there? Or for any other clues as to where he might have gone? Like missing running shoes? Or at his calendar? Maybe he had an early class?” Simon asked.

I sighed. He was right. They were right. I had just looked for him in his room. I didn’t think to look for anything else.

“How about we go up and take another look?” Jace asked, squeezing my hand. “I’m sure we’ll find something. It’s not like Alec to just disappear without leaving some clue behind. And it’s probably something subtle that only one of us would catch. You know how he’s been since Maryse and Robert started in on him”.

Jace had a point. Ever since his presentation, Alec has had to be more discreet in his activities and with his actions. They were, after all, watching him like a hawk, looking for any reason they could find to boot him out of the Institute. With a sigh, I agreed. But I knew something wasn’t right. Something was wrong. Alec was in trouble. I could feel it. I could feel it through our bond.

Three feet from Alec’s bedroom door Jace stopped.
“What is it?” I asked.

“Do you smell that, Izzy?” Jace asked.

“Smell what?” I asked, confused.

“Yeah. By the angel it’s strong.” Izzy said.

“What’s strong? Someone answer me.” I demanded.

“I think I know what happened.” Jace said, continuing forward into Alec’s room. The scent inside hit him like a ton of bricks. Izzy gasped as she stepped inside.

“By the angel.” She whispered.

“Would somebody like to tell me what the angels name is going on?” I practically screamed at my friends.

“Alec’s gone into heat.” Jace said, turning to look at me. “The pheromones in here are strong, really strong. I’m surprised you and Simon can’t smell them.” Being betas, Simon and I didn’t have the same sense of smell that alphas did.

“That’s why he’s so scared. He must have realized that he had gone into heat and is terrified. He’s never had a heat before. This omega stuff is all new to him. And Maryse and Robert restricting our access to anything relating to omegas in the library has left him with no idea of what to do or expect.” I said, tears welling in my eyes. My parabati was alone, afraid, and had no idea what to do or expect of what was going on inside him.

“We have to find him, fast.” Izzy said. “He’s an unmated, unclaimed omega in heat, and he’s alone in New York. Any species can claim him as their omega. He probably didn’t think to take any weapons with him to defend himself.”

“Yeah, but this is Alec we’re talking about. He doesn’t need weapons to defend himself. Yes, we do need to find him, as fast as possible, but I don’t think he’s in any physical danger, he’s a total
badass in combat.” Simon said.

Izzy spun on him faster than I could blink, slapping him hard across the face.

“Are you insane? My brother is in his first heat. None of us have any idea what sort of mental or physical state he’s in. We don’t know how his heat is affecting him or his ability to defend himself from an attack. Omegas are vulnerable when there in heat, that much we know. We have to find him, and we have to find him NOW!” She exclaimed.

“Maybe we can try calling him?” Simon asked sheepishly.

“No, jackass, we can’t. His phones over on the bedside table. Clary, what are you feeling now? Through your bond?” Jace asked.

Being so caught up in the search for my parabati, I had forgotten to pay attention to any new sensations coming through our bond. By the angel, I was the worst parabati ever!

“I don’t know. Give me a minute. I need to focus.” I said.

Closing my eyes, I cleared my mind, thinking only of my missing parabati. His emotions hit me like a freight train. The gut-wrenching fear hit me first. Then a cascade of emotions rolled through me, disgust, repulsion, a sense of worthlessness, self-hatred, pain, and a need to just end it. He was in so much physical and emotional pain.

“We have to find him, right now.” I said, my eyes snapping open. “He’s in a bad place. A really bad place. The state he’s in, I’m afraid he might hurt himself.” I said, voice barely a whisper.

“What?! What do you mean he might hurt himself?” Izzy demanded.

I told them everything I had just felt from Alec. Izzy gasped, tears in her eyes.

“It feels like every nasty thing Robert and Maryse has said to him since his presentation has taken hold in his mind. He’s a wreck.” I said.
“Ok, how do we find him then? How do we find my brother?” Izzy asked.

“Assuming he hasn’t deactivated his tracking rune, Clary, can you try tracking him with your parabati rune?” Jace asked.

“I can try.” I said. Pulling out my stele I ran it across my parabati rune, trying to get a feel for Alec. I got nothing.

“He must have deactivated his parabati rune. I can’t find him this way.” I said, tears streaming down my cheeks.

“Okay. It’s okay. We can still try standard tracking. What’s the most personal thing he has?” Jace asked.

“His bow and quiver.” Izzy supplied immediately. “If he didn’t take them with him, they should be in the weapons room.”

We reached the weapons room in record time. I pulled out Alec’s weapons rack and found it full. His bow and quiver were tucked in nice and neat, just the way he likes it.

“There still here.” I said. “Everything is still here. He didn’t take anything with him.”

“Fuck! He really is out there unprotected.” Izzy said.

“Clary, try tracking him using his shirt.” Jace said, tossing one of Alec’s training tanks to me.

“Ok. I’ll give it a try.” Pulling out my stele again I activated my tracking rune, clutching Alec’s shirt in my fist, my mind solely focused on him. Again, I got nothing.
“It’s not working. I didn’t get anything at all. He must have deactivated his tracking rune. I don’t know how else to find him. He could be anywhere.” I said.

“And you can’t get anything else from him through your bond? Anything that might give us any kind of idea as to where he might be?” Izzy asked, tears about to fall for her lost big brother.

“No. He’s too consumed by his emotions and pain. That’s all I’m getting from him.” I said, my heart sinking through my chest.

“Then there’s only one option left. We need a warlock.” Jace said.

Jace was right. The only chance we had of finding Alec now was with a warlock’s help. There’s no guarantee that a warlock would be able to find him, or would be willing to try, but it was the only option we had left.

“A warlock it is then. Does anyone know where we can find Magnus Bane?” I asked.

“Whoa!” Simon said, hands up in air. “You want to ask the High Warlock of Brooklyn, the leader of all downworlders, to help locate a missing omega Shadowhunter?”

“Yes!?” Izzy and I shouted as one.

“Ok. Just making sure.” Simon said, backing-up, hands now raised in surrender.

“Alec is my parabati, and Jace and Izzy’s brother. Do you really want to try this with anyone other than the best? Magnus Bane is the High Warlock of Brooklyn for a reason. If anyone can find Alec, it’s him.” I said, glaring daggers at Simon.

“I’m not saying it’s not worth a shot.” Simon said meekly, taking another step back.

“I know where to find Magnus Bane.” Jace said. “But his help won’t come free. There will be a price. A heavy one.”
“Whatever it is, we’ll pay it.” Izzy and I said together.

“That settles it then. Let’s go before one of you kills Simon.” Jace said, leading the way out of the weapons room.

Comments, suggestions, and feedback are always welcome! If you like this chapter please leave a vote!
Clary, Jace, Simon, and Izzy stood outside the building of The High Warlock of Brooklyn’s loft. A cold rain had descended upon them during their trek from the Institute, leaving them soaked and shivering.

‘If we’re cold in this’, Clary thought, ‘Alec must be freezing. Wherever he is. Hopefully he’s somewhere inside, warm and dry’.

“Are we just going to stand here all day or is someone going to ring the damn buzzer?” I asked.

Jace, Izzy, and Simon looked at me, waiting. With a sigh I reached out, pressing the glamour button that read ‘Bane’. We stood there for a minute, waiting for a response. After several minutes passed, I reached out, pressing the buzzer again. This time I didn’t let up.

“What!?” Someone finally barked through the speaker by the door.

“We are looking for Magnus Bane.” I said, pushing more confidence into my voice than I felt.

“And why would four nephilim be looking for The High Warlock of Brooklyn?” The voice said, a sneer obvious in his tone.

“We need his help. Is this Warlock Bane?” I asked.

“Perhaps. What is it that you want, Shadowhunter?” The voice asked through the speaker.

I signed in frustration. I had already told whoever it was behind the damn speaker that we needed
The High Warlock’s help.

“We need help tracking someone. It’s urgent. It could mean the difference between life or death.” I said softly.

A heavy sigh came through the speaker. “Come on up. Penthouse.” The voice said as the door buzzed, allowing us entrance. Once inside we saw a dingy foyer and an elevator with an ‘Out of Order’ sign taped to the front. Looking up, we saw flight after flight of old wooden stairs. ‘Well, at least I was going to get a workout in’ I thought.

“This is going to suck.” Simon said, eyeing the never-ending flights of stairs.

“You’re a Shadowhunter for angel’s sake. Suck it up.” Izzy snapped. Her worry over her missing brother had her snapping at her mate.

“Well, we best get started.” Jace said, taking the first step.

Together we climbed flight after flight of stairs. After what felt like an eternity, we reached the penthouse floor. After all our training we weren’t so much as winded. Standing in an open doorway at the top of the stairs stood a man, examining his blue painted fingernails in the light from the fixture above us. He had caramel colored skin and chocolate brown cat eyes. It was obvious that he was fresh out of bed as he was still wearing what looked like silk pajamas.

“What took you so long? I’ve been standing here for ages.” Magnus said.

Not really. He had only been standing there for a moment, only opening the door as they reached the last flight of stairs. The smell of angel blood and the two alphas permeated his loft the moment they stepped into the building. As a powerful alpha, he had an exceptional sense of smell. Their scents only grew stronger as they ascended the stairs.

“How many flights of stairs was that?” Simon asked. Only Simon would think to ask such a question at a time like this.

“Twenty.” Magnus replied. “Why didn’t you just use the elevator? Oh, that’s right. I put an out of order sign on it. Well, come on in, I guess. You can tell me about your problem.” He said, turning on his heel he walked back into the loft, assuming we would follow. “Mind the cat. He
doesn’t like strangers.”

Once inside we did in fact see a small white furball of a cat. It hissed menacingly as we walked past. In the living room he dropped down into a bright plush purple chair. The loft was gorgeous, filled with colorful, comfortable looking furniture and décor. It was a stark contrast to the dingy foyer downstairs. It was beautiful and felt homey. He obviously had exquisite taste. Waving his hand, he gestured for us to sit. Jace sat beside me, Simon on my other side, and Izzy on the end, the two alphas flanking us.

“So, what brings you fine young nephilim to my door at such an early hour? You’re lucky I was already awake, otherwise you would all be hopping around like little rabbits. Literally.” He smirked.

“We need your help tracking someone.” I said.

“So you’ve already said. Please, do explain. Quickly if you can. I have things to do.” He said, obviously uninterested. My patience was growing thin.

“My parabati went missing this morning. We’ve tried tracking him but can’t find him. We think he’s deactivated his tracking rune and I can’t find him through our parabati bond or my parabati rune.” I said.

“Perhaps he just wanted a bit of time to himself?”

“He didn’t take off because he wanted time to himself!” Izzy snapped.

The warlock’s eyebrows rose at her tone. I had to diffuse this, quickly, before she got us thrown out before we could fully explain.

“You’ll have to forgive Izzy.” I said. “My parabati is her older brother. She’s just worried…and scared. You see, Alec is an omega. He presented three months ago on their eighteenth birthday.”

“A Shadowhunter omega?” Magnus asked, surprised. “I haven’t come across one of those in some time.”
“We think that sometime during the night he went into his first heat. All information on omegas has been restricted at the Institute so neither he or us knew what to expect or when. I think it was his panic that woke me when he realized what was happening. I felt this intense fear and panic through our bond. By the time I got to his room, he was gone. He had left the Institute. The only reason we know what happened was because of the intense omega pheromones in his room.” I said.

“Go on. You said this was life or death.” He prompted, sitting straighter in his chair.

“After we searched the Institute for him, I tried to track him every way we could. But the emotions and pain I felt from him were horrible.” I said.

He nodded for me to continue. I swallowed hard, not wanting to reveal Alec’s private feelings to this stranger.

“He was scared. Really scared. Alec never gets scared. It was like everything his parents have been telling him since his presentation were racing through his head. Things like how disgusting he was, how repulsive. How worthless he was. He was filled with so much self-hatred and loathing, and he was thinking about how he should just end it. There was just so much pain, physical and mental. We need to find him before he does something he can’t undo. This isn’t like Alec. He’s never been like this. I don’t understand why he’s feeling these things. I’ve never felt anything like this from him before. He’s such a strong, confident, fierce, loving person. This is not him.”

“An omegas heats are always emotional. The first is always the worst.” Magnus said. “They tend to be very clingy and require constant reassurance from their mate. They are also consumed and often overwhelmed by their body’s needs. They require…special treatment, we’ll say. If those needs aren’t being met, my guess is that’s the source of his physical pain, as well as some of his emotional distress.”

“He doesn’t have a mate.” I whispered.

“He doesn’t have a mate?” He asked. “Has he been claimed?”

“No.” I said, the tears flowing freely down my face.

“Then you do have a serious problem. This is, in fact, a life or death situation.”
“So you’ll help us?” I asked, hopeful.

“I didn’t say that. Tell me, why should I help you? Your nephilim. Shadowhunters. Your kind treats downworlders like we’re shit on your shoes. Why should I involve myself with this? My obligations are to the downworld. Not Shadowhunters. If his feelings are as you say they are, this world will have one less Shadowhunter in it. One may not be much, but the less of you there are, the better.” Magnus said coldly. His disdain for us was obvious.

“How can you say that!” Jace exclaimed. “We fought with you, to SAVE you and every other downworlder in the Dark War. We didn’t have to ‘involve ourselves’. We could have let Valentine make that wish, killing you all in an instant. But we didn’t. We couldn’t. We wouldn’t. Because we’re not made that way!”

Magnus’ eyebrows rose.

“You may not be that way. Your friends here may not be that way. But the Clave? That is there way.” Magnus shot at Jace.

“So you’re just going to let him die? Let him go off and kill himself because he can’t control what he is or what he’s going through? After everything he’s done, for you and your people, you’re going to do nothing?” I asked, anger taking hold as I rose to my feet. Izzy and Jace stood, flanking me on either side. I was just a beta in a room with three alphas. Two, at least, were on my side.

“And what is it, exactly, that he has done for me and mine? Other than police the downworld like the rest of you?” Magnus spat at me, obviously unbothered by the two alphas at my side. As an alpha himself, it wasn’t in his nature to back down. Neither was it in Jace or Izzy’s.

“He ended the fucking Dark War, for the angel’s sake!” Izzy shot at him. “He put one of his arrows through Valentine’s fucking heart! He risked his life to save your sorry ass and everyone else like you, you heartless son of a bitch!” She shouted, shaking with rage.

Provoking Izzy’s temper was a dangerous thing to do. She was a badass on a good day. She was a badass bitch from hell on a bad one.

“Alexander Lightwood?” Magnus asked, obviously surprised. “We’re taking about Alexander Lightwood, The Archer? He’s your missing omega?”
“He is.” Jace replied, his tone sharp.

“Well.” Magnus said. “You should have started with that in the first place. Of course I’ll help you.”

“So that’s it then? You’ll help him because of what he did, and not because he’s a person in distress?” Izzy sneered.

“I’m willing to help him for two reason. One, yes, it is because of what he did. He’s a hero in the Shadow World, to both Shadowhunters and downworlders alike. The second is because he is an omega in distress. You don’t know what life for omegas have been like. You have a lot to learn about omegas and their history. For centuries they’ve been hunted down and slaughtered like animals for no other reason than for how they were born. Now, do you have something of his I can use to track him with?” He asked.

“I have his shirt.” I said, pulling it from my bag.

Reaching out Magnus snatched it from my hand.

“This should work.” He muttered. “Wait here. I’ll be right back.” He said, rising from his chair. Without a backward glance he turned leave.

“Where are you going?” I asked. I didn’t get an answer. Magnus Bane disappeared.

I was pacing the living room anxiously while Jace watched, worry written all over his face. Simon was trying to calm Izzy, holding her nose against the scent glands in his neck so she could breathe in his scent. A beta could soothe their alpha with their scent, just as an alpha could soothe a beta with theirs. She was trembling in his arms. From fear or anger, I didn’t know. What felt like hours later Magnus Bane, The High Warlock of Brooklyn, walked quickly back into the room. He was carrying a large map and Alec’s shirt.
“What’s that?” Jace asked as we all followed him across the room.

“What does it look like?” Magnus asked, laying a large map of New York across the dining table beside the living room. “It’s a map.”

“How are you going to find him with a map?” I asked, curious.

“You Shadowhunters have your runes to track with. I have magick. If this spell works, it will show me right about where he is.” He said.

“What do you mean, ‘right about’ where he is? Izzy asked, noticeably calmer, holding Simon’s hand in a death grip.

“Well, people do tend to move about a bit. It should get me within a fifteen foot or so radius of him.” He said, ripping off a small piece of Alec’s shirt. “It shouldn’t be hard to locate him. Not with his omega pheromones. Now be quiet. I need to concentrate.”

Magnus held the small piece of fabric he had torn from Alec’s shirt between his fingers. He closed his eyes and began to chant in some foreign language. It sounded a bit like Latin, but obviously wasn’t. Opening his eyes, he snapped his fingers, shooting blue sparks at the torn piece of cloth he held. It caught fire instantly. Repeating the chant one last time he released the burning cloth to float towards the map. He leaned forward, watching as the cloth fluttered down, watching closely for its destination. It finally settled on a small section of Brooklyn before the flames fizzled out.

“Gotcha, little Shadowhunter.” He murmured to himself.

Turning from the map Magnus snapped his fingers, dressing himself in a stylish long black designer wool button-up coat, form fitting black pants, dark boots with a small heel, and what looked like a cream-colored cashmere sweater poking from the top of the coat.

“Well, where is he?” I asked impatiently.

“Don’t worry, biscuit. I’m going to get him now. I’ll get there and back faster than you can.” He said, circling his arms to make a portal.
"But he doesn’t know you! Why would he come with you?” I asked

“It’s not me he ran from. I stand a better chance of getting him back here safely. If he ran from you once, he could do it again.”

Without another word he stepped through the portal, the portal vanishing behind him. Once again, Magnus Bane had disappeared.

Alec stood, staring down at the icy water almost three hundred feet below him. The waves crashed viciously against each other in the churning water. He watched as they brutally slammed together, as his thoughts churned and crashed violently in his head. The same thoughts and feelings were running through him, over and over again on a gut-wrenching loop. He was a filthy, worthless omega whore. He was a disgrace to his family and to the Shadowhunter world. He didn’t deserve to be a nephilim. He was unworthy of the angel blood running through his veins. He was weak, only good for breeding. He was a disgusting faggot, another slight against the mighty Lightwood name. He should never have been born. His parents no longer claimed him, no longer wanted him as their son. They were ashamed of him. No one wanted him at the Institute. He was disgusting, a disgrace. He was worthless and didn’t deserve to live. ‘He was disgusting, worthless, a disgrace, a filthy omega, a disgusting faggot.’ All these horrible thoughts just kept churning in circles through him, sinking deeper and deeper into his heart and soul.

He took a step closer to the edge of the ledge he was standing on, moving closer to the drop that would end his pain. His body throbbed and ached with a pain and need he didn’t understand. He had scratched the back of his neck bloody. Sweat ran down his face despite the freezing January wind tunneling through the bridge and the cold, bitter rain soaking him.

“Are you sure you want to do that?” A melodic voice asked from behind him. “That’s an awfully long drop. One I don’t think you would survive.”

“That’s sort of the point.” Alec said, not bothering to look back at the man who spoke. The man with the beautiful voice that seemed to wrap around him like a gentle caress, a warm embrace. A man that shouldn’t be able to see him through his glamour.

“I know your hurting, Alexander. And I know why. I can help you, if you’ll let me. All you have to do is climb down off that ledge.” Magnus said gently.
“Why should I? I’m nothing. I’m just a worthless omega. Nobody wants me.” Alec said, still staring at the water that would end his suffering.

“That’s not true. You are something. A very special something. Do you really think I would be here if you weren’t?” Magnus asked.

“I don’t know who you are, or why you’re here. And I really don’t care.” Alec said, feeling a slight pull towards the man behind him, a pull that he didn’t understand. But he did understand the thoughts still racing through his mind. The hurtful words. Memories of the way he’d been treated since he presented as an omega.

“If you step down, I promise that I can help you. I can take the pain away. All of it. You just have to climb down and take my hand.” Magnus said, taking a step closer to the boy on the ledge.

“I don’t want to.” Alec said, taking the last step forward off the edge.

Magnus threw his magic out, catching Alec before he could fall, sedating him instantly. Moving closer he pulled back with his magic, gently laying Alec’s limp body back onto solid ground. Kneeling, he gazed upon the sleeping Shadowhunter, taking in every inch of the most beautiful face he had ever seen. In all his 800 years he had never seen anyone so beautiful. Alexander Lightwood was absolutely breathtaking.

Circling his arms, he started a portal back to his loft, his eyes never leaving the young Shadowhunters face. Ever so gently he took the young Shadowhunter in his arms, lifting him from the cold, wet, concrete. The scent of the young nephilim hit him like a truck. The most beautiful scent he’d ever known wrapped around him, invading his senses. He inhaled deeply, savoring the scent, before stepping through the portal, his Shadowhunter sleeping peacefully in his arms.

Comments, suggestions, and feedback are always welcome! If you like this chapter please leave a vote!
Warmth. That’s the first thing Alec felt as he drifted up towards consciousness. A comforting warmth that wrapped around him like a cocoon. Not the heat he remembered from the last time he slept. Was he sleeping? Or floating? He honestly couldn’t tell. The only thing he was sure of was that he felt content, relaxed, and safe. Completely and utterly safe. He had never felt this way before.

The closer he came to the surface of what must have been sleep the more intoxicated he felt by the most glorious scent wrapping its way around him, through him, into him. It had him stirring. It was a deep, rich scent. A potent blend of vanilla, chocolate, coffee, and musk. It was the most delicious scent he had ever known.

Slowly his senses were returning to him. He could feel the soft mattress he lay on, the warm blankets covering him and the silky sheets against his skin. A part of him wanted to just stay where he was. He felt warm and happy and at peace with that wonderful scent surrounding him. But he couldn’t. He wouldn’t. He was a Shadowhunter. With a great effort he pushed his eyes open.

Magnus sat beside his sleeping Shadowhunter, watching as he began to emerge from the sleep spell he had cast as he had pulled him back from certain death. He had been watching him for hours. The instant he had returned to his loft with the young nephilim in his arms he set straight to work tending him. His Alexander was in very bad shape. He had pushed past the clamoring Shadowhunters awaiting his return with their friend and brother without a word, carrying him straight into his bedroom and magically sealing the door. He had dried Alec instantly with a snap of his fingers, shedding him of his dripping clothes as he laid him as gently as he could on his bed.

His omega didn’t know it, but he was very, very close to death. If that fall hadn’t killed him first the young Shadowhunter would have died in less than an hour. Despite his heat, the young omega was critically hypothermic from his time out in the cold, rain, and icy winter wind. He had
scratched the back of his beautiful neck raw, having scratched through the skin, and tissue there. His body was in shock.

The first thing Magus had done was heal the horrific wound on his new mate’s neck and sent a wave of warmth through him with his magic, pulling him back from the brink by a few breaths. He had gently tilted Alec’s head back and poured his heat suppression potion down his throat, ensuring that he didn’t choke. The potion calmed the symptoms of Alec’s heat almost instantly.

After that it had taken him almost two hours to stabilize his young mate before he went to speak to his sister and parabati. He had explained to them how he had found Alexander and about the condition he had been in and was in now. They were worried for him, begging to see him, but he had refused. He had only met his mate a few hours ago and was already extremely protective of him. He had insisted that they wait until Alec was awake. Reluctantly they had agreed.

During these past few hours, Magnus continued to tend to his young omega. He sent periodic waves of warmth through the thick duvet with his magic, working to warm his Shadowhunter, as well as administering more potions for pain and additional doses of his heat suppressant while his Alexander slept. He wanted to keep his mate as comfortable as possible as he began to recover.

While his brain had registered the fact that Alec was his fated mate the instant he had caught his scent, the rest of his mind was still struggling to process it. He was elated that he had finally found his mate. He had spent more than 800 years looking for him, eventually giving up hope just over a century ago. But in all his years, in all his fantasies and dreams, he had never imagined that the other half of his soul would be a young, eighteen year old omega Shadowhunter. He had waited 800 years for the angel sleeping peacefully beside him. An angel that, had he arrived mere minutes after he had, would have been lost to him for eternity, and he never would have known.

As he sat beside him, admiring the soft curves and hard angles of his mate’s beautiful face and the flawless perfection of his porcelain cheeks and skin he couldn’t help but be captivated by his angel’s beauty. It felt as though all the time he had spent waiting was nothing more than the blink of an eye now.

He had found that his Alexander’s hair was as silky and smooth as it looked as he had run his fingers through it countless times. His skin was so unbelievably soft and smooth, despite his battle scars. And his runes were utterly breathtaking, a dark contrast to his pale skin. He felt a deep swell of anger rise in him whenever he thought of what Clary had told him about his mate’s parents and his treatment at the Institute before he had gone in search of him. The only thing that stopped his rage from consuming him was the delicious, mouthwatering scent coming from his sleeping omega. A scent that seemed to be wrapping around him, through him, and into him. That wonderful scent was all that was holding him back from the havoc he would unleash should his anger fully consume him.
He could almost taste his mate's scent on his tongue, fresh peaches, strawberries, and cream. He knew that when the time came, his angel would taste divine. He watched with bated breath as his Alexander’s long, dark lashes started to flutter open.

Alec blinked once, twice, three times, taking in the dimly lit room around him. Wondering where in the angel’s name he was, he turned his head to see the most gorgeous man he had ever laid eyes on sitting by his side on the bed. He had the most beautiful caramel colored skin and the darkest chocolate brown cat eyes, eyes he thought he could fall into and get lost in forever if given the chance.

Magnus lost his breath as he stared down into his mate’s stunning crystal blue eyes. Eyes so deep and blue they were almost luminescent. He knew that he could drown in the depths of those eyes if he looked long enough and be forever happy.

Neither knew how long they gazed into each other’s eyes. It could have been seconds, minutes, or hours. With great effort Magnus found his voice and said, “Welcome back, beautiful.”

‘Welcome back, beautiful?’ Alec thought, staring up at the beautiful stranger with the amazing scent he seemed so oddly affected by. He felt a blush blaze across his cheeks as his dick twitched. Wait. What? Who was this man with the most delicious scent? Where was he, and more importantly, where were his clothes?

“Um, hi.” Alec rasped out, his throat as dry as the Sahara Desert. Before he could utter another word, the beautiful man beside him was holding a straw to his lips.

“Drink.” Magnus said softly. He didn’t want to frighten his young Shadowhunter. Shadowhunters may be trained from a young age to be fearless warriors, warriors who lived each day knowing that it could be their last, but this one was special. For all the Shadow World this one was a hero. He was the best Shadowhunter the Shadow World had ever known. But to Magnus he was special for a very different reason, so very, very special. He was his Shadowhunter. His omega, who, just a short while ago had had his heat suddenly suppressed after trying to jump off a bridge because his omega hormones had sent him careening out of control when there was no one there to keep him grounded, to protect and look after him, to give him the physical and emotional comfort and support he had so desperately needed.

This pained Magnus greatly. After all, it was his job to do those things. And while his Alexander’s heat symptoms were currently being suppressed by his heat suppression potion, he was still actively in heat. His condition was still delicate, so he had to be gentle with his young mate.
Alec took a tentative sip through the straw. As the icy cold water hit the back of his throat, he took larger slips, drinking so fast Magnus gently pulled the glass away.

“Slow down. It’s alright”. He said. “Don’t make yourself sick. You’ve been through quite enough already.”

Alec cleared his throat, looking back up at the breathtakingly beautiful man by his side. He seemed so familiar, but he wasn’t sure why.

“Um, thanks. I don’t want to be rude, but who are you and where am I? And why am I naked?” Alec asked, trying not to stumble over the words. His shyness was getting the best of him. A crimson blush flamed across his cheeks and down his throat.

Magnus smiled. His little Shadowhunter was absolutely adorable, and incredibly shy.

“My name is Magnus Bane and you’re at my loft. And your naked because your clothes were soaking wet and nearly frozen. But if your uncomfortable I can easily dress you.”

“Dress me!?” Alec squeaked, the color blazing across his cheeks again.

Hearing the distress in his angel’s voice Magnus frowned, snapping his fingers, dressing Alec in his softest cotton sweats, thick wool socks, and a loose soft cotton t-shirt.

“Better?” He asked.

“Um, yeah. Uh…who…who undressed me?” Alec asked, obviously embarrassed, cheeks still pink.

As Magus opened his mouth to answer, Alec blurted “Magnus Bane! Your Magnus Bane? The High Warlock of Brooklyn? How? Why am I here?” He asked, trying to push himself up in the bed. By the angel, his body had never felt so weak. Or hurt so bad. It was unlike any other pain he had ever known.
“Relax, Alexander. Everything is alright now.” Magnus said softly, gently easing Alec back into his small mountain of fluffy pillows. “I know you have a lot of questions, and I promise, I will answer each and every one. Let’s just take them one at a time, okay?” He asked, voice calm and soothing.

Alec nodded, still tense. Magnus sighed.

“Relax. It really is okay. You’re okay now. You’re safe.” He said, injecting a touch of alpha into his tone to try and soothe his Shadowhunter.

Alec felt Magnus’ alpha tone caress his skin and visibly shuddered. It sent goosebumps skittering down his spine, something that had never happened to him before. His dick twitched again.

Magnus frowned. He saw his omega shudder, but his alpha command hadn’t had any other effect on him. He was still tense, almost rigid. He should have yielded to his alpha command.

“Interesting.” He mumbled to himself.

There was a sudden pounding on the door.

“Let us in, Magnus. We know he’s awake!” Clary shouted through the door.

“I want to see my brother, damn it.” Izzy shouted.

“Clary and Izzy are here?” Alec asked, bolting upright so fast it made his head spin.

“Yes, Alexander. There here. They’ve been here since they came to me to find you.” Magnus said with a sigh. “I told them they could see you once you were awake. Are you ready to see them?”

“Yes. Please. I need to see my family.” Alec said desperately as his head stopped spinning.

Magnus waved his hand and the door swung open. He jumped out of the way just in time as the
two girls barreled in.

“Oh Alec, thank the angel you’re okay!” Clary said, wrapping him in a tight hug.

Magnus didn’t miss Alec’s wince. ‘He must still be in pain’, he thought.

“By the angel, Alec, you had better not ever do anything like that again. You scared the shit out of us! How could you be so stupid?” Izzy exclaimed, pushing Clary away. She wrapped her arms tightly around Alec’s neck, holding on for dear life.

“It’s okay, Iz, Clary. I’m okay. I’m sorry I worried you.” He said, giving his little sister one last squeeze before gently tugging her arms from around his neck.

“Worried us? You more than fucking worried us, you dick. You scared us to fucking death, we were frantic.” Izzy scolded, sitting beside Clary on the bed. “When we couldn’t find you in the Institute and Clary couldn’t track you, we were terrified.”

“Why did you deactivate your tracking rune?” Clary asked. She was much calmer than Izzy.

“I didn’t want to be found.” Alec said with a shrug. “When I realized I was in heat I knew I had to get out of the Institute as fast as I could. I had planned to find a place to wait it out. I don’t know what happened.” He said, his brow furrowed in confusion.

“You should have told someone. Either me or Iz. We would have helped you.” Clary said, her tone almost reprimanding. “I’m your parabati for the angels sake. And she’s your sister.”

“I know. I’m sorry. I guess I just panicked.” Alec said, looking each girl in the eye. “Forgive me?”

‘He has the cutest puppy dog eyes’ Magnus thought with a smile. ‘How could anyone possibly resist them?’

“I’m sorry to interrupt, but Alexander needs his potion.” Magnus said, trying to position himself beside Alec.
“My potion? What potion?” Alec asked, eyeing Magnus suspiciously.

“Your pain relief potion.” Magnus said, holding out a small dark vial.

“Clary, Izzy, what in the angels name is going on?” Alec asked, looking to them both for answers. Clary looked up at Magnus.

“You haven’t told him, have you?” She asked.

“I haven’t had the chance. He had barely woken up when you two started beating down the door.” Magnus said, obviously irritated.

“Explain what?” Alec asked, looking at his parabati.

“Um…I think you and Magnus need to talk. We didn’t mean to interrupt. We just needed to see you.” She said, climbing up from the bed, Izzy following her lead. “Take the potion, Alec. It’s okay. It’ll help with your…discomfort.” She said, obviously uncomfortable. “You and Magnus have a lot to talk about. We’ll just be in the other room if you need us.” She said, both girls backing towards the door. “Take the potion. You’ll feel better. You’ll understand why after you do.” She said before ducking out the door, Izzy hot on her heels.

Magnus closed the door with a wave of his hand, snapping his fingers to lock it.

“Their right. We do have a great deal to discuss. But please, drink this.” He said, holding the potion out to Alec.

Alec eyed it for a moment, then looked into the warlock’s eyes. What he saw there made the decision for him. He took the vial and downed it.

“Good. That’ll help.” Magnus said, taking the vial and his place beside Alec on the bed.
“Help with what?” Alec asked. An instant later he knew. The foreign soreness and pain started to ease.

“Better?” Magnus asked, a small smile tugging at his lips.

“Yes. Thank you.” Alec said, his brow furrowed again.

“Somethings troubling you. Care to share what it is?” Magnus asked.

“Honestly, there are a lot of things troubling me.” He said. “Like, why am I in The High Warlock of Brooklyn’s apartment? How did I get here? Why did I need that potion?” He ticked off.

“You’re here because I brought you here. Tell me, do you remember the bridge?” Magnus asked.

Alec paled and looked down, unable to meet the warlock’s eyes. He was embarrassed and ashamed, horrified at the memory of what he had done. Wait. What?

“I do remember the bridge.” He said, voice barely a whisper. “I don’t understand how I’m still alive. I stepped off the ledge.” He said, a tear sliding down his cheek.

Magnus lifted Alec’s chin with a perfectly polished finger. With his thumb he wiped the tear away.

“I tracked you to the bridge. You were on the ledge. Do you remember talking to me?” He asked, looking Alec in the eye.

“I remember talking to a man. He wanted me to climb down. He said that he could help me. But I just couldn’t. It was like I had no control.” Alec whispered. “But I remember taking that last step.”

“You did. You did take that step. It was my magic that pulled you back. I sedated you when I did. You were in pretty bad shape, Alexander. Had I not, you would be dead.” Magnus said gently, still holding Alec’s chin.
Alec remembered the voice of the man on the bridge. The beautiful, melodic voice, trying to talk him down. And the pull he felt. The same pull he felt now, only much, much stronger. An overwhelmingly intense pull.

“The man that I was talking with. I felt a kind of pull towards him. That was you?” Alec asked.

“Yes.” Magnus said, finally releasing his mate’s chin. His Shadowhunter was beginning to put the pieces together.

Alec closed his eyes, obviously working something through in his head.

“I felt a pull towards you on the bridge. And I feel it a lot stronger now.” He said, eyes still shut.

Magnus waited, giving him time to process what he had experienced.

“And when I was starting to wake up, I smelled the most amazing scent. Chocolate, vanilla, coffee, and musk. I smell it stronger now. And the scent of alpha under it. That’s you, isn’t it? That’s your scent?” He asked.

“Yes.” Magnus said.

“Why is it that I can smell you, your scent, so overwhelmingly strong, over your alpha sent when that’s never happened before?” He asked, opening his eyes to look at Magnus.

“I think you already know the answer to that, Alexander.” Magnus said softly, wanting Alec to work it out for himself.

“When I was waking up, I felt so relaxed and at ease, happy and safe, even though I had no idea where I was. What happened to my heat? Did it pass?” He asked.

“No.” Magnus said. “I’ve been giving you a heat suppression potion to halt your symptoms. The itchy neck. The increased body temperature. The emotional overload and overwhelming ache and
need you felt, the pain. I created it to prevent omegas from going into heat, unless they wanted to. It’s not designed to stop a heat, but it can suppress its symptoms. But you are still in heat, which means you’re still in a delicate disposition.”

“What does that mean? Delicate disposition?” Alec asked, trying to take it all in.

“It means that for the next few days you won’t be your usual self. You will be mentally and emotionally vulnerable. Your emotions will run high and you can become easily distressed. You will have to keep taking the potion, along with the pain relief potion, every few hours to keep your symptoms suppressed and keep you as comfortable as possible. But it won’t fully take it all away.”

“And if I stop taking the potions?” Alec asked.

“Then your heat will return in full force.”

Alec bit his bottom lip as he thought.

“That doesn’t explain why I can smell you the way I do. Or the way that I feel when I’m around you.” He finally said.

“How much do you know about being an omega?” Magnus asked gently.

“Nothing. Just that at some point I was going to go into heat. And all of the horrible things my parents and the other Shadowhunters told me. About how I was nothing but worthless whore now.”

A flare of anger lit inside Magnus, but he quickly forced it down. He was making great progress with his angel and didn’t want to frighten him now. There was much his Alexander didn’t know about him. ‘In due time’, he thought to himself.

“Would you like me to fill in some of the blanks?” Magnus asked.

Alec nodded, yes.
“Well, first, an omegas first heat is always the hardest. In your case it was particularly difficult because you are unmated and unclaimed. When an omega goes into heat, it’s their mate’s job to look after them. To give them the physical and emotional support they need. The physical symptoms come first. The overwhelming heat as their body temperature rises, the production of slick, the itchy neck, and an almost painful need to be touched by their mate as well as an intense craving for sex. When omegas crave sex, they crave their mates knot. When denied the touch of their mate or the support they need, it eventually becomes an overwhelming physical and emotional pain.”

Alec blushed furiously, but Magnus didn’t comment.

“It’s a mate’s job to ensure that all of their omegas needs are met. Be it physical, mental, or emotional. Omegas become extremely emotional during heats. They can get clingy and emotionally needy with their mate, needing constant emotional. Omegas can also become completely overcome by their base instincts, which is to mate. It can be all consuming. So it’s also up to their mate to make sure that they eat, sleep, and are properly cared for in every way. For those five days every three or four months, an omega will go through their heat until they either conceive or their heat ends. Do you know anything about omega pregnancies?”

“No.” Alec said, barely loud enough to hear.

“Do you remember the pain you went through when you presented?” Magnus asked.

“You mean the gut-wrenching, someone’s ripping my insides out, just want to die pain?” Alec asked.

“That’s the one. While it may have felt as if someone was ripping your insides out, you were actually growing a new organ. A uterus. That’s what gives you the ability to bare children.”

“Is that why my parents called me a filthy omega whore and said I was only good for breeding?” Alec asked.

Another flare of anger flashed through Magnus. He wanted nothing more in that instant than to burn the New York Institute to the ground. With great difficulty he pushed it back.

“Yes.” Magnus said. “From what I’ve heard, your parents aren’t very nice people. At least, not
towards omegas. Did you know that there was once a time when omegas were revered by the nephilim?”

Alec nodded, he didn’t.

“Every alpha wanted an omega to bare them many alpha children. Omegas can produce more children than both alphas and betas combined. While alphas and betas usually only carry one child at a time, rarely two, an omega often carries multiples. Twins or triplets at the least. Many times more. The alphas felt that the more children there were, the more Shadowhunters there would be.”

“What happened?” Alec asked.

“That’s a story for another time. You asked why you can smell my scent, over my alpha scent, when you’ve never been able to do that before. Do you know why?” Magnus asked.

“Because you’re my alpha.” Alec answered softly.

“When did you realize it?” Magnus asked gently, brushing a lock of raven hair out of Alec’s eyes.

“When I looked into your eyes before I drank that potion. When did you know I was your omega?” Alec asked.

“The moment I took you into my arms on that bridge. The instant I felt your skin against mine and smelled your beautiful scent.” Magnus said, almost reverently.

“Is there something wrong with me? Do you not want me?” Alec asked, unable to meet his alpha’s eyes.

“What?! No. Of course not, sweetheart.” Magnus said, lifting Alec’s chin again. ‘How could his beautiful mate possibly think that he didn’t want him’, he wondered. ‘What would possibly give you that idea?’

“Well, you’re my alpha and I’m your omega and I’m in heat and you haven’t touched me….” Alec said, cheeks pink with embarrassment.
“Stop right there, my sweet.” Magnus said, looking Alec straight in the eyes. “It’s taking every ounce of willpower that I have to not take you, to not claim you and mate you. As much as I may want it, maybe even need it, I’ve waited a long time for you. But you don’t know me yet, and I don’t know you. Once we get you through your heat, we can decide what to do next. I’d love to court you, Alexander. To shower you with all the love and adoration you deserve. While I may have only realized that you were my mate on that bridge, it wasn’t until I looked into those breathtakingly blue eyes of yours for the first time that I fell utterly in love with you. One look. That’s all it took. And I was yours. Understand?”

“It’s going to be really hard, you know. I was already a gay omega Shadowhunter. Now I’m a gay omega Shadowhunter with a warlock for a mate. My people aren’t going to be happy that my mate is a downworlder. It’s against Clave law.” Alec said.

“One can always deny their mate, Alexander.” Magnus said, his heart halting in his chest.

“I don’t care that you’re a warlock, or a downworlder. We’re all equals in my eyes. And it helps that you look really yummy and smell even better.” Alec said, a slight blush coloring his cheeks. But when the Clave finds out, the penalty is death.”

“That won’t happen, sweetheart. I will never let anyone hurt you. We will deal with the Clave when the time comes. But first we have to get you better and back on your feet. Then we’ll take it from there.” Magnus said, cupping Alec’s cheek. Alec leaned into the touch. “Now, you’ve had a really hard day and are still weak and probably exhausted, but you need to eat. Is there anything specific you think you might like? Omegas usually crave something specific while there in heat.”

“A bacon cheeseburger?” Alec asked. “With fries?”

Magnus smiled. With a snap of his fingers he conjured two bacon cheeseburgers with two large fries and strawberry milkshakes. They ate together in silence, sneaking quick glances and peeks at each other, taking each other in. Once Magnus was sure his Shadowhunter had had enough to eat he gave him another vial of his heat suppressant and another vial of the pain relief potion.

“Try and get some sleep, my love. I’ll make sure your friends are tended to and are comfortable. You need to rest.” Magnus said, tucking Alec under the soft duvet.

“Okay.” Alec said, he really was exhausted, his heavy eyelids fluttering closed.
Unable to resist, Magnus gently pressed a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead, sending a wave of magic through Alec, pushing him into a much needed, deep sleep.

Standing beside him, he watched his sleeping Shadowhunter, listening to the cutest soft little snores he had ever heard for a moment before turning to leave. They had so much more discuss, but his angel needed to rest first.

Comments, suggestions, and feedback are always welcome! If you like this chapter please leave a vote!
Alec woke suddenly to the sound of muffled shouting. Jace shouting. He sat up in the big luxurious bed, rubbing sleep from his eyes. Glancing around the room he saw nothing but jewel tones and beauty, fresh flowers in vases, comfortable looking chairs and a coffee table in front of a gorgeous emerald green hearth, and what must have priceless antiques displayed on shelves. Soft sunlight filtered through the ruby red curtains. He looked down at the silky linens pooled around him. He would have sworn the night before they had been gold. Now they were the same shade as the curtains.

Something crashed against the wall outside the door, followed by more shouting. With a heavy sigh Alec climbed out of bed. By the angel he hurt! With the silent, graceful steps of a skilled Shadowhunter he made his way to the door.

As Alec stepped through the door, he ducked just in time to avoid getting knocked unconscious by a flying vase of red roses. Taking a quick glance around he saw Magnus and Jace in what appeared to be a standoff. Jace was beet red in the face, and raging, a growl emanating from his chest. He had never seen Jace so enraged, outside of battle. Magnus stood there calmly, watching as the golden haired teen destroyed his home, annoyed but not obviously angry. He hadn’t noticed Alec yet. Izzy, Clary, and Simon sat stunned and wide-eyed on the couches. Broken furniture and shattered glass were everywhere. ‘By the angel, how had he slept through this?’ he thought.

“What in the angels name is going on in here?!” Alec demanded.

Magnus turned with the speed of a demon. Well, technically he was half demon.

“Alexander, you’re awake. I’m so sorry, love. I should have thought to put a silencing spell
around the room.” Magnus said, taking a step towards Alec.

“Don’t you fucking move, warlock. You don’t go near him!” Jace snarled.

“Jace, just calm down please and tell me what in the angels name is going on.” Alec said gently, trying to soothe his raging brother. He tried to never raise his voice at his siblings. They got enough of that at the Institute.

“What is going on here,” Jace spat, “is that this filthy warlock has latched his talons into you.”

“Woah, stop right there.” Alec commanded. This was Alec in commander mode. He could rival any alpha any day. “You will NOT, and I repeat, WILL NOT speak to him or about him that way. You know better than that. You know just as well as I do that downworlders are not filthy. And you yourself fought beside hundreds of them in the Dark War. Magnus may be a warlock, but he has not latched his talons into anything.” Alec chastised.

Jace visibly paled at Alec’s tone, having been scolded by his older brother. Magnus was impressed, arching a perfectly shaped eyebrow. An omega ordering an alpha. His mate was something to behold.

“Don’t you get it, Alec? We came to him for help, to find you. YOU, being the only male omega in centuries, and magically you turn out to be his mate? You seriously don’t see anything wrong with this picture?” Jace asked, incredulous.

Alec sighed, scratching absently at the back of his neck. Sweat was forming on his brow.

“Hold that thought, blondie.” Magnus commanded, full alpha. Taking up two vials he went to Alec. “Here, darling. Take these. You’re a little overdue.”

Pressing them into Alec’s palm he gently caressed Alec’s thumb. A shiver ran down Alec’s spine at the contact.

“What are those?” Jace demanded.
Magnus rolled his eyes and turned with a deep sigh.

“They are potions. One is to suppress Alexander’s heat symptoms, the other for pain. Without them he would be in constant physical pain and emotional torment.”

Turning back to Alec he said. “I’m sorry, sweetheart. Had this little encounter not occurred I would have gotten these to you sooner, before your symptoms started to return.”

“His name is Alec. Not ‘Alexander’. Jace snarled. “Only his parents call him that, and he hates it.”

“Jace, shut up.” Alec said as he downed the first potion.

“Jace does have a point on one thing.” Izzy said as Alec finished the second potion.

“Yes Isabelle? Please share.” Magnus said cordially. He liked his mates sister far more than his adopted brother.

“Can you see where this might seem a little odd to us that Alec would just happen to be your mate? Omegas find their mates before their first heat.” Izzy said.

“Oh, how little you nephilim know. So much has been kept from you, especially you, Alexander.” Magnus said, raising Alec’s hand to his lips, pressing a gentle kiss against it.

Another lovely shiver ran down Alec’s spine. Alec held back a pleasured sigh.

“A meeting encounter between an omega and their mate can happen at any time. During a heat cycle, when the omega pheromones are at their strongest, attracting their mate. Or before an omegas first heat, therefore triggering the first heat cycle. Then you have situations like Alexander’s where an omega suffers through their first heat after age presentation. Or after several heats until they find their mate. While I do understand your concern, Isabelle, I can’t help that Alexander happens to be my fated mate. I knew the moment that I scented him, just as he knew when he scented me, that we were meant. Alexander and I may not know each other yet, but that will change in time. As far as his heats, I will provide him with the suppression potion for as long as he wants or needs it. I’ve waited over 800 years for him. I assure you; I can wait a while longer. “ Magnus said, lifting Alec’s hand for another gentle kiss.
Alec blushed, cheeks turning a soft pink. ‘What was this man doing him?’ he though as a wave of foreign pleasure passed through though his body, making his knees weak.

“Perhaps we should all sit down to discuss this further. As Jace has expressed some concerns regarding Alexander being an omega and us being mates, perhaps a little history will set all of your minds at ease. It would benefit you greatly considering your severely lacking knowledge of omega nephilim history.”


“Alexander, would you like some coffee?” Magnus asked.

“Alec drinks tea.” Clary chimed. “Earl grey if you have it.” She said with a small smile and wink for her parabati.

“Earl grey it is then.” Snapping his fingers, a teacup and saucer appeared in his hands, tea still steaming. “Sugar, love?” He asked Alec.

“Blacks fine.” Alec said, taking the offered tea. “Magnus, your apartment. It’s a wreck.” Alec said, dismayed.

“Don’t worry yourself about that, love.” Magnus said, snapping his fingers again, returning every piece of broken glass and broken or damaged furniture back to its rightful place, completely restored. The vase with the red roses that had nearly knocked Alec unconscious was sitting beautifully on a side table, not a petal out of place. “Better?”

Alec could only nod, speechless.

“Here, come sit down.” Magnus said, guiding Alec towards an oversized plush armchair, ensuring that his mate was settled and comfortable. Once satisfied he took a seat of his own and began to speak.

“Before I start your true education on this matter, please, tell me what you’ve been taught.”
Magnus said, addressing the group at large.

“Other than the nasty shit we’ve heard at the Institute since Alec presented, only that there hasn’t been an omega Shadowhunter in the last two hundred years.” Izzy answered.

“Did they tell you why?” Magnus asked, a small frown tugging at his lips.

“The race died out.” Jace replied sullenly.

“If that was true, how would it be possible for Alexander to present as an omega if the omega race ‘died out’ over two centuries ago? Where did his genetic makeup come from?” He asked the group.

For a moment there was silence.

“He had to have received the omega gene from somewhere.” Magnus said.

“It could have lain dormant in one of his ancestors?” Jace asked, honestly curious.


“No.” Alec said, eyes glued to the floor.

“Not that either of our parents would have told us, if they even knew.” Izzy said.

“Alexander? Look at me.” Magnus asked, worried that his mate might be distressed. “Are you alright? Your trembling, sweetheart.”

“I’m fine. I was just thinking that all we know is what’s been said about me since I presented. And none of it was informative or pleasant.” Alec said, head snapping up.
Magnus nodded, unsure. He hesitated before he spoke again.

“Please, go on.” Alec prompted.

Magnus eyed his mate, taking his measure. He seemed tense. He had stopped trembling, but otherwise seemed fine.

“We don’t have to get into this right now, love.” Magnus said gently.

“It’s fine, really. Please, go on.” Alec said, pushing more confidence into his voice than he felt.

“If your sure.”

“I am.” Alec said, looking Magnus in the eye.

“Okay. But we can stop anytime you want.”

“Yes. I can tell you of a few omega Lightwood’s that I’ve known. I guess we’ll start with Gideon. Gideon Lightwood.”

The Shadowhunters gasped, Alec dropping his teacup where it shattered on the hardwood floor.

“Alexander? I meant it when I said that we don’t have to do this right now. Not if you’re not ready for it.” Magnus said, rushing to his side.

“No. I’m fine. It’s just…my middle name is Gideon. I was named after my father’s brother.” Alec said.

Magnus gently ran a hand through Alec’s hair, trying to soothe him. Alec audibly sighed at the
touch. Magnus watched as the tension drained from him. ‘Hmm. He likes this’ Magnus thought, storing the information away for later.

“When did you know him, Magnus? Please, you have to tell us everything.” Izzy pleaded, moving to her brother’s other side, wrapping him in a one-armed hug.

Magnus struggled to hold back a growl. Another alpha was touching his mate, twin sister be damned.

With a snap of his fingers the shattered teacup was gone and a fresh one replaced it on the table at Alec’s side. He reached out, gently brushing a stray lock of raven hair from Alec’s eyes.

“Are you sure you want to hear this now, darling? Heat’s can make one very emotional and overly sensitive.” Magnus asked Alec softly.

The loft was quiet for a moment, a gamut of emotions playing across Alec’s face as he deliberated.

“I think I do. I think I have to.” Alec finally answered.

“Alright. But promise me, anytime you want me to stop, if it becomes too much, that you’ll tell me.”

“I will. I promise.” Alec said, leaning into his sisters embrace.

With one last look into Alec’s beautiful blue eyes he turned, returning to his seat.

“I met Gideon Lightwood a little over a century ago. The Gideon Lightwood I knew wasn’t your uncle but your great, great, great grandfather. I met him at a ball. He was his parent’s pride and joy. At four years old he was an adorable kid. Extremely smart and talented for his age.”

“If it was a Shadowhunter ball, how did you get in?” Jace asked.

“By invitation of course. I was The High Warlock of the villages near Idris back then. It was
common for prominent families to invite me to elaborate affairs. One never knew when they might need assistance that only a warlock could provide. So why not go to the top?” Magnus asked.

“Anyway, fourteen years later, as you can probably guess, he presented. Not as the alpha his parents had expected him to be, but as an omega. You must understand, female omegas were revered by Shadowhunters. They tended to bare more children than alpha or beta Shadowhunters combined. The more female omega Shadowhunters there were, the more Shadowhunter children there would be. But Gideon presenting as an omega was a shock to the Shadowhunter world. He was the first male omega Shadowhunter in over a century, as far as the Shadowhunters knew. He was considered an oddity. Unless you can access the deepest, darkest, most secured archives of the Clave, to the Shadowhunter world, what I’m about to tell you never happened.”

“What do you mean, never happened?” Simon asked.

With a deep sigh Magnus looked Alec square in the eyes.

“What aren’t you telling us, Magnus?” Clary asked.

“Where do I even begin?” Magnus asked himself, unable to tear his gaze from Alec.

“Please, Magnus, just tell us. Whatever it is.” Alec pleaded.

“Are you sure, love? It’s going to be really hard to hear.”

“I’m sure. Please, just get on with it.” Alec said, clutching Izzy’s hand in his.

With one last look in his angel’s crystal blue eyes Magnus made his choice. His mate had a right to know.

“As I said, Gideon Lightwood was, to the Shadowhunter world, the first male omega to present as an omega in over a century. But male omegas have existed for a very long time. Only the Clave has kept that information from the Shadowhunter world.”
“Why?” Clary asked, confusion in her bright green eyes.

“To the Clave, long before Gideon’s time, male omegas were seen as abominations. Men shouldn’t be able to bare children. They should present either as alphas or betas. Omegas were meant to be women, a blessing from the angels to keep the nephilim population growing. The Clave also didn’t tolerate homosexuality. They considered it unnatural and ungodly. Back then, Shadowhunters that were found to be gay were executed for no other reason than their sexuality.”

Magnus took a deep breath before he continued.

“Later, as the male omega population began to grow as more and more male Shadowhunters began to present as omegas, the Clave decided that since male omegas were so ‘unnatural and ungodly’, despite them being skilled and valuable Shadowhunters, that action had to be taken against these ‘abominations’. They decided to execute the male omegas as well as their mates and children. That was the start of what the downworld refers to as The Purge. Once the Clave realized that not all male omegas had been executed, and that more had presented, The Purge continued. The Clave then decided that instead of executing the male omegas mate along with their children, they would force the mate to watch while their family was brutally slaughtered before their eyes, helpless to stop it. Then, the surviving mate was deruned, being forced into exile in the mundane world, where they would live everyday with the pain and knowledge that their mate and children were gone, having been cruelly taken from them. The loss of a mate is devastating. The loss of a mate and children was beyond torturous.”

Magnus sighed deeply before he continued.

“In my own opinion, as cruel as this may sound, I believe that they should have just killed them all instead of torturing the deruned Shadowhunters as they did. As Shadowhunters, they knew what went bump in the night. And without their angelic runes they no longer had the sight to see a threat coming. A deruned Shadowhunter could walk right past a greater demon or an angry downworlder and never know they were there. And if they were attacked, without their runes, they were as helpless as the mundanes they were born to protect to defend themselves. They usually didn’t survive in the mundane world for long. Most were captured by beings they could no longer see. Several were taken prisoner where they were fed on by vampires craving the high of angel blood. Others were captured and used as slaves because of their superior strength. Those who refused to be used as slaves were usually beaten into submission, or, until the shattered bones and internal injuries became more than the body could bare and they died. A few were just killed in cold blood for no other reason than that they were born a nephilim. Those were the lucky ones.”

“The lucky ones?” Izzy asked, incredulous.

“Oh yes, Isabelle. It gets far worse.” Magnus said. He took a deep breath before continuing.
“Homosexuality is not exclusive to the Shadow World. It occurs in every species in our world, as well as the mundane world. This next part is far worse than anything the other exiled Shadowhunters endured. Some of the Shadowhunters that were captured were brutally raped by multiple captors, sometimes repeatedly until they were inevitably raped to death. The sexual abuse and physical trauma done to their bodies due to the horrific repeated sexual assaults is beyond words. But in the end, all of the exiled Shadowhunters died horrific deaths.”

Comments, suggestions, and feedback are always welcome! If you like this chapter please leave a vote!
Alec was as white as a sheet as he listened to Magnus’ words. His pallor was well past his normal porcelain pale complexion. He had no color in his cheeks and his eyes were out of focus. He looked as if he would fall from his seat had Izzy not been holding him up. A shocked silence filled the room.

Magnus moved to Alec, kneeling in front of him. Holding Alec’s hands gently in his own he brought them to his lips, pressing a soft kiss to each one.

“Alexander, darling.” Magnus said softly. “I think you could use a bit of a lie down. You don’t look well. Would you like me to help you back to bed?”

Alec blinked, once, twice, his crystal blue eyes coming back into focus. He sat straighter in his chair, looking at Magnus.

“Tell me about the children. Surely some of them survived.” Alec said. “You said the omega fathers and children were killed and their mates were either murdered or sent into exile. What happened to the children that escaped? They’re had to have been some. There just had to.”

“Most of them were killed, sweetheart. But there were a few that managed to get away.” Magnus said. “I think we should stop for now. I think you’ve heard enough for today.”

“No.” Alec said. “Keep going. I need to know the rest.”

“I really don’t think that’s wise. I can see the distress in your eyes and the paleness in your beautiful cheeks.” Magnus said, gently stroking Alec’s pale cheek.
“Please. Finish it. I have to know.” Alec said.

“Are you sure, love? I don’t want you to push yourself too far.” Magnus said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead.

“I’m sure.” Alec said.

“Alright. But you have you tell me when to stop.” Magnus said, moving into a sitting position on the floor in front of Alec, hands still in his.

“Shortly after the Clave wiped out the male omega families, they decided that it wasn’t enough. What happened next is what the downworlders refer to as The Great Purge.” Magnus began. “After the male omegas were ‘dealt with’, the Clave decided to start killing off the female omegas and their families as well. The Clave didn’t want to chance the female omegas producing more male omegas than what were already presenting. They thought that if they eradicated all of the omega families and their children the omega race would invariably die out.”

“How could the Clave do that?” Izzy asked, outraged. “These were Shadowhunters. How could they do that to their own people, and nobody not know?”

“In the beginning, they didn’t know. The murders were covered up. They were made to look like accidents. Tragedies. Omega houses were burned to the ground, presumably with the family still inside. But later, during The Great Purge, they did know, Isabelle. Or at least suspected. While the Clave sanctioned the missions, the Shadowhunters that weren’t involved, began to put the pieces together. It didn’t matter that the murders were being covered up. There weren’t a lot of omega families. But they knew something wasn’t right when all of the omega families suddenly started dying in some sort of tragic accident.” Magnus said.

“And the children who escaped?” Clary asked, repeating Alec’s question.

“They were taken in by downworlder families, mostly omega families, and kept hidden. Believe it or not, most downworlders aren’t your enemy.”

“How did they hide them from the Clave? Omega pheromones can be scented from miles away when in heat.” Jace said.
“Omegas present in all the Shadow World species, not just the nephilim.” Magnus said. “But, as an extra precaution, wards were set up by warlocks. I can’t tell you how many wards I myself have put up over the years, blocking omega pheromones from detection. Just as I did the moment that I carried Alexander through my portal. I’ve blocked both his omega pheromones as well as your location. As to the children that escaped, most of them did the same thing. As they came of age, the ones that presented as omegas found mates and took their mates family name, and just weren’t listed on the family’s family tree. Neither were their children. Wards were placed around the family’s home to keep them all safe. If the Clave was to discover that a Shadowhunter family was harboring an omega, it would have meant death for not just the omega, but the entire family. And for the Shadowhunters that had omega mates, as their mates were hidden, it just appeared to the Shadowhunter world that they had just never found a mate.

As for the omegas that never found a mate, they generally stayed with the downworlder family that took them in. Most were taken in by warlocks, as we could best protect them. I took a few in myself, that’s when I created my heat suppression potion. So the unmated omegas wouldn’t suffer through their heats.”

“You took them in? The unmated omegas?” Alec asked, unshed tears in his eyes.

“Yes, sweetheart. I did. Three. In a way they were like my own children.” Magnus said, wiping the tears from Alec’s cheeks.

“That’s why you know so much about omegas. Because you cared for them?”

“Yes.” Magnus said.

“What about the omega children that didn’t present as omegas? What happened to them?” Izzy asked.

“That’s a good question, Isabelle. Just because you’re born from an omega doesn’t mean that you’re going to present as one. It just means that you will carry the omega gene. A few of the children presented as alphas or betas. Some mated, some didn’t. But they were kept hidden as well. Afterall, they were supposed to be dead. They could no longer use their surnames without catching the attention of the Clave. Most of the unmated ones decided to stay with the downworlder families that raised them, wanting to protect them, also wanting to remain close to their omega siblings. For those that did find mates, they also took their mates family names as well, also being under the protection of warlocks. It wasn’t safe for them to be out in the nephilim world. But most all of them stayed near their omega family members.” Magnus said.
“Can we go back for a minute?” Simon asked. “You said that the Clave has records of all of these murders. All Shadowhunters and their children. Hidden in secret records deep within the Clave. Records that ‘don’t exist’ in the Shadowhunter world. And that the surviving omegas either found their mates and were kept secret, or where kept by the downworlder families that took them in, with the siblings that presented as alphas or betas. All kept hidden from the Shadowhunter world and the Clave. Since all of these omega children were either mated or taken in by downworlders, is there any kind of record of them anywhere?”

“That’s also good question, Simon. And the answer to that is yes. The Clave has public records of all the non-omega Shadowhunter families and their children, the records you can easily access. They also have the records that ‘don’t exist’, records that only the highest-ranking Clave officials can access, dating back to before the first Purge and what happened after. They don’t have records of the surviving omega children or what happened to them because they don’t know. And to be honest, I’m not sure that today’s Clave officials even know about The Great Purge or about the records the Clave did keep about the murdered omega families. That knowledge may have very well died out with the Clave members that have passed since the time of The Great Purge.

But there is a book in the Spiral Labyrinth that has it all. It contains everything, the names of the omega families that were killed and their children. What happened to the surviving children, mated and unmated. The names of the downworlder families that took them in. It lists the names of the mated omegas as well as their Shadowhunter mates and families, their children and their mates, as well as their descendants. It lists the unmated omegas, as well as the fates of the omega Shadowhunters that were presenting during the time of The Great Purge, and so much more.”

“What do you mean their fates? The fates of the Shadowhunters that were presenting during the time of The Great Purge.” Jace asked.

“It was all pretty much the same thing, just different circumstances.” Magnus said. “While the omega families were being killed, more omegas were presenting. The Clave made quick work of ‘dealing’ with them. They couldn’t out right go after a newly presented omega. So they would just bide their time and wait. Someone on the inside was always involved, but the results were the same. The omega died, male or female. Either by an ‘accident’ or ‘mishap’ while in the field or while on patrol. Sometimes it would be a ‘horrible training exercise’ gone wrong. None of them were ‘obviously’ murdered, but one by one as they presented, within a few months, they were dead.”

“You said that you’ve put up more wards over the years than you can count. What did you mean?” Clary asked.

“Established or recently presented omegas were dying one by one, either by various Shadowhunter
activities, made to appear as accidents, demon attacks, that sort of thing. If my understanding is
correct, a Shadowhunter doesn’t take on a demon without backup. It was noticed quickly by the
downworld. We had, since The Great Purge, started keeping records of all new Shadowhunter
births and their presentation status. And the Shadowhunters of the time were noticing as well.
After a couple of families lost their children, presumably because of their omega presentation, after
everything they had come to know about Clave and their views on omegas, which the Clave could
no longer hide, they started keeping their children home on their presentation day. Several of the
Shadowhunter families had friends or extended family that had an omega in their household and
knew about the downworlders involvement. If their child presented as an omega, they would reach
out to whoever it was they knew for help. Pretty much all Shadowhunter families knew what
would happen if their child presented as an omega and kept the secret, for their child’s sake. Once
a child presented as an omega, a fire message would be sent to me or whoever the High Warlock in
their area was. Using a glamour in case it was a trap we would meet with the new omega and their
family and once it was confirmed that they were in fact an omega, we would take the young omega
and would get them to safety. Then the family would create some story as to what happened to
their child to report to the Clave. They would tell them that they had presented as an alpha or a
beta and that their child had somehow died.

It didn’t take long for the Clave to start questioning the stories they were receiving. After so many
Shadowhunter deaths without bodies, they knew something was going on, they just didn’t know
what. But we got lucky. Around that time, omegas stopped presenting. At least in most
Shadowhunter families. Obviously, the hidden mated omegas continued to produce omega, alpha,
and beta children that the Clave didn’t know about. Regardless of the status of an omega family’s
children, they were never registered with the Clave at birth, so they were never trained to be
Shadowhunters. The Clave was clueless.” Magnus said. “There were a lot of hidden nephilim
that the Clave knew nothing about. The only record of them is in the ‘The Omega’ chronicles, also
in the Spiral Labyrinth.”

“There’s more.” Alec said. “There’s more, isn’t there?” He asked.

Magnus hesitated before he spoke. “Yes, love. There is more.”

“I want to hear it. I want to hear it all.” Alec said, staring Magnus in the eye.

“I really don’t think that’ a good idea.” Magnus protested.

“I don’t care.” Alec shouted, throwing his teacup against the wall, shattering it. “I NEED to know
the rest. I need to know what else the Clave has kept from us. I need to hear it all! What
happened to Gideon Lightwood?” Alec demanded.

Magnus sighed. He didn’t want to fight with is mate, he could tell that he had already said too
much, considering Alec’s condition. He had pushed him too far.

“I think Magnus is right.” Clary said, climbing from her seat and crossing to Alec. She took his cheeks in her hands, emerald green eyes meeting crystal blue. “I want to know the rest of it too. I want to know what else has been kept from us and I want to know about who we’ve really been fighting for our entire lives. I want to know about Gideon Lightwood. But you’re not doing well, Alec. And don’t even try and deny it. I can feel it. It’s twisting you up inside. I can feel you and right now you are an emotional wreck. I think it would be best to wait to hear the rest. At least for right now.” She said gently, kissing him softly on the forehead.

“You don’t understand, Clary. You don’t know what it’s like. For all I know the Clave is planning my ‘accidental’ death as we speak.” Alec said.

“That’s not going to happen, Alexander. I won’t let anyone hurt you. I swear.” Magnus said, squeezing Alec’s hands tightly in his own. “We’re fated to be together. Together we will do great things.”

“I know I’m only getting a fraction of what your feeling.” Clary said gently. “I don’t think I could handle the full force of what you’re going through. But your strong. You have always been strong. Not just for us. Not just for the Shadowhunters you’ve trained and led into combat countless times, but for yourself. You have always been the strongest, most fearless person I have ever known. But right now, my parabati, you need to understand and accept that you don’t have to be strong all the time. You don’t always have to push yourself past your limits. It’s okay to let someone take care of you for once. You don’t have to carry all the worry and weight and burden all the time. You need to take some time for yourself. You need to let go. Even if it’s just for tonight.” She said, brushing a stray lock of hair from his eyes.

“She’s right.” Magnus said. “You’ve been through so much in a very short amount of time, love. A little too much, I think. And part of that is my fault. I shouldn’t have gotten into this with you yet. That was wrong of me. For that I am so, so sorry. More than you will ever know, but I promise that I will tell you everything. But I just can’t right now, sweetheart.” He said, raising Alec’s hands to his lips.

“I don’t know how to let go, Magnus. It’s been expected of me my entire life, to take it all on, to do the hard stuff, to make the hard choices and make the sacrifices for the sake of everyone else. I’ve always been pushed to push myself to the max, every day, to be the best at everything. I don’t know how to take time for me, because I never have before. I’ve never been able to. Even when I was sick or injured, I was expected to be up and back at it way before the doctors at the Institute said I was ready. I don’t know how to let someone else take care of me. It’s never happened before, no one’s ever taken care of me but me.” Alec said, tears streaming down his cheeks.
Alec’s words broke Magnus’ heart. He had known that his mate was the best Shadowhunter in the Shadow World. That he was a hero. That he was the best of the best, having trained both himself and his team to be the best. But he had no idea as to how that came to be. And the weight of his loves words just shattered him inside. The pain in his voice, the fear of letting go, the sound of his helplessness. His wonderful, precious omega was most defiantly in a very delicate state and would need to be tended to carefully. And quickly.

“I know that this is really hard for you, but I need you to trust me, sweetheart. Like Clary said, you don’t have to be strong all the time. It’s okay for you to let someone else take care of you for a while. And right now, you really need that. So what do you say, can you trust me? Can you trust me to take care of you? I’m your alpha, remember? It’s my job to make sure that you have everything you need. Can you let me do that? Magnus asked.

With a deep, exhausted sigh Alec said “Yes, I trust you.”

“Thank you, love.” Magnus said. Snapping his fingers three small vials appeared in his hand.

“Here. Drink these. They’ll help.” Magnus said, uncorking the first bottle. He held it to Alec’s lips, helping him swallow it. Uncorking the second he did the same. Then the third.

“There now. You’ll start feeling better before you know it. Let’s get you to bed, okay?” Magnus asked.

Alec nodded, moving forward in his chair. As he tried to stand, Magnus caught him gracefully before he could fall, scooping him up into his arms. Alec’s head immediately fell to rest at Magnus’ neck, against his scent glands. Alec took a deep breath of Magnus’ alpha scent and instantly fell asleep in his arms.

Magnus softly closed the bedroom door behind him. Izzy and Clary were waiting impatiently outside the door.

“How’s my brother?” Izzy asked anxiously.
“He’s sleeping. I gave him a sleeping draft before I put him to bed. He should sleep until morning.” Magnus said.

“So what happens now?” Clary asked.

“Well, I would imagine that your Institute will have noticed your absence.”

“We don’t want to go back.” Izzy said. “And I don’t want to leave my brother.”

“Alexander is in good hands, Isabelle. I will take care of him. He is my mate after all.” Magnus assured. “I’ll tend to his every need.”

“So we just go back to the Institute and pretend like nothing’s happened? That we don’t know what we know?” Clary asked.

“For now, yes. You can not reveal any of the information that I have given you. No one can know. Trust no one but each other. I know that your angry, and that it’s going to be difficult. But for now, it’s necessary.”

“Why? Why is it necessary?” Izzy demanded.

“Because it could put you all in danger. Alexander wouldn’t want that. After everything has been revealed, we can discuss what happens next. But there is still a lot you don’t know.”

“So what do we tell the Institute when we get back? When they ask where we’ve been?” Clary asked.

“I would recommend that you give them a partial truth. That once you awoke you found that Alexander was gone from the Institute. Once you realized that he had gone into heat, you went to search for him. Your Shadowhunters. Your trained to be out in the field for extended periods of time when necessary, are you not?” Magnus asked.

“We are.” Izzy replied sullenly.
“Then tell them that you’ve spent this time in search of Alexander. You’re his sister and parabati. Of course you would search longer and harder. Tell them that he has deactivated his tracking rune and you were unable to use Clary’s parabati bond to locate him. You checked everywhere you could think of. Finally, you decided to come back and start fresh in the morning.”

“And what about them not being able to track us? They can trace us through our tracking runes.” Clary said.

“I’ve copied your rune signatures and have magically been sending them out all over the city. For the sake of appearances, they’ve been able to see you moving all over Brooklyn.” He assured.

“You can do that?” Izzy asked.

“Of course. I’m not The High Warlock of Brooklyn for nothing. But I do recommend that you get back as soon as possible as you have been gone so long. Deactivate your tracking runes when you reach the lobby. Don’t reactivate them until you are a good distance from here. And don’t worry about Alexander. I will take good care of him.”

“How will we get back?” Clary asked, chewing her bottom lip.

“I don’t see why you can’t come back tomorrow. I don’t see why the Institute wouldn’t have every available Shadowhunter out searching for Alexander. He is the Clave’s best Shadowhunter, is he not? Would it not raise suspicion with the Clave if no one was out searching for him? Regardless of his omega status, especially his own team?”

“It would, actually. The Institute should have other Shadowhunters out searching for him now.” Clary said.

“Well then, that settles it. I can easily copy your rune signatures again and project them all over the city again tomorrow. They would blend in with every other Shadowhunter out searching. Just a forewarning though. Someone from the Institute may very well come to my door seeking assistance from The High Warlock in locating Alexander. But not to worry. His omega pheromones won’t be detected, inside or out. I will go through the motions of attempting to locate him and fail to do so if necessary. And I will instruct all the other warlocks in Brooklyn to do the same if asked. I’ll know as soon as someone nears the building if there nephilim. I will just have to have Alexander tucked away while there here, he’ll be well hidden.”
“Okay. As much as I hate it, you’re right. I don’t want to leave my brother, but we do need to get back. We’ll be back first thing tomorrow.” Izzy said.

“One more thing before you go. Clary, you will have to maintain that you can still feel Alexander through your parabati bond. And they may ask you to keep trying to track him. You will just have to fail at each attempt. They have to believe that Alexander is alive.”

Clary nodded, still chewing her lip.

“And if they ask what I’m feeling through the bond?” She asked.

“Tell them that you feel pain and distress, and overwhelming anxiety, but mostly pain. Now, off you go. The sooner you get back, the better.”

Without another word Magnus turned back to the door he had just come through and quietly slipped inside, leaving the Shadowhunters to show themselves out.

Comments, suggestions, and feedback are always welcome! If you like this chapter please leave a vote!
Chapter 6 - Revelations - Part 3

Chapter 6
Revelations
Part 3

Day 3

The OP’s center was full of Shadowhunters. Clary and the team were huddled together at the back of the room. Maryse Lightwood stood at a podium. She looked like an older, uptight version of Izzy with a constant scowl, her ebony hair pulled back into a tight bun. The Shadowhunters were talking quietly to themselves.

“If I may have your attention, please.” Maryse said, a full alpha command.

Everyone stopped and turned to face her at the podium.

“As you all know, my son, Alexander Lightwood has now been missing for three days. He’s deactivated his tracking rune, but we still believe him to be in the city. His parabati, Clary Fairchild, can still sense Alexander through their parabati bond. Wherever he is, he’s in distress and is probably unable to defend himself from an attack or any other danger in his ‘condition’. You have all done an excellent job in the search for him since his disappearance. I must give my personal gratitude to his team, as they have been attempting to locate him from the beginning, before the rest of this Institute became aware of his absence. They are Clary Fairchild, Isabelle Lightwood, Jace Herondale, and Simon Lewis. I can’t thank you enough for your extensive efforts in trying to find your leader and my son. For those of you new to us today, The New York Institute is grateful for your arrival. While I may seem biased as Alexander is my oldest child, I feel it is imperative that we locate him and return him to the Institute as soon as possible. Ms. Fairchild has and will be continuing to attempt to locate him through their parabati bond. We will also continue to try and locate him through his tracking rune, should he reactivate it. Also, as I speak, my husband, Robert Lightwood, is on his way to see The High Warlock of Brooklyn, with hopes that perhaps Warlock Bane can assist in locating Alexander.”

Whispers broke out amongst the crowd.

“Silence, please!” Maryse commanded.
The room went quiet as all attention was returned to her at the podium.

“Thank you. Now, you’ve all been split into teams and given your orders. Alexander’s team will continue searching using Ms. Fairchild’s parabati bond. You will all receive new information as we receive it. Thank you.” She said curtly. Without another word she turned and left the OP’s center.

The gathered Shadowhunters started speaking in earnest, some discussing strategy during their search, others whispering that it was a waste of resources to spend so much time and dispatching so many Shadowhunters to look for an ‘omega whore’.

Hearing the degrading words of the various Shadowhunters made Clary’s blood boil. She stood there, seething, unable to speak. ‘How can they think so little of him after all that he’s done’ she thought. Sensing her distress Jace wrapped her in his arms, offering comfort and support.

Izzy was just as enraged as Clary. However, she could speak.

“Hey!” Izzy shouted, full alpha. All eyes turned to her. “Anybody who has a problem helping to find my missing brother, say it now and say it loud, TO MY FACE!” She demanded. “My brother may be an ‘omega’, but he is still by far a better Shadowhunter than any of you. By the angel, he trained more than half of you. He’s the best and you all know it. So if you have a problem with this mission, speak now and take your leave.” She commanded with as much alpha as she could muster.

Several Shadowhunters cringed at her command. Simon wrapped his arms around her waist to try and calm her. She was shaking with rage.

The room was so quiet you could have heard a pin drop. No one dared to speak. They all knew of Alexander Lightwood and his skills in combat, and those of his team. They were bad ass, and deadly when they needed to be. They all knew that his sister, or any of his teammates, could drop them on their asses in a heartbeat without so much as blinking. Challenging her was worse, and considerably more dangerous, than challenging Maryse Lightwood herself.

“Nobody?” Izzy asked, voice seething.

Silence filled the room.
“Then get to it. You have your orders.” She commanded.

Quickly the Shadowhunters that filled the OP’s center gathered their gear and filed out in pairs, no one daring to look back at her.

“It’s alright, love. He’s fine and you know it.” Simon whispered in her ear. “Just calm yourself.” He said, kissing her lightly on the cheek. She huffed out a breath, obviously still angry.

Magnus looked down at his sleeping Shadowhunter. The sleeping draft he had given him the night before had him still sleeping peacefully. His angel was beautiful, especially when he slept. He couldn’t help but gaze lovingly at his mate while he looked so innocent and pure.

Suddenly one of his wards went off. A ward only he could hear, indicating that a nephilim was outside the building. He had been expecting this. His mates team weren’t due for another few hours. Ever so gently he ran his hand through Alec’s hair, sending a gentle wave of magic into his sleeping angel, pushing him into a heavier, deeper sleep. One that it would take some time for him to emerge from. Leaning down he kissed his love gently on the forehead before he turned and left, magically sealing and soundproofing the room behind him.

Magnus waited a moment before answering the buzzer at the door. He wondered who it would be, Maryse; the unloving mother, Robert; the brutal and heartless father, or some random Clave official who probably really didn’t give a damn. He waited as the buzzer sounded again. With a sigh he pushed the answer button.

“Who dares disturb The High Warlock of Brooklyn!” He barked into the speaker.

“Robert Lightwood, from The New York Institute. I need your help.” Came Robert’s voice through the speaker.

“So it’s the brutal and heartless father” Magnus thought.
“And what service do you seek here?” Magnus asked.

“I need help locating a missing Shadowhunter.” Robert replied.

“Shadowhunters disappear and die every day. Why should I help you with this one?” Magnus asked, curious to hear the answer.

“Because he’s my son.” Robert said, voice strained.

Magnus waited a minute before he replied. He wanted Robert to stew.

“Come on up. Penthouse. And you’ll have to use the stairs.” Magnus finally said, pressing the buzzer to unlock the door downstairs.

‘He sounded tired. Perhaps he truly is worried about his son.’ Magnus thought as he waited for Robert to eventually reach the landing. Fifteen minutes later there was a knock on his door. Magnus was just finishing his cup of coffee.

Walking to the door Magnus magically unsealed it before unlocking and opening it. On the other side stood a very exhausted and disheveled looking Robert Lightwood. He looked as if he hadn’t slept, and the bags under his eyes suggested he may have been crying. Magnus held his pity. He wanted to hear what Robert had to say for himself first.

“Warlock Bane. Thank you for seeing me. I’m in desperate need of your help. My son is a missing omega Shadowhunter. I beg of you, please help me.” Robert pleaded.

“Come inside.” Magnus said, wondering if he had perhaps misjudged the elder Lightwood.

He stepped aside, allowing Robert entrance. In his hands he carried Alec’s bow and quiver.

“What is that?” Magnus asked, knowing full well what it was.

“It’s my sons. I’m sure you’ve heard of The Archer?” Robert asked. “My son is Alexander
“I see. And why have you brought this?” Magnus asked, honestly curious.

“We’ve tried tracking him with every personal effect we’ve been able to find. Short of clothing and a few photos there isn’t much. Then I thought of this. I can’t tell you how many times over the years Alexander has said that his bow felt like an extension of himself. I thought perhaps it might be the strongest personal effect there is.” Robert said, extending it out to Magnus.

Magnus took it carefully from Robert’s outstretched arms. He knew this would be most precious to his sleeping mate.

“Tell me.” Magnus said. “Why reach out to a ‘downworlder’ to locate your missing son? You said that he presented as an omega. If memory serves, the Clave doesn’t look to kindly towards omegas.”

“I don’t give a damn what he presented as. He’s my son and he’s missing. I have no idea what kind of condition he’s in or what kind of danger. The only reason that I know he’s even still alive is because of his parabati. I need to find him and know that he’s safe.” Robert said, voice weary and exhausted. He appeared to be a nearly broken man.

‘Hmm…he seems sincere enough. And looks like an exhausted father who’s been searching for his son for just over two days’. Magnus thought.

“There are several spells I can try to use to locate your son, Mr. Lightwood. But it will cost the Institute dearly.”

“Whatever the cost, we’ll pay it. You have my word. I just want my boy back.” Robert said, tears welling in his eyes.

“Very well. Unfortunately I can only perform one spell at a time, and I have dozens I can try. It will take some time to try them all. I will send you a fire message if I locate him, or, if after exhausting all measures, I can’t. But you need to leave this here with me. Each of my spells require a strong personal effect. I assure you no harm will come to it.” Magnus said gently. He had heard the sincerity in Robert’s voice. He truly did care about his son.
“Thank you. Thank you so much.” Robert said, a touch of hope in his voice. “I’ll leave you to it then.”

Gently laying Alexander’s bow on the counter Magnus escorted Robert to the door.

“I’ll let you know as soon as I know something.” Magnus assured. Robert reached out to shake Magnus’ hand. Hesitantly he returned the gesture.

Once Robert had left, Magnus locked and magically resealed the doors. He had a lot to think about.

Magnus sat beside Alec on the bed, watching as his Alexander slept. He didn’t want to wake him, his angel needed the rest. But the others were here.

“Alexander, sweetheart, it’s time to wake up.” Magnus said gently, stroking Alec’s porcelain pale cheek, marveling at the softness. Alec stirred at the touch.

“Come one, love. Open your eyes.” Magnus encouraged. “Your friends are here.”

Alec groaned in pain.

“I know, angel. It’s time for your potions. Let me see those beautiful blue eyes.” Magnus said, lifting Alec’s hand to his lips, pressing a soft kiss to it.

Alec’s eyes fluttered open as a pleasant shudder skittered down his spine, eyes still fogged over with sleep.

“There you are. Good morning.” Magnus said, pressing a second kiss to Alec’s hand. “I have a few things for you. I want you to drink this one first. It’ll help wake you up.” He said, uncorking a small vial.
Alec tried to sit up, but pain shot through him.

“No, no. I’ll bring it to you. I know your hurting.” Magnus said as Alec fell back into his pillows. Tilting Alec’s head up slightly he put the vial up to Alec’s lips. Alec downed the contents with a grimace.

“What in the angels name was that?” Alec asked, nearly gagging on the potion.

Magnus quickly pressed a straw to Alec’s lips. Alec drank greedily.

“Sorry about that, love. I know it has an awful taste. But it was necessary. Just drink and rinse your mouth out.” Magnus said.

“I don’t think awful is the right word for that, please don’t ever give me that again.” Alec said, pushing the water away.

“I’m sorry, sweetheart. But the others are here and are anxious to see you. Now for these. These your used to.” Magnus said, uncorking the second vial.

This time Alec took it from him, swallowing the contents. Uncorking the third vial, Alec did the same.

“There. That should have you feeling better in no time.”

Alec sighed deeply.

“Is this pain ever going to end?” Alec asked, considerably more awake than he was.

“It will. I promise. Just a few more days to go and your heat will pass.” Magnus said, brushing a stray lock of hair from Alec’s eyes. “Feel better?”

“Quite a bit, actually. Can I sit up now?”
“Yes. But do it slowly. That was a potent sleeping draft I gave you last night, and you were already exhausted.” Magnus said, helping Alec into a sitting position.

Alec tried stretching out his arms. His heat made him feel weak, tired, and sore.

“Missing your morning routine?” Magnus asked, watching his mate try and loosen his muscles.

“Yes and no. I love waking up here. I love being near you, smelling your scent. Waking up to that is the best part of my day.” Alec said with a smile. “But I do miss my early morning workouts, when it’s just me, or my early mundane classes before everyone else is up. And I miss working out and training with my team. Even when it does make my muscles ache and scream for relief. It feels weird not getting a good work out in. I also miss planning missions and hunting.”

“Well, once your heat has passed and your fully back on your feet, I’ll build you a training room.” Magnus said, with a small smile for his Shadowhunter. “How’s that sound?”

“It sounds great. You said my team is here?” Alec asked.

“Yes. And waiting for you. Have the potions taken full effect?”

“I think so. And I think I may have made a bit of a mess again.” Alec said, blushing.

“Don’t worry, love. It’s just a little slick. Nothing a quick wash won’t fix. It’s to be expected. Why don’t you go grab a quick shower and get dressed? I laid out some clothes for you in the bathroom.”

Alec sighed. He missed his own clothes, and his gear. He missed being a Shadowhunter.

“What is it, angel?” Magnus asked, concerned.

“It’s nothing really. I just kinda miss some of my own things.” Alec said. “Not that yours aren’t great. I just miss my own.”
“I understand, but we’ll remedy that.” Magnus said, forward to kiss Alec’s forehead. “I’ll be out with the others if you need me.”

“Okay. I’ll be right out.”

Magnus stood and quietly slipped out the door. His mate deserved some privacy.

With a heavy sigh Alec climbed out of bed. He stood, looking down at the slick soaked ruby linens, slick running down the back of his thighs. Without a backward glance, he crossed the room to the bathroom.

Alec stepped into the living room. His family was sitting comfortably on various couches, couches that weren’t there the day before, munching on muffins and drinking coffee. Clary was the first to notice him.

“Alec! There you are.” Clary said, handing her coffee to Jace. Before he could blink, she jumped into his arms, squeezing him in a tight hug. “We’ve been so worried about you.” She whispered into his neck.

“It’s okay, Clary. I’m fine. Just a little sore.” Alec said, gently prying her off him.

“Oh, sorry. I didn’t mean to hurt you.” She said, quickly pulling back from him. Izzy was right behind her.

“Move, parabati. I want to hug my brother.” Izzy said, nudging Clary aside. She stepped gently into her big brothers warm embrace. “I missed you so much. I know it was just one night but it’s not the same not having you home.”

“Is it even my home anymore?” He asked, so softly only she could hear.

“That, I honestly don’t know.” She whispered back. “But the Clave has sent more Shadowhunters
to the Institute to help with the search for you.” She said, letting her brother go. “Come sit down. Magnus made muffins and coffee. There delicious. But I know you’ll ruin it with tea.” She said, tugging him towards the couches. He had no choice but to follow.

Midway to their Alec stopped.

“Is that my bow?” He asked, both shocked and delighted.

“Yep. And you’ll never guess who brought it.” Jace said, lifting his coffee mug in greeting.

Alec reached out, running his hand reverently across the one thing that meant the most to him. A piece of himself. He picked it up, feeling the pull of the string. It felt wonderful in his hands. Like an old friend. Picking up an arrow he smoothly notched it.

“Careful with that, please. I know that you’re an expert with it, but it is a deadly weapon.” Magnus said, smiling at his Shadowhunter.

Alec carefully unnotched the arrow and returned it to his quiver, then carefully laid down the bow beside it.

“How did it get here?” He asked, still awed that his most precious possession had somehow been returned to him.

“Come sit, and I’ll fill you in.” Magnus said.

Alec walked into the new ‘living room’ and looked around for a seat.

“Sit here, darling. It’ll be the most comfortable place for you, I made the cushions extra cushy.” Magnus said, leading Alec to an overstuffed, comfortable looking armchair. Beside it, on a small table, sat a steaming cup of tea and a basket of various oversized muffins. “What kind of muffin would you like?”

“Actually, I’m not hungry just yet, but I will take the tea.” Alec said, hoping to placate his mate. He didn’t want to hurt his feelings, but he had absolutely no appetite.
“Alexander, you have to eat. You haven’t eaten since the day you got here. That was two days ago.” Magnus said, worried.

“I know. I guess my stomach isn’t really awake yet. I’ll have one in a bit. I promise.” He said, reaching up to squeeze Magnus’ hand.

“Okay. I’ll buy that for now. But I’m going to hold you to your promise.” Magnus said, giving a firm squeeze back. He was growing concerned about his mate’s lack of appetite. Omegas usually have constant cravings while in heat when they’re not mating. ‘Maybe the suppression potion is suppressing his appetite as well.’ He thought with a frown. “But please drink your tea. It’s important for you to stay hydrated.”

“I will.” Alec said, picking up the still steaming mug.

Magnus turned, taking a seat across from Alec. He was flanked on each side by two Shadowhunters and his omega across from him, completing a circle.

“So.” Magnus began. “As I expected I received a visit from one of The Heads of The New York Institute this morning.”

Alec choked on his tea.

“Excuse me? Run that by me again?” Alec asked, still coughing intermittently. “Who was it? And why?” He asked, anxiously setting his tea aside.

“It was your father. He’s the one who brought your bow. I had suspected that once all Shadowhunter methods of tracking you failed, they would come to me for assistance, being The High Warlock of Brooklyn. I just didn’t know who it would be.” Magnus said gently.

“My father was here? What did he say?” Alec asked, obviously distressed by this news.

“Calm yourself love, and I’ll tell you. He came to me asking for help. It was less of a ‘I’m The Head of The New York institute demanding that The High Warlock of Brooklyn bow before me and do as I ask’ and more of a ‘I’m here because I’m trying to find my missing son’. He brought
“He, of all people, wants to find me? What in the angels name for?! Does he want to see me murdered by the Clave or does he just want to do it himself? I’m an embarrassment to the mighty Lightwood name, remember? I’m a disgrace and never should have been born. I’m not worthy of my nephilim blood. I’m just a filthy omega whore. He’s been nothing but cruel and hateful to me since I presented. Was he ever warm and fuzzy? No. If he ever was, I was too young to remember it.” Alec said, cheeks flushed with anger.

“Calm yourself, sweetheart. Or this ends here.” Magnus said, pushing alpha into his tone. This time Alec didn’t shutter in response, he was too angry.

“I don’t give a damn about his intentions. Even if you set the last three months aside, Izzy, that doesn’t change a whole lot. He’s always treated me like shit. Pushing me, belittling me in training and in the field. Always pushing me harder than everyone else. You got off easy with him, Iz. I didn’t.” Alec said, practically taking her head off.

“Maybe there’s more to that than we know.” Clary said, the voice of reason. “Maybe he did push you too hard, and I’m not saying that it was either right or fair. But look at you. You’re the best Shadowhunter in the world. I know your parent’s have always treated you badly, and I understand your anger. But maybe there was a reason that he pushed you harder than everyone else. Maybe he was just trying to help you reach your full potential.”

“That’s bullshit and we both know it, Clary, so please don’t feed me that crap.” Alec snapped.

“Watch it.” Jace warned, pulling Clary protectively into his arms.

“Oh for the angels sake, Jace! Do you really think that I would hurt her? My own parabati?” Alec asked, incredulous.

“Right now man, I don’t know what you’ll do. This whole omega hormone shit has sort of rattled your brains. And your proving it now.” Jace said defensively.

“Alright, everybody. Let’s just take a deep breath and calm down. Alexander, honey, come...
“Why?” Alec asked, petulant.

“Just come here please.” Magnus asked gently.

With a huff Alec climbed out of his chair and crossed the room to Magnus. Magnus reached up, pulling him into his lap. Gently he pushed Alec’s nose into his scent glands.


With each breath Alec’s anger began to ease. His alpha scent was wrapping around him like a warm blanket, filling him with a promise of warmth and safety. Breath by breath his anger faded.

“Better?” Magnus asked once he felt Alec relax in his arms. Alec could only nod, yes. “Good.”

“Are you alright, Alec?” Clary asked, already knowing the answer. She could feel the sense of peace that had passed through her parabati once he had his mates sent to calm him. As much as it comforted her with all that had been going on to know and feel that her parabati was safe, she would be glad when his heat ended, and she could no longer feel his every emotion as if it were her own.

“Yes, Clary. Thank you.” Alec said softly, still nestled in Magnus’ lap.

“And you!” Clary said, rounding on Jace. “You should know that Alec would never hurt me. We’re parabati. Omega hormones or not. He isn’t capable of hurting me, or any of us. We’re his team. We’re family. Do you really believe that if a greater demon came barreling through that door that Alec wouldn’t be the first one in the line of fire, heat or no heat? Apologize. Now!”

Jace visibly paled at this mate’s words. He knew she was right. No matter what condition Alec might be in, he would always put his family first.
“Alec, I’m sorry. I was out of line.” Jace said.

“It’s okay.” Alec murmured, falling asleep in Magnus’ arms.

“Okay. I think you’ve had enough, love.” Magnus said, rising to his feet with Alec in his arms. He crossed over to Alec’s chair and sat him gently back down. “Now take a few nice, deep breaths for me.”

Alec did as Magnus asked and his head began to clear.

“What was that?” Alec asked, still groggy as Magnus snapped his fingers, warming his tea.

“An omega is more sensitive to their mate’s scent while in heat. It’s far more potent and quite intoxicating.” Magnus said gently, handing Alec his tea. “Drink this. The hit of caffeine will help.”

Watching Alec sip his tea, Magnus returned to his seat.

“Now, where was I? Right. Robert Lightwood came to see me this morning. I was honestly surprised when I saw him. Not because he was Robert Lightwood, Head of The New York Institute, but because of the way he looked as well as his demeanor. He looked for all the world like he hadn’t slept in days.” Magnus said, eyeing Alec. “When I asked him why he was here, he said he needed help ‘because his son was missing’ and ‘he needed to find him to know that he was safe’.”

“Why?” Alec asked. “Why does he care that I’m ‘missing’ and ‘why does he need to know I’m safe’? He’s never given a damn about my safety before. He’s never expressed any kind of concern over any of us before. Ever. We’re Shadowhunters. Danger is our middle name. And why in the angels name do I suddenly matter? I’m an omega, remember? A disgrace.”

“I’m glad you brought that up, sweetheart. I asked him something similar about your omega status and he said, and I quote, ‘he didn’t give a damn what you presented as, he just wants his boy back.’” Magnus said.

The Shadowhunters in the room sat in a shocked silence. Alec tried and failed to form words. Finally, after several attempts, he spoke.
“He doesn’t give a damn that I’m an omega? Well, he had some pretty shitty ways of showing it. I don’t know what he’s up to, but I’m sorry, I don’t buy it.” Alec said, dropping his head in his hands.

“I agree.” Izzy said. “I don’t buy it either. You didn’t see the way Alec was treated Magnus. Not just by the other Shadowhunters, but by our parents. I know that they expected him to present as a strong alpha, and was trained as such, and that they were shocked when he presented as an omega instead. But that that didn’t give them the right to treat him how they did. To say the things they said. He’s their oldest child and when Alec needed them the most, after his presentation, they just weren’t there. Not in any good way. Not in any ‘I’m worried about my son’ way. Their up to something and I have no clue what it is, but I don’t think it’s anything good.”

“That may very well be. Sweetheart, is there anything more you’d like to say?” Magnus asked, aching inside at the look of heartbreak on his angels face.

“No.” Alec said. “But I really don’t want to hear anymore.” He said, standing up to leave.

“So you don’t want to hear about Gideon Lightwood?” Magnus asked.

“What does one have to do with the other?” Alec asked with an exasperated sigh.

“Sit back down, love. You’ll understand a lot more once you know everything.” Magnus said.

“Fine. Only because I want to know about Gideon.” Alec said, dropping back into his chair.

He wanted to leave. He wanted to hide. From his mate, from his family. He didn’t want them to see him cry. They had already seen him be too emotional and vulnerable in the last two days. He wouldn’t show them anymore weakness.

He was their leader. Their commander. He was supposed to be the strong one. He was supposed to be strong for them. It was his job to be caring and compassionate when need they needed him to be, it was his job to be the shoulder to cry on when they needed comfort, and it was his job to give them his unyielding support in any situation.
Yes, he could be hard on them sometimes, but that was because he loved them. He wanted them to be the best, not just to be the best, but because he wanted them to be safe and well equipped enough to handle anything. He wanted them to be faster and stronger, to have skills no other Shadowhunters had ever had so they might just live long enough to grow old and have families.

Most Shadowhunters died young. He didn’t want that for them, so they were the ones he would learn more for, train more for, to train them for what was out there. It was his job to teach them anything and everything he could. He would do anything for them, but his pain and tears were his and his alone. Just like they always have been.

“I think we should take a break.” Clary said. The tumult of Alec’s emotions where breaking her heart. She may not know what he was thinking, but she knew that he was in pain. She could feel his heartache.

“I think that would be wise.” Magnus said, having watched the emotions play across his beloved’s face. “How about we reconvene in about fifteen minutes?”

A chorus of yeses and agreements came from the Shadowhunters. Alec didn’t make a sound.

“Fifteen minutes then. Feel free to help yourself to additional refreshments.” Magnus said, climbing from his seat.

As his mates family scattered across the loft getting into Lilith knows what, Magnus went to his mate. Stopping in front of him he crouched down, taking his angels his hands in his own.

“Sweetheart, I’m not going to ask you if you’re okay because I know you’re not. I can only ask if there is anything I can do to help. Is there anything, anything at all that I can do that will help you?” Magnus asked softly. He was worried that he had once again pushed his omega emotionally too far. But he had had a right to know about his father’s visit.

“Is there anywhere that I can target practice?” Alec asked, barely more than a whisper.

“You mean with your bow? If that will help, I can find a place.” Magnus said, relieved that his mate may have an outlet for his emotions. “How far of a distance do you need?”

“I don’t know. Five hundred feet?” Alec asked.
Magnus was momentarily shocked by his Shadowhunters request. He knew that the Shadow World called him The Archer, and that he was the most skilled Shadowhunter alive with a bow, but that was a far greater distance than he had expected.

“Get your bow and meet me at the patio doors.” Magnus said, bringing Alec’s hand up for a gentle kiss.

Standing, Magnus crossed to the patio doors and opened them. He stood, looking out, trying to find the furthest target he could. After several minutes of searching he spotted a building a little over six hundred feet away. Magically he placed a concealed target on the side of the building. He turned to call for his mate, but he was already there, standing behind him.

“Is that far enough, love? I can find one closer if you would like.”

“It’s fine. I can see it well enough.” Alec said, confident.

“Okay. I’ve cast a strong glamour from here to there. No one will see you as long as you stay within the loft. And only we can see you shoot. No one will know, be it downworlder, nephilim, or mundane. Your arrows will be invisible to them.” Magnus said, stepping to the side.

The rest of the team had gathered around behind Alec, giving him plenty of room to move.

“This will be fun.” Jace whispered to Clary. “How many times do you think he will split his arrows?”

“All of them.” Clary whispered back.

“I can hear you talking. Please be quiet.” Alec asked as he notched his first arrow. He waited while his team activated their vision runes.

Magnus was hopeful that this would cheer his mate up. But he was also afraid that if he failed in hitting his target, it would only make things worse. He watched as his Shadowhunter took aim and released the arrow.
Alec took a few deep breaths while sighting the target. The feel of his bow in his hands and his arrow ready to fly felt like home. With one last breath he set the arrow free.

The room was silent as they watched Alec let loose the arrow that would either make him or break him today. It flew, faster than the speed of sound and slammed into the center of the target so hard the arrow shattered.

Magnus watched his mate in awe. Now he truly understood why the Shadow World called him The Archer. He truly was magnificent. His grace and confidence when he took his stance, while he notched and pulled back the arrow, was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen in over 800 years. And watching while the arrow flew through the Brooklyn skyline was mesmerizing. Watching while the arrow struck the target dead center hard enough that it shattered into bits took his breath away.

Alec felt the weight he didn’t know he had been carrying melt away as he released the arrow. He had held his breath as he released it, watching as it flew through the air, and released it once the arrow had struck home. At least this heat shit wasn’t affecting his aim. In that moment he knew, he was still a Shadowhunter, not a helpless omega. He hadn’t lost himself. Notching a second arrow he released it, watching as it sped through the air, hitting dead center and shattering like the one before. He released a dozen more before he felt himself take his first easy breath in days. For the second time that day he couldn’t have been more grateful that his father had brought his bow, whatever his intentions were.

Clary leaned over the couch and planted a loud, lip smacking kiss on Alec’s cheek. She could feel his happiness. He hadn’t been this happy in months.

“Clary! What in the angels name was that for?” Alec asked, wiping the invisible kiss off his cheek.

“Yeah! What was that for?” Jace asked, a low growl erupting from his chest.

“Oh hush, you.” Clary said to Jace. “That was a happiness kiss.” She said to Alec. “I haven’t felt you be this happy in ages. And it deserves a happiness kiss.”

“Isn’t that my job now?” Magnus asked with a smirk. He had no problems with his mates parabati
giving him an innocent kiss on the cheek.

“Sorry, Magnus. I couldn’t help it.” Clary said innocently.

“I’ll let it slide this time, biscuit. But please leave future kisses to me.” Magnus said with a smile. Alec blushed furiously on the couch. “Are we all ready to hear about Gideon Lightwood?”

A chorus of yeses filled the room.

“Then everybody find a seat.” Magus said, sitting beside his angel. He wanted to be near him when he revealed what he was about too. “Are you ready for this, sweetheart? It’s going to be hard to hear.”

“Ready or not, I have to know the rest. So yes.” Alec said.

“Alright. But I can stop at any time if you need a break.” Magnus said. “But before I start, drink this.” He said, holding a small vile out to Alec.

“What is it?” Alec asked.

“It’s a nourishment potion. Since you won’t eat, I have to get something into you. Please drink it.”

“Okay. I’ll drink it, for you.” Alec said, taking the vile from Magnus. Uncorking it he downed the contents. He grimaced at the taste. “Well, at least it wasn’t as bad as the last one you gave me.” Alec said, handing the vile back to Magnus.

“Before I forget.” Izzy said as she reached into her back pocket, pulling Alec’s stele out.

“Where on earth did you get that, Iz? I thought I’d lost it.” Alec asked, taking it from her extended hand.

“You did. One of the other Shadowhunters in one of the search parties found it and it was traced
back to you.” Izzy said. “I thought you might like it back. We’re supposed to be using it to try and track you.”

“Thank you, Iz.” Alec said, standing to pull her into a tight hug. “I’ve been wondering where it was.”

“Your welcome, dear brother.” Izzy said with a smile, pressing a soft kiss to his cheek before returning to her seat beside Simon.

Alec sat back down, turning his stele over and over in his hands, inspecting every inch and rune.

“You know you can’t use that, right love?” Magnus asked. Alec looked at him, confused. “I don’t know much about angelic runes, just some basics, but until I know that they won’t be able to track you if you use it, it’s not safe. Not until I can adjust my wards. Until then you’ll have to tuck it away. I’m sorry.”

Alec turned his stele one last time in his hands before holding it out to Magnus.

“Then you better hold onto it. So I’m not tempted.” Alec said, sadness in his eyes.

Magnus took the stele from his angels hand. He hated that he was the cause of the look in his Shadowhunters beautiful blue eyes. He knew a Shadowhunters stele was a part of them, something they never let go of.

“Don’t worry, love. I’ll give it back to you as soon as I can. But I have to make sure you stay safe.”

“I know. Thank you. Can we change the subject please?” Alec asked.

“Yeah. We want to know about Gideon Lightwood.” Simon said.

“Alright. On to Gideon Lightwood.” Magnus said, pulling his love into his arms. “As I said before. I first met Gideon Lightwood a little over a century ago at a Shadowhunter ball. He presented as an omega in 1904. He was the first male omega to present since The Great Purge.
And unfortunately it was a public presentation. He presented at home, as most nephillim do, at an elaborate eighteenth birthday party. At the time the Lightwood’s were a very influential family and worked very closely with the Clave, so a few Clave officials were invited to Gideon’s party. Having two alpha parents and no new omega presentations since the Great Purge, that they knew of, they were certain that he would present as a strong, reputable alpha. Someone that would carry on the Lightwood legacy. Everyone was shocked when he presented as a male omega and not an alpha as expected.

The party ended quickly after his presentation and Gideon was rushed to his chambers. Rumors tell that his parents were frantic. They had no idea what to do. As with the Clave, they had no knowledge of the downworlder protection of omegas. They were certain that their son would be killed. A few days passed as Gideon’s parents begged the Clave and used as much influence as they had to get a reprieve for him. After a few council meetings and several debates, it was decided that the Clave would take no action against Gideon on the condition that he not mate or have children. He was an excellent Shadowhunter. He was well trained and excellent with a bow. Much like someone else we know.” Magnus said, squeezing Alec’s hand.

“Shortly after the decision was made, as Gideon was of age, he moved out of the Lightwood house and into a small cottage in the countryside. He sought isolation from the other Shadowhunters that treated him much like Alexander has been treated. The difference there was that Gideon was constantly being more than verbally attacked but physically attacked as well by his fellow Shadowhunters for being an omega. He was excellent in hand to hand combat and usually walked away with no more than a few bruises while his attackers generally ended up in the infirmary. But as you can probably imagine, that was not the life Gideon wanted to live. He felt as though he was no longer able to trust his fellow Shadowhunters in training or in the field.

He was granted permission to leave the Institute for his own safety. So he left the Idris Institute, were the Lightwood home was at the time, into his little cottage. One thing that you should know is that all omega Lightwood’s seem to find a fated mate. Not long after Gideon settled into his new home, he came across his fated mate, Alexander, on a hunting trip. Legend says that they fell in love the moment their eyes met, never haven spoken a word. Initially they met in secret while they came to know each other, Alexander sneaking off from his Institute, so they could be together. Once Gideon’s first heat hit, he sent a coded message to Alexander asking him to stay away until his heat passed. At the time his heat set in he was still innocent. But Alexander couldn’t stay away. So he made up a story with his family and his Institute about taking a trip to Idris and that he would be gone for a few days. He wasn’t willing to let Gideon suffer through his heat alone.

Alexander was an alpha and craved to mate with Gideon, but Gideon didn’t want his first time to be while he was in heat. Alexander understood and respected that wish. But he saw Gideon through his first heat, tending to him, trying to make him comfortable and so forth. He gave Gideon as much physical and emotional relief as he could while still honoring Gideon’s wishes. Together they managed to successfully get Gideon through his first heat with his innocence still intact. But after sharing the intimacy that they had during Gideon’s heat, they both wanted more. So shortly after Gideon’s heat passed, he willingly gave himself to Alexander who then mated
Gideon knew that he had violated the Clave’s decree, but he didn’t care. All he wanted was his Alexander. But when Gideon’s second heat hit, they mated and Gideon fell pregnant. For years their relationship remained secret. Alexander would come to Gideon whenever he could, constantly craving his mate and their relationship. Alexander no longer wanted to live a double life. He wanted to stay with his mate. That was when he told his family that he wanted to move out of the Institute and be out on his own, finding his own place and returning to the Institute as frequently as possible for training and hunting. He was at Gideon’s side throughout as much as Gideon’s pregnancy a he could be, tending to his every need.

As Gideon began growing bigger and bigger, larger than a normal pregnancy should be, he sought out to the nearest warlock he could find. She is actually an old friend of mine. She examined Gideon and with her magic determined that he was, as most omegas did, carrying multiples. Triplets. She is an excellent healer and to this day works as a midwife for many downworlder and omega families. When it came time for Gideon to deliver, Catarina successfully delivered their three baby girls. Both Gideon and Alexander were ecstatic.

But Alexander had to spend a great deal of time away from his love and children as he was still a Shadowhunter. He came home as often as he could while Gideon worked to raise their daughters. As far as the Clave was concerned, Gideon was still living his life under their order not to mate or have children. Five years later a Clave envoy passed through the countryside heading to Alexander’s Institute not far from where Gideon’s cottage was. They saw him outside playing with his girls. Upon arrival at the Institute word was immediately sent to Idris to inform the Council of Gideon’s transgressions. Once Alexander found out, he rushed home to try and protect his family. Both Alexander and Gideon were skilled Shadowhunters, although Gideon was a little rusty. They prepared for what they knew was coming. They were going to protect their children or die trying. At the time no one knew who Gideon’s mate was until Alexander disappeared from the Institute.

Three days later the Shadowhunters came. Both Gideon and Alexander fought fiercely to protect their children but two were killed. Alexander and Gideon were both captured. They were severely outnumbered. Their oldest daughter, five year old Arabella, escaped into the forest. The Shadowhunters restraining Alexander, his friends and fellow Shadowhunters, forced him watch as they murdered Gideon, slicing him open from hip to hip, ripping out his womb, to send a message to any future male omegas not to mate. It was unbeknownst to them that Gideon was with child. It was with Gideon’s dying breaths that he kept screaming for Arabella to run. Gideon was twenty-three when he died. After Gideon’s brutal murder Alexander’s throat was slit by his own parabati.”

Alexander was trembling fiercely in Magnus’ arms. The room was deathly quiet.

“Alexander, love, talk to me. Tell me what you need.” Magnus said softly, unsure how to calm or
help his mate.

“He’s terrified.” Clary whispered. “He’s terrified of what the Clave will do once they find out about you two.”

“Don’t worry about that, sweetheart. Your safe. I will keep you safe. They can’t penetrate my wards. I promise you. As long as we’re together, your safe.” Magnus said, gently cupping Alec’s cheek.

“I can never go back, can I?” Alec asked, voice trembling.

“No, angel. You can’t. Not until we know what today’s Clave and Council will do. What happened to Gideon and Alexander happened over a century ago. Times change. As I said before, today’s Clave may know nothing of The Great Purge or what happened to Gideon Lightwood or his mate. We know. The downworlders know. As I’ve said, we’ve been keeping records since before the Purge and everything after. Everything that I’ve just told you is thoroughly documented in The Omega chronicles that was started after the Purge. It contains everything there is to know about every omega since the Purge. Who they are, where they live, which warlock is watching over them, enforcing the protective wards around them, all of the omegas that the Clave knows nothing about, it’s all there.” Magnus said softly, rubbing a hand through his Shadowhunters hair, trying to calm and soothe him.

“Am I in there? In The Omega chronicles?” Alec asked.

“Yes, love, you are. Just as I am now listed as your fated mate. I didn’t know when I went in search of you that you would be my fated mate, my other half. All I knew was that I was searching for a male omega Shadowhunter in distress. I knew that I had to find you, to protect you at all costs.”

“But you gave us such a hard time.” Clary said. “You asked us why you should get involved in this.”

“You’re right, I did. Despite my words at the time, I had every intention of finding Alexander, to protect him. But I needed more Information. And you gave it to me. Now you have to take into account that I didn’t know you. All I knew was that there were four Shadowhunters searching for a male omega Shadowhunter. Do you understand now, after everything that I’ve told you, why I was the way I was? Despite your words, I didn’t know your true intentions. For all I knew it could have been a ruse. I had no reason to believe that you were actually searching for Alexander because you loved him. Because you’re his family. After everything I know about Shadowhunter
and omega history, do you understand why I didn’t trust you?” Magnus asked.

“Yes.” Izzy said, tears streaming down her cheeks. “You try not to involve yourself with Shadowhunters because of all of the horrible things you’ve seen them do to their own people over and over again for centuries. The omega gene didn’t die out. It was killed off. You had no reason to trust us. You have no reason to trust any non-omega Shadowhunter. Omega Shadowhunters you will seek out and protect, protect them from their own kind. It shouldn’t be that way. It never should have been that way. I’m glad you found my brother. I’m glad you’re his fated mate, because you can protect him. You can keep him safe. After hearing all this, I don’t know who we should be fighting for. The Clave that kills their own kind? The demons that we spend countless hours training for to hunt down to protect the mundanes? Why aren’t we fighting to protect the hidden omegas from Shadowhunters? Shadowhunters that turn on their friends and even their parabati’s. I honestly don’t know that I want to be a Shadowhunter anymore.”

“Izzy’s right. Who should we be trying to protect?” Jace asked.

“I can’t answer that for you. That’s a decision you’re going to have to make on your own. But I do suggest that you wait to make that decision until you know more. There’s more to this story. This is only the start of Gideon Lightwood’s legacy. And there’s much more you need to know, about the past and the present. But right now my angel needs to rest. He’s heard enough for now.” Magnus said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s brow. “Let’s get you to bed, love, you need to rest for a bit.”

“Okay.” Alec murmured. Thoughts and emotions were running rampant through him. He couldn’t sort them out. The horrors of what he had just heard were racing through his mind, over and over again. Mental images of what his own people had done to his ancestors, and countless more. And what they might do to him had his head spinning and his stomach churning. Gently Magnus reached beneath Alec’s knees, lifting him into his arms.

“It’s going to be alright, love. I’ve got you now.” Magnus murmured in Alec’s ear.

Moving quickly he pushed the bedroom door open and carried Alec inside. He laid him carefully on the sapphire blue linens, tucking him in with the soft duvet and satin sheet. He could see the angst and turmoil in his angels eyes. Snapping his fingers a vial appeared in his hand.

“Sweetheart, I need you to drink this. It will ease your mind and help you rest.” Magnus said, brushing a soft lock of ebony hair from Alec’s eyes. Gently lifting Alec’s head he held the vile to Alec’s lips. Alec swallowed it without question.
“There now, love. Just rest. I’ll be right here.” He said, taking his place at Alec’s side.

With a deep breath Alec closed his eyes, instantly drifting off into a dreamless sleep. Magnus took Alec’s hand in his own, kissing it softly. ‘There is so much more his angel needs to know, but right now he wouldn’t be able to handle it. He would break if he tried.’ Magnus thought.

Comments, suggestions, and feedback are always welcome! If you like this chapter please leave a vote!
Izzy anxiously paced outside the bedroom door. It had been three hours since her brother’s mate had carried him inside. It broke her heart seeing her brother this way. He had always been the strongest of the strong. Before his presentation he was everyone’s go-to guy for everything. He knew everything, he could do everything. He was who she wanted to be when she grew up, well, the girl version. Even though they were only separated in birth by a few minutes, it had always felt as though he was so much older than she was, that he could do so much more.

Overtime, as children, she started noticing why. She didn’t notice at five what she started to notice at eight, before their formal training had started nine. At five, she was playing with dolls and with the children of the other Shadowhunters at the Institute, not knowing that while she played, her big brother was sitting at a desk in the library memorizing and practicing runes from the Grey Book at their fathers insistence. Or studying demonology, or whatever else their father had wanted him to learn.

While she was having tea parties, he was practicing tumbling with their then training master, Hodge, in a make-shift training room in the Institutes basement. He was never able to play when she had asked. His days were full. But she didn’t know that then. The only reprieve he had ever received as a child from his constant early morning training and daily studies was sleep, yet even then she didn’t know that he was being woken up hours before her.

During those early morning hours was when he had released his first flimsy arrow into a soft target twenty feet away, where it had struck home. But by eight she began to notice things, like bruises on his forearms and knuckles. Little nicks on his hands and arms. She didn’t know that he had already long since started his weapons training.

Back then he had always been mostly closed off and shy, but little by little, over time, she had slowly started to get him to speak. Then one day while she was trying to get him to talk to her it
just all came flooding out, like a dam had burst in him. All of the things that she didn’t know, all of the things that she should have noticed, came gushing to the surface. She was so angry. At herself, at their parents, but more so at herself. She was his twin. She should have known.

She was so mad she wanted to punch someone; and she did actually; Jen Havens, breaking her nose. So the next day, even though she was grounded, she was outside her brothers bedroom door at 5:05 am, waiting. She knew their father would be inside, waking her brother. So when her father hustled her still sleepy brother out into the hallway from his room for his daily tumbling and weapons training, she was there. Their father had tried to shoo her off, to tell her to go back to bed, that it was too early to be up; that was the first time that Isabelle Lightwood had fully put her foot down, laying the foundation for the badass woman she would come to be.

By the time she had finished her rant at their father, he finally just agreed to let her come along. And it was the same the next day, the day after that, and the day after that, until their father had just come to accept her accompaniment, muttering under his breath about ‘female stubbornness’. It wasn’t long after that it wasn’t just her waiting outside the door anymore, it was the team, the friends that she had played with at five. Alec had always been friendly towards them, but he had never had the chance to get to know them. But that day, that was the day he made his first friends. And they had been inseparable ever since.

The Institute had tried a few times after their ‘official training’ started at nine to split them into other training teams ‘so they could share their skills and knowledge’, the things that her brother had taught them, with the other kids in their class. But her brother had, in no uncertain terms, refused. He had gotten nose to nose with Hodge, and whoever else tried again later, and said ‘no, they stay with me’, despite their alpha commands. They had made a pact the year before to stick together, no matter what, and her brother never broke a promise. Her brother didn’t become their commander at fifteen like he was supposed to, he became their commander at nine when they had needed him to, to keep them together.

At twelve he had fallen ill with severe pneumonia. He had trained everyday as usual for days, despite our protests, until he had started coughing up blood. That was when Hodge had carried him to the infirmary where he had spent six days receiving around the clock intensive treatment. When he was released on the seventh day with orders of bedrest and no exertion by the doctors, he was pulled back into training on the eighth day by our mother. ‘He’s had a week’ she had said ‘that’s more than enough’. That was the day I had come to truly hate our mother. We had tried to go easy on him in training that day, but her brother wasn’t having it. If he was going to train, he was going to train, and so where they. It might have taken him three times longer to fully recover than it should have, but he was there, each day, to train with his team. And it had been that way ever since.

“A penny for your thoughts?” Simon asked, startling her. In her surprise she spun around with a quick roundhouse that he barely dodged, raising an eyebrow at her.
“Sorry. You startled me.” Izzy said.

“So I see. I didn’t think that was possible.” He said, pulling her into his arms, nose to nose. “Your worrying about Alec?”

“Yes. And remembering.” Izzy answered softly, eyes sweeping the closed door again. “How much longer do you think they’re going to be in there?”

“I don’t know, babe. As long as he needs to be, I guess. I don’t think Magnus is going to take ‘no’ for an answer.” Simon said, arms wrapped tightly around her trim waist.

“He’ll be the first.” Izzy said, her head on Simon’s shoulder.

“You were remembering when we were kids, weren’t you?” Simon asked, planting a soft kiss to the top of her head.

“Yeah. He was always there for us, Simon. Always. In training, while hunting, in battle. He always had our backs, no matter what. And now, he’s going through all this and there’s not a damn thing any of us can do to help him.” Izzy said, sniffling.

“Hey, don’t cry. The only thing that’s really changed is that now he has a mate. And a good one. One who obviously adores him and wants nothing more than to look after him. Has this omega stuff thrown him through a loop since his heat started, yes. And have we all been snowballed by what Magnus has told us about the past and the Clave, most definitely. But this is Alec were talking about. Nobody holds Alec down and lives to tell the tale. Especially with a badass, sexy little sister to beat the ever-living shit out of them first.” Simon said softly.

“Well, I did learn from the best.” Izzy said, smiling up at her mate. “Maybe Magnus can teach Alec a few things that he doesn’t already know. He’s only got 800 years on him.”

“I don’t know about that. Didn’t you know? Alec knows everything.” Simon said, making Izzy laugh. “There. There’s that beautiful smile. I’m sure Magnus will tell us something soon. If not, then you can beat down the door. Deal?” He asked, holding up his pinky.

“Deal.” Izzy said, taking it with her own.
Magnus gently brushed a lock of raven hair away from his sleeping angel's eyes. It would be time to wake him soon. He wanted more than anything to just let his little Shadowhunter rest. While his mate’s family couldn’t hear what was going on in here, he could hear everything that was going on out there.

Finally, Isabelle’s heels clicking outside the door had stopped. He might not be a mind reader in the traditional sense, but her thoughts had been so loud it had seemed as if she were screaming them at him. Hearing about his love’s childhood through her minds-eye had angered him. It had made him dislike Shadowhunters even more, if that were even possible, which apparently it was.

While he had come to both like and trust his mate’s team, his family, the one he trusted most was his Shadowhunter. The sweet, shy angel that he absolutely adored. But in hearing Isabelle’s thoughts, he felt as though he had learned a great deal about his young omega and a great deal about the foundation on which his wonderful personality was built. The true reason behind his adorable shyness, the protective nature for his team, and his dedication to protecting others. Did he get a childhood? No. Did he know now the origins of how his love came to be the commanding hero that he was known to be in the Shadow World, yes.

And to think that the Clave may try and harm him, after all of his hard work, his dedication to his team and to the wretched Shadowhunters he had trained and led into battle. The same Shadowhunters that had later turned their backs on him. And to think that they could completely dismiss his extensive and exceptional skills as a Shadowhunter, all because he was an omega? It was absolutely, positively, unacceptable. It was not going to happen. Even if that meant raising The New York Institute to the ground and wiping the sacred city of Alicante off the face of the earth, so be it. His mate would remain safe and unharmed. He would make sure of that.

With a deep sigh he gently stroked is young hero’s cheek. At his touch his Shadowhunter stirred.

“Alexander, sweetheart, it’s time to wake up.” Magnus said softly. “Come on, love. Let me see those beautiful blue eyes.” He said, leaning down to kiss his mate softly on the forehead.

A pleasant tingle passed through Alec’s body. Slowly his eyes fluttered open at the contact.

“There you are. Feeling a bit better now?” Magnus asked.
Alec nodded, yes.

He had already begun to surface when he heard Magnus’ wonderful voice and felt the soft kiss touch his skin. He felt calmer, relaxed. His mind was no longer racing with horrible thoughts, although his head felt a little fuzzy.

“What did you give me?” Alec asked.

“Just something to clear your mind and help you rest for a bit. Did it help?”

“I think it did, actually.” Alec said. “Can I get up?”

“Sit up slowly, love. You might feel a little dizzy or lightheaded.”

Alec pushed himself up slowly, Magnus helping to support him as he sat. Magnus was right, he did feel dizzy.

“You okay?” Magnus asked.

“You were right. I am a little dizzy.” Alec said.

“Do you need to lie back down for a bit longer?”

“No, I’ll be fine. It’ll pass.” Alec said, sitting up fully.

“You’ll have to be careful when you stand up. You’ll probably be a little unsteady on your feet until your body catches up and you adjust.” Magnus said, brushing another lock of hair out of Alec’s eyes.

“How long was I out?” Alec asked.
“About three hours. But it was worth it. You needed it.”

“Are the others still here?” Alec asked.

“They are. Your sister has been driving me nuts pacing outside the door. Her heels clicking against the floor for the last three hours made me want to turn her really awesome boots into fuzzy kitten slippers.”

Alec laughed. “You know, she’s the only Shadowhunter I’ve ever known that can hunt and fight in stiletto heels. But what can I say, she’s a badass. But then again, so are the rest of my team. She just does it and makes it look sexy, according to Simon.” Alec said.

“She does have style.” Magnus said with a smile. “Do you want to try getting up?”

“Yeah. I know this makes me sound like a wimp, but will you make sure I don’t fall?” Alec asked.

“Of course. I will never let you fall. No matter what.” Magnus said, pressing another kiss to Alec’s forehead. “Never.”

Alec looked his mate in the eyes as another tingle ran down his spine at the soft kiss. He knew, in that moment, that his alpha loved him, truly, madly, deeply, and completely, and that he would never leave his side. And he knew that he loved his alpha truly, madly, deeply, and completely, and that he would never leave his side.

“What’s wrong, sweetheart?” Magnus asked, concerned by Alec’s sudden silence.

“Nothing.” Alec said. “It’s just…I was thinking…I wanted to tell you….that I love you.” Alec stuttered, cheeks blushing crimson.

“I know, sweetheart. Just as I love you. But thank you for saying it.” Magnus said, cupping Alec’s cheek. Alec shuddered at the contact, making Magnus smile.
Robert Lightwood sat behind an ornate antique desk in The Head of the New York Institutes office, a bottle of scotch at his side. In his hand he held a photo. A photo of Alec and Izzy, laughing on their presentation day. The day that everything changed. The day his precious boy’s life had changed forever. His Alexander has been missing for three days, and his hope of finding him was waning.

He had yet to hear back from The High Warlock of Brooklyn. The Shadowhunters under his command had barely found a trace of his son, only his stele. He knew his sons team were searching around the clock for their leader, his brother, his sister, his parabati, and his daughters mate. He knew his daughters mate was the only thing keeping her grounded. His Alexander had taught them so much. Out of the hundreds of Shadowhunters he had dispatched, searching around the clock, none have searched harder than his sons team. They loved him, just as he loved them.

He wished that he hadn’t treated his son way he had. He regretted every hateful and hurtful word he had said. Because he didn’t mean a single one of them. He was proud of his boy, and always has been. Did he push him too hard? Maybe. But he knew that there was a chance, and he wanted him to be ready. He pushed him because he loved him. He loved him fiercely, as he did his baby girl.

“You’re not still moping, are you Robert?” Maryse asked, irritation obvious in her voice. “When are you going to accept that he’s gone?”

“You may have given up hope, Maryse. But I haven’t. As long as Clary can feel him, there’s still a chance.” Robert said, voice laced with despair.

“He should be gone. He’s nothing more than a worthless omega. What’s he good for now? Being someone’s whore?” Maryse asked.

“Don’t you dare speak of our son that way.” Robert napped. “He’s not just an omega. He’s still the son we raised. The warrior and hero he came to be. Don’t you ever speak of him like that again.”

“Fine. Go on. Keep wasting vital resources in this quest to find your precious omega, a disgrace to our family name. He doesn’t deserve to be a Lightwood and you know it.” Maryse said, her voice laced with venom.
“Get out. Get out of my office, you hateful bitch!” Robert commanded, full alpha. He was shaking with rage. She had no idea just how wrong she was.

Maryse was taken back by her husband’s words and his command. Without another word she turned and left, slamming the door behind her.

‘The only disgrace to the Lightwood name is you, you wretched bitch’. He said to himself, sitting back down. Picking up the photo again he sighed. His children had looked so happy. They had spent that morning goofing off. Alexander had let his walls down, in front of others, which he never did. Only his team truly knew him. They had been thick as thieves since he was eight years old, and he knew his son would protect each and every one of them with his life.

He picked up the short glass of scotch on his desk and threw in back in one go, then poured another before tucking the bottle back into his desk. Pulling out a pen and paper he began to write.

‘Dearest Mother,

There is no new news of Alexander. I had hoped that once we recovered his stele, that we would have had better luck finding him. I’m scared, mother. He could be anywhere. His parabati still says that she’s still feeling anxiety and pain through their bond. I’m starting to wonder if we’re ever going to find him. As long as Clary can feel him, I know that he’s alive. But what if someone or some ‘thing’ has him? What if that’s the cause of this constant pain she feels? I’m trying to hold out hope that he’s just holed up somewhere riding out his heat. I just wish that I was there to hold his hand and coach him through it. I never should have agreed to this charade of a marriage when I married Maryse. But I did what had to be done. I wish I could be there for him.
Even the strongest of the strong sometimes need their father. I should have gone to him immediately after his presentation to comfort him. To tell him that is was going to be okay. But I didn’t. What kind of father does that make me? We both know that I never loved Maryse. But I do love our children, unconditionally. It eats at me that they don’t know that. Especially now, when my son needs me the most. I hate the lies that I must tell every day to keep up this farce. But until I know what the Clave intends for him, I must continue this horrid facade. I don’t know what I would do if something were to happen to him. He would leave this world believing that his father didn’t love him. I’ll update you as often as I can. I will send word immediately should we find him.

Your loving son,

Robert’

Robert folded the letter and tucked it with a few pictures inside an envelope and sealed it. Picking up his stele he drew the fire message rune on the front. The envelope vanished in flame. Robert took a sip from his glass of scotch, memories of his children dancing in his head.

Finally the door to Magnus’ room opened, Magnus and Alec stepping out.

“Alec! Thank the angel.” Izzy said as threw herself at her brother, almost knocking him down. Magnus jumped to steady him.

“Be gentle, Isabelle. Alexander is a bit unsteady on his feet.” Magnus said.
“Why?” Izzy demanded, wrapping her arms gently around her brother.

Magnus’ eyebrows rose at her tone.

“It’s okay, Izzy-diz.” Alec said. “I’m just not fully awake yet. That’s all.”

Izzy punched her brother lightly in the shoulder.

“You know I hate that name.” Izzy said, trying, and failing to scold her brother.

“And that’s exactly why I use it.” Alec said, an amused glint in his eyes.

Izzy just folded her arms and huffed out an indignant breath, making Alec smile.

“Come, sweetheart. Let’s find you someplace comfortable to sit.” Magnus said, taking Alec’s hand and leading him into the living room.

“Can I sit with you?” Alec asked softly.

“Of course, darling.” Magnus said, leading them towards an oversize loveseat with cozy cushions. Alec tried and failed to stifle a yawn. Seeing this, Magnus snapped his fingers and a steaming hot mug of tea appeared in his hands. “Here, honey. Sip on this. It’s really hot and kinda strong, but it’ll help you wake up a bit.”

“Thank you.” Alec said, taking the steaming mug from his alpha.

“Is everyone ready the hear the legacy of Gideon Lightwood?” Magnus asked.

A chorus of yeses filled the room as everyone settled into their seats. Alec leaned over to whisper in his Magnus’ ear.
“This isn’t going to be like the last time, is it?” Alec asked so softly only Magnus could hear.

“No, love. It’s not.” Magnus said, kissing his precious mate on the forehead. The usual pleasant tingle ran down Alec’s spine and he visibly shuddered. Magnus smiled at his angel’s reaction. They were going to have so much fun together, he thought.

“Okay, on with the story then.” Magnus said, loud enough for everyone to hear. “As I said before, Gideon’s 5 year old daughter, Arabella, fled into the forest. The last words her father had said were ringing in her ears, her father telling her to run. She knew that she was being followed by the same Shadowhunters that had just murdered her family. She ran for miles, tears streaming down her cheeks, but she couldn’t stop, she wouldn’t. She had to honor her dying fathers last wish. So she kept running. Once she could no longer hear the pursuing Shadowhunters behind her she stopped to catch her breath. The only reason that she had made it as far as she had was because of her nephilim blood.”

“Question.” Simon said, interrupting Magnus’ story.

“Yes, Simon?” Magnus asked, annoyed.

“Where does all of this information come from? I mean, I know facts are facts, but the details? Where do they come from?” Simon asked, a bit intimidated by the look Magnus was giving him.

“From the seelies. You know that the Seelie Queen has eyes and ears everywhere. Be it through the eyes of a butterfly or bee, or a bear stalking the woods. They are everywhere. A great deal of the information that we have regarding the ‘details’ as you put it came from reports from her court. The only reason we accepted them as truth is that, as you all know, seelies cannot lie. There was once a time when the seelies were actually allies with the rest of the downworld. We don’t know when that changed exactly, or why. But the rest came from personal accountings. Anymore questions? I prefer not to be interrupted. It’s rude.” Magnus said, daring anyone else to speak. Alec just smirked at his mate. They were going to have so much fun together, he thought.

No one had the nerve to say a word. Simon looked as if he just wanted the couch cushions to swallow him whole.

“Good. Back to the story then. What young Arabella didn’t know was that the murderous Shadowhunters had not stopped chasing her, but that they had been ‘derailed’ if you will. The Seelie Queen had seen what had happened and saw young Arabella’s plight and decided to act.
Using her magic she willed the vines of the trees to ensnarl the Shadowhunters chasing Arabella while she built a great wall of thick branches from the trees surrounding them to block their way. By the time the Shadowhunters managed to free the themselves of the vines holding them captive, the wall was so thick and high, filled with vicious thorns, they knew there was no way through it. The wall stretched for miles on either side of them, shielding Arabella from additional pursuit. Part of that wall still remains. Once Arabella had caught her breath she continued on, her heart breaking. After several more miles she finally collapsed by a small stream, where she laid, unconscious throughout the cold winter night.

During an early morning walk Arabella was found by a warlock friend of mine, near death from her previous exertion and her time out in the bitter cold. Catarina had smelled Arabella’s nephilim blood and followed it to where Arabella laid, unconscious on the cold stone of the streams bank. Word had already reached the warlocks, so she already knew what had happened to Gideon Lightwood and his family, and that one of his daughters had escaped into the forest. Taking the small child in her arms she carried her to her home, putting up protective wards to block Arabella’s location from detection. Once that was done, Catarina began to tend to Arabella. Catarina is an excellent healer and Arabella regained consciousness rather quickly.

For weeks Arabella wouldn’t speak. Exasperated, Catarina sent word to me, asking for my help. Apparently, I have a way with children, or so I’ve been told countless times throughout my long life. I still remember the first time I laid eyes on Arabella. Arabella was the first known surviving omega born child in a century. She was a bit small for her age but had the most beautiful raven hair and crystal blue eyes, Gideon’s eyes. I took an immediate liking to her and she seemed to take a liking to me. I told her who and what I was and asked her if she could tell me what happened, asking why Catarina had found her at that stream. With tears streaming down her cheeks it gushed out of her, like a dam had burst in her. I held her in my arms as she recounted everything that had happened and sobbed her heart out.

By the end she was mentally and emotionally exhausted, so Catarina and I tucked her into the bed that Catarina had made for her, giving her a weak sleeping draft, and left her to sleep. Together, Catarina and I watched over her throughout the night in case Arabella woke. Up until that night Arabella had been plagued with nightmares, the screams in her sleep being the only sounds she had made since Catarina had brought her home. While Arabella slept, Catarina and I discussed our options for Arabella and decided that we should give her a choice. The next morning when Arabella woke, we all sat down for breakfast and I presented to her her options. She could either stay with Catarina in the forest, or she could return home with me. According to Catarina, it was the first time she had seen Arabella smile. So gathering Arabella’s meager possessions, including the doll that Catarina had made that never left her side, we portaled from Catarina’s cottage in the forest outside of Idris into my small country manor. Arabella was the third omega born child I had taken in. From the moment she arrived she was like the child I never had. I came to love her and see her as if she were my own, just as she came to love me.”

“You took her in?” Alec asked softly, tears welling in his eyes. “You took her in and raised her?”
“Yes, angel. I did. She was a light in my life, a light that I haven’t seen again, until you. I never imagined in my wildest dreams that the love of my life would be her great, great grandson.” Magnus said, wiping the freshly fallen tears from Alec’s cheeks.

The room was silent as everyone processed what they had just heard. Magnus Bane, The High Warlock of Brooklyn, the leader of all downworlders, had taken in the only surviving child of Gideon Lightwood, the great, great grandmother of his fated mate. And that Alec’s fated mate had raised his great, great grandmother as if she was his own.

Alec was stunned speechless.

“Alexander, honey, breathe.” Magnus said gently. Alec blinked at Magnus’ words. He took a breath in, not having realized he’d been holding his breath. “Are you alright, love?”

“I think I need a minute.” Alec said, climbing from his seat. Quickly he made his way to the kitchen. With his back against the wall he took several long, deep breaths. ‘Magnus knew my great, great grandmother. He raised her as his own’. He thought. Silently Magnus stepped through the kitchen doorway.

“Alexander?” Magnus asked softly.

“You should have told me.” Alec said. “You should have told me before.”

Magnus stepped in front of Alec, looking his angel straight in the eyes.

“I’m sorry, love. Your right, I should have. I just didn’t know how you would take it. Or maybe that was just an excuse I told myself. I’m so sorry, love.” Magnus said, pressing his forehead to Alec’s. “Can you please forgive me?”

“How many more? How many more Lightwood’s did you know? How many people, my family, have you known that you haven’t told me about?” Alec asked.

“A lot of them.” Magnus said, truthfully. “But I didn’t know. I didn’t know that one day I would
find my fated mate, my other half, in one of their descendants, and I didn’t know how to tell you.”

“What else have you kept from me?” Alec asked, a tear streaming down his cheek.

“There’s a lot you don’t know about me, Alexander. Things that I haven’t told you yet. Things that you’re not ready to hear. But I will tell you everything I know about where you came from.” Magnus said, gently wiping the tear away.

“Why? Why am I not ready to hear them?” Alec asked, voice barely a whisper.

“There are several reasons why, my sweet.” Magnus said. “You’ve just come to realize today that you love me. Has that changed?”

“No.” Alec breathed.

“You mean everything to me, Alexander. I would do anything for you. Give anything for you. And when you’re ready I will tell you everything there is to know about me. But you have to know, you have changed not only my life but my entire world. I have spent centuries searching for you. I had given up hope of ever finding a mate. I thought I was destined to spend eternity alone. And then you happened. You, Alexander. The bravest, strongest person I have ever known. Every day you take my breath away.”

“How can you say that? I’ve been nothing but weak since the moment you first saw me. I haven’t been strong or brave. There’s nothing special about me, I’m just a weak omega.” Alec said.

“Your wrong. You’re so very wrong, sweetheart. You’ve been so strong. So very strong, and brave. Having gone through all that you have. Even now, when you’re at your most vulnerable, when your emotions are beyond your control, you’ve been so strong. No other person could have done as well as you have. The amount of inner strength you had to last as long as you did that first day, before you even got to that bridge, just goes to show how very strong you are. And having so much thrown at you in the past few days, you’ve lasted longer than any other omega I have ever known, and I’ve known more than you can possibly imagine. And you are special. So very special. Not just because you are the best Shadowhunter the Shadow World has ever seen. Not just because you’re a hero. But because of who you are, inside. That’s what makes you special. The love and dedication you have for your team. The lengths you’ve gone through to provide them with the skills they have. Skills no other Shadowhunter has, except you, their leader. You are special to them. And most of all, your special to me. More than you could possibly imagine. Please don’t doubt yourself, love. Please don’t let what others have said make you feel like you are less than you are. Because you are amazing. In every way. I feel blessed that you’re my
mate. You’ve pulled me out of the dark and into the light, just by being who you are.

Don’t let what you’re going through now change the way you feel about yourself, because it will pass. In just a few days you will be your normal self again. I know that heats are hard. But being an omega doesn’t make you weak. Trust me. You are special, and wonderful in each and every way.”

Alec closed his eyes, tears streaming down his cheeks. Dozens of thoughts and emotions were running through his head. He knew he loved Magnus, and that Magnus loved him. He knew he loved his team, and that they loved him. They were his family. The only family to ever accept him for who and what he was. It was unconditional. If he could only hold on to that. If only he could only anchor himself to that, then maybe, just maybe, he could push back the turmoil running rampant in his head.

“Tell me what you’re thinking, love.” Magnus said, wishing his mate would open up to him.

“There are so many things. So many things running through my head. I don’t know how to make them stop.” Alec said, opening his eyes.

Magnus’s heart broke at the pain he saw in his angel’s eyes. The hurt and confusion there.

“Do you need another rest, darling? I can give you another draft.”

“No. No more drafts or potions or anything else. Just tell me how to make it stop.” Alec begged.

“I don’t know how, sweetheart. The only thing I know is to sleep it off and rest. But you won’t let me help you with that.”

“Can you just hold me then?” Alec asked.

“Of course, angel.” Magnus said, gently pulling Alec into his arms. Alec’s head came to rest on his shoulder, Magnus’ one arm holding him firmly around the waist while the other gently rubbed soothing circles into his back.
Alec took a deep breath, comforted by his mates embrace. In that breathe he took in his alphas soothing scent, vanilla, chocolate, coffee, and musk. Within seconds he felt himself relax in his mates arms, his mates scent calming him, a sense of peace and safety wrapping around him. “That’s right, sweetheart. Just breathe.” Magnus’ soothed, realizing that the best way to calm his Shadowhunter was with his alpha scent. He held his angel in his arms, holding him close as his love calmed himself.

“Feeling better now?” Magnus asked softly.

“Mm-hmm. Can we just stay like this?” Alec asked, finally calm.

“We can. But wouldn’t you like to hear the rest? About your family?” Magnus asked.

Alec pulled back at Magnus’ words; his pupils blown wide from his alphas scent.

“I don’t know if I can.” Alec said. “Please tell me there’s no more surprises.”

“I can’t do that, love, because there are. Some important ones. And if after you need to rest, you know you can. And you can scent me anytime you want.” Magnus said, cupping Alec’s cheek. He had seen the blown pupils in his Shadowhunters beautiful blue eyes and wondered if now was the time to tell him anymore. But it wasn’t his decision to make.

“Are they going to break my heart?” Alec asked.

“They might.” Magnus said truthfully.

Alec took a deep breath, standing up straight. ‘He was a Shadowhunter, an exceptionally trained warrior. If he could battle demons and fight in demon infested wars, and win, then he could handle a few painful words’ he thought to himself. He might not be his normal self right now, but he was a Shadowhunter and he was going to prove it, even if that meant only proving it to himself.

“I want to hear it. I want to know it all.” Alec said, voice strong.
Alec and Magnus walked back into the living room, hand in hand. Izzy stood, approaching her big brother, tears in her eyes. Reaching out Alec pulled her into his arms, wrapping her in a warm embrace.

“It’s alright, Izzy-diz. Everything’s going to be okay.” He said softly, planting a gentle kiss on the top of her head. “I promise.”

“This is so screwed up, Alec. Why did no one ever tell us? Why did they keep this from us? Especially after you presented. I know our parents are awful people, but I never thought they could be this cruel. We had a right to know. You had a right to know.” She said, tears streaming down her cheeks, smearing her makeup.

“Your right. They should have told us. The important thing now is that we do know. And we’re going to know it all. And when we face them, we will face them with the truth.” Alec said, wiping the tears from her cheeks. “So no more tears, okay?” He asked, the strong, confident, comforting big brother.

“Okay.” Izzy said, giving her big brother one last hug. Pulling back she sat back down with Simon, resting her head on his shoulder.

“Come sit down, love.” Magnus said from the loveseat.

Turning from his little sister Alec took his seat beside his mate. Like his Izzy-diz, he made himself comfortable beside his love.

“Are we all ready to hear the rest of Gideon Lightwood’s legacy?” Magnus asked.

There were nods and murmured yeses from the still stunned Shadowhunters.

“Okay. As you all know, I raised Arabella as my own. I kept her within my wards leading up to her presentation date. Since I didn’t know her birthday, I could only estimate when she might present. Arabella loved to play in the gardens. When she wasn’t in the library that’s where she generally went. One day we were out in the garden clipping roses together. She always kept red roses in the house. That was the first thing that Gideon had taught her to grow.
It was then that I first scented her omega pheromones and knew that her presentation wasn’t far off. Many don’t know this, but warlocks can scent an omega up to a week before they present. I wasn’t sure if I should tell her or not. I struggled with it for a couple of days and ultimately decided she should know. So I called her out to the garden and asked her to sit with me by her roses. That was our spot. At first, we sat in silence. She didn’t know why I had called her out to the garden, and I didn’t know how to start. I started to notice her getting anxious. She asked me if everything was okay. I remember it like it was yesterday. I remember thinking to myself ‘my baby girl is all grown up’. I took in her long raven hair, her pink cheeks, her youthful innocence, and those breathtaking, beautiful blue eyes. I plucked one of her roses of the nearest bush and handed it her. ‘Everything is fine, my Belle. There’s just something I wanted to talk to you about.’ I said. ‘What is it? You seem troubled.’ She said. ‘No, not troubled. I’m never troubled when I’m with you. But I fear I may not have you much longer.’ I told her. ‘What do you mean?’ She asked. I could hear the fear in her voice. ‘You’re going to present soon, Belle. In a few days time. As an omega.’ I told her. ‘How do you know?’ She had asked. I told her ‘I can scent your pheromones.’

I could see the fear in her eyes when she asked ‘So you think the Clave will come for me?’ ‘No, no my Belle. Not at all. I would never let them hurt you. Never. You’re going to grow. You’re going to find your mate and have children. You’re going to make your papa a grand papa. It’s just, once you’ve found your mate and start your own family, I won’t have you to myself anymore.’ I had said. ‘Do I have to leave here? Once I find my mate? I don’t want to leave you.’ She told me, a single tear running down her cheek. I couldn’t help but smile, even though inside my heart was breaking. ‘Once you find your mate, and if you both decide that here is where you want to be, then you never have to leave. I’ll build you a cottage of your own so I can see you every day. And we can teach your babies to grow red roses.’ I’d told her. She had been so happy when I told her that, a red rose materializing in Magnus’ hand.

Magnus held it gently as he brought it to his nose, eyes closed as he smelled it’s beautiful scent.

“I keep them all the time. The roses.” Magnus said, opening his eyes, taking in the tear streaked faces of his mate and the girls. “In the winter I grow them in the atrium. But no matter where I am, or where I go, her roses always go with me. This very rose grew from a cutting I took from my garden all those years ago. And each year as they wither and die, I take a fresh cutting and plant them all over again.”

Magnus didn’t know it, but tears were streaming down his cheeks as well.

“There are only a handful of people who know of this. Of what happened to Arabella Lightwood. Where she went, or what became of her.”
“Do we need to take a break, Magnus?” Alec asked softly, taking Magnus’ free hand.

“No. No, angel, we don’t. This is just something that I haven’t spoken of in a very long time.” Magnus said, offering the rose to his beautiful Alexander.

Alec took it gently, not wanting to harm it in any way. He understood now why there were red roses all over the loft. They were a piece of the child he had raised.


“Of course, Isabelle. Of course.” Magnus said. “As I had predicted, three days later, my sweet Belle presented as an omega. Her presentation was much different than Alexander’s.” He said, raising Alec’s hand to his lips for a soft kiss. “She already had all she needed to bare children. The only real change was the increase of her omega pheromones and her scent. So I adjusted my wards, to hide her new scent and we waited. Three months later her first heat set in. I tended to her as best I could. I would have suppressed it if that were an option. The suppression potion can only be used after an omegas first heat to determine their natural cycle. Some omegas go three months between heats, others four. I had to know when to give her the potion before her next heat.

And that’s what we did, every three months, for two years. Then one day everything changed. She was out in the garden, clipping roses when the most wonderful scent filled the air. She looked up, and through my wards saw a very hansom man on horseback. You must understand, my manor was glamoured and my external wards were twice as thick. No one could see through, not nephilim, not downworder, not mundane. But he did. I stood on the porch and watched as their eyes locked. Him on his horse on the road and her in the garden fifty feet away. He immediately came down off his horse and walked towards her. He couldn’t see my manor, he shouldn’t have been able to see her, there was only one reason why he could. He was her fated mate. A Shadowhunter.

His name was Robert Lightwood. A shock, I know. But he wasn’t a Lightwood by blood, he was only given the name at birth. Belle was both awed and terrified. It was Shadowhunters that had murdered her family and chased her through the winter woods, where she would have died if not for Catarina. But she couldn’t tear her eyes from his. He reached out a hand, right outside my ward, and I watched as she did the same. I knew that she had met her other half, and while part of me was thrilled for her, another part was grieving because I knew that I was no longer her one and only. Selfish I know. I couldn’t hear what she said to him, but he nodded, and she came racing up to me on the porch. I already knew what she was going to ask. She wanted to invite him in. And she wanted me with her, just in case. I agreed to allow him passage through my wards, but warned her, should he make a single move that I perceived as a threat he would not live to see another day. She assured me that he wouldn’t and with my heart breaking I allowed him into my home. When I heard his name I was just as shocked as you but held my tongue. I wanted to hear what he had to
He introduced himself to me as Robert Lightwood, born to Izabelle Lightwood. He explained that his mother’s name had been Izabelle Branwell. Her mate had died in battle, along with her father and brother, while she was with child with him. The Lightwood’s still in Idris had taken her in and adopted her into the family. So at birth, as she was now a Lightwood, he was given the Lightwood name.

For two years they met in secret, whenever they could. His love was so great for her, he wouldn’t risk her safety, so they always met at the far end of my manors grounds. Although I liked him well enough, as he always seemed to treat her well and made her happy, I guess she didn’t want her papa too close by while they had their brief amounts of time together. I knew that they had mated at some point. But had no idea when. He could mate her but couldn’t claim her. Had he done so, his scent would have changed, and everyone would know that he had found a mate that he couldn’t reveal.

Another year passed when she came to me and asked me to build her the little cottage we had discussed in the back gardens. She told me that she was ready to bare children, she wanted to be a mother. While I was overjoyed that she was going to make me a grand papa, another little piece of my heart broke. She truly was growing up. It’s every parent’s dream to watch their children grow and find happiness and love and build a family of their own and live out their lives, but that doesn’t mean it doesn’t hurt a little. With each step they take, they move further away from you.

So the next day we went out onto the grounds and she picked the spot where she wanted her cottage to be. And with tears in my eyes I raised it from the ground for her, every detail exactly as she had asked. I could never deny her anything. When Robert next came, he fell in love with it, as much so as my Belle did. There was two months left before her next heat and that night she told him why the cottage had been raised. She told him of her dreams. He was beyond ecstatic. He had wanted nothing more than to marry her then and there. But that, in the traditional sense, wasn’t possible. While her skin could easily bare the mark of the wedded union rune, as she was a nephilim, he couldn’t be marked without risking putting her and their future children in danger. And that was when I truly came to accept Robert Lightwood into my little family. So we had a simple ceremony at which I presided, marrying my only daughter to the man that she loved and that I had come to trust, despite the transgressions of other Shadowhunters of the past. I was honored to call him my son.

It took three heat cycles before she fell pregnant. Once she did, he was at her side as much as possible. When he couldn’t be, I was there to tend to her instead. The further along she got, the bigger her belly became. She had always been petite, and her small frame gave her great pain with the weight of the children growing inside of her. It was obvious to me that she was carrying multiples by the size of her growing belly. So as her pains increased, I called Catarina to examine her and asked if she would midwife the children’s births. Happily she agreed. She was both thrilled and honored at my request.
Since the day I took my Belle away from her cottage in the forest we had remained in touch. I kept her up to date as Belle grew up so she was well aware of Robert and their relationship. Catarina immediately put Belle on bedrest, insisting that she shouldn’t spend too much time on her feet. She could easily injure herself as her small frame was not accustomed to bearing so much weight.

Three months later my Belle felt her first labor pain. Robert and Catarina were both away. I sent a simple fire message to Robert that just said, ‘It’s time’, and another to Catarina. She arrived long before Robert as she was only a portal away. Robert arrived in half the time that I had expected it would take. He must have rode hard and fast to get to his love.

My beautiful Belle was in labor for thirty-six hours before the first child began to crown, Robert having held her in his arms the entire time. I knew by the look on Catarina’s face that something was wrong. I still remember the feeling of dread that filled my stomach as Belle’s first child came into this world. It was a baby boy, stillborn. Belle wept for her child and wanted desperately to hold it. To memorize his little face, but there wasn’t time. The second child quickly followed the first and Belle had to push. Before the child was out, Catarina looked at me with tears in her eyes. The baby girl was stillborn. At this Belle and Robert both wept, great, heaving sobs. But there was no time for that. There was still one more to go. I murmured as many sweet nothings in her ear as I could and held her hand, pressing soft kisses to her hair. I knew what was going to happen to my Belle. She had lost so much blood and her breathing was strained. I could see that her once brilliant blue eyes had turned to a softer, duller hue. She didn’t have much time. The look on Catarina’s face confirmed my fears. When the final moment came, as the last child began to crown, Belle gave one final push, giving birth to a beautiful baby girl who’s cries filled the small cottage. The child had survived. As weak as my Belle was, she wanted to hold her daughter in arms. With one last look at me, then Robert, and finally her baby girl, she took her last breath as her child cried in her arms.

That was the moment my heart shattered completely, despite the beautiful baby girl Catarina laid in my arms. She had her mother’s raven hair and Robert’s eyes. Robert, as you can probably imagine, was devastated. He had just lost two of his children and his fated mate. For two hours he wept over her, never releasing her from his arms. Once Catarina had finished cleaning and tending to the baby, it took both of us to pry my Belle from his arms. As we sat together by Belle’s side we wept in each other’s arms. It was the sound of the babies cries that pulled us apart. Robert ached to hold the only tiny piece of his little family that he had left. And once he had her, he wouldn’t let her go. For two days he carried her in his arms, feeding her, bathing her, and holding her while she slept.

He held her close during Belle’s burial and those of his first two children. On the third day I had to intervene before he fell ill, and his daughter lost both of her parents. It was hard for him to let me take her, but he knew that I was right. So I tended to my granddaughter while her father ate and then slept. He only had one more day before he was due back in Idris. He had left under the guise of a hunting trip, so we had to make a plan. Once he awoke, we sat down to plan things out. Robert was unwilling to leave his daughter behind, even knowing that I would provide her with the best of care and that he could see her anytime.
My heart was still in pieces as we discussed my granddaughter’s future. We finally decided that Robert would return home with his daughter under the guise that he had found the newborn child abandoned by a stream while hunting and brought her home. He told his family that he wanted to keep her and raise her as his own. They were hesitant, afraid that perhaps he had stumbled across an abandoned mundane baby. But once the Silent Brothers confirmed her nephilim blood it was decided that he could keep her. As far as his mother knew, Robert had never found a mate and was getting older. It wasn’t uncommon back then for Shadowhunters to not find a mate. Destined mates could have easily passed on due to illness or injury before they had ever had a chance to cross paths with their mates. The Lightwood’s used what little influence they had managed to rebuild with the Clave after Gideon’s betrayal to push the adoption through quickly. Belle and Robert’s surviving daughter was officially recorded in the Clave’s records as Bella Sophia Lightwood, born in 1929, date unknown.”

The room was so quiet you could have heard a pin drop. Magnus looked drained. Alec leaned into his side.

“Magnus. Are you alright? Is there anything I can do?” Alec asked softly.

“No, love. There just old memories. Do they hurt a bit, yes. But I’ll be fine. But thank you for asking.” Magnus said, giving Alec a weak smile.

“Would it help if I told you I loved you again? Even more now after hearing this, which I didn’t think was possible?” Alec whispered softly.

“Yes, angel. It does.” Magnus said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead. A small sob came from across the room.

All heads turned to Izzy, sobbing in Simon’s arms.

“Isabelle, what’s wrong, honey?” Magnus asked.

“Sophia is Izzy’s middle name.” Alec said softly.

“Oh Isabelle. I’m sorry. I didn’t know.” Magnus said, climbing up and crossing the room to her. She stood up immediately and leaned into Magnus’ arms, allowing him to hold her in a fierce hug.
“So let me get this straight.” Simon said. “Alec was named after Gideon and his fated mate Alexander. And Izzy was named after Robert’s mother Izabella?”

“Actually, no.” Magnus said, releasing Isabelle to take her seat by her mate. “Alexander was in fact named after Gideon and his fated mate, Alexander. It was assumed that Robert named his daughter after his mother, when in all actuality she was named after her mother. But Isabelle’s middle name did come from my Belle’s daughter.”

“Then were did Izzy’s first name come from? It seems odd that Alec would be named after two ancestors and Izzy just one.” Jace said.

“Your right. It would be odd. But I haven’t finished my story.” Magnus said.

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Chapter 6 - Revelations - Part 5

Chapter 6

Revelations

Part 5

Day 3

Everyone settled back into their seats, waiting for Magnus to continue his story. Once all were settled Magnus started to speak.

“Robert adored Bella. From the moment she was born, she was everything to him. He loved and cherished her and did his best to give her anything and everything she could ever want or need. When she was little, he would spend his free time having tea parties with her and playing dress up.” Magnus said, a small smile at the memory. “Did he get a lot of flack from the other Shadowhunters, sure, but he didn’t care. All that he cared about was his baby girl.

He sent me fire messages every few days, telling me about their adventures and how it wasn’t fair that she was small enough to hide in some of the nooks and crannies of Lightwood Manor that he just couldn’t fit into to catch her. Apparently, she thought it was funny. He called her a cheater. But they both had fun.

When she was five, he took her out for her first riding lesson. He took her out into a big field outside of Idris. He chose this spot for a reason. He wanted me to see her, even if it was just for a couple of hours. He didn’t want every moment of her childhood to be relayed through fire messages. And I couldn’t have been more grateful. I cherished those moment when I got to see her, hear her voice, and hear her laugh. She was the spitting image of her mother at that age. Every time he brought her out of Idris, I was able to be there, even if I was in the shadows.

Finally, when she turned sixteen, he brought her out into the field and set her down for a picnic. He had decided, and I agreed, that it was time to tell her everything. Everything about where she came from and how she came to be. Robert called me out of the shadows so she could meet me. At first, she was shell shocked after everything she had heard, trying to take it all in. She looked at me for several minutes before she spoke. ‘So you’re my grand papa’ she asked. I told I was. Then it was like a dam had burst inside her, dozens of questions came pouring out. She wanted to know everything there was to know about her mother. Details her father wouldn’t know. Like, how she was as a child, that sort of thing.
We talked for hours, Robert, Bella and I. But then it started to get dark. It was time for them to head back to Idris. And that’s when the anger set in. She didn’t want to go back to Lightwood Manor, not knowing what she knew. She didn’t want to be a Shadowhunter anymore. She didn’t want to continue her training. She wanted her and her daddy to come home with me. But I told her it couldn’t be that way. Robert and I told her she had to go back. She had to continue her training. She needed to learn everything she could about how to protect herself because she did carry the omega gene.

She was already a fierce, fierce Shadowhunter. But she needed to learn everything she could, master everything she could. It was with tears running down her cheeks that she asked ‘How am I supposed to face those people knowing that any one of them could turn on their own kind, that they could turn on their friends, their parabati, anyone, with a simple secret order from the Clave? How am I supposed to take any order from the Clave now? Or follow any of their commands?’ We told her she had to be strong. That she had to be brave. We told her that she came from Gideon Lightwood, the best of the best in his time. We had to tell her that she was the next Lightwood Shadowhunter to take up that mantel. She wasn’t just a nephilim or a Shadowhunter, she was, above all else, a Lightwood. The strongest of the strong. The bravest of the brave. So she returned to Idris with her father, a broken heart for those who had come before her, and a belly full of rage.”

At this Magnus fell silent, lost in his memories. A minute passed.

“What happened, Magnus?” Izzy asked.

Magnus jolted at her voice, having been lost in thought.

“Magnus, are you okay?” Alec whispered in his Magnus’ ear.

“Yes, love. I’m fine. Really, I am. I just remember her so clearly. All of them. Just like it was yesterday.” Magnus said, an unshed tear in his eye.

“We can stop if you want to. If you need to.” Alec said, rubbing soothing circles into Magnus’ back.

“No. I need to get this out. And you need to hear it.” Magnus said with a weak smile. “So, where was I? Yes. We had just told Bella about her family history and she was angry. But she was a strong Lightwood. She took her anger and channeled it into her training. Within six months she was the best Shadowhunter in Idris in both hand to hand and physical combat. Within a year she had mastered every weapon. Everyone wanted her on their team. But she didn’t want a team. She
told me in one of her fire messages that she just wanted to be left alone to train and hunt in peace. But the Idris Institute wouldn’t allow that. No Shadowhunter goes out on missions without backup.

I told her to bide her time. She only had a year left before her presentation, then she could leave the Institute if she wanted. There is, and never has been a law that says that once a Shadowhunter has reached age, that they must stay and serve.”

Everyone gasped at this new revelation.

“What?” Magnus asked. “Let me guess. No one told you about that either?”

“No. We’ve been raised to believe that were born, trained, we present, and continue on. Our field training starts at fourteen. We’re out unsupervised at fifteen. But with Alec being Alec, we were out unsupervised after three months.” Jace said.

“Your telling me that the Clave sent out five fourteen-year-old Shadowhunters, alone, to hunt demons at just over fourteen?!” Magnus asked, outraged.

“Magnus, we were fighting in the Dark War at sixteen. And some a lot younger than us. The Clave tried to keep them in the back, reloading weapons and tending to the wounded…” Alec said.

“But what?” Magnus interrupted. “Some were killed, right? How many children were killed Alexander? How many did the Clave sacrifice? What happened to women and children don’t fight in wars? Or is that just a mundane thing?"

“I don’t know.” Alec said honestly. “But in our world, if you can swing a seraph blade, which at fourteen, you’ve had five years of training, your expected to be able to do it, you can fight. I’m not saying I think it’s right. Because I don’t. A lot of people didn’t. Before the troops were dispatched dozens of petitions were sent to the Clave from Institutes all over the world asking that those under sixteen not be asked to fight. Since there were so many petitions, from so many Institutes, the Clave had to take it under council. The council members met to discuss the matter. But the end result was still the same. The only thing that changed was that any Institute caught hiding the younger Shadowhunters would be charged with treason, and the penalty was death for anyone suspected in being involved, including those they were trying to protect. Shortly after, envoys were dispatched to each Institute to make sure that everyone complied. They did a rollcall every day.”
In a fit of rage, Magnus’ eyes turned black and his body burst into flame, a blue luminescent shield protecting Alec from harm.

“Magnus? Please, calm down. I know your angry, but please calm down. Calm down and talk to me.” Alec begged.

In an instant the flames vanished. Hearing the distress in his omegas voice brought Magnus back to the here and now. He blinked a couple of times before his eyes turned back to their original chocolate brown. Everyone in the loft was too stunned to speak, except Alec.

“Magnus, please. Talk to me.” Alec pleaded.

“I grow to hate your Clave more and more each day. Something I didn’t think was possible. But the more I hear, the more I hate them. I was distrustful of your family when they came to me looking for you, Alexander.” Magnus said softly. “Had I known all of this…” He trailed off.

A heavy silence hung in the air.

“Then I guess it was best that you didn’t know.” Alec said, squeezing Magnus’ hand in his own.

“You said, when we first came to you, that you would help us because we were looking for Alexander Lightwood, after we told you we were searching for a male omega Shadowhunter. It wasn’t until we told you who he was that you agreed to help. It was because of who he was. You were going to go after him because of your past and your connection to the Lightwood’s. But you were going to go after any omega Shadowhunter, weren’t you?” Jace asked.

“Yes. I would have gone after any omega Shadowhunter that was brought to my attention. To keep them safe. But I was dead set on finding Alexander because of who he was and what the Lightwood’s mean to me. Since the day Gideon Lightwood gave birth to my Arabella, I’ve always had a vested interest in the Lightwood’s. They’ve always been like family, something I’ve never had before. I’ve known of Alexander since the day he was born, Isabelle too.” Magnus said.

“How could you….?” Clary cut off, confused.

“I have known of every birth and death of every Lightwood since the days of Gideon. We’ll just say that I’m well informed. What I didn’t know was that my Alexander had presented as an
omega. That news never reached me. Until you showed up at my door.”

“You say your kept informed. By who? Who tells you these things?” Alec asked.

“In due time, love. In due time.” Magnus said softly, cupping his angel’s cheek. Alec couldn’t help but lean into the touch, holding Magnus’ hand in place with his own. Their eyes locked, chocolate brown staring into crystal blue. Neither knew how long they gazed into each other’s eyes. Finally, Jace cleared his throat, pulling them back to the present.

“I think we could all use a break.” Jace said.

After watching her brother with his mate, Izzy felt a swell of happiness fill her. Her big brother had love at last. Real love. She realized in that moment that the brother she adored, looked up to, and would die to protect, loved Magnus. Truly, madly and deeply. And that Magnus loved her brother truly, madly and deeply. They were meant.

“I agree. I think I could use a break myself.” Izzy said, rising from her seat and faking a stretch. Everyone else followed suit.

“Come with me?” Alec asked Magnus softly.

“Anywhere.” Magnus said, voice barely a whisper.

Climbing up from his seat, Alec took Magnus’ hand, pulling him along behind him. Crossing the living room, Alec pushed the bedroom door open, pulling Magnus inside.

Alec shut the door behind them.

“What is it, love? Are you alright?” Magnus asked, voice full of concern.

“I’m fine. It’s you who’s not.” Alec said, pushing Magnus backwards to the bed. He was forced to sit when his legs hit the edge.
“I’m fine, love. I told you, it’s just old memories.” Magnus said as Alec gracefully climbed onto his lap.

“I know. Memories that you’ve been holding onto for more than a hundred years. Memories I bet you’ve never shared with anyone.” Alec said, running his fingers gently through Magnus’ hair. “You’re not alone now. You don’t have to hide things away. You don’t always have to be strong or brave. At least not with me. Izzy told me that once. That I didn’t have to hold it all in all the time. And she was right.” He said, pressing his lips softly to Magnus’ forehead.

Magnus sighed at the contact. He knew that his little Shadowhunter had been holding back. Despite the affections he had shown him, he knew that he hadn’t yet broken through his mate’s walls. The wall that had protected his heart for eighteen years. Only his mate’s team, his family, held his affections. While they did know him, there was always a piece of him that had remained closed off. Now he could see that that wall was crumbling, little by little.

“I thought you were mad at me.” Magnus said softly.

“I was. Not so much anymore. Now that I know that you’ve been watching over and protecting my family. And that you loved them. But fate is fate. We were meant and nothing will ever change that.” Alec said, cupping Magnus’ cheeks. “I knew I loved you. Now I love you that much more.” He said, pressing another tender kiss to Magnus’ forehead.

Magnus sighed in contentment, wrapping his Shadowhunter in his arms. As much as he hated Shadowhunters, he could never hate this one. Alec pulled him closer, pressing Magnus’ head to his shoulder.

“Just breath, love.” Alec said softly. He didn’t know if this would work, but he had to try. He could still feel the tension radiating off his alphas body.

Magnus took a deep breath in, comforted by his angel’s embrace. In that breath he took in his omegas soothing scent, fresh peaches, strawberries, and cream. Within seconds he felt himself relax in his love’s arms, his angel’s scent soothing him, a sense of peace wrapping around him. He had never had this before. Never felt this before. It was beyond words.

“That’s right. Just breathe.” Alec soothed, now knowing that he could comfort his alpha with his scent.
Magnus took in one last deep breath before he pulled away.

“Feeling better now?” Alec asked softly.

“Much. Thank you, love. How did you know that would work?” Magnus asked.

“I didn’t. But I thought it was worth a shot.” Alec said, blushing.

“Are you ready to hear the rest? About your family?” Magnus asked, his pupils blow wide from his omegas scent.

“I think so.” Alec said, climbing from Magnus’ lap.

Magnus missed the contact immediately. The comfort of his angel holding him close was gone. Alec reached out a hand to help him up. ‘Another time’ Magnus thought to himself.

Magnus and Alec stepped into the living room, hand in hand. Magnus wasn’t ready to let go of his little Shadowhunter yet. All heads turned toward them.

“Are we ready to hear the rest?” Magnus asked. Everyone was already settled into their seats. A chorus of yeses filled the room.

“Okay. On with the story of Bella.” Magnus said as he and Alec took their seats. “As you know, Bella was listed in the Clave records with her birth year but the month and date unknown. There were only three people who knew when she was born, her father, myself, and Bella. On her presentation date she and her father rode out to meet me in the field where we always met.

As we waited for her presentation, we discussed what she wanted to do after she presented. She had decided that if she didn’t present as an omega, she would stay at the Institute. As much as she hated it, she felt it was her duty to smuggle out any other Shadowhunters that presented as omegas and get them to safety. We discussed her strategy. That if a Shadowhunter presented as an omega,
she would immediately send a fire message to me with a time to meet outside the Institute.”

“I’m sorry to interrupt.” Simon said. “But how did you get so close to the Institute. I mean, how did you get through the wards around Alicante without setting off the alarms?”

“That’s a good question. And the answer to it is some only a few people know. When the Clave came to the warlocks requesting that protective wards be placed around their sacred city, we obliged them for a heavy price. What they didn’t know was that I made a small tweak in setting up the wards. They believed that once the wards were created, no downworlder or demon or what have you would be able to penetrate them without setting off the alarms. I left a small rift in the wards in which I could enter freely. A door so to speak.

When I was ‘invited’ to elaborate affairs and such I had to go through the motions of being granted entrance when I really could have just walked through the front gates without all the commotion. But I had to maintain my secret. You see, wards have to be strengthened and repaired every so often, sometimes having to be completely redone. I’ve been called in a few times to do just that. Not even another warlock can detect what I built into the foundation of the wards. They don’t have enough power.” Magnus said.

“But that’s a story for another time. And you can not reveal this to anyone. No one knows when that little secret may mean the difference between life or death for any number of people inside that city. Now, back to Bella. As we were discussing her plan, her presentation started. To her father’s delight and relief, she presented as an alpha. He had been agonizing over this since the day she was born. Finally, he could breathe easy.

After her presentation we continued to discuss her plan. She had it very well planned out. During her time there she was able to get seven omegas out safely. Once I got them outside the city, unfortunately, I would have to wipe the last hour or so of their memories to protect all parties involved. Yes, I can do that. As you can probably guess, they were confused as to how they came to be outside the city, but someone was always there to guide them to safety. I was never seen.

No one inside the Institute or the Clave ever figured out where the newly presented omegas disappeared to. But there came a time when Bella had to stop. After the eight omega presented, the Institute had strict orders from the Clave to keep guards outside their chambers until a decision was made as to what to do with them. The men were executed immediately after presentation. The Clave ultimately decided that the women were to be confined to the Institute to be used as ‘breeders’.

They had no say in whom would use their bodies while in heat, they were free game. The Institute would only allow one Shadowhunter at a time to mate with the omega while they were in heat so if they fell pregnant, they would know which Shadowhunter the child belonged to. It’s horrific, I
know. Once a week every three to four months, what were once valuable female Shadowhunters were raped repeatedly until their heat either passed or they fell pregnant. If they resisted, they were severely beaten and restrained, left at the mercy of the one raping them.

Once pregnant, they were still confined to their chambers for the duration of their pregnancy until the child was born. And once the Institute physician gave them a clean bill of health after delivery, they went right back to where they started. They never got to see or hold their child. It was taken from them immediately after birth.”

“That’s why my mother called me a filthy whore and said I was only good for breeding.” Alec said, tears streaming down his cheeks. “Of everything you’ve said, this is the worst thing I’ve ever heard.”

Magnus took Alec in his arms, holding him close.

“I know, sweetheart. I know. But we stopped it.” Magnus said, pulling back to wipe the tears away. “We stopped it.”

“How?” Alec asked.

“We enchanted The Omega Chronicles. The moment a new omega presents the book always updates itself. There’s supposed to be someone watching the book at all times, but it’s a tedious job and quite boring. That’s my guess as to how your presentation was overlooked. But back then, it was watched with great care and scrutiny. Whenever a new name appeared a warlock would portal directly into the new omegas room and portal them out. Of course, the alarms would go off, but no one ever guessed that the perpetrator was right inside the door of the omegas room. They all went rushing to the front gates and perimeter.” Magnus said, pressing a firm kiss to Alec’s forehead. “Again, the downworlders stepped in and came to the aid of the omegas, offering them the safety of their homes. Just as they had before.”

“What became of Bella?” Izzy asked.

“Finally, it became too much. Her anger and hatred for the Clave had reached its peak. Knowing everything that she did, she just couldn’t tolerate it anymore. So she petitioned the Clave to grant her permission for a home outside the city. She told them that she felt too confined in Idris. She was the best Shadowhunter they had, she was a strong alpha, and could bare children, so they had no reason to deny her.
The conditions were that she was to come to the Institute every day for training and that she was to be on call at all times, should she be needed. Once her home was built, Robert petitioned the Clave to retire and live with his daughter. He was getting older in years and could no longer go on missions or patrols. You must remember that back then, they didn’t have the healthcare or medical resources that we have today. So, seeing as that Robert had served dutifully his entire life, dedicating himself to the Clave, they granted his retirement request.

About a year later Bella was in her garden, tending her roses, when the most wonderful scent drifted past her on a breeze. There was an envoy coming to the Idris Institute, passing right by her cottage. She dropped what she was doing and ran after it. She ran so fast that she stopped it in the middle of the road. The Shadowhunters driving it were shouting at her to get out of the way. But she refused. She had her mother’s stubbornness. She refused to allow them to pass until she had seen all parties on board. What she didn’t know was that a Shadowhunter within the envoy had caught her scent and was pushing his way through the other Shadowhunters. Right about the time that Bella was going to forcefully board a man stepped out. According to Robert, their eyes locked. She reached out a hand, he took it, and together they climbed off board.

Bella knew that there would be hell to pay but she didn’t care. And neither did he. Bella had found her mate. She didn’t know him, but from the moment she caught his scent she loved him, truly, madly, deeply. As it turns out, the man she took from the envoy was the whole reason that the envoy came. Well, him and a few others. They were being transferred from an American Institute. Bella received a scolding from the Clave, but no more. The Clave saw it as an opportunity. She was an alpha and so was he. They couldn’t wait for them to mate. And sure enough, a year later, Bella found out she was with child. After nine miserable months, and I say miserable because every discomfort a woman could have, she had, Robert, her mate, and I watched as a beautiful baby girl was delivered into this world. They named her Izabella Rose.”

“That’s where I got my name. Isn’t it?” Izzy asked.

“Sort of.” Magnus said. “You got the ‘Belle’ part from your great, great grandmother. My Belle.”

Izzy sniffled, trying to hold back tears.

“Was she a badass?” Izzy asked.

“She is.” Magnus said with a rueful smile. “She gave the Institute hell from the first day. But, as with those who came before her, she was the best. She mastered everything they threw at her, and they threw hard. Bella and her Michael couldn’t have been prouder. Then everything changed. Izabella met her fated mate about three months before she presented. They were madly in love. Then, to everyone’s shock, Izabella presented as an omega. There hadn’t been an omega Lightwood since Gideon. At least not that they knew about. So we implemented our plan. We
formed a plan before Bella presented. In case there was another Lightwood omega. It was get in, get them, and get out. Simple as that. As we expected, the Clave locked her in her chambers and put guards on the door.

Jason hated the part he had to play. He had to play the role of the disgusted Shadowhunter. He had to portray hatred and contempt. Just long enough to be believable. Izabella waited patiently for me to come for her, which I did. Ten minutes after I received Jason’s fire message I was in and she was gone. It was hours before anyone knew she was missing.”

“Back-up.” Alec said, voice weak and complexion pale.

“Yes, angel.” Magnus said, turning to him. “What’s wrong, sweetheart? Are you alright?”

Alec struggled to speak for a moment, trying to form words.

“Alec, what’s wrong?” Izzy asked, crossing the room to her brother. He grabbed her hand and held it tight.

“Sweetheart, talk to me.” Magnus said, voice full of concern.

Alec took a deep breath in and out before he met Magnus’ eyes.

“You said ‘is’. When Iz asked if she was a badass you said that she ‘is’. I meant exactly what I said. It wasn’t my intention to reveal it this way. But Izabella Lightwood is still alive.” Magnus said.

“Don’t you think that might have been the part you started with?” Alec demanded, pushing himself up from his seat. “Don’t you think we would have rather known about our LIVING grandmother before hearing the story of Gideon Lightwood and our entire FUCKING family tree?” He raged; cheeks flushed with anger. “Don’t you think we should have known that we
Alec paced the room as he screamed at his mate, pulling at his hair.

“Our father has kept this from us, our entire lives. And now, so have you! You told us by accident! Why? Why was it kept from us? Our entire family history since the death of Gideon Lightwood has been kept from us! You knew them well. All of them. You were a part of their lives. Each and every one. We didn’t even know their names, or that they ever even existed.” He said, voice starting to tremble. “And where was your plan? Your backup plan you claimed you had ready in case another Lightwood presented as an omega? Where was THAT when I FUCKING presented? Hell, you didn’t even know that another Lightwood had presented as an omega until MY TEAM, MY FAMILY, came and told you! Do you see how FUCKED UP that is?” Alec raged on. Everyone flinched, even Magnus.

“Sweetheart…” Magnus started.

“Don’t you dare try and tell me that I need to calm down.” Alec cut him off. “Or that this is just fucking omega hormones, because it most defiantly IS NOT. How could you?” He asked, the anger draining out of him, quickly replaced by heartbreak and tears. “How could you not tell me. How could you not tell me that I wasn’t alone? How could anybody not know about me? Like I don’t even exist.” Alec said as he slid to the floor against the wall, tears of heartache and betrayal running rivers down his cheeks.

Magnus moved to his side. All he wanted to do was comfort his sweet Shadowhunter. He knew that he had made a huge mistake. He had done it all backwards. And it had hurt the one he loved with his entire heart and soul, simply because he had chosen the wrong place to start.

“There is someone who knew.” Izzy declared; voice as hard as a stone. “There is someone. Robert Lightwood will never see another day.” She said, starting for the door.

Simon vaulted over the couch in time to block her path.

“I know your angry. About your grandmother and your father, and Alec, and you have every right to be. But let’s look at this with a calm head for a minute, okay? We don’t know why your father kept these things from you.” Simon pleaded.
“Did you not see the way he’s been treating Alec since he presented? His mother must be ashamed of him!” Izzy shouted.

“She’s not.” Magnus said, holding her weeping brother in his arms, whispering sweet nothings to his devastated mate.

“What do you mean, she’s not?” Izzy asked, turning on her heels.

“There’s more to it than you know. About your father, your uncle, and your grandmother.” Magnus said.

“What do you mean, our uncle? Let me guess, he’s alive too.” She said sardonically.

“He is. Please, sit down. There’s not much left to tell, but it will change the entire picture for you and Alexander both.” Magnus said, pressing a soft kiss to a now silent Alec’s head.

“Magnus, what’s wrong with him?” Clary asked, hands clamped tight around her stomach. She was white as a sheet and soaked in sweat, Jace holding her in his arms. “I could feel everything from him, the pain, the anger, the heartbreak, the sense of betrayal, the feeling of abandonment. All of it. And now I don’t feel anything. Anything at all.”

“He’s going to be alright, Biscuit. His emotions, with his heightened omega hormones, were more than he could take. His mind was so overloaded that it shut down. He needs time. A little time while his mind works to process everything. The closer he gets to consciousness, the more you will feel him again. In the meantime, I would suggest that we all take a break before Isabelle sets off to commit murder when not all of the facts are on the table, and while my angel rests. It’s well past lunchtime. Feel free to help yourself to whatever there is to eat.” Magnus said, softly stroking his Shadowhunters hair.

“This is so far from not over, Magnus.” Izzy declared.

Magnus reached beneath his mate, lifting Alec into his arms.

“I would be disappointed if it was, Isabelle. You forget, I know the Lightwood women very well,
and know what they can do.” Magnus said as he walked past her, pushing through the bedroom door.

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Pain. A throbbing ache was the first thing that Alec felt as he pulled himself up from the depths of unconsciousness. It was as if his entire body throbbed in rhythm to the beat of his heart. The further he surfaced the more he realized that it wasn’t his body, but his head. A small groan escaped him.

“Alec?” Izzy asked.

“Iz?” Alec asked, pushing his eyes open. She sat beside him, in Magnus’ place.

“How are you feeling?” She asked.

“Like my heads going to explode. Where’s Magnus?”

“I told him to take a breather on this one. He didn’t want to, but he finally agreed. And he left you this. He thought you might wake up with a headache.” She said, holding up a vial for him to see. “Do you want it?”

“Depends. Do you have any aspirin?”

She smiled as she picked up the small aspirin bottle on the bedside table and a glass of water. Popping the lid, she handed him a few. With a lightening pain through his skull he sat up, taking both of them.

“Iz, I don’t know how much more of this I can take. The last three days have been…” He trailed off.

“More than words can describe?” She asked with a small smile.

“Yeah, that.” He said, handing the glass back.
“This is so fucked up, Iz. I don’t know where one ends and the other begins.” He said, rubbing gently at his temples. “Three months ago I was Alec Lightwood, commander of the best team alive, called a hero, a title that I didn’t want, the best archer the Clave has seen in longer than anyone could remember, then I presented. And it all went to shit.”

“You, my dear brother, are still Alec Lightwood, the best commander of the best team alive, and you are a hero, a title that you do deserve rather you want it or not. And you are still the best archer that the Clave has ever seen, and I will follow that belief until someone shows me proof positive that there has been someone better. Yes, your presentation was a bit of shock, but at least now we know why. That whole Clave line about how there ‘hasn’t been an omega Shadowhunter in over two hundred years’ is total bullshit. And now we know it. From the time of Gideon Lightwood, every omega Lightwood Shadowhunter has been rock star, and so are you. And don’t let anyone tell you any different.” She said, brushing a lock of hair from his eyes.

“How can you say those things, Iz? Yes, I may be a good archer, but other than that, I’m no better than any other Shadowhunter.”

“Alec, how many demons and greater demons have you sent back to hell? Yes, some of it was a team effort, meaning you saved our asses when we tried without you. How many thousands did you save when you ended Valentine? And don’t try and say it was luck; because we both know it wasn’t. How many other Shadowhunters have you trained that wouldn’t be worth their salt otherwise? Good Shadowhunters, thanks to you. You have made a really big difference in our world. You are special, not because you’re an omega and the fated mate to The High Warlock of Brooklyn, who seems to be pretty powerful, but because, like I said, you’re a rock star. And were just your groupies.” She said with a smile that spoke only of love.

“You can say it all you want, Izzy-Diz. But that doesn’t mean that I have to believe it.” Alec said with a smile.

“Deal.” She said, leaning in to press a soft kiss on her big brother’s forehead.

There was a soft knock at the door.

“Izzy, Alec?” Clary asked through the wood. “Magnus is back. He has something to show you.”

“I guess that’s your que.” Izzy said with a smirk.
Giving her brother a hand, she helped him out of bed.

Izzy and Alec stepped into the living room. Magnus glanced up from what looked like a thick, ancient book.

“Alexander.” Magnus said, laying the book aside. He was beside his mate in less than two strides. “How are you? Are you feeling better?”

“Quite a bit, thanks.” Alec said, trying to be aloof.

“Hey, look at me, angel. I know your still upset.” Magnus said, gently tilting Alec’s chin to look at him. Their eyes locked, chocolate brown and crystal blue. In that instant both knew that all was forgiven, and they could move on. Leaning in, Magnus placed a gentle kiss to his Shadowhunters forehead. Alec shuddered at the touch; a pleasant tingle having worked its way down his spine. Magnus smiled to himself.

“Clary said you were back?” Alec asked, pulling away from his alpha.

“Yes. While you were resting, I took a trip to the Spiral Labyrinth. Let me show you what I found.” Magnus said, taking Alec’s hand and leading him to the open book.

“What’s this?” Alec asked.

“This, this is this year’s book in The Omega Chronicles. Well, last year’s actually. You were born on October 24th, right?” Alec nodded, yes. “Look at the entries on October 24th of last year.”

Alec scanned the names in the book, his brow furrowed.

“This can’t be right. I’m not in here. Why am I not in here?” Alec asked, confused.
“No one in the Spiral Labyrinth knows.” Magnus said.

“Maybe an oversight?” Simon asked.

“Not possible. This book is enchanted. Alexander’s name should have entered itself the moment he completed his presentation. And before you ask, there is no way it could have been tampered with. Only a select few warlocks have access to these Chronicles, myself included. Only those of us that took part in enchanting it. It’s just not possible.”

“That’s why you didn’t know that I had presented. It never appeared in the book.” Alec said.

“Yes and no, love.” Magnus said, lifting Alec’s chin to meet his eyes. “I should have known, regardless of this book. No matter what you presented as. Or Isabelle. I have followed the births and deaths and everything in between of every Lightwood since the time of Gideon. I screwed up. And it will pain me for the rest of my life. I knew you were The Archer. I knew that you were the best Shadowhunter alive. I knew that Isabelle was a badass warrior and about your team. But when it mattered most, when it meant the most, I failed you. I should have been ready on your birthday and upcoming presentation and been prepared to take action, for the both of you, and I failed. I’m so sorry.” Magnus said, an unshed tear in his eyes.

“It’s okay. I don’t know why I’m not in that book. And I don’t really care. And people make mistakes. It all worked out in the end.” Alec said, cupping Magnus’ cheek. “So let’s lay this to rest for now, okay?”

Magnus nodded, yes.

“There are still a few things that need to be cleared up.” Izzy stated. “Like, why in the hell where we kept in the dark. If Izabella Lightwood isn’t ashamed of her son, I want to know why. What? Did she not give a shit about her grandchildren? And why has my father treated Alec the way he has his entire life, and more so after he presented as an omega?”

“I think we should all take a seat for that one.” Magnus said.

After everyone settled into their seats, Alec snuggled up to Magnus, Magnus started to speak.

“As I’ve already told you, within ten minutes of Izabella’s confinement to her chambers, I received
Jason’s fire message. I was in and she was out. One thing that I will tell you is that if the last hundred plus years is any indication, all omega Lightwood’s find fated mates. That has just been the pattern. Why, I don’t know. Anyway, it was hours before anyone ever realized that she was gone. Once they had, they went straight to Jason. They interrogated him for hours, even subjecting him to the soul sword. We made sure that should Izabella present as an omega, all he knew was that someone would retrieve her, he wouldn’t know who, and he would have no idea where she was taken. So he passed the soul swords test with flying colors. All that they knew was that she had somehow vanished.

And as much as he hated it, he had to keep up the pretense that he was disgusted by her now that she was an ‘omega’. He was watched carefully on every patrol and mission, every move scrutinized, for a while. Once the Clave and Institute were both convinced that he knew nothing, all was back to normal. What they didn’t know was that each night he would send me a fire message letting me know he was ready. Once I copied his tracking rune signature, he was able to deactivate his rune and portal out of the Institute. As far as the Institute was concerned, he was asleep in his bed. That was when he spent his time with Izabella. It didn’t matter how exhausted he was from training and hunting, or from long patrols, that was their time. And he never missed a moment of it. As with Belle and Robert, they were able to mate, but not claim each other. They made the most of what they had and cherished every moment. One afternoon, several months later, everything changed for Izabella.

There was a mass demon attack on the outskirts of Idris, terrorizing the mundanes there. All available Shadowhunters were dispatched to stop the chaos. Jason was killed in the battle. He died a hero. Izabella knew the moment it had happened. Losing a fated mate is a thousand times worse than losing a parabati, the connection is so strong.

As you can probably guess, she was unable to attend his rite of passing, which only made it worse. She didn’t get out of bed for days. Days then turned into weeks. The only time she stirred was to use the bathroom. After a while she became physically ill. I sent word to Catarina to come and look her over. We thought that maybe Catarina could get through to her while she treated whatever ailment was affecting Izabella.

The first thing Catarina asked upon her arrival was when Izabella’s next heat was due. Then it hit us like a ton of bricks. Izabella’s heat period had come and gone. After Catarina examined her, and confirmed the pregnancy, she told Izabella. ‘I’m pregnant?’ were the first words to leave her lips since the moment of Jason’s death. She was ecstatic. While nothing could replace her Jason, she knew she was carrying a part of him inside of her. A part that she would love and cherish for all the days of her life.

Everything changed after that. By the next day she was up and moving, albeit a little weak from her time in bed, but she was slowly becoming her old self again. The illness we had called Catarina in for was simple morning sickness. While she battled it throughout the remainder of her first trimester, she pushed through it. She would only eat the best foods for her child to ensure that the baby would enter this world healthy and strong.
When Catarina came for her second trimester visit, she was amazed at the difference between the Izabella she had first seen and the Izabella that stood before her. During the exam, Izabella was beyond excited. She wanted to know everything. That was when she learned that she was carrying perfectly healthy twin boys. Gideon Alexander and Robert Jason."

“Our father and uncle.” Izzy said, awed. “But what happened? Why was our father so cruel to us? So cold? And why did he treat Alec the way he has?”

“Well, that’s where it get’s tricky. Izabella gave birth to her twins and cherished them. But how were they going to report them to the Clave without knowing where they came from? Children of an omega were not going to be accepted, probably killed, and without proof of new life from the Lightwood line, for all the world it would have ended with Izabella. She had no choice but to send her boys to the Institute when the time came. And as much as she hated it, she wanted her boys to learn everything they could to defend themselves against any form of attack.

Otherwise her children would have to be raised in the shadows like she was living. So she sat down with her parents and formed a plan. Bella would claim the children as her own. A late in life pregnancy. So Izabella’s twins where put down in the Clave’s records as the children of Bella Lightwood and Michael Greymark. Izabella knew that she only had a limited amount of time with her boys before she had to send them to the Institute for their training at nine. But they already had several well trained and experienced Shadowhunters to prepare them. They taught them to be strong. To take no shit from anybody. Michael is the one who coined the Lightwood phrase ‘we break noses and take the consequences’. A phrase I hear is still in use.” Magnus said, raising an eyebrow at this mate.

Alec gave his most innocent look and Izzy giggled.

“It may have come up once or twice over the years.” Jace said, a huge grin on his face.

“Mm-hmm. Anyway.” Magnus said. “Both your father and uncle trained to become excellent Shadowhunters. So much so that by seventeen the Clave was already grooming your father to be an Institute head one day. Once their presentation day came, we were ready. But as it turned out, they both presented as strong alphas, much to Izabella’s relief. The Lightwood legacy would continue. But the brothers were torn. Neither of them wanted to leave their mother alone. She had already lost her fated mate and for nine years had lost her children. They felt that she had suffered enough. An arranged marriage to Maryse was already in the works for your father. Your uncle was willing to forgo finding love to be with their mother.

After great debate and several arguments, they decided that during the next big battle, Gideon
would fake his own death and return home to their mother, where he’s been ever since. Of course, they came to me for help. They knew that they couldn’t pull this off on their own. So moments before they were dispatched into a massive battle, Gideon sent a signal to me. He was to deactivate his tracking rune the first moment that he could, without being seen. As soon as it was deactivated, I was there to retrieve him, using a glamour to hide myself. I couldn’t portal him away from an active battle, so for all the world it seemed as if I was carrying a wounded soldier to safety.

Once we got clear of the battle, I place a protective ward around him until we found a place that I could create a portal to pass us through. Robert carried on with the fight and the Shadowhunters were victorious. There were several dead and wounded that had to be taken back to the Institute. When they discovered that Gideon was unaccounted for, they checked the fallen Shadowhunters. When they couldn’t find him there, they assumed that one of the greater demons had gotten to him. Your father had to play the role of the devastated brother. His twin was gone.

Izabella was furious when Gideon arrived home and he had told her of their plan. She didn’t speak to him for two days. On the third, she took him into her arms and wept. One of her babies had come back to her. As far as your father, once the Clave had thought enough time had passed for him to have overcome his grief for his brother, the final arrangements were made for his marriage to your mother.

In a traditional Shadowhunter marriage your father wed your mother. From what I’ve been told, hating every minute of it. Both Maryse and your father were strong alphas and your father was already proving himself to be a strong leader. The Clave was happy with the Lightwood’s once again. Two years later your mother found out she was pregnant. Your father was overjoyed, yet terrified at the same time. A few months later it was discovered that she was carrying twins, one boy, one girl.

While your father was thrilled, he was even more afraid. As I’ve said, twins are very rare in non-omega families. He knew that either of you could present as an omega.”

“That doesn’t explain why he’s already treated Alec the way he has.” Clary stated.

“Actually, it does. I think he knew that if one of you presented as an omega, that it would be Alexander. He knew there was always a chance that it could have been either of you, or none at all. But he had in his mind that it would be Alexander from early on, because of the eyes. Every omega Lightwood had Gideon’s crystal blue eyes.”

“So that’s why he started Alec’s training so early. The early morning sessions with Hodge. The extra training and studies. He wanted Alec to be prepared, in every way, just in case.” Jace said.
“Exactly. What may have seemed overly harsh, maybe even cruel at times, I think that Robert felt he had no choice. He wanted to protect his son at all costs. To give him every advantage. Which he did. Could he have taken a different approach, maybe. Maybe he thought that if his son hated him enough, he would push harder, trying to please his father, to gain his love. That I honestly can’t say.” Magnus said, squeezing his Alexander’s hand. “Only your father can tell you the reasons behind it all. And one day you will have to face him, love.”

“He was so hateful.” Alec said, barely more than a whisper. “Not just before I presented but after. He said such horrible things. Cruel and vile things. Things that no parent should ever say to their child. And he did nothing to stop my mother. She was so much worse. Berating me constantly, every day, as many times as she could. She would call me into her office just to tell me how worthless and disgusting I was. How I should have died the moment I was born. That I was shit on her shoes. A disgusting faggot. A disgrace. A filthy omega whore.” He said, tears flowing freely down his cheeks.

“Come here, love. Shh, your safe from it all now.” Magnus said, pulling his angel into his arms. “It’s alright now. She can’t hurt you anymore. I swear it. But you will have to face her too at some point. But don’t fret. You will be more than ready for it. She will beg for mercy at your feet. I promise you that. Don’t cry, my love. It will be alright.” Magnus crooned, trying desperately to soothe his distraught mate. “Come here.” He said, gently pressing his Shadowhunters nose to his scent glands. “Breathe, angel. Just breathe and calm yourself. I think were done for today. Alexander needs to rest. He’s already been through more than enough for one day.”

“I want to meet her. Isabella. And my uncle. I have too. I need too.” Alec hiccupped out between sobs.

“You will, sweetheart. I promise. Just as soon as your heat passes. You’re in no condition to go anywhere while you’re in heat. But I promise you, I will take you to her. Isabelle too. I know she would love to meet you both. But we can talk about that later. Right now, you need sleep.” Magnus said, snapping his fingers. A vial appeared in his hand. Uncorking it with his thumb he raised it to Alec’s lips. “Drink, sweetheart. Let your mind rest. We’ll get it all worked out. I swear by your angel.”

Alec eyed the vial, debating. He was so tired of potions, there were just so many of them.

“Your suppression potion is mixed in. You need them both. Trust me.” Magnus crooned.

Alec looked his alpha in the eyes. What he saw there made the decision for him. He nodded, yes.
“Thank you, love.” Magnus said as Alec swallowed the potion.

Within seconds Alec’s vision started to blur. He could hear his sister, very, very far away. He blinked once, twice, the delicious scent of his alpha following him into darkness.

Comments, suggestions, and feedback are always welcome! If you like this chapter please leave a vote!
A/N: Before I proceed to the next chapter of this journey I wanted to offer up a little tease, work your imagination a bit. Please read the modified lyrics below. For all of my wonderful readers who are already up to Chapter 6 Revelations Part 5 after you have read the lyrics to this song, think back to the journey so far and see where and how it applies. More will be revealed as this journey is laid out for you. I really hope you enjoy the ride!

PS: Sorry for the Ad, and yes, part of this song was used in the intro to episode 1 of the TV Show, all credits belong to Ruelle

By Ruelle

Nothing is the same
There's a new world Calling my name
I can't escape this
Our fate is beckoning
It's beckoning
We're coming after you
Nowhere to run
We're coming after you
This is the hunt This is the hunt

Mysteries unfold
All the stories
Legends that we're told
We watch them come to life
We come to life
We're coming after you
Nowhere to run
We're coming after you
This is the hunt This is the hunt
We live in shadows
We live where darkness hides
We'll go where no one goes
We won't give up this fight
We're coming after you
Nowhere to run
We're coming after you
This is the hunt This is the hunt

We're coming after you
Nowhere to run
We're coming after you
Nowhere to run
A/N: To my dearest readers, I have to say that this chapter was probably the hardest and the most intense piece that I have ever written. It truly was a labor of love as I pulled each line and paragraph out of myself. I truly hope that you enjoy it and welcome your feedback. And just a heads up to make reading easier, this entire chapter switches back and forth between Alec and Magnus’ perspectives.

Day 4

Alec’s eyes fluttered open, his vision blurry and out of focus. His limbs felt heavy and weak. Taking a deep breath, he smelled his favorite scent; chocolate, vanilla, coffee, and musk. It invaded his senses, making him a little dizzy. He felt strong arms wrapped around him. His instincts were screaming at him to fight, to free himself. He is a Shadowhunter.

“It’s alright, Alexander. Relax.” Magnus said softly, feeling Alec suddenly tense in his arms. “It’s just me.”

Alec turned, his vision trying to focus on his beautiful alpha.

“Why is my vision blurry?” Alec asked, voice hoarse from sleep.

“Don’t worry, darling. It will pass soon. You woke up a little earlier than I expected. The sleeping draft I gave you last night hasn’t quite worn off yet.” Magnus said, gently cupping Alec’s cheek.

“You kinda freaked me out. I’m not used to being held.” Alec said, leaning into his touch.
“I know love, but you were calling for me in your sleep. The omega in you was reaching out for your mate, distressed that I wasn’t near you. While the suppression potion is keeping most of your symptoms at bay, it’s no longer completely stopping the crave for my touch, just smothering it a bit. So I laid down with you and held you in my arms. Once you had that skin to skin contact you settled down.” Magnus said, running a hand gently through Alec’s hair. He sighed audibly.

“You like that, don’t you?” Magnus asked with a smile.

“Yes. But I never knew it before. Not until you.”

“I’m not surprised. You’ve never received much affection. You’ll come to find that there are many things that you will find pleasurable now.”

Alec froze, his body tense. ‘Magnus doesn’t know’ he thought.

“What’s is it? What’s wrong, love?” Magnus asked, concerned.

Alec turned away from him, cheeks flaming pink.

“What is it, sweetheart? Why are you upset?”

“Because…because I’ve never done this before.” Alec said, unshed tears welling in his eyes.

“Done what, angel?” Magnus asked gently.

“Anything. Any of this.” He whispered.

“I’m not referring to sex if that’s what your worried about. You’re an omega, love. And you’ve found your mate. Certain senses will be heightened now. You will be more sensitive to certain things, like my touch. Especially when you’re in heat. Your body craves the contact, even if you don’t know it. The suppression potion has just been hiding this need from you.” Magnus said, rubbing soothing circles into Alec’s back. Alec couldn’t help but moan.
“See? Even the smallest things will bring you more pleasure. But not just while you’re in heat. You’ll always find more pleasure in many physical things, more than you ever have before.”


“I know, sweetheart.” Magnus said, cutting him off. “I suspected that you were ‘inexperienced’. But once you’re ready, and we can take it at your pace, it will be wonderful, I promise.”

“How did you know? That I’m inexperienced?” Alec asked.

“By little things. Like the way you react and blush when I touch you. Male omegas only present when the omega is gay, Alexander. I knew of your sexual orientation as soon as I knew that you were an omega. And knowing how the Clave feels about homosexuality, I had suspected that you’d been keeping it a secret for a while now. Am I right?”

“Yes. Only Clary and Izzy knew, until my presentation.” Alec said, eyes downcast.

“Hey, look at me. It’s alright, love. You have nothing to be embarrassed about or ashamed of. We’re fated mates. We wouldn’t be fated if I wasn’t just like you. Male omegas only find mates that match their sexual orientation. How else would you one day become pregnant?” Magnus asked, lifting Alec’s chin to meet his eyes. “I am curious though. You said only Clary and Izzy knew that you were gay. Am I accurate when I assume that you’ve never had your first kiss?”

“Yes.” Alec said, a little breathless.

“Are you ready to change that?” Magnus asked with a small smile.

Alec licked his lips. He wanted more than anything to feel Magnus’ lips on his.

“I would. But I don’t know how.” He said, still blushing.

“Not to worry, love. It’s really quite simple. Here, roll onto your back.”
Alec rolled onto his back, his dick rock hard and aching. ‘Please don’t let him notice’ he thought.


“Okay.” He said, tense.

“Just relax. I want you to enjoy this.” Magnus said, running his hand through Alec’s hair again. Alec sighed and melted into the soft bed. “That’s better. I’m going to kiss you now, Alexander.”

Slowly leaning down, reaching over Alec’s body, Magnus gently pressed his lips to Alec’s. Fireworks went off in Alec’s head. He tingled from head to toe, every nerve ending in his body rocked by the feel of his alpha’s lips on his. This was far more than he imagined it could ever be. Too soon Magnus pulled back.

“More.” Alec pleaded, a whisper of breath.

Magnus leaned back in, pressing his lips to Alec’s again, firmer this time. The jolt of pleasure and bliss that shot through him again nearly took his breath away, his fingers curling into the sheets beneath his hand. He was right, he knew that when the time came his angel would taste divine.

Without realizing it, Alec was kissing Magnus back. The pleasure flowing through him was incredible. He reached up, pulling Magnus closer to him, his arm around his neck. Magnus sighed softly through the kiss. Pleasure was coursing through them both, a pleasure unlike anything either of them had ever felt before. With great regret Magnus pulled back, breathless.

“Sorry. Had to come up for air.” He said, savoring the look of Alec’s just kissed lips, and the taste of him lingering on his own. “Are you alright?”

“Can we do that again?” Alec asked.

“Perhaps a bit later, love.” Magnus said with a chuckle. “Right now I need to fix your breakfast. I want you to rest today, angel. You’ve been overloaded too many times and you are seriously overdue for a break. You’ll end up sick if you don’t take a little down time. Plus, you’ve barely eaten in days. And, you need to take there of that.” He said with a smirk, glancing down at Alec’s erection tenting the linens.
“Do you want to help me?” Alec asked, cheeks flaming pink again.

‘Hmm, he’s getting bolder. Progress’ Magnus thought.

“A very, very tempting offer. But I won’t touch you, more than a kiss, until your heat has passed. I don’t want to do anything you might regret later because of your increased hormones. Tend to that and then try and rest. I will bring you breakfast in bed and your potions .” Magnus said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead.

“Just one more kiss?” Alec asked.

“Just one.” Magnus leaned down, pressing a quick kiss to Alec’s lips. Alec pouted when he pulled away. “Breakfast in bed, remember?” Magnus asked, climbing from the bed.

“I don’t think I’ve ever had breakfast in bed before.”

“Well then, you should enjoy it.” He said, leaning down to press another soft kiss to Alec’s forehead.

“If you say so. But just so you know, I like being kissed.”

“That’s good. Because I like kissing you.” Magnus said with a smile. At that he turned, slipping quietly out the door.

In the kitchen Magnus pulled out a pen and pad of paper. He deliberated on what he wanted to say. He promised Robert Lightwood an answer. He had stalled him long enough. In this elegant script he wrote:

‘He’s safe.’

Folding the paper, he wrote ‘Robert Lightwood NY Institute’ on the front. With a glance towards the bedroom he made his decision. Holding the folded paper, he snapped his fingers with his other
hand, sending a blue spark to the paper. It vanished in an instant. Taking another piece of paper, he wrote:

‘Your father knows that Alexander is safe. No more. He needs rest. See you soon’.

Again, Magnus folded the paper and wrote ‘Isabelle Lightwood NY Institute’. Holding the folded paper, he snapped his fingers with the other hand, sending a blue spark to the paper. It too vanished in an instant.

Robert sat behind his desk in the Head of the New Yorks Institute’s office. He looked like death incarnate. He had no color in his cheeks, deep bags under his eyes, and an air of hopelessness around him. A fire message appeared above his head, fluttering down towards his desk. He reached up, pulling it from the air, his heart thundering in his chest. There was only one person that would be sending him a fire message. Quickly opening the note he read:

‘He’s safe.’

“Oh, thank the angel.” Robert said, taking what looked like his first real breath in days. “My boy is safe. He’s safe.” He said, clutching the note to his chest, relief coursing through him.

Magnus pushed silently back into the bedroom, an overloaded food tray in his hands. He smiled. His little Shadowhunter had fallen back to sleep. Setting down the food tray he crept forward, tucking the duvet around his angel’s shoulders. Chairman Meow jumped up beside him, curling up to sleep at Alec’s side.

“You look after him, Chairman.” Magnus whispered softly to the white furball of a cat, scratching it softly behind the ears. With one last look at his sleeping angel, he silently slipped back out the door.

Alec woke in pain. A familiar pain. Every nerve ending in his body was on fire.
‘Not again’ he thought. He tried to push himself up in the bed, but his arms were unable to support him. The linens were soaked and sticking to him. “Magnus.” He tried to cry out, the pain so intense he struggled to voice words the words.

“Yes, sweetheart?” Magnus asked, poking his head through the doorway. He had enchanted the room so that he could hear the faintest whisper should his mate need him. “Oh, Alexander.” He said, crossing to Alec in three quick strides. Snapping his fingers, he produced two vials. Uncorking them both he lifted his angels head as gently as he could. Alec’s eyes were fluttering closed as he slipped towards unconsciousness. “Alexander, I need you to keep your eyes open for me, love. I need you to swallow.” He said, tilting his sweet omegas head back, pouring the potions down his throat, ensuring that he didn’t choke.

“Magnus?” Alec said softly.

“I’m right here, love.” He said, voice melodic and soothing. Reaching out he held a hand to Alec’s fevered brow. Alec moaned at the contact. “Shh. It’s okay, baby. I’ve got you.” He said, lifting Alec as gently as he could into his arms. Alec groaned in both pleasure and pain at his alpha’s touch.

Moving quickly through the room Magnus walked straight back to a beautiful master bath.

“I’m sorry, love, but I’m going to have to sit you down for a minute.” He said, placing Alec as gently as he could on a cushioned bench beside a large garden tub. Alec whined in protest at the lack of contact.

“It hurts. Why does it hurt so much?” Alec asked, looking to Magnus for answers.

“Are the potions helping?” Magnus asked as he snapped his fingers, filling the tub with lavender scented tepid water.

“Potions?” Alec asked as his eyes began to flutter closed again, being pulled towards unconsciousness.

“Alexander, sweetheart, stay with me. Don’t close your eyes.” He said, taking Alec’s cheeks in his hands. “Look at me. We’re going to cool you off, okay?”
Alec blinked blearily at him and fought to keep his eyes open. With another finger snap Magnus shed Alec of his sweat and slick soaked clothes. Lifting him gently, he slowly eased Alec into the oversized tub. Alec sighed in relief as the cool water touched his overheated skin.

“Just listen to the sound of my voice, love. It’s going to be alright. We just have to get your temperature down.” He crooned.

“This is worse than before. Why is it worse than before?” Alec asked, almost a whimper.

Magnus knelt at the side of the tub, soaking an oversized bath sponge with the cool, soothing water. Squeezing it he let the water fall down Alec’s muscular chest. And again over his strong, broad shoulders and muscular arms.

“Because, love, the last time you were out in the freezing rain of a New York winter. It helped keep your temperature down.” He said softly. “Just try and relax. We just need to let the potions take effect.”

“You smell really good. Did you know that?” Alec asked, his words slightly slurred.

“So do you, darling.” He said, continuing to squeeze the cool water over Alec’s exposed skin. His mate was built like a Greek God, his own personal Adonis. His muscles were spectacular, his rippling six pack looked delicious. He ached to touch it. Even Alec’s battle scars didn’t diminish his beauty. His angelic runes only added to it. He ached to trace each one with his tongue. His Shadowhunter was a sight to behold.

“What do I smell like? To you?” Alec asked, words still slurred.

Magnus frowned. His mate wasn’t improving. Snapping his fingers again, he lowered the water temperature by several degrees.

“Fresh peaches, strawberries, and cream.” He said. “Are you feeling any better?”

“No. I want you to touch me. Everywhere.” Alec begged. “I want you in me.”
“That’s just the heat talking, love. It will pass, I promise.” Magnus said gently. He was aching with need for his mate as well. It was a feeling as foreign to him as it was to his Alexander. He needed Alec just as much as Alec needed him. He wanted him the same way that Alec wanted him. The need to mate was almost more than Magnus could bare. But his mate needed him now, needed him to be strong and to tend to him.

Slowly Alec’s eyes began to droop again as his consciousness began to fade.

“Alexander, stay awake!” Magnus commanded, full alpha. A visibly strong shudder passed through Alec, but there was no other response from him. Helpless to stop it, his beautiful omega slipped into unconsciousness.

Alec groaned as he began to surface from oblivion. He had never felt so bad in his life. In his eighteen years of training and fighting demons, and greater demons, despite countless life-threatening injuries and various illnesses, he had never felt this bad.

“Alexander?” Magnus asked softly.

With a great effort Alec forced his eyes open. He tried to focus in the dim light, but his vision was too blurry. His head pounded and he was dizzy, his stomach churning.

“There you are, love.” Magnus said, voice soothing, melodic.

“What happened?” Alec asked.

“You blacked out, sweetheart. It seems that you’ve developed an immunity to my heat suppressant. I can no longer suppress your symptoms. I’m sorry.” He said, pressing a cool cloth to Alec’s forehead.

“What happens now?” Alec asked, closing his eyes, hoping it would help the nausea.
“We have no choice but to wait it out.”

“I’ve never felt pain like this.” Alec said, forcing himself onto his side.

“Easy, sweetheart. Make slow movements. Moving too quickly will only make it worse.” He said, helping Alec onto his side.

“Why does it hurt so much?” Alec asked, voice barely a whisper.

“Because, love, you’re an omega and you’re in heat. Omegas have very specific needs while there in heat. I’ve been suppressing your symptoms, but the needs were always there. You just didn’t know it. Now you’re feeling everything that I’ve suppressed.” He said, pressing a fresh cloth to Alec’s fevered brow.

“How do we make it stop?” Alec asked, voice strained.

“There’s only one way to stop what your feeling, angel. Only some form of sexual relief will ease the pain. Your body is craving your alphas knot. It’s craving the feel of me inside you. It’s screaming at you to mate.” He said softly.

“Won’t you help me?” Alec whimpered.

“No, sweetheart, I can’t. You have to tend to yourself. I won’t take your innocence away from you just because you’re in heat. I can’t do that to you. I won’t.” He said, voice full of remorse.

Alec sighed, feeling defeated. This heat was going to be the death of him, demons be damned.

“Can you lay down with me. Let me feel you against my skin? And maybe touch me some?” Alec asked, pleading.

“If that’s what you need, yes. But you have greater needs, needs that you must tend to.”
It was then that Alec noticed the hardest erection he had ever had throbbing between his legs. He groaned at this new ache.

“It’s alright, sweetheart. I’m your mate and your mine. The time will come when I can and will touch you in any way that you want. Do what you need to do to get through this. Alright?” Magnus asked, pulling his shirt over his head.

Alec watched as Magnus began to undress. His breath caught in his chest. His alpha’s body was being revealed to him, and it was the most breathtaking thing he had ever seen. His need to be filled by his alpha ached more at the sight of his bare skin. His Magnus was well built with a strong, toned six pack. His arms were well muscled and looked delicious. He lost his breath altogether as Magnus lowered his pants. Alec took in his strong, muscular legs. His caramel colored skin made him that much more beautiful.

“Breathe, sweetheart.” Magnus said, noticing that his mate’s chest failed to rise and fall. He watched, waiting until his angel drew a breath in.

Moving around the bed he slipped under the light cotton sheet that he had covered Alec’s naked body with. Alec groaned as his alpha’s cloth covered erection brushed against him. His mate had stripped down to his silk boxers. Slick poured from him at the contact, his hole aching for his alphas knot.

“Shh. It’s okay.” Magnus said, laying down behind Alec, spooning him. Pressing a tender kiss to Alec’s shoulder he ran a hand gently down his angel’s arm. Goosebumps rose in the wake of his caress, a pleasant tingle passing throughout Alec’s body. “You’re going to have to tend to that erection, love. It’ll only going to get more painful if you don’t. It’s okay to touch yourself in front of me.” He said, encouraging.

“Won’t you do it? Please?” Alec pleaded.

“No, love. It has to be you. Do it.” He said, injecting just a hint of alpha into his tone.

For the first time in his life, Alec couldn’t resist an alphas command. With a small whine he reached beneath the sheet. As he took himself in his hand he moaned softly.

“That’s it. Just do what feels good.” Magnus soothed, still gently grazing Alec’s skin with his hand.
Waves of blissful pleasure passed through Alec at his alphas tender touch.

Slowly, Alec ran his hand up and down his fully hard cock, his slit leaking a generous amount of precum. He ran his thumb across it. Pleasure coursed through him, pulsing in his veins. Using his own cum as a lube he ran his hand back down his cock, moving slowly. His breath hitched in his lungs. It had never felt like this before. It had never felt so good.

“Magnus…” He whimpered.

“Shh, my sweet. Just focus on what you’re doing.” Magnus said, pressing soft kisses and gentle nips to Alec’s neck.

Alec unknowingly tilted his head, giving Magnus better access. He was bombarded with sensations, the most intense pleasure he had ever felt from his own ministrations as he slowly stroked his cock, the feel of his alphas lips, teeth, and tongue, kissing and nipping at the tender skin at his neck, followed by his hand moving across his skin took his breath away. Overwhelming jolts of pleasure coursed through him as Magnus caressed his skin, every nip and kiss had his breath stuttering in his lungs. It was almost more than he could bare.

As his beautiful alpha began to work his way down his side, licking and nipping towards his hip, it made it that much harder to breathe. Once there, he nibbled and sucked at his skin, tracing his stamina rune with his tongue. For a moment he couldn’t draw breath from the all-consuming pleasure coursing through his body.

“Breathe, love.” Magnus said, tracing his tongue around the rune on his angel’s hip.

Alec pulled a breath in, his lungs working again. He knew he was exposed before the man that would become his lover and felt no shame or embarrassment. For the first time in his life he felt secure in who he was, and in his own sexuality. With that newfound freedom he started jerking harder and faster on his throbbing cock, desperate for release.

“That’s right, love. Let yourself go.” Magnus said encouragingly as he listened to Alec’s breathing change from quick breaths to panting as he pleasured himself.

With a few more strokes Alec’s cock exploded, shooting rope after rope of warm, thick, cum into his hand and onto the sheet bunched in front of him. The force of his orgasm was enough to make
him see stars, the pleasure rocketing through him. It was the longest, most intense orgasm of his life. He was utterly lost in ecstasy.

Magnus stood, watching his sweet Shadowhunter sleep in the dim light, curled up beneath a light weight fresh cotton sheet. How could he tell his mate that his orgasm had been so intense that it had knocked him unconscious? Or would he? He had been so adorable. It had been wonderful watching as his Alexander overcame his inhibitions and finally became comfortable with who he was and come to terms with his own sexuality. He had had to message his sleeping angel’s team, telling them to stay away for the next few days. His love would need the time to ride out the rest of his heat and recover.

With a smile he walked around the bed, climbing in behind Alec, wrapping him in his arms. Within seconds they both were sound asleep.

Alec woke with a whimper slipping from his lips, instantly waking Magnus.

“What is it, love?” Magnus asked. It took him a fraction of a second to register the heat coming off Alec’s body. “It’s okay, love. Do what you have to do.” He said, planting a gentle kiss on Alec’s bare chest.

“Kiss me?” Alec asked, pleading.

Sitting up Magnus reached around Alec, circling his waist. Leaning down he pressed a gentle kiss to Alec’s lips. One, two, three more.

“Harder.” Alec demanded.

Running his hand up Alec’s muscular chest, Magnus pressed his lips harder to his loves. Alec sighed through his pleasure. The kiss was long and slow. He pulled back, looking at Alec.
“Would you like to try something new, Alexander?” He asked.

“Anything. Just don’t stop kissing me. Not yet.” Alec said, breathless.

Magnus shifted, straddling Alec’s hips. Alec groaned as his aching cock brushed against the back of his alpha’s silk clad ass.

“Just follow my lead, okay?” Magnus said, rubbing both hands up and down Alec’s toned abs and chest, marveling at how firm his body was beneath him.

“Okay.” Alec breathed, pupils blown wide with lust.

Running his hands up to Alec’s shoulders Magnus leaned in, kissing Alec gently. Alec moaned softly, allowing Magnus entrance. Tentatively, he slipped his tongue between Alec’s parted lips.

Alec’s breath hitched at this new sensation. He opened wider as their tongues met. The kiss was gentle but passionate.

Truly tasting his mate for the first time was far more than Magnus had expected it to be. He already knew that his mate tasted divine, but as his tongue first touched his Alexander’s an explosion of pleasure ran through his body, goosebumps skittering down his spine as he savored the taste of him on his tongue. He felt a slight push against his. Turning his head slightly he deepened the kiss.

Alec waited with bated breath as Magnus ran his hands up and down abs and chest, coming to rest on his shoulders. The contact was amazing, sending sparks of pleasure coursing through his entire body. As Magnus’ lips pressed against his he couldn’t stop the soft moan that escaped him. The feel of his alphas tongue slipping gently between his lips was delicious. His already lust filled mind fogged over. He felt every second as if in slow motion as Magnus’ tongue touched his. His alpha tasted like heaven on his tongue. Unsure, he gently pushed back, wanting more. As the kiss deepened Alec felt his hands take Magnus’ firm, tight ass in his hands. Together they moaned in pleasure.

Magnus’ world shifted as his Shadowhunter took his ass in his strong hands, holding it firmly. Before he could stop him, Alec slid his hands beneath the waistband of his silk boxers, molding and exploring his bare skin. He pulled back from the kiss, panting.
“Alexander.” Magnus said, breathless.

“Please. Just let me touch you. Just for a minute.” Alec panted. “You’re so beautiful. I just want to feel you in my hands.”

“You’re only going to make it harder for yourself, love.” He said, sitting up, Alec’s hands and his own boxers pressing him against Alec’s hardened cock. He looked down into his angel’s lust filled eyes, the crystal blue sparkling in the dim light, begging him for more. ‘He needs this’ he thought. ‘If he needs this contact, who was he to deny him?’ “Just for a minute.” He said, leaning back down to reclaim his Shadowhunters mouth.

Alec slid his hands up Magnus’ glorious ass and up his sides, thumbs brushing across his alphas soft skin, coming to rest at his hips. He marveled at the feel of the beautifully toned body above him, caressing the perfect skin beneath his hands, savoring the taste of his alpha on his tongue. The contrast between his alpha’s tight body and soft skin amazed him.

Magnus deepened the kiss, demanding his mate’s attention. Alec’s hands held firm on his hips as he kissed back, holding Magnus firmly in place against his erection. The kiss wasn’t soft or gentle. It was passionate and demanding. Together they sighed in pleasure, both breathless.

Magnus broke the kiss. As if one they panted deeply, trying to pull air into their straining lungs.

Magnus stared down at his angel, marveling at how far he had come in such a short time. But he knew he had to stop himself. He knew in his heart that they had to stop, before it went too far. He would not take his loves innocence. ‘After his heat’ he thought.

“I’m sorry, love, but we have to stop. This is moving too fast. Faster than what you’re ready for.”

“I don’t want too.” Alec said, running his hands up Magnus’ strong back. “I don’t want to stop.”

Magnus could feel the rise of Alec’s body temperature against his skin. His mate needed release and needed it soon.

“Come, love. We need to cool you off. Take a shower with me?” Magnus asked.
“Can I still touch you?”

“Yes. But you have to come with me.” He said, climbing off his angel’s lap. He could see how hard his mate was and knew it had to be uncomfortable.

Climbing from the bed he led his love into the bathroom.

Magnus moved to the marble shower, turning the water on at a temperature that would be far too cold for almost anyone. But for his Shadowhunter it would feel wonderful.

“Come, sweetheart. You first.” Magnus said, guiding an unsteady Alec in. “I’m right behind you.”

As Alec stepped into the shower he sighed in relief as six shower heads rained cold water over his head and down his body. A shower had never felt so good. Magnus stepped in behind him, closing the door.

“How’s that feel, love? Is it too cold?” Magnus asked.

“No. It’s perfect.” Alec breathed.

“Would you like me to wash you?” Magnus asked, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s back. He was freezing under the cold water, but his angel needed it, and him.

“Yes, please.” Alec said, eyes closed as the water cascaded over him. He leaned forward, palms pressed to the wall. The water running down his back was heavenly. He felt warm slick running down the back of his thighs.

Picking up a bottle of honey and jasmine bodywash Magnus filled his hand. He knew that his omegas skin would be far too sensitive for a loofa or sponge. He would have to wash him by hand. Rubbing his hands together he made a thick lather. Reaching forward he started washing circles into the top of Alec’s shoulders and upper back. He was mesmerized by the beautiful curves and lines, muscles and ridges of his Shadowhunters body.
Alec sighed as Magnus touched his bare shoulders, gently massaging the sweetest smelling soap he had ever smelled into his skin, pleasure coursing through him at his mate’s touch. The feel of his alphas hands as they worked their way down his back and over the runes there had him aching with need, his erection starting to throb with the need to be touched.

Magnus worked his way down his loves breathtaking body. He truly did have the body of a god. Pouring more bodywash into his hands he gently rubbed at the taunt muscles in his angel’s lower back. Alec’s breath hitched in his lungs.

“Breathe, Alexander.” Magnus crooned.

Alec took a deep breath in and let it out slowly. Magnus’ touch was doing something amazing to him. Everywhere his alpha touched sent shockwaves of pleasure throughout his body. He had never in his life imagined that he would ever feel anything like this. Have anything like this. He had decided long ago, when he had accepted that he was gay, that we would forever be alone, watching as his family mated and had children. He thought he would always be the fun and doting uncle and resident babysitter. Never had he imagined that he would find a mate of his own. Have children of his own.

Magnus had changed that for him. He had never dreamed he would find the other half of his soul, a piece of himself that he never knew was missing. As his alpha’s magic hands worked the taunt muscles of his lower back, he bit his lip to stifle a moan. Slick was flowing thicker and faster from his aching hole. He had never in his life ached to be filled as he did now.

Magnus rubbed small circles at the base of his love’s spine with his thumbs. He could see the slick flowing freely from his sweet omega. Spreading his hands wider he massaged the scented soap into Alec’s hips, just above his ass. His beautiful, toned, perfect ass. He ached to fill it. The need to fill his mate and knot him had him a bit dizzy with need. But he wouldn’t. Not yet. Crouching down behind his Shadowhunter, ignoring his own throbbing cock, he gently massaged circles into his angel’s firm ass, pressing a soft kiss to his lower spine where the cold water had washed the soap away. His precious omega moaned in pleasure. ‘Yes. He needs this’ he thought.

Alec couldn’t stop the moan that escaped him as his alpha massaged the beautiful smelling soap in circles into his ass. The soft kiss he had pressed to his spine sent a new shockwave of a new pleasure coursing through him, pushing his need for release even further. He was growing lightheaded, needing a release.

“Magnus, please. I need you to touch me.” He said between quick pants of breath.
Magnus stood from his crouch, his throbbing cock brushing against Alec’s bare ass. Alec moaned loudly at the soft brush of contact.

“Alexander...” Magnus started to say before Alec cut him off.

“Please, I need you to touch me. I can’t do it myself. I can’t do it and hold myself up.” Alec pleaded.

Magnus was torn. He wanted to maintain his mate’s innocence, but he couldn’t let him suffer. ‘Would touching him really hurt his innocence?’ He thought.

“Please.” Alec begged.

“Alright, angel.” Magnus said, pouring more bodywash into his hands and quickly lathering them. Circling his omegas trim waist, he rubbed gentle circles into his angel’s firm abs. Alec’s breath hitched. “Just breathe, love.” He murmured softly.

Alec fought for breath as his alpha’s hands circled just above his straining cock. His head was spinning.

“Breathe, love, breathe.” Magnus encouraged.

Alec struggled to control his breathing. But it was hard. His alpha was touching him, and it felt amazing, but he needed more.

Listening as his Alexander began to control his breathing, he slowly worked his hands down. Alec gasped as his hand passed through his pubic hair. Magnus knew that there was no turning back now. His mate needed him to do this. They needed to do this together. Sliding his hand down the last inch he took his precious omegas throbbing cock in his hand. It felt as if he was coming home. Never in his 800 years had touching another lover felt this way. It was as if his omegas body was made just for him, and him alone. His angels cock felt perfect in his hand. Alec whimpered at the touch.

As his alpha finally took his aching cock in his hand, he couldn’t help the whimper that escaped his lips. He felt the world tilt on its axis, everything shifting to exactly where it was meant to be. The pleasure of his alphas grip on his shaft was the most glorious sensation of his life.
“Shh. It’s alright my love, I’ve got you now.” Magnus soothed; voice melodic as he slowly started to stroke his Alexander’s straining cock. The feel of his mate in his hand was magnificent.

Alec struggled to draw in breath as his Magnus pleased him. His alphas hand stroking his length with the soapy lather was stealing the very air from his straining lungs. The pleasure was so consuming he felt it throughout every nerve.

“Faster. Please.” Alec asked, voice barely a whisper.

Magnus knew his little Shadowhunter couldn’t take much more. He had lasted far longer than he had thought possible. Quickening his strokes, he jerked harder and faster on his omegas cock.

Within a few quick strokes Alec whimpered, “Magnus, I’m going to cum.”

“It’s alright, love. Let go.” Magnus soothed. With one last jerk on his angel’s cock his Alexander exploded in his hand, painting the marble tiled wall of the shower white with ropes of cum.

The force of his orgasm took his breath away. It was all Alec could do to stand as he exploded in his alphas hand. His knees felt like jelly, barely able to support him. Leaning his head against the cold marble walls he held on for dear life.

Watching his beautiful Alexander fall apart before his eyes, Magnus felt the world tilt on its axis, everything shifting to exactly where it needed to be. Taking this step was exactly what they had needed in order to take the next step in their relationship.

“Sweetheart, are you alright?” Magnus asked softly.

“Mm-hmm.” Alec mumbled sleepily. “Cold.”

Magnus flipped the water off and snapped them both dry. Looking his mate over he could see how exhausted he was. ‘He’s so drained’ he thought.
“Come on, love. Let’s get you to bed.” He said, gently guiding Alec out of the shower, wrapping a arm firm around his waist, holding him up. Leading him back into the bedroom Magnus snapped his fingers, replacing the sweat soaked cotton sheets with fresh ones. “Come lie down, angel. You need to sleep.”

Alec crawled into the soft bed and collapsed there. But before he could slip into oblivion Magnus’ beautiful voice pulled him back to the surface.

“Here, sweetheart. Drink” he said, holding a small vile to Alec’s lips.

Alec swallowed it without question. He trusted his alpha completely.

Before his very eyes his beautiful Shadowhunter fell fast asleep. He was glad that he had thought quickly enough to get the nourishment potion into his angel before he gave out. Gently he covered his magnificent mate with the soft cotton sheet. ‘I will get food into him when he wakes up. He has to eat. I’ll feed him myself if I have to’ Magnus thought. Snapping his fingers, he dressed himself in loose pajamas and sat beside his sweet Alexander, watching as he slept soundly. He reached out, gently cupping his loves cheek in his hand. His temperature had returned to normal, for now.

Day 5

Magnus sat on the couch, flipping through one of his spell books, hoping he would find something that would help his Alexander through the rest of his heat. While his memory was good, when you’ve lived over 800 years and have created thousands of spells, it was hard to keep track of them all.

“Magnus?” Alec asked from the bedroom doorway. He was dressed in light cotton pants and a soft white tank.

“Sweetheart. You shouldn’t be out of bed.” Magnus said, setting the book aside. “What’s wrong love? You should be resting.” He said, crossing the room to his Shadowhunter. ‘He’s so tired’ Magnus thought.

“I woke up and you weren’t there.” Alec said softly.
“Oh, honey, I’m sorry. I thought you would sleep a little while longer. I must have lost track of
time. Come, let’s get you back to bed. You need to rest.” Magnus said, leading Alec back
through the doorway and towards the bed. “Are you hungry, love? I can fix a quick breakfast.”

“No. I just need you to hold me.” Alec said as Magnus tucked him back into bed.

“You have to eat, sweetheart. Are you sure there isn’t anything you want? Anything at all?”
Magnus asked, brushing a lock of raven hair out of his angel’s beautiful blue eyes, checking his
temperature at the same time.

“I’m sure. Please come hold me?” Alec asked.

“Alright, love.” He said, worry in his tone. His Shadowhunter had barely eaten a thing in days.
‘Maybe once his heat ends.’ Magnus thought. ‘His heat should end today.’ Snapping his fingers a
small vial appeared in his hand. “Here, angel. Drink this for me.”

Alec lifted his head, taking the vial from his Magnus. Uncorking the vial, he swallowed the
contents.

“Scoot back a bit.” Magnus said, sitting beside Alec on the bed.

Alec pushed himself back in the bed, Magnus laying down beside him, facing him for the first time
in bed. He leaned forward, pressing his forehead to his alphas. The contact felt wonderful, a
pleasureful tingle running down his spine. Magnus reached up, stroking his cheek.

“Your sleepy, love. You need to rest.” Magnus said softly.

“I know.” Alec murmured. “I just wanted you with me.”

“It’s okay, darling. Won’t you at least try to eat something?” He asked, scooting closer to his
sweet omega, running his hand up and down his side.

“I’m not hungry.” Alec mumbled, sighing in contentment. The pleasure coursing through him as
his alpha stroked his side was wonderful. His touch felt amazing. It was lulling him to sleep.
“Okay.” Magus said, unable to hide the worry in his voice. “Close your eyes, angel. Try and sleep. I’ll be right here.” He said, pushing a light wave of magic into his sweet omega as his hand moved down his side. ‘His next cycle will be coming soon, and he needs rest’ he thought.

Alec’s eyes fluttered closed, sleep claiming him. His breathing was deep and even. Pushing just a little more magic into his caress Magnus pushed him into a deeper sleep. He couldn’t help but watch his sleeping angel. His little Shadowhunter was so beautiful when he slept, he looked so peaceful and innocent. ‘One would never guess that this sleeping angel was actually a fierce warrior who spent his days and nights fighting demons and protecting mundanes from downworlders gone bad. Presenting as an omega may have changed his life, but it would never change who he is. He made his decision to no longer serve the Clave. He wants to continue to train and hunt down what goes bump in the night, only for the right people. Omega or not, they can’t take that away from him’ he thought as he stroked Alec’s cheek.

Pleasure pulled Magnus from sleep, his eyes fluttering open. He looked down to see his little Shadowhunter pressing quick nips and licks to his belly.

“Sweetheart?” He asked.

“Mm-hmm.” Alec murmured.

Magnus reached down, feeling his omegas forehead. He felt fine.

“What are you doing, love?” He asked.

“Just exploring. I love your body. It’s so soft and firm at the same time.” Alec said, dipping his tongue into Magnus’ navel.

Magnus couldn’t hold back the gasp that escaped him. The pleasure coursing through him was exquisite. ‘Where did he learn this’ he thought.

“Come here, love.” He said.
Alec pressed one last nip to his alphas side. He was enjoying pleasuring his Magnus. He tasted like heaven and sin all at once. Climbing up his alphas body he stopped, pressing a soft kiss to his alpha’s lips.

“Yes?” He asked with a sly grin, straddling his alphas hips.

Magnus reached down, pulling his mates shirt up and over his head, tossing it aside.

“Not fair.” He pouted, kissing his alpha again. “Now yours.” He said, sitting back so Magnus could shed his own shirt. With a finger snap it was gone. Straddling his Magnus felt perfect.

“Now what, love?” Magnus asked, settling back into his pillow.

“I want to touch you. Everywhere. Like you touch me.” Alec said, leaning down to press soft kisses to Magnus’ collarbone. “Can I touch you?”

“Yes.” Magnus breathed. His little Shadowhunter was doing things to him. Pleasure he never thought possible coursed through him at each touch of his omega’s lips against his skin. “But only if I get to touch you.”

“Deal.” Alec said, running his hands down Magnus’ chest and abs. He loved the way his alpha felt beneath his hands.

Magnus’ couldn’t help the moan that escaped him. Everywhere his omega touched left pleasure coursing in its wake. It took his breath away.

Unsure, Alec ran his hands back up his alphas body, gently brushing his thumb across his nipple. Magnus’ breath hitched in his lungs.

“Alexander.” Magnus breathed.

Alec froze. “Did I do something wrong?”
“No, love, you didn’t.” Magnus said, wrapping his legs around his Shadowhunters waist. With a quick roll of the hips his Alexander was on his back as he straddled him.

Alec lost his breath with his mate’s quick movement. He couldn’t help but laugh as he landed on his back beneath his alpha.

‘His mate had a beautiful laugh’ Magnus thought. One he would never tire of hearing. “My turn.”

“Okay. Fair enough.” Alec said, blushing.

“Oh how I love the way you blush.” He said, leaning down to claim his angel’s lips.

With a sigh Alec’s lips parted, allowing Magnus entrance. Magnus claimed his omegas mouth in a passionate kiss, tongue demanding against his loves. Alec moaned in pleasure as their tongues danced, pleasure coursing through him. ‘How could a kiss feel so good’ he thought.

Magnus loved the taste of his mate on his tongue. It was exquisite. ‘My angel may be inexperienced in most intimate things, but he was an incredible kisser’ he thought. With a slight tilt of his head he changed the angle of the kiss, taking it deeper. A soft moan escaped his Shadowhunters lips.

Alec loved the weight of his alpha straddling him, pinning him firmly to the mattress. The feeling of relinquishing control to another was foreign to him. He had been trained all his life to be in control at all times. But with his alpha, he knew he didn’t have to be. He felt a taste of freedom for the first time, free from the weight of his duties, his responsibilities. It was magnificent. He felt as though he could breathe easy when his alpha took control. The pleasure humming through him from his alphas kiss was decadent. He couldn’t help the moan that escaped him when his Magnus changed the angle of the kiss, his mind fogging over with lust. Without thinking he moved on instinct, running his hands up his alphas strong, muscular back.

Magnus pulled back, resting his forehead to his Alexander’s. They both gasped for breath. He almost lost control of himself when he felt his angel relax, finally letting go a little, letting go of some of the weight he constantly seemed to be carrying. This was his true mate. The once shy Shadowhunter was gone. This was his angel in his truest form, innocent and sweet, eager to learn more, to feel more. Yet still fierce and strong and confident. This Alexander could conquer the world. He was more than just his fated mate, this was his future lover, his final lover, the one who would bare him children. This was meant. They were meant. Over 800 years in this life and he
had finally found his true purpose. It all came down to his angel. His own personal God. The only God he would ever worship, for this was the one who would save him. Together they would be unstoppable.

Gazing into his angel’s beautiful blue eyes, pupils blown wide, he knew that his love was lost in the high of bliss. It hadn’t taken much to get him there, taking the lead, making the first move, and letting go for the first time, along with a few kisses and a little petting, and he was gone. It was as easy as that. He knew that he would have to bring his angel down gently, and into sleep, but for the moment he was fine lost in the high.

Magnus paced the dimly lit room, listening carefully to Alec’s soft snores. He couldn’t let himself soften to think about how adorable the sound coming from his sweet warrior was. Alec had been struggling since he had come down from bliss, fighting for every breath he took. The worry Magnus felt was bone deep for his Shadowhunter. He had tried to get his angel to eat as he was coming down, hoping that in his blissed-out state he could get some food into him, but Alec had pushed it away. Again and again, every time Magnus tried to get him to take a bite he turned away.

Finally, Magnus had given up. He didn’t want to agitate his mate while he was coming down from bliss, he didn’t want to force his hand and let Alec drop, crashing down from the high to slam back down into the here and now so hard that he could be physically or mentally injured. The only thing he had been able to get into him had been a few sips of water, water he couldn’t keep down. That was when this gut-wrenching deep worry for his angel had fully gripped him, this fear, when Alec had coughed the water back up and nearly choked. He had barely gotten him onto his side in time as the contents of his stomach poured out of him, water and bile.

Seconds after his angel’s stomach had emptied, he had drifted off to sleep. That was when Magnus had tucked him and really started to watch. He watched him with every sense he had on high alert. He listened to every breath his Shadowhunter took as he struggled to draw it in. Finally, the struggle to draw breath eased and his sweet little snores had crept in as his breathing stabilized. Magnus knew that his omega was in trouble. He was very close to the brink, his body’s exhaustion palpable in the air around him.

Magnus wasn’t sure how he was going to get him through his final heat cycle, and it would be here soon. His omegas pheromones were getting stronger with each passing minute. The pain would be pulling him from sleep anytime as it began registering in his brain, drawing him up and out of sleep.

He was racking his brain, trying to figure out a way to stop it, to force it back so his angel could just sleep through the final hours of his heat and begin to recover. But he had nothing. There was no spell or potion that he could think of that would do what his sweet warrior so desperately
needed. It *would* happen, and it was his job to keep him alive when it did. Or at least try to.

The short burst of energy his Shadowhunter had had, had been short lived. As he had come down from bliss the exhaustion and weakness he had been battling since his heat had started had finally caught up with him, wrapping itself around him until it had taken over. And he was the one to blame. He had known that his angel had been in a delicate disposition since that first night, had told his family as much more than once, but he himself had ignored his own warnings.

He had thrown too much at his omega in his already delicate state. He never should have told him about Gideon Lightwood and all that had come after. He should have kept his mouth shut and just tended to his needs like a proper mate. He had pushed his love into an emotional overload time and again. The first time never should have happened, much less all the times that had followed. He should have waited. And the guilt was consuming him. If his mate didn’t make it through this, it would all be on him, and he would never forgive himself.

A soft groan escaped his angel’s lips as he stirred. It was time. Crossing to him he stroked his brow, the cycle had started, he was burning up. He sat beside him on the bed, running his hand gently through his angel’s hair, trying to soothe him. He promised himself in that moment that if his angel left this world his last thought and feeling would be pleasure coursing through him. He wouldn’t leave this world in pain. Every painful thought and memory would be washed away.

His parabati must know. She must be feeling it. He wondered why she wasn’t pounding down his door. And his sister, his twin. But it was best that they stayed away. Whatever was keeping them away needed to stay that way while he tended to his mate. While he fought to pull him through this.

Alec couldn’t stop the groan that left his lips when the first wave of pain washed over him. He didn’t want this. We wanted to sleep. His alphas soft touch pulled him fully to the surface. He forced his eyes open to see his mate. His alphas scent was fogging his brain, wrapping around him like a soft embrace. Looking through his blurry eyes he saw his alpha sitting beside him.

Magnus watched with bated breath as his angel’s eyes fluttered open. He looked into his eyes, seeing the same glassy blue that had covered his Arabella’s in her final moments. He couldn’t let this happen. He wouldn’t. He knew then that his angel was too weak to tend to himself this time. He would have to do it. He would have to carry him through.

Alec opened his mouth to speak.

“Shh, love. It’s okay. I’m here.” Magnus crooned.
Alec didn’t understand the look in his alpha’s eyes. He tried to ask him what was wrong, but he’d stopped him.

“I’m going to take care of you. I promise. Just save your strength.” He whispered, leaning down to gently brush his lips to his Shadowhunters. As he leaned further to press a harder kiss to his lips, he placed a hand on Alec’s chest, feeling his heart thunder under his hand, and one to his own. Pushing his magic out, into his angel and back into himself, he knew the link was in place when a wave of the most excruciating pain he had ever felt washed through him. He slammed his eyes closed, trying to pull himself away from it before it consumed him, forcing him to concentrate on his mate.

“It’s going to be okay.” He whispered against his angel’s lips.

A soft sigh escaped Alec as his alpha’s lips pressed against his, a sliver of pleasure running down his spine as his alpha whispered soft words against his lips.

Magnus felt a small sliver of pleasure brush down his spine as he pressed his lips to his loves. Running his hand slowly down his angel’s chest and abs he brushed his hand over his hardened dick. He felt the pleasure rock through his angel at the soft caress, pushing the pain back at the notch. With a snap of his fingers he shed him of his clothes. He brushed his hand softly over his dick again, feeling when his Shadowhunters lungs hitched in his chest.

“Just breath, love.” He said, taking his mate firmly in his hand, stunned when his angels pleasure shot through him. ‘Lilith, this is what he feels when I touch him?’ He thought. With the link in place he felt every breath his angel took, breath for breath, heartbeat for heartbeat, they were as one. “I’ve got you.” He said as he began stroking his angel’s cock. He had to push back the pleasure that was washing through him as he fought to concentrate on his mate. He ran his thumb over the slit in his angel’s dick, using the generous amount of precum as a lube as he pushed his hand up and down his length, jerking him off gently.

Alec’s lungs hitched in his chest as his alpha brushed his over his dick. He fought to catch his breath when his warlock gripped him in his hand and stroked up and down his cock, his soft words washing over him. He couldn’t help the moan that escaped him as his breath came and went freely through his lungs.

The pleasure of his alphas thumb brushing over the slit in dick was exquisite. His eyes rolled back in his head as his alpha gently jerked him off. Nothing had ever felt this good. Nothing but pleasure ran through him, the pain he had felt was now a distant memory. But he needed more. He didn’t realize that the words had slipped through his lips.
“More, more. I need more.”

Magnus fought to concentrate through the pleasure running through him as he watched his angel’s eyes roll back as he jerked him off. He felt the pleasure straining in his own cock at his ministrations. There was no pain left in his angel as the words ‘more’ slipped through his lips. Climbing up on the bed he moved to straddle his love, holding himself up over his knees. He gently pulled his legs up, brushing his thumbs across the sensitive skin at the back of his bent knees as he pushed his legs apart. The moan that escaped his love had him doing it again, pressing harder against that sweet spot.

“That’s right, love. Let yourself go. Let yourself feel the pleasure.” He said, pushing a touch of alpha into his tone. He watched a shudder pass through his Shadowhunter as he felt him relax, his legs falling further apart. Once he had fully opened for him, Magnus leaned in on his knees, flicking his tongue out and across Alec’s exposed perineum. He felt his angels pleasure run through his own prostate at the stimulation. He watched his mates breathing as he pressed on, wanting his angel to feel all the pleasure he could give him. Spreading his loves firm ass cheeks apart, he circled his tongue around his rim, letting his angel’s moans guide him.

Alec shuddered at his alphas tone, his legs falling further apart. He felt himself relax as he let everything he had been holding in go. All his worries and fears left him, his mind going blank as foreign pleasures rocked through him. His alpha was doing something to him with his tongue that he didn’t understand. But he didn’t care. He couldn’t stop the moans that escaped him.

Magnus brushed his tongue over his angel’s hole, watching as it clenched. He licked it again and again, fully focused on what he was doing. Reaching up he gripped his angel’s cock and started jerking him off at the same pace that he licked, using the leaking cum as a lube. The taste of his loves slick on his tongue as he licked was exquisite. More and more gushed out around his tongue, soaking the soft cotton sheets. When his lungs constricted, he stopped, looking up at his beautiful mate as he struggled to draw in air.

“Breathe, Alexander. Just breathe.” He said, placing a hand on his Shadowhunters firm belly and pushing a wave of magic into him, forcing his lungs to open so he could drag in a breath. Once he was fully satisfied with his mates breathing, he returned to what he was doing. He felt his angel’s thighs quiver as a shiver passed through his own. He listened to his angels panting breaths as he stroked his tongue across his perineum again, groaning as his own prostate was brushed with pleasure. He knew as he pressed harder and harder against it that his angel wouldn’t understand the pleasure that he was feeling, but he didn’t care. He would explain it to him later. He jerked his dick harder and harder to match the pace of his tongue, his hand sliding easily up and down his omegas cum soaked cock.
Alec didn’t know what his alpha was doing to him and he didn’t care. He knew his aching hole was gushing slick around his Magnus’ tongue and that his cock was pouring cum. Each brush of his alphas tongue against his aching hole and the firm grip on his cock was exquisite. He couldn’t stop it when his breathing stopped short. He didn’t understand the feeling that rushed through him at his alpha’s touch on his belly, but his lungs burst open. He gulped in air like his life depended on it.

Each lick across his skin had him panting and his thighs trembling. He had never felt anything like what his alpha was doing to him, licking that spot same in his inner thigh over and over, his tongue pressing harder and harder each time he licked and jerked his throbbing cock in time with his licks. The pleasure bursting through every nerve in his body was beyond words. He couldn’t force the words out to tell his alpha that his balls were tingling in a way he had never felt before, before his cock exploded in his hand.

Warm cum gushed from him in torrents, coating his belly. He lost his breath as pure bliss crashed down on him, blurring his vision as hips jerked and jerked as he came. Darkness was closing in around him and he didn’t care. All that mattered was the ecstasy as his mind floated, every thought drifting away as everything went black.

The pleasure his angel was feeling was beyond anything he had felt before as it passed through him in breathtaking waves. The tingling he felt in his balls told him that his love was getting close, his orgasm about to crash through them both. Magnus lost all thought when his angels cock exploded in his hand, spilling rope after rope of warm cum onto his firm belly, his own aching cock exploding in his pants. His lungs constricted as his Shadowhunters breathing stopped, his vision blurring while his angel’s hips jerked again and again as he came. He almost missed the darkness creeping in around him. With a forced effort he pulled himself back, his mind clicking back into focus as he felt his angel slipping away. He reached desperately for his angels cum soaked belly, pushing the strongest wave of magic he had ever released into him, forcing his lungs to open as his love’s eyes fell shut. He used everything that he had, all his magic and his will to pull his sweet omega back from that final fall into darkness as air burst into both of their lungs as his dying angel drew in a breath before sinking into unconsciousness.

Magnus watched his angel’s chest rise and fall. Feeling his loves heart beating again in his chest, he could feel each breath his love took in and every beat of his heart as relief washed through him. Once he knew for certain that his warrior was safe, and he truly was a warrior, he broke the link that bonded them. He snapped fully back into himself, wanting nothing more than to feel his Alexander safe in his arms. Crawling up the bed to him he didn’t bother to clean them up as he took his Shadowhunter in his arms, holding him as close as he could. The first real thought that filtered through him was that he had almost lost the other half of his soul. But he didn’t. He was lying safely in his arms. In all of his 800 years he had never felt fear like he had in those seconds that he felt darkness close in and his angel start to slip away from him. He pressed a kiss to his loves sweat soaked forehead, brushing a lock of wet raven hair from his face as he assured himself that they were safe. That his Alexander was safe.
Magnus watched as his angel slept soundly, too deeply for his soft little snores. He was finally getting the rest he had so desperately needed. How long he would sleep, he didn’t know. He had held him in his arms until his heat finally ended and his omega pheromones faded. That was when he had cleaned them up and tucked his angel into bed. By then he could no longer ignore the pounding at his door. He knew that his sister and parabati would beat it down if he didn’t let him.

His team, his family, were waiting in the next room, waiting for him to let them see that their brother and parabati, their commander, was safe and that he would be his old self again, the fierce Shadowhunter, The Archer, the commander, whatever those who needed him wanted to call him, that he would be himself. Alec the Shadowhunter, not Alec the omega.

Comments, suggestions, and feedback are always welcome! If you like this chapter please leave a vote!
“Are you warm enough? Do You need another blanket?” Izzy asked.

“It’s fine, Iz. I’m fine. Really. Please stop fussing.” Alec said.

“I most certainly will not stop fussing. You are not fine. You almost died! I will fuss all I want.” She declared with a huff.

I sighed.

“Okay. Okay. I get it. Fuss away.”

“Is there anything else you need?” She asked.

“No. I’m good for now. Thank you.”

With a nod she walked away. She and Clary had been fluttering around me all morning, from the moment Magnus settled me in on the couch. This was the first time he had let me out of bed in the last week, and I was already exhausted.
of times that I’ve told him it wasn’t his fault. It was no one’s fault. Nobody knew how serious things had become, not even me. All that really mattered was that he pulled me back. That he saved me. He used everything he had to save me. But my family doesn’t see that. My sister and parabati are still angry with him. I tried to explain everything he had done, how far he had gone, that he had saved my life, but they wouldn’t listen. Even Jace was asking me if I was okay. If I needed anything, which is weird. My brother has never done that.

The first couple of days are a blur. I remember waking up for the first time in my alpha’s arms, twenty-one hours later. Once he had pulled me back my body had slipped into unconsciousness until it had finally let go and eased me into sleep. Time had held no meaning. Days and nights were of no consequence as I drifted in and out of sleep, always waking in his arms. What once felt foreign to me was something I now cherished. I love when my alpha holds me. I love waking up in his arms. For those first few days every time I opened my eyes, he was there, holding me. He only left me when he absolutely had to, but he made sure that there was someone with me, watching over me as I slept.

At some point, I don’t know when, he had sent a message to Catarina. In the mundane world she was a nurse, always glamoured, but still a well skilled nurse. After her first look at me as I slept, she started an IV, giving me all kinds of fluids.

I would see her from time to time, when I woke, only to fall back to sleep seconds later. My body had been completely exhausted, all of my natural reserves depleted. I remember my last heat cycle clearly. I remember that first wave of pain, and all the pleasure that followed. My alpha had gone beyond what he had wanted to do until my heat had passed, but he knew it was necessary to save my life. I wouldn’t have survived if he hadn’t intervened the way he did. The pain of being untouched, of being denied the release I needed, would have been more than my body could take.

He had magically linked us, something I didn’t know he could do. With the link between us he had connected us, breath for breath, heartbeat beat for beat. He had wanted to make sure that he knew when I was in trouble, coaching me to breathe, and when I couldn’t he would push his magic into me, forcing my lungs to work.

It had been a battle for him too. He had had to push past the pleasure he was feeling through the link, the pleasure he was giving me, to get me to my release as fast as possible, to monitor me and my body’s struggle. I remember that odd rush I had felt. Now I know that it was his magic coursing through me, forcing my lungs to open, allowing me to breathe.

He had explained to me when I asked what that foreign pleasure was that I didn’t understand. He had told me that the fastest way to get me to my release was by stimulating my prostate, that odd pleasure I had felt deep inside. I remember every pleasure he had given me until those final seconds when I stopped breathing completely and was slipping away. Once he felt it through the link, he had pushed everything he had into me, pulling me back from death. Even my angel blood
wasn’t enough to save me.

But he still blamed himself. For not realizing sooner how weak I was, until it was almost too late. I hated being weak. It meant that I had failed. Every time I got upset or agitated about it, he would take me in his arms, pressing my nose against his scent glands, until I calmed down. His alpha scent was still intoxicating to me. Sometimes he would hold me there until I fell asleep.

Everybody was going out of their way to keep me calm and relaxed. Nobody wanted me to ‘strain’ myself. I’m already tired of it. The hushed voices outside the bedroom door, the gentle tones. I’m not used to it. I’ve never had it before. It’s a foreign thing to me. I have always been the strong one. The rock that everyone relied on. The one that always took care of everything, giving them what they needed. I’m not supposed to be weak. I not supposed to be the one needing help.

It had been worse in the beginning. Magnus had had to help me with everything. He had had to wrap his arm around my waist when I needed the bathroom, in case my legs gave out. Which happened more than once. He was there to hold me up. He told me he would always hold me up when I needed it, he would never let me fall, and for that I was grateful.

Two days ago, Catarina had finally taken the IV out. She was always gentle. What had annoyed me from my family didn’t from her. She wasn’t going out of her way to be the way she was. It was just who she was, how she had come to be after centuries of tending to the sick and wounded.

But today, the first day I’m allowed out of bed, I feel exhausted. The constant attention, the tension in the air. It’s too much. I want to scream.

“Magnus?”

He was at my side in a second. He always is now. He’s never far away.

“Yes, angel?” He asked.

“Can you help me back to bed, please. I’m tired.”

“Of course, love.” He said, helping me to my feet. He steadied me when I swayed, wrapping his strong arms firmly around my waist. I knew my family was watching, but I didn’t care. All that mattered to me in that moment was that I was safe in my alpha’s arms.
Magnus tucked me into bed, as usual, helping me get comfortable. I relished the silky soft sheets against my skin. That’s all he used now, because he knows I love them. I remember the starched white sheets at the Institute, and the itchy wool blankets. Looking back, I wonder how I had ever slept on what I now thought of as my rock-hard bed. Now I slept in luxury.

“Are you alright, sweetheart?” He asked, brushing a lock of hair out of my eyes.

“Yeah. I’m just tired. As much as I love my family, their wearing me out. The constant attention is getting irritating. I’m just not used to it, I guess. It feels strange.”

I knew they wouldn’t leave, and I really didn’t want them to. After that first day my sister had gone to our father and demanded that they be pulled from active duty. He knew that she knew where I was, and that she wouldn’t tell him, but he had granted her request without question. He’d told her that they could take all the time they needed, or more accurately, all the time I needed. She was the only one who had left the loft. To make that request. Magnus had magically expanded the loft, adding two new bedrooms to accommodate them.

“Would you like me to talk to them, love?” He asked.

“No. It’s fine.”

“Okay. Do you need anything?”

“Can you sit with me?”

“Of course, angel.” He said, sitting by my side.

“Can I ask you a question?”

“Of course. You can ask me anything.” He said, running his hand through my hair.
I couldn’t help but relax. For some reason it felt so good to me. It calmed me. Even though my heat had passed, it still sent a shiver down my spine. The tiniest touch from my alpha still brought me pleasure.

“Why do you call me angel?”

He sighed, taking my hand in his.

Turning my head with a perfectly polished finger he looked me in the eye. That was one of my favorite things. Looking into his eyes. I saw everything there. Our future. The lives we would have. The children we would make. I had asked him to mate me. To make me his, but he had refused. He said I wasn’t ready, and that my body was still too weak. When I was stronger, he said.

“Because, love, that’s what you are to me. I know that angel blood runs in your veins, and that you are half angel. But that isn’t why. It’s because you are an angel. Everything you’ve done. Everything you do, to help people, to save people, and everything you will do. It’s what you are. You are the saving grace for downworlders everywhere. But that’s not why to me. You’re my angel because since the moment you entered my life you’ve done nothing but save me. You are my everything.” He said.

I was stunned. I didn’t know what to say.

“Magnus…I”

“It’s alright, love. You don’t have to say anything. Just know that you are my world now, and always will be.” He said, cutting me off. “You should sleep. You’re tired.”

“I don’t know if I can.” I admitted honestly. “I can’t turn my mind off.”

So many things were bothering me. He wasn’t the only one who felt guilty. My guilt was eating me up inside. For what I had put him through. For what I did to my team, my family. I left them unprotected in the field. I wasn’t there to watch their backs, to keep them safe. It was my job, my duty, and I had failed them. I had put my parabati at risk, leaving her vulnerable when pain had ripped through our bond, leaving her unable to protect herself during combat. My team had covered her of course. But it wasn’t their job. It was mine. I should have kept her safe.
“What has you troubled, sweetheart?” He asked.

“It doesn’t matter. Just stuff on my mind.”

“You know you can talk to me about anything, right?” He asked.

“I know. I’m just not ready to talk about it yet.”

“Okay. Just let me know when you’re ready, I’ll be here to listen. Would you like me to help you sleep?” He asked gently.

I know now what he had done during my heat. He had used his magic to ease me into sleep, more than once. And at times, pushing me into a deeper sleep. Sleep I had desperately needed. Even now, when I was restless or having bad dreams, he would use it to soothe me.

“You don’t have to.”

“I don’t mind. You know that.” He said.

“Okay.”

“Close your eyes, love.” He said, cupping my cheek.

I couldn’t help leaning into his touch. I knew he would watch over me as I slept, until he was sure that I was getting good rest at least. Closing my eyes, I felt his hand run down my side. I didn’t notice it during my heat, but his magic left a tingle behind. I felt it in the wake of his touch. Softly moving his hand up and down my side, I felt his magic sink into me. With each pass of his hand, both the pleasure of his touch and his magic eased me closer and closer to sleep, until I drifted off, my last thought being of the feel of his soft touch.

I watched my little Shadowhunter drift into sleep. Pushing a little more magic into him, he sighed as he went deeper, until his adorable little snores escaped. Even after a week he was still
exhausted, and the stress he was putting on himself wasn’t helping. He was holding something in, when he shouldn’t be worrying about anything.

I knew when he had let go. When he had let go of some of what he had been holding in during his heat. It had settled right back into place when he had first woken in my arms. It had given him nightmares. Now he was holding something else in. It was a strain that he didn’t need. I could only hope that he would open up to me and let me help him work through it.

The stress he had been carrying during his heat was part of the strain that had almost killed him. It had been so much that he hadn’t been able to eat, which, despite the nourishment potion, had only made him weaker. Now he was holding even more in. Something he couldn’t seem to let go of.

I watched as his breathing became deep and even, knowing that I had pushed him far enough that it would be a dreamless, restful sleep. A soft knock on the door had me looking away from his angelic face.

The door opened, Izzy poking her head in.

“Is he okay?” She asked.

“He’s fine, Isabelle. He just needs a little rest.”

“Okay. Just checking.” She said before she slipped back out, closing the door.

My angel’s family had been grinding my last nerve since the moment I had first opened the door that night. I was already exhausted and worried about my mate. I never would have left his side had they not been about to kick down the door, which, with my wards, would have been a fatal mistake. A mistake my angel would never have forgiven me for.

I didn’t blame them for blaming me, for being angry. It was my fault. I didn’t tend to my omega properly. I didn’t look after him as I should have. He almost died because of me. And knowing that ate me up inside.

But they were distressing him, even if they didn’t know it, which angered me. I wanted to tell them to leave. To go back to the Institute until he was well again, but I couldn’t. I wouldn’t. Because he needed them. And because I wasn’t sure the Institute was safe. Their safety meant
everything to my Shadowhunter. They were his team. He was their leader. Their commander. The one they trusted completely. They were his family, and he was their brother.

Taking one last look at my sleeping angel, I quickly adjusted the enchantment on the room. He wouldn’t be able to hear them, and they wouldn’t be able to hear him. Only I would be able to hear him should he need anything. All he had to do was speak. Leaning down I pressed a soft kiss to his forehead, tucking the duvet around him. Getting up, I quietly left him to sleep.

“I know you love him. But I love him too. He is my **mate, my fated mate.** The other half of my soul. I love him more than anything, and your either too stupid to see that or you just don’t give a damn.” Magnus said, defeated. He looked away from the raging Shadowhunters glaring at him, tears welling in his eyes.

“Magnus, I…” Izzy started when she saw the pain on his face.

“What in the angels name is going on out here?” I asked, cutting her off. All eyes turned to me, standing in the bedroom doorway.

“Alexander.” Magnus said, rushing his side. Ready to catch me should I fall.

“I’m fine, Magnus. I’ve got this.” I said, trying desperately to stay calm. I felt my anger building at the tears and the pain I saw in my alpha’s eyes.

“That’s just it, Alec. You’re **not** fine!” Clary declared. “He almost let you die.”

“Stop it!” I commanded.

They all cringed back, even my Magnus.

“Stop. Blaming. Him! It’s not his fault. If it’s anyone’s fault, it’s mine! How could he know what even I didn’t? I didn’t know how bad it was. That’s my fault! That was my failure!” I shouted.
“It wasn’t your fault, Alec. You have to know that.” Jace said.

“It IS my fault. It’s my fault he didn’t know. It’s my fault that you were alone out in the field. It’s my fault Clary was left vulnerable, my parabati. It’s my fault that I wasn’t there to have your backs, to watch over you, to protect you. You were fighting demons! An all hands-on deck mission! Without me. It’s my job to protect you. You are my team. My family. And I failed you. Just like I failed him. My mate. My alpha. All because I’m a fucking omega. So stop, all of you, just stop it!” I shouted at them all.

I could feel the flush in my cheeks, not from embarrassment or shyness, but from anger. I was tired of it, tired of it all.

“I failed all of you.” I said softly. “My sister, my brother, my parabati, my partner in combat, and my mate. I failed all of you, and I’m sorry.”

I turned my back to them. I wouldn’t let them see me cry. I’d promised myself that I wouldn’t let them see me cry, ever again.

Seeing the tears welling in my angels’ eyes broke my heart. I never wanted him to cry. Ever. Now I knew what he had been holding in. What had been hurting him. I reached out, taking him in my arms.

“Shh. It’s alright, love. Everything is alright. Nobody is going to blame anyone else anymore. I promise.” I whispered.

My beautiful Shadowhunter was trembling in my arms, not from weakness but from distress. From anger and heartache. From pain and misplaced guilt. He truly thought it was his fault. He truly believed he was a failure.


“We have to move past this. We have to.” He whispered into my neck.
“We will, sweetheart. We will.” I crooned, wanting desperately to calm him. “Just breathe. Everything will be okay.”

With each breath, I pulled in more and more of my alphas scent. My favorite scent. It wrapped around me like a warm embrace, an old friend, comforting me more with each breath I took. When I got dizzy, I pulled back.

“Magnus.” I whispered, clutching his shirt.

“It’s okay, love. I’ve got you, just breathe.” He whispered softly, pressing my head gently back into place.

The dizziness quickly passed. The more I breathed, the more I felt myself relax in his arms. I’d stopped shaking, but I wasn’t sure when.

‘He won’t be able to take much more.’ Magnus thought. I held him close, whispering sweet nothings in his ear as he took in my scent. Once I felt his knees go weak, I lifted him into my arms. I could feel his soft breath against my neck and knew that he had fallen to sleep. I shot daggers at his family, daring them to speak. They all took a step back. I turned on my heel, knowing my eyes were black with rage, carrying my sleeping angel back to bed. He had had enough.

I laid my angel down as gently as I could, trying not to jostle him. While he had knocked himself out with my scent, it wouldn’t take much to wake him. I had to fight to reign in my anger. I couldn’t let him see me like this. I had to fight the demon in me back. Seeing me like this would only make things worse.

Closing my eyes, I willed myself calm. Once I was sure that the black had left my eyes, I sat beside him. Watching him sleep was one of my favorite things. One that I had been doing a lot of. Running my fingers gently through his hair I pushed him into a deep, deep sleep. One he wouldn’t emerge from anytime soon. I had to sort things out with his family.

He needed more than just a physical break; he needed an emotional break too. Catarina had been right. I shouldn’t have let him out of bed today. He was too easily overstimulated. It was too early for him to handle his family and they’re emotions. But he had wanted to see them so desperately.
I couldn’t let this happen again. He thought it was his job to protect and take care of everybody else, but it was my job to protect and take care of him. Somehow, I had to convince him that he wasn’t a failure. That he hadn’t failed anyone. That it was okay to be tired, it was okay to need someone to take care of him. He might be half angel, but he was also half human. He had been carrying too much for too long. Had this not set him off, he eventually would have broken from all the weight he has been carrying on his young shoulders.

I knew that once he regained his strength and everything wasn’t a struggle that he would go right back to being exactly what he had been before. The strong, brave, dependable Shadowhunter. The fierce, fearless warrior of the Shadow World. The leader that everyone needed. His family, the downworld, and so many more.

But for now, he was my mine. I needed him. I needed him to let me take care of him, because he was my omega. The future father of our children. He would have to come to terms, over time, with the fact that he didn’t have to do everything himself. But that wouldn’t be today. He wouldn’t let it be today.

Tucking the duvet around him I leaned in, pressing a soft kiss to his forehead. I settled in beside him, watching him sleep. Hellfire and brimstone couldn’t pull me away from him, not tonight.

Alec’s eyes fluttered open, Catarina by his side.

“Catarina?” He asked sleepily.

“Yes, Alexander.” She said.

“Where’s Magnus?” He asked, rubbing sleep from his eyes.

“Getting your breakfast.”

He started to push himself up in bed.
“Alexander, wait.” She said, pushing him gently back against his pillows. “I wanted to talk to you. I was hoping we’d get this chance.”

“Okay.” He said, confused.

“Magnus has done his best to keep me in the loop. Not to invade your privacy, but to make sure that I could help you in any way that I can. There’s something I need you to try and understand, Alexander.”

“Okay.”

“I realize that you’re having some trouble with things. With what happened. With your recovery. And the stress and anxiety you’ve been feeling. Magnus told me what happened last night. You need to understand that what happened wasn’t your fault. That needing to recover doesn’t make you weak or a failure.” She said, brushing a lock of hair from his eyes.

“I also understand that before all of this, you were raised to believe differently. You were told that weakness was a failure, that it was your job, your responsibility, to be strong, to take care of everyone else’s needs. Not just your teams, your family’s. That’s to be expected to a degree when you’re an overprotective big brother, because that’s what you are to them. To all of them, even Clary and Simon. But it’s not your job to take care of everyone else, like you have been. It’s not your job to train every Shadowhunter sent your way. It’s not your responsibility. Your only true responsibilities are to your family, your mate, and yourself.

One of the many reasons that I hold such contempt for Shadowhunters, present company excluded, is because for centuries I have watched your species lay the weight of the world on the shoulders of their best and brightest. Their strongest and most resilient. Even when it took cruelty to make them that way. It’s too much for one person, Alexander. And that doesn’t make you weak or mean that you’ve failed anyone, especially yourself.”

“I was fine before.” He said, eyes downcast.

“Before what? Before you presented?”

He nodded, yes.
“Alexander, being an omega doesn’t change who you are. It’s not a weakness, which I believe that you think it is.” She said, lifting his chin to meet her eyes.

“But it is. You don’t understand, Catarina. Everything was fine before. I was fine.”

“Where you? From what I’ve heard, I don’t think that you presenting as an omega changed things all that much for you. Yes, you were taking some added abuse from your fellow Shadowhunters, Shadowhunters who should have stood by you instead of turning their backs on you after all that you’ve done for them. But you’ve always been mistreated by your parents, parents who have always treated you badly. You’ve always been put under more pressure than everyone else. And you’ve always had extremely higher expectations than your peers, because that was how you were raised. And that falls on your parents, not you.

Even as a child you were being forced to do far more than what someone so young should have to do. You may not want to admit it, either to me or yourself, but I think that you were nearing a breaking point before you presented and before your heat started. And going into your first heat, especially under the circumstances that you did, finally threw you over the edge. An edge that you’ve been desperately trying to hold onto for longer than I think you realize.

You’re a strong, amazing, gifted person, Alexander. You mean so much to so many people. People that would fight to the death for you, and I don’t just mean your mate or your family. There are thousands that consider you a hero. But even the strongest of the strong have limits. You blame what happened to you on you being an omega and you going into your first heat. But that’s just not true. Your heat was just what made you finally reach your limit. It was when your body and mind came together and said ‘Hey, I can’t handle anything else. I need a break, before I break.’

But you are so strong, no one saw it until it was almost too late. Now you’re dealing with the fallout from that. Everyone is. Their trying to help but this is all so new for them they just don’t know how to. It will get better. You will get better. I promise. Yes, it’s going to take some time, but you will get back to being Alexander Lightwood, Shadowhunter extraordinaire. You just have to give yourself time to get there.”

“I don’t know how to let people take care of me. For the first time in my life, I don’t know what to do. I don’t know how to do what I’m supposed to.” He said, voice trembling as he fought back tears.

“Right now, there is nothing that you are supposed to do for anyone. Your only supposed to do for you. But you have to let go, of everything that you’ve been told all your life. You have to accept the fact that you were mistreated, to the point that I believe abused, and just be who you are. You haven’t changed, Alexander. The only thing that is different is that now you can bare children.
Yes, you’re going to have more heats, but you’ll get through them. Magnus will take care of you. And your family, they will help too.

You just have to stop trying to do everything for everyone else all the time, and let others do for you when you need it. Like right now. I know it isn’t going to be easy. Not with what has been ingrained into you. But you have too, or it’s only going to get worse and take you twice as long to get back on your feet. Even your angel blood and nephilim healing can only do so much.”

“So what? I just sit back and do nothing?” He asked.

“You won’t be doing nothing. You will be recovering. And yes, you do just need to sit back and let those who love you take care of you for a while, like you’ve done for them all their lives. At least until you get back on your feet. So what do you say? Will you give it a try?”

“I guess I have to.” He said.

“That’s not a yes, Alexander.”

“Okay. Yes. I’ll try. Thank you, Catarina, for everything.” He said.

“There’s no need to thank me. It’s what I do. And please, call me Cat. Catarina is a bit more formal than I usually like.”

“Okay, Cat.”

A soft knock sounded at the door.

“I’m guessing that’s Magnus with your breakfast. Come on in.” She said.

The door opened and Magnus walked in, a food tray in his hands.

“I hope I’m not interrupting.” He said.
“You’re not. You know you’re not. Did you really think that I wouldn’t recognize the enchantment on this room?” Cat asked.

“Enchantment?” I asked.

“You can explain it to him, Magnus. I’ve got to head out. I’ll be back to check on you in a couple of days, Alexander. Magnus will give me a call if you need me before then.” Cat said.

“Okay. And Cat? Please call me Alec. Alexander is a bit more formal than I usually like.” I said with a smirk.

“It would be my pleasure, Alec.” She said with a smile. “Now, I’m going to get out of your hair so you can eat. And you have to eat, Alec. Warlocks orders.” She said firmly before she left, closing the door behind her.

“Good morning, love. Did you sleep well?” Magnus asked, setting the tray beside the bed.

“I did. And before you ask, I’m feeling fine.”

“That’s good to hear.” He said with a smile.

“Do you want to tell me what she meant about the room being enchanted?”

“How about I tell you about it over breakfast? I have your favorites. At least, according to your sister.” He said as I pushed myself up to sitting.

“And those would be…?”

“Cinnamon granola, extra cinnamon, plain fat free yogurt, sliced bananas and strawberries, a few slices of bacon with a side of earl grey.” He said, sitting they tray on my lap. “Was she right?”
“Yes. She was right.” I said, smiling at the thought of my little sister helping to make me breakfast.

“Good. Will you eat?”

“Yes.” I said, spooning yogurt into my granola. “Do you want to tell me what Cat said about this room being enchanted?”

“I enchanted the room so that you wouldn’t be disturbed. I didn’t want you to hear anyone and I didn’t want anyone to hear you, except me. Only I can hear you outside this room.” Magnus said, taking his seat beside me.

“I’m not sure I like that. What if my family needs me, or I need them?” I asked with a frown.

“Truthfully, I didn’t think about that. All I was thinking about was you not being disturbed last night. I can lift the enchantment now if you’d like.”

“Please do.” I said, growing angry.

“Okay, love.” He said, snapping his fingers. “I didn’t mean to upset you. I really didn’t. Please, eat your breakfast.”

I looked down at the food in front of me. My appetite had vanished. Remembering Cat’s words, I picked up my spoon and stirred the yogurt into my granola. I wanted to get better, so I was going to eat rather I wanted to or not.

Magnus sat on the couch in front of the fireplace, old books spread out around him. A fire burned brightly in the hearth, casting shadows across the room. He looked up, watching his beautiful Shadowhunter sleep, curled up with Chairman Meow. ‘He looks so peaceful’ he thought.

He had been pouring through his spell books, looking for a way to modify his heat suppression.
potion. Once he determined one book was useless, he sent it away with a snap of his fingers, summoning another from his personal library in his workroom. He had made his home library free game, and his mate’s teams were utilizing it, but his spell books he had moved into his workroom. There were just some things that the young Shadowhunters didn’t need to see.

He had expanded his gym, turning it into a well-equipped training room. He had done it for his Shadowhunter, but it was also open to his family. They had been restless being outside of their normal training routine and he was sure his love would want a place to train once he was fully recovered. Who was he to deny the best Shadowhunter team in the Shadow World a place to train and to continue honing their skills when he had the ability to provide them with what they needed to stay the best?

If the reports he had received from the downworld were true, it wasn’t safe for them to return to the Institute. The Clave was desperately trying to find his angel and if they caught up with one of his family members, he could only imagine what the try would do to try and get his loves location. What they were after, he wasn’t sure. Were they after the omega, or The Archer? The very thought made his blood run cold.

He would have to tell them soon that their home was no longer safe. He would find out what they needed and summon it here. Yes, it would set off the Institute’s wards, but he didn’t care. ‘As long as it kept them all safe’ he thought. As much as his angel’s family could grate his nerves at times, he was growing quite fond of them. Their love for his mate, their unyielding loyalty, and their desire to protect him at all costs was more than a little endearing. For that they had his respect. And his trust.

‘I’m not going to find what I’m looking for in these’ he thought, looking at the books surrounding him.

“Magnus?” Alec asked, looking sleepily at him, Chairman Meow sitting in his lap.

‘Hey, sweetheart.” I said, abandoning my books. With a few quick strides I was at his side.

“What are you doing?” He asked as I took my seat beside him.

“Just working. Did you sleep well?”

“Mmm. I had the best dream.”
“About what, love?” I asked, brushing a lock of hair out of his eyes.

“About you. And me.” He said, a light blush coloring his cheeks.

“Alexander…”

“I know. I know.” He said, cutting me off. “I’m too weak. I’m not ready.” He sighed, defeated.

“Sweetheart, please try to understand.”

“Understand what? You were willing to touch me during my heat. But you won’t touch me now. Not like that. You say that I’m not ready. How am I supposed to ever be ready if we don’t do anything? I understand why you don’t want to go all the way right now, because I am still recovering and your right, I’m not ready for that. I thought I was. But I’m not. It’s just…how am I supposed to get ready if you don’t teach me anything?” He asked.

I sighed. I understood what he was saying. And he was right. I hadn’t so much as kissed my little Shadowhunter since I almost lost him, not more than a peck. If I was honest with myself, I was afraid. Afraid of hurting him.

“You’re not going to learn if I don’t teach you. Being intimate with someone…there’s a lot to be learned, on both sides, before moving on to sex.

You can’t possibly imagine how honored I feel that I will be the first to mate you, and the last. And I want your first time to be perfect. Because it’s something that you’re never going to forget. And that’s not going to happen if you go in blind. So we’ll take it slow.” I said, raising his hand for a kiss.

“Thank you. I miss you. I miss your hands on me. I miss you touching me. I miss touching you, even if it doesn’t mean sex. I want to know your body. I want you to know mine. I want to learn everything you can teach me. I want us to be mated. I want to be claimed. I want my alpha to mate me, even if it has to wait a little while longer.”

I smiled, raising his hand for another soft kiss. I was more than willing to mate him. To become
his lover. Because I loved him. He was my life, my everything, my future. I wanted to give him everything he could ever want. But claiming him was a different matter. But I couldn’t tell him that now.

“You have nothing to thank me for, love. I told you from the start that when the time came, we would take it at your pace. And I miss you too.”

“Does that mean we can…pick up where we left off?” He asked, cheeks blushing crimson.

“Yes, sweetheart. We can. Oh, how I love your blushes.” I said, cupping his cheek. “Lie back.”

He did as I asked. Snapping my fingers Chairman Meow disappeared.

“Where’d he go?”

“Out to the living room. I don’t want an audience.” I said, climbing on the bed and straddling his hips. “I’m going to kiss you now, Alexander.” I said softly. Leaning down I pressed my lips softly to his. “Open up for me, love.” I whispered, pressing my lips gently to his again.

When Alec sighed into the kiss, I slid my tongue between his parted lips. As our tongues touched pure bliss shot through me. I was rocked by it. And the taste of him on my tongue. ‘Will it always be like this?’ I thought.

Alec waited with bated breath as his alpha straddled his hips. He loved the way it felt when his alpha straddled him. His weight felt perfect there. He couldn’t help the anticipation rushing through him as his alpha leaned down, pressing a soft kiss to his lips. The soft brush had pleasure coursing through him. It was exactly as he remembered. His alphas soft words brushing against his cheek sent a shiver down his spine. He couldn’t help but do as he was asked.

The taste of his alpha as their tongues met was heaven. This he could do. This he was good at. Teasing his alphas tongue with quick strokes and licks had his alpha moaning against his lips.

‘He never ceases to amaze me’ Magnus thought as a soft moan escaped him when his angel’s tongue teased his. Tilting his head, he changed the angle of the kiss, taking it deeper, demanding more from his Shadowhunter as their tongues fought for dominance. ‘He’s an excellent kisser’ he thought, not for the first time. As he felt his angel fully relax, he ran his hands slowly up his sides,
over the soft cotton of his shirt.

“Make it go away.” Alec breathed when I broke the kiss, pressing soft kisses to his neck.

With a snap of my fingers his shirt was gone. I knew that he wanted me to touch him. Skimming my fingertips up and down my angel’s sides I pressed soft kisses down his silky-smooth neck. My Shadowhunter felt exactly as I remembered under my hands. Soft skin over firm muscles. I would enjoy exploring them, each and every one. I pressed my lips lightly to the rune on his neck before tracing it with my tongue.

Alec’s eyes rolled back as his alpha’s fingers ran up and down his sides, leaving a tingle in their wake. Everywhere his alpha touched brought pleasure. He thought that he would lose this when his heat ended. That the pleasure wouldn’t be the same. But it was. His alphas tongue tracing his flexibility rune felt like pure bliss.

“I love the way you taste, Alexander. Every inch of you.” Magnus whispered, pressing light, licking kisses to Alec’s collarbone.

His alpha’s tongue against my skin took my breath away. Reaching up I slid my hands under my alpha’s shirt, running my hands from his waist to his abs, teasing him with my fingertips.

Magnus’ mind went blank when he felt his angel’s hands on his skin. He moaned softly into his angel’s neck when his fingertips brushed across his abs. ‘He’s going to be the death of me’ he thought, not for the first time. Never in all his 800 years had he ever experienced pleasure like this. Everywhere his angel touched brought pleasure. Regaining his wits, he pressed quick nips and sucking kisses to his Shadowhunters throat.

“Make it go away.” Alec breathed, tugging at his alpha’s shirt.

With a finger snap it was gone, leaving his alpha’s chest bare for him. Sliding his fingertips up his alpha’s smooth chest he flicked his thumbs softly over his nipples.

Magnus couldn’t help the moan that escaped him when his mate’s thumbs brushed over his nipples. His angel was doing things to him, doing things no other lover had ever done before.

His alpha’s moan when he brushed his nipples made him feel bolder.
“Will you lay down for me?” I asked.

Pressing his forehead to his sweet Alexander’s, Magnus fought to catch his breath. ‘How could such tender touches do this much to him’ he thought.

“Yes, love. Just give me a minute.”

Alec couldn’t help but smirk at this alpha. Wrapping his legs around his waist he rolled with his hips, smoothly switching their positions. He couldn’t help but laugh at the surprised look on his alpha’s face.

“If this is you at half strength, Alexander, I wouldn’t want to be on your bad side when you’re at full strength.” Magnus said, marveling at his precious Shadowhunter. The move had taken him by surprise, the strength and agility behind it was beautiful, almost as beautiful as his angel’s laugh.

“Shadowhunter. Remember?” Alec asked, a playful tease in his voice.

“Don’t worry, love. I’ll never forget that. Now that you have me where you want me, wants next?” I asked. ‘He looks breathtaking like this’ I thought, Alec’s porcelain complexion a sharp contrast to the darkened room, his runes standing out beautifully in the flickering firelight. With a finger snap dozens of candles lit up the room. “That’s better. Now I can see your eyes.” I said, taking in my angel’s crystal blue eyes, eyes filled wide with lust. “Mmm. So beautiful.”

“What did you say?” Alec whispered, snapping Magnus out of his reverie. Magnus reached up, cupping Alec’s cheek.

“I said you are beautiful.”

Alec turned away from his alpha’s gaze, color flooding his cheeks.

“Hey. Look at me. What’s wrong, love?” He asked, turning Alec’s chin to meet his eyes.
“No one’s ever said anything like that to me.” Alec whispered, voice trembling as tears welled in his eyes, eyes cast down.

“Well you are. You are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. It was my first thought the moment I laid eyes on you on that bridge. Don’t cry, sweetheart.” Magnus said as a single tear rolled down Alec’s cheek. He gently brushed it away with his thumb. “Look at me, angel.”

Alec looked Magnus in the eye, crystal blue meeting chocolate brown.

“You. Are. Beautiful. Your stunning, gorgeous, sexy, hot, breathtaking, glorious, magnificent, decadent, cute, and one of my favorites, adorable.

Don’t ever forget that. You are my everything. And I’m going to tell you, every day, how beautiful you are to me, so no tears. Because you’re going to have to get used to hearing it.”

“Magnus…I” Alec started.

“Shh, love. I know it’s new, but it’s true.” Magnus said, cutting him off. Adjusting Alec on his lap he sat up, wrapping his arms firmly around Alec’s waist, holding him close. “Please don’t ever feel insecure with who you are, angel. Because you are wonderful. Every part of you. Inside and out.

You are the most precious, important thing in this world to me. In all my 800 years there has never been another like you. I thought I had seen all the wonders of this world, but I was wrong. Because I’m holding the best and brightest in my arms.” He said, pressing his forehead to Alec’s. “Okay?”

“Okay.” Alec whispered.

Magnus softly skimmed his hands up Alec’s back, over the soft skin and firm muscles, from hips to torso and back again, leaving waves of pleasure running through his mate.

Alec couldn’t help but moan at the gentle touch, relaxing in his alpha’s arms.
“That’s it, love. Just relax.” Magnus crooned, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead as his eyes fluttered closed.

Magnus skimmed his fingers up and around his Shadowhunters waist, tracing every curve and line of his firm six pack with his thumbs. He pressed his lips softly to the side of his angel’s throat, eliciting another soft moan from his love. Instinctively tilting his head, Alec gave his alpha better access to the sensitive skin.

Magnus pressed soft, sucking kisses to the exposed skin of his Shadowhunters throat, his hands slowly working their way up his angel’s glorious body from his abs, massaging slow circles into firm muscles. He didn’t miss the erection pressing into his belly.

“Magnus.” Alec breathed, his head falling forward onto Magnus’ shoulder.

“It’s alright, sweetheart. Let yourself feel the pleasure.” Magnus said softly, sucking gently on his angel’s earlobe.

Alec’s breath hitched in his lungs at the new sensation of his alpha nibbling at his ear. Pleasure was humming through him from his alpha’s soft kisses and the firm yet gentle touch of his hands as they worked the muscles in his abs. He knew his erection was pressing into his alpha’s belly, but he didn’t care. He didn’t miss the fact that he was caught between two hard dicks, his own and his alpha’s.

Magnus knew that his angel was lost in pleasure when he heard his breath hitched. He knew that was a tell now, a tell that his love was enjoying the pleasure he was giving him. He nibbled harder on his loves ear as he slid his hands down, over his angel’s sides to his waist, coming to rest just above his boxers.

For a moment he massaged the taunt muscles in his Shadowhunters lower back before sliding his hands beneath the waistband, firmly gripping his ass in both hands, pulling him closer, trapping his mate’s erection between their belly’s.

“Make them go away.” Alec whimpered as he instinctively ground his hips to his alpha’s.

With a finger snap they were both naked, pressed tightly skin to skin.
“Better?” Magnus asked as Alec ground his hips again, pressing his leaking cock harder into him. He knew his sweet angel was seeking friction on his dick, even if he didn’t.

“Yes.” Alec said, breathless.

“Would you like me to touch you, love?”

“Please. Please touch me.” Alec breathed as his hips ground down again. He didn’t know what he was doing, he just knew that it felt good.

Wrapping one arm around his Shadowhunters waist and one around his back Magnus smoothly rolled Alec onto his back. He pressed soft kisses to his angel’s chin and throat as he pulled his legs up and apart. Rising to his knees he ran a hand down his beautiful mate’s body, taking his angel’s cock firmly in his hand as he claimed his lips.

Alec sighed and opened for his alpha when his alpha’s lips pressed firmly to his. The feel of his alpha’s hand on his cock was perfect. He lost all thought as his alpha explored his mouth with his tongue while tugging gently on his cock. All he could register was the pleasure.

“Please, Magnus.” Alec pleaded when Magnus broke the kiss.

“What, love? Tell me what you want.”

“I…I don’t know.” Alec whimpered. “More. I need more.”

“Look at me, angel.” Magnus said, tilting Alec’s chin to meet his eyes. “Keep your eyes on me. I want you to watch and feel.” He commanded softly, injecting a hint of alpha into his tone.

Alec shuddered at his alpha’s tone, a tingle running down his spine at the command. He was unable to tear his gaze from his alpha’s. He watched while his alpha bent down, pressing soft kisses down his chest to his abs, a new burst of pleasure erupting at every soft kiss.

Magnus watched his angel shiver at his command, watching him as he pressed soft kisses down his chest to his abs, shuffling down his body. He watched his Shadowhunters pupils blow wide. He
listened to Alec’s breath hitch when he dipped his tongue in his navel before continuing down his belly. He kissed the last few inches, stopping at the base of his angel’s straining cock, his eyes locked on his Alexander’s.

“I’m going to show you something new, love.” He said, softly rubbing his sweet Shadowhunters inner thighs, secretly pleased when they trembled under his touch. “Tell me you want it.”

“I want it.” Alec breathed, fighting to draw air into his straining lungs. The pleasure his alpha was giving him was almost too much. He wanted to cum, badly.

“Keep your eyes on me.” Magnus said as he took his mates throbbing cock firmly in his hand again.

Alec groaned softly.

Looking his angel over he saw the light sheen of sweat on his skin, the blown pupils in his beautiful blue eyes, and the rapid rise and fall of his chest. Keeping his eyes on his mate he dipped his head, slowly licking his angel’s leaking slit, tasting his precum on his tongue.

Alec gasped when his alpha licked his dick. A new wave of pleasure shot through him. He had never felt anything like the pleasure his alpha was giving him as he licked across his slit, over and over again.

Magnus marveled at his angel’s reaction to his tongue on his slit. He couldn’t help but lick it again, pressing his tongue harder against it, over and over again. When his loves breath hitched, he pulled back, watching as he caught his breath. ‘He’s so innocent’ he thought. ‘Even the simplest things bring him so much pleasure.’ He watched as his angel’s eyes closed. “Eyes on me, Alexander.” He commanded, full alpha.

Alec’s eyes snapped open, the familiar tingle running down his spine at his alpha’s command.

“Keep your eyes on me.” Magnus said again, watching as his mate’s eyes locked on his. “That’s right.” He crooned, letting is breath brush against his angel’s leaking cock. Dipping his head again he licked it clean before taking the head into his mouth, swirling his tongue around the sensitive glands there.
Using his angel’s soft moans as his guide he pressed his tongue against the vein on the underside of his cock, a sweet spot that would be new to his love. He listed carefully as his angel’s breath hitched again, pressing harder with his tongue to the sweet spot, letting his love adjust to the new pleasure.

Alec was mesmerized by his alpha’s eyes locked on his. He couldn’t look away when his alpha licked the cum off his dick. The pleasure from his alpha’s tongue on his cock was making his head spin. He had never dreamed of anything like this. He wanted to buck his hips when his alpha took his cock into his hot mouth, but he couldn’t. He had no control, the pleasure coursing through him was bone deep, every muscle in his body betraying him, forcing him to stay still. He couldn’t stop the moans that escaped him as his alpha swirled his tongue around the head of his dick.

His breath hitched in his lungs when his alpha pressed his tongue to the underside of his cock, a shockwave of new pleasure rushing through him. He had never had someone’s mouth on his dick. It was breathtaking. His lungs strained to draw in air and his alpha pressed harder and harder with his tongue in a place he had never found pleasure from before when he jerked himself off. But he remembered it now. His alpha had pressed this thumb there during his last heat cycle.

Once he was sure that his Shadowhunter was ready Magnus plunged down on this angel’s length, taking his thick dick down his throat. His eyes never left his loves as he hummed out his pleasure at the look in his angel’s eyes, knowing that the vibrations would rock through him, increasing his pleasure.

He watched his angel’s panting breaths as he hollowed out his cheeks as he rose up off his length, letting his cock pop free of his mouth. ‘He tastes so sweet’ he thought. Eyes still locked on Alec’s he took his cock back into his mouth, swirling his tongue around the head before plunging back down. He was going to give it to his Shadowhunter hard and fast. With each quick suck up and down Alec’s cock he watched as his angel’s breathing became harsher and harsher as he pleasured him. ‘He’s close’ he thought as he bobbed his head down again, sucking harder as he came back up.

“Magnus…” Alec panted out. Reaching out, gripped his alpha’s hair.

Magnus’ eyes stayed locked on Alec’s as he plunged, down again and again, breathing hard through his nose so he wouldn’t break his rhythm to come up for air. He loved the feel of his angel pulling on his hair. He hummed out his pleasure as he bobbed his head down again. His loves cock felt perfect in his mouth. He felt his angel’s thighs quiver under his hands where he held his legs apart.

“Magnus..I’m going to cum.” Alec gasped out a second before he exploded in Magnus’ mouth.
Magus watched as his Shadowhunters eyes slammed shut, knowing he was about to cum. He was anticipating his orgasm before it hit, taking the hot, thick cum down his throat when he erupted. He swallowed more and more as aftershocks racked his angel’s body, loving the taste of his loves cum in his mouth.

When his angel finally stilled, he swirled his tongue one last time as he rose off his cock, watching closely as his Shadowhunter caught his breath.

“Look at me, love.” He commanded, gently rubbing his angel’s thighs as he watched his mate.

Alec’s eyes fluttered open at his alpha’s command; exhaustion clear in his crystal blue eyes.

“Magnus…” Alec whispered; eyes locked on his alpha’s.

“You did wonderfully, angel. You took it beautifully.” Magnus crooned, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s inner thigh. He watched as his Shadowhunter came down from his orgasm, his panting breaths evening out.

“What about you?” Alec asked. “Will you cum for me?”

Magnus was taken back by his mate’s request. He had forgotten about his own throbbing cock, so focused on giving his angel what he needed. He had done this for his sweet Shadowhunter, not himself.

“Alexander…” He started.

“Please.” Alec asked, cutting him off. “Touch yourself for me.”

How could he deny his love such a simple request? He had planned to tend to himself after his angel had fallen asleep.

“Alright, love.” He said, straightening up so he could take his aching cock in his hand.
With his eyes locked on his Alexander’s he stroked his cock, his hand moving up and down his shaft, slowly jerking it, using his own precum as a lube. He jerked faster as his angel’s eyes widened as he watched. He would give him this. He would give his angel the pleasure of watching him cum.

“I’m close, Alexander. I’m going to cum.”

“Cum on me.” Alec said.

Magnus was too close to his orgasm to question his angel’s request. With a few hard jerks his cock erupted, shooting rope after rope of cum onto his Shadowhunters belly and abs. It looked beautiful on him. He jerked himself through his aftershocks, slamming his eyes closed at the intensity of it all. It had never felt like this before. It had never so good. It was the longest, most intense orgasm of his life.

Watching his alpha jerk himself off was the most beautiful thing Alec had ever seen. His alpha had brought him so much pleasure, he wanted to see him have his own.

Breathless, Magnus fell forward, catching himself before he collapsed on his mate.

“That was beautiful.” Alec said, cupping his alpha’s cheek.

“No. Watching you was beautiful, Alexander.” Magnus breathed as he caught his breath. “It looks like we made a mess. My cum looks wonderful on you, angel.”

“Will you do that for me again?”

“Another time, love.” Magnus said with a chuckle. Pushing himself up he watched as his angel reached down, swiping a finger through the cum on his belly. His breath caught in his chest as he watched his once shy Shadowhunter suck his finger into his mouth, sucking it clean. ‘Lilith, that’s so fucking hot’ he thought.

“You taste good, alpha. I want you to cum in my mouth sometime.”
Magnus was shocked by his angel’s boldness. Shocked and thrilled. His angel was perfect, in every possible way. He would defiantly enjoy teaching him the art of intimacy. Snapping his fingers, he cleaned them up, collapsing on the bed beside his love.

Taking his Alexander in his arms, he wrapped his arms around him, holding him close.

“I love you, Alexander. You have no idea how perfect you are.” Magnus said, running his hand through his angel’s hair.

“I love you too.” Alec said sleepily.

Magnus felt his heart swell in his chest at the soft words. ‘We really are meant’ he thought, snuggling into his angel, his saving grace. Before he could utter another word, he heard the most adorable snores coming from his sleeping omega. His favorite sound in the world. Smiling he closed his eyes, dropping instantly into sleep with his Shadowhunter in his arms.

Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a vote.
Magnus watched as his Shadowhunter slept soundly in his arms, the flickering firelight fading. His angel’s nightmare had pulled him from sleep. He didn’t know what his Alexander had been dreaming of, but it had to have been frightening to his sleeping warrior. He had used his magic to push the nightmare back, allowing his mate to sleep peacefully, but before he had finished his parabati had been knocking on the door. His angel’s distress had pulled her from her own sleep. After assuring her that he was fine now, that it had just been a bad dream, he had shooed her back to bed. He had been watching his love sleep since, waiting to see if the nightmare crept forward again, but so far it hadn’t.

His Alexander had been having nightmares since that final day of his heat. He hadn’t yet spoken of them, to anyone, so he had no idea what was disturbing his angel’s sleep. It could be any number of things, his near death, the guilt he felt about leaving his team unprotected in the field, especially his parabati in those final moments, and the misguided sense of failure he constantly seemed to be carrying for not knowing how serious things had become. He knew he felt that he had failed me, which was to me, utterly absurd.

He knew that he had had nightmares after his presentation, but this was different. Clary had said as much. Something was eating at his Shadowhunter, but only his angel knew what.

His sweet warrior had been wonderful in the hours before, before he had drifted off and his nightmare had taken hold. The once shy Shadowhunter was slowly growing more confident with himself. Bolder. He would become an excellent lover.

He knew that his omega was inexperienced with intimacy. But being with his sweet Shadowhunter was unlike anything he’d ever experienced before. He’d lived a long time. In that time, he had taken many lovers, and knew the art of intimacy well. But when it came to his Alexander, not only was everything new to his angel, it was new to him as well. He may be the one that knows the moves, but the experience was worlds different. His angel could bring him to his knees with nothing more than a kiss.

Each touch of his angel’s hands brought him pleasure like no other, each kiss more breathtaking than the one before. No one had ever affected him like his Shadowhunter. He could make his
belly clench and his eyes roll back at the same time, with an innocent brush of his hands.

If what he had felt through the link during his omegas final heat cycle was anything to go by, which he suspected it was, their sex life was never going to be boring. They would always be able to bring each other the most exquisite pleasures. He knew that mating his Alexander would be more than earth shattering. But after mating came claiming, something his Shadowhunter had asked him for, something that he would love to give him, but in the end the final decision would fall to his Shadowhunter.

When two immortals claimed each other, not a whole lot changed. But when an immortal and a mortal claimed each other, everything changed. The mortal would become immortal.

While he and his Alexander were fated mates, destined to be together, he didn’t know if that destiny was for the span of a mortal lifetime, or for an eternity.

His angel would ultimately have to make that choice. He could mate and be claimed by his alpha, giving him immortality, or he could continue on as he was, living and loving beside his family.

How could he ask his young warrior to watch as the ones he loved most grew old and died? How could he ask him to endure watching his sister, his twin, leave this world before him? How could he ask him to suffer through the soul-shattering pain of losing his parabati, a pain that many say never fades?

Would losing his young Shadowhunter to old age someday shatter him? Absolutely. Would he be able to live without him? Absolutely not. But he would love him endlessly despite his choice. He would stand by him, whatever his decision was. He would cherish him for every moment that he had him.

They had yet to discuss children. Being an omega, baring children was what his Alexander’s body was built to do. But would he be able to do so knowing that his children would be immortal while he was mortal? While knowing that his children would watch their father grow old and die? It was a lot to lay on the shoulders of one as young as his Shadowhunter, one who already carried the weight of worlds, but he couldn’t stall him forever. Eventually he would have to tell his Shadowhunter that he would have to make the choice.

Alec shifted in Magnus’ arms, a soft sigh escaping him, breaking Magnus from his thoughts. Looking down at his sweet omega he couldn’t help but smile at the innocence he saw there, the innocent warrior sleeping in his arms, bad dreams seemingly forgotten. He couldn’t let himself worry about what may come now, he wouldn’t. If he did only have a mortal lifetime with his
Shadowhunter, he would make the most of every moment, live in the here and now, and worry about the rest later. Pressing a soft kiss to his angel’s brow he wrapped his arms tighter around him, willing himself to sleep, content with the knowledge that for this moment, he held his one true love in safe his arms.

When Alec’s eyes fluttered open, he felt the firm grip of his alpha holding him in his arms. He couldn’t help but smile. There was no better place to be than in his alpha’s arms. He couldn’t stop it when the memory of his dream flashed before his eyes. He slammed his eyes shut, trying to force back the memory but it wouldn’t go. It was seared into his brain like a brand. He had dreamt it enough times now to know that it would haunt not just his sleeping hours, but his waking hours as well. How could he tell anyone about his dreams? How could he tell his alpha that they would all die and that there was nothing anyone could do to stop it?

Feeling safe in his alpha’s arms he couldn’t help but wonder if it was just a dream. A dream that his subconscious had built, drawing from everything he had heard and learned, and most of all, what he most feared, the loss of everyone he loved and held dear.

Was it more than a dream? Was it a warning? A message from the Angel, like the visions Clary had of new runes?

He could recount every second perfectly. He could see and feel everything clearly, as if he was still in the dream. He could still smell the smoke in the air, taste the blood in his mouth, and hear the words of those who condemned them, those who would condemn them all to death, words spoken by people he already knew and now feared.

Fighting to push himself free of the horrible thoughts that wanted to consume him he took a deep breath of his alpha’s soothing scent. The comforting scent of chocolate, vanilla, coffee and musk wrapped around him, invading his senses, helping to clear away the images that made him want to hide in the dark. He couldn’t hide in the dark. He wouldn’t. He was a Shadowhunter. Shadowhunters battled back what lived in the dark. Like any other Shadowhunter, he would battle back what lived in the dark.

Slipping carefully from his alpha’s embrace he climbed from the bed. Looking down at himself he smiled, his alpha must have dressed them sometime during the night. It was convenient not having to hunt down clothes. Magic certainly had its perks.
Quietly opening the door Alec couldn’t help but think of his new wardrobe. His Magnus wouldn’t let him wear anything but the best. He had a closet full of designer clothes that he didn’t know what to do with, even if they were his normal blacks and dark blues.

His alpha didn’t really care for his clothes. He had rejected them the moment he had seen them after Izzy had brought him a bag from the Institute. His old, hole ridden, worn out jeans had been replaced. His t-shirts had all been replaced with the softest Egyptian cotton, his boxers either soft, breathable cotton or silk, like what his alpha wore.

He had refused to give up his cargo pants and boots. On that Magnus had agreed to a compromise. He could wear his cargo pants and boots until they needed ‘replacing’, but the ones she had brought had to go. They had too many ichor stains and were too worn out. Even his training clothes had been replaced with new high-end athletic wear.

Silently closing the door behind him, Alec smiled at the thought of all of the soft, comfy clothes that he wore around the loft. He had never had such high-quality stuff. He had never really seen the point in spending any more than necessary on clothes. That was Izzy and Clary’s job. They both had enough clothes to dress every woman at the Institute and still have all kinds of girl crap to spare. He had always just bought what he needed; despite the number of times his sister and parabati had dragged him out shopping. Sometimes he just bought what they picked out for them just to get them to let up.

But his alpha wouldn’t have it. He was adamant that his mate would have the best of everything. Apparently after living for 800 years one new how to invest and manage money. Money wasn’t an issue for his alpha, and now, apparently, it wasn’t an issue for him. His Magnus liked comfort, and now, it seemed, so did he. Now that he had had a taste of it.

Filling the kettle in the kitchen for tea, he remembered his sister teasing him when she had learned of his liking for the satin sheets his alpha kept on the bed for him. But she had been happy that he was finally letting himself enjoy some of the finer things.

Pulling the box of tea from the cabinet he couldn’t help but shake his head at his alpha. He had a tea cabinet. Every kind of earl grey on the market lived in that cabinet, but his favorite was Twining’s. Remembering the cheap tea he drank at the Institute left a bit of a sour taste in his mouth now. Now that he had had real tea, he didn’t think he could stomach his old tea again. His family was getting a bit spoiled too now that they were at the loft. His alpha bought the best of everything and was always well stocked. Alec suspected that magic helped with that.

“Good morning, big brother.” Izzy said behind him.
He almost jumped out of his skin at the sound of her voice, he had been so lost in his own musings.

“Jeez, Iz. Way to sneak up on someone.” Alec said, whipping around to meet her gaze.

That was a mistake. His head spun at the sudden movement and he swayed. She reached out, steadying him.

“Hey, careful. Are you supposed to be up by yourself? Where’s Magnus?”

“Am I supposed to be up by myself? What? I need permission now?” I snapped, shaking my head to clear it.

“Sorry. I just meant, well, you haven’t really been up on your feet that much. You’re still a little…unsteady.” She said, releasing me.

Moving quickly, she pulled the kettle off the stove as it started to whistle.

“Sit down. I’ll fix your tea.”

“I can fix my own tea, Iz.” I said, willing my vision to clear of the black spots dancing in front of my eyes.

“I know. But I want to.” She insisted, leading me to a stool at the counter. “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine. I just moved too fast. That’s all.” I sighed, relenting as she pushed me onto the stool. By the angel, I hated feeling so weak. ‘What happened to me?’ I thought.

She must have read my mind.

“It’s okay, you know. It’s sort of to be expected that you would still feel a little weak in the knees. You’re still recovering.” She said, pouring steaming water into my mug.
“It’s been a week. It’s never taken me this long to bounce back from injuries.” I pouted, accepting the tea she held out to me.

“This wasn’t an injury, Alec. And you’ve always pushed yourself back up before you were actually ready. Even when the doctors at the Institute said as much. The difference is, now you have a mate that won’t take no for an answer.”

“What happened to me, Iz? When did I get so weak? If this is what it means to be an omega, then I hate it.”

“It has nothing to do you with being an omega, big brother.” She said, brushing a lock of hair from my eyes. “And you’re not weak. You’ve never been weak. This isn’t an injury in the field. You almost died.”

“I’ve almost died before.”

“This is different. Recovering from a field injury, even demon poisoning, this is different.”

“How? How is it different?”

Izzy sighed, climbing on the stool beside me as I stared into my tea.

“Catarina said that during your heat, when you couldn’t eat, your body burned through all of your natural reserves. Everything your body had stored up. Those reserves were what kept you going, so you had nothing left at the end. I didn’t understand it until she explained it. Now your body is trying to rebuild those reserves while giving you what you need to get through the day. That’s why it’s taking you so long to get better. I don’t think you realize just how bad it was.”

“I was there, Izzy. I know how bad it was.”

“Do you? Do you know that your body had almost completely shut down? Even after Magnus pulled you back, he was giving you his energy, draining his own reserves, until Catarina got here. I didn’t know that. Not until she told me. After hearing that it was kinda hard to be mad at him anymore. He didn’t just pull you back, he kept you alive until she could take care of you. Do you remember that? Do you remember when she got here and started those IV’s and oxygen?”
She could tell by her brother’s frown that he didn’t.

“Even when you started waking up, Alec. Do you not remember any of that?” Izzy asked.

“No. I don’t think I do.” He whispered.

“It was bad. Really bad. She pumped all kinds of stuff into you. Even pure adrenaline when your heart rate dropped. You don’t remember the mundane machine that monitored your heart and your blood pressure?”

“No.”

“For two days, big brother, she was at your side. Just like Magnus was. Giving you everything that you needed to get you through the worst of it. After that your body decided to cooperate and you started getting a little stronger and didn’t need as much.” She said softly. “Without Catarina and Magnus, I don’t think you’d be here.”

“Is that normal? For an omega? Is that normal?”

“No. They both said it’s not. You may be an omega, Alec, but before your heat hit, which was a hard one, you were already an overly exhausted, drained Shadowhunter. Do you remember the day before? Thirteen hours of training and then an eight hour patrol? You were too tired to eat and went straight to bed when we got back.

I didn’t notice that you were struggling. You were already in trouble. I should have noticed. I’m so sorry.” She said, a tear running down her cheek.

“Hey. Don’t cry, Iz.” I said, pulling her into my arms for a hug. “Please don’t cry.”

“We should have seen it. We should have done something. We should have helped. We should have taken over training the other Shadowhunters. We all know the moves that you were teaching them.”
“It wasn’t your job. It was mine.” I whispered, holding her close.

“You had too many jobs. We’re your team. We should have helped you. Your family should have helped you.”

“Well, it’s over now. I don’t think Magnus is going to be letting me take on too many jobs anymore.”

‘He’s right. I won’t.’ Magnus thought, listening to his Shadowhunter and his sister talk.

They didn’t know he was there yet. How much he had heard, how much his sister had explained to him. Things he didn’t want his angel to know, things he didn’t want him to remember. He didn’t want him to remember those first few days. ‘If those days haunt my dreams, what will they do to his? They can never know the full truth. They can never know that he had died.’ He thought.

Taking a deep breath, Magnus pushed those thoughts aside. Stepping out of the shadows he stepped into the light.

“Good morning, you two.” He said.

Alec and Izzy pulled apart, Izzy wiping her eyes dry.

“Morning, Magnus.” Izzy said, trying and failing to hide her sniffles.

“Good morning, love.” Magnus said, kissing Alec’s cheek. “Are you guys hungry?”

“I already ate. But thank you for offering. Alec needs to eat though. He hasn’t touched his tea. I need to get back to training. Simon’s waiting for me.”

“Training?” Alec asked.

“Yes, angel. I built you a training room. I’ll show you after breakfast. What would you like to
“eat?”

“And don’t say ‘I’m not hungry’.” Izzy said, anticipating her brother before he could get the words out.

“Yes, please don’t.” Magnus said, snapping his fingers to warm Alec’s tea.

“You choose. Dealers choice.” Alec said, blowing on his steaming tea.

“How about we skip the high protein low carb today? How about pancakes?” He asked, walking around the island to the stove. “I make excellent pancakes.”

Alec hesitated, looking at his sister for help. He wasn’t used to that many carbs. He wasn’t sure his stomach could candle it. The Institute pushed healthy foods. It didn’t matter what time it was the kitchen was always open for Shadowhunters coming off different shifts. They all ate the same thing, and that didn’t include a ton of carbs.

Magnus could read his angel like a book. He knew that pancakes would be a big change for his Shadowhunter. But he needed the calories. He needed to regain the weight he had lost.

“You need to gain a little weight, Alexander. You’ve lost a lot in a short amount of time. It’ll help start boosting your strength and help you get back to your training.”

He knew it was wrong to use his Shadowhunters desire to train to coax him into eating. He knew how much his angel missed it, and how restless he was without his normal routine. But if it got him to eat more, he was willing to use that desire to get back at it to push more food on him.

“He’s right, Alec. You do need to put a few pounds back on. I’ll see you after breakfast. You’re going to love the training room.” Izzy said, leaning up to press a quick kiss to his forehead.

“Okay, I guess.” Alec said.

“Good.” She smiled at him before she turned and left.
He watched her walk away, wishing he could go with her.

“Don’t worry, love. Nephilim have faster metabolisms than any other species. Trained Shadowhunters even more so. You’ll burn the carbs off fast enough.” Magnus said. “Indulge me?”

Alec looked back at his alpha. The hope he saw in his warlock’s eyes made him smile.

“Okay.” He said. He wouldn’t deny his alpha this. Not if it was something he could easily give him.

“Thank you, sweetheart.”

Magnus snapped his fingers, everything he needed for pancakes appearing on the counter. Picking up an egg, he cracked it into a mixing bowl.

“Can I ask you something?” Alec asked.

“You can ask me anything, love.”

How exactly do male omegas give birth?”

Magnus was taken back by the question. They hadn’t even discussed children, yet alone the intricacies of pregnancy and childbirth. ‘Is this what he’s been dreaming about’ he wondered.

“Well, a long time ago they gave birth naturally. The uterus is positioned differently in men than it is in women. It’s how conception can be achieved and allow birth.”

Alec paled. The thought of pushing a child out, much less multiple children, down there, was more unnerving than a dozen greater demons.
“But it hasn’t been done that way in centuries.” Magnus rushed, seeing the panic in his omega’s eyes. “Now days, male omega children are delivered differently.”

Alec visibly relaxed, his alpha’s words pushing his fear back a bit.

“Tell me. What happens when a woman at the Institute has a difficult delivery that requires intervention?”

“Um…the Institute’s doctor injects a numbing medication in the middle back and using a scalpel they take the baby out. But it doesn’t happen often. That’s how Izzy and I were born. Because there were two of us, and there was…trouble.”

“What kind of trouble?” Magnus asked, concerned.

Alec hesitated, he wasn’t sure if he wanted to tell his alpha this, about how he almost didn’t make it into this world.

“Alexander.” Magnus said, setting his mixing bowl aside. “Tell me.”

“Iz and I were both a little small. And we were at odd positions. Somehow Izzy’s cord got wrapped around my neck.”

Magnus’ breath stopped short. ‘He’s here’ he thought. ‘Everything turned out fine.’

Forcing himself to take a breath he picked up his mixing bowl. He needed the distraction.

“Go on.” He encouraged.

“My mother had a small frame, and she kept up her training until she was forced to stop, so she was smaller than most. Now pregnant Shadowhunters are restricted from training at the start of their second trimester. Assuming that they even want to train that long. Most stop as soon as they find out their pregnant. Their pulled off missions as soon as it’s confirmed that they pregnant, to protect them and the baby. That was after my mother’s time. Early on she was hit by a greater demon in the field and had demon poisoning. The doctors thought she would lose us, but she
didn’t. She wasn’t allowed on anymore missions after that.”

Magnus could feel his blood starting to boil. Slamming his eyes shut he forced the demon in him back before it could emerge, before his Shadowhunter could see it.

“Magnus?”

“Just a minute, love.” He said, willing himself calm. In that moment he didn’t think that he could hate Maryse Lightwood any more than he already did. She had risked the lives of her unborn children.

“Why, angel? Why didn’t your mother do as the others did? Why did she go on missions when she knew she was pregnant?” He asked, opening his eyes to look at his Shadowhunter.

“I don’t know for sure. Izzy and I, we’ve heard rumors over the years. Speculation.”

“What were the rumors?”

Alec wasn’t sure why his alpha was asking about this.

“Sweetheart, I need to know.” Magnus said when his Shadowhunter frowned. “If your mother had complications while she was pregnant with you and Isabelle, I need to know so we can ensure that we watch out for similar complications when both you and your sister are with child.”

Alec nodded, reassured now that he knew why his alpha was so curious.

“A couple of the rumors we heard were pretty similar. That our mother didn’t want to gain a lot of weight while she was pregnant. That she didn’t want any baby fat after we were born.”

Magnus could feel his cooling blood starting to boil again. ‘How could a mother be so selfish?’ He thought. ‘How could a mother endanger her children the way his angel’s mother had?’

“And the others?” He asked, willing his voice to be calm.
Alec hesitated, seeing the anger in his alpha’s eyes. The rest wouldn’t help his anger at all.

“Tell me, Alexander.” Magnus demanded.

Alec’s eyes widened at his alpha’s tone. He’d never spoken to him like that before. He didn’t like it. It raised the hairs on the back of his neck. He felt defensive, ready for an attack.

Magnus’ anger drained at the sight of his young warrior. He hadn’t meant to snap at him. Seeing his angel tense up like that, like he was ready to fend off a blow, was something he never wanted to be the cause of. This wasn’t battle.

“I’m sorry, love.” He sighed, cursing himself for putting that look in his angel’s eyes. He imagined this was how he looked while appraising a dangerous situation during a mission. “I didn’t mean to speak to you like that. I’m sorry.” He said, setting the bowl aside and rounding the island to his love, please forgive me.” He said, cupping Alec’s cheek.

Alec took a deep breath and let it out, letting the tension drain from his shoulders. He knew his alpha wasn’t a threat.

“Okay.” He said softly. “Please don’t do that again.”

His angel’s words were like a slap to the face. The fact that he felt the need to say that, to make that request broke his heart. He never wanted to make his mate feel this way. His fated mate.

“I won’t. I promise. I am so, so sorry, love. My anger wasn’t towards you. Please know that.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead. “Please tell me the rest. The other rumors.”

Alec hesitated. He wasn’t sure he wanted to go there with his alpha. The tension surrounding them was already too thick.

“I don’t think I should.” He whispered. “You won’t like it.”
Magnus couldn’t stop the sigh that escaped him. If his Shadowhunter was this hesitant to tell him, it had to be bad.

“I probably won’t. But it’s something I need to know. Something I need you to tell me.”

“Why? Why does it matter?” Alec asked, looking his alpha in the eye. “What does my mother’s actions have anything to do with my question?”

“I guess it doesn’t. But I do need to know about any other complications your mother had during her pregnancy. For both your and Isabelle’s safety.”

“They had to take us out, quickly because Izzy’s cord was around my neck. Other than that, that’s all. We were born a little small, but that was because of my mother.” He said softly.

“She didn’t take care of herself, did she? She didn’t give you what you needed while she was pregnant, did she?” Magnus asked, still cupping Alec’s cheek.

“No, she didn’t. She didn’t eat enough, and when she did eat, she burned off what she ate training, not really leaving much for us. Our father wouldn’t answer us when we asked. He just got angry, but I don’t think it was at us.”

“What did you ask him, love?” Magnus asked softly.

“If she didn’t want us. If she tried to lose us. If the rumors were true.”

Magnus bit his cheek, hard. He would reign in his temper, for his Shadowhunter. He wouldn’t take his anger out on him.

“That’s what people suspected?”

“Yes. We were born early, and like a said, a little small.”

“How early? And how small? This I need to know because it’s a risk that I won’t take with you,
or your sister.”

Alec pressed his hand to his alphas, holding it against his cheek.

“Just over three pounds at thirty-two weeks. We were in the infirmary for a while.”

Magnus sighed, closing his eyes. He had been wrong. He could hate Maryse Lightwood even more. And he would probably grow to hate her more and more over time.

“Magnus? Say something.”

“What is there to say?” He asked, opening his eyes. “It is what it is. I can’t change it. All I can say is your pregnancies will be different. As will Isabelle’s. You will not deliver early. Our children will not be premature or underweight. From this day forward all Lightwood babies will be well nourished and healthy, just like they use to be. A baby should be born at at least five pounds, Alexander. Anything lower is extremely dangerous for the baby.”

Alec’s dream flashed before his eyes, the image of his tiny children making his stomach churn. He wasn’t sure that his alpha would be right.

“What is it, angel?” Magnus asked when Alec tensed.

Alec moved Magnus’ hand from his cheek, squeezing it tight.

“Nothing. It’s nothing. Will you finish telling me about omega births now?” He asked softly.

Magnus sighed. He knew with everything he had now that something was frightening his Shadowhunter. What, he still didn’t know. But he promised himself then and there that he would find out.

“It’s much the same as how you were born. Instead of the mundane medication they used on your mother, magic is used. And once the child has been safely delivered, magic is used to heal the incision.”
Alec nodded, relieved. The thought of childbirth was a little less daunting now.

“Is that what you needed to know?”

“Yes. Thank you.” Alec said, squeezing his warlock’s hand again.

Magnus smiled when his angel relaxed, the relief plain as day on his beautiful face. ‘Whatever is bothering him has something to do with our children. ‘Perhaps this is part of it’ he thought.

“Are you ready for your pancakes now?”

Alec nodded, yes. He would indulge his alpha’s request, if for anything to distract him from further questions. He didn’t need to know any more about his birth or any of what came after. It would only anger him more.

The pancakes Alec had eaten felt like lead in his stomach, making him queasy. He wasn’t used to such heavy foods. But he was excited as his alpha led him down the hallway. He hadn’t known that the loft was so big. They passed several doors before they reached the end of the hall.

“Here we are, sweetheart. Are you ready to see it?” Magnus asked, smiling at Alec.

“Yes.” Alec breathed, excitement humming across his skin. He was about to see his training room. The one his alpha had built for him.

Magnus tugged him through the open door. Alec could only stare in shock at what he saw.

The room before him was much like the training room at the Institute, only bigger. It had everything. Everything a Shadowhunter could possibly need, right down to the balance beam thirty feet off the floor, crossing the ceiling.
Turning in to take in the rest of the room he realized that this was nothing like the training room at the Institute. The layout might be the same, with all the same equipment, and then some, but what he saw on the walls took his breath away.

The entire left wall was filled with bows on display. Several had to be precious artifacts and antiques. Some were bows that he had only ever seen in books and pictures, and there were some that he had never seen before. Towards the end there were the bows that were used today. His own was on a rack, quivers of wooden and runed arrows laid out beneath it. It was beautiful.

Taking in the rest of the room the walls were covered with hundreds of various swords and daggers, knives of every metal, some even made of bone. Half of the weapons that covered the walls were ancient, defiantly artifacts that would never be touched, others that would defiantly come to good use. All of Izzy’s custom blades were easily within reach, dozens of them, as were a dozen seraph blades and seraph daggers.

“Where did you get all of this?” He asked, breathless from the beauty of it all.

“Do you like it?” Magnus asked, watching his Shadowhunter take it all in. If it wasn’t perfect, he would make it perfect.

“I love it. It’s beautiful. Where did it all come from?”

“Some of it I had in my own private collection, some of it I tracked down. The antiques and such. The equipment was easy to find. The rest came from your team. Each time they went to the Institute they smuggled more and more out. And what they couldn’t bring I summoned from the Institutes storage room and your sister's workshop. Isabelle told me where it was, and I could reach it without setting off the wards. I’m not sure why. The door on the far end leads to her workroom. I’ve given her as much as I can so she could keep forging your team’s weapons. If there’s anything I missed tell me and I’ll get it here.” Magnus said, smiling at his warrior.

“No. It’s perfect. I can’t think of anything that could possibly be missing.”

He watched as Jace and Simon trained on the other side of the room, seraph blades singing as they clashed.

“I’m glad you like it. I wanted it to be perfect for you.” Magnus said, squeezing Alec’s hand.
“Thank you. Thank you so much.” He said, turning on his heel to pull his alpha in for a passionate kiss. He put as much gratitude into it as he could. He wanted his alpha to know just how much this meant to him.

“Your quite welcome.” Magnus breathed when the kiss ended, breathless. His angel had caught him off guard, the kiss breathtaking in its intensity.

“When can I pick up my training?”

“Alec catch!” Izzy shouted.

Alec spun around, catching the kendo stick that she had thrown at him from the far end of the room. The sudden movement made his head spin, a wave of dizziness and nausea washing over him. Magnus caught him at the waist when his knees gave out.

“You can train when you can move without risking your safety.” She said, walking towards them.

“Was that really necessary, Isabelle?” Magnus asked, scolding her as he carefully lowered his Shadowhunter to the floor. “Breathe, love. Take deep breaths.” He said, rubbing soft circles into Alec’s back as he pushed his head between his knees.

“It was a point that needed to be made, Magnus. After what I saw in the kitchen, he’s not ready. When he’ll be ready, I don’t know.” She said, crouching beside her brother. She knew he would react poorly, she just hadn’t expected it to be this bad. She hadn’t mean to hurt him.

Slowly Alec lifted his head to look at her, his breathing still labored and uneven.

“That was mean, Izzy.” He said, willing his eyes to focus, wanting desperately for his vision to stop blurring.

“I’m sorry. I just wanted you to see.” She said softly, brushing a lock of hair out of his eyes.
“Thanks to you I can’t see. I can’t see clearly at all.” He said, leaning into his alpha’s chest.

“It’s okay, sweetheart. Your vision will clear soon.” Magnus said softly, holding his angel close, gently stroking his head as he held it to his chest.

“I think I want to lay down now.” Alec whispered.

“Okay, love.” Magnus said, reaching under his omega’s knees to lift him into his arms.

“No. I can walk. Just help me up.”

“Are you sure, angel?” He asked, glaring daggers at his Shadowhunters twin.

“Yes. Just hold onto me.”

“Okay.” He said, helping Alec to his feet. He held him tightly when he swayed.

“Just don’t go.”

“Never, sweetheart. I will never let you fall.”

“Alec, I’m sorry.” Izzy said, her remorse obvious in her voice.

“Forget it, Iz. You proved your point. Get back to training.” Alec commanded.

She cringed back at the command. Simon and Jace had long since stopped sparring, watching everything unfold. The command affected them as well, forcing them to take a step back.

“And don’t do that again.”
Clary came stumbling into the room.

“Alec, what’s wrong!? What happened?” She asked, swaying herself.

Jace rushed to grab her before she fell. She had felt Alec’s distress through their parabati bond.

“I made a mistake.” Izzy said, tears welling in her eyes. “I hurt him.”

Simon wrapped her in his arms, but she couldn’t look away from her brother. Magnus’ anger was still palpable in the air.

“Come on, love. Let’s get you to bed. You need to be off your feet.” He said gently, leading Alec to the door. “Move, biscuit.”

Jace led Clary away from the door so Alec could pass. Clary shot a questioning look at Izzy. Alec didn’t look back as his alpha led him out of the room, holding on so he wouldn’t fall.

Magnus eased Alec gently onto the soft bed, careful not to move too quickly. As he laid his Shadowhunter back against his pillows he carefully helped Alec onto his side.

“How are you feeling, love? Still dizzy?”

“A bit. And my stomachs not too happy.” Alec said, grateful when his alpha tucked the duvet around him.

Magnus frowned. He didn’t like that his Shadowhunter nauseous. He still remembered the last time he had gotten sick and almost choked.

“I can give you something if you’d like. It’s used for morning sickness.”
“No. That’s okay. It’ll pass.” Alec said, squeezing Magnus hand.

“Are you sure?”

“I’m sure. Can you sit with me?”

“Of course.” Magnus said, tucking pillows behind Alec’s back. He didn’t want him to roll onto his back if he fell asleep, in case he got sick. He needed to stay on his side. “Are you tired?”

“A little bit. But I don’t want to sleep right now. Just rest until my head stops spinning.”

Magnus frowned, not happy that his angel was still feeling the effects of moving too quickly. It should have passed by now. He was glad Catarina was coming. She wanted to check on his Shadowhunter today.

“Okay.” He said, taking his place beside his angel. Reaching up he ran his hand through his Alexander’s hair.

Alec sighed, relaxing as always. He loved when his alpha did that.

Magnus smiled at his Shadowhunter. ‘He doesn’t realize his how sleepy he is’ he thought, watching as his Alexander’s eyes drooped.

“I think you need a nap, love. Would you like help sleeping?”

“No. I’m good.” Alec said, suppressing a yawn.

“Okay. You might feel better if you closed your eyes though. It should help any lingering dizziness.”

Alec knew his warlock was right. It would help. But he didn’t want to sleep. He felt like he was
always sleeping.

Magnus knew his warrior was close to drifting off, but he wouldn’t use his magic to push him into sleep if he didn’t want it. He would only do that when it was necessary. There was only one thing he could do. He gently ran his hand through his angel’s hair again, once, twice, watching as his sweet omega relaxed completely, his eyes fluttering closed. Smiling, he brushed a lock of raven hair from love’s eyes. He waited for his favorite sound. In less than a minute his Shadowhunter was snoring softly.

Fire. Everything was burning. Smoke clogged the air, making it hard to breathe. People were screaming everywhere. Screams that echoed in his ears. He had lost count of the number of arrows he had let fly. And with each one he let loose his heart broke a little more. But he had to hold the line. They had to hold the line, giving the others a chance to escape, to get to safety.

A ball of blue flame flew past him, his alpha fighting to stay at his side. Dropping his bow, he pulled a seraph blade from his hip. He got it up just in time. The blades sang as they clashed together. Pulling a dagger from his thigh holster he thrust it out, striking home, his attacker caught by surprise. He went numb inside as his attacker fell, as the light faded from his eyes.

He was killing his own kind, and it was killing him inside. But he had no choice. They had to hold the line.

Retrieving his bow, he let more arrows fly, side by side the blue balls of fire his alpha was throwing at his side. Pain ripped through his parabati bond. Clary was hurt but it wasn’t a mortal blow. Turning his head for a split second, he saw her regain her feet, her short swords taking another life. Turning quickly back to the fight he let another arrow fly, listening to the scream as it hit his target. A man he once considered a friend dropped to his knees as he died. He was tired, heart, mind, body, and soul. But they had to hold the line. He had to ignore the kick he felt inside.

“Alexander!” Magnus’ voice rang in his ears, over the screams as people died. His alpha was at his side, but he wasn’t calling is name, he was letting blue balls of fire fly. “Alexander! Wake up!” His alpha commanded.

Alec’s eyes snapped open, jarred awake at his alpha’s command.
“Wake up, love. Look at me.” Magnus said, catching Alec’s arm as he threw a punch. “It’s okay. Your safe. It’s all right. It was just a dream.” He said, holding his angel’s arms down, pinning them at his sides. “It was just a dream.”

Magnus watched as his panicked Shadowhunters eyes focused as he was finally pulled out of sleep. It only took an instant for Alec to stop fighting him.

Alec went limp as he stopped fighting against his alpha, gasping for breath as he met his alpha’s eyes. His own fear was matched in his warlock’s beautiful brown eyes.

“It’s okay, sweetheart. It was just a dream. Your awake now.” Magnus said softly, his eyes softening as he saw the fear leave his angel’s eyes. “It’s okay. You’re okay. It’s over now.”

“Please let me go.” Alec breathed, ashamed that he didn’t have the strength to break free from his alpha’s grip. ‘What kind of Shadowhunter was he? Why did he have to be so weak?’ He thought as the questions flittered through his mind.

Magnus hesitated before letting go. He didn’t want his Shadowhunter to hurt himself anymore than he already had. Clary’s screams had had him rushing through the bedroom door, her panic for her parabati echoing throughout the loft. His sweet omega had had another nightmare, his fear having ripped through their parabati bond.

“Thank you.” Alec said, rubbing his bruising wrists where his alpha had held him down.

“Alexander, please. Talk to me. Tell me what’s happening.” Magnus pleaded, his own breathing evening out.

“It was just a dream. Just a bad dream.” Alec said, averting his eyes to the side. He didn’t want his alpha to see the tears threatening to fall.

“Sweetheart, please.”

“Magnus.” Catarina said from behind him. “Please move so I can heal him. He’s hurt.”
Magnus closed his eyes, fighting back his own tears. He hadn’t meant to hurt his Shadowhunter, only restrain him, to protect him from himself. He and Catarina both had heard the bone snap in his angel’s wrist when he had grabbed him. Pinning his arms at his sides hadn’t helped the injury.

Alec’s brain finally registered the pain, his broken wrist swelling before his eyes. He wished he had his stele. He wished he could draw an iratze. But he couldn’t. Just like he couldn’t meet his alpha’s eyes.

Magnus climbed up from the bed, letting Catarina take his place.

“Alec, let me see your arm, sweetie. I can fix it.” She said gently.

Alec shook his head, no. He tried to roll to his other side but couldn’t. A mountain of pillows stopped him.

“Alec, please. Let me help. It will take the pain away.”

Magnus was ashamed of himself. He had hurt his sweet omega. He had snapped his bone. It had to hurt. He knew it had to. But his angel wouldn’t let his oldest and dearest friend help. He wouldn’t let her heal him.

“Sweetheart, please. Let Catarina heal you.” Magnus begged, willing his angel to do as he asked.

Alec closed his eyes before he turned. He wouldn’t let his alpha see the tears he was fighting back. Not from the pain, the tears weren’t from the pain, but from the dream. The dream that gave him no peace. It wasn’t always the same, but it always ended the same way.

He felt a soothing warmth run up his arm as the bone in wrist snapped back into place and mended. Every muscle in his body ached. Every part of him felt weak from exertion and strain. He felt as if he had just come out of a hard battle. In a way he thought had.

“Alec. Will you look at me please?” Catarina asked, her voice soothing, hard to resist when he felt like this. Opening his eyes, he was surprised when a light blinded him in each eye, one then the other. He flinched back from the blinding light, slamming his eyes shut. “It’s alright, Alec. I know that hurt, but it was necessary. I had to check your pupils.”
“Catarina, is he okay?” Magnus asked.

“Magnus, please wait outside while I finish my exam. The others must be frightened. You need to calm them down.”

“Tell me he’s alright.” He pleaded.

“Please don’t go.” Alec asked, finally opening his eyes. “Please don’t leave me.”

Magnus quickly crossed the room to Alec’s other side, sitting beside him.

“I won’t, sweetheart. I’m right here.” He said, brushing a lock of hair from his angel’s eyes. He didn’t miss how dilated his pupils were. He lifted his Shadowhunters free hand to his lips, pressing a soft kiss to it. Catarina had yet to release his other hand.

“Magnus, I need to dose him. It won’t knock him out, just relax him. With the way he tensed up, he has to be hurting. It will help ease the pain.”

“Okay.”

Before Alec’s sluggish brain could react a needle pieced his skin. Warmth rushed through his veins. Within seconds every muscle in him relaxed and the pain eased. His chest loosened and his breath came and went easily. His vision blurred but with each blink it cleared more and more.

“That’s better.” Catarina murmured.

Magnus watched the needle pierce his Shadowhunters skin, and the way he flinched. He watched how quickly his angel relaxed, as if a heavy weight was being lifted off of him. He was unsure how it was possible, but his pupils dilated even more.

Sticking a stethoscope in her ears, Catarina pressed the bell to Alec’s chest. His heart beat rapidly in her ears, the normal beat of a nephilim heart.
“Alec, honey, take a deep breath for me.”

Alec responded without thinking, drawing a deep breath in and letting it out. He wasn’t sure what was happening to him.

“One more, sweetie.”

Catarina listened as Alec drew deep breaths in and out, his lungs clear and unrestricted. He had fully relaxed.

“That’s good, sweetie. Just try and relax.” She wondered what his blood pressure would be, it takes longer to drop. But she would find out. “Magnus, talk to him. It will help.”

“It’s alright, love. Everything’s okay now.” Magnus said softly, turning Alec’s chin to meet his eyes. “There you are.” He murmured, caressing Alec’s cheek with his thumb.

“Magnus, dim the lights. Too much light will hurt his eyes.” Catarina said, wrapping a blood pressure cuff around Alec’s arm.

With a snap of his fingers the lights dimmed, casting the room in shadows. The thick curtains Magnus had left up after those first few days into his recovery blocked the sunlight out.

“Tell me he’s alright, Catarina.” Magnus said, never breaking eye contract with his Shadowhunter.

“He’s stable. Blood pressure is a little high, but that’s to be expected. I’ll check it again in a bit.”

Clary opened the bedroom door, not bothering to knock. She was deathly pale.

“Is he alright?”

“He’s fine now, biscuit. You should lay down. Let Jace put you to bed.” Magnus said, tearing his
gaze from Alec to look her over. Catarina turned as well.

“Magnus, stay with him. Don’t let him get up.” She said, climbing to her feet. Reaching out to Clary she caught her before she fell.

“Come on, dear. Magnus is right. You need a bit of a lie down.”

“Promise me he’s alright.” Clary said, holding tight to Catarina’s arm. She felt as if every muscle in her body had gone soft.

“He is. I gave him something to relax. From the looks of it, it relaxed you too. Let’s get you off your feet.” Catarina said, holding Clary tightly so she wouldn’t fall. “Jace?” She called out the bedroom door.

He was there in a second.

“Can you carry her to bed please?” Catarina asked, releasing Clary when Jace took her in his arms.

Faster than Clary could blink her head was resting on her alpha’s chest. He quickly carried her out, followed by Catarina.

“I’ll be right back, Magnus.” Catarina said as she left the room.

“Is Clary okay?” Alec asked, swallowing hard as he struggled to form words. His tongue felt thick in his mouth.

“She’s fine, sweetheart. She’s just feeling some of the effects of the medication Catarina gave you. She’ll probably sleep for a while.” Magnus said softly, not wanting to agitate his already distressed omega. “I’m sorry I hurt you. I never want to hurt you.”

“It’s okay. I didn’t feel it break. Not until after.” Alec said, shifting against the pillows, trying to get comfortable.
“Hold on, love. Let me move these.” Magnus said, easing the pillows from behind Alec’s back so he could lay flat.

“I’m cold.”

The last pillow Magnus moved felt damp. Pushing the blanket at Alec’s waist down he saw that his omegas clothes and sheets were soaked through with sweat. With a snap of his fingers Alec was dressed in warm, dry clothes and he was laying on fresh, clean sheets. He had switched the satin for soft cotton. Alec whined at the change.

“It’s alright, angel. I’ll switch them out in a bit. I want you to get warm first.” Magnus said, wrapping the thicker blanket around him.

“I hurt Clary, didn’t I? I keep hurting her.”

“No, love.” Magnus said, brushing a lock of hair out of Alec’s eyes. “You just scared her a bit. That’s all.”

“I keep doing that. I don’t want to do that. It’s not fair to her.”

“I know, sweetheart. And she knows you don’t mean too, it’s just part of your bond. Even if she does feel some of what your feeling, it lets her know that you’re okay. And I don’t think she would trade that for the world.” He said softly.

“It’s so different now. It never used to be like this. She never used to feel me the way she does now.”

“I know. Things have been more…intense since your heat started. But it’s been easing up since it ended. Now she’s only feeling when your overly distressed. That will ease up too, the more you recover.” He said, brushing another lock of hair from his angel’s eyes. ‘I hope this doesn’t set him back’ he thought.

“Am I ever going to get better? Be who I used to be?” Alec asked, thoughts of losing himself, of how much of himself was gone, flashing through his mind. He instinctively squeezed Magnus’
“Of course you are. I know it’s been hard. But like Isabelle said, what you went through wasn’t an injury in the field. It’s going to take a little time.”

“You heard that?” He asked.

“Yes, sweetheart. I did. I wasn’t trying to invade your privacy, I just sort of came in as you were talking.”

“How are you feeling, Alec?” Catarina asked as she came back in.

“How’s Clary?”

“She’s alright. She’s sleeping. I gave her a little nudge so she could rest.” She said, sitting beside him.

“You can do that too?”

“All warlocks can. Now if Magnus here would get on board and work on honing his healing magic, things would go a lot smoother. Once you and your team get back at it, tending to you guys after battle will be much easier. I’m sure small injuries happen during training and in the field that will require some attention.” She said, taking his wrist in her hand, checking his pulse. He was still in shock, but improving quickly.

“We usually use iratzes for small things. But I don’t have my stele. I can’t help anyone.” Alec said softly.

Magnus wasn’t sure if his Shadowhunter was referring to their angelic runes to heal injuries, or something more. But he couldn’t let his angel lose faith in himself.

“You’ll always be able to help them, angel. And you’ll get your stele back. Actually, I think your sister has something for you.” Magnus said as something came to mind. “Catarina, can you get Isabelle? Ask her to bring Alec his present. I think it might cheer him up.”
“Sure.” Catarina said, raising a brow at Magnus. He winked at her.

“Present?” Alec asked as Catarina climbed up and slipped out the door.

“Yes, sweetheart. A very special one. You’re going to love it.” He said as Catarina came back in.

“She’ll be right in. She’s gone to get it. How are you feeling now, Alec? Any better?” She asked, sitting beside him again.

“Much. Thank you. What was that stuff?”

“A mundane medication called Ativan. In low doses it helps people relax.” She said, starting to take his blood pressure again.

“You use a lot of mundane stuff in what you do, don’t you?”

“When I think it’s necessary. A lot can be done with magic, but not everything. Mundane science has advanced a lot in my 400 years. I would be stupid to ignore what could be very helpful just because it comes from the mundane world, and if I’m honest, a little conceited. There are many who would reject it just because it’s mundane. Mundanes may be oblivious to a lot of what goes on around them, but several of them are quite intelligent. I see doctors in mundane hospitals work magic every day, in the capacity that they have.”

Alec looked at her, confused.

“They may not be like us, Alec. They may not be able to do the things we can, but they have managed to survive as a species for a very long time.”

“Can I come in?” Izzy asked from the doorway.

“Of course.” Catarina said, eyeing the black velvet box in Izzy’s hands. She climbed up so Izzy could sit beside her brother.
“Hey, you.” Izzy said, sitting at her brother’s side. “You okay?”

“I’m okay, Iz. Just had a bad dream. A really bad dream.”

Izzy had been worried about her brother all day. What had just happened had scared her. But Catarina had said that he was okay after she’d tended to Clary. He looked okay, although a little tired.

“I’m glad you’re feeling better. I wanted to give this to you this morning, before I messed things up. I made it for you.” She said, holding out the black box for him to take.

Alec eyed her as he took the box. They never gave each other presents, except on birthdays, which was usually work related. Weapons and the like. He hadn’t gotten a personal gift in a long time.

“Go on. Open it.”

Alec flipped the lid on the box. A crystal blue stele caught the light from the beside lamp, the runes carved into the grip shown beautifully.

“I don’t understand. I already have a stele.”

“Not like this one. This one is untraceable. You can use it safely. We all have one. Clary’s is green to match her eyes, like yours is blue.” Izzy said, hoping desperately that her brother would like her gift.

“How?” He asked. “How can it be untraceable?”

“I changed the runes a little. We’ve tried ours out. They seem to work better than what we had before. Do you like it?”

Alec lifted it gently from the box, feeling the weight of the cool metal in his hand. It felt perfect.
“I love it, Iz. Thank you.” He said, tears welling in his eyes.

“Hey, don’t cry. It’s supposed to make you happy.”

“It does. It’s just…being without mine felt weird. And even then it just…worked. This one feels perfect. Like it was made for me.”

Izzy laughed.

“It was made for you, silly. But I know what you mean. I’m glad you like it. And I have a gift for Magnus too.” She said, pulling another box from her back pocket.

Alec smiled. He was happy his sister had thought of his alpha. They hadn’t exactly had any warm and fuzzy moments. Magnus looked surprised when she handed him the black velvet box.

“Isabelle?”

“Go on. Open it.” She said, excitement shining in her eyes.

Flipping the lid, he looked inside. He looked at her, confused.

“I hope I got the carvings right. I had to look them up.”

“You did. But I don’t understand.”

“What is it?” Alec asked.

Magnus turned the box for him to see.

“Iz?” He asked, confused.
I know what you’re thinking. Only nephilim can use stele’s. But that one’s different. Cat helped me find the metal. So it’s one you can use, Magnus. Just don’t touch the tip. I thought it might come in handy if you ever needed to activate one of our runes.” She said, disappointment creeping into her voice. “You don’t like it?”

“No, I do.” Magnus said. “I’m just surprised. I didn’t think such a thing was possible. I’m honored that you would think of such a thing for me.” He said, running his finger across the lettering. It shown just as brightly in the light as Alec’s did. The silver caught the light beautifully.

“What’s it say?” Alec asked, looking at the foreign script on the grip. Happiness fluttered in his belly, for his alpha and his sister.

“My name. It’s an ancient demon tongue. The first I ever learned.” Magnus said, fully taking it his hand. ‘It feels perfect’ he thought.

“I made a sheath for it. Just to be safe. I didn’t want the tip to accidently touch you.” Izzy said, biting her lip. “You’ve been looking after Lightwood’s for a long time. I just thought you should have something special, as a thank you.”

“It is special. It’s wonderful, Isabelle. Thank you.” Magnus said, tears welling in his eyes. He could use this to help the one’s he loved. All of them. In a way he never could before.

“Your welcome.” She beamed, happy that she could do something for her brother’s alpha.

“Catarina, where did you find the materials? I’ve only ever seen this in Edom.”

“That’s exactly where it came from, Magnus. It wasn’t hard to come by. The hard part was forging it, but Isabelle managed to forge it perfectly.” Cat smiled, thrilled for her oldest and dearest friend. She knew how much this would mean to him. He could have used it countless times in the past.

“That was dangerous, Catarina. Isabelle could have been hurt.”
“I was there when she forged it. She was perfectly safe, I swear. I would have shielded her from any harm.” She said, laying a comforting hand on his shoulder. He looked at her, his gratitude shining in his eyes.

“Thank you. Thank you for helping her. This means more than words can say.”

“So your happy?” Alec asked, watching his alpha carefully.

“I’m thrilled.”

“It’s the only one of its kind. And only you can use it. That’s why I put your name in the grip.” Izzy said.

Magnus turned it over in his hand, inspecting the demonic symbols on the other side. It was absolutely perfect. She hadn’t missed a thing.

“I’ll cherish it, Isabelle. Thank you.” He said, honesty shining in his eyes as he looked into hers.

“We haven’t tried it out yet, but you should be able to draw runes with it too.”

“You can try it on me.” Alec said.

“No!” Izzy and Magnus exclaimed in unison.

“Until we know it’s safe it isn’t touching your skin, Alexander.” Magnus said, his eyes softening at the hurt he saw in his Shadowhunters eyes.

“Simon has volunteered for the task. It should be fine. Clary has sketched out all of the runes in the Gray Book for you, and her own. But I don’t think you’ll be needing her portal rune.” Izzy said, squeezing Alec’s hand.

“You have a portal rune?” Magnus asked, wide eyed.
“Yep. It’s one of Clary’s. It’s come in handy a few times.” Izzy said with a smirk.

“You all never cease to amaze me.” He said, carefully nestling his precious gift back in its box. “Is there anything you can’t do?”

“Magic.”

“Not yet. You guys seem to be capable of everything.” He said, closing the box.

“We’ll leave the magic to you. It is your specialty after all.”

“Okay, everyone. Now that that’s over I need to check Alec’s vitals again.” Cat said, hating that she was cutting in. But Alec was her priority right now.

“Okay.” Izzy said. She didn’t want to leave her brother, but she had to let Cat take care of him. “I’ll see you soon.” She said, leaning down to press a soft kiss to his forehead. “Love you, big brother.” She whispered before she pulled away.

“Love you too, Iz.” Alec said, squeezing her hand. With a tight squeeze back she climbed up. With one last squeeze she pulled away.

Alec watched his sister slip silently out the door, pulling it shut behind her.

“It’s okay, love. You’ll see her soon.” Magnus said, his heart breaking at the pain on his Shadowhunters face. His angel missed his family, terribly. ‘Even though they were right down the hall, they must feel a million miles away’ he thought.

Alec sniffled, wiping away a tear as it started to fall.

“It’s always ‘soon’. But never soon enough.” He whispered, willing the tears back.
“Hey, come here.” Magnus said, lifting Alec gently into his arms.

Alec couldn’t stop the sob that escaped him. He could cry here. He could cry in the safety of his alpha’s arms. His alpha wouldn’t judge him.

He’d never had this before. This was something he’d never known that he needed, someone to lean on, not until he’d found his alpha.

“It’s alright, sweetheart. Let it out.” Magnus crooned, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s bent head, holding him tightly in his arms.

“I miss them.” Alec hiccupped between sobs.

“I know. I know you do. But we’ll change that, okay? We’ll make sure that you see them, as much as you want.”

“Promise?” Alec asked, clinging tight to his warlock.

“I promise, love.”

Magnus’ heart broke for his Shadowhunter. He knew that he had been struggling, with a lot of things. But he hadn’t known this. He hadn’t realized how much his angel had been hurting, being away from his family. Family he was used to being with, all day every day. The way they’d been for years. It didn’t matter that they were just outside the door, or down the hall. They weren’t with him.

“Shh. It’s okay, love. It’s okay.”

“Magnus, he’s straining himself. He has to stop.” Cat said, sitting back at Alec’s side. “He needs your scent.”

“I don’t want to sleep.” Alec begged, clutching his alpha’s shirt.
“You don’t have to, angel. You just need to calm yourself.” Magnus said gently, lifting Alec’s chin to meet his eyes. “For just a minute, okay?”

“You won’t let me fall asleep?”

“No, I won’t.” He said softly.

Alec nodded.

“Okay.” He whispered. He trusted his alpha, he trusted him to do this, without letting him take too much. Too much always made him sleep. He didn’t want to sleep. He didn’t want to dream.

Carefully lifting his angel’s head, he pressed it lightly to his shoulder, towards his scent glands.

“Breathe, sweetheart.”

Alec took a tentative breath of his alpha’s scent. He felt himself start to calm as it wrapped around him.

“That’s right. Just a few more.” Magnus crooned, looking pointedly at Cat.

Her small nod told him what he needed to do, something he didn’t want to do. He knew his Shadowhunter was trusting him to pull him back, but he needed to go under. He didn’t want to betray his love, to break his promise. He was torn.

With each passing second Alec felt himself relax more and more in his alpha’s arms. When his vision blurred, he pushed back, trying to free himself from the scent that would drag him into darkness.

Magnus made his choice when his omega tried to pull away. Despite the disapproval plainly written on his best friends face he lowered his angel gently back against his pillows, drowsy, but awake.
“There now. That’s better.” He said softly, gently wiping the tears from Alec’s cheeks. “Feel better now?”

Alec nodded, yes.

“Catarina, do you have something for pain? I’m sure he’ll come down with a headache.”

“Of course.” She said, reaching into her medical bag. She deliberated before making her choice. Did she really want to betray her best friend? Did she want to lose the trust of his mate, his omega? One who would need her in the future? How would Alec trust her then if she betrayed him now? He was afraid to sleep. Afraid to dream.

“Catarina?” Magnus asked, watching the thoughts and emotions pass over her face. What he saw there had him concerned, his instincts screaming at him to protect his mate.

“It looks like all I have is aspirin. Will that work?” She asked, pulling the bottle from her bag. She had felt Magnus’ eyes on her, watching her. She couldn’t lose his trust, she wouldn’t. Helping Alec for a few hours now would only hurt them all in the end.

“That’ll be fine.” He said, relief coursing through him. He had been wrong. His instincts had been wrong. She was still his best friend. She hadn’t betrayed them.

Alec sighed, rolling onto his side. The side he slept on. Magnus lifted the blankets, tucking them in around his Shadowhunter. He wouldn’t push his angel into sleep, he had made a promise, a promise he was going to keep. But that didn’t mean he couldn’t make him comfortable.

“Alec, sweetie, can I check your vitals now?” Cat asked.

“Mm-hmm. Where’s Izzy?” He asked sleepily.

“She’ll be here in a minute. Let’s take care of you first, okay?”

“Okay.” Alec mumbled, fighting desperately against sleep.
Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a vote.
Chapter 10 - Opening-Up

She had sat beside her brother, holding his hand. They had all sat with him, talking to him, reminiscing about old times as he had fought desperately against sleep. It had been hard seeing her big brother like that, afraid to sleep, afraid of dreams.

Being a Shadowhunter you see and do a lot of frightening things, things most of the world’s population can’t handle. And now her big brother, the strongest of the strong, the bravest of the brave, was afraid of bad dreams? There was no sense to it, no logic. And Alec was the most logical person she had ever known.

While she had loved spending time with her brother, and had been promised that she would get to spend more with him until he was back on his feet and they were back to their daily training routine, it still had been hard seeing him that way.

Nobody had said anything, but the team was all thinking it. They didn’t believe that he would ever fully bounce back from all the shit he’d been through in the last few weeks, but she did. She had too. And she would lay out any single one of them that had balls enough to speak the words out loud, where there was even the remotest chance that Alec could hear them.

She had never been above breaking noses, and would gladly take the consequences, even if it was a member of her team, her family. Because that’s what families do. They love each other unconditionally, support each other in everything, and put foot to ass when necessary. Yes, it would be one boot to three asses’, but she didn’t care. Even her mate wasn’t immune.

She didn’t think Clary would ever say a word against her parabati though. They were too close, and always had been. Clary didn’t know it, but her brother had asked her to be his parabati because she was the smallest of them, and he wanted to protect her.

Since his heat had started, she had been feeling a lot more through their parabati bond. She said it was like everything she felt from him was ten times stronger than it used to be. No one knew why. Not even his alpha. But day by day it was getting less and less intense.

Izzy suspected that no one had said anything because they were afraid of her wrath. While Alec
may be the strongest and the bravest of them all, and had the patience of a saint, she was the one with the shortest fuse and the one that had the ‘if you cross me or mine, bones will be broken’ attitude.

She just wished she knew what was scaring the shit out of her brother. His alpha didn’t know, and Alec wouldn’t tell him, or her. They had tried to get him to talk about it, during those few hours that Magnus was doing the Angel knows what in his workroom, but he wouldn’t. All it seemed to do was agitate him, so they backed off. She had just been happy that she had been able to sit by his side and hold his hand. She had missed him, more than she had realized.

When he had asked about their training, and keeping up with it, they had assured him that they were staying in routine, minus hunting, so they would still be sharp when he was up and back at it. He had let slip that he had a few new moves to show them, which, Alec being Alec, he always did. Sometimes she thought he just made them up in his head.

As much as she had enjoyed spending time with her brother, she was relieved when Magnus came back with a potion for him. A potent sleeping draft. Alec had refused it until his alpha had assured him that he had put a suppressant in it, one that would prevent dreaming. Then, and only then, had he relented. He had already known that he was losing the battle against sleep. What Cat had given him had been strong.

It had only taken a few seconds for the draft to knock him out. Magnus said that the worse the fatigue the faster it worked. She had asked him why he didn’t just use his magic to put her brother under, the way he usually did. He’d said he didn’t want to risk doing that. He wasn’t sure that he could use his magic to safely push him into a sleep deep enough to prevent dreams without hurting him. And, because as he drifted up from that sleep, he would become susceptible to dreams, something Alec didn’t want. She didn’t really understand, but she had taken his word for it.

She did make him promise her one thing. That he would get her brother to talk. To talk about his dreams so they could tackle whatever it was that was eating him up inside. He had been doing that a lot lately, holding things in, letting them eat away at him, and at some point, he was going to have to stop.

“Anybody I know?” Simon asked, behind her.

She spun around faster than he could blink with a right hook. He had barely caught her gloved hand before it could meet its mark. He had been expecting it. He merely raised his brows.

“Sorry. You startled me.” Izzy said.
“So I see. I didn’t think that was possible.”

Izzy couldn’t help but laugh. She had said the same thing to her brother that morning in the kitchen.

“Did I miss the joke?”

“No. Just something that I said to Alec earlier. What are you doing up? It’s late.” She said.

“I know. It’s four in the morning, and you’re up, so I am too. But seriously, is that someone I know?” He asked, nodding at the quickly deflating heavy bag.

Sand was pouring freely from the bottom of the bag and seams where she had busted it. Apparently, she had been taken out her frustration on an innocent punching bag, effectively murdering it. ‘Oh well’ she thought. Magnus could fix it tomorrow.

“I don’t know.” She answered honestly.

“Let me see your hands. I wouldn’t be surprised if you hurt yourself.” Simon said, unlacing the boxing glove he had caught inches before it broke his nose, and glasses.

With skilled movements he undid and removed the glove, unwrapping her hand. He whistled at the bruises on her hand and knuckles.

“Did you not feel this? Some of these are broken.” He asked.

“No. I was too focused on what I was doing I guess.”

“Alec again?” He asked, eyes softening.

He knew just how much her brother meant to her, how important he was to her, to all of them, and
wanted to understand and help her with what she was going through. What they all were going through. Not having their commander was getting to them.

“You already know the answer to that so I’m not going to answer it. Pass me your stele. I’ll heal this while you work on this other glove. Now that I’m not so distracted it is starting to hurt.”

He pulled the stele she had made for him from his pocket and handed it over. While he worked to unlace the other glove, she used her injured hand to activate the iratze on her forearm. The bruises on her hand and knuckles started to fade within seconds, the broken bones mending. When the second glove came off, her hand was fine.

“Do you want to talk about it?” He asked, winding up the wrappings she had used back up.

“Not really. We’ve already had this conversation. More than once. There’s no point in rehashing it again.”

“We can ‘rehash it’ as many times as you want to babe, you know that. I’m always here to listen. Especially about someone as important to you as Alec.” He said, wrapping his arms around her waist. “We’re worried about him too, you know.”

“I know. And I appreciate the offer for the ear. But I really should be asking if you need to talk. You’ve done nothing but listen to me, but I haven’t returned the favor. I’ve been selfish.”

“No, you haven’t. He’s your brother.”

“And your best friend.” She said, cupping his cheek.

“To be honest, I’m not ready to talk about it yet. But I’ll tell you when I am, okay?” He asked.

“Okay.” She said softly, dropping her forehead to his. “Tell me he’s going to be okay.”

“He’s going to be okay. Magnus will get to the bottom of whatever is going on with him, he’ll finish his recovery, and then we’ll move forward. To what, I don’t know. Clave or no Clave, there are still demons to fight and mundanes to protect. I guess we’ll do that for a while until we figure
out what happens next. But how about in the meantime we take a hot shower and head to bed.” He said, sliding his hands down to grip her ass. She couldn’t help but smile.

“Sounds good. I just need to check on Alec first.”

“Already did. Magnus said he’s fine. He should sleep through the night.” He said between soft, biting kisses to her neck.

“Okay.” She breathed as her eyes rolled back. “A shower and to bed it is then. Lead the way.”

“Good girl.” He said, scooping her into his arms. She couldn’t stop the giggle that escaped her. “By the Angel how I love that sound.”

He turned, his alpha in his arms, and carried her from the training room.

Magnus made another note in his elegant script. He had been sitting on the loveseat working his way through the thick white book for hours. He didn’t really want this book out where it could be seen, but he didn’t want his Shadowhunter to wake up alone. Scanning over his notes, he thought he had found most of what he had needed to know, but he knew something was missing. He just didn’t know what. To get what he wanted, he would have to keep digging. There was no spell or potion for what he wanted to achieve so he would have to create one himself.

He looked up at his sleeping omega for what felt like the thousandth time, making sure all was as it should be. He knew when he had given his angel the sleeping draft that it would knock him out for a while, he just didn’t expect it to be this long.

But the position was designed to do something specific. Yes, he had wanted to suppress his Shadowhunters dreams, and give him the chance to get the rest he still needed to recover. But looking back he realized his mistake. When he had enchanted the potion as it brewed, he had been a little too specific.

Instead of enchanting it to allow his Alexander to sleep peacefully, he had enchanted it to allow him to sleep peacefully until he had gained what he needed. That one little slip-up may very well
put his Shadowhunter out for days. Until he got all of the rest he needed. He had been needing good rest for more than a week.

So far, his angel had been asleep for thirteen hours. After the ninth hour Magnus had drafted a new potion to counteract the effects of the first, but he wasn’t ready to use it yet. He would give his Shadowhunter a little more time before waking him. He did need the rest, and the sleep was a healing sleep. That much he had gotten right. His Alexander could possibly wake up fully recovered. He had wanted so desperately to help his young warrior become whole again.

He couldn’t wait to meet the Alec everyone but him seemed to know so much about. The strong, powerful, fearless warrior. It would be interesting to see the differences between Alexander the omega and Alexander the Shadowhunter.

Yes, he would let his Shadowhunter sleep for a few more hours. He would use those hours to try to figure out what he knew was missing to achieve what he wanted. Turning back to the book in front of him he flipped the page, making another quick note.

“Magnus?” Alec asked sleepily.

Magnus snapped his fingers, the book and his notes vanishing. Climbing up he crossed the room in a few quick strides. He reached his Alexander just as he had pushed himself up in bed.

“There you are. How are you feeling?” He asked, taking his seat beside his Shadowhunter.

“Mmm. I’m not sure yet. Good, I think. How long was I out?” Alec asked, rubbing sleep from his eyes.

“Awhile. But you needed the sleep.” He said, brushing a lock of hair from Alec’s eyes. “I take it you slept well?”

“I did, actually.” Alec said, frowning.

“What’s wrong, love?” Magnus asked, concerned.
“I…nothing. I don’t think. I feel different.”

“Different how, angel?”

“I’m not sure…I don’t know how to explain it. I feel…normal again.”

“I’m not sure what you mean, love. Normal again?” Magnus asked, brows furrowed.

“I…I feel like myself. Like before my heat started.”

Magnus knew exactly what his Shadowhunter was trying to say.

“I don’t feel weak. My muscles don’t ache. I just feel…rested. And like I did before.”

“That’s great, sweetheart. I’m glad you’re feeling better. You needed some solid rest. Your body needed it, to finish healing itself.” Magnus said. His suspicions were now confirmed. His mate wasn’t the delicate omega anymore, he had recovered. He was Alec Lightwood, Shadowhunter extraordinaire again.

“I don’t understand. How…?”

“Does it matter?” Magnus asked.

“I guess it doesn’t. I just…feel like me.”

“I know, love.” Magnus said, both happiness and sadness raging war inside him. The omega he knew, the Shadowhunter he didn’t. He was happy that his Alexander felt like himself again, he just wasn’t sure that he was ready to let go of his omega. The omega that had needed him. ‘Are they really any different?’ he thought.

“Magnus, what’s wrong?”
“Nothing, angel. Nothing’s wrong. I’ve just have a few things on my mind.” He said, pushing his selfish thoughts aside.

“What kind of things?”

“Just…warlock things. Something I’m working on.”

Snapping his fingers, a steaming mug of tea appeared on the beside table.

“Here, love. It’s your favorite.”

“Thanks.” Alec said, taking the mug with a smile. He loved how his alpha always thought of him.

“Sweetheart, we need to talk. Do you remember yesterday?”

“Yes.” Alec said, hesitant.

“I need you to talk to me, love. I know you don’t want to, but we need to talk about whatever it is your dreaming. You were able to sleep last night because I suppressed your dreams so you could rest. But I can’t do that forever. Maybe talking about it will help. And I can’t help if won’t talk to me.”

Alec stared into his tea, biting his bottom lip. He wanted to be honest with his alpha, but he wasn’t sure he could tell him. He wasn’t sure he could tell anyone.

“Hey, look at me.” Magnus said gently, pulling Alec’s chin until he released his bottom lip. He had bitten down so hard it was bleeding. “Do you realize that you just hurt yourself?” He asked, swiping his finger gently across Alec’s lip, wiping the blood away and healing it. In that moment he realized what he was missing.

“No. I guess I didn’t.” Alec whispered.

“Please, angel. Tell me what’s going on.”
“I don’t know if I can. My dreams, there bad.” Alec said, looking his alpha in the eyes.

“I know, sweetheart. That’s why we need to talk about them.”

Alec fell silent, deliberating as he searched his alpha’s eyes. What he saw there made his decision for him. He could tell him.

“There not always the same. But they always end the same way.” He said, setting his tea aside.

“Go on.” Magnus encouraged.

“Answer me a question first. Do you believe in premonitions? Or warnings?”

“I’m not sure what you mean, sweetheart.” He said, frowning.

“Do you believe it’s possible that dreams can be warnings? That they can show you the future? I know that sounds crazy.” Alec said, turning away from his alpha, too embarrassed to look at him.

“No, love. That doesn’t sound crazy at all. I’ve known people with that gift.” Magnus said, tilting Alec’s chin to face him again. “Is that what you think is happening? That your dreams are telling you something?”

“I don’t know. I just keep having this same dream, over and over again. And it feels so real. It’s like I’m really there, in the dream. I can feel everything.”

“I can’t tell you if what your dreaming is more than a dream or not. But I wouldn’t dismiss it. If it feels real to you, if you truly believe that it’s really something that is going to happen, then you need to tell me, so we can make sure that it doesn’t happen.” He said, cupping Alec’s cheek. “Can you tell me? You have to tell someone, love. Or it’s just going to keep eating you up inside.”

Alec sighed, closing his eyes. He didn’t know if he had the words to tell his warlock what he wanted to know, but he knew in his heart that his alpha was right. He had to tell someone.
“Do you promise to keep it to yourself? That you won’t tell anyone? I don’t what them to know. My team. My family.” Alec said, looking deep into his alpha’s eyes, crystal blue meeting chocolate brown.

“I promise, sweetheart. You can tell me anything. I won’t tell anyone if you don’t want me to.” Magnus said, relieved that his Shadowhunter was going to open up to him.

Alec took a deep breath, forcing himself to say the words.

“Everyone is bound, on their knees. My team, you, my father, and a woman and man I don’t know. Everyone is beaten a bloody. There’s smoke in the air, like somethings been burned. It’s gagging. I’m standing there, bound, in front of you.” He said, unsure if he would be able to say anymore.

“Go on.” Magnus prompted, knowing full well who the unknown people were, but he couldn’t tell him now.

Alec reached out, taking his alpha’s hand in his own, squeezing it tight.

“The Clave is there. At least part of them. People I know. People I use to trust. There’s Shadowhunters there. Shadowhunters that I know. I know them well because I trained them. There holding us there. There there to kill us. To kills us all. They start with Clary, because she’s my parabati. They want me to feel the pain of her death. They make me watch as someone I use to consider a friend slits her throat. I feel the pain rip through our bond and I fall to my knees, but they jerk me back up. They make me stand and watch as one by one they slaughter my family. But they save you for last. They want you to see something first.” He said, unshed tears in his eyes.

“They make you watch as they slit my belly open, as our children fall from my womb, helpless to stop it. I fall to my knees as the pain rips through me, from the brutal slice through my belly, from the heartbreak of watching our unborn children die in front of me. We hear our babies cry for the first time, only to die seconds later when a seraph blade is plunged through their little hearts.

I beg for them to stop. I beg for mercy for my team, for you, for our children, for my father and the people I don’t know. I beg so hard I can’t get anything else out, all I can do is cry, my heart shattered to pieces. With my last breath I watch as they slit your throat, my last scream caught in my chest, and as the light leaves your eye’s I feel the blade at my throat, and the slice that turns
“everything black.” He whispered, tears streaming down his cheeks.

“I couldn’t stop it. Any of it. Everyone dies because of me, because I’m an omega.”

Magnus was stunned. There were no words for what he had just heard from his Shadowhunter. His heart stuttered to a halt in his chest. He had to force himself to take a breath. To draw in air as he reached for his angel, pulling him into his arms. Now he knew. He knew what was terrorizing his innocent omega. He could feel pain ripping through him, pain at every word his angel had just said.

“It’s okay, love. It’s going to be okay.” He whispered in his sweet warrior’s ear, holding him close, knowing in his heart that it wasn’t okay. He didn’t know that tears were running rivers down his cheeks.

“I don’t know how to stop it. Any of it. And I don’t know if it’s real or just a dream.”

Magnus’ mind was spinning, racing with horrible thoughts, seeing clearly the images that had been running rampant through his Shadowhunter’s head, tormenting him. He tried to fight the dizziness that was making his stomach churn.

He couldn’t dismiss this. This wasn’t a dream. It was a warning. A warning he had to heed. Rather it was from his Shadowhunter’s Angel, he didn’t know. But he had to protect him. He had to protect them all.

He felt the ache in his arms when he released his Shadowhunter, the pain of letting him go when all he wanted to do was to hold him close. He never wanted to let him out of his arms. But he had to. His angel was right. The others couldn’t know. No one could know. All they could do was everything they could to thwart the future his angel had seen.

“It’ll be okay, sweetheart. We’ll make it be okay.” He said, wiping the tears from his Shadowhunter’s cheeks.

Alec reached up, doing the same, gently wiping the tears from his alpha’s face.

“Am I crazy?” Alec asked, searching his alpha’s eyes.
“No, love. You’re not.”

“So you believe me?” He asked, hope shining in his eyes. He wouldn’t be able to stand it if his alpha didn’t believe him.

“Yes, angel. I do.”

“You can’t tell them. They can’t know.” Alec whispered.

He knew his Shadowhunter was referring to his family. Over and over again he had seen them die in his dreams. He understood why he didn’t want them to know. He didn’t want what he had seen hinder them, undermine their abilities, causing them to doubt themselves. He wanted them to be at their best, to stay at their best.

“I won’t, sweetheart. I won’t say a word. I promise.”

“I have to get them ready. As best I can, I have to get them ready.” Alec said, wiping a stray tear from his cheek.

“Alexander, love, it’s going to be alright. We’ll keep them safe. I swear to you. We’ll keep all of them safe.” He said, laying a hand on his omegas flat belly. “We’ll do everything to make sure that what you’ve been dreaming doesn’t happen. And if you see anything that seems familiar, something that strikes home, we’ll take whatever action necessary to change it. But you have to tell me. You have to tell me everything you see when you see it. Okay?”

Alec looked down at his alpha’s hand on his belly, where their children would someday be. He was promising to keep them safe.

“Okay.” He said, laying his own hand over his alpha’s.

“Thank you, sweetheart. Thank you for telling me.” Magnus said, cupping Alec’s cheek. Alec gave him a weak smile, unshed tears in his eyes. “No more tears, okay? It’s going to be alright.”
“No more tears.” Alec said, gazing into his alpha’s beautiful eyes. He saw the fear in them, and the honesty. His alpha would give everything he had to protect the ones they loved. As would he.

Alec walked into the training room. Izzy and Clary were sparring, seraph blades clashing as they fought. They were throwing hard blows at each other. This was more than just training; this was hardcore.

“Time.” He commanded.

Both girls stopped immediately, lowering their blades to their sides.

“Alec! Your up.” Izzy said, dropping her blade to the floor where it went out. In a second she had wrapped him in her arms, clutching him tight. “Are you okay? How are you feeling?”

“Good morning to you too, Iz.” He said, smirking into her hair, wrapping his arms around her, holding her close.

Breathing hard from the fight, Clary sheathed her blade as she approached.

“Your feeling better.” She said.

“I am.” Alec said, releasing his sister from his embrace.

“I don’t feel you the same. It’s like before.”

“Good. It was a bit unnerving. For us both. I’m sorry that you had to go through that.” He said, pulling Izzy’s arms from around his waist.

“It’s no big. I’m just glad you’re better.”
“What do you mean better?” Izzy asked.

“Catch.” Clary said, whipping a knife from her belt and throwing it at Alec. It sped through the air from the force behind it. A foot from Alec’s face he caught it, hilt in hand.

“Clary! Are you crazy? He could have been hurt.” Izzy exclaimed, rounding on Clary.

“No he couldn’t. He’s fine.” She said with a smile. “Aren’t you, Alec?”

“Yes.” He said. “I’m fine now, Iz. No worries.”

Izzy looked at him, confused. Just yesterday he could barely stand.

“How? How are you fine?” She asked.

“Magnus. The draft he gave me. It wasn’t just to help me sleep or block out dreams. He added something. Something to speed up recovery.”

“So your good now? You’re okay?”

“Yep. All good, and ready to train.” He said, smiling at her.

“Magnus?” She asked.

“Right here.” Magnus said from the doorway. All eyes turned to him.

“Is he really okay?” She asked.

“He is.”
“And it’s safe for him to train?”

“It is. I do have one request though. That you all go easy today. He hasn’t trained in a while and I don’t want him pushing himself too hard on his first day back at it.”

“Done.” Clary said, a huge smile on her face.

“And his runes?” Izzy asked.

“Safe to use. In moderation.” He said, smiling. Her happiness for her commander was infectious. “I would like to speak with Clary though.”

“Sure. Anything.” Clary said, looking between Alec and his alpha, curious.

“In private if you don’t mind.”

“It’s okay, Clary. He and I have already discussed it.” Alec said, walking forward to pick up Izzy’s discarded seraph blade. It lit up instantly. “Iz? Ready to give it a go. Maybe this time you might actually beat me.” He teased.

Izzy looked unsure. Her brother seemed well enough, and confident enough, and his alpha had said he was okay. But after yesterday she was still afraid. Afraid she might hurt him.

“Come on, Iz. I’m fine. I wouldn’t be in here if I wasn’t.”

Izzy looked pointedly at Magnus. He gave her a small nod and a wink. ‘If his alpha’s sure’ she thought.

“Okay. But were going easy. Until I see for myself that your up to par.” She said, taking her place across from him, pulling another blade from her hip. It too lit up instantly. “Swear on the Angel that if you need to stop, you’ll tell me.”
“I swear. Now let’s get on with it. I haven’t held a blade in weeks, I’ve missed it.”

She couldn’t help but smile. From the looks of it, her big brother was back.

Magnus led Clary into the kitchen. He sat down at the bar.

“Take a seat.” He said.

Clary sat on the stool beside him. Her curiosity was at its peak.

“I need to know if you can do something.”

“I can try. What is it?” She asked.

“Alec said that you can create runes. Powerful ones.”

“I can.”

“I need you to create one for me. I need you to create a breaking rune. One that will break Alexander’s tracking rune. And yours and the others. Can you do that?” He asked.

Clary was unsure why he was asking. They hadn’t activated their tracking runes in weeks. And Magnus’ wards were hiding them.

“I can try. But why? We haven’t used that rune since we got here.”

“I know. Being here, it’s not necessary. While your tracking runes aren’t active, I’m not sure that you still can’t be tracked by having them. The Clave can do a lot of things, and we can’t stay here forever. I know my wards are blocking your location, regardless of the rune, I just don’t know that there isn’t something they can do when we leave here.” He said.
“Leave here? You mean like to hunt?”

“Something like that. Can you do it?” He asked.

“I can try to create something. But what your asking will be hard. It won’t be just a breaking rune, it will have to remove the rune completely. That’s two different runes. I would have to merge two runes into one. A breaking rune and the rune the Clave uses to remove runes, when they derune a Shadowhunter. I don’t know that rune. I’ve never seen it. And it’s not in the Grey Book.”

“And if you had that rune do you think you could do it? Create a rune that would remove the tracking rune?” He asked.

“I think so. But it wouldn’t be limited to just that rune. It could be used on all runes.”

“What if I told you I have the rune that the Clave uses when they derune someone and could give it to you. With that do you think you can do what I’m asking?” He asked.

“I don’t see why not.” She said, confused.

Magnus opened a small leather book on the counter. Pulling out a piece of paper he handed it to her. It was a drawn picture of a rune.

“Where did you get this?” She asked.

“That doesn’t matter. How long do you think it would take to do this?”

“Not long. But using the rune will be painful. It’s painful when a rune is stripped.” She said.

“How painful?”

“I don’t know. I’ve never had a rune stripped.” She answered honestly.
Magnus nodded, biting his lower lip.

“I need you to do this, Clary. Painful or not, I need you to do this.”

“Okay. I just need my sketchbook. It may take me a few tries, but I should be able to get what you need.” She said.

Magnus snapped his fingers, her sketchbook and pencils appeared on the counter.

“Do you have time now?”

Clary could feel the urgency coming off him. She wasn’t sure why it was so urgent ‘but he must have his reasons’ she thought.

“I can do it now.”

“Good. Thank you. I’ll leave you to it.” He said, climbing off his stool. “Please let me know when it’s finished. And please keep this between us for now.”

“I will.” She said, opening her sketchbook to a blank page, her mind already working on how to create the rune.

Magnus sat on the loveseat in the bedroom. He was looking at the fire message he had receive while his Shadowhunter had been in the shower. The fire message with the rune tucked inside. It hadn’t been labeled, but he thought he knew what it was for. The message itself was simple.

‘Hide my son’
Robert Lightwood had sent a warning. He must know the real reason why the Clave was after his eldest child and was trying his best to protect him. Just like he had always tried his best to prepare and protect him.

His Alexander didn’t know yet the lengths his father had gone to. To keep him safe. To give him every advantage. To give him everything he could to protect and defend himself and his family. All the skills and knowledge that were made available to him, skills he had honed and taught his team.

Magnus had felt out the contents of the storage container at the address included in the note. Once his magic had confirmed that there was no danger, no threat lurking inside, he had transported the contents into his private storage chamber hidden behind a dozen wards and protective layers in a hidden room in the loft.

He had only been partially surprised by what he had found inside. It didn’t surprise him that his Shadowhunters gear was there, or that of his teams, and their personal effects. But he was surprised when he opened the crates. They were filled with what he assumed were the rest of their custom-made weapons, weapons Isabelle had crafted for them, and the dozen crates filled to the brim with thousands of his angel’s runed arrows. And half a dozen more filled with weapons that Shadowhunters used every day. Seraph blades, seraph daggers, short swords, extra bows, all of it.

Everything they could possibly need. Everything they could possibly need to wage war against the Clave. To overthrow it. To burn it to the ground. Whatever they had to do to save themselves and as many more as they could. Robert Lightwood had been preparing for this for some time, quite possibly since the moment his son had opened his eyes for the first time.

He had been surprised when he had read the most recent report from the downworld, that Robert Lightwood had disappeared from the New York Institute without a trace. He knew very well where he had gone. Somewhere he hadn’t been in a long time. Somewhere he would have to take his to Alexander soon. Maybe there father and son would make peace with one another.

He had picked apart every detail of his angel’s dream in his mind, as painful as it had been. But he’d had to. He had to see what details were there, and what details should have been.

In the dream his sweet omega had been very pregnant. But if he was correct based on his loves recounting, he had also been very mortal. An immortal would have had a protected womb, a womb that no seraph blade could penetrate, not when the father and children were both at least part warlock.
That was one thing he could change. One thing that he could do to protect his Shadowhunter and their children. The magic and immortality his angel would gain from him when he was claimed would protect them. His Shadowhunter was already the best and most skilled Shadowhunter alive, the best the Shadow World had ever seen. Add to that the magic of a warlock and he would be force not to be reckoned with.

He knew that his young warrior wouldn’t want to leave his family vulnerable, and that they wouldn’t stay behind, not once they found out what had to be done. They would have to be together every step of the way. And he couldn’t fault them for it. The most he could do would be to sit them down and give them a choice.

He wasn’t sure at first that he would be able to offer them what they would need to see this through, assuming they wanted it, but after looking through the Book of the White, he knew now that with a lot of work, and the final ingredient he could at give them a choice. He had a feeling that he knew what choice they would make.

He needed to find out from his Alexander which Clave officials had been present at the massacre that had let loose in his mind, and which Shadowhunters. That was where they needed to start. But to do this, to wage this war that would save them all, they would need an army. And there was only one place they would find the army that they needed. An army that his Shadowhunter and his team would need to train, then lead.

His angel would have to make his choice. He didn’t want it to be this way. He didn’t want the impending threat to sway his young warrior’s decision, but there was no other way. He wouldn’t rush him. They still had time. But not enough he was afraid. If his calculations were correct, his Alexander’s next heat wasn’t due for another two months and twelve days. Factoring in how far along he would have to have been for their children to be so well developed, that would give them just over nine months, unless they could change the course of things. But he was adamant, the day his angel had dreamt of would never come. And if they couldn’t stop it, and it did come, it wouldn’t end that way.

“Time.” Jace called. He had been watching Alec and saw him stumble on that last flip on the balance beam, thirty feet above him. “It’s been six hours, Alec. I think that’s enough for today. Come on down.”

Alec looked down at his brother. He wanted to do more, but his brother was right. He was getting tired. Six hours of training after being away from it for two weeks was pretty good.
“Okay. I’m coming.” Alec called. He bent his knees for the jump. While he landed on his feet in a perfect crouch, he had to catch himself with his hand before he fell forward. He hadn’t had to do that since he was a child.

“I really think you should call it, Alec. You look tired.” Jace said, helping Alec to his feet.

Alec could feel the ache in his muscles. He had gotten a good workout. Now he wanted to find his alpha, and maybe take a nap.

“You did great today.”

“No. I did okay.” Alec said. “Everyone went easy on me.”

“You haven’t trained in two weeks, Alec. After what you did today, after doing as much as you did, you did great. Six hours is great.”

“Maybe.”

“Magnus didn’t want you to overdo it, which I think you did anyway. Tomorrow you’ll do better. You always do.”

Alec sighed. Again, his brother was right.

“I will call it. Just because I want a shower. And my alpha.”

He bent to pick up his blades. He’d used all of their blades today.

“I got that. You go on.” Jace said, gathering his brother’s weapons.

Alec nodded, handing what he had already collected to Jace.
“You did do really well today. You may not think so, but we do.”

“Thanks.” Alec said before he turned to leave.

Magnus sat on the loveseat, making a list of what he would need. Somehow this had become his new workspace. He wasn’t sure how he was going to ask his Shadowhunter for the last ingredient. But it was the most important one. Hearing the door creek open he snapped his fingers, his notes and list disappearing.

“I hope I’m not interrupting.” Alec said as he came in.

“No, love. Not at all.”

Alec nodded, chewing his bottom lip. His alpha was hiding something. That was the second time that day he had seen him hide his work. ‘Maybe it’s his warlock stuff’ he thought.

“How’d training go? You were at it a long time.”

“Okay. It would have been better if everyone wasn’t treating me with kid gloves.” Alec said, pulling his sweat soaked shirt over his head.

Magnus bit his bottom lip as his Shadowhunter undressed. Something about watching a gorgeous sweaty man taking his clothes off, especially when that man was yours and had abs like a God, got his juices flowing. The beauty of his runes were just a bonus.

Alec saw his alpha staring at him out of the corner of his eye. He fought hard to hide a smile. His warlock made him all hot and bothered all the time. It was nice seeing him get all hot and bothered before. Slowly he lowered his pants, dragging it out as much as he could.
“I was going to take a shower. Wash off the training and try to ease the aches from a hard day’s work. Care to join me?”

It took a second for Magnus to come back down to earth, he had been so distracted by his angel’s perfectly sculpted body.

“Always, love.” He breathed.

This time Alec couldn’t hide his smile. His alpha was almost drooling. Crossing the room, he held out his hand. Magnus reached up, taking it. Alec pulled him up, hard against his bare chest. He leaned in, claiming his alpha’s mouth in a steamy kiss, his tongue sliding easily into his alpha’s mouth when he gasped at the sudden movement. Using his hands he pulled his warlock flush to his body, holding him there.

“Look at that, I’m getting you all dirty.” Alec breathed when he pulled back for air. His alpha was practically molded to him.

“It looks like you are. You’ll have to remedy that.” Magnus said, pressing hot kisses to his Shadowhunters throat.

“I guess I will.” He said, reaching down to grab his alpha’s thighs. With one quick move he had his warlock off his feet with his legs wrapped around his waist, firmly holding him there with his hands.

Magnus was shocked by his Shadowhunters move. ‘He really must be fully recovered’ he thought. His angel had lifted him so quickly and gracefully that it took his breath away.

“Did you activate some sort of rune to do that?”

“No, alpha. I didn’t. Shadowhunter. Remember?” Alec said, laughing at the shock on his alpha’s face, his aches and pains forgotten. “Are you ready for that shower now?”

“Lead the way.” Magnus said, wrapping his arms around his Shadowhunters shoulders as he bent his head to press fresh kisses to his angel’s throat and jaw.
Alec carried Magnus into the bathroom, laughing as he stumbled when his alpha sucked on his neck, hard. He was sure there would be a bruise there later.

“Careful. I might drop you.” Alec breathed as he sat his warlock firmly on the oversized marble counter. The pleasure he was feeling was incredible.

“No you won’t.” Magnus said, hiding his smirk as he licked at what would soon be a hickey. “Shadowhunter. Remember?” Snapping his fingers, the shower turned on.

“I love it when you do stuff like that.” Alec mumbled, claiming his alpha’s lips for another breath stealing kiss.

Magnus dug his nails in his Shadowhunter’s lower back, the pleasure coursing through him exquisite. His head spun from his warrior’s kiss, and this new side of him. ‘Why was I worried’ he thought as he hummed low in the back of his throat. His Alexander hadn’t changed, at least not in any way that would take away from who he was. He was just stronger, more laid back, and more confident. The light radiating off of his angel was almost blinding.

“Now if there was just something that could be done about these clothes.” Alec breathed when he broke the kiss for air, pressing his forehead to his alpha’s as they fought for breath.

Magnus smiled, snapping his fingers. In an instant they were both naked.

“Better?” He asked as he slid his hands down, gently caressing Alec’s ass.

“Mm. Much.” Alec said softly, pressing soft kisses to his warlock’s throat. Magnus sighed, tilting his head, giving Alec better access. His eyes rolled back from the pleasure of it all, the pulsing sensations where his Shadowhunter licked and sucked the sensitive skin at his throat; the feel of his legs wrapped down around his angel’s trim, firm waist, and the emotions thundering through him. ‘This is the real Alexander. And he’s my mate, my fated mate’ he thought. Before he could blink Alec lifted him off the counter.

Alec knew that his alpha was enjoying himself, which made him smile. He was happy. He had
never been this happy. Yes, he was used to hard days of training. He enjoyed them, and the time he spent with his team, his family, but he had never had anyone waiting for him. Someone just for him, and with his warlock, his fated mate, he now did. He had what his family already had, he had love. And it was beautiful. He tilted his head when his alpha pressed his lips back to that same spot on his neck. Hoisting his warlock further up his waist, supporting him with one hand, he opened the shower door.

“It seems like someone’s back at full strength.” Magnus chuckled when hot water came raining down on him. His Shadowhunter was amazing. He wasn’t exactly a tiny man, but his angel carried him around like he was a pound heavier than a doll.

“Not quite but getting there.” Alec said, carefully lowering his alpha to his feet. The hot water washing over him felt wonderful, ‘having his alpha there felt even better’ he thought, stepping back to admire the view. His eyes swept down his warlock’s body, taking in every curve, every line, and all the firm muscles, muscles he wanted to explore. He wanted to touch each one, taste each one, trace them all with his tongue. He wondered what his alpha would taste like.

Magnus lost his breath as his Shadowhunter’s beautiful blue eyes swept up and down his naked body. In that moment he realized that his angel had never seen this before. Yes, he had seen him naked, but he’s never really had the chance to take him in, to see all that he had seen of his young warrior.

“Enjoying the view?”


“Hmm. That’s just the front, sweetheart. Would you like to see the back?”

“In just a minute. I’m not done with the front yet.” He said, running his finger up the length of his alpha’s hard cock, from bottom to top. He had seen his alpha hard before, but not like this, not laid out for him like a banquet. ‘This is too good to be true’ he thought. ‘This couldn’t be his. This couldn’t all be for him’.

“Tell me what your thinking, love.” Magnus asked, wondering what had his Shadowhunter so deep in thought as his angel’s fingers ran up his length. ‘Lilith, that feels good’ he thought.
Alec didn’t know how to answer his alpha’s question. So many thoughts were racing through his head.

“Sweetheart?” He asked, growing concerned.

“Are you really mine? Is this really all for me?” Alec asked, eyes locked on his alpha’s, crystal blue meeting chocolate brown.

“Yes, angel. I am. And it is. All for you.” He said, relieved. He remembered in that moment that his Alexander had never had a partner before, a lover. How stupid of him. ‘Of course he would feel a little insecure’ he thought. “Come here, love.” He said, pulling his Shadowhunter towards him by his perfect hips, hips he would explore extensively. Both had runes, one he already knew, the other he didn’t.

Alec went gracefully into his alpha’s arms, relief coursing through him. He had been afraid that he would wake up and this all would be a dream. He’d certainly had enough of them. He couldn’t seem to stop himself.

“Am I dreaming?” He asked.

“No, sweetheart. You’re not dreaming. This is very real.” Magnus said, smiling at his beautiful omega. He would have to go slow, take his time. He would go at his angel’s pace, just as he had promised him. “Kiss me now, Alexander.”

Alec didn’t have to be told twice. Reaching up he slid his hand into his alpha’s hair, pulling him the last few inches between them for a kiss. It was soft. It wasn’t gentle, he wanted to savor it.

“Magnus! Alec! Catarina is here!” Clary shouted from the bedroom.

“By the Angel, why now?” Alec muttered, pulling back when he desperately wanted to hold on.

“Be out in a minute!” Magnus called, his stomach sinking to the floor. He had wanted this time with his Shadowhunter. To share this time together. But he had forgotten Catarina was coming. “I’m sorry, sweetheart. I forgot she was coming to check on you.”
“I don’t need checking on.” Alec pouted.

“I know, love. But she doesn’t. It shouldn’t take long.” He said, flipping off the water.

Alec sighed. He felt like what he thought a mundane child felt like when someone stole their candy.

“It’s amazing, Alec.” Catarina said, sliding the blood pressure cuff off his arm. “You’re the picture of health.”

“Thanks, I think.” Alec said, unsure how else to respond.

“Here you go, sweetheart.” Magnus said, handing Alec a steaming mug of tea. “I put something in it for the pain.”

“Pain? What pain?” Catarina asked, instantly concerned.

“Just a little soreness, Cat.” Alec said, after a sip of tea. “Still have a couple of kinks to work out.”

Catarina looked at him, confused.

“Does someone what to tell me what in Lilith’s name is going on here? Yesterday Alec couldn’t hold his head up. Today he’s in perfect health but he’s sore?”

“Of course, Catarina.” Magnus said, sitting beside his Shadowhunter on the bed. “Alexander woke up this morning fully recovered. And after breakfast he spent a few hours training.”

“Wait. Back up. What do you mean ‘fully recovered’? And why on earth was he training? Magnus, he could have been hurt.”
“I was fine.” Alec protested.

“Let me explain it to her, sweetheart.” Magnus said gently. “After you left the other night, I gave Alexander a sleeping draft that I had infused with a dream suppressant and a restorative. He slept for a while and the potion did its job. When he woke up this morning, he was fully recovered. While I may not be as well skilled with healing magic as you are, I scanned him, and everything was as it should be. So after discussing it, we agreed on light training. The others were on board and didn’t let him take on too much, but that’s why he’s a little sore. He used muscles he hadn’t used in a while.”

“That was dangerous, Magnus. You should have called me before you let him set foot in that training room. Did you test him for dizziness with quick movements? Did you check his balance?” Catarina asked, her temper rising.

“I did. And I watched the first couple of hours to make sure that he really was alright.” Magnus said, trying to reign in his own temper. ‘Does she really think that I would risk hurting him’ he thought.

“The first couple of hours? How many, exactly, is a couple?” She demanded.

“I am sitting right here, you know.” Alec snapped. “I can speak for myself.”

“How many, Magnus?” Catarina asked, ignoring him.

“Six.” Magnus answered, nonplussed. He wouldn’t admit that he had started growing concerned with how long his Alexander had been training, and that he had been about to put an end to it shortly before he came in.

“Six!” She exclaimed. “Are you out of your mind?!”

“Stop it!” Alec commanded, anger pushing more force into the command. They both cringed back at his tone, and the power behind it. “I. Am. Right. Here. I’m not a child. I was in no danger. My team saw to that. And if you two want to keep bickering at each other, your going to have to do it...”
by yourselves.” He declared, slamming his mug down on the beside table hard enough to blow out the bottom. He didn’t so much as flinch at the flying glass.

In the blink of an eye he was up and out the door. Magnus and Catarina sat stunned speechless, watching him go.

Another knife slammed into the cracked wooden target, splitting it in half.

“Damn it.” Alec huffed.

“You want to tell me what’s going on, or do you just want me to put up a new target?” Clary asked from beside him. He hadn’t seen her come in.

“Nothing’s going on, Clary. Just doing a little target practice.”

“Come on, Alec. I could feel your anger screaming at me across the loft. Something’s got you thoroughly pissed.” She said, crossing the room, scooping up a fresh wooden target. “Now, if you want to fill me in, I’ll put this up for you so you can keep at it.”

Alec sighed, willing his anger to subside. It wasn’t working.

“Catarina and Magnus.”

“I thought I heard them yelling. Do you want to tell me what it’s about?”

“Not really. But I know your not going to let it go.” He said as she pulled down the broken target.

“Yep. You know me well, so spill.”
“Catarina flipped her shit when she found out I trained today. Magnus defended me.” He said as she lifted the new target into place.

“That’s a good thing, right? That Magnus defended you?” She asked, confused.

“It would have been, if they hadn’t been talking about me like I was three years old. Like I wasn’t even there and could speak for myself.”

Clary stepped away as the next knife slammed into the target, hitting home perfectly.

“I see. Well, honestly my parabati, can you blame Catarina for being concerned? I mean, yesterday you couldn’t walk without help. Today you were doing triple backflips thirty feet off the floor on a three-inch wooden beam.”

“She didn’t know that.” He said, scowling at her.

“I get that your upset, and why. It was wrong of them you treat you like you weren’t there and were incapable of speaking for yourself. But I think you should cut them a little slack. You’ve spent the last two weeks pretty much out of it. They were making every decision for you, because you couldn’t make them yourself. It might take a day or two to realize that they don’t have to do that anymore.” She said, laying a comforting hand on his shoulder.

He sighed, the anger draining out of him.

“That’s better.” She murmured when she felt him relax. “Something else is bothering you.” She said, looking at the creases between his brows. “What is it?”

“That’s better.” She murmured when she felt him relax. “Something else is bothering you.” She said, looking at the creases between his brows. “What is it?”

“I’m not sure. I think Magnus is hiding something from me. Twice today I saw him snap his fingers and hide whatever he was working on when he didn’t know I was looking. Why would he keep something from me?”

“Did you ask him?” She asked.

“Not yet.”
“Don’t you think you should before you let it get to you? He is your alpha, your mate. Jace may try to keep something from me from time to time, but he always tells me when I ask. We don’t keep secrets. Maybe you should give Magnus a chance to tell you before you get upset without asking.” She said.

‘She has a point’ he thought.

“It’s not fair to him otherwise.” She said, patting his shoulder. “Talk to him. I think he’ll be straight with you.”

“I think your right. I’ll ask him. And if for some reason he won’t tell me, I’m going to need another target.” He said, throwing another knife, listening to the solid thud as it slammed into the target. “Is Catarina gone?”

“I don’t know. I can go check.”

“That’s not necessary.” Magnus said from the doorway. “She’s gone, Alexander. She’s not happy with me, but she’s gone.”

“How long have you been standing there?” Alec asked.

“Long enough.”

“I’ll leave you two alone.” Clary said, stepping away from Alec. As she reached the door she gave Magnus a pointed look, a look that said ‘hurt him and I’ll hurt you’. Without a word she slipped past him and out the door.

“How much did you hear?” Alec asked.

“All of it. I was behind Clary in the hall. I thought I might find you here.”

“You’ve got to stop listening to other people’s conversations. It’s rude.”
“You make it hard, Alexander. You’ll talk to them, but you won’t talk to me.”

“That’s not true. I’ve told you things I haven’t told them.”

“That’s true. But very little about your feelings.” Magnus said, crossing the room to Alec.

“You’ve done the same.”

“I guess you’re right. I haven’t. I guess. I guess I didn’t want to put more on you. You were already carrying so much.” He said, wrapping his arms around Alec’s waist. “I didn’t want to add to it. But we do need to talk to each other.”

“We do.” Alec agreed.

“And I’m sorry about before. You had every right to be upset.” Magnus said, pulling Alec close.

“Did I? You’ve had to make a lot of decisions for me. Clary was right. You had to, when I couldn’t make them myself. To take care of me.”

“I will always take care of you, sweetheart. When you need me to, but I was wrong not to let you speak for yourself. Catarina and I both were wrong. And for that I’m sorry. Forgive me?” Magnus asked.

“Always.” Alec said, pressing his forehead to his alpha’s. “And I will always take care of you.”

“I know, love.”

“So what now? Will you tell me what you’ve been hiding? Please don’t deny it. I know there’s something.”

“I will. I just have to finish working it out in my head. Can you give me a little more time?”
Magnus asked.

“Promise you’ll tell me when you’re ready?”

“Promise. I love you, Alexander. More than anything. Please know that, and never doubt it. No matter what.”

“I love you too. With all that I am.”

Magnus smiled.

“I’m going to kiss you now, Alexander.” Magnus nosed his angel’s head up, pressing his lips to his Shadowhunters.

Alec sighed, opening for his alpha when he licked his bottom lip. His anger and frustration were gone. All he felt now was love.

Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a vote.
Chapter 11 - Mating

Chapter Summary

Just a note, I'm holding off on posting Chapters 13-15 until I do a final proof and edit. I wanted to make sure these chapters were in sync and where were I wanted to take them. I think they are and are about ready to post. Fingers crossed I will get them up here today or tomorrow.

Mating

WARNING – SEXUAL CONTENT

Not Intended for readers under the age of 18

This is a HIGHLY EXPLICIT sexual chapter. If you are not a fan of hardcore smut, please read no further

A/N: Just a heads up to make reading easier, this entire chapter switches back and forth between Alec and Magnus’ perspectives.

Alec stood in the shower, hot water cascading over him. His muscles still ached, and the hot water wasn’t helping to ease them. The shower door opened, Magnus stepping in behind him.

“Mind if I join you?” He asked.

“I was hoping you would.”

Magnus smiled, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s shoulder.

“You seem tense love.”
“Not tense, just sore. It comes with hard training. I’m out of shape.” Alec pouted.

“You most defiantly are not out of shape, Alexander. Trust me.” Magnus said, wrapping his arms around Alec’s waist. “I can give you something to ease the pain if you’d like.”

“I thought I was immune to that.” Alec said, turning in his alpha’s arms.

“I’ve doubled the potency and added the same relaxant I used last night. It should help your aches and help your muscles relax without making you drowsy. I would really like you to try it. It would be good to know if it works.” He said, cupping Alec’s cheek. He pressed a soft kiss to his angel’s lips.

“I guess it couldn’t hurt.”

Snapping his fingers, a small vial appeared in Magnus’ hand. Uncorking it he held it to Alec’s lips.

“Drink, love.”

Alec tilted his head back, Magnus pouring the potion into his mouth. He swallowed it quickly. He had forgotten how bad it tasted. Within seconds his aches started to ease.

“How’s that? Any better?”

“Minus the taste, a bit. I’ll let you know.” Alec said with a grimace.

“Okay. Turn around, sweetheart.”

Alec turned back beneath the spray of the hot water. His alpha ran his down his back, his hands leaving a lovely tingle in their wake. At the base of his spine his alpha stopped, pressing hard into the muscles there with his thumbs. Alec groaned at the pleasure, and the pain.

‘Lilith, he’s tight’ Magnus thought, pressing hard into the taunt muscles of his Shadowhunters lower back. He pressed firmly, massaging small circles into the soft skin beneath his thumbs,
working to relax the muscles that had to be hurting his love. ‘I hope the relaxant helps’ he thought. ‘If the rest of him is as tight as this, he will defiantly need the relief’. His angel’s groan almost had him stopping.

“Is that too hard?”

“No. It’s perfect.” Alec breathed. His alpha’s hands on his skin felt like heaven. The pressure of his thumbs against his sore muscles was bliss. Each small circle his warlock rubbed into his back sent waves of pleasure coursing through him.

The potion was working. He felt his body relaxing, his aches slipping away. He reached out, pressing his palms to the cool tile walls, needing the support to hold himself up. While his muscles may be relaxing, his cock was rock hard. His alpha’s hands on him was more than enough to fill him with need.

“Is this normal to be this sore after training?” Magnus asked.

“Yes and no. I’ve just been away from it too long. I’ve never been away from it this long before. Shadowhunters never go this long without training. Even after an injury.”

“You didn’t just have an injury, love. You know that.” Magnus said, pouring body wash into his hand. The sweet smell of jasmine and honey filled the air, Alec’s favorite. “Just try and relax. We’ll see if we can’t get some of these kinks out.”

“Hmm.” Alec mumbled as his alpha soaped his back, from his shoulders to hips. “Where are the others?”

“Training. They finished dinner and wanted to work off the calories before bed.” He said, frowning. ‘Will he be the same way?’ he wondered. ‘Training so hard.’

“Once they have something else to do, they’ll cut back on training. Right now, it’s keeping them occupied. There used to hunting and patrols, they miss it. There not use to being confined to one place.”

“You know that it’s necessary right now, sweetheart, don’t you?” Magnus asked as he worked the soap between the muscles in Alec’s shoulders.
“Yes. And they do too, but their still getting restless. It’ll be easier once I get fully back into training and can show them some new moves to practice.”

“You mean perfect?” Magnus asked with a smirk.

“That too. Raziel, that feels good.” Alec breathed as Magnus slowly worked his way down his spine, pressing hard into his muscles. His alpha massaging his favorite bodywash into his muscles was heavenly. The small bursts of pleasure beneath his skin was better.

“Can I ask you something?”

(Of course, angel. You can ask me anything.” Magnus said, focused on the task at hand.

“When will you mate me?”

Magnus froze, caught off guard by his question. They had had this conversation before.

“I’m ready, Magnus.” Alec said, turning to face his alpha. Magnus’ soapy hands slid to Alec’s waist, holding him firmly.

“Just a few days ago you said that you weren’t ready to go all the way. What’s that changed?”

“I think everything’s changed. Hasn’t it?”

“I guess it has, love.” Magnus softly. Images of Alec’s dream flashed through his mind. Everything had changed. Magnus raised his Shadowhunters hand to his lips. Alec shivered at the soft touch. ‘He needs comfort’ he realized. “Are you sure? This is something that can’t be undone. It can’t be taken back. You only get your first time once.” He said, looking deep into his angel’s eyes.

“I’m sure. I want my alpha to mate me.” Alec whispered softly.
Gazing into his Shadowhunters breathtaking blue eyes he saw the desire there, the lust, the honesty, and mostly importantly, the certainly.

“Okay, sweetheart. But you have to promise me, if you want to stop, if at any time you want to stop, you’ll tell me.”

“I promise.” Alec breathed, relieved that his alpha wasn’t going to reject him.

Magnus reached up, twining his fingers in Alec’s hair, and pulled him in for a breathtaking kiss. It wasn’t hard or dominate. It was soft and slow, passionate. Alec sighed into the kiss, unsurprised but thrilled when his alpha slid his tongue between his parted lips. It felt like heaven and sin all at once.

‘He’s ready’ was all Magnus could think as he pressed his lips to his Shadowhunters. It was soft and gentle, sending shivers down his spine. No one affected him the way his Shadowhunter did. Their erections pressing together made it hard to focus, but he would force his fuzzy mind to clear, for his Alexander. He would make his first time perfect. He was gentle when he slid his tongue into his sweet warrior’s mouth, something he had done before, but he had never tasted so sweet. Pleasure hummed across his skin.

Pulling back from the kiss he pressed soft kisses down Alec’s jaw and throat. Alec’s breath hitched in his lungs and his belly clenched.

“Breathe, love.” Magnus whispered. In that instant he realized that he would have to coach his Shadowhunter through this, through every step of the journey they were about to take.

His alpha’s hands in his hair when he pulled him in for a kiss made his belly clench. His brain fogged over when his alpha’s tongue slid perfectly through his parted lips, teasing and tasting him. He wondered for a moment how he had waited so long for this, but he knew in his heart that if he had given himself to anyone else it would have been a mistake, a mistake he would always regret. He would never regret this. He would never regret his alpha. They were mates, fated mates. They were meant to be together. It was meant to be this way. They were meant.

The pleasure coursing through him took his breathe away. He took a deep breath at his warlock’s soft words.

“Is it going to hurt?” He asked, pressing his forehead to his alpha’s.
“Not for a second, sweetheart. I promise.” Snapping his fingers, they were both clean and dry. “Come, angel. Come to bed.”

Magnus pulled Alec gently across the bedroom. With a snap of his fingers the bed was turned down, fresh satin linens covered it and a large thick pillow lay in the center. Alec looked at him questioningly.

“Trust me, love.” Magnus said softly.

“I do. More than anything. Can you do the silence thing?” Alec asked, his cheeks blushing crimson.

‘Oh, how I love those blushes’ Magnus thought.

“Of course, angel.” With a snap of his fingers the music from the other room disappeared. The beside lamps clicked off as dozens of candles flickered to life throughout the room. “Come lie down.”

Alec climbed onto the large bed, unsure what to do next. He felt naked in every possible way. He was about to give himself to the man he loved with all his heart and soul, but he had no experience, no idea what he was doing.

Seeing the nerves in his angel’s eyes Magnus climbed up beside him, rubbing a gentle hand down his back.

“It’s alright to be nervous, sweetheart. It’s to be expected. But don’t worry. We’ll go slow. And we can stop anytime.”

“Okay.” Alec said, feeling calmer. With his alpha beside him, he felt more at ease. His warlock’s eyes sparked in the candlelight. He saw honestly there, and reassurance.
Magnus quickly stacked the beds pillows in the center for Alec to lie back on. He wanted his Shadowhunter to be comfortable in every possible way.

“Lie back, love.”

Alec laid down on his back, his head resting on the soft pillows. He was unsure what the large pillow in the center was for.

“It’s okay. I’ll show you want it's for.” He said, following his Shadowhunters gaze. “Lift your hips, love.”

Alec did what he was asked without question. Magnus slid the pillow easily under him, raising his hip off the bed.

Once the pillow was in position, he straddled Alec’s hips, their erections pressing together. Alec bit his lip at the pleasure of the contact. Anticipation and nerves hummed beneath his skin.

“Are you absolutely sure about this, sweetheart?”

“I’m sure. I’m ready to be yours.” Alec said, gazing into his alpha’s eyes, crystal blue meeting chocolate brown. Magnus saw the answer to his question there. His Shadowhunter really was ready. But he needed to be absolutely sure.

“Swear to me. Swear on your Angel that you’ll tell me to stop, at any time, if you want to stop.”

“I swear on the Angel.” Alec whispered. “Please kiss me.”

Magnus couldn’t help but oblige his sweet warrior’s request. He leaned down, pressing his lips softly to his Shadowhunters. His angel immediately opened for him. As his tongue touched his angel’s pleasure rushed through them both. He didn’t know what had come over his love, what had made him feel ready. He didn’t know if it was fear that was pushing him to take this step, the fear of what he had seen in his dreams, or something else, but it didn’t matter. All that mattered was that his love wanted this, that he felt ready for it. And all he knew was that he had a bone deep desire to pleasure his angel in every possible way. He would make it perfect for him.
Alec sighed into the kiss, tilting his head to take it deeper, exploring his alpha the way his alpha had explored him with every kiss before. He held his alpha firmly by his hips, holding him in place.

Magnus hummed in surprise and pleasure when his innocent omega took control. It was exquisite. The kiss was breathtaking, as all of his angel’s sweet kisses were. But this was more. Pulling back he pressed his forehead to his angel’s, fighting to draw in air.

“You take my breath away, Alexander.” Magnus whispered as he caught his breath.

“I’m glad.” Alec breathed, nudging his alpha’s nose up to reclaim his lips. Pulling his Magnus closer he wrapped his arms securely around his neck.

Before Magnus could react, his omega was licking at his bottom lip, demanding entrance. On a sigh he opened for him, letting him in without hesitation. His mind went blank when his angel’s tongue began exploring his mouth again, his tongue flicking against his own in a new but magnificent dance.

With a moan caught low in his throat Magnus gripped his Shadowhunters shoulders. Tilting his head their tongues danced, not a fight for dominance, just a slow dance that spoke only of love and passion.

Alec had never felt this comfortable before. Not with himself. Not with his alpha. The nerves he had first felt when he had climbed into bed were gone. For the first time in his life, he felt completely free to be exactly who and what he was and knew that his Magnus would in no way judge him for his inexperience.

He had felt no uncertainty or reservation when he had deepened that first gentle kiss, when he had made that first move. Or when he had reached further, to explore his alpha’s mouth the way his alpha always explored his. All he had felt from their first kiss on this journey had brought him nothing but pleasure, a pleasure he had never known he had always craved. This kiss was different than any other kiss they had shared. This was so much more.

He knew it wasn’t time, nowhere near time, but the solid weight he had felt from the children in his womb in his dreams had felt all too real, a weight he couldn’t wait to feel again. They would find a way to protect their future children. They would find a way to save all that they held dear. Together, they could and would do it, because they were meant to. But right now, this moment,
was theirs and theirs alone. Releasing his alpha’s neck, he ran his hands down his warlock’s firm back, back to his hips. He wanted to feel out every inch of him he could reach. He wanted nothing more than to feel his alpha’s soft skin and firm muscles beneath his hands.

Magnus pulled back from his angel’s breath steeling kiss. Gazing into his Shadowhunters lust filled eyes he saw nothing but raw desire there, a desire to touch and be touched. He saw the determination, and the need in the sparkling blue.

His sweet Shadowhunter was about to give himself to the first and last lover he would ever have, the future father of his children. While he himself had more than 800 years’ experience, this was his angel’s first. These were his first truly intimate moments, his memories to make. He could only help him along the way. But he had to pull back before he lost control.

“Come here, angel.” Magnus said, pulling Alec up into a sitting position, still straddling his hips. Neither of them could ignore the others erection, or the fact that Alec’s was stuck between them. Tilting his Shadowhunters chin up he pressed a soft kiss to his lips.

“I love you, Alexander. Everything that you are, everything that you’ve been, and everything that you will be, I love you.”

“I love you too.” Alec whispered.

Magnus pressed another soft kiss to Alec’s lips, running his hands down his sides, leaving a pleasant tingle in their wake. Gently he lowered Alec back to the pillows. He swept his lovers beautiful body with lust filled eyes, memorizing every soft curve and line of firm muscle laid out before him, marveling at the beauty of his Shadowhunter, and his runes. Marks made by angels, because his angel was, in fact, a masterpiece made by the heavens.

“You have the body of a god, Alexander. Did you know that?” He asked, reverently.

Alec couldn’t stop the blush that flooded his cheeks.

“I can’t tell you how much I love it when you blush. Never stop.” He said, leaning down to press a soft kiss to the rune of the left side of Alec’s neck. “This rune. What does it do?”

“It’s an iratze. Easily accessible during battle.” Alec breathed.
Magnus traced it with his finger, pushing a small amount of magic through his fingertip. He was going to give his Shadowhunter the most exquisite pleasure his first time, even if it drained every ounce of magic he had.

Alec gasped at the pleasure that shot through him at his alpha’s gentle touch. His alpha’s touch always brought him pleasure, but not like this. This was something else. Magnus smiled at his young warrior when his pupils blew wide.

He pressed soft kisses down his angel’s throat, dipping his tongue in the hollow beneath his adam’s apple. His Shadowhunter didn’t know all of his sweet spots yet, but he was going to find out exactly where they were.

Alec’s breath hitched when his alpha dipped his tongue into the hollow of his throat.

“Breathe, sweetheart.” Magnus crooned softly.

Nudging his angel’s head up with his forehead he gently licked up across his adam’s apple before he carefully pressed a suckling kiss to it.

Alec moaned out his pleasure. He didn’t know what his alpha was doing, he just knew he didn’t want him to stop.

Magnus hummed softly, knowing the vibrations would rock his Shadowhunter. Alec gasped, his eyes rolling back. When Alec dug his nails into his hips he pulled back.

“How’d that feel?” He asked.

“Amazing.” Alec breathed.

Magnus smirked to himself as he pressed soft kisses to the other side of his angel’s throat.

“What’s this rune here?” He asked, pressing a soft kiss to the rune of the right side of Alec’s neck.
“Strength.” Alec stuttered as his alpha traced it with his finger, again pushing a small amount of magic through his fingertip.

He was going to learn each and every one of his Shadowhunter’s runes.

Alec’s breath caught in his chest at the exquisite pleasure that rocked through him when his alpha traced his rune. ‘Is it all going to feel like this?’ he wondered once he could breathe again.

Kissing further up Alec’s neck Magnus stopped to nibble on his Shadowhunters ear, biting gently.

Alec moaned softly.

Pulling back Magnus pressed his lips to Alec’s again, hard. He licked his bottom lip, demanding entrance. This kiss wasn’t soft or gentle. He took the kiss deep, stealing Alec’s breath, fighting his tongue for dominance. When he was forced to come up for air, he bit gently on Alec’s bottom lip, drawing out the pleasure his angel would feel.

Alec wasn’t expecting the ferocity of his alpha’s kiss. He hadn’t expected it to be so demanding, so deep. It stole the very breath from his lungs. He couldn’t keep up with his warlock’s tongue and was shocked yet thrilled when he gently bit his bottom lip. It was unlike anything he had ever felt before. His alpha had always been so gentle with him, but now he was taking him to new heights, doing things he had never imagined before and it thrilled him.

Magnus pressed a soft kiss to Alec’s collarbone, against the rune there.

“What’s this one do?”

“Glamour.” Alec panted out. “It’s a glamour.”

Magnus hummed to himself as he traced it with his finger, pushing another soft pulse of magic through his fingertip. He knew his Shadowhunter used this rune frequently but had probably never gotten pleasure out of it.
“Raziel! That feel’s good.” Alec stuttered, his head spinning from the overwhelming pleasure.

Running his finger gently down Alec’s chest Magnus stopped three inches from his throat. He pressed another soft kiss on the rune there.

“And this one?”

“Accuracy.” Alec said, anticipation humming along his skin. He had caught onto his alpha’s game.

“I imagine you don’t use this one much. Am I right?”

“Yes.” Alec breathed.

Magnus pressed another soft kiss to the rune before leaning back. Using his fingertip, he traced the rune, pushing a little more magic into his touch as his finger moved slowly over it, amping up his Shadowhunters pleasure.

Alec’s breath hitched at the pulse of magic that shot through him as his alpha traced his accuracy rune. He had thought his alpha could no longer surprise him with his game. He had been wrong.

“Breathe, love. Take a breath. Nice and slow.”

Alec drew in a shaky breath in. His cheeks flushed pink with embarrassment. Every time his alpha did something incredible, he couldn’t seem to breathe. He never lost his breath. He was a Shadowhunter.

“What is it, angel?” Magnus asked at the shamed look on his Shadowhunters face.

“Nothing. It’s nothing.” Alec said, unable to meet his alpha’s gaze.

“It’s something. Tell me.” Magnus asked softly.
Alec turned back to his alpha. He saw no judgement in his eyes. He could tell him anything.

“It’s embarrassing.”

“What is?” Magnus asked.

“Every time you touch me, I can’t seem to breathe.” Alec whispered.

“I know, sweetheart. That’s how I know your enjoying yourself. That’s not embarrassing in the least. It’s adorable.” He said, leaning down to press a soft kiss to Alec’s lips. “Do you want to keep going?”

“More than anything.”

Magnus smiled. His Shadowhunter was on board. Scooting further down his angel’s body he softly licked Alec’s left nipple, sending a small pulse of magic through his tongue as he ground his hips down on his angel's dick, applying friction.

Alec cried out, a shockwave of ecstasy shooting from his nipple to his dick. He didn’t know what his alpha was doing when he moved his hips, but it was breathtaking.

Using his angel’s breathing and moans as a guide he sucked Alec’s nipple into his mouth, grazing it softly with his teeth and tongue. When his warrior dug his nails in his back, he knew that he was enjoying it, so he pressed on, sucking harder, releasing another small pulse of magic through his tongue.

“Magnus, I’m going to cum. Please don’t let me cum this way.” Alec begged.

Magnus released Alec’s nipple, giving it one last lick before meeting his warrior’s beautiful blue eyes.

“Alright, love. Catch your breath.” He said, giving his Shadowhunter a chance to come down.
He knew his angel would need a release soon. He could feel it being pressed against his angel’s straining cock. He could feel the amount of precum he had released. He knew that his sweet Shadowhunter would cum more than once, but he didn’t know that. And he didn’t want to take him too far too soon. He wanted to make love to his sweet angel.

“It’s alright, sweetheart. You can cum more than once. I wouldn’t work you up just to deny you your first time.”

Alec’s eyes widened. His alpha was full of surprises. Maybe it was because he was a warlock. He had never cum more than once before.

“Okay.” Alec breathed.

“Are you ready for more?”

Alec nodded, yes.

“Relax, angel. Enjoy yourself.”

Leaning back down he flicked his tongue over Alec’s right nipple before sucking it harder into his mouth than he had the other. He wanted his angel to feel how sensitive they were. Rolling the hardened nub between his teeth and tongue Alec moaned loudly.

“Your sure they can’t hear us?” Alec panted, cheeks blushed crimson.

“I’m sure, love.”

Magnus ground down on his angel’s cock one last time, harder, before he shimmed further down his glorious body.

Alec moaned out his pleasure, reaching for his alpha’s hands.
Magnus took them, intertwining their fingers. He gently pinned them to Alec’s sides. Straddling Alec’s quivering thighs he pressed slow, sucking kisses down the rest of his chest and down his belly. At his navel he stopped, dipping his tongue deep into it, swirling his tongue, pressing a small pulse of magic through it.

Alec’s breath hitched again in his lungs. His alpha’s tongue rocked him to the core.

“Breathe, sweetheart.” He crooned.

Alec’s cock was leaking furiously. It would need attention, and soon. He pressed on, running his tongue up Alec’s belly from his happy trail to his belly button, a soft wave of magic following in its wake.

Alec moaned again the breathtaking pleasure coursing through him. Every never in his body felt like it was lit up, begging for attention. He reached up, curling his fingers through this warlock’s hair. His alpha looked up, locking his eyes on his, crystal blue meeting chocolate brown. Alec’s pupils were the size of dinner plates.

“Brace yourself, love.”

Alec took a deep breath in and let it out. He didn’t know what his alpha was going to do, but he thought he was ready.

Magnus placed a hand on Alec’s flat, firm belly. The belly that one day carry their children. He pushed out a strong burst of magic through his hand, enough magic to bring his lover to his release.

“Raziel!” Alec cried as the purest, strongest, most breathtaking pleasure shot through every fiber of his being. His eyes slammed shut as his breath stopped short. He curled his fingers in his alpha’s hair, holding on tight as his straining cock erupted, shoot rivers of cum on his belly. He didn’t know how long it lasted as the orgasm ripped through him. He felt his alpha’s hand on his chest and another pulse of magic, forcing him to breathe, to draw air into his lungs. His heart thundered in his chest as he released his grip on his alpha’s hair, so lost in the pleasure before he slowly started to come down.

“Breathe, love. That’s it. Just breathe.” He heard his alpha say. As his lungs filled with air and his heart slowed down, he was able to open his eyes, his alpha waiting. Their eyes locked again.
Magnus looked deep into his Shadowhunters eyes, searching for any sign of distress. All he saw was pleasure as aftershocks rocked through him.

“That’s it, sweetheart. Just breathe and let yourself come down.”

As his breathing returned to normal his brain started functioning again. He felt the rapidly cooling cum on his belly and thought it looked beautiful there.

“How do you feel?”

No words came to Alec’s mind. He opened his mouth to speak but no sound came out. What he had just felt was beyond incredible. He had never thought such pleasure was possible. He thought he had been ready, but he wasn’t even close. He wasn’t even close to close.

“Tell me how you feel, angel.” Magnus whispered softly.

He knew his Shadowhunter was alright. He had watched him carefully; watched his breathing and knew he was in no danger when he lost his breath. Yes, he had had to give him a little nudge, but that was just for the sake of caution.

“I don’t know the words.” Alec breathed. “There aren’t any.”

“Do you want to stop?”

“By the Angel no. I want more. Give me more.” Alec begged.

Magnus smiled. He knew this was something his Shadowhunter would never forget. And he would give it to him again, anytime he wanted it.

“Okay, sweetheart.” He chuckled. He traced his finger across the rune on Alec’s left hip. He didn’t know this one.

“Tell me what this one is.”
“Stealth.” Alec breathed.

Magnus bent down, running his tongue through the cum on Alec’s belly.

“You taste like heaven and sin all at once, Alexander. Did you know that?”

Alec shook his head, no. His own thoughts from earlier rang through his head.

Bending Magnus pressed a soft kiss to the stealth rune on his hip before tracing it with his tongue. When he lifted his head, he traced it with his finger, pushing a soft pulse of magic through his fingertip. He knew his young warrior would be overly sensitive now. He had to go gently until he fully came down.

Alec gasped when the fresh wave of pleasure shot through him from head to toe.

Ever so gently Magnus spread his angel’s legs, pushing them wide, bending them at the knees.

“How can you move, sweetheart?”

Alec nodded, yes.

“I need you to lift your hips so I can slide this further under you. Can you do that?”

“Yes.” Alec whispered. He couldn’t manage anything louder now.

He didn’t know why his alpha was asking him to do this, but he did it anyway. With a great deal of effort, he lifted his hips, feeling his alpha push the pillow further up beneath him before he realized what he was doing. His ass was at the edge, fully exposed.

Magnus smiled. He knew his Shadowhunter was getting tired. But he wasn’t done with him. He snapped his fingers. Alec’s stele appeared at his side.
“Activate your stamina rune, angel.”

Alec didn’t question it or hesitate. Grapping his stele he swiped it across the rune, lighting it up instantly. It took only seconds for the light to fade.

“Feel better?”

“Much.” Alec said, feeling rejuvenated.

“Are you ready for more?”

“Yes. Please don’t stop.” Alec said. He could speak clearly again.

Magnus pushed Alec’s legs as far apart as he could. Lilith, he was flexible. Shimming down further on the bed he had perfect access to Alec’s dick, balls, and ass.

Gently he licked up from Alec’s perineum to his balls, pressing a soft pulse of magic beneath his dick. It hardened instantly.

Alec gasped, both out of pleasure and surprise. His warlock really did mean it when he had said he could cum more than once.

“That’s better.” Magnus murmured.

Turning his head he licked a stripe across Alec’s inner thigh, across the pleasure point that would stimulate his prostate. He pressed his tongue harder when his Shadowhunter moaned. With one more swipe of his tongue he gently pushed a pulse of magic into the pleasure point. Alec’s loud moan was like music to his ears.

Alec was amazed when more pleasure pulsed through him. He had thought that there could be no more, that he had felt it all. But he was wrong. When his alpha had licked his inner thigh, pure ecstasy shot through him, from deep inside. He couldn’t hold back his moan. He had no control
over himself anymore.

Turning back to his angel’s hardened cock Magnus licked a stripe up it from balls to tip, licking the leaking precum from clean. ‘Lilith, he tastes good’ he thought.

“Sweetheart, are you ready? I have to prepare you now.”

“Yes, alpha. I’m ready.” Alec said, waiting for his warlock to look up. When he did, he met his eyes, locking on his. Magnus saw the desire swirling in his beautiful blue eyes, pupils still blown wide.

“Oh, love. This will get intense, but it won’t hurt. I promise.”

Gently caressing Alec’s ass cheeks he spread them apart. He had promised his Shadowhunter that it wouldn’t hurt, and he was going to keep that promise. As softly as he could he swiped his tongue over his angel’s hole, watching as it clenched.

“Relax, angel. You have to relax.”

He waited until Alec’s muscles relaxed. He gently circled Alec’s rim with his tongue, over and over again, wetting him. He pressed his cheeks further apart, licking up from his Shadowhunter’s crack to his balls.

Alec gasped out his pleasure. His alpha’s tongue circling around him was exquisite. He had never realized how sensitive that area was. He hadn’t meant to clench down on that first circle of his alpha’s tongue, it just happened. But he was able to breathe through the rest, enjoying the belly clenching sensations.

“Sweetheart, this next part is really important. I need you to try and stay as relaxed as you can.”

“Okay.” Alec managed. Anticipation and fear were humming through him. He wanted this. He wanted his alpha to make love to him, to mate him. But he was still a little afraid, despite his alpha’s promise.
Magnus pressed his tongue to Alec’s hole, flicking his tongue over it. He used his Shadowhunters soft moans as a guide. Once his hole stopped clenching, he knew his angel had relaxed and was ready for more.

“Your going to feel a little pressure but it’s not going to hurt. Just try and relax your muscles around it. Okay?”

“Okay.” Alec whispered, barely loud enough for Magnus to hear.

Pressing his tongue firmly to his angel’s tight channel he pushed a strong wave a magic through it as he slipped his tongue into Alec’s hole. He felt Alec’s muscles clamp down on him and sent out another short burst of magic, forcing the tight muscles to relax.

“That’s great, sweetheart. You did very well. I’m going to do it again, push in a little further.” He said when he pulled back.

Magnus placed a hand on his Shadowhunters pelvis, just in case. He circled his tongue around Alec’s rim, waiting for him to relax before he pushed his tongue firmly back in, further this time, pushing out a soft wave of magic through his hand, relaxing the muscles instantly.

Alec moaned loudly.

Now that his angel’s muscles were fully relaxed he pulled his tongue back out and pushed right back in, over and over, gently working the muscles in his rim, getting him ready for a real penetration. He listened to his lover carefully as he pleasured him. He wanted more than anything to give him all the pleasure he could. This was his first time and he wanted it to be perfect.

There were no words for what Alec was feeling. All he could do was moan. He felt his legs quivering and his belly clenching at the sensations that were pulsing through every nerve in his body. All he could do was feel.

Magnus pushed in one last time, as far as he could go, before he pulled back out. He licked his angel from his hole to his balls, pushing another small pulse of magic under his rock-hard cock.

Snapping his fingers he lubed his hand.
“Alright, angel, I need you to focus on your breathing and keeping your muscles relaxed. I’m going to slide the tip of my pinky in. I have to loosen you up.”

“Okay. Promise it won’t hurt.” Alec whispered.

“It won’t hurt, I promise.”

He knew his Shadowhunter was still afraid. He had taken all manners of pain in his life and had the battle scars to prove it. But this was new to him, something he had never felt before. He had known pain in the past, but he wasn’t going to feel it now. If it had to be this way for the rest of his life, he would never cause his angel pain in bed.

With another snap of his fingers he lubed his angel up, from balls to crack. He wanted this first real penetration to be easy. Taking a deep breath he position his pinky at his omegas innocent hole.

With his hand firmly on his angel’s pelvis he pushed a soft wave of magic into him as he carefully slid the tip of his pinky into his Shadowhunters tight channel. The muscles clamped down instantly, trying to suck his finger further in. His angel’s loud moans told him that he had felt no pain. Once he felt the muscles around his finger relax he pushed in an inch, waiting when the muscles clamped down. His finger had slid in easily. With another soft wave of magic he slid his pinky all the way in. When the muscles didn’t clamp down he knew he had met his goal.

“You’re doing great, sweetheart. Do you feel the pressure?”

“Yes.” Alec moaned. “But it doesn’t hurt. It feel’s good.”

“I’m going to move my finger, love. Just try to stay relaxed and enjoy it.”

His Shadowhunter was doing far better than he had expected. Getting pleasure from the first penetration was an excellent sign. He should be able to open him easily. But a hard cock was far a cry from a little finger. He ached to fill his angel, but he wasn’t ready just yet.

Pulling his finger back gently he pushed it back in. It went in smoothly. Pulling his finger back,
almost out he pushed in harder. Listening to his loves moans he knew that he could do more. Moving faster he worked to open his Shadowhunter, little by little. After several thrusts he pulled his finger out.

He snapped his fingers, lubing Alec’s rim again. He wanted to test his warrior. Pressing the tip of his index finger to his lubed hole he pushed the tip in, waiting for the muscles to clench. He was shocked when they didn’t, when his Shadowhunter just moaned out his pleasure.

Taking a leap, prepared to push magic into it, he gently pushed his whole finger in, as far as it would go. He waited for the muscles to clamp down on it, but they didn’t. ‘He was meant for this, built for this’ he thought.

Slowly he pulled his finger back, again, almost out, before easing it back in. Using his Alexander’s cries of pleasure and panting breaths as a guide he was once again shocked when his Shadowhunter thrust against his finger, obviously wanting more. Quickening his pace he thrust his finger in and out in time with his Shadowhunters unexpected but wonderful trusts.

Alec didn’t know what he was doing. His moans hand turned to cries, not of pain, but of pure pleasure. Whatever his alpha was doing felt perfect, natural. He wanted more. He didn’t know that he was thrusting his hips in time with his alpha’s movements inside him.

“Alexander, I’m going to put a in second finger. I need to stretch you open, get you ready for me. Okay?”

“Okay! Yes!” Alec cried, oblivious to what he was saying, so consumed by pleasure.

Magnus pulled his finger slowly out of Alec’s tight channel.

“Try to keep your muscles relaxed. I’ll help you if you need me to.”

“Okay. Please! Do it!” Alec begged, desperate for more. He felt empty without his alpha’s finger in him.

Magnus snapped his fingers, relubing his hand and Alec’s rim. With his hand still firm on his sweet omega’s pelvis, just in case, he eased two fingers into his Shadowhunter. They slid in easily, the muscles of his tight channel clamping down in an instant. Before he could ensure that he
wasn’t hurting his angel his sweet omega was thrusting against his fingers.

Utterly shocked he thrust his fingers quickly in and out of his Shadowhunter, before his channel even had time to fully relax. Alec’s cries of pleasure, and his thrusts, told him that he could do this without hurting him. He matched thrusting his fingers in time with the rhythm of his sweet omegas hips.

“Please! More. Fill me, Magnus. I want you in me. Please!”

Magnus looked up at his beloved angel. His Alexander was lost in sheer ecstasy. ‘He really wants this’ he thought. ‘He needs it’

“Alexander, look at me.”

Alec had his eyes screwed shut, panting.

“Please!” He begged.

“Alexander, look at me!” Magnus commanded, full alpha.

Alec’s eyes snapped open and he visibly shuddered.

“Look at me and tell me your ready. I’m a lot bigger than two fingers.”

“I’m ready. Just don’t let it hurt.” Alec panted when his eyes locked on his alpha’s, desperate crystal blue meeting blown chocolate brown.

“Okay, love. Just keep your eyes on me and try and relax.” Magnus commanded softly.

Alec nodded, yes. Unable to tear his eyes from his alpha he watched as he snapped his fingers, lubing his hard dick and his own ass. He felt the cold lube dripping down his crack.
Magnus held his aching cock in his hand, stroking it to make sure it was fully lubed. He couldn’t tear his gaze from his Shadowhunter.

Rubbing his cock gently up his angels crack he kept his hand firmly planted on his Shadowhunters pelvis. He would make sure there was no pain.

“Relax, sweetheart. I’m going to go in slow.”

Alec nodded, yes. He couldn’t look away from his alpha. He was mesmerized by his beauty and of what was about to happen. He held no fear, only desire. An overwhelming desire he didn’t understand.

Magnus lined his fully lubed cock up to his Shadowhunters clenching hole.

“Tell me your ready.”

“I’m ready.” Alec breathed. “By the Angel I’m ready.”

That was all Magnus needed to hear. Ever so gently he pushed the head of his cock through his angel’s tight rim. His channel clamped down around him immediately.

“More.” Alec begged. “I need more.”

Before Magnus could react Alec thrust his hips, pulling him further into him before his muscles had even relaxed.

“Alexander stop!” Magnus commanded, full alpha, holding Alec’s hips firmly in place, stilling him.

Alec stopped instantly, a low whine escaping him.

“Stop, Angel. Before you hurt yourself.” He said softly. “Trust me to do this.” He said, eyes still locked on Alec’s.
“Okay.” Alec breathed.

A war was raging in Alec. He wanted more. He wanted to keep going. He didn’t want to stop. But his alpha had issued a command. A command he couldn’t resist. He had always been able to resist an alpha’s command before, but not his alpha’s.

“I will give you what you need. I promise.” Magnus said gently. “Trust me.”

Alec could only nod, yes.

“Relax. I need you to relax.”

Slowly Magnus felt Alec’s muscles relax around him. Slowly he pulled back, almost out of Alec’s tight hole. Ever so gently he pushed back in. And again. And again, allow his Shadowhunter to adjust to the shallow thrusts. Allowing his tight channel to relax.

With each shallow thrust Alec moaned, his eyes locked on his alpha’s. The feel of his alpha inside him was the most exquisite thing he had ever felt.

“That’s right, sweetheart. Let yourself feel the pleasure. There’s no rush.” Magnus crooned as he pulled back and pushed a little deeper into his Shadowhunter.

Alec couldn’t stop the moans that escaped him. This was better than before. So much better than before. The pleasure with each gentle thrust from his alpha was breathtaking.

Slowly Magnus pushed deeper with each thrust, an inch at a time, giving Alec time to adjust, waiting for the tight muscles to relax, hips still held firmly in place.

“Breathe, love. Take deep breaths.”

Alec hadn’t realized that he was breathing sporadically. He really did need his alpha to do this, to coach him through it. But the pleasure made it hard. He wanted more. He wanted so much more.
Snapping his fingers Magnus lubed up Alec’s straining cocked. He took it in hand, jerking Alec in time with his thrusts. He knew he needed to change the angle to reach his angel’s prostate. With a snap of his fingers the pillow supporting Alec’s hips was gone.

Alec cried out when the pillow disappeared. The feel of his alpha in him was so incredibly different. He didn’t think having his alpha in him could feel any better, but it did.

Magnus knew he was right at Alec’s prostate. He could feel the swell of it against his cock. A little bit deeper and his Shadowhunter would fully feel the pleasure. He was almost in. His angel was taking his length beautifully. It felt as though his Alexander was built fit for him.

His own pleasure since his first thrust was magnificent, unlike anything he had ever felt before. He wanted to revel in it. He would cherish it. He would cherish these moments forever. All of them. From the moment he had led his omega to bed. He needed his Shadowhunter as much as his Shadowhunter needed him. He had waited so long for him. He wanted so desperately to breed him. To pound into him. But he couldn’t. He wouldn’t. For the sake of his sweet warrior, he wouldn’t do that to him. It was his angel’s first time. He wanted it to be perfect for him. They would reach that point together when the time came. Now was not that time.

Grounding himself he thrust in another inch as he jerked his angel’s dick. One more and he would be fully sheathed inside his Shadowhunter.

Alec cried out as his alpha’s cock brushed over his prostate, that spot he had found pleasure deep inside whenever his alpha pushed or licked in different places. It stole the very air from his lungs.

“Breathe, angel. Take a breath.”

Alec drew a shuddering breath in. Then another.

Once Magnus was satisfied with his angel’s breathing, he pulled back gently and slowly thrust that last inch in. They both moaned out their pleasure. He had been holding his own moans in, wanting to hear his Shadowhunter. But the feel of Alec’s tight channel squeezing his length, he couldn’t hold back. The pleasure was beyond words, his angel was right, there were no words for this. All he could do was take the pleasure and savor the moment.

Alec thought his heart would stop the moment his alpha fully filled him, but it didn’t. Having his
alpha filling him was more than he had ever dreamed it could be. The pressure on what his warlock called his prostate was magnificent.

Magnus released his angel’s hips, leaning forward on his elbows so he was flush against his Shadowhunters belly, careful not to apply pressure to his chest. Alec’s still hard cock was trapped between them. But his angel would get what he needed. He would get the pleasure of full penetration as well as external friction on his dick.

With his eyes still locked on his Alexander’s he started to really thrust, each thrust hitting his omegas prostate, his movements applying perfect friction to his hardened cock.

Alec cried out. He was losing himself again in the pleasure his alpha was giving him.

With each thrust Magnus knew he was sawing at his angel’s prostate and that neither of them would last long. Each thrust was more intense than the last. His head was starting to spin. Alec reached out, digging his nails into his shoulders.

“I’m going to cum.” Alec breathed.

Magnus pounded just a little bit harder into his angel, desperately trying to push him over that edge. Within two hard thrusts Alec cried out his release as he came between them, torrents of cum pouring out of him. The clamping of Alec’s walls when he came pushed Magnus over the edge. He erupted in his sweet omega, filling him with ropes of cum. They shuddered together through their aftershocks; Magnus still fully sheathed in his Shadowhunter.

Alec saw stars when his cock erupted, coating his belly with warm, thick cum. He didn’t feel himself clamp down on his alpha’s cock, he was too lost in the most exquisite pleasure he had never thought possible. He did feel it when his alpha came inside him, filling him with warm spurts of cum. He knew in that moment that his alpha was made just for him. They fit together perfectly.

Magnus gasped, fighting just as desperately as his Shadowhunter to catch his breath. He saw when his sweet angel’s eyes began to focus and knew that he was coming down. He leaned down, pressing a soft kiss to his Shadowhunters lips.

The muscles in his arms where screaming where he had been holding himself up over his sweet warrior. With a great effort he pushed himself back onto his knees, gently easing himself out of his
omega. In that moment he knew what he had already suspected. His Shadowhunter was made just for him. They fit together perfectly.

He watched as his angel finally came down from the high, his panting breaths evening out, in sync with his own.

“Alexander, are you alright, sweetheart?”

“Yes, alpha. I’m perfect.” Alec said, gazing into his alpha’s beautiful brown eyes. “Thank you. Thank you so much.”

Magnus chuckled. His Shadowhunter was thanking him. In all his 800 years he had never experienced anything remotely like this before. These were, so far, the best moments of his life. Moments he would never forget.

“Magnus?” Alec asked, confused.

“I’m sorry, love. I should be thanking you. Thanking you for giving me the best moments of my life. I’ll cherish them. Just as I cherish you. Did you enjoy your first time?” He asked, snapping his fingers to clean them up, changing the linens beneath them for clean ones.

“It couldn’t have been better. There are no words to describe it. All I can say is thank you. Thank you for making it perfect. You were right. I will remember this forever and cherish everything you gave me.”

Magnus was relieved. He had achieved his goal. He had given his Shadowhunter his first time and he thought it was perfect. It had been perfect for them both.

He moved from between his angel’s legs, gently pulling them together and straightening them out. They would probably be sore tomorrow, but he would remedy that.

Crawling to his Shadowhunter he curled up beside him, pulling him into his arms. He pressed a soft kiss to his angel’s hair, pulling the duvet up around them.
“You were amazing, sweetheart. You took it beautifully. Do you need anything?”

“No, alpha.” Alec mumbled sleepily. “Just hold me. And promise me we can do that again.”

Magnus laughed, pulling his sweet omega closer, holding him tighter in his arms.

“Anytime you want, angel. Just not tonight.”

He would not let go of his Shadowhunter tonight. Brushing a lock of hair from his Shadowhunters eyes he saw that he was fast asleep, perfectly content in his alpha’s arms.

Magnus smiled when his sweet Alexander began to snore softly. He prayed to his warrior’s Angel that there would be no bad dreams tonight.

Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a vote.
Chapter 12 - Secrets

Chapter Summary

Again, chapters 13-15 are pending. I didn't realize I had this one ready to post. Enjoy!

Chapter 12

Secrets

WARNING – SEXUAL CONTENT

Not Intended for readers under the age of 18

This is a HIGHLY EXPLICIT sexual chapter. If you are not a fan of hardcore smut, please read no further

A/N: Just a heads up to make reading easier, this entire chapter switches back and forth between Alec and Magnus’ perspectives.

Also, or my smut lovers out there, the last bonus section is for you

Alec stirred in Magnus’ arms. Magnus had been watching him for the last hour, waiting for him to wake up. He wanted to be sure that his Shadowhunter was alright. His Alexander had given him his innocence. No one had been there when he himself had given his innocence centuries ago, to make sure that he was okay. No one was there to take care of him when he had woken up in pain. The memory of that day was still one of the worst memories of his life. He didn’t want that for his young warrior.

Alec felt his alpha’s arms around him as he began to surface. His favorite scent had wrapped around him, his alpha’s scent, chocolate, vanilla, coffee, and musk. He felt his alpha’s soft breath against his cheek as his eyes fluttered open.

“Good morning, angel.” Magnus said, softly.
“Good morning.” Alec murmured, snuggling into his alpha’s chest.

“Did you sleep well?”

“I did.” He said, visions of his dreams flashing before his eyes. Memories of the night before, his first time. He couldn’t help but smile.

“Look at me, sweetheart.” Magnus said, tilting Alec’s chin to meet his eyes. “Are you alright?”

“I’m perfect.” He said, leaning up to press a soft kiss to his alpha’s lips.

Magnus cupped his Shadowhunters cheek, pressing his lips firmly to his angel’s. When Alec sighed into the kiss he licked his bottom lip, asking for entrance. Alec opened immediately. He had been hoping for this when he had pressed his lips to his warlock’s. His alpha didn’t disappoint when gently slid his tongue between Alec’s parted lips. The kiss was slow and sensual. It spoke only of love. Softly caressing Alec’s cheek Magnus pulled back. His eye’s locked on his Shadowhunters, beautiful crystal blue meeting deep chocolate brown. What he saw there told him everything he needed to know. His angel was happy. He was relaxed. But he had to ask.

“About last night…”

“It was perfect.” Alec said, cutting him off. “It was more than I ever hoped for. You made it something I will never forget.”

Magnus smiled. He was hoping he would hear those words.

“How are you feeling? Are you sore?”

Alec thought for a minute, taking stock of his body. When you were a Shadowhunter you sometimes had to take stock of any injuries you might have after a mission. Some were so minor you didn’t notice them right away. His aches and pains from the day before were gone, his muscles loose and relaxed, but he did feel a little sore.

“A little bit, but nothing I can’t handle.”
“I can heal it.” Magnus said softly.

“No. I don’t want you to. I want to feel it and remember where it came from. Can I ask you a question though?”

“You can ask me anything, love. You should know that.” Magnus said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead.

“Will it always be like that?”

“It can be. If that’s what you want.”

“I loved that you used your magic. And I would really like it if you did it again, especially on my runes.” Alec said, blushing. “You did miss a few by the way. But at some point, I just want to feel you.”

“Okay, sweetheart. I will tell you this. You really did take it all beautifully. I don’t think you realize how little magic I actually had to use.”

“But it didn’t hurt.” Alec said, confused.

“I know that. I was prepared to make sure it didn’t. But when it came down to it, you didn’t need it. You were ready.”

“So you didn’t use magic when we…?” Alec trailed off.

“No, sweetheart. I didn’t. That’s why I said you took it beautifully. I will say that I can’t wait to see the rest of your runes. I love them. Like I’ve said before, you have the body of a god, Alexander. And I will worship it. But your runes, they just add to your beauty.”

Alec couldn’t help the blush that flooded his cheeks. His alpha had told him he was beautiful before, but now he knew that he had really meant it.
“I haven’t been fair. I love your body. I love how soft and firm you are all at the same time. I haven’t told you how beautiful you are to me. When I see you, when I dream of you, you take my breath away. So many times, I’ve just wanted to touch you. To feel you under my hands. I haven’t told you how many times I’ve wanted to trace every muscle you have with my tongue. To taste you.” He said, blushing crimson.

“Thank you, love. Hearing that means the world to me. And you’ll get your chance. As many chances as you want. Just know, I’m nowhere near done with you.” He said, pressing a chaste kiss to Alec’s lips.

“When can we do it again?”

Magnus chuckled. He had a feeling that his Shadowhunter was going to be insatiable once he got the hang of things.

“Soon. But you should sleep. It’s still early.”

“How early?” Alec asked, alarmed.

Magnus frowned, checking his watch.

“A little after four. Why?”

“Four!” Alec exclaimed. “By the Angel, I’m late.”

“Late for what, love?”

“For training. I always start at four-thirty. To warm up and have some time to myself before the others get up at six.” Alec said, forcing himself up. He winced at the sudden movement. Magnus was right behind him.

“Hey. Relax. You’ve only been back at it for a day. Cut yourself some slack. You can’t expect to
just jump back into your old routine.” He said, wrapping his arms around Alec’s waist. “And after last night, you deserve to sleep in. Five hours isn’t much, love. Not after that much exertion. Not to mention that I think you’re a little more sore than you realize.” He hadn’t missed the look of pain on Alec’s face when he sat up.

Alec couldn’t deny the soreness now. His sudden movement felt like fire.

“You don’t understand. I have to get back into my routine. I have to.”

“Why, sweetheart? Why does it have to be the same? You push yourself too hard. You always have. It doesn’t have to be that way.” He said, pulling his Shadowhunter into his arms.

“Yes, it does. It’s who I am.” Alec pouted.

“Does it have to be? Your life has changed. You don’t have anyone breathing down your neck anymore. You don’t have to overdo it anymore. You’re the best Shadowhunter in the world. That’s not going to change just because you get a few extra hours of sleep. If anything, it will make you that much better.” He said softly, holding his Shadowhunter close.

“Before you were overdoing it. You were pushing yourself to the max every day, in every way. And it was hurting you. I almost lost you, because you were so exhausted before your heat set in. You have to start taking better care of yourself, because one day, it’s not going to be just you.” He whispered, placing a firm hand on Alec’s flat belly.

“But…”

“No ‘buts’, Alexander.” Magnus said, cutting him off. “Nobody is telling you that you can’t train. That you can’t still work with your team and be the best. But as your alpha it’s my job to look after you, to take care of you and make sure you have everything you need. And what you need right now is to learn to not push yourself so hard. Let yourself adjust to a new routine. One that gives you the rest you need, and the nutrition you need. You have to start eating more because one day your going to be eating for more than just yourself.”

“But…”

“No, sweetheart.” He said, cutting him off again. “There are no ‘buts’. How often is your sister
“Never.” Alec conceded.

“And aren’t they a part of the best team in the Shadow World?”

“Yes. But they count on me.”

“And they always will. They count on you to keep them sharp, to watch their backs, to keep them safe, right?”

“Yes.”

“And do you think that’s going to change now? That somehow you will be less than you were? If anything, taking better care of yourself will help you, and them. You don’t have the weight of the Institute baring down on you. You don’t have dozens of Shadowhunters to train anymore. You don’t have to push yourself through twenty hour days. Don’t you think that you will do better, be better, if your sole focus was on your team? On yourself, and your own skills?

Clary told me how it was before. She told me that you were always up early, and how long you trained. She told me how many times you skipped meals, just to train others. Then go out on patrols. She told me how there were nights when you got back to the Institute and you were too tired to eat and just went bed.

What you were doing wasn’t healthy. And it was dangerous. How long do you think you could have kept that up? How many more years do you think that you could keep up that pace before you went down for the count? I don’t think you realize just how close to breaking you were that night on the bridge.

And I know that I didn’t help. For that I’m sorry. I never should have overloaded you the way I did. That’s was my mistake. One that in the end hurt you, something I will never do again.

Please don’t think that taking care of yourself, giving yourself what your mind and body needs makes you somehow weak, somehow less than what you are. You are a great Shadowhunter. But to keep being that, you can’t keep doing what you did before.
You want to be at your best, right? You want your team to stay the best, don’t you? To keep them safe?”

“Yes.”

“And how do you think you’re going to do that if you go back to the way things were?”

“I don’t know.”

“Sweetheart, things are different now. Your life is different now. You’re not chained to anyone or anything. If you want to take some time to train on your own, like you used to, you still can. It just doesn’t have to be in the middle of the night.”

“I guess that’s true. I can focus on my team, and just my team.”

“Yes, angel, you can. And your mate.” Magnus said with a smile, pressing another soft kiss to his Shadowhunters forehead.

“Like I said, you should cut yourself some slack. Nobody is going to judge you if you don’t just jump back into your old routine. Because believe it or not, getting up at four a.m. and killing yourself a little more everyday isn’t who you are. It’s who you were.”

“If that’s who I was, who am I now?” Alec whispered, unshed tears in his eyes.

“You, my love, are a strong, loving, caring, compassionate, loyal, overprotective big brother. You are a fierce, fierce friend and incredibly strong warrior. You are an amazing, dedicated, skilled leader and commander. You are a true hero to those who need a hero. You are the best at everything you do. You are the best Shadowhunter there is and always will be. The best in the world. But most of all you are a sweet, beautiful, loving, wonderful mate who will one day be a father. A father who will help raise our children to be just as strong and skilled and loving and compassionate, and amazing as you are.

So please don’t question who you are because I know that you know that everything I’ve just said is true. I know it because it’s is who you are, and deep down, you know it too.”
Alec couldn’t stop the tear that ran down his cheek.

“Hey, look at me, angel. No tears, okay? He said, gently lifting Alec’s chin to meet his eyes, wiping the tear from his cheek with his thumb. “I love you, sweetheart. More than anything.”

“I love you too.”

“How about you skip training today and we spend it right here.” He said, pressing a gentle hand to Alec’s belly.

Alec sighed at the warmth of his alpha’s magic as it pushed into him and his soreness faded. His alpha had healed him. He was hard in an instant.

“What about the others?” Alec asked. “Won’t they be wondering where we are?”

“Don’t worry about them, love. Don’t worry about a thing. I’ve got you now.” He said, gently lowering his Shadowhunter back against his pillows. “Just relax.”

Cupping Alec’s cheek he pressed a soft kiss to his lips. Alec’s didn’t hesitate to kiss back. Magnus sighed, opening for his omega. Alec took the invitation and slid his tongue into his alpha’s mouth. Fireworks went off in his head, his mind going blank. The kiss was slow and lingering.

Releasing Alec’s cheek Magnus softly ran his hand down his Shadowhunters chest and smooth belly, pushing under the waistband of his boxers, brushing his fingers softly over his angel’s hardened cock.

Alec moaned through the kiss at the soft caress on his dick, and the tingle his alpha’s touch left behind.

Taking his Shadowhunter firmly in hand Magnus stroked him gently from head to base.
“Are you ready for your second time, sweetheart?” He asked softly, breaking the kiss.

“Yes.” Alec breathed, rocked by the sensations of his alpha’s hand stroking him and the anticipation humming under his skin.

Magnus smiled, pressing his lips firmly to his Shadowhunters, taking a firmer grip on his lover’s cock.

Clary was stretching her hamstring when Izzy came in.

“Morning.”

“Morning. Have you seen Alec? He’s usually up for training by now.” Izzy said.

“I think he’s asleep. He had an interesting night.” Clary said with a smirk.

“What do you mean?” Izzy asked, instantly alarmed.

“Relax, Iz. He’s fine. Better than fine. We’ve been waiting for this, for a while now, and it’s finally happened.”

In that instant Izzy knew. She couldn’t help but smile. Happiness welled inside her.

“You can feel that?” She asked.

“Yes and no. Just the intensity of it all. I wonder if he can feel me and Jace. The thought of that is a little unnerving. I’ll have to find some way to discreetly ask him.” She said as Izzy joined her on the mat for her morning stretches.
“Where is Jace anyway?”

“He’ll be here in a minute. He’s still eating breakfast.” Clary said, rolling her eyes at her alpha.
“Where’s Simon?”

“Still asleep, lazy ass. Am I correct in assuming that everyone was busy last night?”

“I guess you are. Which is good. We’ll all be loose today. I’m sure the boys will all join at some point. Some sooner than others.” Clary said with a giggle. “But that doesn’t mean we can’t start without them. We haven’t worked the beam in a while.”

“Let me warm up first and you’re on. Let’s make it interesting. Kendo sticks?”

“Game on.”

Izzy and Clary sat at the bar in the kitchen, picking food off each other’s plates. Clary swatted Izzy’s hands away.

“Touch my food again and I’ll break that hand.” Clary said firmly. “If you wanted grapes you should have gotten your own.”

Izzy stared at Clary in mock shock and outrage. Clary couldn’t help but belly laugh at the look on Izzy’s face.

“You two seem like your having fun.” Alec said from behind them.

The two girls whipped faster than Alec could blink.

“Close your mouths. You’ll catch flies.” He said, opening his tea cabinet.
“Couldn’t Magnus do that for you?” Clary asked, shaking her head clear.

“He could, if he wasn’t asleep. I didn’t think it prudent to wake him over a cup of tea.” He said, filling the kettle with water.

“It’s a little late for breakfast don’t you think?” Izzy asked, trying to hide her smirk.

“Breakfast, maybe. Tea, never. And what in the Angel’s name has gotten into you two? You look little silly little mundane girls at the mall.” He said with a shudder when he turned from the stove, the kettle on.

“Nothing. It’s just been a good day. That’s all.” Izzy said.

“A good day, huh?” He said, not believing her for a second.

“Clary, what’s wrong with my sister? Why does she look like the cat that ate the canary’s cream?” He asked, eyes never leaving his twins face.

“Um…well. Izzy, it’s you he’s staring at. You tell him.”

“Actually, I think there was something you wanted to ask him about. Something we discussed this morning.” Izzy said, giving Clary an elbow to the stomach. “See you later, Alec. And your waters about to boil.” She said, hoping off her stool and fleeing down the hallway, laughing hysterically all the way.

Alec could only watch his sister go, astonishment and disbelief on his face as he shook his head.

“Are we sure that I’m related to that?”

“I think the resemblance gives it way. But seriously, come sit down. I did want to talk to you.”
“Just a sec.” He said seconds before the kettle started to scream on the stove. Snatching it up to silence it he peeked over to the bedroom door, hoping it didn’t wake his warlock. Once satisfied that it hadn’t woken his alpha, he poured the hot water into his mug.

“Do you know when Magnus might be up?” She asked. She wanted to give him her rune sketch. Her curiosity was burning a hole straight through her.

“Honestly, I’m not sure. I don’t think he’s slept all that much in the past few weeks. Now that things have, settled down, I think he should get caught up.” He said, rounding the counter and taking the stool beside her.

“So what’s up? It has to be something of importance to have my sister turning into a hyena.”

“I don’t know if it’s exactly important. Maybe more prudent.” She said, chewing her lower lip.

“Alright, Clary, give.” He said, setting his tea aside, concern etching his brows. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing’s wrong. It’s just something hard for me to ask because it’s a little embarrassing.”

His eyes softened and he couldn’t help but smile at his parabati. He could practically see her nerves.

“You know you can tell or ask me anything. It doesn’t matter what it is.”

“You know, I’m really starting to think that maybe this is guy talk. I’ll go get Jace.” She said, swiveling to jump off her stool.

“Hold it.” He commanded softly.

She froze.

“Or maybe Izzy. She started it.”
“What’s that mundane phrase? Potato-potato?” He asked, arching his brows.

“Something like that.” She smirked.

“Silliness aside. What’s up, Clary?”

She sighed, turning back to face him.

“I wanted to ask you something.”

“So you said.”

She took a deep breath, steadying herself.

“When Jace and I are…together, do you, like, feel anything? Through our bond?” She asked, biting her bottom lip.

“How do you mean?” He asked, as calmly as he could. ‘By the Angel’ he thought.

“You didn’t answer my question.” She said softly.

“Truthfully, yes. I didn’t know what it was at first, but it didn’t take long to figure it out.”

“And what does it feel like?”

‘She really does know’ he thought, hoping the floor would swallow him up.

“Just…it’s hard to explain. It’s like, intensity. Kind of like what I feel when you’re really focused and doing hard training.”
She sighed, relieved.

“Again, why do you ask?”

“I just wanted to know if…if it was normal.”

“You know, don’t you?” He asked softly.

“Yes.”

He turned from her, unable to meet her eyes.

“Hey, it’s okay. Alec, please. Look at me.” She said, laying a hand on his shoulder. “Please?” She asked when he didn’t acknowledge her.

“What do you feel?” He whispered, forcing the words out.

“Same as you. I just wasn’t sure if it worked both ways.” She said softly.

“Who else knows?” He asked, turning to look at her. “Tell me, Clary. Who else knows?”

“Just Iz.”

“So everyone.” He said, reaching over to dump his tea in the sink. He had no stomach for it now. He had no stomach for anything. He didn’t think he could be more humiliated.

“Alec, please. He’s your alpha. It was only a matter of time. You two are meant to be.” She said, trying to grab his arm before he could walk away. As usual, he was faster than her. “We need to talk about this.”
“What is there to talk about?” He asked, unshed tears in his eyes. “I think we’ve pretty much covered it. Get back to training.”

“Alec…”

“That wasn’t a request.” He commanded, cutting her off. She cringed back at his tone.

“Okay. I’ll talk to Izzy. Make sure she doesn’t tell anyone.”

“It’s too late for that and we both know it. Just go.” He said, dropping onto the couch.

With heartbreak for her parabati in her eyes she nodded and walked out. She knew she had embarrassed him. She had known for years how long he had waited for, and wanted love, even if he didn’t, always denying himself any hope or possibility for the future. And now she had taking the best night of his life and ruined it because she and his sister couldn’t keep their big mouths shut.

In an instant the dishes disappeared from the counter. Alec looked up, his warlock standing in the bedroom doorway.

“How long have you been there?” Alec asked.

“Only a minute. Just long enough to see her leave. I know you need to talk, sweetheart. But I have to check something. Something has set off one of my perimeter alarms. Go to the library. I’ll send a message to the others to keep hidden.”

“Not by yourself. I won’t leave you unprotected.” Alec said, climbing to his feet. If there was something wrong, his alpha wasn’t going by himself.

“I can’t allow that, Alexander. It’s my job to keep you safe and until I am certain there is no threat you’re staying here.”

“You ‘can’t allow that’?” Alec asked, incredulous.
“I don’t have time to argue. You can either stay here at my request or I can bolt the doors. You choose.” Magnus said. In a finger snap he was dressed and walking to the door.

“So this is how it’s going to be? For the rest of our lives, your going to issue commands and I just have to follow them or you’re just going to lock me away? What does that make me? Your prisoner? Or are you just an alpha commanding his helpless omega?” Alec asked, watching his alpha magically unseal the doors.

Magnus sighed, turning back to look at his Shadowhunter.

“Alexander, that’s not fair. We’ll talk when I get back.” Magnus said, sorrow shining in his eyes. He could tell by the heartbreak in his angel’s that he was hurt. ‘So much has been taken from him’ he thought. ‘And now I’ve taken more’. “I won’t be long. It’s probably nothing.”

Alec just shook his head and walked away, leaving his alpha alone in the entryway.

Magnus opened the front doors, magically sealing them behind him without so much as a glace back. He had been right. It had been nothing, at least not to him. Just a routine Shadowhunter patrol doing its job. It was nothing to The High Warlock of Brooklyn, but it would have been a disaster for his Shadowhunter and his family. Now he had to find his precious Shadowhunter and try and repair the damage he had done.

It hadn’t taken him long to realize how he must have made his Alexander feel. For weeks he had been feeling nothing but weak and helpless, like he couldn’t help anyone, his team or himself. He had been doubting who he was, wondering if him being an omega had changed him in some way. Wondering if he would ever be a Shadowhunter again, and despite his reassurances, when it actually mattered to his young warrior, he had solidified those doubts, those beliefs and fears.

Passing the empty kitchen, he threw the bedroom door open. The room was empty and telling by the darkened bathroom with the open door, it was too. Shedding his coat, he threw it on the bed.

“Mother of demons.” He muttered, turning and rushing down the hallway to the training room. Ducking inside he glanced around.
“Magnus? What’s wrong?” Izzy asked.

“Have you seen Alexander?”

“No. Why?”

“I need to find him.”

“Why? What happened?” Jace asked, sheathing his seraph blade at his hip.

“I…I upset him. And now I need to find him. Where would he go if he was upset?”

“Usually to train.” Clary said.

“Where else?”

“The library.”

Magnus spun out of the room and threw open the door at the end of the hall. Searching the stacks and workspaces, there was no Alec.

“What happened?” Izzy asked behind him.

“There’s no time for that now. Jace, check the atrium. The rest of you spread out. Check your rooms, anywhere you can think of.”

They didn’t hesitate, they dispersed at once. They had to find their commander. ‘What have I done’ Magnus thought. Closing the library door he walked briskly up the hallway. He would message every warlock, across the globe if he had to. He would find his Shadowhunter. At his workroom he stopped. There was an odd, small symbol carved into the door. One someone could easily miss.
“Clary?” He called.

She was at his side in a second.

“What’s this?”

“An unlock rune.”

“One of yours?”

“Yes. It’s stronger than what’s in the Grey Book.” She said, apprehensive.

Turning the knob, the door freely opened. Flipping the light on the looked inside. His fears were confirmed. The Book of The White and his notes were gone. Crossing to his desk, he found something else missing. The message from Robert Lightwood.

“Magnus? What in the Angel’s name is going on?” She demanded.

“I hurt him, biscuit. I didn’t mean to. Tell me, can he read demon script?”

“Some of it.” Izzy said from the doorway.

“Define some.”

“He knows more than forty languages. Mundane and demonic. Hodge taught him when he was little.” She said. “Again, what in the Angel’s name is going on?”

“I hurt him, and now he’s seen something he wasn’t ready to see. And he’s not here.”
“Where could he have gone?” Jace asked. “The loft is sealed tight.”

“Isabelle, didn’t you say you had a portal rune?”

“Yes.” She said, hesitant.

“Does he know it?”

“Of course. He knows all our runes. Why?” She asked, growing alarmed.

“No.” He said to himself. “It’s not possible. A portal can’t be opened here unless I allow it.”

“You haven’t seen one of Clary’s runes in action. Their stronger than any others, especially when there’s emotion behind them.” Simon said. Alec’s team were clustered in the room.

“Please be quiet. I need to focus.” Magnus said. Closing his eyes, he pushed out his magic, scanning the loft. Every door and window leading out were sealed tight. He picked up no traces of a portal. “He hasn’t left. He’s here somewhere.”

“How can you tell?” Izzy asked.

“Because a portal hasn’t been opened. It would have left traces behind if it had.”

“Then where is he?” She demanded.

In that moment it occurred to him. There was only one other place he could be. He sighed, knowing exactly where his Shadowhunter was.

“He’s still here. And I think I know where.”
“It’s a blank wall, Magnus.” Jace said.

“No, it’s not. Look at the wall. It’s very small but do you see it?” Magnus asked.

Activating her vision rune Clary turned her head, staring hard at the blank wall before her.

“I see it. It’s my breaking rune. And my unlock rune.” She said.

Magnus couldn’t fathom how his angel had found this door, but that didn’t matter now. All that mattered was that he had found his Alexander. With a snap of his fingers a red door appeared in the wall. Turning the knob, he pushed the door open.

“Give me a minute, please.” He asked.

“You have ten seconds to tell us he’s in there and safe.” Izzy declared, anger burning in her belly. She knew her brother’s alpha was a warlock, but she had thought they were past secrets.

“You have my word, Isabelle.

Reaching in he flipped on the light. Alec’s witch light went out immediately.

“He’s here. He’s unharmed.” He said softly.

“You have ten minutes, then were coming in. Don’t bother sealing the door, we know those runes too.”

Magnus nodded, stepping through the open doorway. It shut softly behind him.
Alec sat in the far corner, The Book of The White and Magnus’ notes spread out around him, half hidden behind the crates his father had sent, all of them open.

“Do you want to tell me what all of this is?” Alec asked, not looking up from the book. “Or what I’m looking at?”

“I can read it to you if you’d like.” Magnus said softly. He wouldn’t hide anything else from his Shadowhunter.

“I can read it just fine, thank you. I was referring to the crates. And then an explanation of what I just translated. You really shouldn’t mark your pages.”

“I wasn’t expecting anyone to be snooping.”

“Snooping? Is that what you call it?! How long have you been lying to me?” Alec demanded, finally looking up. “How long? Or has it all been lies?”

“None of it has been lies, sweetheart.”

“Don’t call me that! You have NO RIGHT!” Alec shouted.

“There is a very distinct different between lying and not telling one everything. Things they’re not ready to hear.”

“And who gets to make that call? Obviously not me. I’m not allowed to know or do anything.”

“Alexander, please. Let me explain.”

“Make it fast. Your short on time.”
“Can I ask a question first?” Magnus asked, trying to stay calm. His Shadowhunter most certainly wasn’t.

“You can ask but I can’t promise to answer.”

“How did you find this room?”

Alec held up his hand, a rune carved into his palm.

“Detection rune.”

Magnus nodded, not surprised. Not much surprised him anymore.

“Start talking, alpha.” Alec said sarcastically. “What is all this?”

“Yesterday I received a fire message from your father. It had a message and an address. I went to the address while you were in the shower and once I confirmed that the storage container was safe, I opened it. This was what was inside. I transported it back here.”

“And the message?”

“‘Hide my son’. I received a report yesterday from the downworld that your father has disappeared from the Institute.”

“Clary’s portal rune. He must have found out about it somehow. What about all this?” He asked, gesturing to the crates.

“I don’t know. I assumed that he’d been preparing this for some time. I assumed to make it available to you when the time came. When he thought you might need it.”

“Why?”
“I don’t know. Only he can answer that.”

“No, he really can’t. Not if he’s gone. But I’m guessing you know where he is.”

“I have my suspicions, but they haven’t been confirmed. I’m guessing to protect him.”

“And I’m guessing that you’re not going to tell me your suspicions. You seem to like keeping things from me.”

“I wasn’t keeping them from you, angel. I just didn’t know what to tell you.”

“You don’t get to call me that, either.” Alec said coldly.

“Alexander, please. I’ve told you all I know. I didn’t even know about this twenty-four hours ago.”

Alec nodded, yes.

“Okay. And this? How long have you been hiding this?” He asked, gesturing to the papers around him.

“Not hiding. I’ve been working on it. I just haven’t completed it.”

“So you where going to tell me about this part, right?”

“Yes, love.”

“STOP with the endearments! I don’t want them.”

Magnus stepped back as if he had been slapped, cringing at his Shadowhunters tone. His heart broke in his chest.
“When were you going to tell me about this work in progress?”

“When it was finished. It’s missing an ingredient.”

“And that’s all it needs? One more ingredient and it’s done?”

“Not exactly. With all of the ingredients I can formulate it and make it into a potion.”

“And why would a warlock need an immortality potion?”

“It’s not for me, Alexander. Do you know what happens when an immortal claims a mortal?”

“They become immortal. I’m not stupid, Magnus. Every Shadowhunter knows that. That’s why it’s forbidden. Against Clave law.”

“So you should understand.”

“Understand what?” He asked, defeated.

“You’ve asked me to claim you. You’ve asked knowing full well what would happen. But what about your team? Your family?”

“Like I said, all Shadowhunters know.”

“And your okay with that? And their okay with that? Knowing that they would grow old and you wouldn’t? That you would live through the loss of your sister? Your twin? And your parabati? I didn’t want to make the choice hard for you. I was prepared to accept having you for a mortal lifetime if that was what you chose. But I wanted an option out there. I wanted to make making a choice easier. And give them a choice too. I want you to have it all. Everything you could ever possibly want. Your family. An eternity with them, and our children.” He said softly.
“What do you mean, our children?”

“If you chose to stay mortal, our children will have to watch as you grow old and die. Warlock children, even half warlock, are born immortal. They would stop aging at the age I did. Is that something you knew? Is that something you were taught?”

“No.” Alec said softly.

Magnus crossed to his Shadowhunter, crouching down in front of him.

“I didn’t want to tell you about this until I was sure it would work. It wasn’t until last night that I knew what was missing.”

“And what’s that?” Alec asked, tears shining in his crystal blue eyes.

“Nephilim blood. To turn a nephilim into an immortal with my potion, it requires a drop of nephilim blood.”

Alec’s head was swimming with warring emotions, hurt, anger, betrayal, hope, love. He didn’t know what to think or believe anymore.

“When were you going to tell me?” He asked softly.

“Once I was sure it could be done.”

“And earlier? What was that about?”


“We both know that I’m not protected from the Clave, and that I never will be.” He said, a tear sliding down his cheek.
“That’s not true, angel.” Magnus said, gently wiping the tear away. “You can be. You told me about your dream. And what happened. You think it can’t be changed, but it can. When a warlock, or a half warlock is with child, they have a protected womb. A womb no seraph blade can penetrate.”

“What?”

“You and our children would be safe. That changes things. That could change everything.” He said, cupping Alec’s cheeks.

“I don’t understand. The potion…”

“I wanted to give your family the choice to stay with you, forever. To have their children forever.” He said, cutting Alec off. “I know how much you all mean to each other. How close you are. Do you really think that you would be happy knowing that they would one day be gone? Would you be happy if they had the choice to stay and we denied them that choice?”

“No. They should have a choice.”

“That was all I was trying to do. To find a way to give them that choice, without getting your hopes up. As for the rest of this…” He said, gesturing to the crates. “I’ve already told you that all Lightwood omegas have Gideon’s blue eyes. Your beautiful blue eyes. I wouldn’t be surprised if your father started the first crate the day you were born.”

“But why? Why would I need this?”

“To protect yourself, sweetheart. And those you love. I think he wanted to give you everything you might need. And I think he always has.”

“But these crates. Some of them are old. Some new. Some of these are leftovers from the Dark War. They were stored in a vault at the Institute. I don’t know how he could have gotten them out.”

“Then we’ll just have to ask him when we find him. Are you ready to tell the others?”
“No. Not yet. I don’t want to offer them something they might not be able to have. And I know them. They’ll want it.”

“If that’s what you want, sweetheart. I do think it’s the right choice.”

“Promise me.”

“Promise you what, love?”

“Promise me no more secrets.”

“I promise, sweetheart. And I’m sorry. I’m sorry I kept this from you. All of it. I should have told you. Now, are you ready to get up off this cold floor?”

“Not yet. One more question.”

“Anything.”

“When will you claim me? If you can make this potion, when will you claim me?”

“During your next heat.”

“Why? Why then? Why not before?”

“Because that’s the way it has to be. For an immortal to claim a mortal it has to be done during a heat. Otherwise the bite is excruciating, and the transition is agony. And most times fatal. We don’t know why.”

Alec nodded, yes. He understood.
“Can we go now? Before your sister strings me up?”

Alec nodded, yes.

“Are you still mad at me, angel?”

“No. But I don’t want the others to know. Not yet.”

“Okay, love. We’ll tell them when you’re ready. Or when we know more. Whichever comes first, okay?” He said, extending a hand to help Alec up.

“Okay.”

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A/N: Here’s a little bonus for you

Magnus pressed soft kisses to the back of his Shadowhunters sweaty neck. With one arm around his waist he pulled him closer, flush against his own sweat body.

The tingles from his alpha’s soft kisses were sending shivers down his spine. They felt wonderful as he fought to catch his breath.

When his warlock pulled him further back against him he reveled in the fact that he was flush against his lover. He had a lover. One of the many things he thought he would never have. A part of him wished his stamina rune would fade out so he wouldn’t still be hard, but another part of him was overjoyed that it hadn’t.

He and Clary had discussed the problem caused by their parabati runes when it came to intimate matters, as they both had wanted their privacy. So she had designed a new rune that would block each other out during intimate times only. They would feel each other as they always did. Clary was especially determined when he had mentioned what she might go through during his next heat. The only thing that could break the rune was imminent danger on either side.
“Did I get them all?” Magnus asked, smirking again his angel’s neck.

“No. You’ve got four more to go.” Alec chucked.

“I don’t know where else they could possibly be.”

“Well then, I guess it’s a game of hide and seek.” Alec laughed. “But I do have something else you can find.” He said, sliding his alpha’s hand down to his hard cock.

“Hmm. Interesting. Whatever shall we do about that?” Magnus teased, sitting up behind his Shadowhunter. He could feel Alec’s thighs still quivering from their lovemaking. Softly stroking his lovers exposed hip, caressing the rune there, he gently pulled Alec onto his back. “I’m going to find those runes eventually. But right now, I want that cock.” He said, pushing Alec’s legs apart. Positioning himself between them he pressed his thumbs to the sweet spot behind his angel’s knees, pushing a small jolt of magic through his thumbs. He wanted his lover to feel every sweet spot on his body, even if it was just one at a time.

Alec loved when his alpha touched his skin. It always left a lovely tingle wherever he touched. He no longer felt shy when he was exposed before his warlock when he pushed his legs apart. He loved seeing the look in his alpha’s eyes whenever he took in the sight of him. They always seemed to light up. And he loved the anticipation, not knowing what his alpha would do.

He moaned in pleasure when his warlock pushed his magic into the back of his knees, the incredible sensations shooting up through his still quivering thighs straight to his groin. He felt his thighs turn from quivering to outright shaking but didn’t care. Nothing could make his thighs quiver or shake, not even exhaustion from hard training or hours of combat. Nothing except his alpha.

“That’s right, love. I want to hear you, every moan, every whimper, and every cry when I pleasure you.” Magnus said softly as he gently ran his hands from his Shadowhunters knees up his inner thighs.

He had wondered in amazement how he had managed to miss the rune on the inside of angel’s knee before he had noticed it when they had made love just a short while ago. He had learned that while it was best to activate runes that were easily accessible, they could still be activated through clothing. At least the one’s Clary drew.
He marveled at how easily he could make his lover quiver beneath his hands as he caressed the soft skin of his thighs between his legs. He Shadowhunter had finally told him that everywhere he touched left a tingle in its wake, so when he pleasured him it was that much more intense. He was going to enjoy using and exploiting that knowledge whenever he could, both in bed and outs.

Taking mercy on his young warrior he gently eased his knees back, taking the strain off them. While they were still spread wide, he wanted to make things as comfortable as possible for his lover whenever he could.

The sight before him took his breath away. His beautiful Alexander panting from what would have been an intense amount of pleasure from his tender touches behind his knees, the stunning glint in his lover’s beautiful blue eyes, the desire he saw in them mixed with anticipation and need.

He gazed lovingly at the glorious body laid out before him from shoulders to firm, flat belly, the most delicious looking six pack he had ever seen found along the way. And the magnificent cock standing hard and firm for him between strong, muscular thighs that led to the most gorgeous knees and calves he had ever seen. It was the body of a magnificently sculpted warrior. The body of a god. And it was all his. A banquet on which he could feast.

“I’m guessing you want me to touch this.” He said, brushing his fingers over Alec’s straining dick. “Tell me you want me to.”

“I want you to.” Alec breathed.

“Your wish is my command.”

Taking a firm hold of Alec’s cock he slowly slid his hand down the head to the base. Teasing his lover with his fingers he pressed his thumb hard to the underside, just between the base of his angel’s dick and perineum. Listening to Alec’s soft panting from his gentle ministrations he pushed another hard jolt of magic through his thumb. Alec cried out as his cock jumped in his hand and his eyes slammed shut.

“Look at me, Alexander. I want you to watch what I’m going to do to you.”

Alec couldn’t help but force his eyes open to look at his alpha holding his cock firmly in his hand. He silently thanked the Angel that Clary couldn’t feel this. The pleasure of his alpha’s hand when
he had stroked him had been beautiful. The unexpected jolt of pleasure that had rocked him to the core had him crying out, his heart thundering in his chest. It had been exquisite but almost too much, he had almost cum then and there. He felt the warmth of precum sliding down his shaft.

Magnus watched as his Shadowhunter opened his eyes, the crystal blue almost gone, his pupils blown wide. With a finger snap he dimmed the lights. He didn’t want them to hurt his young warrior. His angel’s cry of pleasure had him rock hard, but it was too soon to take him again. His own pleasure could wait. He was enjoying his angel’s just fine.

“Do you want to know what I’m going to do to you, Alexander?”

Alec nodded, yes.

“I’m going to put your dick in my mouth and I’m going to suck it, hard. I’m going to milk you for every last drop and when I’m done, your going to sleep because you will need the rest. Do you understand?”

Alec nodded, yes.

“Let me hear the words, love.”

“Yes. I understand.” Alec ground out.

“Tell me if it gets to be too much. Promise me.”

“I promise.” Alec whispered.

With his eyes on his Shadowhunters he bent down, licking the precum from his angel’s cock. He licked until it was clean, just a small drop on the head. He heard his lover’s soft moans each time his tongue stroked his dick.

He felt his warriors hand slide into his hair, gripping it. His own cock ached more at the touch. He loved it when his angel pulled at his hair.
He gently caressed his Shadowhunters inner thighs, pushing soft waves of magic into them with each soft movement of his hands as he licked gently at Alec’s perineum, just above his clenching hole. His lover obviously wanted to be fucked. But that wouldn’t be now.

Alec cried out his pleasure, his hand tightening in his alpha’s hair. The magic pulsing through his thighs was coursing throughout his body. He couldn’t stop it when his fingers tightened in his warlock’s hair. He wanted desperately to have his alpha fill him. Not to make love to him, but to fuck him. Hard. He had never been fucked, but he wanted it, more than he wanted air.

Magnus didn’t take his eyes off his Shadowhunter. He had gotten in the habit of watching him, watching his breathing. He had come to learn that his lover never got winded in training, or hard combat, but in bed it was a different matter. He had to make sure his angel stayed safe.

Licking from his base to tip of his cock one last time he sucked the head of his warrior’s dick into his mouth, swirling his tongue around it. Using his warriors panting breaths and moans as a guide he sucked hard on the head, pressing his tongue against the vein on the underside. He wouldn’t use magic here. It would be too much.

Sliding his hand down his Shadowhunters left thigh he sought out the sweet spot there, the spot that would send pleasure straight to his prostate. As he found it he circled it with his thumb, applying just a light amount of pressure. Bobbing his head he took his lover’s cock deep down his throat, pushing a soft pulse of magic into that sweet spot. His angel’s cries were perfection. He sucked hard, hollowing out his cheeks as he rose from base to head and plunged back down, pushing another soft pulse into that sweet spot. Over and over again he sucked up and plunged down his lover’s cock, pushing pulse after pulse of magic into his sweet angel, never taking his eyes off of him. He watched as his Shadowhunter fell apart before his eyes, felt it as he gripped harder in his hair.

Alec didn’t know what to do, what to think. His alpha was doing things faster than his mind could process them. All he felt was pleasure, everywhere. His body was just a bundle of nerves now, just receptors to the pleasure. His alpha’s hot mouth on his cock was exquisite. The magic he pushed into his thigh was breathtaking. He fought to keep breathing as sensation after sensation crashed down on him. The only clear thought that he had was that he wanted more. He needed something inside him.

“Alpha, please! Please fuck me.” He begged, hoping he could get the words out.

His angel’s words echoed in his ears. His Shadowhunter didn’t know that his body wasn’t ready to take his cock again, even though he wanted it. His girth was too big, and it would hurt him. But
there was something he could give him.

Bobbing up and down on his lover’s cock he continued to push small pulses of magic into the pleasure point hitting his prostate with each plunge down. With his free hand he snapped his fingers, lubing his hand. As he sucked up and down his angel’s cock, keeping his rhythm in place, he gently stroked the tip of his finger over his Shadowhunters clenching hole. He watched for a moment as his lover cried out his pleasure, knowing he wouldn’t last much longer. Only his stamina rune had gotten him this far.

With a soft burst of magic at his warriors clenching hole, for he truly was a warrior, he gently pushed his finger in, curling it to directly stroke his angel’s bulging prostate. The magic from his external stimulation already had it hardened.

With one last soft pulse of magic into his sweet Shadowhunters sweet spot he let up, gently caressing his thigh instead as his bobbed up and down on his lover’s cock while curling his finger gently over his prostate. Too much pressure now would only cause pain.

“Magnus!”

The second he heard his angel scream his name he knew it was time. He pulled of his cock as it erupted, ropes of cum covering Alec’s toned belly and thighs. Taking his Shadowhunters cock firmly in hand he jerked it in time with his soft strokes against his angel’s prostate, doing as he had said he would, milking him for every last drop.

Gently easing his finger out of his angel’s still clenching hole he tugged gently, jerked Alec off until there was nothing left. His lover was soaked with sweat and cum, gasping for breath as his haze covered blue eyes met his. Exhaustion was clear on his face as aftershocks racked through him.

Alec didn’t know what had happened, he only knew that it was beyond any words he knew. Somehow his alpha always managed to give him the best pleasure. His head was spinning as he met his alpha’s eyes. He didn’t know that he was covered in his own cum. He only knew that he had gotten everything he had wanted and more.

“Magnus.” He whispered.

“Shh, love. It’s time for sleep now.” Magnus said softly. Snapping his fingers, he cleaned Alec
“Please hold me.”

“I will, sweetheart. I promise. You will wake up in my arms.” He said, pressing his hand gently to Alec’s belly.

Alec felt the warmth of his warlock’s soft magic seeping into him, easing him into sleep. He couldn’t fight his exhaustion, or the magic spreading through him. With his alpha’s beautiful eyes on his, his fluttered closed.

Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a vote.
Alec held the drawn rune in his hand, studying the paper. He knew the tight script of his father by heart. He had seen it hundreds of times on field reports. There was no doubt in his mind that his father had drawn this rune, or that he had sent it, along with a lot more with it to his warlock. But he still wasn’t sure that he trusted his father. Not after everything else he had done.

“How do we know that this does what we think it does? How do we know that if we use it, that it won’t strip us of all our runes?” He asked.

“We don’t, sweetheart. I understand your skepticism, but why else would he send it? And the rest. You saw for yourself what was in those crates.”

Alec laid the paper down on the counter and picked up the image Clary drew. She had combined three runes, the alleged ‘breaking rune’, her breaking rune, and an iratze. He didn’t understand the iratze. He would have to ask her about it when she got up. It was late, several hours before any of the others would be stirring.

He hadn’t meant to wake his alpha, but the nightmare that had ripped through him had him crying out. Days before he had had this same dream, only to be woken before it was over. The day his alpha had woken him and snapped the bone in his wrist by accident. Now he had seen the full dream unfold. But he wasn’t ready to talk about it yet. And his alpha wasn’t pushing him.

“What if this rune is the rune that the Clave uses to strip a Shadowhunter of their runes. All of them. Like they’ve done in the past. Like what you said about the Shadowhunters who mated omegas and were cast out into the mundane world?

How do we know that my father isn’t working for the Clave? And that all of this isn’t just a trap? He came to you, begging you to find me. You said the Clave has been looking for me, long since the Institutes search for me ended, but you don’t know why. By now they have to know that I’m being hidden. Me and my family. They have to know were being hidden by someone with power, a warlock. What if they just don’t know which one. How else would you have been able to summon things out of the Institute without setting off the wards? What if you could because they
And those crates. How could just my father sneak those out? There are dozens of them. And how do we know that it wasn’t another warlock that portalied him out of the Institute and that he didn’t use Clary’s portal rune? We’ve always kept her runes secret. No one but us knows about them. No one knows that Clary can create new runes. There not even on paper at the Institute for someone to find. Clary knows them all by heart. Any sketches she makes are always destroyed.

For all we know they could have been watching when you went to that crate. And what if that told them which warlock they were looking for?”

The thought of that made Magnus’ blood rune cold. That thought had never crossed his mind when he had portalied to the address on that fire message. His Shadowhunter was right. It could have been a trap. And knowing that one of his warlock’s may have betrayed him was almost more than he could bare. But he would find out. He would find out which one it was, if there was one.

But he would have to move them soon. All of them. If his angel was right, the loft may longer be safe. If he was right, they didn’t have a lot of time. What if that Shadowhunter patrol that had set off his wards was doing more than a standard patrol? Taking a deep breath, he threw out his magic, strengthening his wards, adding more layers, and alarms. He would know if anyone got close, nephilim or downworlder, long before they got here.

“Say this is a trap, and that rune isn’t what we think it is. If it is the rune that would strip a Shadowhunter of all their runes. What exactly would it do?” He asked.

“I don’t know for sure. I’ve never seen it done. I know breaking the angelic rune would strip them of all their runes at once. It’s what anchors the rest of the runes to the body. If it was stripped, they would lose everything. They wouldn’t be able to see the Shadow World, or anything in it. None of it.

You already know that they wouldn’t see downworlders or demons. You said it yourself when you told us about the banished Shadowhunters. A stripped Shadowhunter would just be a mundane, only a stronger one. I think the only thing that they would be able to see is other nephilim, if they weren’t glamoured.”

“And if this rune was applied to a specific rune?” He asked.
“I don’t know. Not knowing what this rune does, I can’t say.”

“If a Shadowhunter was stripped of their runes, could the runes be reapplied?” He asked.

“I would assume that the angelic rune would have to be reapplied first, to anchor the rest. But if you were a deruned Shadowhunter, and had gone through the pain of being deruned, and from what little we do know about it, it is very painful, would you really trust someone who came to you and offered to give you your runes back? How would they know that whoever came to them was there to help? And not just torture them with something like the agony rune?”

“Then there’s always a chance that the angelic rune can’t be reapplied. It’s possible that once it’s gone, it’s gone for good.” Izzy said behind them.

“What are you doing up, Iz? It’s late.” Alec said turning to his sister.

“Couldn’t sleep. I was going to train for a bit, but I heard you talking. I know our father sent you that, Magnus, but I don’t trust it. You don’t know the father we grew up with. After everything he’s done, and hasn’t done, I don’t trust him.

I know you want to, that you think he’s done everything he has to help Alec prepare for becoming an omega, but you don’t know everything there is to know. About our childhood. Especially Alec’s.” She said.

Magnus looked at Alec questioningly.

“You haven’t told him anything, Alec. And that’s not fair. To you or your alpha. He deserves to know everything, especially if he thinks that he can in any way trust our father.” She said, moving further into the room.

“Izzy, please. Don’t.” Alec pleaded, begging his sister.

“Do you know about his pneumonia, Magnus? Or his fall? Or what our mother did?” She asked.

“No.” Magnus lied. He didn’t want them to know that he had heard her thoughts screaming at
him that night. But he didn’t know about the rest. “Tell me, Isabelle.”

“It doesn’t matter, Iz. It’s in the past.” Alec begged.

“The past can affect the future, Alec. It does matter if he thinks that he can trust our father. If he trusts him, even a little, he needs to know why we don’t.”

“Iz, please. Let it be.”

“I’m sorry big brother, I can’t. If you won’t tell him, I have too. For you.” She said, her heartbreaking at the pain in her brother’s eyes. She knew this would be hard for him.

Alec sighed, defeated. He knew he wasn’t going to win this. All he could do was brace himself for what was to come.

“Fine. Tell him. Just know, all you’re going to do is hurt me.”

Magnus rubbed his Shadowhunters back, wanting to comfort him. He too could see the pain in his angel’s eyes. The last thing he wanted to do was hurt his sweet omega, in any way, but he had to know once and for all if he could trust Robert Lightwood.

“Please tell me, Isabelle. I need to know.” He said.

Alec just closed his eyes, a tear sliding down his cheek. Magnus moved to wipe it away, but Alec just flinched back from his alpha’s touch. He didn’t want to be touched right now, not even by his alpha.

“When Alec was twelve, he came down with pneumonia. He ignored it for weeks, refusing to go to the infirmary. We begged him to go, but he wouldn’t. And no one would make him.

One day when he came in for training, he was really bad off. We all could see it. He was too sick to train and we said as much, but he was adamant that he could train. We refused to train with him, hoping that we could change his mind, get him to go back to bed. But he wouldn’t listen. He was going to train with or without us. So we relented. He didn’t know that we had agreed to go light
He was sparring with Jace. Jace made sure he didn’t land any blows. It didn’t take long before Alec could barely stand but he wouldn’t stop pushing. Finally, Jace pulled back, refusing to spar anymore. They started arguing. Midway through a sentence Alec couldn’t catch his breath. That was when he started coughing up blood.

He was on his knees when Hodge came in. Clary had gone for help. Hodge had been down the hall when she got to him. I don’t think I had ever seen Hodge move so fast. Somehow, he managed to catch Alec before he hit the floor and had him in the infirmary in minutes. He wasn’t breathing, Magnus.”

Magnus’ heart stuttered to a halt. The image of what his Shadowhunter had gone through was running through his mind. A little boy coughing up blood, unable to breathe.

“They wouldn’t let us in, so we snuck in through the supply rooms back door. Our father portalied in as they were putting a tube down Alec’s throat. He had been away on business in Idris. Hodge had sent him a fire message. Yes, he came home come, but he had known Alec had been sick for weeks, and he did nothing to help him.

Hodge found us hiding and kicked us out. But we were there when Alec’s heart stopped. After that they wouldn’t let us in, not until the day Alec was released a week later. Our father had already gone back to Idris. Alec was alone when we finally got to see him. He was still weak, but he was breathing. He wasn’t coughing up blood anymore. But my brother was still alone in the infirmary. Our father had left him, alone. He was a weak little boy in a room by himself.

The doctors released Alec later that day with strict orders of bedrest and no training. No exertion at all. He got one night before our mother dragged him back into the training room the next day. No one stopped her. And no one stopped him from training that day. Not our father, not Hodge, nobody. Not even we could stop him, so we trained with him. It took him weeks to fully recover.”

“But he was there, Iz. In the infirmary. Every time I opened my eyes before they put me back to sleep, he was there, holding my hand.” Alec said softly.

“For how long, Alec? Did you know that he went back to Idris two days after Hodge carried you in there? She asked.
“No.” He whispered.

“He left you there, alone. For a week. You were critical. You could have died, and no one was there with you. Mom certainly wasn’t. ‘She had an Institute to run’. Izzy spat.

“Our father, the one your alpha wants to trust, just left you there. Tell me, was he there when you finally woke up? When they finally stopped putting you to sleep? Was he with you?”

“No.”

“Then a few months later Alec was up on the beam sparring with Raj. Hodge called ‘time’. All weapons are to be lowered when someone calls ‘time’. Everything stops. But Raj didn’t. He hated Alec because Alec was better than him. Alec was better than everyone. He was the best.

They had been sparring with kendo sticks. When Alec turned his back, Raj hit him behind the knees and he fell. He fell thirty feet and hit the floor, hard. We didn’t have mats back then. Our mother thought they weren’t necessary even though every other Institute had them. It took Alec a few minutes to come to. Hodge had stabilized his neck and was waiting for help. Alec tried to shake it off. He said he was fine.

Hodge wanted him moved to the infirmary, to have him checked out. He had hit his head when he hit the floor. But Alec being Alec, he insisted there was no need, that he was fine.

Hodge looked him over, checked for any broken bones. Alec had full range of motion and could count Hodge’s fingers in his peripheral vision. We found out later that Alec didn’t tell him he was dizzy. Or lightheaded. He’s always been good at that. Hiding the pain.

But he could walk a straight line and catch a kendo stick midair, so Hodge let him stay.

He went back up on the beam. Two steps in he swayed and lost his balance. When he fell again Hodge was there to catch him before the hit the floor a second time.

Alec was unconscious when Hodge carried him into the infirmary. He had a skull fracture in two places. Mom came down when the Silent Brothers came. She wasn’t there ten minutes.
An hour later our father portaled in. How long he was there I don’t know. All I knew was that my big brother had suffered a major head injury and had bleeding on his brain.”

Magnus was clenching his fists, his nails digging into his palms. His hatred for Shadowhunters seemed to grow more and more every day.

“Dad was there.” Alec whispered. “Just like before. I remember waking up in pain. It felt like my head was going to explode. Everything hurt. I couldn’t see very well. Everything was blurry and out of focus, but dad was there. He was telling me that it would be alright. Just to relax and breathe. He sounded really far away.

I remember feeling my legs strapped down. I couldn’t move. And I remember when the doctor came in. I don’t remember which one, but what felt like hours later the pain went away. When I woke up again dad was still there, holding my hand. I don’t remember what dad was saying, I just remember the doctor saying ‘We have to put him under. He needs time to heal’. I don’t know how long it took them to do what they were doing; I just remember dad squeezing my hand. Then everything went black.” Alec said, tears streaming down his cheeks.

Magnus was barely holding the demon in him back. At that moment all he wanted to do was hold his Shadowhunter in his arms, make him sleep, so he could go burn the New York Institute to the ground, after he slowly peeled the skin off of everyone inside.

He wanted to hunt down Robert Lightwood and rip out his beating heart. He knew exactly where he was and who he was with, and it only fueled his rage.

He knew his eyes were black. He couldn’t hide it this time. He was shaking, the demon inside wanting to consume him.

In that moment Izzy was afraid. Afraid of her brother’s mate. She shouldn’t have told him. Any of it. Her brother had begged her not to, but she did it anyway. And now she regretted every word she had said.

Magnus knew he couldn’t trust Robert Lightwood for anything now, and never would. The sweet child he had known all those years ago had turned into a monster. A monster who had abandoned his only son, again and again, when he had needed him most.

“Magnus. Please calm down. I know your angry, but please calm down. For me.” Alec pleaded.
The sound of his omega’s voice was like a soothing balm to his soul. It snapped him back from the
darkness that wanted to pull him under. He blinked a few times, the black fading from his eyes.

“Please.”

His sweet Shadowhunter had given him the strength to force the demon inside of him back. He
took a deep, calming breath.

“I’m sorry.” He whispered. “I’m sorry you had to see that.”

Looking at Izzy he saw the fear in her eyes. He was afraid to look at his angel, afraid of what he
would see there.

He felt his Shadowhunter take his hand, squeezing it tight.

“Alpha, look at me.” Alec said softly.

Magnus didn’t want to do it, but he couldn’t resist his Alexander. Taking another deep breath, he
turned to face his angel.

What he saw there took his breath away. There was no fear or judgement in his Shadowhunters
beautiful blue eyes, only love and compassion.

“It’s okay.”

“You’re not afraid of me?” Magnus asked, fear fluttering in his belly.

“No. I could never be afraid of you. You’re my alpha. My mate. My fated mate.” He said,
squeezing his warlock’s hand again.

Izzy was shocked by what she was seeing. Her brother was accepting his mate for all that we was,
the light and the dark. In all her life, after everything her brother had done, had achieved, she had never been so proud of him.

In that instant she realized that she was no longer afraid. She also knew that she would never again fear her brother’s mate.

She was a Shadowhunter. She had faced more demons than she could count. And greater demons. While her brother’s alpha was half demon, he was strong. He could beat it back. With her brother by his side he wasn’t a threat, at least not to them, or his omega.

“Please, angel. Tell me the rest.” Magnus asked softly.


“It matters to me. I need to know. I need to know it all.”

Alec sighed. He knew his alpha wouldn’t let this go.

“They put me in a drug induced coma. For nine days so my body could heal itself. When I woke up, it still hurt but it was manageable.”

“You woke up alone, didn’t you?”

“Yes. I was in and out of it a lot. I don’t remember much. They were giving me strong pain meds, trying to keep me comfortable. They had me strapped down so I wouldn’t try and get up. They do that. A Shadowhunter is trained at a young age to always get up, to free themselves from anything that might be holding them down. And when their hurt, in doing that they could make it worse. So they strap you down.

I don’t know how long I was there. But one day I woke up and Iz was there.”

“Twenty-seven days.” Izzy said. “Until you were fully healed. The doctor didn’t want a repeat of the last time. He wouldn’t release you until he was sure you were okay.”
“Twenty-seven days.” Magnus said with a sigh, closing his eyes.

“The day after he fell mats were put in the training room. Hodge was gone. I don’t know where they sent him, but we had a new trainer from Alicante.

Raj was banned from training. A few days later his family was transferred. We haven’t seen them since.”

“It took a while for the doctors to let me train again. When I was released from the infirmary, I was bed bound. My family came to see me everyday after the doctor left. One would come everyday to make sure I was where I was supposed to be.

They eased me back into training. A couple of hours at a time. They were surprised when I picked up right where I left off, as though nothing had happened. They were afraid that the injury, being as bad as it was, would hinder me. But it didn’t.” Alec said softly.

Magnus reached out, pulling his sweet Shadowhunter into his arms, holding him close. He knew so much more about his omega now, how strong he was, how much he could endure, even when it cost him. He understood now why he hated feeling helpless, why he hated feeling weak.

He had always been left to suffer alone, when what he needed most was someone who loved him by his side, comforting him. Something he had been denied. His heart broke for the little boy that his Shadowhunter once was.

He would never let anything like that happen again. He wouldn’t. His angel would never push or be pushed past his limits again. He would never be ignored, his needs never going unmet. Now he had someone to love him, to take care of him, to always be by his side, no matter what. As he held his love in his arms, he made a promise to himself, his warrior would never be left alone again.

“Will you tell me the rest? About your mother?”

“No, alpha. Not right now.” Alec said, pressing his warlock’s nose to his neck. He knew his scent would soothe him. And that’s what he needed right now. It was his turn to comfort his warlock. “Another time. I promise.”
Izzy knew her brother and his alpha needed this moment alone. As quietly as she could, she slipped out, leaving them to comfort each other.

His alpha slept peacefully in his arms. This time his scent had lulled his warlock to sleep. It wasn’t hard to lead his precious alpha to bed. He had exhausted himself fighting back the demon inside him.

As he held his warlock safely in his arms, he couldn’t help but remember his dream. The worst dream. He didn’t trust his father. Not in the least. Not after remembering everything. So he didn’t understand why he was bound with the others in his dream. He couldn’t figure out why he was there, why he would be there. And the woman and the man. Who were they?

He hadn’t had a chance to tell his alpha about this dream, the dream that had pulled him from sleep just hours ago. He remembered it clearly.

Fire. Everything was burning. Smoke clogged the air, making it hard to breathe. People were screaming everywhere. Screams that echoed in his ears. He had lost count of the number of arrows he had let fly. And with each one he let loose his heart broke a little more. But he had to hold the line. They had to hold the line, giving the others a chance to escape, to get to safety.

A ball of blue flame flew past him, his alpha fighting to stay at his side. Dropping his bow, he pulled a seraph blade from his hip. He got it up just in time. The blades sang as they clashed together. Pulling a dagger from his thigh holster he thrust it out, striking home, his attacker caught by surprise. He went numb inside as his attacker fell, as the light faded from his eyes.

He was killing his own kind, and it was killing him inside. But he had no choice. They had to hold the line.

Retrieving his bow, he let more arrows fly, side by side the blue balls of fire his alpha was throwing at his side. Pain ripped through his parabati bond. Clary was hurt but it wasn’t a mortal blow. Turning his head for a split second, he saw her regain her feet, her short swords taking another life. Turning quickly back to the fight he let another arrow fly, listening to the scream as it hit his target. A man he once considered a friend dropped to his knees as he died. He was tired, heart, mind, body, and soul. But they had to hold the line. He had to ignore the kick he felt inside.
'We had to hold them back. We couldn’t let them pass. We were all that stood between them and hundreds of innocent lives. My team was flanking me on both sides, to the right, my alpha, then Jace, then Izzy. To my left, Simon, Clary, and Catarina. More warlocks continued down each side, different colored fireballs flying. We were the first wave, the first line of defense. I could give the command to fall back, to allow the second wave to take our place. But could I? Could I risk more innocent lives? Even those willing to fight.

I let another arrow fly, then another, but the kick inside brought me to my knees. We had to hold this line. We couldn’t let these people die. People we swore to protect. But I couldn’t ignore my children. I knew I was struggling. I couldn’t risk their lives. I wouldn’t. It took everything I had to give the command, my heart shattering in my chest.

“Fall back! Second wave!” I commanded, my voice strong and true, despite the fear deep inside.

Faster than I could blink werewolves flew past me as I held my swollen belly tight. Seelie spears flew through the air, covering us as the first wave fell back. I looked from side to side. I saw the wounded, and the dead. I was their leader, their commander, and I had let them die, because I couldn’t hold the line.

“Alexander!” Magnus cried, dropping to his knees at my side. “Where are you hurt, angel? Tell me.”

“I’m okay.” I whispered. “I’m fine. We’re fine. At least on the outside.”

“Let’s get you out of here.” He said, helping me to my feet.

“You can’t. We have to hold the line.”

“We are, love. We are.” He said, cupping my cheeks and pressing his forehead to mine. We were so close he felt the kick in my belly, he was pressed so close to mine.

“Fall back!” Came a cry from the other side. “Retreat!”

“Do you hear that, sweetheart? Their falling back. Come with me. Come with me now.”
Looking from side to side the first wave was falling back. People I knew were moving to safety. People I loved and trusted. But some were missing. Some had died.

“Where’s Catarina? And Jace?” I asked, tears stinging my eyes.

“I’m here.” Jace called, jogging to my side. “We have to get you out of here. Can you walk?”

“Yes.” I sighed, relieved that my brother was still alive.

“Then let’s go. We need to get you inside.” He said, helping my alpha lead me away. The battle cries were fading away behind me.

“Where are the others?”


“Catarina?”

“She safe. She went back with Clary. We can’t account for everyone, Alec. Not yet.”

“He’s right, love. We need to get you inside. Somewhere safe.” Magnus said. “If you won’t walk, we’ll carry you.”

“I can walk. I’m coming.” I said, feeling defeated. Letting them lead me back to shelter I felt the kick beneath my hand on my belly. ‘This battle we may have one. But what about the next?’ I thought.

Pain ripped through my belly and I cried out.

“Magnus! The babies!”
Before I could speak another word I was in my alpha’s arms, my head spinning from the pain.

“It’s alright, sweetheart. Everything is going to be fine. Just breathe.” He said, trying to sound calm. But I knew he wasn’t. That was my last thought before it all turned black.’

A single tear slid down my cheek. I don’t know when my hand reached my belly, holding it protectively. I knew my children would be there, and I was terrified.

I knew I wouldn’t sleep anymore that night. Too many things were racing through racing through my mind. Memories of the past. Thoughts of what I knew where the future. The fear I felt for the lives I would carry inside me. No. I wouldn’t sleep anymore tonight. I couldn’t handle the dreams. I couldn’t handle another glimpse of what was to come. I couldn’t watch my children die.

“Sweetheart?”

“Hmm?” Alec asked, snapping out of his thoughts.

Soft sunlight filtered through the curtains.

“Are you alright, love?” Magnus asked.

“I’m fine.” He lied.

The look in my alpha’s eyes told me that he didn’t believe me.

“You didn’t sleep, love. Did you?” He asked.

“No.”
“Bad dreams again?”

“Sort of.”

“Do you want to tell me about it? You know we need to talk them through.”

“Not right now. I can’t.”

Magnus reached up, wiping the tear from his Shadowhunters cheek. He didn’t miss the hand his young warrior held protectively against his belly.

“You need to sleep, love. You’re tired.”

“I can’t.” He whispered.

Climbing out of bed Magnus crossed to the cabinet next to the door. Pulling it open he searched through the vials. Finding the one he needed he pulled it out. Turning around he saw his sleepy Shadowhunter watching him. His heart broke at the haunted look in his eyes. ‘Yes. He defiantly needs sleep’ he thought. ‘But he won’t go easily.’

Crossing back to him Magnus took his usual seat by Alec’s side.

“You need to rest, angel. I’m sorry. I should have looked after you last night.”

“You don’t always have to look after me, alpha. Sometimes you need looking after too.”

“Fair enough. But you’ve barely slept. Will you take this for me?”

“What is it?”
“It will help you sleep. Without dreams.” He said softly, brushing a lock of raven hair out of Alec’s eyes.

He knew what was keeping his omega awake. He knew he was afraid. Afraid of what he might see. We would have to talk about what he had already seen, but right now it could wait.

“I wasn’t hurt. But the babies…” He trailed off, tears streaming down his cheeks.

“Shh, sweetheart. It’s okay. We don’t have to talk about this now.”

“We were protected. But they still weren’t safe.” He whispered.

My heart sank at his words. ‘We were protected. But they still weren’t safe’. That changed things, and I knew it. He’d had a protected womb, and it wasn’t enough.

“Hush now, love. We’ll take care of it. Everything is going to be fine. I promise.”

“How can you say that?” He asked.

“Your having these dreams for a reason, love. I don’t think your Angel is giving you these dreams to frighten you. I think he’s giving them to you so you can change things. The more we know, the more we can change. Now please, will you drink this for me?”

“Will you sit with me? Until I fall asleep?”

“Of course, sweetheart. For as long as you need.”

“Okay.” He said, sitting up, wiping the tears from his cheeks.

Pulling the cork from the vial Magnus handed it to him. Alec didn’t hesitate to take it. Handing the vial back Alec blinked. Once, twice, his eyes starting to droop. Guiding him back gently, Magnus settled his omega into his pillows, tucking the duvet around him. With a deep sigh his angel’s eyes fluttered closed, a protective hand still on his flat belly.
Watching as his breathing became deep and even, he couldn’t help but place his hand over his Shadowhunters. ‘We will find a way to keep our children safe’ he thought. ‘We will find a way.’

“I can’t believe we almost fell for it.” Clary declared, tossing the image of Robert Lightwood’s rune on the coffee table. “And I can’t believe I almost helped him.”

“It’s not your fault, biscuit. I fell for it too.” Magnus said, pacing the room.

“So what do we do now?” Jace asked, fury bubbling in his blood. “Track him down and rip his spine out?”

“I’m for that one.” Izzy said.

“No. We have to keep a level head. Assuming Alec’s theory is right, we know we can’t trust your father.” Simon said.

“I no longer consider that son of a bitch my father!” Jace exclaimed.

“I wasn’t done.” Simon said smoothly. He was used to Jace’s temper. “Assuming Alec’s theory is right, and that Robert is working with the Clave to find him, and that Robert or the Clave or whoever used that storage crate as a way to lure Magnus out, to find out who was helping him, what’s the next step? Every Shadowhunter and downworlder in New York knows where to find The High Warlock of Brooklyn. So what’s the next step?”

“Just because Magnus was the one who went to that storage crate doesn’t necessarily mean that he’s the one hiding Alec. All it means is that a downworlder is helping Alec. Isn’t any downworlder hiding an omega Shadowhunter going to go through Magnus if there’s any sort of risk? To be safe, right?” Clary asked.

“That’s a valid point, biscuit. But we can’t count on that. Robert Lightwood knows that I at least have some sort of idea where Alexander is. He would have known that when I let him know that
Alexander was safe. And in the note he sent to me he said ‘hide my son’. That could be a message he expected me to relay. But I don’t believe that. I think Robert, and now possibly the Clave, knows perfectly well that you all are under my protection. And me going to that crate just proved it.” Magnus said, still pacing.

“We’re safe enough for now. My wards were thick to begin with. I strengthened them when Alec got here. And I strengthened them again last night, so it would take, what is it the mundanes call it, a ‘miracle’? It would take a miracle for them to get through them. The way there set up now a nephilim can’t get within a hundred-foot radius of here without me knowing it.”

“Then what?” Izzy asked. We fight our way out?”

“No.” Clary said. “We portal our way out. Magnus, how long would it take you to get everything warlock that you need together?”

“A finger snap.” He said. “But there is something that I’m working on that would need to be moved delicately.”

“And what’s that?” Izzy asked. “What’s so important that you couldn’t move it quickly?”

“Oh I could move it quickly, it would just have to be moved carefully.”

“You didn’t answer my question.”

Magnus sighed. He couldn’t tell them about the immortality potion yet. He’d promised his omega that he could make the call on when they should know.

“A potion. A powerful one.”

“For Alec?” She asked.

“Yes.” It wasn’t technically a lie. He was creating it for his Shadowhunter.
“Iz, how long would it take you to get our weapons ready to go? I don’t want to leave anything behind. If the Clave is coming after Alec, we’re going to need everything we’ve got. We need enough set aside to arm ourselves, and Alec. The rest we can get ready to go. Wherever we’re going to go.” Clary said.

“A couple hours.” Izzy said.

“That’s not necessary, ladies. I can transport that in a finger snap too. Just get together what you want left out and I can move the rest.” Magnus said.

“And what about Alec? He’s sleeping now, but you haven’t told us what’s going on with him Magnus.”

Magnus was torn. He didn’t want to tell them about his sleeping angel’s dreams, but they already knew he was having nightmares, and had been for a while.

“He’s a capable fighter, Isabelle. You’ve seen that firsthand since the day he stepped foot in the training room.”

“He is.” She conceited. “But he’s still not one hundred percent. He’s close, but he’s not there yet.”

“Is he ready to fight if necessary?” Magnus asked, holding his breath.

“He was born ready. The one thing our father did right, as cruel as it was, was start his training early. He knows moves even we don’t know yet. And he never misses with his bow. Never. Now, answer the damn question.” She demanded.

Magnus stopped pacing, turning to the group of Shadowhunters gathered in his living room. Of all the Shadowhunters in the world, of all of the Shadowhunters he had ever known, he had never trusted any the way he trusted them, something he thought would never happen. The only one he trusted more was his Shadowhunter. He could trust them with this.

“We don’t think Alexander’s dreams are just nightmares. We think their visions. From where, we don’t know, but he believes there from your Angel, like Clary’s runes. He believes her ability to create new runes is a gift from your Angel.”
“He’s said that before. When I first started seeing them. And that’s what happened at first. I would see them, right before my eyes.” Clary said softly.

“Visions?” Jace asked. “Of what?”

“Of war.” Magnus sighed. “War against the Clave. Or at least part of it. So far, he hasn’t seen much, but what he has seen…” Magnus stopped. “We’ll get to that when the time comes. I just know that he keeps having the same dreams, over and over again. He thinks their warnings. Warnings of what’s to come.”

“Okay. But that doesn’t explain why they scare him so much. Alec doesn’t get scared. He wasn’t scared in the Dark War. He’s never been afraid in combat, and we’ve faced some nasty demons, Magnus. So what gives? What can be so bad that it brings the strongest, bravest Shadowhunter there is to his knees?” Izzy asked. She wasn’t going to let this go.

“His children.” Magnus said softly. “In every dream he’s had, he’s pregnant. And in everyone our unborn children die.”

The room fell silent. You could hear a pin drop.

“Claim him.” Izzy demanded. “Claim him so he’s protected.”

“It’s not that simple.”

“Make it that simple.”

“Why? Why isn’t it that simple?” Clary asked. “You have the power to give him immortality.”

“It can only be done at certain times, biscuit. If I claim him before his next heat, he wouldn’t survive it. We don’t know why it works that way, but after centuries of experience, after countless useless deaths, we found it to be what it is. A death sentence.”
“So, for the sake of argument, why are we going to war against the Clave? Sure, there evil bastards that have been killing off their own kind for centuries, and they deserve their day of reckoning, but why a war?” Simon asked.

“Your guess is as good as mine at this point.” Magnus said. “He wasn’t ready to talk about this last dream this morning. I’ll talk to him when he wakes up, get more details. But that’s not the issue right now. We can figure out the why and how later. The important thing now is that I find a way to keep you all safe.”

“Don’t you mean we find a way to keep us all safe?” Izzy asked. “I’m sorry, Magnus, but we’re a team. A family. And your part of it. You’re my brother’s mate. His alpha. That makes you family. And we do things as a family.

Alec will always be our leader; he leads this team. First, he built this family, then he built this team. He is the foundation on which we stand.

You may be a powerful warlock, and that’s a big bonus for us. You can bring something to the table that we’ve never had before. But everything we do, we do together. Alpha, no alpha. Warlock, no warlock. Everything we do, we do at his command.

I’ve said this to my brother before. He’s Rockstar. We’re just his groupies. If he thinks a war is coming, a war is coming. So we all prepare to fight. We work together. And when the time comes, he will lead us. Because that’s who he is. That’s what he does. Having said that, I fully expect that you’ll be fighting by his side. One of us will just have to step down the line, making this team of five to a team of six.”

Magnus didn’t know what to say. Isabelle’s words had rocked him to his core. His sweet omegas team, his family, had just invited him in.

“Okay.” Was all he could manage to say, trying desperately to hide the tears stinging his eyes.

“Now. If the Clave is after our brother, which we have every reason to assume they are, right down to the man we once considered our father, it has to be because Alec is an omega. They want him. To hurt him. If that rune does what we think it does, it proves that.” She said, pointing at the rune drawing on the table. “I will not risk the lives of my future nieces or nephews. None of us will. If it takes war to protect them, so be it.”
“Magnus, how do we get out of here? And where do we go?” Jace asked.

“I know a place. A place we’ll be safe.” He said. “But I have to get it ready. That will take a little time. And I need to find out if one of my warlocks portaled Robert out of the Institute. But I can’t leave Alexander here unprotected.”

“He won’t be unprotected. He has us for that.” Simon said. “Not that he needs much protecting. Rather he’s at one hundred percent or not, he’s still Alec Lightwood, the one Shadowhunter you don’t want to mess around with.”

“But were still only six. Six against the Clave? That’s not going to be easy.” Clary said.

“No. It’s not. We’re going to need an army. And I know just where to find one.” Magnus said, determination sparkling in his eyes. ‘There’s just one thing that has to be dealt with first’ he thought.

He would take them there. He had wanted to wait. Wait until his Shadowhunter was truly back to his old self. But now he knew it didn’t matter if his omega was all the way there or not, he didn’t have to be. He had five people who would die to protect him standing by his side.

“It’s settled then. We’ll start getting things ready on our end, Magnus. And you should start getting things ready on yours. The only thing that I may thank Robert Lightwood for as he draws his last breath is stocking us up. We’re going to need what’s in those crates, and everything Iz can create.” Jace said.

“I’ll hit the forge now. Forge as much as I can. How much time do I have, Magnus?” Izzy asked.

“A few days. Maybe a week. I should have everything done by then. I will fill Alexander in when he wakes up. And get the latest details of this last dream. And I’ll find out if a warlock has betrayed me. And if one did, their mine. Team or no team, you can’t stop me.” He said.

“Why should we try? Warlocks are your thing, Magnus. Do what you have to do.” Clary said with a shrug.

“That’s that then.” Jace said. “Let’s get to work. Simon, you’re with me. Clary, see if you can’t come up with some new runes. Especially a breaking rune that will break our tracking runes. One
thing that Magnus was right about, we don’t know for sure that the Clave can’t still track us with them rather there active or not.”

“On it. Magnus, you said that you left a ‘hole’ in the wards around Idris. A way that you can portal people in and out.” She said.

“I’m not sending you in, biscuit.” Magnus said, adamant.

“And I’m not asking you to. I’m asking you to use that ‘hole’.”

“Why?”

“I want you to bring something out. Can you do that? Without setting off the wards?”

“I should be able to. Again, I ask. Why?” He asked, unsure.

“The Clave has to have a record of all the runes they use somewhere in Alicante. I would imagine that it’s something like our Grey Book. I want to know what they have, what they use. And whatever you find, I want you to take it. Right out from under them.”

“And how am I supposed to do that?”

“By walking through the front gates. As Robert Lightwood.”

Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a vote.
“I don’t know if I like this plan, Magnus.” Alec said, studying the four vials simmering on low heat on Magnus’ workbench.

“It’s simple enough, love. I go in glamoured. I think I can produce one powerful enough.”

“You think? Or you know?”

“I can work on it, sweetheart. I can make sure the glamour will hold. Once I have it perfected, I can go in. Just like Clary said. Right through the front gates. You’ll have the perimeter. Shielded, like we discussed. Nothing will penetrate the shields. Everyone will be safe. While their distracted, fighting the best Shadowhunter team in the world, which I’m sure they’ll throw everything they have at, I’ll get the book Clary’s after, and portal out. Once I’m outside the gates, we’ll portal to the safehouse. We’ll be protected there. I swear.”

“And this will give them immortality?”

“Once it has the final ingredient, and cured, I believe it will. We won’t move until we’re certain.” Magnus said, softly rubbing his Shadowhunters back. He had been in knots for days since he had heard the plan.

His angel had finally opened up about his dream. They had discussed it in detail. The one thing they weren’t sure on was if Alec was still mortal during that battle. Yes, he walked away unharmed. But was that because he was immortal and his wounds healed quickly, or because he
was just that good.

“So with this, with immortality, if they get injured they would heal like warlock’s do? Quickly and on their own, without iratzes?”

“Yes, love. They would heal in seconds. Only a mortal blow would actually harm them, and often times even those can be healed with magic if there attended to in time.”

“And your certain that none of the other warlock’s helped my father get out of the Institute?”

“I am. I questioned them all under the use of a truth serum. None of them resisted me.”

“That’s more than a hundred warlocks, Magnus. Your sure you got them all?”

“Yes, love. I am. I know every warlock in the world. I would have gotten back sooner but there were a few I had to track down.”

“Were they hiding?”

“No. Most every warlock has a mundane life, like Catarina. They have to eat too.” Magnus said, trying his best to reassure his exhausted omega.

He had been training all day. It was breathtaking to watch him in action. He had thought it was the most beautiful and graceful thing he had ever seen the day he had watched his sweet angel use his bow, but he had been wrong. Watching as he had flown through the air, twisting and flipping, weapons in hand, only to land on his feet and hit his target with a flying dagger had stole the very breath from his lungs.

His Shadowhunter had been training hard. He had wanted to make sure he was at his best for what they were about to do. Even though they would be magically protected when they faced the gates of the sacred city, he didn’t want to miss a beat, and neither did his team. They trained night and day, stopping only to eat and sleep. To say they were deadly was a gross understatement.

“And Isabelle still has everything she needs for forging?” He asked.
“Yes. I’ve never seen her produce weapons this fast. Or so many new ones. It will take practice to learn to use them all. When we go in, we’ll be fully loaded.” Alec said, looking up from the vials to meet his alpha’s eyes. Their eyes locked, tired crystal blue meeting tired chocolate brown.

“This is going to work, Alexander.”

“I know. But that doesn’t mean I have to like it. I don’t want to kill anyone we don’t have to.”

“I know, sweetheart.” Magnus said, pulling his Shadowhunter into his arms.

Alec took a deep breath of his’s alpha’s soothing scent. With each breath he felt the tension he had been carrying ease as he started to relax.

“So you just need one more thing?” He asked, pulling back. He had wanted to stay in his alpha’s arms, badly.

He wanted to let his scent soothe him into sleep. Sleep he hated but he knew he needed. The only peaceful sleep he got these days was after his alpha made love to him and made him drink the potion.

“Yes, angel. You just have to promise me one thing. That you’ll be extra careful. They will be immortal. You won’t be. Not until your next heat.

Once I claim you, I think things will change. I think your dreams will change. I really believe your only seeing what’s going to happen while you’re still mortal.”

Alec sighed, defeated, pressing his forehead to his alpha’s.

“And we’ll still be able to use our runes?”

“I believe so. You will still be nephilims, love. You will just be immortal nephilims.”
“Okay. Let’s do this.”

“It won’t take much. I promise. Just one drop for each vial.” Magnus said, lifting Alec’s hand for a kiss.

Pulling Alec a step forward towards the workbench he pick up a small knife. He looked into his Shadowhunters eyes. What he saw there told him all he needed to know. He was ready. He wanted to do this.

“It’ll only hurt for a second.” He said, pressing a shallow cut into Alec’s finger.

Alec didn’t flinch when the blade pierced his skin. This wasn’t pain to him. His pain was for his team, his family. They had all wanted to do this. But he wasn’t sure that they wanted to do it for the right reasons.

Yes, he wanted them with him after his alpha claimed him, having them forever. But he wasn’t sure that they really wanted to live forever. He wasn’t sure if they were doing this because it was something they really wanted, or if they were doing it just to win this fight.

Magnus squeezed his Shadowhunters finger gently as he moved from vial, letting a single drop of blood fall into each one. He knew that his young warrior was struggling with this. He knew that he had wanted to present the choice of immortality to his family under different circumstances. He knew he had wanted them to want it, not need it. And it was breaking his angel’s heart.

Alec watched as the last drop fell into the fourth vial. With a swift movement his alpha ran his thumb over the cut on his finger, healing it.

“When will it be ready?”

“It has to cure overnight. Come now. It’s late. You’ve had a long day of training and need to rest.” Magnus said, raising his loves hand to his lips for another soft kiss.

“I’m not tired.”
“Don’t do that, angel. We both know that’s not true.” He said softly.

Alec sighed. His alpha was right. He was tired. But he wasn’t ready to sleep. Not yet.

“Will you take me to bed?”

Magnus smiled. Even when his warrior was utterly exhausted, he still craved the comfort of his alpha’s touch, of his alpha taking him, and the dreamless sleep that would come after.

“Yes, sweetheart. I’ll take you to bed.” He said, pulling his Shadowhunter in for a gentle kiss.

Magnus slowly pulled his angel’s shirt over his head. He couldn’t help but stop to take in the beauty before him. His Shadowhunter had regained the weight he had lost during his illness and turned it all into muscle. His six-pack looked even more delicious than it had before.

He dropped to his knees. He wanted to trace each line and curve of it with his tongue. He gently tugged his Shadowhunters pants down an inch, just an inch. He wanted full access for what he was about to do.

Alec moaned softly as his alpha’s tongue traced the outline of the first muscle in his belly. He slid his hands into his alpha’s hair, just the way his alpha liked it. To both pleasure his warlock and to help hold himself up. On the second pass of his alpha’s tongue his head fell back. The pleasure was incredible, pulsing through him from each touch of his warlock’s tongue.

With each lick against the sensitive muscles in his belly the tighter he gripped his alpha’s hair. He bit hard into his bottom lip to hide his moans. His alpha hadn’t silenced the room yet.

Magnus felt his Shadowhunters legs shake as he traced his tongue across the third muscle in his firm belly. ‘Lilith, he tastes so good’ he thought. He also knew that his sweet omega was fighting desperately to silence himself. With a snap of his fingers every sound outside the room disappeared.
“Thank the Angel.” Alec breathed.

Smiling, Magnus pressed a soft kiss to Alec’s firm belly. He was nowhere done tasting his Shadowhunter, but he needed to get him off his feet before his legs gave out. Climbing to his feet he wrapped his arm around his angel’s waist when he swayed.

“Let’s get you to bed.” He whispered softly in Alec’s ear before he sucked his earlobe into his mouth, biting softly at the tender flesh.

“Yes. Please.” Alec breathed as a shiver of pleasure ran through him when his warlock bit softly on his ear.

Guiding his Shadowhunter by his hips he pushed him backwards towards the bed. When the back of his knees hit the mattress, he sat him down gently.

Alec pressed his head to his alpha’s belly, grateful to be off his feet. He had been sure that he was going to fall before his warlock grabbed him. His head had been spinning from the pleasure his alpha had been giving him. He didn’t understand how something as simple as his alpha’s tongue softly tracing the muscles in his belly could feel so good. But his alpha always gave him the most breathtaking pleasure, so he didn’t question it. He just filed it away as something he wanted to do to his warlock later.

“Magnus.”

“Shh, love. Just let me take care of you tonight.” Magnus said, running his hands through his Shadowhunters hair. Alec sighed softly. His alpha knew how much he loved it when he did that.

Alec felt the rest of his tension melting away. Lifting his head, he reached for Magnus’ belt. He knew his warlock could undress them both in a finger snap, but he had come to find that he liked peeling his warlock out of his clothes.

As the belt and top button of his pants came undone Magnus couldn’t help but hold his breath. While it was considerably faster to just snap their clothes off, he found that his angel’s desire to undress him, and take his time, was far more enjoyable.

“Breathe, Magnus.” Alec whispered as he slid his warlock’s zipper down.
Magnus let out the breath he hadn’t realized he had been holding.

“That’s right.” Alec crooned before pressing a soft kiss to his warlock’s belly just above the waistline of his boxers.

Gripping his warlock’s pants and boxers in both hands he tugged them down, just a few inches, revealing the deep V in the in muscles beneath his alphas toned abs, a lovely V that trailed beneath the silk boxers he always wore. He slowly traced the left side with his tongue, then the right, listening to the soft moan that escaped his warlock.

“You taste good, alpha.” He murmured.

Magnus couldn’t hold back the moan that slipped through his lips. He didn’t understand how such gentle touches from his Shadowhunter could feel so, so good. His young warrior’s soft words almost brought him to his knees. ‘Lilith, he’s going to be the death of me’ he thought.

“If you keep that up, sweetheart, you’re going to have to hold me up.”

Alec couldn’t help but smile as he pressed a soft kiss in the middle of the lines of the V below his alpha’s belly. He was beyond happy to know that he could bring his warlock pleasure too.

Gripping his alpha firmly by the hips he lifted him, turning him quickly, leaving his shocked warlock flat on his back on the soft bed before he knew what hit him.

“Lilith! How do you do that?” Magnus breathed as his omega straddled his hips.

“Shadowhunter. Remember?”

“Oh how I love that Shadowhunter strength.” He said as Alec claimed the tender flesh of his neck, pressing soft, sucking kisses to the side. He sighed, tilting his head to give his sweet angel better access.
Pressing soft, biting kisses to his warlock’s exposed neck and throat, Alec slid his hands up under his alpha’s shirt, moving them slowly up his firm belly and beautiful abs. He didn’t know that his soft touches had pleasure coursing through his warlock. A secret that hadn’t yet been revealed to him.

“You’re getting really good with that mouth, Alexander.” Magnus said when Alec sucked his earlobe gently into his mouth, biting down softly.

All Alec had to go on was what he enjoyed that his alpha did to him. He had yet to branch out. He wanted to give his lover more pleasure, but he wasn’t sure how. Or how to ask.

“Clothes.” He whispered before claiming his alpha’s mouth in a fierce, passionate kiss.

In a finger snap they were both naked and he was fighting his warlock for dominance. Their tongues danced like their lives depended on it, and It couldn’t have been sweeter.

Magnus thought his Shadowhunter would never ask him to shed them of their clothing. ‘He must be impatient tonight’ he thought, smiling through the kiss. It was breathtaking. For an instant when his omega had claimed him, his bind had gone blank. His angel was growing bolder and it thrilled him, but he had to breathe.

Running his hands gently up from his warriors hips he pushed a soft pulse of magic through his thumbs into his Shadowhunters firm belly.

Alec gasped at the sudden pleasure that shot through his veins, pulling back to revel in it. It rocked him every time his alpha did that, and his alpha knew it.

“Not fair.” He whispered, fighting to catch his breath as the dregs of pleasure faded away. His alpha had been light with it, this time.

“You know you love it.” Magnus chuckled, sitting them both up. Once again Alec was caught between two hard dicks, his warlock’s and his own. “I can do it again if you’d like.” He whispered, his forehead pressed to his angel’s.

“I would. But how am I supposed to compete with that?”
“Compete with what, love? There is no competition here. I love brining you pleasure. It’s the highlight of my day.” He said softly, pulling his Shadowhunter close.

“You pleasure me, but I don’t pleasure you.” Alec whispered, his head on his warlock’s shoulder.

“That’s not true, sweetheart.” Magnus said, pushing Alec back so he could meet his eyes, crystal blue locking on chocolate brown. “You bring me pleasure every day. Seeing you smile, hearing you laugh, your wonderful kisses, and the touch of your hands. They all bring me to my knees, especially your kisses and soft touches. They are unlike anything I have ever felt before. And having you beneath me is the most exquisite thing in the world. The feel of your body, your soft skin and perfect muscles. The grip of your hands on my back when you let yourself go and feel the pleasure.

And the knowledge that one day you will carry our children inside you. You are the greatest gift ever given to me. Far more than I have ever deserved and no matter what happens, I will always cherish those things, and you, and all of our sweet moments and every memory me make.

So please don’t feel like you don’t pleasure me, love. Because you do. Just a brush of your hands against my skin takes my breath away.”

“Do you really mean that?” He asked, uncertainty shining in his blue eyes.

“Every word, angel. You are still learning what you find enjoyable when we make love, and we have all the time in the world for you to learn the same of me. Just know that everything we do here, means more to me than words can say.

Just having you here gives me more pleasure than you could possibly imagine. And watching you, watching you take the pleasure I give you, thrills me. I love watching you come undone. And knowing that I can do that for you, that I can give you that, is better than any sexual experience that I’ve ever had.

In just being who you are and doing what you do trumps more than 800 years of experience. You are the love of my life. You are perfection. You are strength and beauty. And in here, when it’s just us, what we have is more than words can say, so please don’t think you don’t pleasure me because it’s just not true. A single kiss from you brings me to my knees.”
“I just don’t feel like I’m giving you what you need.”

“You are, love. You do. I don’t know how else to say it. You give me pleasure like no other. I love the way your hands feel on me. I love the way I feel when I fill you. Or when you take me in your hand. It’s perfection. It’s like you were made just for me.

I love to hear your soft moans. Your cries of pleasure. The way you pull my hair when you enjoy yourself. My magic in here is just a bonus. I know that with or without it, our lovemaking will always be earth shattering, because for me, it already is.” He said, kneading the tense muscles in his Shadowhunters lower back.

“Waking up to you, snuggled up in my arms, makes me feel like the luckiest man alive. And watching you, throughout the day, especially when you train, even when my heart lurches in fear when you flip and fly through the air, its stunning. It makes me want to pull you from what your doing and take you then and there.”

“How am I ever supposed to concentrate on my tumbling after that?” Alec asked with a chuckle. “I may have to stop letting you watch me train.”

“It’s not just your tumbling that takes my breath away, Alexander. You are a warrior and watching you as you practice your art and hone your skills, it’s like watching a masterpiece take form.”

“No one has ever seen me that way.”

“No one that you know about, angel. I am sure that there have been countless Shadowhunters, both male and female, that have thought the exact same thing. You just didn’t know it.” He whispered softly, sliding his hands down to caress Alec’s bare ass.

“Now you’re just trying to distract me.” Alec sighed as the pleasure of his alpha’s touch coursed through him, a tingle running up and down his spine.

“No, love. I’m not. But I can.” He said, placing a hand on Alec’s flat belly and pushing another soft pulse of magic into him.

Alec gasped and bit softly into his warlock’s shoulder to muffle his cries. The pleasure that shot through him had pulsed throughout his body, taking his breath away. His breath hitched in his
lungs at the strain.

“Breathe, sweetheart.” Magnus breathed, softly stroking Alec’s back.

The feel of his Shadowhunter biting into his shoulder stole his own breath. He felt his hardened cock jump at the pleasure that ran rampant through him, forcing himself to speak the words to encourage his young warrior to draw in air.

Alec slowly regained his wits, and his ability to breathe. Once he was sure he could speak again he felt shame for hurting his alpha.

“I’m sorry. Did I hurt you?”

“No, love. Don’t ever apologize for something like that. That was nothing more than a love bite.” Magnus said before flipping his sweet omega onto his back, settling between his muscular legs.

“Now, all this talk of pleasure has me wanting to give you more.” He said, reclaiming Alec’s lips in a soft but passionate kiss. His angel opened quickly when he licked at his bottom lip, seeking entrance. ‘Lilith, will he always taste this good?’ he thought as his tongue met his lovers.

This kiss wasn’t a fight for dominance. It was a kiss that spoke of love, of tenderness.

He ran his hands softly down Alec’s sides, pushing just a touch of magic into his caress, knowing full well the combination of his magic and the pleasure his Shadowhunter felt at the touch of his hands would be intense, but he wanted it to be. He wanted to make his Shadowhunter scream and cry out in pleasure tonight. Just as he wanted to ensure that he gave into his own pleasure for his sweet omega, to reassure him that they pleased each other.

Alec lost his breath during the sweet kiss when his warlock had pushed his beautiful magic down his rib-cage and sides. He had to pull away from the kiss, gasping for breath. He had never known how sensitive that part of his body was before his alpha. It had certainly never felt that way before in training.

“That’s it, angel. Just focus on breathing.” Magnus murmured, pressing his lips to his love’s neck, softly tracing the rune there with his tongue. He loved his warrior’s runes. He also loved
exploiting them in bed.

Alec tilted his head and moaned softly as his alpha traced the rune at his check with his tongue. He gasped out his pleasure when he took quick nips and pressed soft kisses at the sensitive skin. He wanted to move. He wanted to hold onto his warlock. But he couldn’t. He had been caught off guard, his mind spinning in the best possible way.

Using his fingertips Magnus softly stroked his fingers back up Alec’s sides, caressing him gently. He used no magic this time. He didn’t want to overload his young warrior. He wanted to give him a chance to regain his breath before he took him further.

As his angel moaned softly at his tender kisses, he took harder nips and bites at his Shadowhunters neck, flicking his tongue out to make it more pleasurable. Gently tilting his omega’s chin to face him he pressed his lips softly to his loves.

“Alexander, love. Look at me, sweetheart.” He said softly.

Alec blinked, willing his head to stop spinning and his fuzzy mind to focus. He had lost himself in the pleasure. He always did.

“That’s right. Look at me.” Magnus crooned, watching as his Shadowhunters hazed eyes met his, crystal blue meeting chocolate brown. “You’ve been asking me for something for the past few days. Can you tell me what that is?”

Alec swallowed hard before he could speak.

“To fuck me. I want you to fuck me.” Alec whispered.

“That’s right, love. You have. You’re not ready for that, not yet. But would you like to start getting ready?”

“Yes.” Alec breathed.

Magnus leaned in, claiming his Shadowhunters lips again. It was a soft kiss. A kiss that spoke
only of love. Snapping his fingers, the stele Izzy had made for him appeared in his hand. Pulling back from the kiss he studied his sweet omega, mesmerized by the beauty of his crystal blue eyes before activating the rune that Clary had drawn on his young warrior’s shoulder, the rune that would keep their lovemaking between just the two of them. He watched as it lit up and then faded, thrilled that he had the power to do that now.

“Promise me you’ll tell me if it gets to be too much. I will do everything I can to make sure there is no pain, but if I miss something, you have to promise to tell me. Can you do that? Can you promise me that?”

“Yes. I promise.” Alec said, his head now clear, anticipation coursing through him, humming beneath his skin.

Pressing a harder kiss to Alec’s lips he snapped his fingers, lubing his hand.

“I want to hear each moan, each cry. Everything, love. Don’t hold back. I want to hear it all.” He said, reaching down to take Alec’s hard cock gently in his hand, stroking it with his lube slicked fingers. Alec gasped at the pleasure. “That’s right. Just like that. I want to hear you.”

Magnus’ hold on his Shadowhunters dick tightened slightly, gently jerking him off. With skilled precision he circled his hand around the head of Alec’s cock and stroked back down, pushing a small wave of magic into his touch.

Alec loved the way his alpha’s lubed hand rubbed up and down his length. It had never felt like this when he had been alone and at the Institute. With his warlock it was so much better. He cried out when his warlock’s magic pushed into his dick. The magnitude of it ran up his belly and down his thighs at the same time. He instinctively grabbed his alpha’s shoulder with one hand, gripping it tightly.

His sweet warrior’s cries of pleasure was music to his ears, a symphony composed just for him. Easing up with his magic, he gently jerked on his Shadowhunters fully hardened cock. He stopped when it leaked a generous amount of precum in his hand. He didn’t want his omega to cum too quickly. He wanted to draw it out.

“Hold out your hand, angel.”

It took Alec’s lust filled brain a moment to register his alpha’s words, but he did as he was asked.
With a finger snap from his warlock his hand was coated with warm lube.

“I want you to touch yourself while I pleasure you. While I prepare you for me. Can you do that?” He asked softly, taking in Alec’s blown pupils and lust filled eyes.

Alec nodded, yes.

“Let me hear the words, love.”

“Yes. I can do that.” Alec breathed.

Magnus loved hearing his angel’s voice in bed. The sound of it both thrilled him as well as let him know that his sweet omega was still with him. At some point, soon, he wanted to take his Shadowhunter into subspace again. But not yet. There was still too much to do and not enough time for his angel to properly come down and rest. Taking his omegas lube-soaked hand in his own he guided it to his straining cock.

Alec gripped himself automatically. He had jerked himself off countless times before and knew what felt good to him. As his gripped himself he stroked gently up and down his length. He wanted to draw this out.

Watching his Shadowhunter pleasure himself was a beautiful thing to behold. He couldn’t help but take part. Gently pressing his thumb to the vein on the underside of his love’s fully lubed cock he pushed hard against it, making his angel moan.

“Don’t forget that’s there, sweetheart. Stroke it when you come up, applying just a little pressure.”

Alec nodded at his alpha’s words. His warlock taught him new things every day. On his next gentle pull up, he did as his alpha said and pleasure rocked through him. He didn’t know that he cried out.

“That’s it. Just like that. And don’t hold back. I want to hear and every moan that slips from your beautiful lips. Remember that.” He said, pushing Alec’s bent knees apart.
He lingered at his angel’s bent knees, deliberating before he decided his next step. Making his decision he pressed his thumbs underneath each of his Shadowhunters knees, against that sweet spot, stroking them gently, massaging into the tender creases there before pushing a little magic out through his thumbs. Alec moaned loudly, his thighs quivering as he instinctively jerked himself harder.

“Don’t cum yet, angel. Hold it back. Let go if you have too.”

Alec had the presence of mind to heed his alpha’s words, easing his grip on himself. The pleasure that had shot through his thighs had them quivering and his belly clenching, the touch of his alpha’s hands sending soft tingles throughout his body. ‘One day’ the thought ‘one day I’m going to make him moan and cry out in pleasure’.

Pushing his omega’s knees as far apart as he could, not wanting to strain them, he bent down on his hands and knees. He would leave the pleasure point in his angel’s thigh alone tonight. His sweet angel’s prostate would get plenty of stimulation when he was in him. He planned to fill him slowly, let his love enjoy the feeling of fullness when he took him in.

Leaning down he flicked his tongue over his Shadowhunters tight hole, a hole he ached to feel, and would before the night was over. It clenched immediately, making him smile. He flicked his tongue out over it again, watching as it clenched and relaxed.

Alec bit his lip when his alpha licked across his hole. He desperately wanted to feel something in it when it clenched. Remembering his alpha’s request, he released his lip from between his teeth, gasping when his warlock did it again, and moaning when he kept doing it, the pleasure growing more intense with each gentle stroke of his tongue.

Gently pushing his Alexander’s firm cheeks apart, he slowly licked from his crack up to his perineum, gently massing his angel’s cheeks, pushing soft waves of magic into him. His angel cried out. From his magic or his tongue Magnus didn’t know, but he was hoping from both. Taking his sweet Shadowhunters balls into his mouth he sucked gently, not wanting to apply too much pressure. When he saw his angel’s hand fall from his dick he pulled back.

“Na-ah, sweetheart. I want to see that hand on your dick.”

Alec whimpered in protest. His alpha licking at his entrance and his magic were distracting him. He had lost his train of thought completely when his alpha had sucked his balls into his hot mouth. He ached to have something in him, a tongue, a finger, a thick cock, anything.
“I’ll stop if you stop.” Magnus teased. He snapped his fingers, re-lubing Alec’s hand. Looking into his omega’s beautiful blue eyes he watched him as he took his cock in his hand again, sliding it slowly up and down. It occurred to him then that the lights may be too bright for his young warriors blown pupils and snapped his fingers, dimming them.

“Better?”

Alec nodded, yes. The light had been making his eye’s sting, and he wanted to see his alpha clearly.

“That’s it. I want to see those beautiful blues.” He crooned.

Once he saw that his angel was once again stroking himself as he had asked he bent his head again. He knew his Shadowhunter was seeking the feel of something inside him.

Flicking his tongue over his angel’s entrance again he watched as it clenched and waited for it to relax. Snapping his fingers he lubed them. Using two fingers he massaged slow, gentle circles around his young lover’s rim, watching as his tight muscle clenched and relaxed. Softly brushing his fingertip across his angel’s tight entrance he pushed a small burst of magic through his fingertip to ease the penetration. His finger slid in easily to the first knuckle, the muscles of his angel’s tight channel clamping down. He listened as Alec’s breath caught in his chest, waiting for the muscles around his finger to relax and listening for his Shadowhunter to drawn in a breath.

Pushing further into Alec’s tight channel he listened to Alec’s moans and felt his fingers slide into his hair with his free hand. He had to force himself to focus on what he was doing through the exquisite pleasure that rushed through him at his Shadowhunters gentle tug.

But he wanted more from his young warrior. He wanted to hear him moan and cry out at the same time as he pleasured him. Using his thumb he pressed hard on his angel’s perineum as he pushed his finger as far as he could into Alec’s channel, sending a small burst of magic through them both. His wish was granted when his omega moaned and then cried out as his magic shot through him.

Alec had to force himself to grip his aching cock again, something he had never had to do before. He desperately wanted his alpha to fill him, to feel the fullness of his length inside him. Before, before his alpha, he had only imagined what it would feel like to have that. His imagination had never come even remotely close to the real thing.
He knew when he felt his alpha’s fingers massaging him that he was going to give him something, he just didn’t know what. The jolt of magic that rushed through him as his warlock pushed his finger into him was exquisite. The magic crashed through him like a tidal wave, sending fresh pleasure throughout his already trembling body.

The small pulses of magic that his warlock pushed into him though were beautiful and made his belly clench and his eyes roll back. He couldn’t stop his cries of pleasure; and didn’t want to. He couldn’t help it when he lost his breathe due to the sensation overload. A magnificent overload.

His alpha pushing further and further into him with his finger felt like heaven. He couldn’t stop himself from gripping his alpha’s silky soft hair with his free hand as he jerked himself harder with the other. He knew his warlock loved it and wondered if he would too.

Magnus pulled his finger free of his Shadowhunter when the muscles of his channel relaxed and he saw him tug harder and harder on his cock. He knew he had to stop his sweet angel before he went too far and jerked himself to release. Reaching up he placed his hand over his omega’s, stilling him.

“That’s enough, love. You can stop now. I’ve got you.”

Alec sighed in relief. It had been hard to focus on jerking himself, as good as it had felt. There were so many sensations bombarding him at once that it was a struggle to do as his alpha had asked.

“Thank you, alpha.” He whispered, sliding both hands into his warlock’s hair.

Magnus couldn’t stop his own moan when his Shadowhunter gripped his hair with both hands, or his smile. He knew he would have to pass him the reigns soon and let him learn more by giving instead of receiving. It would be magnificent he was sure. But that wouldn’t be tonight. With a smirk, he pressed his palm flat on his angel’s firm belly, pushing a strong wave of magic into him.

He felt his omega’s firm muscles clench under his hand when he cried out, his grip tightened in his hair.

Alec forgot to breathe when his alpha pressed his hand firmly on his belly, pushing his magic into him. The pleasure that shot through his system was almost more than he could take. He didn’t
realize that he had tightened his grip in his alpha’s hair.

“Breathe, sweetheart. Take a breath.”

Alec had to force himself to draw in air, his lungs straining. He felt like his whole body was shaking.

“Just breathe through it, love.” Magnus crooned, softly rubbing his omega’s firm belly muscles.

Alec struggled to keep drawing in air, the tingling pleasure of his alpha softly rubbing his belly was distracting.

Once he was sure that his Shadowhunter was breathing easily again Magus snapped his fingers again, re-lubing them. Going back to the task at hand he reached out, gently massaged circles around his lover’s rim again. He would need more in him soon and wanted him to be able to take it easily. He watched as his Shadowhunter clenched and relaxed. After the third gentle circle with his fingers he pushed two fingertips in, just an inch, with a soft burst of magic to ease the way.

His angel cried out, his tight channel clamping down, trying to pull his fingers in. Using his angel’s cries as his guide he waited for the muscles to relax before he slid his fingers all the way in. He felt out his love’s prostate and curled his fingers, stroking it gently. He felt it start to harden. He listened to his angel’s moans and felt his thighs quivering from the pleasure.

Alec’s eyes rolled back when his warlock pushed his fingers and his magic into his tight channel, the pleasure beyond exquisite. He couldn’t stop his cries of pleasure now, he had no control. When his alpha’s fingers curled inside him, brushing that spot, he thought he would die from the ecstasy of what his alpha was giving him.

Once he felt his angel stop trembling from the pleasure he was feeling and he was sure that he had adjusted to the penetration he pulled out, hearing his sweet omega whine at the emptiness. ‘His Shadowhunter would take his next heat beautifully’ he thought. It was already obvious that he loved to be filled.

“It’s alright, sweetheart.” He crooned as he gently slid his fingers back in, pushing a hint of magic through his fingertips to give his love even more pleasure before his angel’s muscles clamped down around them.
“Just breathe and relax.”

‘Relax?’ Alec thought. How was he supposed to ‘relax’? He hadn’t been able to stop the whine that escaped him when his alpha had pulled his fingers out, leaving him feeling empty. Had it been under any other circumstances he would have been mortified. Shadowhunters didn’t whine. But the beautiful intrusion when his alpha pushed back into him, and the sweet feel of his magic, washed those thoughts away.

Once Magnus felt the muscles around his fingers relax he gently curved them, easily finding his angel’s prostate again. It was hard and swollen. He would have to be gentle, making sure he didn’t apply too much pressure and cause his young warrior pain.

When he felt his omega start to thrust on his fingers he knew he was almost ready. Working in time with his angel’s thrusts, he thrust with his fingers, drawing out his Shadowhunters pleasure, scissoring his fingers to stretch his channel open.

When he felt his warlock’s fingers thrusting into him, he knew that his alpha was about to start truly preparing him. It wouldn’t be much longer before his warlock would fill him and he craved it. He loved the feel of his alpha inside him. It was breathtaking and earth shattering all at once.

When he felt his alpha stretching him he knew that they were almost there. He wanted desperately to roll his warlock over, something he could easily do, and just plunge down on him. He wanted to push onto him, the way his alpha had been pushing into him these past few nights, only harder. He wanted to make his alpha cry out his pleasure the way his alpha made him cry out his. He wanted to hear his warlock moan beneath him. He wanted to feel his alpha’s thighs quiver and see his belly clench. He wanted it all.

His Shadowhunter was stretching quickly. Between his thrusts and his muscles relaxing easily he knew that his angel was ready for him.

“I’m going to pull back, love. Do you feel ready?”

“By the Angel yes!” Alec cried.

Pulling his fingers from his omega’s tight channel he watched it clench as it emptied. He was awed at the sight before him. His angel’s open stretched rim was both breathtaking and inviting. Snapping his fingers he lubed them both, his throbbing cock and his lover’s beautiful hole and
Taking a firm grip on his Shadowhunters hips he lifted him into the perfect position. Without his hands free he would have to watch to line himself up perfectly, something he could easily do.

“Take a deep breath, angel.” He said firmly.

As his sweet omega drew a breath in he pushed the head of his cock into his Shadowhunter.

Alec gasped as his alpha pushed into him and the magnificent stretch. He desperately wanted more but he knew his alpha would go slow, giving him the time he needed to adjust. With each deep breath he took his warlock pushed just a little further into him. He didn’t realize it when he thrust down on his alpha’s cock, pulling him a little further in.

“All of it, please. Just do it.” He begged.

Magnus was torn. His Shadowhunter still wasn’t used to being filled and needed him to ease in slowly so he wouldn’t hurt him.

Alec couldn’t wait anymore. He needed his alpha in him, now. All of him. He reached down, grabbing his alpha’s hips with the speed of a Shadowhunter and pulled him fully into him. He cried out his pleasure as his alpha stared at him in shock.

“Alexander.” Was all Magnus could manage through his shock and pleasure. He had underestimated his omega. He was ready for more. He didn’t need to hand over the reigns of penetration, his Shadowhunter had just taken them from him.

He lost his breath at the tightness of his angel’s tight channel around his cock and then again when the muscles in his love’s walls clamped down around him. Being in his Shadowhunter was pure bliss. His channel was warm and as smooth as silk around him. His angel had the tightest squeeze that always took his breath away, he reveled in the feel of it.

“Move.” Alec pleaded, trusting his hips against his warlock.
The pleasure of being filled was being overridden by his desire to be taken, and taken hard. But his alpha didn’t get it. Wrapping his legs firmly around his warlock’s hips, hands on his waist, he smoothly flipped him, using his Shadowhunter strength and speed to his advantage. In an instant his alpha was on his back and he was fully sheathed inside him.

Alec lost his breath when he slid down on his alpha’s full length, as it scraped down across his prostate. It was beyond heavenly. It was a dream come true, having the man he loved with all his heart and soul finally fully filling him. It was magnificent. He reveled in the complete and utter fullness that he had been craving.

Magnus was utterly shocked at his Shadowhunters move but couldn’t help the moan that escaped him when his angel took his full length for the first time, the length one would only get by sitting flush against another. His sweet omega had his head thrown back and his eyes closed. From pleasure or pain he wasn’t sure.

Before he could speak the words his once innocent omega rose up off him only to slam back down, a cry of pure, unmistakable pleasure escaping him. His shocked mind kicked into gear. He knew his angel would need his guidance now. He wouldn’t know what to do next. This was all new to him.

“Alexander, look at me.” Magnus ground out.

Lifting his head Alec opened his eyes, crystal blue locking on chocolate brown. He didn’t have the words to speak, he could only feel.

Placing his hands firmly on Alec’s hips he pushed up, guiding Alec up off his cock, and eased him back down.

“Go slow. Take your time. There’s no rush, love.”

Alec nodded, listening to his alpha’s soft words as his alpha helped him rise and fall again. It was magnificent. He rose up and slowly descended back down, the move scraping his prostate in the most delicious way.

“Faster, please.” Alec begged.
Magnus couldn’t deny his angel this. If this is what he needed, he would give it to him.

“Put your hands on my sides.”

Alec did as he was told. On his next rise up he cried out. The new angle rubbed his prostate in a different way, a more intense way. Coming back down, using his alpha for support, his rose up faster, his warlock supporting him with every movement.

He couldn’t help his moans as he rode his alpha’s cock, each rise and fall getting faster and faster. This is what he needed. This is what he had been craving. He loved when his alpha made love to him, it was beautiful and wonderful and magnificent all at once. But he had wanted to be fucked. He had needed it.

His alpha was moaning with him as he rode him. The both were lost in the pleasure.

The tightness of his Shadowhunter and the feel of him riding his cock was utterly breathtaking, more than he ever imagined it could be. It was more intense than anything he had ever felt before, more pleasurable, more everything. It was glorious. The faster his angel rode, the higher he rose. His angel was taking him to heaven.

“Circle your hips when you come down, angel.” Magnus whispered through a cry of pleasure.

Alec did as he was told, and the pleasure of the move was breathtaking. With each new rise and fall he instinctively ground his hips, circling them. The movement was easy. He was a Shadowhunter. Agility was his middle name.

Alec was panting as he rose up and plunged back down. But he needed more. He fell forward, catching himself easily. His alpha’s grip on his hips never changed, but the sensations of the new angle did. He cried out his pleasure, throwing his head back. His alpha cried out with him, his hips rising up, meeting Alec’s, thrust for beautiful thrust. He was getting close. Very close to falling off an edge he never knew existed.

Magnus felt his angel’s walls growing tighter and knew he was about to cum. He was getting close too. His angel riding him was exquisite. He felt the tingle in his balls as they started to draw up.
They cried out the other’s names as they both shot their loads, Alec’s cum coating both their belly’s as Magnus filled his Shadowhunter with his own.

Alec cried out when his alpha came, feeling his warm cum bathe the walls inside him. His orgasm was ripping through him, throwing him over that edge. Unable to support himself anymore he collapsed onto his alpha as aftershocks rocked through him. He lay breathless and panting on his alpha’s heaving chest, his warlock still buried deep inside him as he rode on a tidal wave of bliss.

As Magnus came down from the best sex of his very long life, he gently stroked his Shadowhunters back as they both fought the catch their breath.

“Angel, are you alright?”

“I’m perfect.” Alec breathed. “Are you?”

“I’m right there with you, love.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to the top of his sweet omegas sweaty head. “You were magnificent. I can honestly say I wasn’t expecting that. It truly was beyond words.”

“I’m crushing you.”

“Your fine, love.” He said, wrapping his arms around his precious Shadowhunter, holding him close. “How do you feel, having taken someone for the first time?”

“Mm. Wonderful.” Alec mumbled sleepily.

“I think it’s time for rest, sweetheart. Can you sit up so I can clean us up?”

“Need a shower.”

“In the morning, angel. Right now you need sleep. I think you’ve worn yourself out.” Magnus soothed, caressing his angel’s back again.
He was perfectly content to let his Shadowhunter fall asleep right where he was. He could easily roll him and pull himself out, then clean them up and tuck his love in for the night. But his angel looked so peaceful and perfect there.

The soft tingle of his alpha’s hands moving up and down his back was quickly lulling him to sleep, but his warlock was still inside him and he knew it must be growing uncomfortable. So with the will of a Shadowhunter he pushed himself up, gazing down at the beautiful warlock that he would forever be able to call his. Lifting his hips, he eased his alpha out only to fall right back down on his hips.

Watching his omega rise up off of him was breathtaking. Seeing him like this, having seen him take control, take the pleasure he had so desperately been craving, had been one of the best experiences of his life. He would cherish every moment of this night, committing it to memory. In that moment he knew, his life with his Shadowhunter truly would be amazing in every possible way.

Snapping his fingers he cleaned them up. Pulling his omega back down onto his chest he wrapped his arms firmly around his angel’s back and hips, smoothly rolling them over, his Shadowhunters head falling softly on their pillows.

“There now, that’s better.” He said softly, pulling the satin sheet and duvet up and over his young warrior, tucking him in. “Close your eyes now, angel. Close your eyes and sleep.” He said softly, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead.

“Will you sleep too?” Alec mumbled, eyes fluttering closed.

“Yes, sweetheart. I will.” He said, pressing another soft kiss to Alec’s forehead. “Sleep now.” He said, cupping his angel’s cheek.

Pushing a soft wave of magic into his Shadowhunter he pushed him gently into sleep. He didn’t need much. His own exhaustion from the day had already started pulling him under. He just needed a light nudge to get the rest of the way there.
Heals clicked on stone as someone took the twists and turns of a spiral staircase, the path lit by flickering torches. Directly across from the bottom step stood a large golden ornate door, a door engraved with the Clave sigil. The heals clicked across the marble floor to the door. A woman’s hand, a hand wearing a gold ring with the same sigil as the door reached out, expertly turning the dials on the intricate locks until each tumbler clicked into place.

The door opened. Inside were rows and rows of ancient books on stacks three stories high.

Alec’s eyes snapped open. It took less than a second for his vision to adjust to the darkness of the room. He could see as clearly as he could had every light been turned on. He felt the warmth of his alpha sleeping beside him, holding him close in his arms.

Every nerve in his body was on edge, every sense on high alert. Something had woken him. He wasn’t sure if it was a real threat, or his dream. He felt his heart thundering in his chest. Using the grace of a skilled Shadowhunter he slid out of his alpha’s embrace and out of bed. Lifting his stele off the beside table he quickly activated his speed, stealth, soundless, surefooted, audio, and night vision runes. While he could see perfectly, circumstances could change quickly. He wanted to see and hear flawlessly, without being seen or heard.

The sheets rustled behind him. Turning quickly he held his finger to his lips, silently warning his warlock to be quiet.

Seeing the still lit audio rune on Alec’s arm he whispered ‘wards’. Alec’s head shot up and he was out the door in a flash.

“Catch.” Jace breathed from down the darkened hallway.

They were up. They all were up. Alec caught the seraph blade Jace tossed him on the fly, heading toward the loft doors.

“Jace, you take the balcony doors. Izzy, you cover Jace. Simon, you’re with me. Clary, check in with Magnus.” Alec commanded, barely over a whisper, knowing full well they could hear him.
The audio rune was one of Clary’s, and it was powerful. They could hear each other perfectly a hundred feet apart. Moving soundlessly through the loft they took their positions.

“Magnus says seventy-five feet. He can’t tell how many. But there’s a lot.” Clary’s whispered voice carried through the rune loud and clear.

“Tell me you have that breaking rune, Clary.” He said softly.

“Not yet. I’m working on it.”

He could hear the panic creeping up in her tone, she knew how important it was.

“Relax, Clary. We still have time.” He soothed, trying to calm his parabati. She never got nervous in combat, but this was different, and she knew it. “Has Magnus moved everything?” He asked softly, taking a stance thirty feet from the door.

“Yes. And the precious cargo. Fifty feet.”

Alec looked at Simon behind him, then at Jace and Izzy in front of the patio doors. They could all hear her. They nodded as one, prepared to fight what used to be their own if necessary.

“Clary, if that rune doesn’t come to you, get Magnus and get out. That’s an order.”

He left room for no argument, the seraph blade lighting up as he fully gripped the hilt.

“I see it. I have it! We have to move, now!” She practically screamed.

They all flinched back from the pitch of her voice as she silently slid into the room, Magnus right behind her. Grabbing Simon’s arm she quickly scribbled her rune-breaking rune over his tracking rune with her stele, watching as the original rune broke and vanished. Beaming up at him she turned to me.

“The other’s first. Go.”
“No! You’re more important. It’s you they want.”

“Don’t argue, Alexander. There’s no time.” Magnus said, swirling his arms to open a portal. “Thirty feet and closing in fast.”

Alec sighed but relented, holding out his forearm to Clary. She quickly drew the rune and he watched in amazement as his tracking rune broke to pieces and disappeared. Turning on her heel, Izzy and Jace were right behind her. Jerking Jace’s arm forward she broke his rune, then Izzy’s.

“Time to go guys and girls. Form a line, hold hands, and whatever you do, DON’T. LET. GO!” Magnus shouted as something heavy hit the front doors. Then again as the patio doors shattered in. “Alexander!” He cried when Alec hadn’t yet taken Clary’s hand.

Alec’s head snapped up and away from the doors, grabbing her hand just as the front doors blew in.

They fell out of a portal and landed scattered on soft cut grass on a bright blue day. They cried out in pain, covering their eyes and ears.

Forcing his eyes open, against the blinding light of the sun and pushing past the screeching of screaming birds, Alec fumbled for his stele. Taking it firmly in hand he crawled across the vast lawn to his parabati. The combined screams of his team wasn’t helping the searing pain in his head from the blinding sunlight, but he had to focus. He was their leader, their commander. Fumbling for Clary’s collar he passed his stele over her audio then night vision runes, where she collapsed breathless on the green grass.

Thirty feet away he could barely make out his brother, still screaming. He couldn’t hear his sister, but Simon was close too. Willing himself forward he moved inch by inch towards his writhing brother, yanking his arm free to pass his stele over his audio and night vision runes. He fell quiet on the soft grass, chest heaving.

With his head spinning and his stomach churning he turned in the direction he thought he had heard Simon in but couldn’t find him. The light was too bright and he had lost all sound. He felt a
cool hand on the back of his neck before it all went black.

Magnus watched silently as his Shadowhunter slept in the darkened bedroom.

“He’s going to be fine, Magnus.” Catarina said, rubbing a comforting hand across his back. “The iratze healed his eardrums and I’ve given him something for the pain, so he’ll sleep for a while. He just needs to readjust to bright lights slowly.”

“I should have gotten to him sooner.”

“You did the best you could. You got to Isabelle and Simon. Personally, I think you did great, really using your stele for the first time. Without you…I don’t know that Alec would have been able to make it to them all.” She said.

“He was trying. He was looking for Simon when I got to him. His ears were bleeding, Cat. What good are those damn runes if they can do that much damage?”

“Well, I would imagine that there isn’t quite as much natural light in the dark alleys and subways of New York, so I can see where they would be useful at times. I can’t say they were caught off guard, because they weren’t. They knew there was danger before your wards went off.

But coming through your portal, there was no preparing for that. Like I said, he’ll be fine. They all will. They just need a little rest. You should try and get some sleep yourself. It’s not every night that an entire Shadowhunter Institute raids your home in the middle of the night.”

“Is that the latest report?” He asked.

“Yes. The entire Institute. Led at his mother’s command.” She said with a sigh. Her contempt for Shadowhunters almost matched his. Almost.

She felt her friend tremble beneath her hand and knew it was from rage. She internally kicked
herself. She should have kept that last bit to herself.

“"I loathe that woman, Catarina. You don’t even understand. The things I’ve learned in just the past few weeks, she’s evil. And they call *us* demons.” He spat, voice full of loathing and contempt.

“A full-on attack against The High Warlock, downworlders everywhere will revolt. The Clave has started a war.”

“No, Catarina. The downworlds revolt won’t be over me. It will be on the attack on Alexander. And this war, this war never ended.”

“What are your orders?”

“No action. Not yet. I don’t want any unnecessary casualties, or anyone going rogue. Make that clear. Alexander’s going to need everyone we have when the time comes, and they need to know it.”

Alec stirred, a whimper of pain in his sleep.

“I’ll give him something stronger.” She said, pushing past Magnus in the open doorway. Crossing to the beside table she pulled a syringe and drug vial out of her bag, filling it quickly.

Magnus crossed to the foot of the bed, watching as his Shadowhunter stirred, being pulled up out of sleep by pain. Anger and heartbreak warred inside him as he watched his best friend efficiently sanitize his angel’s skin. His anger was for the Clave and those who served it. His heartbreak was for his angel.

“Shh. Big stick, sweetie.” Cat murmured to Alec as she pushed the needle into his skin, quickly pressing the plunger to release the medication that would take away his pain. He sighed softly as she gently ran her fingers through his hair, nudging him back into sleep before lifting the patterned quilt, tucking him in.

Magnus couldn’t help but smile at his oldest and dearest friend. In that moment she had become the closest thing to a mother Alexander Lightwood had ever had.
Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a vote.
Warmth. That’s the first thing Alec felt as he drifted up towards consciousness. A comforting warmth that wrapped around him like a cocoon. Not the fear he remembered from the last time he slept. Was he sleeping? Or floating? He honestly couldn’t tell. The only thing he was sure of was that he felt content, relaxed, and safe. Completely and utterly safe.

The closer he came to the surface of what must have been sleep the more intoxicated he felt by the most glorious scent wrapping its way around him, through him, into him. It had him stirring. It was a deep, rich scent. A potent blend of vanilla, chocolate, coffee, and musk. It was his alpha’s scent. His wonderful, beautiful, lovely alpha.

He could feel the soft mattress he lay on, the warm blanket covering him and the soft sheets against his skin. A part of him wanted to just stay where he was. He felt warm and happy and at peace with his alpha’s scent surrounding him. But he couldn’t. He wouldn’t. He was a Shadowhunter. With a great effort he pushed his eyes open.

Magnus sat beside his sleeping Shadowhunter, watching as he began to emerge from the sleep that Catarina had put him in, that, and the mundane drugs she had been giving him for pain.

“There you are, sweetheart.” Magnus said softly, brushing a lock of raven hair out of his angel’s eyes.

Alec blinked once, twice, three times, slamming his eyes shut against the blinding light of the bedside lamp.

“I’m sorry, angel. I wasn’t thinking.” He said, quickly flipping the lamp off. “It’s okay. It’s off. You can open your eyes.”

Alec opened his eyes slowly, peering through his thick eye lashes. The room was dim enough for him to see, but not hurt his eyes.
“Better?” He asked, cupping Alec’s cheek.

Alec couldn’t help but lean into his alpha’s comforting touch. His mind felt muddled. His senses distorted.

“What happened?”

“I had to pull you through a portal pretty fast. Your runes were still active. You went from dark to light in a matter of seconds. The light and sound overwhelmed your senses.”

“Did everyone get out?”

Magnus smiled. Of course he would ask about his team, his family, first.

“Yes, angel. Everyone got out.”

Alec remembered now. Coming through the portal into the blinding sun. The overwhelming sound. He remembered crawling across the green grass to get to Clary to deactivate her runes. Then Jace.

“Simon and Izzy. I couldn’t get to them. Are they alright?”

“Their fine, sweetheart. Everyone is fine. That stele Isabelle made me came in quite handy. I was able to deactivate their runes. And yours. Sweetheart, why didn’t you deactivate your runes first?”

“Didn’t think about it. Just had to get to my family. Their what matters.”

“You matter too, love. I think everyone agrees on that.”

Alec’s muddled mind was starting to focus. The fuzziness was clearing, and he could take in his surroundings. His heart started to race as panic crept in. The soft blue walls. The flowy curtains. The intricately patterned quilt.
“Where are we?” He asked, panic rising in his voice.

“My Manor House. Alexander, what’s wrong?”

Fear shot through Alec. With the reflexes of a skilled Shadowhunter he shot up in bed but was stopped by his alpha’s firm grip on his arms. His alpha had the speed of a demon.

“Alexander. Talk to me. What’s wrong?”

“I’ve been here before. Why are we here?” He asked, fighting back the panic that wanted to consume him. Shadowhunters didn’t panic.

“Sweetheart, relax. You’re safe. You haven’t been here before. We’ve only been here for a day.”

“I remember it. I remember it, Magnus.”

“It’s alright, love. You’ve been in and out of it since we got here. You probably just remembering what you saw in those few moments you were awake. Calm down.” He said softly, injecting just a touch of alpha into his tone to calm his frightened Shadowhunter. He had only seen his young warrior this afraid after one of his nightmares.

“No! I remember it. Let go of me.” Alec commanded, breaking free of Magnus’ hold. Magnus cringed back at his omegas command, his own having had no effect on his Shadowhunter.

“Magnus, what’s wrong?” Catarina asked, running into the room.

“I don’t know. He’s not making sense.”

Alec’s heart was thundering in his chest, adrenaline racing through him. He knew he remembered this room; he just didn’t remember why.
“Keep him there.” She said, reaching into her bag.

“You don’t understand, Magnus. I’ve been here before. You have to listen. You have to believe me.” Alec pleaded as his alpha gripped his arms again.

Looking at his alpha, Alec didn’t see the syringe that Catarina was holding. Magnus looked up at her, nodding.

“It’s alright, love. I do believe you. You just need to calm down and talk to me.”

Alec felt a pinch in the back of his arm, and warmth rushing into him. He jerked in his warlock’s grasp, turning to Catarina.

“It’s alright, Alec. It’s just going to calm you down.” She said softly, brushing a lock of hair out of his eyes.

He felt the room start to tilt and his head spin.

“What’s wrong with Alec!” Clary cried, flying into the room, Jace right behind her, catching her around the waist.

“It’s alright, Clary. Go back downstairs.” Magnus said, easing his Shadowhunter back against the soft pillows.

“What happened?” She demanded.

“We’re not sure yet, but as soon as we know, you’ll know. So please, go back downstairs.”

Clary could feel Alec’s panic fading through the bond. His thundering heart was slowing down.

“Okay. Okay. But I want to know as soon as you do.” She said as she calmed in time with her parabati in her alpha’s arms.
“You will, biscuit. Now please go. I need to talk to Alexander.”

Alec’s head had stopped spinning, but his muscles felt weak and heavy. He could hear his parabati, but he couldn’t see her. She was muffled, like she was underwater. He felt the soft pillows under his head and wanted to go back to sleep. But he couldn’t. He wouldn’t. He was a Shadowhunter, and he knew something wasn’t right.

“It was a low dose, Magnus. It won’t knock him out, but it’ll calm him down.” Cat said.

“Alexander, sweetheart, please tell me what’s wrong. What’s upset you?”

Alec’s mind struggled to focus. He could see his alpha clearly, worry etched around his beautiful brown eyes, but everything else seemed far away.

“I’ve been here before.” He whispered.

“That’s not possible, angel. I’ve been the only person in this house for more than fifty years. Was it a dream? Where you here in a dream?”

“I…I don’t know. It’s hard to remember.” He said, lost.

“It could be the meds, Magnus.” Cat said.

“It’s okay, love. Just tell me what you can.” Magnus said gently, softly stroking Alec’s cheek.

“I don’t know. I just remember being here.” Alec said. “In this room. I remember the blue walls and the curtains on the windows and the roses.”

Magnus turned, looking at the vase of red roses that always sat on the table in the corner. Fresh, as always.
“What else, sweetheart?”

“Voices. Soft voices. Everything else is just…fuzzy.” Alec sighed, defeated.

“It’s okay, love. It’ll come to you. It was just a dream, I’m sure. Dreams can be hard to remember.” He said, bringing Alec’s hand up for a soft kiss. “I’m sure it hasn’t helped that you’ve been getting a lot of mundane drugs for pain. It’s confused you.”

“I don’t like them. I don’t want them anymore. Ever again.”

“Alec, mundane drugs can be very helpful.” Cat said.

“I don’t care. Never again. Promise me, Magnus.”

Magnus looked at Catarina, uncertain as to what he should tell his Shadowhunter. He had seen firsthand how much mundane medicines could help. They could do things that magic and iratzes couldn’t.

“I can’t make that promise, love. Sometimes they can do a lot of good.”

“Please, alpha.” Alec pleaded, squeezing Magnus’ hand.

“Let’s not talk about that right now, okay? Can you tell me about the loft? How you knew something was wrong?”

Alec sighed, closing his eyes. He could remember. He remembered waking up. Feeling his senses kicking in, knowing that something was wrong.

“I can’t explain it. It’s like being out in the field and knowing a demon or something is close. It just happens. It woke me up.”

“Sweetheart, I just don’t understand. You sensed danger when it was more than a hundred feet away, in your sleep. And it wasn’t a demon. It was other Shadowhunters.”
“The Institute.”

“Yes, love. The Institute. Your mother sent them.” He couldn’t tell him now that they had barely made it out in time. That Lilith only knows how many Shadowhunters died because of Maryse Lightwood’s order to attack and murder her son and his team, a team that included her daughter.

His wards around the perimeter were in place to serve as warnings for him. But the wards around the loft itself, they were deadly to anyone who entered that he didn’t allow entrance. A few more seconds and they wouldn’t have escaped. The portal closed just in time.

Had his Shadowhunter not sensed the danger coming, and his parabati not sensed it from him through their bond and woken the others… He couldn’t think about that now. All he knew was that his warrior was special, special in ways he just didn’t understand.

“Where are we now?”

“My Manor House outside of Idris.”

“Idris!”

“It’s alright, love. We’re safe here. The wards around this place are ten times as thick as the wards around the loft. This place is perfectly hidden, from nephilim and mundane alike. I had Belle here, remember?” He asked softly.


“I’m okay, angel. Being here doesn’t hurt me anymore. It hasn’t in a long time. I cherish the memories I have of this place now. Pain fades. Love lasts.” He said, kissing Alec’s hand softly again.

Alec looked his alpha in the eyes, crystal blue meeting chocolate brown. What he saw there told him everything he needed to know. There was no hurt or pain in his warlock’s beautiful brown eyes. Only fondness and love. He was at peace here.
“This was your room.” Alec said.

“Yes, it was. Now it’s ours.”

“I don’t know why I know I’ve been here. But I have.”

“We have time to work that out, sweetheart. I’m sure we’ll figure it out. Just know that this is a safe place, for all of us.”

Alec nodded, unsure. The mundane drug Cat had given him was making it harder and harder to focus.

Magnus saw his Shadowhunters pupils dilating more and more. Catarina’s drugs were affecting him severely. He knew his angel had to be struggling.

“You should rest now, love. It’s late. We can talk more in the morning.”

“Clary?”

“Catarina has gone to talk to her. She should be going back to bed shortly, if she hasn’t already.” He reassured.

“I’m really confused.”

“I know you are. But we’ll sort it out. I promise. You need to sleep, angel. I know your tired. Will you let me help you?”

“Will you sleep with me?”

“Yes, angel. I will.”
Alec nodded, yes. Magnus smiled, cupping his Shadowhunters cheek. Pushing a soft wave of
magic through his palm Alec’s eyes fluttered closed. Magnus waited. Within seconds he heard his
favorite sound, Alec’s soft little snores.

The doors of The Head of The New York Institute’s office burst open.

“What is the meaning of this?” Mayrse Lightwood demanded from behind the ornate desk?

Four Shadowhunters wearing the colors of the Gard entered, followed by Councilor Jia Penhallow.

“I think the better question, Mrs. Lightwood, is who gave you the authority to launch an
unsanctioned attack on the home of Magnus Bane, The High Warlock of Brooklyn, resulting in the
deaths of twenty-three Shadowhunters, and injuries to dozens more? Shadowhunters under your
command?” Jia demanded.

“Attacked? I authorized no attack.” Maryse spat, climbing to her feet.

“I suggest you watch your tone with me, Mrs. Lightwood. And choose your next words carefully.
Answer my question.” Jia commanded, full alpha.

“My apologies, Councilor Penhallow. I meant no disrespect.” Mayrse said, inclining her head. “I
did issue a command requesting the search of Warlock Bane’s home. Yes, it was unauthorized.
But I beg your forgiveness and understanding. My husband and children are missing. I have every
reason to believe that Warlock Bane has vital information as to their whereabouts."

“And those reasons are? And why didn’t you follow proper protocol in seeking an audience with
Warlock Bane? Had proper channels been utilized, we wouldn’t have lost twenty-three veteran
Shadowhunters. You have broken the accords.

The downworld may very well see your ‘request’ as an attack on their leader. How do you suggest
we explain to them why dozens of Shadowhunters were dispatched in the dead of night and forced
entry into the home of the most powerful warlock in New York?”

“I have broken the accords?” Maryse asked, incredulous. “It was Warlock Bane’s magic that killed my Institute’s Shadowhunters. It was he who broke the accords, not this Institute.”

“Warlock Bane had every right to defend his home by placing protective wards around it, just as every other warlock does. It is within their rights. Had entry not been forced, no one would have been injured, much less killed. Now answer my questions.”

“I feared my children’s lives were in danger. My son has been missing for weeks, possibly dead. My daughter and his team for more than two.”

“Young husband released your son’s team from active duty so they may continue their search for your son without being hindered by missions and patrols. He did not believe they were missing. He, however, did go through proper channels to get approval in removing them from active duty.”

“And where is he now? Vanished from this very office. I believe my husband has been abducted. Only warlocks can create portals. How was I to know that it wasn’t Warlock Bane who created the portal that abducted my husband? How else do you explain my husband’s disappearance?”

“I’m not the one who has to explain anything. And it seems that you want to evade my questions. Why is that, Mrs. Lightwood?” Jia asked, eyeing Maryse coldly.

“Your right. I’m sorry. I have been distraught and grieving.”

“Then perhaps you should be relieved of your duties.”

“I did send a team to Warlock Bane’s home, as you say, in the dead of night, to catch him off guard before he would have a chance to hide any pertinent information in locating my husband and children. There was no order for forced entry. Merely a surprise visit. I regret to say that in, what I believe an attempt to find their fellow Shadowhunters, the team disregarded my order and forced entry into Warlock Bane’s home. The end result is tragic. And I fear that with the destruction of Warlock Bane’s home, there is little hope of finding any evidence that may help me find my family. I fear it was destroyed as well.” Maryse said, unshed tears in her eyes.

“You say you sent a team? How many do you consider ‘a team’, Mrs. Lightwood? More than
sixty Shadowhunters were dispatched.” Jia said, nonplussed by the woman tearing up before her.

“I didn’t dispatch that many. I sent a dozen. Those who followed, I can not answer for. My son and his team are a vital part of this Institute. My son is an inspiration to the Shadowhunters of this Institute, and he and his team are held in the highest regard. How was I to know that their friends would follow?”

“And your reasons for suspecting Warlock Bane of having any involvement in the disappearance of your son, your daughter, the rest of his team, and your husband? Your son left this Institute of his own accord while under great personal distress.”

“I know. And we searched. By the Angel, we searched, and found nothing more than his stele.” Maryse said, dropping back into her seat, tears streaming down her cheeks. “I suspected Warlock Bane was withholding information after my husband went to him, seeking his assistance in location my precious Alexander only to receive no reply. He took Warlock Bane my son’s bow and quiver to use as a tracking implement, something we have yet to receive back.”

“So because Warlock Bane did not tell you rather he was or was not able to locate your son, you believed he was withholding vital information in the location of your son?” Jia asked, dumbfounded.

“When you put it that way, I can see how it doesn’t make sense. But a mother’s grief seldom does. Then there was the matter of my husbands’ disappearance.”

“Does this Institute not have protective wards around it, Mrs. Lightwood?”

“It does.”

“And would a warlock creating a portal into it not set off said wards?”

“It should. Warlock Bane has been reinforcing the wards around this Institute for decades. I thought it very plausible that he himself may have known a way to personally penetrate them.”

“Do you have any idea how ridiculous that sounds, Mrs. Lightwood? Warlock Bane has been in excellent standing with the Clave for centuries, long before he began reinforcing the wards around this Institute. And where is he now? What assurance can we offer the downworld that their leader
wasn’t killed himself when your Shadowhunters broke into his home?”

Maryse gaped at her in shock.

“I…I never thought…”

“That’s right. You didn’t.” Jia snapped, cutting her off. “Your ‘team’ was seen by several downworlders on their way to Warlock Bane’s home. The blast that ensued was witness by countless more. We owe a great debt of thanks to Warlock Bane for enchanting his wards in a way that should they be triggered; the fallout would not be visible to mundane eyes. He, Mrs. Lightwood, thought ahead. Something you obviously failed to do.

Now we have to explain your actions to the downworld and somehow assure them that their leader was not killed by the choices you made and orders you implemented. Otherwise we may very well be facing an outright revolt with the downworld which could possibly lead to all-out war. Are you prepared for that, Mrs. Lightwood?”

“No.” Maryse whispered, unable to look the other woman in the eye.

“You are to be relieved from active duty, Mrs. Lightwood. Your relief will be here at 08:00. Your presence is required in Alicante immediately after their arrival. There will be a warlock standing by to portal you to the Gard.”

“The Gard?”

“Yes, Mrs. Lightwood. The Gard. From this point forward you will be working with them to locate your missing family. You are not the only one who has a vested interest in finding your son, his team, or your husband.” Jia said, a ring of finality in her tone.

Without another word she turned and left, the four Shadowhunters who proceeded her following in her wake, closing the doors behind them.

“Hmph.” Maryse smirked, looking for all the world as though she was the cat that ate the canary.
Heals clicked on stone as someone took the twists and turns of a spiral staircase, the path lit by flickering torches. Directly across from the bottom step stood a large golden ornate door, a door engraved with the Clave sigil. The heals clicked across the marble floor to the door. A woman’s hand, a hand wearing a gold ring with the same sigil as the door reached out, expertly turning the dials on the intricate locks until each tumbler clicked into place.

The door opened. Inside were rows and rows of ancient books on stacks three stories high. The woman walked forward, stopping at a table in the center of the room, a table that held a thick red book. Flipping it open, she took great care with the fragile pages until she came to a new, fresh one. A blank page. Picking up the quill beside it she dipped it in the ink beside it, tapping off the excess. At the top of the fresh page she wrote three words ‘Alexander Gideon Lightwood’.

Alec’s eyes snapped open. It took less than a second for him to take in his surroundings. Soft blue walls, light flowy curtains with sunlight filtering through, the intricately patterned quilt, fresh roses in a vase in the corner, and his alpha’s arm wrapped around his waist. He remembered this room. Yes, he had defiantly been here before. At least in his dreams. Dreams that were fuzzy, distorted.

He was tired and wanted to go back to sleep, his alpha’s intoxicating scent wrapping around him. But he couldn’t. He wouldn’t. He was a Shadowhunter, and he knew something wasn’t right. Something was wrong.

“Sweetheart?” Magnus asked softly, sleepily. He had felt his Shadowhunter tense up. He was so sensitive to his young warrior now that even the slightest change in his demeanor pulled him from sleep.

“I’ve been here before.” Alec said.

Magnus sighed, sitting up to look at his angel.

“Look at me, sweetheart.” He said, turning Alec’s chin to meet his eyes. “Did you remember your dream?”

“No. But I know I’ve been here before. In a dream. And something wasn’t right. Something was defiantly wrong. I just can’t remember what. I don’t understand. Why is it that I can remember every other dream so clearly, but not this one?”
“Maybe it’s not one you’re not meant to remember yet. Something you’re not supposed to see yet. I don’t know. You’re sure you didn’t dream about it again?”

“Yes. I had a different dream. A dream I don’t think I finished at the loft, before my senses woke me up. You said that the Clave would deny that The Purge never happened, and The Great Purge. You said that unless you could access the deepest, darkest, most secured archives of the Clave, to the Shadowhunter world, they never happened.”

“That’s right. I did.”

“I think I saw where there hidden. There in Alicante. They do exist.”

“Tell me what you saw, Alexander. Everything.” Magnus said, fully awake. His Shadowhunter had his full attention.

“I heard heals clicking on stone stairs. I recognized the walls in the room she was walking through. That’s how I know it’s in Alicante. In the Gard.”

“Go on.” Magnus encouraged.

“She crossed the room to a big gold door. It had the sigil of the Clave. It was big. It took up most of the door. It looked really old, but not. It gleamed in the torch light. I couldn’t see her face. But there was a lock. Three locks. Intricate ones. Old ones, with dials. Not locks you can open with a key. But she turned the dials and the door opened. Inside were books. It was bigger than your library at the loft. Tall stacks with what must have been thousands of books. She walked to a table in the center of the room. It had a big red book on it. Really thick. And it looked really old. When she opened the book, the pages were, ancient, I guess you would say. Fragile.

She was careful with the book. Turning the pages. The pages in the book started getting newer. Like they had been added. And she stopped at a blank page. A fresh, new page.”

“What else did you see, love?”

“She used a quill. And she wrote something on the blank page.”
“What was it? What did she write?”

“My name. And then I woke up.”

“Did you see anything else? Any other details?” Magnus asked, earnest. “You said it was a woman. Was there anything about her that stood out? Anything at all?”

“A ring. She was wearing a gold ring. With the sigil of the Clave.”

Magnus fell silent, deep in thought.

“Magnus?”

“I’m sorry, love.” Magnus said, shaking it off. “I think you saw something really important. If what you saw is real, and recent, that means that someone in today’s Clave knows about The Purge, and The Great Purge, and there are records of it. And you. She put your name in the book.

You’re an omega. That means that there is at least someone that knows about the past. Sweetheart, I know you don’t like talking about…that dream. But you said there were Clave officials there. People you knew and used to trust. But you never told me who they were. I need you to tell me, angel. I need to know who may be after you.”

His alpha was right. He hadn’t told him who was there in that awful dream. He didn’t want too. He didn’t want to hurt his family. And it would hurt them if they knew.

“You have to tell me, Alexander. It’s important. Please tell me, love. Tell me who was there. Tell me who wants to hurt you. And our children.” He said softly.

Alec closed his eyes, biting hard on his bottom lip. He knew his alpha was right, with everything in him, he knew he was right. He needed to know. They all needed to know.

“Victor Aldertree, Counsul Malachi, Imogen Herondale, and my mother.” Alec whispered, a tear
streaming down his cheek.

Magnus sighed, closing his eyes. Now he knew why his Shadowhunter hadn’t wanted to tell him. He had wanted to protect his family. His sister, his adopted brother.

His sweet Alexander’s mother, his brother’s grandmother, both had been there. They were a part of the group that massacred his angel’s family in his worst dream. His mother helped murder her own daughter, her adopted son, her husband, and then killed her own grandchildren after they were brutally ripped from his omega’s womb before his own throat was slit.

“How am I supposed to tell them? How do I tell my sister that our mother watches as her only daughter is murdered? That she took part in it? How do I tell my brother that the woman that had adopted him, to raise as her own, and his grandmother, the only blood kin he has, gave the order to have him killed? How do I tell my parabati and my best friend that they’re going to die, because of me?”

Magnus looked into his Shadowhunters eyes and saw the heartbreak in the beautiful crystal blue.

“How do I tell them? And I don’t know. I don’t know who opened those doors, who put my name in that book. I don’t know if it was my mother, or my brother’s grandmother. Or even someone else.”

“Why didn’t you tell me, angel? Why didn’t you tell me who you saw before?” Magnus asked softly.

“I don’t know. Maybe because I didn’t want it to be true. Because it would hurt my family. I don’t know. I don’t know anything anymore.” He whispered, crying on his alpha’s shoulder.

“Shh. It’s okay, love. It’s going to be okay. We’ll make sure of that. But you do know that we have to tell the others, right? We can’t keep this from them.”

“I know. But does it have to be right now?” Alec asked, pulling free of his alpha’s arms, wiping his tears away.
“No, angel. It doesn’t. But it has to be soon.” Magnus said softly, brushing a lock of raven hair out of his young warrior’s eyes.

“I know. They won’t take it well.”

“No, they won’t. But they need to know.”

“Will you promise me something?” Alec asked, cupping his alpha’s cheek.

“If I can, love. You know that.”

“Promise me that you will claim me the moment my heat sets in. Before we do anything else.”

Magnus knew what his Shadowhunter was wanting. He wanted to ensure that he was immortal before their children were conceived. If they were conceived this heat.

“I promise, sweetheart. The moment I safely can.” He said, kissing his angel softly on the forehead. “But there is something we need to talk about.”

“What?”

“You do know that it’s possible that you may not conceive this heat, right? That it could take several heats.”

“It won’t. I know it.”

“Do you want it to?”

“I’m not…what do you mean? I don’t understand.” Alec said, pulling away from his alpha, to look him in the eye.
“Sweetheart, we can make sure that you don’t conceive. My contraceptive potion…”

“No!” Alec said, cutting him off. “No. Don’t even say it. If I conceive, it’s because I’m meant to. It’s because there meant to be. Do you not want our children?”

“Of course I do, angel. More than anything. I’ve lived more than 800 years never thinking that I would never have this chance. That I would never have you. You know warlock’s can only conceive with fated mates. I want more than anything to have our children. Lot’s of them. But is now the time? It could change everything.” He said, looking his angel in the eye, crystal blue meeting chocolate brown.

“Assuming that what your suggesting is up for discussion, which it’s not, how do we know that it would make a difference? That it would change anything? We don’t know when all of what I’m dreaming is going to happen. When the Clave is going to do whatever it is there going to do. It could be after this heat, or it could be after ten heats. How long do we have to wait? How long are we going to not live our lives because of when something may or may not happen? You said yourself that once I’m claimed that things could change.”

“Your right. Your right. I’m sorry. I just thought…I don’t know what I thought, sweetheart. I’m sorry. That’s all that I can say. I’m sorry. Forgive me?”

Alec sighed, cupping his alpha’s cheek. He knew that his alpha was only wanting to keep him and their children safe.

“Always.” He said, pressing his forehead to his warlocks.

“You know, all this talk of heats…did I tell you how wonderful you were the other night?”

“Mm. I’m not sure. Maybe you should tell me again, just to be sure.” Alec teased, smirking at his alpha.

“You. Were. Wonderful.” Magnus said, punctuating each word with a soft kiss to his Shadowhunters lips. “You were magnificent. Breathtaking. Spectacular.” He said, laying his omega back against their pillows.
“Was I now?” Alec asked, wrapping his arm around his alpha’s neck, pulling him in closer for another kiss.

“Magnus.” Cat said, knocking on the door.

They both groaned, foreheads pressed together.

“Just a minute.” Magnus said, loud enough for her to hear. “Pick this up later?” He asked Alec softly.

“Only if that’s a promise.” He said, pressing his lips softly to his alpha’s again.

Magnus smiled, kissing his sweet Shadowhunter again, Cat forgotten.

Alec rounded the bottom of the stairs, running his hand across the smooth, beautiful mahogany railing. He had only seen two rooms in his alpha’s Manor House. ‘Their Manor House’ he thought. His alpha kept insisting that. He kept saying the same thing he had at the loft. Everything that had been his was now theirs.

The stairs led into a beautiful Victorian style sitting room. Furniture that should be dusty and brittle with age was sparkling clean and looked new, despite the fact that everything there was antiques. The marble hearth around a fireplace big enough for him to stand in faced the rose patterned…, well he didn’t know what it was called, but it was breathtaking. Everything he had seen so far had been breathtaking and looked as if every last piece should belong in a museum. He kept trying to wrap his head around the fact that his warlock had lived here. That this had been is home.

He hated that his warlock had had to change things. That he had had to modernize things and enlarge the house to accommodate everyone. When he had said as much to his alpha, his alpha had assured him that it was fine. That it was okay. That he hadn’t taken anything away from their new home. He had assured him that everything he had added was necessary. And that all the new furniture, in the new bedrooms, was kept to the same style as the rest of the house, every ‘new’ piece of furniture from the same era.
Alec hadn’t seen the rest of the house. Just their bedroom, the new bathroom, the beautiful hallway that had cloth wallpaper and the mahogany stairs. Now what he thought might be the sitting room or a parlor? He didn’t know, but his warlock had promised him a full tour. What was once a three-bedroom Manor House in the country was now a five-bedroom Manor House in the country. Alec knew that one of those five bedrooms had been Arabella’s. He wasn’t sure if he wanted to see that room or not. He didn’t want to hurt his alpha by taking him there. By opening that closed door.

He heard his brother laughing and followed the sound. He was able to move quietly throughout the house. Despite the fact that he was a Shadowhunter and could move silently in any case, his warlock hadn’t been kidding when he had said that he had moved everything, including their clothes. Alec had been amazed that the comfy clothes he had worn around the loft were the same clothes he had here, the same clothes he was wearing now. The soft socks he wore only aided in his silent movements.

Alec found his brother and parabati in a large kitchen, sitting at what appeared to be an old but well used butchers block table. He could see his alpha here. Eating dinner here with Arabella, surrounded by comforting kitchen smells, instead of the formal dining room that he knew was just down the hall. They were sitting at the same table that their children would be eating at one day.

“Good morning sleepy head. How are you feeling?” Clary asked, looking Alec over.

“Fine, Clary. I’m fine.”

“You gave us a bit of a scare, bro.” Jace said.

“Yeah, I’ve been doing that a lot lately. Sorry about that.” He said, crossing the room, unsure where to find what he was looking for in the sturdy wooden cabinets with the cast iron handles.

“Your tea cabinets on the left.” Clary said. “Still taking the place in?”

“You could say that.” He said, opening the cabinet only to find it fully stocked with his favorite teas. “I fell like I’m in a museum. Not a house that people are actually living in.” He said, pulling down a box of tea.

“I know what you mean. This place is incredible. I’m afraid to touch anything, afraid I’ll either break it or stain it.” Jace said, moving to fill the cast iron kettle for his brother.
“I’m sure it’ll be fine, Jace. Magnus had a little girl here once. I’m sure he’s had to either repair or clean something a time or two.”

Both Clary and Jace fell silent, unsure what to say.

“It’s okay, guys. Magnus is comfortable here. At least he says he is. He said being here doesn’t hurt anymore and hasn’t for a long time. Yes, this is where he raised the child that became his daughter, our great, great, grandmother. That’s something we’re going to have to get used to.

But this is our home now. It’s where my children will be conceived, probably born. And raised. And depending on the rest of you, yours may very well come to be here too.”

“Your right.” Clary said as Jace sat the kettle on the stove. “It just feels weird.”

“I know. It feels weird to me too. But were just going to have to get past that.”

“So how to you feel about having a Manor to call your own?” Jace teased, trying to lighten the mood.

“That feels a bit weird too. I’m still trying to wrap my head around it. Like I was at the loft. Everything Magnus can do, everything he has, it still amazes me. He takes my breath away.” He said as the kettle whistled on the stove.

Using a pot holder he pulled it off the heat, something he had never had to use before. He had never used cast iron before. He would have to ask his alpha how to clean it.

“I think what you need to try and wrap your head around, Alec, is that it’s everything that you guys have that amazes you.” Clary said with a smile as Alec sat next to her at the table.

Alec smiled, his parabati was right. He would have to get used to the fact that he would always have everything he needed. Or, if his alpha had his way, wanted.
“So how is everyone settling in?” He asked, blowing on his tea.

“Good so far. I was afraid at first that there would be an outhouse.” She said, waiting for it.

Alec nearly choked on his tea. He hadn’t thought about that.

“Was there?” He asked as Jace patted him on the back as he choked.

“No.” She laughed. “Magnus said he put ‘modern plumbing’ in as soon as it was invented. He just modernized it a bit more before we got here.”

“He did set up a new training room. It’s like a replica of the one at the loft.” Jace said, reclaiming his seat by his mate.

“How much did he expand this house exactly?” Alec asked.

“Don’t know. It was ready for move in when we got here. But you should see the backyard. Or maybe I should say back gardens. Their beautiful, Alec. And everywhere you look, there are red roses. All the way around on trellises. I guess they’ve had plenty of time to grow and spread.” Clary said, biting her bottom lip. She knew that they had been Arabella’s roses.

They fell quiet. Everyone was thinking the same thing. About the little girl that had lived here. Grown up here. The only surviving Lightwood. The first of a long line of Lightwood’s to come, one of them now sitting at the very table she used to sit at.

“Good morning, big brother. It’s good to see you up on your feet. Well, sitting down.” Izzy said as she came in through the back door, Simon following in her wake.

“Morning, Iz.” Alec said, grateful for her arrival, accepting the hug she wrapped around him in his chair.

“You had me worried.” She said, kissing his cheek. “But I’m getting used to that.”
“I’m not sure that’s a good thing, Iz. I’ve never really been the one to worry about, and now it seems like that’s all everyone does now. I’m not quite sure when or how that happened. And I don’t particularly like it.” He said as his sister and best friend pulled out chairs at the table.

“The when is easy.” Simon said. “The day your heat started. The rest we still haven’t quite figured out ourselves.”

“Who knew being an omega would be so hard?” Alec asked. “And suck so much.”

“Being an omega isn’t hard, sweetheart.” Magnus said from the doorway. “You just had a rough start. Between heats, everything will be like it always was for you. During heats, it will be completely different from your first. I promise you that.”

“I hope so.” He said softly as he alpha took the sixth seat at the table beside him. He didn’t understand why the table had seven chairs.

“That one is for Catarina.” Magnus said, following his Shadowhunters gaze. “She’s always sat in that chair. She spent a fair amount of time around here back in the day. Have you seen the rest of the house?”

“Not yet. I stopped here first for tea.” Alec said, quickly taking another sip.

“Relax, Alexander. It’s a house. A home. It’s meant to be lived in.”

“I think everyone is just afraid, Magnus. Of breaking stuff or something.” Izzy said, trying to pull the attention off her brother.

Magnus laughed.

“That’s what you guys are worried about?” He asked.

“Everything in here is…antique?” Simon asked.
“Actually, most everything in here was pretty close to antique when I put it in here. But don’t worry, guys. It’s fine. If something get’s broken, and things get broken, it can be easily fixed. And if you all are uncomfortable, I can always convert the family room into a more…modernized den?”

“I think that might help.” Alec said, squeezing his alpha’s hand.

“Then it shall be done.” Magnus said, raising his omega’s hand to his lips for a soft kiss.

“Can you explain the rooms, Magnus? Some of them I don’t understand.” Clary said, sheepish.

“I’m not surprised. Modern houses have long since stopped using this layout, for practicality, and size constraints. The room at the bottom of the stairs is the sitting room, or we’ll say living room. There is a parlor on the other side, to the left of the front door. There is a formal dining room, although we always just used the kitchen, except for Belle’s tea parties. The ballroom I converted into your training room.”

“Did you say ‘ballroom’?” Izzy asked, cutting him off. “You actually have a ballroom?”

“Yes and yes. Although it never got used. Keeping up with the dust was a real pain in the ass. I’m kinda glad that space is going to go to good use now.”

Everyone in the room just gaped at him.

“What?”

“You have a ballroom, Magnus. An actual ballroom. In your house.” Alec said.

“In our house, love.” He said, squeezing Alec’s hand. “And yes, we had a ballroom. Every manor house at the time did. It was just, part of the era. The mud room is just through that door.” He said, pointing to a door on the other side of the kitchen. “I expect muddy shoes to come off in there. I hate mud in the house. On the other side of it is the grafting room and then the atrium.”

They stared at him, dumbfounded.
“What?”

“Grafting room?” Simon asked.

“Yes. For plants. Did they not teach you anything at the Institute?”

“Quite a bit, actually. Just not about historical houses.” Alec said, patting his alpha’s hand.

“Okay. Well, the grafting room is for creating hybrid plants. And to store seeds and bulbs during the winter. Further down that hall.” He said, point out the door Alec came in through. “Is the library. It’s two stories, that’s why it’s downstairs, and then my workroom. All across from your training room. And a bathroom. I haven’t had a chance to put in a modern laundry room in yet, or your forging room, Isabelle. And the weapons room, but I can take care of that today.”

“How big is this house, exactly?” Alec asked.

Magnus hesitated.

“Pretty big.”

“And how much did you expand it for us?” He asked softly.

“Not too much. Just the extra bedrooms and bathrooms. The laundry room has always been there, it just needs to be updated. And I have to add Isabelle’s forging room and the weapons room. This house was big to start with, sweetheart. That’s why it’s called a Manor.”

“How much space, is the question.”

“A couple hundred square feet, I guess.”

They all just gaped at him.
“What? This place is no bigger than your Institute. And there’s plenty of space for it to grow more if it needs too.”

“You’ve completely altered your home.” Alec whispered, unshed tears in his eyes.

“No, love.” Magnus said, eyes softening at the look in his Shadowhunters eyes, a look he didn’t understand. “The base of this house, our house, is still the same. All of the original rooms are the same. I just added to it. Something I’ve done more than once. Belle didn’t always have a grafting room. Or an atrium. This house grows as it needs to grow. Please try and understand that.”

“How am I supposed to understand that? This house is where you raised…Belle. And now you’re changing everything that you and she shared.”

“No, I’m not. I love this house. I always have. When I bought this place, it didn’t have a lot of what it did before you all got here. I’ve expanded as I’ve needed too. And it’ll get expanded more once we have children. We’ll need at least a nursery. We still have Belle’s playroom, but we can expand on that.”

“No.” Alec said, shaking his head. “No. I won’t let you. I won’t let you change anything else. Your changing everything for use.” He said, tears streaming down his cheeks.

“Sweetheart. I don’t understand. Why are you upset?” He asked, wiping Alec’s tears away.

“This was your home. With Belle. Your memories were here.”

“They still are, love. Yes, this was my home with Belle. Now it’s my home with you. And our family. None of my memories of this place are going to change. I’m just going to make more. I’ve only added to what was a foundation. Everything from before, other than the ballroom, is still exactly as it was.”

“And the new bedrooms? And the bathrooms? They were always here?”

“Well...”
“See. Don’t you see?”

“No, angel. I don’t. Every room that Belle lived in is still here. All of them. The only room I changed, was the ballroom. And I know that my Belle would be happy about that. That she would be happy that a space that was never used for anything is going to be used by the best warriors in the Shadow World to train and hone their skills to battle the Clave she feared so much. I know with every fiber of my being that she would be thrilled. She would be over the moon that you’re here. All of you. How can I make you see that you’re her White Knights? Her hero’s? The good guys? The good Shadowhunters that will fight for her kind, your kind, Alexander. The kind of Shadowhunters she never would have feared.”

They were all speechless. They didn’t know what to say.

Magnus sighed, defeated. He just didn’t know how to make them see. Make them understand.

“I get it, Magnus. I do. It’s just hard. I guess…I guess I feel like were robbing her of something. Robbing you.” Alec finally said. Everyone nodded in agreement.

“You’re not robbing me of a thing, angel. Your giving me everything. And a few changes here and there…it’s worth it. For you. For all of you. For our future. She would want that. I want that. If she was here, right now, and you told her that you were going to give me children of my own, siblings for her, she would be jumping for joy.”

“Okay. Okay. Just promise me one thing. Just promise me that you won’t take away anything that was from the house she grew up in.”

“That I can do. I promise you that.” He said, bringing his Shadowhunter’s hand to his lips f for a kiss. “She would want me to have this. All of this. A mate. Children of my own. A family that has accepted me as their own. Just as I accepted her.”

Alec could only nod, yes.

“Does everyone understand?” He asked the group at large.
“I understand, Magnus.” Izzy said, tears streaming down her cheeks, Simon gripping her hand.

“We understand.” Clary said, holding onto her alpha.

Magnus sighed, relieved.

“Thank you. Thank you for understanding. I wouldn’t have done any of this if it would mean changing anything that I, that she, held dear.”

“Okay.” Alec said, squeezing his warlock’s hand.

“Now, would you all like a tour?”

“That would be great.” Izzy said, squeezing her brother’s other hand. She wanted to see her brother’s new home. The home he would raise his children in. The home he would train his children in. The first of the next generation of Lightwood’s. Her future nieces or nephews. She wanted to see their home.

Alec could only stare in awe at the back ‘yard’. For as far as his eyes could see, and being an archer, he could see pretty far, was white trellises covered with what must have been thousands of red roses. He could even see a beautiful blue pond with fish swimming happily, and a swing set that should look ancient and dilapidated, but actually looked brand new.

He could see them here. His alpha and the first child he had raised as his own. And their children. And grandchildren. Raven haired beauties running and playing and having ‘picnics?’ on the soft green grass. Little girls with dolls, little boys playing with whatever little boys played with, he certainly didn’t know. He never played when he was a boy.

“Magnus, how big is this ‘yard’?”

Magnus hesitated. When he didn’t answer Alec looked at him, his seriousness etched on his
perfect porcelain face.

“About sixty acres.”

“Sixty…” Alec trailed off, breathless.

“It wasn’t always this big. It started at a little over thirty. But over the years, as more and more land became available, I bought it.”

“Why? If it was already so big, why did you buy more?” Alec asked, dumbstruck.

“I honestly don’t know. Something just told me to. So I did.”

Alec just gaped at him, speechless.

“There are trees. Belle loved the weeping willows we had, so I planted more. And there are apple trees further down.” He said quickly, trying to change the subject. “Belle loved the apple trees. She would munch on the first one she picked, to ‘test them out’.” He said with a fond smile.

“And a small pumpkin patch. Well, it’s grown too. She had such a green thumb. Every year as more and more grew Catarina and I would spend countless hours cleaning as many as she wanted out, so she could carve them.” He said, eyes gleaming with happy memories. “And there’s a green house a few acres in. About an acre from her cottage. I moved it for her when I built her second home.”

Alec didn’t know what to say. He had never seen anything like this. He had never seen an apple tree, or a pumpkin patch. All he could see was a little girl with long raven hair and crystal blue eyes running around, laughing as her father chased her.

“What did she call you?” Alec asked softly.

Magnus was taken back by the question. He had thought Alec would ask something about the yard.
“Papa.” He said softly.

Alec swallowed, hard.

“Then that’s what our children will call you too.”

“I’d like that.” Magnus said, a smile shining brightly in his eyes. “Would you like to see it? The apple trees and the pumpkin patch? That is, if you feel up to it. It’s a bit of a walk.”

“I’m a Shadowhunter, alpha. I was raised to be ‘up to it’. I think I can handle ‘a bit of a walk’. He said, reaching for his warlock’s hand.

“I know this is a lot to take in, angel. But this is our home now. It’s where our children will grow up. And countless more Lightwood-Banes to come. They can all grow up here, if that’s what our children decide. There’s certainly enough land. And we can always buy more if we need to. There will always be enough room for everyone. I promise you that.” He said, squeezing Alec’s hand. “Are you ready for that walk? And maybe pick some fresh roses for the house. There’s plenty.”

“I’d like that. Just one question first. How big is the front yard?”

Magnus could only belly laugh at his Shadowhunters question. It was the last one he expected.

“Big enough, but nowhere near as big as this.” He said, wiping tears of laughter from his cheeks.

Alec did the only thing he could do. Roll his eyes.

Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a vote.
“Magnus, it hurts.” Alec whispered. “It hurts so much.”

“I know, sweetheart. I know. It’s going to be alright.” Magnus soothed, trying and failing to hide his fear.

“Alec, honey, I need you to try and relax and focus on your breathing.”

“Alec cried out as another contraction hit, this one stronger than the last.

“It’s too soon. Magnus, it’s too soon. They can’t come yet.” Alec gasped through the pain that was ripping through him as his alpha laid him gently on their bed.

“It’s going to be alright, angel. Catarina is going to take care of you.”

“Magnus, I need you to move. I need to start an IV, now. I have to get some meds into him.” Cat said, pushing Magnus out of her way.

“Do something, Catarina. Please.” He begged.

“I am. It’s going to be alright.” She said, tying a tourniquet around Alec’s arms. “Alec, honey, I need you to try and relax and focus on your breathing.”
“Okay.” Alec whispered as the pain eased. “They can’t come now, Cat. It’s too early.” He said as a needle pierced his skin.

“They won’t. I’m going to give you some medicine to stop the contractions and help the bleeding.” She said, taping the IV in place. Snapping her fingers an IV pump appeared beside the bed, and an oxygen tank. “I’m going to give you some fluids and this oxygen will help you breathe. It’ll help the babies.” She said, quickly starting the drip that would push fluid into his veins.

“Okay.” He said, breathless from the last contraction.

“Just breathe through your nose, sweetie. Everything is going to be alright.” She said, wrapping the cannula that would push oxygen into Alec’s nose around his ears. “Just try and relax. Robert, what’s his blood type?”

“A positive. Like mine.”

“And Isabelle’s?”

“The same.”

“Get her up here.”

“I’m here.” Izzy said from the doorway.

Alec looked at his little sister. He was scared, he couldn’t see her clearly.

“Good. I’m going to heal the tear in the placenta. It will stop the bleeding. But he needs a transfusion. I’m going to need you both.” Cat said.

They sounded far away. Everyone sounded so far away. He cried out as pain ripped through him again.
“Magnus! Where’s Magnus?” Alec asked.

“I’m right here, love.” Magus said, taking Alec’s hand.

“Cold.”

“Magnus, warm him. He’s going into shock.”

Alec’s vision was blurred, he could barely see his alpha, but he could feel warmth pushing into him, his alpha’s magic.

“They can’t come now. They can’t.” He gasped, trying to breathe through the pain.

“They won’t, sweetheart. Catarina is going to fix it. Just breathe. It’s going to be okay.”

Alec felt warmth, more warmth seep into him. He looked down. Catarina had her hands on his swollen belly. He could see her, just not clearly.

“What’s happening, Cat?” He asked.

He didn’t know how weak his voice was, how soft it sounded. He didn’t know how much blood he had lost.

“It’s alright, Alec. Everything is going to be fine, sweetie.” She soothed. “Robert, sit beside him. He’s going to need your blood.”

“Okay. Anything.” Robert said, sitting beside his son on the bed.

Alec felt his father take his other hand.
“Dad, I’m scared.”

“It’s going to be alright. Cat is going to take care of you. You’re going to be fine. The babies are going to be fine.” Robert soothed, squeezing his son’s hand.

“Catarina, talk to me.” Magnus said. He had seen this much blood before. Only once before. He had seen it the day he had lost his Belle.

“It’s going to be okay, Magnus. Stay with Alec. Talk to him. Keep him calm.”

Everyone was so far away. He wanted to ask what was happening, what was happening to his babies. But he couldn’t get the words out.

“Alexander, stay awake, love. You need to stay awake.” Magnus said, pushing more magic into him, trying to warm him. He felt so cold.

“Magnus, on that line beside you. That white clip. Push it open.” Cat said.

Alec felt a rush of cold run up his arm from the IV. He was already so cold.

“Robert, I’m going to connect a tube from you to him.” She said.

“Whatever he needs.” Robert said.

“Isabelle, stay close.”

“I’m not going anywhere.” Izzy said.

Alec heard his sister, but he couldn’t see her. She sounded miles away.

“Keep your eyes open for me, sweetheart. I know your tired, but you have to stay awake.”
Magnus said. “Breathe, angel. Take deep breaths.”

Alec tried to do what his alpha asked, but everything was so hard. The pain was gone, but darkness was creeping in at the edges of his vision. It was getting harder to see.

“Keep your eyes open, Alexander. You’re doing great.” Robert said, holding his son’s hand tight.

He couldn’t do it. He couldn’t hold his eyes open. He blinked once, twice, then it all went black.

Alec shot up in bed, gasping for breath. His hand instinctively went to his flat belly.

“Sweetheart, what’s wrong? What happened?” Magnus asked, flying through the door. Clary’s scream had sent him flying up the stairs to his Alexander. “What’s wrong? Talk to me, love.” He said, taking his trembling Shadowhunter into his arms.

Alec gripped his alpha tight, holding on as he fought to catch his breath.

“Was it a dream? Did you have another nightmare?” He asked. He had forgotten to give his omega the dream suppressant before he had fallen asleep. His angel had been training all day and most of the night and had been exhausted. He had insisted that his Shadowhunter lie down, sleep for a bit.

“Yes.” Alec breathed. “Yes.” Was all he could say.

“It’s alright now. Your awake. You’re alright.” Magnus crooned, holding his angel in his arms.

“What happened?” Cat asked as she ran in.
“Another nightmare.” Magnus said.

“It was awful.” Alec whispered, clutched his warlock tight.

“Alec, honey, take deep breaths.” Cat said.

Alec could feel her hand on his back, but all he wanted was his alpha.

“Breathe, sweetheart. Just focus on your breathing.” Magnus said softly.

“Okay. Okay.” Alec breathed, fighting to get his breath back, his head spinning as clutched his alpha.

He felt Cat’s hand rubbing his back and a soft warmth seeping into him.

“No! I don’t want to sleep again!” He cried as he felt his body start to relax.

“It’s alright, Alec. You just need to calm down a bit. This will help.” Cat soothed.

Alec didn’t know that he was having a panic attack. He’d never had a panic attack. He was a Shadowhunter. Shadowhunters didn’t panic.

“How is he, Cat?” Izzy asked.

“He’s going to be fine, Isabelle. He just needs to relax and breathe.”

“It was so bad.” Alec whispered, still holding onto his alpha, his muscles relaxing more and more as more warmth seeped into him, washing over him.

“I know, sweetheart. But it’s over now.” Magnus said softly.
“Lay him down, Magnus.” Cat said.

“No. Please don’t let go.” Alec begged, trying to hold on to his alpha, but he couldn’t. He couldn’t make his muscles work anymore.

“It’s alright, love. I’m right here.” Magnus said, gently laying Alec back on his sweat soaked pillows.

With a finger snap Alec was dry, laying on fresh dry sheets and dry pillows.

“Catarina, talk to me.” Magnus said.

“He’s alright now, Magnus. He just needs to rest.”

Alec took a deep breath. He could breathe again. The tightness in his chest was gone.

“What happened to me, Cat?”

She sighed.

“Your nightmare was a bad one. You woke up having a panic attack. But you’re okay now. You just need to try and rest.”

Alec nodded, squeezing his alpha’s hand. ‘A panic attack?’ he thought.

“Can you tell us what it was about, sweetheart?” Magnus asked softly, brushing a lock of hair out of his Shadowhunters eyes.

“No. Not yet.”
“Okay, angel. Whenever you’re ready.” He said, stroking Alec’s cheek.

“My father. Where’s my father? We have to find him.”

“Your father? Why?”

“He’s not our enemy. We need him. I need him.” Alec said, looking at his warlock, crystal blue eyes meeting chocolate brown. “Whatever he’s done, he’s not our enemy.”


“Please don’t make me go back to sleep. Not now.”

“I won’t, sweetheart. We won’t. But you have to rest for a bit. For just a little while.” He said, tucking the fresh quilt around his Shadowhunter.

“Please don’t leave.”

“I won’t. I’ll be right here.” He said, squeezing Alec’s hand.

Cat closed the door softly behind her.

“Well?” Magnus asked, anxious.

“He told me. But he made me swear not to tell anyone. He doesn’t want anyone to know.”

“What? Why?”
“He has his reasons.”

“Why did he tell you then?” He asked, dumbfounded. His Shadowhunter would talk about his dream with his best friend, but not him? It made no sense.

“Like I said, he has his reasons. I gave him my word, Magnus. I need you to trust me on this, and him.”

Magnus sighed. He didn’t understand. How could he protect his omega if he didn’t know what was happening? ‘Or what may happen’ he thought.

“He doesn’t want us to know because he’s scared. He’s afraid it will come true. And it affects us, doesn’t it?”

“Magnus, please….He’s your mate. If he decides to tell you, that’s up to him. But I won’t break my word.”

“Oh. Just tell me one thing. Does he get hurt?”

“I don’t know.”

He sighed.

“Is he alright?” He asked, defeated. His omega was keeping things from him, why, he could only guess. But he couldn’t push him. He wouldn’t.

“He’s sleeping now. I gave him the dream suppressant so he could rest. We can’t give it to him on a consistent basis. If these dreams really are visions from his Angel, they’re things we need to know. So we can stop them from happening. Maybe head them off at the pass. Or at least prepare for them. But when he’s like this, he has to rest or he’ll break. You know what you have to do, he told you. You’ve put it off too long already.”
“Did I? Had this not happened…this changes things Catarina. He told us something we needed to know. We wouldn’t have had that had he not had that dream.”

“True. But you can’t keep putting it off.”

“I know. I’ll take them soon. That’s where they need to be. I think it’s where their meant to be. There’s just a few things that have to be done first.”

“Okay. You should get some rest. It’s late. And he’ll rest better with your scent.”

Magnus nodded, yes. He would give his Shadowhunter all the comfort that he could.

Magnus watched as his Shadowhunter executed a perfect triple backflip, on a three-inch beam thirty feet in the air, pulling a knife from his thigh holster and throwing it at his target, hitting dead center, sixty feet away. While it was absolutely stunning to watch, breathtaking, he was worried.

His Alexander had woken up and wanted to train. And he had been training, hard, for the last seven hours without a break. Magnus knew that his warrior was pushing himself. He knew that his omega was used to training for long hours, without breaks. But that was at the Institute. He wasn’t at the Institute now.

The rest of his family had already called it a day. They had tried to get him to call it too, but he wouldn’t. He was still at it.

Alec saw his alpha watching him out of the corner of his eye. He wasn’t sure how long he had been there; he had been too focused on what he was doing. Focus and concentration were vital in training. Losing that focus was how you got hurt.

“Will you please come down from there?” Magnus asked when his Shadowhunters knife had struck the target. “You need a break, angel. And something to eat.”
Alec knew his alpha was right. He had been training for hours. His family had tried a few times already to get him to stop, at least to come eat, but he had refused, saying he would break in a bit. But he hadn’t. He could see that his alpha was worried.

“Sure.” He said, taking the leap that would send him thirty feet down to the mats below, landing in a perfectly balanced crouch.

Magnus felt his heart stop in his chest when his Shadowhunter jumped off the beam. It didn’t beat again until he saw him land safely on the mat.

“Are you out of your mind!!”

“What?” Alec asked. “You asked me to come down. That’s how we get down.”

“That’s how you get down? How…when do they teach you to do that?” Magnus asked, shocked.

“Nine. Only we have ropes then, just in case. Those go at twelve.”

Magnus couldn’t believe what he was hearing. ‘This is how Shadowhunters are trained?’ he thought. ‘How do they not get killed?’

“What?” Alec asked again, he didn’t understand the look on his warlock’s face.

“What happens if you fall?”

“Depends. If you break something, well, that’s what iratzes are for. I guess they think if hit hurts bad enough, you won’t do whatever it is you did wrong again. If it’s worse, then your taken to the infirmary.”

A vision of a twelve-year-old Alexander being pushed from a thirty-foot-high beam only to land on a hardwood floor, cracking his skull, flashed through his mind. It made his stomach clench and churn. ‘How can they do this to children?’ he thought. ‘Bella? Izabella? How did he never know this?’
“Magnus…I don’t understand.” Alec said, confused. “What’s wrong?” He asked, taking quick strides to reach his warlock. He looked like he was going to be sick.

“Is this how all Institutes train?” He whispered, images of the children he had known and loved flashing through his mind.

“I don’t know. I’ve only ever trained at The New York Institute. What’s wrong?” Alec asked, wrapping his arms around his warlock’s waist.

Magnus didn’t know how to put what he was feeling into words. The thought of his family, all of them, being trained this way, being put in that kind of danger, blew his mind. He was still trying to wrap his head around the fact that he had a family now. A family of five magnificent Shadowhunters. And they all could do what his angel just did, like it was a stroll through the park.

“If that’s how you get down, how do you get up?” He asked.

“Well, that depends too. Most use leverage, a running kick off the wall to get up high enough to grab the beam and flip themselves over it.” Alec said, unsure what was troubling his warlock.

“And the rest? How do they get up?”

“We jump.”

“You jump? Off what?”

“The floor.” Alec said, worried about his alpha. “Magnus, please tell me what’s wrong. Your scaring me.”

“I’m sorry, love.” Magnus said, trying, and failing, to shake it off. “It’s just a bit hard to image. Your telling me that you jump, thirty feet off the floor, to land on a three-inch beam?”

“No. You can only do that with a solid surface, like a rooftop. We jump to grab the beam, then
flip ourselves over it. But not everyone can do that. Most still need a running start. Most can’t do a standing jump of more than fifteen or twenty feet.”

“And you can?”

“Of course. We all can. At least, we can. Not everyone at the Institute can get that high without some sort of help.”

“And if you fall?”

“You angle yourself so you land on your feet.”

“And if you don’t? And please don’t tell me that’s what iratzes are for.”

“Then I can’t answer your question.”

Magnus sighed, closing his eyes.

“Promise me. Promise me that when you train our children, that you’ll use safety harnesses. And that you will teach them those flips on a lower beam. Like a beam three inches off the floor.”

Now Alec understood. His alpha was afraid. Afraid they would get hurt. That their children would get hurt. Thinking back, he understood his alpha’s fear. Shadowhunters were trained early on not to be afraid, of anything, but his warlock didn’t know that. In that moment he knew, he most certainly couldn’t let him see them do backflips off the beam.

“Hey, look at me.” He said, turning his alpha’s chin to meet his eyes. “I promise you, when we train our children, and by we, I mean me and our family, that we will take whatever safety precautions you can think of. Whatever you want. Just because we didn’t have those options when we were kids, doesn’t mean that ours wont. Okay?”

Magnus sighed again, pressing his forehead to his Shadowhunters.
“The thought of it just scares me, I guess. You jumping thirty feet onto a rooftop, or off. I guess… I just didn’t know what…” He trailed off.

“Hey, it’s okay. We do it every day. It’s part of it. I know that probably doesn’t make you feel better. But I swear on the Angel, I will always teach our children to be safe. Okay?”

“And what about you? What about your safety?”

“We’re as careful as we can be.”

“Can all Shadowhunters do it? Do what you do?”

Alec hesitated.

“No, alpha. They can’t. We’re the only ones who can.”

Now Magnus knew why his Shadowhunter, and his team, were the best. The best in the Shadow World. They could do things the others couldn’t. Was it stunning to watch them? Yes. What it also terrifying to know that at single slip-up could be catastrophic? Most defiantly. ‘If there this good in training, they must be spectacular in the field’ he thought.

“It just worries me, I guess. What if one of you gets hurt?” He asked.

“Then we handle it. We use the tools that were given. We use iratzes. We help each other. And now, we have a wonderful warlock who can do a lot. And if he can’t, well, then Cat can.” Alec said with a smirk.

Magnus huffed, indignant.

“She may be the hands-on healer. But I, Alexander Gideon Lightwood, just happen to be the master at potions. Healing and otherwise.”

“The Potions Master. That kinda has a nice ring to it, don’t’cha think?” Alec asked with a smile.
“I guess it does. Are you ready to call it a day now?”

“I guess I am.”

“Good.” Magnus said, pressing a soft kiss to his angel’s lips. “You need to eat something.”

“Mm. Can’t we just skip that and go for a shower? And maybe something more?” Alec asked, pulling his warlock in for a firmer kiss.

“After dinner, love. We agreed. No more skipping meals.”

“Okay. After dinner. You made a promise. Remember?”

“I guess I did. Come on. Let’s get you fed. Then maybe we can get you to bed.” Magnus said, pulling his Shadowhunter by the hand, leading him from the room.

‘I have to tell the others.’ Alec thought, as his alpha led him out. ‘He can never see us backflip off the beam.’

Smoke filled the air. It was thick and gagging. Everything was burning. Alec coughed, choking on the black smoke. It burned his eyes, making them water. He stood bound; his hands tied tight behind his back. A Shadowhunter he knew, one he once considered a friend, one he once trusted in combat, stood behind him, ensuring that he didn’t move.

He wanted desperately to hold his swollen belly. His babies were kicking. Fear had gripped him, fear like he never felt before. He was a Shadowhunter. Shadowhunters didn’t feel fear. But in this moment, he did. It was all consuming.

After four years of hunting demons, greater demons, and fighting in The Dark War, he had never felt this kind of fear. For his family, his team, his alpha, and his unborn children. Everyone he
cared most about were bound on their knees before him, lined up in a row. His alpha was in front of him. Shadowhunters, former friends, stood behind them. His mother stood watching, a cruel, twisted smile on her face.

His eyes locked on his alpha’s, crystal blue meeting beautiful chocolate brown. He saw his own fear mirrored there. Ripping his gaze from his one true love, he took at each member of his team, his heart breaking. It was his fault they were here, but none of them looked afraid. If they were, they didn’t show it. That’s what trained Shadowhunters did. They hid their fear.

“Alexander Gideon Lightwood.” Imogen Herondale said, loud and clear, pacing in front of him, in front of his family. “You are here today because you have broken Clave law. Several Clave laws. All punishable by death.” She said, facing him. She was so close he could smell her rancid breath.

“You have mated with a downworlder. You carry his demon spawn in your womb. Abominations against the Angel, just like you. You have committed treason, fighting against your own people. You have killed your own kind, those who sought you out for the sole purpose of carrying out orders issued by the Clave, those who sought you out for justice for your crimes. The kill order that was placed upon you because of your first crime, mating a disgusting downworlder, is only one of the reasons you are going to die today. I guess in retrospect, the rest really don’t matter. I can keep listing them off, but what would be the point?

You will stand and watch as each member of your team, a group, your group of merry little misfits, are executed. Your family and your parabati. Their blood is on your hands. Their crimes? Aiding and abetting you. Joining you as you killed your own kind. Valuable Shadowhunters. Shadowhunters unlike you. You are a Shadowhunter unworthy of the title. You are nothing more than a disgusting faggot. Another slight against the Angel. You will stand here and watch the people you love die, helpless to stop it. And your disgusting mate. Why you would choose, of all faggots, a downworlder is a mystery. As with your team and family, he will die because of you.”

“Please. Spare my team. Spare my family. Spare my mate. My children. If you want me dead, so be it. But I beg you, let me deliver my children first.” Alec begged, tears streaming down his cheeks.

“Spare them? Why on earth would we spare them? They are criminals. There actions, aiding you as you murdered innocent Shadowhunters, was their slight against the Angel.”

“Innocent? You call those Shadowhunters innocent? There is nothing innocent about them. Just like there is nothing innocent about you.” He spat, anger momentarily overriding his fear.
“As for your disgusting mate, he should have died a long time ago for his countless crimes. For all of the times he broke the accords. For centuries he has played the role of an ally to the Clave, all the while committing crimes behind our backs.”

“I beg you. Have mercy. You have me. Please let them go. My team, they are valuable Shadowhunters too. You have seen it with your own eyes. And my children. Please. They are innocent in all of this.”

“Your children?” She scoffed. “You mean the demons you carry in your belly? I will grant you that one wish though. You will see your children born. Today. As they are ripped from your womb.”

“No!” Alec cried; a sob caught in his chest. His head was spinning. His emotions were swirling through him. Fear, anger, heartbreak, helplessness, guilt.

“Yes. They will be born today. And they will die. And you and your disgusting downworlder mate will watch.”

“Mother, please! Do something. Stop this. Are you really going to stand there while they kill your daughter? Your husband? Your sons? Your grandchildren?”

“You are no son of mine.” Maryse spat, crossing to him in three quick strides, slapping him hard across the face. “As for your sister and brother, they deserve death for their actions, same as you. They deserve to die for their crimes against the Clave. As does your father. They betrayed me. They disgraced me. You’ve all disgraced the Lightwood name.”

“The Lightwood name?” Robert asked, incredulously. “You are no Lightwood. You have no right to claim the Lightwood name. You only carry it by marriage. A marriage I have hated and despised from the first day. The only thing you have done even remotely right is bare our children, the children you tried to murder while you carried them in your womb. I’m just grateful that you failed. They are true Lightwoods. You are no Lightwood. You are nothing more than a retched bitch who married into the Lightwood name.” He spat.

Spinning around quickly Maryse slapped her husband, as hard as she had her son. Her hatred for him shown clearly in her eyes.

“I, you filthy traitor, will be the one that saves the Lightwood name. You aren’t the only one that
has hated our marriage. I felt nothing but loathing and contempt on our wedding day. Just as I have loathed our despicable children.”

“Who should we start with, Imogen?” Asked Counsil Malachi, bored.

“Yes. Who first? This is getting tiresome, Imogen.” Said Victor Aldertree. “Let’s do it and be done.”

“In just a moment, gentlemen.” Imogen said, crossing to Jace.

“You are a disgrace to me Jonathan Herondale. Your father would be ashamed. You have smeared the Herondale name. You are no grandson of mine.”

“It’s you who are a disgrace, you filthy bitch. If anyone is a disgrace to the Herondale name, it’s you. My father is rolling over in his grave, knowing what his mother is doing, and that she wants his only son dead, something she is ordering done herself.” Jace spat, nothing but contempt and anger showing in his eyes. “You kill me, the Herondale line dies with you, and I pray to the Angel that your death is painful. That you suffer. That your retched body its racked with the worst possible pain.”

Imogen stood, looking over the one she used to call her grandson. The one she used to be proud of. For he was skilled. A great Shadowhunter. A title he no longer deserved, for helping that disguising omega.

“You will watch your mate die first, Jonathan. And you will feel the worst possible pain.”

“No! Please.” Alec begged, knowing his pleas would do nothing, his heart breaking even more for his parabati. The one he swore to protect with everything that he had, all that he was.

Imogen didn’t so much as turn to look at him. She looked at the Shadowhunter standing behind his parabati.

“Do it. Slit her throat, but not too hard. I want them both to feel the agony of her slow death.”
“Yes ma’am.” Said the traitorous Shadowhunter standing behind Clary. She cried out as he gripped her by her hair, yanking her head back, exposing her throat.

“Please don’t do this!” Alec begged.

“Shut up you filthy faggot.” Maryse spat, voice laced with venom.

“Do it you bastard. Do it and you shame the Angel.” Clary said calmly to the Shadowhunter gripping her hair. She wasn’t going to give them the satisfaction of watching her beg for her life, of watching her scream out her pain. She would die with honor, a proud Shadowhunter.

Pulling a seraph blade from his thigh holster he sliced smoothly across her throat, deep enough to cut her jugular, but not deep enough to cut through it.

“No!” Jace and Alec cried as one.

Alec felt pain rip through his parabati bond. He couldn’t tear his eyes away from Clary, blood running down her throat, watching as she coughed and choked on the blood filling her lungs.

“No!” Alec whispered as the pain slowly faded from his parabati rune as the blood gurgled in her lungs as she died in front of his eyes. He felt the rune disappear from his chest as the Shadowhunter gripping her hair kicked her lifeless body to the ground.

“No.” Jace sobbed as he watched his mate die. “You bastard!” He spat at the Shadowhunter that had just murdered his one true love, struggling futilely to get to him, murder in his eyes.

“Kill him next.” Imogen ordered, staring her weeping grandson in the eye.

Alec didn’t know that he was sobbing, tears pouring down his cheeks.

He watched as each member of his family was slaughtered before his eyes, their throat slit open slowly. He watched as each and every one choked on their own blood. They didn’t beg for mercy, for their lives. They didn’t cry out, the way he knew Imogen wanted them to.
But he, he didn’t hear himself begging. He didn’t hear himself begging for mercy for those he loved, the ones he held most dear, the ones he cherished and would have gladly died for in their place. He was no longer the strong, stoic Shadowhunter.

He watched as his parabati was murdered first, then his brother, his best friend, and his sister, his twin. He begged for the old woman and the man that he didn’t know. He didn’t know them, but still he begged for their lives.

He didn’t realize that he had fallen to his knees when his parabati was slaughtered. He didn’t feel it when the Shadowhunter jerked him back to his feet, the ropes binding him digging into his flesh. All he felt was pain. Heartbreak. Guilt for not saving them. By the time his father died all he could feel was his children, kicking furiously in his womb as he fought to breathe, to draw in air.

His heart stuttered to a halt when the Shadowhunter behind his alpha gripped him by the hair, pulling his head back, exposing his throat. Their eyes locked, devastated crystal blue meeting defeated chocolate brown.


Magnus didn’t realize that he had cried out when his angel did, when everyone he also held dear was slaughtered like animals, his own heart shattering.

“I love you, too.” Alec choked out. “More than anything.”

“Wait!” Mayrse cried out, stopping the Shadowhunter from slitting Magnus’ throat, a shallow cut leaving a trail of blood escaping from the wound. “I want him to see it. I want him to watch as the demon spawn he planted in my bastard son are ripped from his womb. As those abominations fall to his feet.”

“No!” Magnus begged. “Not the babies.”

Imogen rounded on him.
“I told you. I told you all. Those demons would be born today. And would die today. Do it.”

Alec couldn’t cry anymore. He had nothing left. His sobs wouldn’t escape his chest. He heard the Shadowhunter restraining him unsheathe his seraph blade behind him.

“No.” He pleaded, finally finding his voice, a whisper of breath. “Please no.” Was all he could choke out.

He felt the blade slice across his belly, through his womb. He stared in shock as his babies fell to the ground. He listed as his children let out their first cries. He could do nothing to help them, to save them. He could do nothing to stop the brutal cruelty as one by one the Shadowhunter that had slit his belly open, causing the most excruciating pain he had ever felt, pain that had surpassed everything else he had witnessed that day, felt that day, plunged his seraph blade, one by one, into their chests, into their tiny hearts. He could only listen as one by one, his babies stopped crying. He didn’t feel it when he fell to his knees. All he could feel was his internal agony, his heart already beaten and broken. The heart that could endure no more.

Magnus was weeping. Weeping for his children and his mate. His heart shattered in his chest when he watched his precious babies fall from his Shadowhunters womb, his wonderful angel’s body. He thought he couldn’t feel anything worse than this, than the pain he was feeling now.

“Now the warlock.” Imogen commanded.

Alec looked up, looking at his precious alpha. The last one he loved in this world. Their eyes locked, crystal blue meeting chocolate brown, tears streaming down their cheeks.

“We’ll be together soon, my love. I swear on your Angel.” Magnus said before the Shadowhunter behind him viciously slashed his seraph blade across his throat. He died slowly, as did the others.

As Alec watched his beloved warlock die, never tearing his gaze from his beautiful chocolate brown eyes, he went numb inside. He had been wrong. There was worse pain that the pain he had already felt. He felt his heart shatter in every way for what he knew was the last time. He prayed to the Angel that his mate, his fated mate was right. That they all would be together soon.

He felt dizzy, lightheaded. He didn’t realize how much blood he had already lost. He felt nothing as the Shadowhunter behind him yanked his head back by his hair, or when his blade slid across his throat. He felt no pain. He had already felt it all.
He didn’t realize that he was choking on his own blood. He didn’t feel it. All that he could see was the black closing in, the black that he welcomed with all that he had left in him. He didn’t feel it when he took his last feeble breath, the moment he died.

Alec shop up in bed, soaked in sweat and trembling uncontrollably, everything he was, every fiber of his being was racked by guilt and pain. He didn’t know that he wasn’t breathing.


Alec heard his alpha but couldn’t do as he asked. He was lost in that last horrendous moment of his dream.

“You have to breathe!” Magnus begged, pressing his hand to his Shadowhunters stilled chest, pushing the strongest wave of magic he could muster into his angel’s lungs. As much as he had the day his sweet omega had died during his heat.

With his heart stuck in his throat Magnus prayed, to anyone and everything that was listening, that his magic would work.

With a gasp Alec drew in a stuttering breath, the power of his alpha’s magic forcing his lungs to work.

“That’s right, sweetheart. Breathe.” Magnus whispered, relief coursing through him as he pulled his shaking Shadowhunter into arms. “Just breathe.”

“Magnus!” Catarina cried, a blast of her magic blowing the bedroom door off its hinges. She had heard his desperate cries for his mate to breathe, and it had terrified her. “Magnus, what happened?”

“I don’t know. I don’t know, Catarina. Please, help him.” Magnus begged, his Shadowhunter
going cold in his arms.

Clary’s screams were echoing throughout the house.

“Jace, keep her out!” Catarina cried. Taking one look at Alec, she knew what was happening as she watched him struggle to breathe.

“Magnus, lay him down. Gently. He’s gone into shock. Prop his head up.” She ordered. She wasn’t Catarina the friend now. She wasn’t Catarina the warlock. She was Catarina, the skilled medical professional.

Magnus couldn’t do as she asked. He couldn’t move. All he could do was hold his struggling Shadowhunter.

With a wave of her hand the pillows were stacked on the bed, enough to elevate Alec’s head.

“Magnus! You have to let go so I can help him.” She pleaded, meeting her best friend’s eyes.


“Alec!” Izzy cried, flying through the door. The sight of her big brother as his alpha gently laid him back against the piled pillows stopped her dead in her tracks, fear consuming her. “By the Angel.” She breathed.

“Isabelle, I need blankets. As many as you can find.” Cat said. “Now!” She commanded when the raven-haired teen didn’t move. Izzy shook off her panic, nodding at Cat before she raced out of the room.

“Magnus, what happened?” She asked as she waved her hand, an oxygen tank appearing at her side. Quickly she adjusted the flow, then gently stretched the strap on the mask to pull it over Alec’s head, covering his nose and mouth.

“I don’t know.” He whispered, tears streaming down his cheeks.
“Breathe, Alec.” She said, quickly taking his pulse at his wrist. He was so cold. Too cold.

Alec didn’t know what was happening around him. He heard muffled voices as his vision blurred.

“Catarina, what’s happening?” Magnus cried, watching as his Shadowhunters eyes fluttered shut, as he slipped into unconsciousness.

“His body’s in shock, Magnus. And he’s struggling to breathe. I need you to focus. I need you to push your magic into his chest, focus on his lungs. Try to get them working properly.” She said, waving her hand again, an IV pump appearing at her side. “I have to get fluids into him, quickly. And the right meds. Do it!” She commanded when Magnus didn’t move, his eyes never leaving his mate.

Magnus shook his head, trying to shake off his fear, trying and failing. But hearing his best friend’s words he knew he had to focus. Placing his hand on his sweet angel’s chest he pushed soft waves into his Shadowhunter, willing his lungs to work.

Catarina quickly and efficiently started an IV, pushing syringe after syringe of medication into the IV port in his hand, pushing it directly into his veins. Clary’s screams were still echoing throughout the house. Izzy ran back in, a massive pile of blankets in her arms.

“Isabelle, cover him up. Quickly. We have to get him warm. Magnus, help her. Warm him.” She commanded them both as Alec continued to draw in ragged, uneven breaths.

Magnus pressed his hand to Alec’s clammy forehead, pushing wave after wave of warmth into his Shadowhunters body while Izzy piled blankets on her struggling brother.

“Magnus, dry him off. I need my hands free.”

Magnus nodded, snapping his fingers. Alec was dry in an instant, laying on fresh, dry linens, layered with warm, dry blankets.

Waving her hand, a heart monitor appeared at her side.
“Thank you, Isabelle. Go help Jace with Clary.” She said, not wanting the girl to see anymore. “Go!” She commanded when Izzy didn’t move.

Izzy was torn. She didn’t want to leave her brother, but she could hear his parabati screaming downstairs. Her brother, her twin, would want her to help her, she knew.

“Oh, okay.” She whispered, tearing her gaze from her brother. With a great effort she turned from him, a sob escaping her chest as she fled from the room.

The moment she was gone Cat waved her hand again, connecting the heart monitor to Alec’s still trembling body, his rapidly beating heart beeping through the machine.

“That’s enough, Magnus.” Cat said, pulling her friends hand from his Shadowhunters forehead. “He needs to finish warming at a slower pace.

“Oh, okay.” Magnus whispered, watching his struggling omega.

Quickly wrapping a blood pressure cuff around Alec’s arm, she pressed the button on the machine.

“How is he? Catarina, talk to me.”

“His blood pressure is low. He needs more meds.” She said, filling another syringe. “And you have no idea what happened?” She asked, connecting the syringe to the IV port, quickly pushing the medication in.

“No. He was sound asleep. Then he woke up, not breathing.”

“Oh, okay. It’s going to be okay. He’s stabilizing.” She said, watching the readouts on the machine, watching as Alec’s breathing started to even out, easy breaths passing through his lungs. Waving her hand again another IV bag appeared. She quickly connected it to the first, pressing the white clip to fully open the line.
Magnus let out a relieved breath, his own heart rate starting to slow.

“Do I need to look you over, Magnus? Your white as a sheet.”

“No. Focus on Alexander. He’s what’s important.” Magnus said, gripping his Shadowhunters warmer hand, tight.

“Your important too.” She said gently. “He’ll be out for a while, while he recovers, but he’s going to be okay.” She said, worry for her dearest friend etched around her eyes.

“I’ll be fine, Catarina. As long as he is.”

“I’ve got him, Magnus. Trust me.” She assured, her friends eyes locked on his sweet omega’s, watching as he brushed a lock of raven hair from his unconscious eyes.

Alec heard soft, muffled voices, and the beeping of a machine. His body ached, every muscle he had. He wanted to open his eyes. He wanted to know what was happening. But his eyes felt heavy. Memories of his dream flashed through his mind, the beeping of the machine speeding up.

“Alec, sweetie, it’s okay. Try and relax.” Cat soothed. “Everything’s fine now.”

Alec willed the panic that wanted to consume back at her soft words. With a great effort he pushed open his eyes. His vision was blurry, but he saw the soft blue walls, the flowy curtains, and the vase of red roses on the table in the corner. Now he knew why he remembered this room.

“Talk to him, Magnus. He needs to hear your voice.”

“It’s alright, sweetheart. You’re okay.” Magnus said, brushing a lock of hair from Alec’s unfocused eyes.
Alec felt plastic on his face, plastic that smelled funny. He wanted to move it, but he couldn’t. He had no strength in his arms.

“Look at me, angel.”

Alec struggled to focus his eyes, but they wouldn’t. Still, he met his alpha’s gaze, blurry crystal blue meeting worried chocolate brown.

“There you are.” He said softly, raising Alec’s hand to his lips for a soft kiss.

With all the strength that he could muster Alec raised his free hand, reaching to move the annoying plastic from his face.

“No, angel. Leave that alone.” Magnus said softly, stilling Alec’s hand. “You need it for just a little while longer.”

Alec sighed. That one movement had drained everything he had, every ounce of strength he had willed together.

“Scent him, Magnus. He needs to sleep, but I don’t want to dose him. It would be too much.”

“No!” Alec cried, not knowing that he had barely spoken. But the people with him were warlocks. They could hear him clearly. “Please. No.” He begged.

“Is that what happened, sweetie? Another dream?” She asked.

Alec tried to nod, yes. But he could barely move.

“I can give you something, Alec. I took Magnus’ dream suppressant and formulated it into a medication I can give you. You won’t dream, I promise. You’ll feel much better after you get some good sleep.”

“It’s okay, sweetheart. You need this. It’s important. You need to rest.” Magnus said softly,
stroking Alec’s cheek. “Trust us?”

Alec looked at them both, his vision starting to clear. He saw compassion and honesty in their eyes. He could trust them with this.

“Okay.” He breathed, unsure if they could hear him around the annoying plastic.

“Thank you, sweetie. Give me just a second to get it ready.” Cat said, looking through a dozen medication vials on the bedside table. Picking one up she filled a syringe. “Magnus, hold him. Lift him gently. This will only take a minute to take effect. Let me move that mask first. He’s breathing well enough now.” She said, gently removing the oxygen mask from Alec’s face. He wiggled his nose at the funny smell it left behind.

“Come here, angel. I’ve got you.” Magnus said gently, lifting his Shadowhunter into his arms as Catarina connected the syringe to the IV port in his hand. She wanted it to work fast. “Just relax, sweetheart.” He said, carefully positioning his love’s head against his shoulder, near his scent glands. With a quick look at Catarina, she nodded her head. “Breathe, sweetheart.”

His alpha’s wonderful scent washed the funny smell from his nose, replacing it with his favorite scent, chocolate, vanilla, coffee, and musk. With each slow breath in he felt it wrapping around him, through him, into him.

Magnus knew it wouldn’t take much. His Shadowhunter was already weak and his body exhausted. He had been waiting anxiously for his angel to regain consciousness, terrified that for some reason he wouldn’t wake up. He could finally breathe easy now that his love was safe in his arms.

“Just breathe.” He crooned softly as he felt his angel relax more and more in his arms. He held him there, savoring the feel of his sweet omega safe in his arms.

His alpha’s beautiful scent was lulling him to sleep and he knew it. He sent a silent prayer up to the Angel, praying that whatever Catarina had given him would work. He knew with every fiber of his being that he wouldn’t survive living through that horrible dream again. With a few more soft breaths he felt his eyes start to flutter closed, as he drifted closer and closer towards sleep.

“Just a few more, sweetheart. Sleep now. I’ll be right here when you wake up.”
His alpha’s words comforted him as his eyes finally closed, sleep claiming him.

Magnus felt his Shadowhunter fully relax in his arms and knew that he was asleep. He waited, waiting for his favorite sound, his angel’s soft little snores. He didn’t have to wait long.

Alec felt himself drifting to the surface from sleep. He could feel his alpha’s strong arms holding him and smell his wonderful scent. He couldn’t place the odd beeping sound nearby, but it was annoying. Shifting in his alpha’s arms he pushed his eyes open.

Magnus woke the instant he felt his Shadowhunter move.

“Sweetheart?”

Alec swallowed hard before he found his voice.

“What happened?” He asked, looking at the machine beside him that was emitting the annoying beeping sound. “What is that thing?”

“It’s a heart monitor, love. Catarina’s been using it to watch over you while you slept. How do you feel?” Magnus asked, sitting up to look at his angel. “Hey, look at me, love.” He said softly, turning Alec’s chin to meet his eyes. “It’s okay.” He said, looking his omega in the eye, crystal blue meeting chocolate brown. “How do you feel?”

“That thing is annoying.” He said, his chin having brushed the wires sticking out of his shirt. Reaching up we moved to pull them away. The movement made the muscles in his arm scream.

“No, sweetheart. Leave those alone. Those connect to the heart monitor.”

Catarina walked in, rubbing sleep from her eyes.
“I heard talking. Is everything okay?” She asked.

“It’s fine, Catarina. He just woke up. I think he’s a still a little out of it.”

“That’s to be expected. Alec, sweetie, are you in pain? Does anything hurt?”

Alec nodded, yes, still looking into his alpha’s beautiful brown eyes.

“What, sweetie. What hurts?”

“Everything.” He breathed, finally closing his eyes against the pain coursing through him. Every muscle in his body felt like it was on fire.

“Okay. I can give you something for it.”

“No. I don’t want it. It just makes me sleep.” He said, looking over at her.

“Okay. Hold still and I can ease it with magic.” She didn’t want to push him, not if she could give him what he needed another way.

Holding her hands over his chest she pushed out a soft wave of magic. Alec felt the warmth seep into him, the pain started to fade away. He let out a sigh of relief when it disappeared.

“Better?” She asked.

“Much. Thank you.” He said, finally having the strength to lift his hand to grip hers. That’s when he saw the IV port in his hand. Turning his head, he looked up at the bags hanging on a pole above his head, just like he had in that dream. Only none of them were red. “What is that?”

“Saline and electrolytes, to keep you hydrated. I can take it out now if you’d like. And disconnect the heart monitor.”
“Please. What happened?”

“You tell us, angel.” Magnus said, turning Alec’s chin to meet his eyes again. “One minute you were asleep. The next you were awake and not breathing. Catarina had to take care of you.”

Alec sighed, closing his eyes. Images from his dream flashed before his eyes.

“These dreams are going to be the death of me. Not demons or greater demons or war. Not even the Clave. It’ll be these horrible dreams.” He said, opening his eyes to look at his alpha as Cat disconnected her IV and heart monitor.

“Sweetheart, you have to tell me. We can’t help you if you don’t.” Magnus said softly.

“I don’t think you can. I don’t think anyone can.” He said, a tear rolling down his cheek.

“It was that one again, wasn’t it?”

Alec couldn’t speak the words, closing his eyes again he nodded, yes.

“It was worse. The same dream, only worse.” He whispered.

Magnus looked at Cat, their eyes meeting.

“I’ll give you two a few minutes alone.” She said, tearing her gaze from her best friend. Magnus waited for her to quietly slip out the door.

“Tell me, love. How was it worse?”

Alec looked up at his warlock, unable to meet his eyes.

“Look at me, angel.”
On a deep sigh Alec finally met his alpha’s eyes, crystal blue meeting chocolate brown.

“How was it worse?” He asked softly.

“It felt real.” Alec said, a tear running down his cheek. “I could taste the blood in my mouth, feel the smoke stinging my eyes. The pain. The pain of watching everyone die. It was like I was really there, like it was actually happening. It wasn’t like the other times. It all felt real.”

Magnus sighed, closing his eyes. He knew his Shadowhunter was suffering, that he had been suffering. Every time he slept. Every time he dreamed. The effects were getting worse and worse. They were killing him. Just a few hours ago he almost died.

He wondered in that moment if these truly were visions sent by his sweet omega’s Angel. If they were, his Angel was torturing his Shadowhunter, the Shadowhunter that had dutifully served in his name. He didn’t know what to do. He didn’t know how to help his angel. But he knew in his heart that he had to do something. The question was, what?

“We have to tell the others, love. We have too. We can’t keep this from them anymore. Maybe telling them will help. Maybe once they take the potion, it will help. Maybe it will change what your dreaming.”

“And if it doesn’t?”

“Then we’ll find something that will.”

“Okay.” Was all Alec could say.

He didn’t feel like he had it in him to tell his family, that he had the strength. ‘What kind of Shadowhunter am I?’ he thought. ‘No Shadowhunter is this weak. I’m a failure. Imogen was right. I don’t deserve the title of Shadowhunter. Because I’m a failure. I’m going to fail them all’ he thought with dread sitting solidly in his heart.

“Sweetheart, do you want me to get them together? So we can tell them together?”
“Please.” Alec said, another tear rolling down his cheek. In that moment he didn’t think that he could hate himself anymore that he already did. He was a failure.

“We kill them. We kill them all. And end this.” Jace said, clenching his fist.

“It was a dream, Jace. I don’t even know if it’s real.” Alec said softly.

“You should have told us, Alec.” Izzy said gently, laying a hand on her brothers. Tears had smudged her make-up. Tears of heartache and betrayal. Not at her brother, but at her mother. Her mother wants her dead. Wants her brother and his children dead.

“She’s right Alec. You should have told us this.” Clary said, gripping Alec’s other hand.

“Alec’s right. We don’t know if this is real yet. It was a dream. A nightmare. We have to look at this with calm heads.” Simon said, the voice of reason.

“If these are warnings, sent by the Angel, Simon, we can’t ignore it. If there’s a chance that this is actually going to happen, we have to stop it. We know who’s a threat now. We know who’s after Alec. We know who’s after us.” Clary said.

“Simon is right.” Magnus said, softly rubbing Alec’s back. He knew how hard explaining this was for his Shadowhunter. He knew that his family would take it hard and would want to act. “We can’t just go out and murder four people over a dream. We don’t know for a fact that what Alexander has been dreaming is real yet.”

“And you want to risk it? He’s your mate. And those babies. Those babies are your children.” Jace shot back, anger and disbelief coursing through him.

“No, I don’t.” He said. “And I don’t intend to. None of you will leave the perimeters of this estate without having a magic shield around you, including Alexander. No harm will come to him. Or any of you. And once I claim him, he will be immortal, just like the rest of you.”
“Speaking of which, is the potion ready Magnus?” Izzy asked.

“It is.”

“Well where is it?” Jace asked, obviously still angry.

Magnus snapped his fingers, four vials appearing on the kitchen table in a rack.

“Who wants to go first?” He asked.

“I will.” Simon said. “If this doesn’t work, I’m the least important.”

“That’s not true!” Izzy said, grabbing her mate’s hand. “You are just as important as everyone else on this team. In this family.”

“In this family, sure. But on the team? Not so much. Sure, I’m a good fighter. But out of all of us, I’m the least important. Alec is The Archer for a reason. Clary is The Rune Master for a reason. You are The Weapons Master for a reason. Jace is The Sword Master for a reason. I’m just…me.”

“And you are important.” Alec said. “Just as important as everyone else. Don’t you dare think otherwise.” He said, his temper rising. “You are my sister’s mate. My best friend. And the best there is in hand to hand…”

“But I don’t have a special skill.” Simon said, cutting him off. “I don’t have a gift from the Angel like Clary does. I don’t have your gift with the bow, or Jace’s gift with swords, or Izzy’s gift with forging weapons. And I’m not a warlock.”

“Simon Edward Lewis, you stop right there!” Alec commanded. They all cringed back at his tone, even his alpha. “You will not sit there and say that you are less or are less valuable than anyone else in this room. You are a part of this team, this family, and you are just as important as everyone else. And you do have a gift. You are a warrior. A fierce warrior. You are our warrior. The Warrior. You may not realize it, for whatever stupid reason, but you are a gift yourself. To all of us. And I will not sit here and listen to you degrade yourself anymore. So stop it. Or by the
Angel, I will make you stop it.”

They all sat there, shocked. Not at Alec’s words, but at the command and the passion behind them.

Simon didn’t know what to say.

“Alec, I…” He started.

“Unless you’re going to apologize for what you just said, for being stupid enough to even think the words you just spoke, I don’t want to hear it. And neither does anyone else.”

Izzy reached out, smacking her mate across the back of the head, hard.

“Owe! What was that for?”

“For even thinking anything other than what my brother just said, you jerk.” She said, tears in her eyes.

Before anyone could react Jace reached out, grabbing a vial from the rack and downing the contents. He grimaced at the taste.

“By the Angel, Alec. Your blood tastes horrible. Magnus, could you not have added a little flavor?” He asked.

They all sat there, gaping at him.

“What? Somebody had to do it.” He said with a shrug.

“How do you feel?” Magnus asked, his heart racing. He didn’t know if this would work, but he had done his best. If it did…he couldn’t think about the potential consequences now.
“The same. A little queasy, but I think that’s just from the taste.”

“How do we test it?” Clary asked.

“There’s only one way.” Magnus said, opening a kitchen drawer and pulling out a knife. “Let me see your hand, Jace.”

“What are you going to do?” Clary asked, alarmed.

“Relax, biscuit. I only need to cut his finger.” He said, laying a calming hand on her shoulder as he rounded the table to Jace. “I need your hand.” He said to Jace.

Jace looked around the room, looked at the people he loved, the people he knew loved him, and without question held out his hand to his brother’s warlock.

Taking Jace’s hand firmly in his, Magnus pressed the tip of the knife into Jace’s index finger. They all watched as a drop of blood formed on his fingertip. And they watched as the small cut healed over in seconds.

Magnus’ heart started beating again. It had stopped the instant he had pricked Jace’s finger. He knew that if this didn’t work, he had failed them. He had failed them all.

The room let out a collective breath.

“It worked.” Jace said, awed. “It actually worked.”

“You know this can’t be undone, right Jace?” Alec asked, dread sitting solid in his belly.

This was his family. He had wanted to give them the choice to join him in immortality, because they wanted to be there with him. Not because they felt that they had to. And he still wasn’t sure. He had to ask.

“Why did you choose this? Please don’t lie to me. I need the truth.”
Jace stared at his brother, looking at him like he had lost his mind.

“Do you really think that I would want to spend the rest of my life knowing that my big brother’s heart would be broken as one by one he watched his family grow old and die? Or that I wouldn’t want to spend an eternity with the woman that I love? That I wouldn’t want to watch my children grow up, and their children. Or as many generations of Herondale-Morgenstern’s there are to come?”

Alec sighed, relieved. His brother had chosen this for the reasons he had wanted. Not the reason that he had feared he would.

“Here’s to that.” Clary said, snatching up a vial and downing the contents. She grimaced at the taste. “By the Angel, Magnus. You weren’t kidding about the taste, Jace. That stuff is gagging.”

“Sorry, biscuit. Taste really wasn’t my main concern.” Magnus said, deadpan.

Izzy and Simon each lifted a vial from the rack.

“Here’s to all the Lewis-Lightwood’s to come.” Simon said, raising his vial to toast his alpha.

“I’ll drink to that.” She said, raising her own. As one they downed the contents, both grimacing at the taste.

“It tastes bad. I don’t want to hear it.” Magnus said before they could start. “Congratulations. You are now the first immortal nephilims to ever be.” ‘The first and the last’ he thought. He had already destroyed his notes. And only he and his Alexander knew the formula and ingredients for the potion. ‘I can never let this fall into the wrong hands. I’ll have to find a way. To make us forget’.

Alec hoped that what his alpha had said was right. He hoped that this would change things, change the dream. He prayed silently to the Angel that this would change things.

“I would like for Alexander to rest today. To say that he had a rough night is a gross understatement. In the morning I ask that everyone be ready to go, in your gear and with whatever
“Why, Magnus? Where are we going?” Clary asked.

“To see Robert.”

“What! Why?” Izzy exclaimed, rising from her seat.

“Because I need to.” Alec said calmly.

One look at her brother and she knew that for whatever reason, he needed this. So she wouldn’t fight it.

“Okay.” She said, her eyes softening as she squeezed his hand. “You are our leader. Our commander. If you say you need to see our father, then we go see our father.”

The team, his team, his family stood beside him in the ‘yard’. They looked ready. He was ready. He woke up that morning feeling rejuvenated. His alpha had made him stay in bed the day before, giving him doses of a potion he had put together, a combination of the healing potion he had used at the loft, and the dream suppression potion. Each time he woke up his warlock had forced him to eat, then sleep again. Whenever he had surfaced during the night between doses, his alpha had eased him back into sleep.

Between his warlock’s potion and his own nephilim blood, he had once again recovered. A few hours ago, when he woke up, he woke up feeling like himself again. He felt like he was the leader that he used to be, the leader that his team trusted, the commander that his team relied, the strong, capable Shadowhunter that they all had unquestionable faith in.

He felt like Alexander Lightwood, the Shadowhunter. Leader and commander of the best team the Shadow World had ever seen. He could face anything. He would face anything. He was a Shadowhunter. And he would face his father.
“Are we ready guys and girls?” Magnus asked, standing beside his Shadowhunter.

“Yes.” Alec said.

“Form a line and hold hands. Whatever you do, don’t let go.” He said, turning, swirling his arms to open a portal.

Izzy gripped her brother’s hand. He turned, looking at her. She just smiled at him.

“Alexander, take my hand.” Magnus said, a fully opened portal in from of him. Alec didn’t hesitate to take the hand his alpha extended to him.

“Here we go.” He said as he stepped through the portal.

Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a vote.
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Robert Lightwood stood, watching a portal open before him. He knew who was coming, and his belly was filled dread. He feared what was coming. He was a skilled Shadowhunter. Shadowhunters weren’t supposed to fear anything. But he was afraid.

He had faced a great many things in his life, things that would fill most anyone with fear. But at this moment, he was filled with fear. Fear gripped him hard, choking him. He felt it in every fiber of his being. He truly was afraid. Afraid of facing his children.

He watched as the most powerful warlock in the world stepped through the open portal. Then his precious boy, the best warrior the Shadow World had ever seen, followed by his beautiful baby girl, his princess, the best master at arms he had ever known. One by one his sons team stepped through the portal, his adopted son, the one he had taken in and raised as his own and grown to love, bringing up the rear.

“By the Angel, Robert. They’re absolutely stunning.” Izabella gasped, taking in her grandchildren for the first time.

“I know.” He breathed, relief coursing through him. His beautiful boy was alive and well.

He had received word that his Alexander was safe, but seeing him, seeing it for the first time finally put his heart and mind at ease. For the first time in weeks he felt like he could breathe.

His two breathtaking angels stood before him, the two angels that he worshiped more than Raziel himself. But they didn’t know that. They had never known that.

Alec stood, facing his father, eye to eye. His team stood beside him, his alpha on his left, his sister on his right. He knew his expression was stoic. He was a Shadowhunter. Shadowhunters were trained to show no emotion.

“Alexander.” Robert said, fear nearly stealing his voice.
“Dad.” Alec said.

‘Dad’ Robert heard. Not ‘father’. His children hadn’t called him ‘dad’ in years. Before he could stop himself, he reached out, pulling his son into his arms, wrapping his arms tight around him, something he hadn’t done in more years than he cared to count.

Alec didn’t resist when his father pulled him into the tight embrace. For some reason that he didn’t understand, he didn’t want to.

“I am so sorry.” He whispered in Alec’s ear, tears welling in his eyes. “I am so, so sorry for everything.” He said, somehow gripping his son tighter in his arms.

Alec was unsure if he should return his father’s embrace. He couldn’t remember his father ever hugging him. But he knew that he needed to breathe. His father was crushing his lungs.

“Dad, I need to breathe.”

Robert let go in an instant.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

“Which time?” Izzy asked as Alec drew in a deep breath.

Robert turned, reaching out to his daughter. Before he could blink she threw out a right hook, effectively shattering his jaw.

“You have a hell of a lot of explaining to do, dad.”

“By the Angel, Iz.” Alec sighed, watching his father spit the blood from his mouth. He had heard the bones crunch. They all had. In less than a second his stele was in his hand. “Come here.” He said, pulling his father forward by his arm, quickly activating the iratze there. He watched as it lit up, listening to his father’s bones snap back into place and mend before it faded.
“I was kinda expecting that, I just wasn’t sure which one of you it was going to come from.” Robert said, carefully moving his now healed jaw. “I should have known it was going to be my little badass.”

Izzy was shocked at what her father had called her, ‘my little badass’, and the affection and amusement behind the words.

“You weren’t kidding, Robert. She really is a force of nature. Look at her mom, she’s just like you.” Gideon said from behind Robert.

Alec’s breath stopped short when his eyes finally settled on the man and the old woman standing behind his father, going wide. The man and woman he didn’t know from his dream. Images of their brutal murders flashed before his eyes.

“No.” He breathed.

“It’s alright, Alexander.” Magnus said softly, reaching for his Shadowhunters hand. Alec rounded on him.

“You knew. From the first time I told you, you knew!”

“Yes. I knew.”

“You didn’t tell me? Alec said, pain clear in his voice.

“Does someone want to tell me what in the Angel’s name is going on here?” Robert asked, instantly concerned. The distress in his son’s voice, something he hadn’t heard in a very long time, alarmed him.

“It’s a long story, Robert.” Magnus said, his eyes never leaving his omega. “We’ll get to that later. Right now, I think introductions are in order.” He said, looking his Shadowhunter in the eye. Crystal blue met chocolate brown. The message conveyed there said it all. ‘I’ll explain later’.
“Yes. Of course.” Robert said, unsure. “Mom, I’d like you to meet my son, Alexander.”

Alec took a deep breath, schooling his emotions before he turned to the woman that he now knew was his grandmother, the same woman that was going to die on her knees, beaten and bloody, in front of him, because of him.

He couldn’t deny that she was beautiful. She was what he imagined his sister would look like in sixty years, if she were ever going to age. Her long black hair looked as silky and smooth as his little sisters, with just a few wisps of gray. And her eyes, her eyes were the same crystal blue he saw in the mirror every day.

“Alexander. It’s a true pleasure. You have no idea how many times I have dreamt of this moment.” Izabella Lightwood said, honestly shining in her bright blue eyes. She took in her grandson in an instant, marveling at the perfection that was the once spitting image of her oldest son. Except for the eyes, the eyes that, in her world, meant the difference between life and death.

“One Alexander, this is my mother, Izabella. Your grandmother.”

This time it was Alec who threw the punch at his father, a punch fueled by rage.

Robert was expecting it when his oldest child took a swing at him and dodged, but for an instant he had forgotten who it was that was taking the swing. While the punch missed its mark, his son hadn’t. He wasn’t expecting it when Alec gripped his arm, twisted it, kicking his knees out from under him, and fluidly flipping him quickly and efficiently over in just a few quick moves, landing him hard on his back at his son’s feet.

“By the Angel, Alec.” Izzy mocked, smirking at her big brother. Robert could only groan at their feet.

“Robert!” Izabella cried, dropping to her son’s side, anger burning brightly in her crystal blue eyes. The man standing behind them just laughed.

“It’s alright, mom. I’m alright. Just a little winded. That, I wasn’t expecting, but I should have known I’d get more than a right hook from my warrior. He’s the best in the Shadow World for a reason.” Robert gasped as pain shot through him.
“By the Angel, Robert! What did you do to these children?” Gideon asked between peals of laughter.

“Too much and not enough, I’m afraid.” Jace said, extending a hand to help his adopted father up. “I think that’s going to need more than an irazte, though. Magnus, care to lend a hand?” He asked, helping an unsteady Robert to his feet.

“It’s not necessary, Magnus. I’ll be fine.”

“Are you sure, Robert?” Magnus asked, eyeing him.

“He’ll live, Magnus.” Gideon said, wiping tears of laughter from his eyes.

“Shut up you old wind-bag.” Robert wheezed.

“Robert? Are you sure your alright?” Izabella asked, her concern for her son obvious.

“Yes, momma. I’m sure. Now, now you’ve met Alexander. Most of the time, he’s his team’s teddy bear. Their best friend and first line of defense. The rest of the time? He’s the hardass commander that keeps them sharp and alive, teaching them the most stunning and complex moves you will ever see.

Now me, I’m the bastard that’s hurt him, more times than even Raziel himself can count, and in keeping you from him, from them, well…let’s just say I deserved that. And a whole lot more.”

“Finally, he’s honest about something.” Clary said, arms crossed across her chest, an eyebrow raised. She was as protective of her parabati and he was of her.

“And you would be?” Gideon asked, quickly taking the little blonde girls measure.

“Don’t underestimate her Gideon. That’s Clary, Alexander’s parabati. She may be small, but she’s as lethal as the rest of them. She could rip your heart out and cram it down your throat before
you ever knew it was gone, without breaking a nail.” Robert warned.

“Okay.” Gideon said, backing up, hands raised in surrender.

“Do I need to introduce you, Isabelle? Because if it means taking another beatdown I’m afraid it may have to wait.”

“Waiting eighteen years wasn’t long enough?” Izzy spat.

Robert sighed, defeated. This is what he had been dreading. This is what he had been afraid of. This is not how he had wanted this to go, but he knew it would be how it went, because his children hated him. And he deserved their hatred.

“I would have brought you here the moment you were born, if I could have.” He said, heartbreak clear in his voice. “If there had been any way, any at all, your life would have been completely different. You would have grown up feeling loved and cherished. The way you were supposed to.”

“Robert…” Izabella started.

“It’s alright, momma.” Robert said, cutting her off. “I knew before they got here what I was going to get. What I had coming. What I still have coming. They have every reason in this world to hate me. But for the sake of formalities I will finish introductions. Jace, the one who kindly helped me up, is my other son. Clary, you just met. And Simon, the one on the end with the ugly glasses is Isabelle’s mate and Alexander’s best friend. This team, this family, are without a doubt, five of the most remarkable people you will ever meet. Magnus…well, you already know Magnus.”

“About that.” Magnus said, looking at Alec. Crystal blue eyes met chocolate brown, a question between them. Alec gave a small nod, yes.

Before Magnus could speak Alec turned.

“You should know, Magnus is my mate. He’s my alpha.”
Robert sighed, closing his eyes. He didn’t know if he should feel overjoyed that his beautiful boy had found his mate, or terrified. He knew the law just as well as his son did, better actually. He knew that mating a downworlder was a death sentence. But then again, in the eyes of the Clave, so was being an omega.

“Are you happy?” Robert asked, voice barely a whisper.

“Yes.”

“Then I’m happy for you.” Robert said, his decision made. It was made for him by the love and pride he saw in his son’s eyes for his mate. “I truly am. Magnus is a great man. He’s done a lot of great things. Just like you, Alexander.” He said with a smile, realizing that he meant every word he had just said. ‘My son is happy, for the first time in his life’ he thought, ‘the law be damned, they will have their happiness’.

“Treat him right, Magnus. Do right by him. Show him how much you love him, every day. Tell him every chance you get. Because he is precious, and he will always bring you joy, he will always make you proud, and he will always make you smile, even when he doesn’t know it.”

‘He doesn’t know that he’s talking about himself’ Izabella thought, her heart breaking for her son while swelling with happiness for one of her dearest friends. She didn’t know her grandson yet, but she knew his alpha, her Uncle Mags, very well. And if she was right, together they could change the world.

Izzy felt tears welling in her eyes. Hearing her father’s words, hearing the passion and conviction behind them, she knew, her father didn’t hate her brother. And never had. Now, ‘now he has even more explaining to do’ she thought.

“I will, Robert. You have my word.” Magnus said, extending his hand.

Robert didn’t hesitate to take his son’s mate’s hand in his own, gripping it tightly. He didn’t think before he pulled Magnus into his arms, holding him tight.

“Take care of him.” He whispered in Magnus’ ear.

Magnus returned the embrace. This was the Robert he remembered. The sweet little boy he once
knew hadn’t turned into a monster, just into something he didn’t understand. But soon, he hoped he would.

“Always.”

Alec didn’t know what to think, watching his father hug his alpha. He didn’t understand. A war of emotions was raging inside him and had been since he had stepped through the portal and he had seen his father. He felt his sister’s hand slide into his, as one they squeezed the others tight. In that moment, both of the Lightwood children knew that they were seeing a side of a man they’d known their entire lives, that they had never seen before. And it rocked them both to the core.

“Yes. Me and your grandson. Does that make you uncomfortable, Izabella?” Magnus asked, leaning on the rail at her side.

She sighed, turning to look at him.

“No. It doesn’t. From everything that Robert has told me, Alexander is a wonderful, talented, loving, gifted person. And that he is sweet and caring and is incredibly protective and loyal to the ones that he loves. And you deserve someone like that. You deserve the world, Uncle Mags.

So no, it doesn’t make me uncomfortable. I want you to be happy. I’ve always wanted you to find someone. And you did. More than a mate, but a fated mate? That makes me happier than words can say.

But I do have to admit that it is a little...ironic that your mate would turn out to be a Lightwood. Of all people, a Lightwood. And it is a little weird that that Lightwood just happens to be my grandson.”

“Robert told you right. He is all of those things, Izabella. All of those things and more. I know you didn’t exactly get to see that upon your first meeting. But he is. You haven’t had a chance to see that side of him yet, but you will. That team, his team, his family, they mean everything to him, and he would lay down his life for anyone of them without a second thought.”
“I’m glad he’s all those things, Uncle Mags. But here’s the thing. He has a family, outside of his team.” She said, laying a hand on Magnus’ shoulder.

“True. But short of Robert, he didn’t know that until a few weeks ago. He’s spent his entire life believing that his father was the only Lightwood left. A father who hasn’t exactly treated him kindly.

Alexander…he’s hurt, Izabella. Robert has hurt him in so many ways. More than once. Isabelle was right when she said he has a lot of explaining to do. Alexander has a lot of open wounds, even if he doesn’t know it. And I think Robert is the only one that can in any way heal those wounds.”

“If he only knew, Uncle Mags. If he only knew everything that his father has done for him.”

“Well, he needs to know. And maybe now he can find out. You know, he was the one who asked to find Robert. I was going to bring them here regardless. But he was the one who wanted to find his father. Because he needs him.”

“Because he needs him? He’s always needed him, Uncle Mags.”

“He has. But he didn’t have him. Now, now he needs to have him.”

“This is the biggest space we have.” Izabella said, flipping on the light in a small council room. “This is where we have our monthly council meetings.”

“Council meetings?” Izzy asked, taking in the round table in the room, her Uncle pulling up an extra chair.

“We’ll get to that, princess.” Robert said, taking a seat.
“Don’t call me that. You lost the right to call me that a long time ago.”

Robert sighed, closing his eyes.

“Your right. I did. Maybe one day I’ll get that right back.”

“If everyone would please take a seat.” Izabella said, taking a seat between her boys, Robert on her left, Gideon on her right.

The team took seats across from the Lightwood’s they didn’t know, Magnus on Alec’s left, Izzy on the right.

“I know you have questions for me, all of you. Who would like to go first?” Robert asked.

“Alec?” Izzy asked.

He had a thousand’s questions racing through his mind. Thousands of questions and feelings that he didn’t know how to express or put into words. But he had wanted to see his father. He had asked for it. Had his alpha been right when he had told him that he would have to face his father one day, and that he would be ready? Because now, seeing his father, facing him, he wasn’t sure that he was ready. Not sure at all.

“Sweetheart?” Magnus asked when his Shadowhunter didn’t acknowledge his sister.

‘Where do I even start?’ Alec thought.

“Um…okay.” He sighed. “Your mother is an omega. Why in the Angel’s name did you hate me when I presented? Why have you hated me since? Treated me the way you have? Why have you always hated me?”

“I have never hated you Alexander. The day you presented; I should have come to you. I should have been there for you. I should have comforted you and supported you, but I didn’t. And I have hated myself for it every day since. I’m sure that you won’t believe me when I tell you this, but I have always loved you and couldn’t be more proud of you, of everything you’ve done, of
everything you’ve accomplished, and most of all, of who you are. And I know that I’ve never once shown you or told you that. Not to you or your sister. Not since you were very little. A time you don’t remember.

But there’s something I need you need to try and understand. You and Isabelle both. For a long time, I’ve been playing a part. A role in a charade that I have hated with every fiber of my being. Since the day my name was entered into the Clave records as the son of my grandmother, after I left here, I had to pretend to be someone else’s child. Someone I wasn’t. Don’t get me wrong, I loved my grandmother. She was the best. She was amazing. But she wasn’t my mother. And I had to hide the fact that she wasn’t. My brother and I both did.

I’ve known for a long time how the Clave feels about omegas. I’ve known since I was very young. As a child, when I first went to the Institute for my training, Gideon and I both had to pretend that our mother didn’t exist. A mother that we loved more than anything. A woman the Clave believed to be dead.

And as we grew older, we had to keep playing our parts. We had to hide who we really were, where we came from. And we hated it.

When I found out that a marriage was being arranged for me and your mother, it made me sick. I didn’t want it. I never wanted it. I already didn’t like her, much less love her, but there was nothing I could do. The Clave wanted strong alphas to marry and produce strong alpha children. As much as I hate to admit it, your mother was once a strong, respectable alpha. They thought we would be a perfect match.

But Gideon and I couldn’t stand the thought of our mother being here, alone. She had already lost her fated mate, and her children for nine years. So we formed a plan. We can get into the details of that later, but Gideon came back here, and I stayed.

I didn’t get to see my mother for a very long time. On the day that I married your mother, I thought that would be the last time that I would ever see my own. Before the ceremony I left the Institute and came here. The Institute thought my taking a walk was just prewedding jitters. All that mattered to them was that I was back in time for the ceremony.

After two years of trying, even though we had come to hate each other, your mother fell pregnant. That was what the Clave expected of us. I was elated, and terrified at the same time. I knew that I carried the omega gene and was petrified that my child would present as an omega. A child that I had planned to snatch away the day they were born. But we were in New York and I didn’t know how I would be able to make that happen.
And then I found out that your mother was carrying twins. I was so happy, but so very scared. You know how rare it is for non-omega parents to have twins.

I didn’t know at first that your mother really didn’t want to bare our children, she hated me that much. I didn’t know then that she was going out of her way to try lose you, to lose you both.

When I found out I was so, so angry. She was supposed to stop everything after her pregnancy was confirmed. Stop training. Stop going on patrols and missions. But she didn’t. She trained in secret and snuck out on patrols. I didn’t know that her friends were helping her. That’s how she got hurt and we almost lost you.

Before she had even recovered from the demon poisoning she had sustained from the injury she had gotten in the field, as The Head of the Institute, I confined her to the Institute. I gave strict orders. No one was to let her leave, under any circumstances. I had her friends transferred to other Institutes. I thought that would protect you. But she kept training, in secret, throughout her pregnancy. I didn’t find that out until later. Others knew, but no one told me. In the end, they were transferred too.

Anyway, the day I found out, the day I confronted her, was the day she went into early labor. Dr. Greymark knew within minutes that something was seriously wrong. He did an ultrasound, a mundane thing, and saw that your sister’s cord was wrapped around your neck. You weren’t getting any oxygen. He had you out in less than three minutes. I had never been so scared in my life. You were blue.

I thought you were gone. That I’d lost you. But I hadn’t. Dr. Stanly was able to resuscitate you while Dr. Greymark was delivering your sister. It broke my heart watching them put a little tube down your throat, to force air into your tiny lungs. You and Isabelle both.

Your mother had gone into labor early because of the choices she made, because of the things she had done while carrying you. You both came into this world very early, almost too early. Had you come even a week sooner, you wouldn’t have survived. But even then, they didn’t know if you would survive.

You were both so tiny. You were so tiny I could have held you in the palm of my hand. But I didn’t get to hold you. Not then. They put you both in these things called incubators, with little feeding tubes in your bellies, to give you formula so you could keep growing. The incubators were to protect you from germs and bacteria, so you wouldn’t get sick. I could only stick my hand in, wearing sterile gloves.
I still remember the day, weeks after you were born, Alexander, that you gripped my finger with your tiny little hand. It was just for a few seconds. But it gave me hope.

Your mother never came to see you. Not once. But I never left. I slept on a cot in the infirmary between the two of you while your mother ran the Institute in my stead.

Then one day Dr. Greymark said that you were strong enough that they could take the tubes out of your throats. That you could breathe on your own. He told me that if you gained just a little more weight, we could try to give you a bottle. And that if you could take it, then they could take the feeding tubes out. I was relieved to an extent, but not fully. There was still danger.

But you took the bottle easily. Before your sister. You had started out smaller, but you were somehow stronger. It took her a little while to catch up, but not much. It wasn’t long after that that I was able to hold you for the first time. You were two months old.

You were wrapped up in my arms when you opened your eyes for the first time, your beautiful blue eyes, and my worst fear was confirmed. I knew then what you would be. That you would be an omega, and I was terrified.

But I had to hide my fear. I couldn’t let anyone know.

When your sister opened her eyes, a few days later, I was relieved that she had my eyes. I wanted more than anything to just take you both. I would have if I could have, but you still weren’t as strong as you needed to be. Had I brought you here, you wouldn’t have survived. You still needed medical attention that wasn’t available here. Even you were both were finally strong enough I couldn’t get you out. I couldn’t find a way. The wards were too thick for a warlock to portal in, regardless of the alarms. And as The Head of the Institute, I couldn’t justify allowing a downworlder entrance, of any kind. Back then you needed Clave approval for that, just like you had to have Clave approval to have a portal opened in an Institute.

So I kept you there. For the first four years I spent as much time with the two of you as I could. I held you and loved on you both whenever possible. But I still had an Institute to run. During those four years was when I made my plan. I hated it, but I felt it had to be done. So shortly after you turned five, Alexander, I ordered Hodge to start training you in secret. I swore him to secrecy. He was hesitant, but he was a beta and couldn’t resist my alpha command. So he did as I asked. He started training you. You picked it up so quickly, and I was so proud.

When my mother asked me why, why I was doing what I was doing, I told her. I wanted to give you every advantage. I wanted to give you everything that I possibly could to prepare you, so
when the time came you would know how to defend and protect yourself from the Clave, if I wasn’t able to.

Every morning when I pulled you out of bed it broke my heart. I hated it. You were so young, and I wanted to just let you just be a little boy, like your sister was being a little girl. I could give her that. I couldn’t give that to you. That’s when I couldn’t be ‘daddy’ anymore. I hated that too.

At eight you were skilled enough that you could have taken down any Shadowhunter in the Institute. You were so strong. You’ve always been so strong. From the moment you gripped my finger in that incubator, I knew that you would be strong.

I’m still not sure why, but one day your sister showed up outside your door, early, when I woke you for your training with Hodge. She wouldn’t go back to bed like I asked. She put her foot down in a way I had never seen before. I knew that day that she would be strong too. I didn’t know that she would grow up to be the badass that she is, but I wasn’t surprised when that started coming out of her. Just as it didn’t surprise me when she presented as an alpha.

Anyway, after those first few days that she joined you in training, I opened your door and found four people waiting, not just your sister. Those four people are the ones that you formed into your team.

No one could separate you guys. Not anything or anyone who tried. And they tried, but you just kept saying ‘no’. You just kept doing the one thing that I never understood, and still don’t. You didn’t yield. Not to any command. From anyone, alpha or beta. When you were little, and didn’t yield to me, I thought it was just the Lightwood stubbornness in you.

In all honestly, no one understood it. You should have yielded, even as a child, like all the other children. But you didn’t. No one could figure out why. To this day, no one knows why. Then one day when you were nine, you gave a command in training, you said ‘stop’ and everyone yielded. Even Hodge felt the force of it. And you’ve commanded ever since.

As you grew older, your commands became stronger. Not only did you not yield to commands, you gave them. By ten even grown alphas couldn’t resist them.

Everyone knew you would be a strong leader. Everyone was sure that you were going to be a powerful alpha. And I questioned my original thoughts. The thought I had the day since the day you first opened your eyes. I started to believe that maybe, just maybe, we were all wrong. Me, momma, Gideon. I thought that having what we thought where the trademark omega blue eyes wasn’t an identifier of a Lightwood omega after all.
I hoped and prayed every day that that was the case. Then you presented, and I knew they had all been right. For some reason, I was actually shocked when you didn’t present as an alpha, like everyone at the Institute thought you would.

You had never yielded to anyone. And you were such a strong leader and commander. And had been for years. By the Angel, Alexander, you were leading patrols at fourteen with your team. You were commanding troops in The Dark War. You were leading in combat, and you excelled.

But you excelled at everything you did. You mastered every weapon. And your combat skills, they were beyond words. I knew that you had been sneaking out to take mundane martial arts classes, and that you had been incorporated what you had learned into your training, teaching your team. And even modifying them, creating your own moves. Your own style and techniques. It was stunning to watch. But you didn’t know I was watching; I didn’t let you know.

I made a lot of mistakes with you. And there is no apology that I can give that would cover them all. But my biggest mistake, was not coming to you when you presented, not being there when you needed me the most.

But I had to keep playing the part, keeping up the charade that I hated so much. I was so sure that someone would come for you, wards be damned. I was expecting it. I was praying for it. It was the way it was supposed to be. But no one came. And I don’t know why.

I wish I could take back every hurtful and hateful word I said, but I can’t. All I can do is say I’m sorry. I should have found a way, a way to get you out. I racked my brain for weeks but couldn’t think of anything.

I saw everyone turning on you. All your so-called friends. Shadowhunters that you had trained. I didn’t stop it. I did nothing to stop it. I didn’t even stop your mother. I know how badly she treated you. I was a coward, and I know it.

Then one day everyone woke up and you were gone. All of you were gone. The moment I set foot in your room after I had received word that you didn’t show up for training, and you never missed training, I knew why. The omega pheromones in your room were almost strong enough to knock me down.

At first, I thought you left with your team. I thought they were with you, looking after you. Until they came back. That’s when I started to panic. When I found out that you were out there alone. I
know that when an unmated omega goes into heat that it’s bad. Really bad. And I was so scared, because you were gone, and I had no idea how bad it would be.

I ordered a search. Every Shadowhunter in the Institute was to search for you. All patrols and missions were on hold. You were to be found, and brought back gently, unharmed. I ordered Dr. Greymark to prepare for your return. To get ready to do whatever he could to help you through your heat. He said that the best thing to do would be to keep you sedated, medicated for pain and kept as comfortable as possible until your heat passed.

You were to be protected. I wanted guards outside your door to keep you safe, but I wasn’t sure I could trust them. Then I realized that you wouldn’t need guards outside your door. Your team would keep you safe, at all costs. And they would be with you, watching over you, even when Dr. Greymark was tending to you.

After days of searching, and no one being able to find you, I was at my wits end. I couldn’t eat. I couldn’t sleep. All I could do was pray to the Angel that someone, anyone, would find you. Then I went to Magnus, begging him to find you. And I kept waiting. I waited while every Shadowhunter in the Institute kept searching, while Shadowhunters from other Institutes were out helping with the search. But all they found, the only trace of you, was your stele. And I gave it to your sister. I didn’t trust anyone else with the only link we had to you.

Just your team, because I knew they were searching the hardest. Then, I finally received a fire message from Magnus telling me that you were safe. That’s all it said. That you were safe. And I took my first real breath in days.

When your sister came to me, demanding that I pull your team from active duty, I knew she knew where you were. And that your team was with you. I granted her request without question. I didn’t ask where you were because I was afraid to know. I was afraid that if the Clave questioned me, they might find out your location. They’re not above using The Soul Sword to get answers, you know that.

If they asked, all I would be able to tell them was that I had received word that you were safe and that I thought your team was with you, but I had no idea where. I was thankful that they couldn’t find you when they tried to track you, and they tried every way they could think of.

While the official search for you has long since been called off, at my command, I know that they are still looking for you. I can only guess as to why, but I think we all already know. When I asked Jia about it, she just said that it was important that we find you, at all costs. But she wouldn’t tell me why.
That’s when I came here. And my mother told me what I had been dying to know. That you were safe, and that you were with Magnus. She told me that he was going to bring you here, she just didn’t know when. Then this morning she received his fire message saying that you were coming today. And here we are. Here you are. Safe and sound and whole.”

Alec didn’t know what to say. He didn’t know what to think. So many things were racing through his head. Questions, emotions. He couldn’t form a clear thought. His father had just told him so much, explained so much, but there was still so much he hadn’t. He didn’t know that he was trembling. All he knew what that his head was spinning, and his stomach was churning.

“Alexander, sweetheart.” Magnus said softly, squeezing his hand. He hadn’t realized his alpha had been holding it. “I think we need a few minutes.” He said to those surrounding them.

Clary was rocking in her seat. What she was feeling from her parabati, she couldn’t describe. There were no words for it. The only clear thought she had was that she was going to be sick.

“I think that’s a good idea.” Jace said, pulling Clary into his lap, wrapping his arms firmly around her. He gently tilted her head, placing her nose to his scent glands. “Breathe, baby.” He crooned.

“Come here, angel. It’s alright.” Magnus said, wrapping his arms around his Shadowhunter, pulling him as close as he could.

“I think I’m going to be sick. My head won’t stop spinning.” Alec whispered to his alpha.

“It’s okay. Everything’s going to be okay.” He said softly, lifting Alec’s chin, pressing his head to his shoulder, near his scent glands, following Jace’s lead. All he knew was that he needed to calm his angel down. Ease his Shadowhunters mind in some way, while fighting the demon in him back. “Breathe, love. Just breathe and let yourself relax.” He said softly. He pressed a firm hand to his omega’s flat belly, pushing soothing magic into his churning stomach, calming it.

Alec couldn’t help but take in his alpha’s soothing scent, his favorite scent. It was wrapping around him, through him, into him, making him feel safe and loved.

“This is so not over.” Izzy said, barely containing her rage. Her father’s words had rocked her to her core. She could only imagine what her brother was feeling, because she knew what she was feeling, and it pissed her off.
“Calm down, babe. Once everyone calms down, we can talk this through. Yes, your father has a lot of questions to answer, and he will. And if he doesn’t, well, then he’s in for a real ass kicking.” Simon said, the voice of reason, gently rubbing his alpha’s back.

Robert didn’t know what to think. He had thought that telling his son the truth, the full truth, would be a good thing. But seeing what it’s done to him, to his parabati, and his daughter’s anger, he wasn’t sure he had done the right thing.

“Mom?” He asked softly.

“It’s alright, Robert. They just need a little time to take it all in. You just threw a lot at them. Especially Alexander.” Izabella said, squeezing her son’s hand.

Alec sat in the soft green grass of the field that they had portalled onto, his head in his hands. The first eighteen years of his life was flashing before his eyes. From his very first memory, to his last day at the Institute. He remembered everything. The good, the bad, the happy and the sad. It was all there, running through his mind.

He remembered everything his father had ever said and done to him, some things he had long since forgotten, all of it now crystal clear in his mind. He remembered every hurtful word, every act, everything, right down to his father’s disapproving facial expressions.

He remembered his early mornings and days with Hodge, and everything Hodge had taught him. He remembered the day he had finally spilled his guts to his sister. Something that, if he hadn’t done, he would have lost his mind.

He remembered every moment that he had spent with his team. Every joke that was ever told, every funny and lighthearted moment, those moments that were his reprieve from everything else. His family was what had held him together, and he loved them for it, cherished them for it, and all that they were, for just for being who they are.

He remembered every moment in training, in the field. Every battle. He remembered every wound, his own and his teams. He remembered the first time he had gotten demon poisoning pushing Jace out of the way in combat. Because that’s what big brothers did. He also remembered, in perfect clarity, the moment he had ended his parabati’s father’s life in The Dark
His parabati. He remembered the first kind smile she had ever given him, and every one after. He remembered the day he had asked her to become his parabati. He had had a soul deep desire to protect her, she had been so small, yet so mighty. And he remembered her joy when she had said yes. She had been so excited both before, after, and during the parabati ceremony. And her joy gave him joy.

He remembered watching her fall in love with his brother, and his sister falling in love with the boy who had become his best friend. And his happiness for them. All wonderful, beautiful, precious memories that he would cherish forever.

But for every beautiful moment, for every beautiful memory, there were just as many horrible ones. Ones he wasn’t sure he was going to be able to get past, despite what he had seen in his dreams.

“Mind if I join you?” Magnus asked, pulling him from his thoughts.

Alec looked up at his alpha, taking in the beautiful face standing above him. He saw nothing but compassion and love in his warlock’s eyes. And understanding.

“I was hoping you would.”

Magnus smiled, sitting beside his Shadowhunter on the soft green grass.

“Everyone is out looking for you. When you didn’t come back, and Clary couldn’t feel you anymore, they started to worry.”

“Yeah, well…I thought I’d cut her a break. Just because my insides are ripped to pieces doesn’t mean hers should be.”

“You activated the intimacy rune?”

Alec nodded, yes.
“I’m honestly not sure which was worse for her, sweetheart. Feeling your pain, or suddenly feeling it stop. I think it scared her a bit.”

“I didn’t think about that.” Alec admitted, a little sheepish.

“I know. But she knew you were safe enough. She was able to feel that after a bit. I’m sorry I brought you here. I thought it would help, if you knew everything. Had I known what that everything would entail, I think I would have kept you away, just to save you the pain.”

“I’ve sat here, for I don’t know how long, Magnus, remembering. Everything. Eighteen years’ worth of everything. And there’s just one thing that, out of all of it, hurts more than all the rest.”

“What’s that, angel?”

“Everyone before me knew. Arabella knew that she may one day present as an omega. Bella knew that there was a chance, long before she presented. And so did my grandmother. My father and my uncle knew they there was a chance that they could present, since they were children. At some point, and I have no idea when, they put together the pieces. That all omega Lightwood’s had the ‘omega blue eyes’, an ‘indicator’, my father said. And for eighteen years, my father knew. ‘From the moment I opened my eyes’, he knew. And he never told me.

Every other Lightwood before me and Iz knew that there was a chance it could happen. They were able to prepare for it. Come to terms with it. But did we? No.

For eighteen years, my father knew that I was going to be an omega, and never said a word. Sure, he did everything he could to make me ready for the fallout of presenting as an omega. But never once did he do a damn thing to prepare me for it. He knew it was going to happen, and, unlike all the other Lightwood’s since the time of Gideon, I didn’t know. Until it happened.

You weren’t there that day, Magnus. It started out as a good day. A happy day. We had no training. We had spent the morning playing around a goofing off. Then the worst pain I had ever thought possible gripped me, ripped through me. It hurt so bad I couldn’t move, I couldn’t breathe. I had no idea what was happening.

My family, they were frantic. They didn’t know what was happening either. But he did. My father did. And did he come to me when I felt like my insides were being torn to pieces? No. He
just stood and watched.

When the medics came, I remember him sending them away, telling them that it would pass in a few minutes.

He stood there and watched, Magnus. He didn’t hold my hand. He didn’t tell me it would be okay. And when it finally was over, all he did was order me to my room. And my team, my family, they helped me there. And they stayed with me.

It wasn’t until later that day that I found out what had happened. It wasn’t until my mother came in and tore into me for being a filthy omega faggot. A disgrace to the Lightwood name.”

Magnus knew that his eyes were black, and that he was shaking with rage. A war was going on inside him. He wanted to do two things, just two things, so desperately. He wanted to claw the demon in him back and pull his sweet omega into his arms and comfort him. ‘Every time I start to think that Robert Lightwood isn’t a monster, he proves me wrong’ he thought.

“Magnus. Look at me.” Alec said softly, knowing his alpha was struggling. He knew very well what was happening, and all he cared about was helping him, his own pain forgotten.

Magnus shook his head, no. He couldn’t. He wouldn’t. He wouldn’t let his Shadowhunter see him like this for a second time. So he didn’t see it when his angel moved closer to him. But he felt it when he wrapped his arms around him, pulling him close. He felt it when his young warrior lifted his chin, laying his head on his shoulder.


Magnus couldn’t resist his omega’s soft voice, or his gentle caress on his cheek. He could never resist his angel, so he did as he asked. He took in a deep breath of his most favorite scent, fresh peaches, strawberries, and cream. He felt his omega’s beautiful scent wrap around him, through him, into him, calming him more and more with each breath he took, until the demon in him slid back, retreating on its own. Even the demon couldn’t resist his angel.

Robert watched in awe at what he was seeing. He had come looking for his precious boy, wanting to try and comfort him in some way. How? He had no idea. But he had known he had had to try. He hadn’t meant to hear his son talking to his alpha. He hadn’t meant to overhear his beautiful boy’s words, words that broke his heart even more than his own actions already had. But by the
Angel, he hadn’t expected to see this. His son, an omega, was scenting his alpha, calming him. Something he had never seen or heard of any omega ever being able to do before, and it was breathtaking.

“Just breathe.” His son whispered to his mate.

He knew he should turn around, walk away. He knew he was invading on a private moment, but he was frozen. Captivated by what he was seeing. His strong, brave, wonderful boy was doing something else, something else he shouldn’t be able to do, and he couldn’t look away.

“Robert.” Izabella whispered softly. “What’s happening?”

“I don’t know, momma.” Robert breathed.

They were standing far enough away to see, to hear, but not be seen or heard themselves.

“Come on, son. This isn’t meant for us. Alexander’s safe. We can go back now. Call off the search. Magnus will bring him back.”

“Will he?” Robert asked, a tear streaming down his cheek. After everything he had heard, he wasn’t sure. “I knew that I had hurt him, momma. I thought I understood how much. But I was wrong. So very wrong.”

“It’ll be alright, baby. Once he works through it all, he’ll come around. If he’s half the man you say he is, he’ll come around.” She said, laying a comforting hand on his shoulder. “Come on. Let’s head back.”

Robert nodded, yes. He couldn’t do anything more. There were no words to describe what he was feeling. The hatred and anger, the contempt he felt for himself. It was all consuming. So he did as his mother asked, he turned and walked away.
Magnus and Alec walked, hand in hand, towards the team. They were clustered outside the building that held the small council room.

“Alec! Thank the Angel.” Izzy cried when she saw her brother. In a flash she was across the span that separated them, her arms wrapped tight around him. “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine, Izzy-diz. I just needed to walk away for a while. Clear my head.”

“I’m mad at you.” Clary said when Izzy released him, as they came closer.

“That’s not what that rune is for.”

“I know, Clare-bear. But you needed a break. I was just trying to give you one.” Alec said as she launched herself into his arms, holding on for dear life.

“Just don’t do that again, okay?” She mumbled into his neck.

“One last time?”

“Promise?”

“Promise.” He said, gently setting his parabati on her feet. His eyes softened when he looked at her. Reaching up, he wiped her tears away with his thumbs.

“Please don’t do that again.” Simon said, pulling his best friend in for a hug. “This running off thing, it’s becoming a pain in the ass. That’s our jobs, not yours.”

Alec couldn’t help but smile. He knew what his best friend was referring to. He was always the one who dealt with them with they were being a pain in the ass, not the other way around.

“Sorry, Si. I’ll do my best to not be a pain in the ass. I know I’ve been one a lot lately.”
“No, bro. You haven’t. You’ve just gone through some rough shit. You’ve been dealing with ours for years. We owe you a little slack.” Jace said, pulling him into a hug himself once Simon let go.

“Okay, okay. Enough with the hugs already.” Alec laughed. His little brother was giving him a hug. He couldn’t remember that ever happening before.

“Are you ready to do this?” Izzy asked.

“No.” He said honestly. “But it has to be done. We came here for a reason. A reason I’m not sure I understand, but a reason none the less.”

“Maybe it’s best if we go back. Back to the Manor. I know you saw something, Alec. Only the Angel himself knows what. But maybe not being here, not involving these people, will change things.” Izzy said softly.

“Maybe. Maybe not, Iz. But he was there. And I need to know why.”

“Okay. If your sure. But anytime you want to bail, say the words and were gone.”

Alec smiled at his little sister. He knew what she was offering. Something they’d never done before. Everyone nodded in agreement.

“You know that’s not going to happen, Iz. Were Shadowhunters. We don’t bail. Ever.”

“This isn’t a demon, Alec.” Jace said.

“Isn’t it?” He asked. “Isn’t it a demon we all have to face? Not just me, but all of us. We need answers. I don’t think we can move forward with whatever it is we’re supposed to do, without them. But I do have one request. No one tells them anything. About anything. Until I’m sure that they are a part of this, and that they can be trusted…I just don’t want our secrets being out there. That includes you, Magnus.”

“Okay, love. You’re the leader here. What you say goes.”
“Are they back inside?”

“Yes.” Izzy said. “Their waiting for us.”

“Then I guess we had better go back in.”

Robert paced the length of the small council room. He knew his children were outside. His son and his team. What was keeping them, he didn’t know. But he feared he knew. He was afraid that they were deciding not to come back in. He was afraid that they would leave, and his son would disappear again. That he might never see him again.

“Robert, please sit down.” Izabella said calmly. She knew her son was worried, probably afraid, but she had faith in her grandson. Why? She wasn’t sure. She didn’t even know him.

Robert turned when the door opened, when his oldest child stepped into the room. He didn’t miss the way his team flanked him, the way they had always flanked him, standing by his side. He knew by the expressions they wore that for them, this was battle. And they weren’t going to back down. This team, out of every other Shadowhunter team he had ever seen, he knew would never back down. All he could do was brace himself, for he was about to face the strongest warriors he had ever known.

Following their commanders lead, they all took their seats at the table. Pulling his stele from his pocket Alec quickly activated the hidden rune on his shoulder. Clary looked at him, smiling. She knew what he was doing. Robert didn’t miss the fact that it was a new stele. Not the one he had sent with his daughter.

“Where did you get that?” He asked.

“Iz made it for me.”

“Why?” He asked, confused. His son should have his stele.
“Well get to that.” Alec said, mirroring his father earlier words.

Robert only nodded, taking a deep breath before he took his seat.

“Okay. I know that I threw a lot at you all, especially you Alexander. More than I probably should have at one time, and for that I’m sorry.”

“Yeah, we’ve been hearing a lot of those today.” Izzy said sarcastically.

He sighed. He knew his daughter was on the defensive, which wasn’t a good thing.

“I guess…I guess I just thought that if you knew, Alexander, that maybe you would understand. But now…now I know that I was wrong. I thought I was giving you the answers you needed. And some, I think I did. But I think that there’s a lot more you need. And a lot more that needs to be explained, so I give the floor to you. Ask me anything.”

Alec thought for a moment. His head wasn’t swirling with questions or emotions this time. Every thought, every question, was crystal clear. And he would ask them all. And the one’s he missed he knew his team wouldn’t.

Before he could open his mouth, a little girl came running into the room, the door slamming open so hard it hit the wall behind her.

“Daddy!” She cried, running straight to Gideon, leaping into his arms. “Daddy! There are monsters! Momma said to tell you there were monsters outside the village!”

“Where baby?” Gideon asked, no longer the patient uncle, but Gideon the Shadowhunter, on his feet in an instant, the little girl in his arms.

Alec knew they were all on their feet.

“Outside the village. To the east. The warriors have gone there, but she says there are too many.”
“It’s going to be okay, Madzie. Daddy promises. Go wait in the bunker with the others. We’ll take care of the monsters.” He said calmly, trying to soothe his daughter. She couldn’t have been more than five or six, and she was beautiful. She had the Lightwood raven hair, down to her waist, and the crystal blue omega eyes.

She looked around, her eyes going wide when she saw them. Her eyes locking on the tall one with the dark hair and blue eyes, like hers.

“Shadowhunters?” She asked, fear now shining in those beautiful blue eyes.


The little girl named Madzie nodded, yes, her eyes glued to Alec.

“Go. Go now!” Gideon commanded.

Unable to resist the alpha command she turned, running from the room when he sat her on her feet.

“How many Shadowhunters do you have here?” Alec asked, all business, quickly activating runes in time with his team.

“Just us, and a few of the older one’s like me.” Izabella said.

“And these warriors? Who are they?”

“One’s we’ve trained. There supposed to guard the village during a demon attack.” She said, activating runes of her own, as was Gideon and his father.
“Send out your older Shadowhunters. Bring your warriors back. Guard your village. We’ve got this.” He said, a ring of finality in his tone, a command they all cringed back from. “Magnus, get them to the village, and help find these warriors. Portal them back if you have to. Bring everyone back. But be safe.”

“You be careful, Alexander. You don’t know what’s out there, and you don’t have your bow.”

“My bow is a beneficial tool, not a necessity.” He said, pulling a seraph blade from his hip. “And I know what’s out there. Two raum and three shax.”

“How do you know that?”

“I just do. Now please do as I ask.”

“Okay.”

“We’re going with you.” Robert said, runes active.

“No. Your staying here. Guard the perimeter. Protect the village. If by some chance something slips through, it’s yours.” He said, tossing his father his blade as Clary activated his audio and night vision runes. Rune’s his father couldn’t see, carefully placed runes no one could see.

“I’m going with you.” Robert insisted.

“I don’t have time to argue! Your staying here.” Alec commanded, a command that forced his father to take a step back. Gideon and Izabella could only stare in shock. They both had stepped back at the command, an omega’s command. “Let’s go!” He commanded his team. “Izzy and Jace, you have the shax. Clary, you and Simon are with me. We’ve got the raums. Hit’em hard and fast. You know their weak spots.”

“Alexander, you don’t know where your going.” Magnus said, both awed and terrified at the same time. He had never seen his Shadowhunter like this. Or his new family.
“Madzie said east. I’ll get us there. Trust me.” He said, looking his warlock in the eye. Crystal blue locked on chocolate brown. Magnus saw everything he needed to know there. His Shadowhunter knew what he was doing.

“Okay. Go. Be safe.”

“Always.” He said before the team followed him out the door, runes active and weapons in hand.

Magnus, Robert, Gideon, and Izabella watched in awe as Alec and his team disappeared into the dark of night, moving faster than anyone he had ever seen. Robert had known his son was skilled. That he was the best. But for the first time in his life he was actually seeing it, seeing it firsthand. Just how good he was, as a leader, as a commander, as a Shadowhunter. And how his team followed him unquestioningly. Pure, unadulterated pride filled him.

“We have orders. Let’s get to it.” He said, leaping over the porch rail, unknowingly following his son’s command himself, unquestioningly.

They could hear the cries of the villages ‘warriors’ before they rounded the trees to see the fight. There were four in the grass, dead or wounded, they didn’t couldn’t tell. And they didn’t have time to check. Three more were battling five demons with metal swords.

Alec whipped a circular blade from his hip, one of Izzy’s, and threw it across the thirty-foot space that separated them from the demons and the three village warriors, taking off a shax demon’s poisonous tentacle before it could grab the unknown warrior around the chest.

They had sped through the fields and around the tiny houses from the council hall that had separated them from the demons that were raging in a small clearing. The team hadn’t needed directions, they had their senses. And their leader to follow.

Before the warrior Alec’s blade had saved could react Jace had him around the waist, tossing him
behind him as his seraph blade slashed out, taking off two more tentacles. Pulling a second seraph blade from his hip he plunged it through the demon’s grotesque mouth, twisted it, and yanked up, splitting its head in half. In was dead in less than four seconds. He hadn’t had to tell the warrior he’d just saved to fall back; he was already gone.

Izzy ran head on at the shax demon advancing in front of her, uncoiling her whip as she flew across the grass. In a beautiful double flip, she lashed out with her whip, twisting her wrist as she soared over the shax demon’s head, wrapping the once simple electrum whip around the demon’s throat. Yanking her whip, hard, as her feet touched the ground, the flexible razor lining she had added to her whip pulled the demons head off with that one simple move, a move her brother had taught her. Her seraph blade was in her hand before the ichor spewing head hit the ground at her feet, plunging the blade through its heart for good measure.

As one Jace and Izzy turned towards the third shax demon, nodding at each other over its head. With strong yet graceful movements they plunged their seraph blades into the demon’s chest, where their blades met and clashed, before they both yanked up, splitting the demon in two. Their blades shone brightly as they broke about above the demon’s limp form in a perfect glowing arch.

Alec didn’t have to look at his sister and brother, he had heard the lash of his sister’s whip as she had released it and heard their seraph blades sing as they hit each other. He could smell the ichor of the demons that lay on the ground a few yards from him.

He had vaulted Clary the ten feet over the raum demon seconds before his blade plunged into the demon’s belly, into its heart. But raum demons were strong and had two hearts. Pulling a seraph dagger from his thigh holster, which lit instantly, he slashed deep across what could only be called it’s ‘throat’ as Clary’s seraph blade plunged straight through the demon from behind, through its second heart.

Alec had heard Simon unsheathe is seraph blade and the whirl of the wind as one of Izzy’s blades flew from his hand. His audio rune let him hear it all, so he knew exactly where his team stood in combat. He heard the second raum demon ‘scream’ when it’s first heart was pierced. Whipping a silver knife from a different thigh holster he threw it, watching as it spun through the air, past his best friends head, and through the demons belly and second heart, coming out the other side and landing hard in a tree trunk three feet behind the dead demon. Simon frowned, turning to his best friend.

“I wanted that one.” He pouted.

“Sorry.” Alec said, a little sheepish. “Just trying to help. Tell you what, you get the next one all to yourself. Deal?”
“Deal.” Simon said with a happy smile.

They all knew that there were nephilim warriors watching from the tree line. They didn’t know that they stood there gaping, their mouths hanging open.

“What was that?” A dark-haired man whispered to another.

“I don’t know.” Another said, shaking his head.

Alec could hear them perfectly but knew that they were keeping their distance for some reason. What that reason might be, he didn’t know.

One of the four nephilim on the ground groaned as he tried to push himself up.

“Ladies, if you would kindly give the gentleman a hand. Gentleman, choose your man.” Alec said, walking towards the first fallen warrior. He reached down, gently lifting the unconscious man in his arms. He was relieved to hear that the man was still breathing, raggedly, but still breathing. He didn’t have to look at his team to know that the other three warriors were being tending to. He could hear the relieved sighs of his brother and best friend as they lifted the second two fallen warriors from the grass and knew that it was because they were both breathing.

“Can you walk?” Clary asked the wounded warrior gently. “We can carry you if you can’t. It’s okay.”

The wounded warrior could see the two beautiful girls through his blurry vision, and hear the smaller one’s sweet voice, but his head was pounding and spinning. He couldn’t form the words to answer her.

“I’ll take that as a ‘no’.” She said before reaching under him and sweeping him into her arms.

“I guess that leaves me gathering weapons.” Izzy pouted.
“Someone’s got to do it, Iz. We kinda got our hands full.” Alec said with a smirk.

Izzy bent, picking up their dropped weapons. They never bothered to pick them up during battle, not when it took precious time, and they always had plenty more.

“I’m not getting your dagger out of that tree.”

Alec chuckled at his little sister, walking back the way they had come. After quickly assessing the wounds on the fallen warriors and determining that none of them were even close to life threatening, he knew they could take their time on the walk back, as to not jostle them and cause them pain. The one in his arms was starting to groan as he came to.

Izabella paced behind Robert at the edge of the village, her son staring straight out into the dark. The warriors that had returned had told her that the ‘strangers’ had arrived and taken over.

“Relax, momma.” Robert said softly, knowing his mother could hear him.

“Relax? I’ve got nine men out there, Robert. Relaxing isn’t an option.” She snapped.

“And I’ve got five.” He said, turning to look at her. “They’ll be back soon.”

“How can you possibly know that?!?” She asked, exasperated.

“Because I know my son. At least, part of him.”

A witchlight shone faintly in the distance, coming around a rise of trees.

Izabella sighed as relief coursed through her. Within seconds she saw five forms approaching, with five more trailing behind. Her grandson had one of her men in his arms, as did his brother and friend. Her eyes went wide when she saw the tiny blonde one carrying one of her biggest men like
he was a doll and didn’t outweigh her by a good sixty pounds. The witchlight was in her granddaughters’ hand.

“How’d it go?” Robert called as the team got closer.

“Demons are dead. You’ve got four wounded and five that don’t seem to want to talk to us.” Jace said nonchalantly.

“That’s probably because they don’t know what to say.” Robert sighed. “Your covered in ichor.”

“And that’s generally how it works.” Alec said, as nonchalant as his brother. “Where do you take your wounded?” He asked Izabella.

She stood there, speechless. She was a Shadowhunter. She had trained as a Shadowhunter. She had been the best in her time. But seeing the five Shadowhunters walking towards her, she didn’t know what to say. They weren’t wounded. Their gear wasn’t torn or damaged. They were just dirty, covered in ichor. They were carrying four of her best warriors like they weighed nothing, and they weren’t so much as winded.

“Where do you take your wounded?” He asked again.

“There’s a medical building in the center of the village. Catarina is there now, waiting for you.” Magnus said, stepping out of the shadows. He had been watching for his Shadowhunter from the trees nearby. “Need some help?”

“Nah. We’ve got it.”

“Biscuit?” He asked, eyeing the large limp man in the small girls’ arms, knowing that an unconscious body is dead weight.

“I’m good. Could go for a diet coke though.” She said as she walked past, following her commander.

Magnus could only chuckle and shake his head.
“I’ll get right on that.” He said with a smirk.

“What happened?” Izabella asked the five nephilim warriors that had followed behind her grandson and his team, beaten and bruised.

“They came out of nowhere. One minute it was just us, the next they were there, flipping and flying through the air. And their weapons, Ms. Izabella. There unlike anything I’ve ever seen.” One warrior said, holding Alec’s dagger out to her.

It was a beautifully crafted silver blade with runes carved into the blade and hilt. Runes, that if a demon touched, would cause great pain.

“The tall one with the dark hair threw this. It went straight through the demon, Ms. Izabella, and stuck in a tree.”

Robert peered over her shoulder, eyeing the blade.

“That’s one of Isabelle’s. Alexander will want that back.” He said.

“Thank you, Nathan.” Izabella said to the one that had spoken.

“That little girl. She picked up Samuel like he was a ragdoll.” Another warrior spoke. “And the demons. They were dead in a minute. All of them. I’ve never seen anyone move that fast, Ms. Izabella. Or those moves.”

“And you never will again.” Robert said, trying to hide his smile. “Well, you’ll see them do it again. And that ‘little girl’, don’t underestimate her. She might be small, but she’s mighty.”

Magnus laughed. He hadn’t missed Robert’s smile. Or the pride he heard in his voice. He thought it odd that he wasn’t surprised by what he’d just seen and heard, from his angel, his parabati, or the warriors that the few warriors here had trained as best they could. But he had seen his family train. And had thought that they would be lethal in combat. Apparently, he had been right.
But Biscuit wanted a diet coke. ‘I guess I should go oblige her’ he thought. He couldn’t stop chuckling as he turned back towards town because he thought Isabelle would want one to.

Izabella could only shake her head, dumbfounded. Her son had told her that they were good, the best the Shadow World had ever seen, but this, this was far beyond what she had been expecting.

“What’s wrong, momma?” Robert asked, eyeing the expression on her face.

“I had thought you were exaggerating a bit, Robert. I thought, when they came, with the gear they had, that they would be good. Better than most. But five demon’s dead in a minute? How is that possible?” She asked.

“Because Alexander made that possible.” He said, not knowing what else he could say.

Shaking her head, she just turned, walking back to the village.

Clary rounded the corner of the council hall, looking for the others to clean up. She was covered in dirt and ichor after the battle. She stopped when she heard voices. Robert’s voice.

“Momma didn’t know what to say, Gideon. When they got back. I didn’t know what else to tell her.” Robert said.

“Well, seeing really is believing, I guess. I wish I could have seen it.”

“That’s the thing, she didn’t see it. She just heard about it. I’ve never seen them in the ‘field’. I’ve read countless field reports from other Shadowhunters, and Alexander. But I did see them in The Dark War, and they took my breath away. And when Alexander shot that arrow, everyone saw it. Shadowhunter and downworlder alike. It was like everything stopped. And it was beautiful, watching him.

But it was hard seeing face, after the arrow hit. The pain there. He had killed his parabati’s father,
and from I’ve heard, he truly thought it would hurt her. But it didn’t. Valentine was a monster, and she knew it.”

“I’ve heard a lot about the war, Robert. From the downworlders. They call him a hero. They say he saved them. I thought they were exaggerating. I guess I wrong.”

“I don’t know what to do about Alexander, Gideon. Hearing him talk to Magnus, hearing what he said, broke my heart. I knew I had messed up with him. I’ve known it for a long time, I just didn’t realize how badly I had messed up.” Robert said. “If only I had told the truth.”

“I know you made mistakes, Robert. All parent’s do. But cut yourself some slack.” Gideon said. “He’ll come around.”

“Cut yourself some slack” Clary thought, having heard their words. ‘He has no right to cut himself some slack.’ ‘I knew I had messed up with him.’

Robert’s words from earlier that day rang in her ears. ‘I’ve known for a long time.” ‘Damn right you messed up with him’ she thought, anger boiling in her belly.

She had held her tongue, for years, about the way her parabati had been treated by his parents. She had felt his pain, done whatever she could to try comfort him, even when he would let her. But now, in this moment, she couldn’t hold her tongue. She wouldn’t. ‘Robert Lightwood needs to know just how bad he has messed up’. She thought.

With the anger in her belly turning to rage she walked right up behind Robert Lightwood and his brother.

“Your right, sir.” She sneered, watching as they both spun around.

“Clary.” Robert said, surprised. “I thought you were with the others cleaning up.”

“I was headed that way when I overheard your conversation. You were right when you said you ‘messed up’. I can’t tell you how many times you ‘messed up’. I lost count years ago. I don’t know what you heard Alec say today, but I know what you can hear me say. For years I have felt his pain through our bond. Or at least a fraction of it. And before that, I could see it plain as day on his face, even when he thought he was hiding it.
You said today that you ‘mess ed up’ on his presentation day and that you ‘did nothing to stop it’ when the entire Institute turned on him. People he had thought were his friends. Shadowhunters that he had trained. For countless hours, day after day. And it cost him. More than you know.

You said that you ‘had no idea how bad it would be’ the day he left the Institute. Well I’ll tell you. It was his panic that woke me when he realized that he had gone into heat. Alec doesn’t panic. By the time I got to his room, he was gone. We tried searching for him, but we couldn’t find him. And we had to find him. I could feel his pain and fear, and it was horrible.

Every word that he had heard, everything that had been said to him, about him, was racing through his head. Your words. Your wife’s words. The words of every other Shadowhunter in the Institute. Over and over again, he was thinking about how disgusting he was. How repulsive. How worthless. The self-hatred and loathing he had for himself was beyond any description I can give you.

He was a wreck. He kept thinking about how embarrassed and ashamed you and Mayrse were when he presented. About how you wanted to send him away. About how ‘omegas are breeders, not warrior’s’.

Then, then it got worse. It was like his thoughts were on this horrible loop, running over and over in his head. All he could think about was how disgusting he was, how repulsive. He felt worthless. You helped make him feel worthless!

He hated himself! Because he was ‘just a filthy omega whore, only good for breeding’ that ‘he never should have been born’. ‘He was a disgrace to his family and to the Shadow World. He didn’t deserve to be a nephilim. He was unworthy of the angel blood running through his veins. He was just a weak, disgusting faggot, another slight to the mighty Lightwood name.

He couldn’t stop thinking about how ‘you no longer wanted him as your son, how you were ashamed of him’. And you know what the worst one was? The worst thought he had? Was that he should just end it. That he didn’t deserve to live.”

Robert thought he was going to be sick. His stomach was in knots and churning at the same time. He couldn’t breathe, not after hearing her words. His heart was stuttering in his chest. His head was spinning, the world tilting.

“Clary…” He started.
“I’m not done!” She shouted, cutting him off. “We were frantic. Our leader, our commander, our brother, was in agony. The gut-wrenching pain of being in heat and being unmated was excruciating. His pain almost brought me to my knees. Add that to what he was thinking, what do you think would come next? Hmm? What do you think would come next?!” She screamed.

“So we went to Magnus. Begged him for help. At first, he didn’t want to help us. He had no interest in helping find a missing Shadowhunter. Not until he found out who Alec was. And the was an omega. So he tracked him. In a matter of minutes, he knew exactly where Alec was. And he went him. Do you know where he found him? Standing on the ledge of the Brooklyn Bridge. Ready to jump.

Magnus tried talking to him. Tried to talk him down. But that wasn’t enough. So your son took that final step off the ledge. And you know what? You should be on your knees at Magnus’ feet, because it was his magic that pulled Alec back!

Magnus brought Alec back to his loft. He was unconscious. We didn’t find out until later that if the fall hadn’t killed him, we would have died within an hour anyway. He was critically hypothermic, and his body was in shock. I don’t know if you remember or not, but it rained that day. And it was cold. Alec had been out in it for hours, wearing nothing more than a sweater and jeans. It was only by the grace of the Angel, and Magnus, that he’s still here.

You sat in there today, in front of him, and told him how scared you had been. How worried you were when he was missing. How you couldn’t eat or sleep for days. And how you had regretted everything you had ever done and said that hurt him. That no apology would cover it all.

How do you think that made him feel? After a lifetime of being mistreated by you, by your wife, the two people who were supposed to love him unconditionally, how do you think that made him feel? Better? Because guess what? It didn’t.”

Robert closed his eyes, Clary’s words running rampant through his head. His son had tried to kill himself, and he was to blame. He had caused his precious boy more pain than he had ever even imagined. In that moment he wanted to die. It wasn’t his Alexander who didn’t deserve to live. It was him. He was the disgrace. He was the one that was weak. He was the one that was disgusting. He was the one that was an embarrassment to his family. The one that had said and done the worst possible things to his child.

He didn’t know that he was sobbing. Or that his little brother was holding him in his arms. But he did hear Clary’s words.
“Cry all you want, sir. But you will never get an ounce of pity from me.” Having said her piece, Clary turned and walked away.

“Robert. Robert, you have to breathe. Take a breath. Please.” Gideon begged, terror gripping him.

He was too busy holding his brother in his arms to see Clary walk away, but he could still hear her words. He knew his brother’s heart had just shattered, and he didn’t know how to help him.

“How is he, Magnus?” Izabella asked, anxiously waiting outside her little blue cottage.

“He’s going to be fine. I’ve sedated him, so he’ll sleep until morning. It looks like Alexander isn’t the only one who has things to work through now.” Magnus said, closing the door behind him.

“How could she? How could she say those things to him?” She cried.

“What things, Izabella? You mean the truth? The truth he needed to know? If he is ever going to have any kind of chance of fixing things with his son, he needed to hear her words.”

“Did she have to be so cruel?”

“Did he? Over the past few weeks I have learned a lot of things, Izabella. Things that made me want to hunt your son down and rip his heart out. Things that made me what to burn his Institute to the ground.
I’m sorry, Izabella. I really am. When they first came to me, and told me everything she just told him, I hated your son. For the monster that I thought he had become. Then, as more and more came to light, things you don’t yet know, I thought maybe, just maybe, I was wrong.

Then more things came to light. All things he’s going to have to either answer for or explain. We’re here because Alexander told me we needed to find his father. He told me that he needed him. He won’t tell me why. I can only guess by bits and pieces of what he has told me.

I’ve tended to your boy. He’ll be fine tonight. Now I need to go tend to my Alexander. Because after finding out what Clary did, I know he’s not fine.

And just so you know, Biscuit is not cruel. She doesn’t have a cruel bone in her body. But she is honest. And sometimes, honesty hurts.”

Izabella was shocked. She had never seen this side of her Uncle Mags before. He had always been so gentle, so kind.

“Don’t look at me like that, Izabella. There is so very much that you don’t know yet. I know that Robert is your son, and that you love him, unconditionally. And that you want to protect him as much as you can.

Alexander didn’t have Robert’s love, or protection. Now it’s my job to love Alexander, unconditionally. And to protect him as much as I can. I will do whatever I can for your son, because I love you, Izabella, and always have. But if it comes down to choosing between helping your Robert, or helping my Alexander, it will be my Alexander every time, hands down.”

‘How did this get so messed up?’ Izabella thought as she watched her Uncle Mags turn on her and walk out into the night. She knew he wasn’t going far. Just to his cottage across the village. To her grandson. The grandson she had been so desperate to know, the grandson that now, she didn’t know if she still wanted to know at all. Her son was hurting, and her Uncle Mags, for the first time in her life, had just walked away from her.

Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a vote.
A/N: Just a heads up to make reading easier, some of the more intimate parts of this chapter switch back and forth between Alec and Magnus’ perspectives.

Alec sat on Magnus’ bed in his little ‘cottage’, his head in his hands. A million thoughts were running through his head. He had long since stopped trying to pick them apart. He had been waiting, anxiously, for his alpha since he had left to tend to his father.

The door to the one roomed cottage opened and closed softly.

“Alexander?” Magnus asked.

Alec looked up, pulling himself from his racing thoughts. His breath stopped short when he took in the sight of his beautiful alpha. Sometimes just the sight of his warlock just took his breath away.

“Sweetheart, what’s wrong?” He asked, crossing the small room quickly to reach his Shadowhunter.

“You take my breath away. Did you know that?” Alec breathed.

Magnus smiled.
“I think you’ve told me that once or twice before.” He said, brushing a lock of raven hair out of his favorite crystal blue eyes. “You know what? I’ve been looking at the Lightwood crystal blue eyes for more than a hundred years and I’ve never seen any as beautiful as yours, Alexander.”

He smiled when Alec’s cheeks blushed.

“So how are you holding up, angel?” He asked, sitting beside his Lightwood on the soft bed.

“As good as can be expected, I guess.”

“And Biscuit? Are you still angry with her?”

“No.” Alec said softly. “It’s kind of hard to stay mad at someone when you can feel their guilt eating them up inside. For upsetting you, and for hurting someone else. I don’t blame her for not regretting what she said, and she doesn’t regret it. But she’s kicking herself pretty hard for how she went about it. She’s not a mean person, Magnus. She never has been.

She’s always shown my father respect, even when she didn’t think he deserved it. She’s one of those people that goes out of her way to be nice to everybody. She’s the kindest person I’ve ever known. And right now, she feels like she’s lost herself.

I tried talking to her. Telling her I wasn’t angry. That she shouldn’t beat herself up. Sure, I was a bit when I found out what she did, because I don’t want to hurt him either…” He trailed off.

“I get it, love. I do. Sometimes, on days like today, especially on days like today, when emotions are running high, people say and do things they don’t actually mean. They do things that they would normally never do. It happens.”

“She’ll apologize. Rather or not he’ll accept it, I don’t know. And she won’t apologize because of me, for my sake, but because of her. It’s how she’s made.”

“I know. That’s one of the things I love about her. And I don’t know if he’ll accept it either. Not out of malice or spite, but because he thinks he doesn’t deserve it.”
“I just don’t know what to do. He keeps saying over and over again that he’s sorry. But does he even really know what he’s sorry for?” Alec asked, dropping his head back into his hands.

“I think he’s starting to figure out that he doesn’t, sweetheart.” Magnus said softly, lifting Alec’s chin to meet his eyes. “He doesn’t know everything that there is to be sorry for. And I think it’s going to take a little time for him to find out everything he needs to know, so he can work through it, accept it, and then, maybe then, he will know what all that he needs to be apologizing for. Maybe then, you’ll be able to accept it when he does. Right now, he’s only seeing it from one side, his side. Not yours. But in trying, it’s a start.” He said, gently caressing Alec’s cheek.

“It is bad?…” Alec trailed off, unable to finish.

“Is what bad, angel?”

“Is it bad that I need you? That I need you tonight?” He asked, looking into his alpha’s beautiful brown eye, crystal blue meeting chocolate brown. Magnus smiled, his eyes softening.

“No, sweetheart. It’s not bad. It’s natural. We seek out comfort from the one’s we love when things are hard.”

“I do have questions. About Izabella and…Uncle Gideon. And this place.” Alec said. “But they can wait until tomorrow.” He said softly. “Will you take me to bed?”

“Yes, angel. I will. Close your eyes.”

Alec did as he was asked without question. Brushing another soft lock of hair out of his Shadowhunters eyes, he leaned in, pressing a soft kiss to his angel’s lips. Alec melted into the kiss.

“That’s better.” Magnus murmured when Alec relaxed.

Gently lifting Alec’s head, he pressed more soft kisses to his lips, one, two, three times, before he pressed his lips firmer to his loves.

Alec sighed, opening when his alpha softly licked his bottom lip, granting him entrance, his
warlock’s tongue sliding smoothly between his parted lips. Fireworks went off in his head when his alpha’s tongue softly brushed his.

Magnus marveled, as usual, at the taste of his sweet Shadowhunter, savoring it, and him. The kiss lingered, soft and gentle. His Alexander needed tenderness tonight. He needed him to be gentle, he needed comfort. That was what his Shadowhunter was seeking, even if he didn’t really know that was what he had been asking for when he had asked his simple question. A question he knew he had been unsure about asking.

Cupping his angel’s cheeks in his hands, he tilted his head, changing the angle of the kiss, intensifying it. He reveled in his Alexander’s soft moan as their tongue danced a slow, languorous dance.

Sliding his hands down, down the soft skin of his angel’s throat, down his shoulders and chest to his firm, muscular waist, he pulled him closer, as close to him as they could get.

He had never seen his Shadowhunter in his gear before today, and from the moment he had first laid eyes on him that morning, he had been stunned. He didn’t understand how, after eighteen years of looking as breathtaking as his young warrior did, how the other Shadowhunters at his horrid Institute hadn’t been clamoring at his angel’s feet. But he would always marvel at his beauty, in his grace, and all that made up his one true love.

Alec’s head spun when his alpha gently tilted his head and took the kiss deeper. The kiss was so soft, so sweet. His warlock’s hand sliding down his body sent a shiver down his spine. It always did. He had been missing these touches from his alpha. They hadn’t had a chance for this since the night they had left the loft. There had been too many horrible things going on, but he had still missed his warlock. His warlock always managed to take the pain away, leaving nothing but love behind.

Magnus wanted to peel his young warrior out of his tight gear, but that would have to wait for another time. He would just have to settle for laying his beautiful Shadowhunter back against the soft pillows, which he did, with pleasure. He knew it would take far too much time to deal with all the belts, buckles, holsters, and straps that his warrior used to carry the tools he needed to dispatch the ‘monsters’ little Madzie had been so afraid of, so he snapped his fingers, undressing his Shadowhunter in an instant.

“Not fair.” Alec breathed when the kiss broke, fighting to take a breath. His warlock always managed to steal the very air from his lungs.
“Sorry, love.” Magnus murmured between soft kisses to the sensitive skin of his Shadowhunters throat. “Too many complicated fastenings.”

Alec couldn’t help but smile. He knew what is alpha meant. It took a little time getting into his gear, and out of it.

“My turn.” He whispered softly, tugging on his warlock’s shirt.

With a small smile Magnus snapped his fingers again, undressing himself for his sweet omega. He sat back, gazing into his love’s eyes in the soft light.

“Better?”

“Much.” Alec said, taking in the beauty that was his warlock. “You tell me that I have the body of a god, alpha. But you, you have the beauty of an angel.” He said, reaching up to run his hands up Magnus’ sides, from hips to torso and back again, leaving beautiful pleasure coursing in their wake.

Magnus found his angel’s words ironic. He was about to make love to a real angel, and his angel thought he had the beauty of one. He did his best to fight back the demon in him, every day, but for his sweet angelic warrior to see him that way, it made his heart flutter in his chest. His Shadowhunter had the purest heart and soul he had ever known, something he had never expected to find in one his kind.

“Come here.” Alec asked softly, pulling Magnus towards him to claim his lips in a fierce kiss. It wasn’t demanding. There was no fight for dominance when their tongues met again. Just love. Just tenderness.

Magnus couldn’t help but run his hands over every part of his Shadowhunter that he could reach, wanting to feel the soft, smooth skin beneath his hands. He felt out the firm muscles, muscles he knew came from hard training and countless battles in the field. And the pleasure he took from it, and the kiss, left the most beautiful pleasure washing over him. He felt it, and all the love, in every part of him.

Alec hummed in the back of his throat at his alpha’s soft touches. The gentleness of his hands as they moved across his skin almost stole his breath, the pleasure he left behind coursing beneath his skin. He ached for his warlock. He wanted him, desperately.
Using his Shadowhunter strength, he lifted his alpha, settling him solidly on his hips, this time, trapping him between their hard dicks.

Magnus lost his breath when his angel lifted him easily, moving him gently and gracefully to where he wanted him. He looked deep into his angel’s eyes and saw the need there, the desire. Snapping his fingers, he handed Alec his stele.

Alec took his stele from his beautiful warlock, quickly passing it over his intimacy rune. He was sure his parabati was seeking her own comfort tonight, just as he was seeking his. Sometimes it was best that they didn’t feel everything the other felt. Tossing his stele aside he pulled his alpha back down to him, claiming his lips for another kiss, softer kiss than the last.

With pleasure coursing through them both, they just kissed, and touched the other gently, softly, exploring each other in a way they never had before. There was no rush, no magic induced intensity, just the two of them, lovingly exploring and touching the other. Fingertips roamed over soft skin, soft touches sending pleasure through them both.

When Magnus felt his beautiful Alexander’s fingers press firmly into his hips, he knew he was ready for more. Pulling back from the tender kisses, he moved to prepare him. He was surprised when his angel stopped him.

“No. Stay here. I’m ready.”

“Sweetheart, you’re not prepared.”

“Yes I am.”

Magnus looked at his angel closely, looking deeply into his beautiful eyes. Sparkling crystal blue met chocolate brown. Searching deeply into the eyes he loved so much, he saw the truth there. He saw everything that he needed to know. His angel said he was ready, and he was.

“Okay. But we’re going slow. No forcing it. Promise?”

“Promise.” Alec breathed when his warlock didn’t fight him, anticipation coursing through him.
Magnus snapped his fingers, thoroughly lubing them both. If his Alexander wouldn’t let him properly prepare him, then he would ease the way as much as possible.

“No magic, okay?” Alec asked. “Just us.”

Magnus couldn’t deny his angel this, not when he heard the plea in his lover’s voice. He wanted this time, another first time, to be just the two of them.

“Okay, sweetheart.”

Alec smiled, pulling his warlock down for another kiss. His alpha opened immediately for him when he licked his bottom lip, listening to his hum of pleasure when their tongue touched. Gently lifting his warlock’s hips, he lowered him to where he needed to be between his bent knees, his alpha’s thighs resting on his, taking the kiss deeper as he felt his warlock settle between his legs. His alpha was positioned perfectly.

His Shadowhunters strength never ceased to amaze him. He moved him so easily, like he weighed nothing. Every touch of his angel’s hands had pleasure coursing through him, and he knew his love was feeling the same, if not more, he was so sensitive to it. He prayed that it would always be this way. That they would never lose this, hoping more than anything that it would last for their forever.

“Remember, slowly. I don’t want to hurt you.”

“You won’t.” Alec said, a ring of confidence and trust in his voice.

“Don’t force it. Remember that.”

“I won’t. I’ll remember.”

Looking into his angel’s eyes he saw the honesty there and knew he could trust him with this. Planting his hands firmly on his Shadowhunters waist he lifted himself, his cock brushing softly across his young warrior’s entrance. Alec moaned softly.
The pleasure of his alpha’s cock brushing against him was exquisite. ‘Who knew that something so simple could bring so much pleasure?’ he thought. He loved his warlock’s magic in bed. It was beautiful and wonderful and amazing, but so was his alpha, and that was what he wanted. That was what he needed.

“Take a deep breath, love.” Magnus crooned softly.

Alec did as his alpha asked, feeling the head of his alpha’s dick slowly slide smoothly past his rim, into him. The stretch was magnificent.

“Breathe, sweetheart.” Magnus said, forcing the words out. The tightness of his Shadowhunter had stolen his breath. It was exquisite and he knew it would only get better the deeper he went.

Alec took another deep breath, reveling in the pleasure when his alpha pushed a little further into him. He wanted him to go faster, but he knew he wouldn’t. But he had made a promise that he wouldn’t force it, and he was going to keep it.

Magnus waited for his Shadowhunters tight channel to relax around him before he pushed another inch in, watching his angel’s breathing. When his breaths came and went smoothly, he pushed another inch in when he felt the muscles clamping down on him relax. ‘He was born for this’ he thought as an overwhelming pleasure gripped him.

Inch by inch he worked himself into his sweet omega, savoring every moment. It was a struggle to hold back, to not just plunge in when the pleasure was so, so exquisite. But he couldn’t do that. He wouldn’t. Because it would cause his angel pain.

Alec waited with bated breath, the most beautifully intense pleasure coursing through every fiber of his being, as his alpha slowly entered him, feeling the wonderful stretch, and the fullness. He knew the instant his warlock hit his prostate and it had him moaning. He didn’t that he had been moaning.

‘That’s it’ Magnus thought with a smile. He knew when his angel moaned louder that he had grazed his sweet spot. He didn’t have further to go before he was fully sheathed inside him.

“Deep breathe, sweetheart.”
Alec heard his alpha’s words and struggled to focus. The pleasure of his warlock entering him was making his head spin in the best possible way. Drawing a deep breath in he felt his alpha push himself that last little bit, filling him completely. ‘By the Angel, we’re meant for this’ he thought as he moaned out his pleasure.

Magnus’ moan mixed with Alec’s as he bottomed out inside his sweet angel. ‘Lilith, he was made just for me’ he thought. ‘We fit together perfectly.’

‘Alpha, move.” Alec pleaded, desperately needing his warlock to move inside him. The fullness and stretch of having his alpha in him was breathtaking, but he needed friction.

Slowly pulling back, just a few inches, Magnus easily slid back into his Shadowhunter. ‘He was right. He was ready’ he thought.

Alec moaned louder as his alpha gently thrust into him. In and out, in and out, each thrust just a little harder than the last, each movement brushing his prostate. He couldn’t help it when his fingers bit into his warlocks back beneath his firm grip.

“Faster.” He breathed.

Those were the words Magnus’ had been waiting to hear, needing to hear. His angel needed more, and he would give it to him. With the breathtaking pleasure coursing through every fiber of his being he honored his love’s request. He pulled back, almost out, before pushing firmly back in. His angel’s cry of pleasure was music to his ears. Picking up his pace he thrust harder and faster into his young warrior, using his moans and panting breaths as a guide as he pounded into him.

Alec couldn’t help but cry out his pleasure as his alpha pounded harder into him, the pressure against his was prostate exquisite. The intensity of it all was consuming. He thought he had had pleasure before, and he had, but not like this. He knew then that sometimes, he would need just this. Just his alpha. In that moment he hoped that their children would be made this way.

The friction on his dick, pressed between their sweaty body’s, was perfection. With each beautiful thrust the pleasure increased. But he needed more. Quickly wrapping his legs around his alpha’s waist he rolled with his hips and smoothly flipped him.

“Angel, stop!” Magnus commanded, grabbing Alec’s hips before he could plunge down on him.
Alec stilled immediately at the command, gazing down into his alpha lust blown eyes.

“Take it slowly. Let yourself adjust.” He said softly.

Alec nodded, going at his alpha’s pace as he guided him slowly down onto his cock. Alec relished the exquisite feeling of fullness and the beautiful stretch as that last little bit of his alpha settled inside him. ‘We fit together perfectly’ he thought. ‘He was made just for me’.

“Now you can move.” Magnus breathed when he felt his angel relax around him, his pleasure stealing the air from his lungs.

With his hands firmly on his omega’s hips he helped guide him as he slowly rose up off of him and as he came back down. Alec sighed out his pleasure, the brush against his prostate had been beautiful.

“Take your time. There’s now rush. Let yourself adjust.”

Alec nodded, yes, as he rose up off his alpha again, coming back down gently, coming to rest solidly on his alpha’s hips. He rose up and came back down, again and again, rising and falling a little faster each time, his warlock guiding his movements.

They were both moaning and panting as Alec rode his warlock’s cock, the most beautiful pleasure coursing through them both.

“Lean forward, love.” Magnus breathed.

Alec did as his alpha asked without question. He knew he was still learning and trusted his Magnus to teach him. He cried out when he rose up and came back down again, the new angle perfect as is alpha’s cock sawed harder against his sweet spot.

“That’s it, angel. Just like that.” He said, solely focused on his Shadowhunter now. His angel rising up and down on his cock, taking him, was perfect, but he needed to guide his sweet warrior. He still had so much to learn about giving and receiving pleasure without hurting himself.
On the next rise and fall Alec circled his hips, making them both moan, so he did it again and again.

“Can I go faster?” Alec panted out between his cries of pleasure.

“Yes, sweetheart.”

That was all Alec needed to hear. Planting his arms firmly at his alpha’s sides, he leaned further forward, applying greater pressure on his cock as rose faster off his warlock’s, changing the angle and gasping as his alpha’s hips came up to meet his, slamming into him as he came back down. Together they met, thrust for magnificent thrust, pleasure overtaking them both. The faster Alec rose and fell, the harder Magnus’ hips thrust up, meeting him. The friction on his dick was amazing, the colliding sensations of his alpha hitting his prostate and the friction on his dick was stealing more and more of his breath.

Alec was so lost in pleasure that he didn’t notice his climax coming until it was almost too late.

“Alpha…” He panted, seconds before he came between them, covering them both with his thick, warm, cum as he saw stars. But he couldn’t stop. He couldn’t stop riding his alpha. The movements had become instinctual, and he wanted his warlock to cum with him.

Meeting his angel’s hips again, Magnus felt his balls draw up and start to tingle. His warrior was still riding him, even after he came, something that amazed him. Crying out the most beautiful sound he had ever heard when his love had found his release was enough to push him over the edge after two hard thrusts up into his warrior. He erupted in his sweet omega, filling him as he saw the most beautiful stars, something that had never happened before.

He felt his Shadowhunter panting on his chest as he came down. His sweet omega must have given out after he had come down from the high of great sex. The weight of his angel resting on his chest, panting to catch his breath, was a lovely feeling that he could get used to. ‘I hope our children are made this way’ he thought as his mind started to focus and his vision clear.


“I’m perfect, angel. Thank you.” He panted out, unknowingly wrapping his arms around his Shadowhunters waist, holding him close. “Are you?”
“Mm-hmm.” He mumbled sleepily.

Magnus couldn’t help but smile. His angel was always sleepy after they made love. Snapping his fingers he changed the linens.

“Hold still, sweetheart.”

Gently turning his hips he rolled Alec over, guiding his head gently onto a pillow before raising his hips, easing himself carefully out of his Shadowhunter. With a finger snap they were both clean and dressed in their soft comfy clothes. Lifting the soft satin sheet he had put on the bed he tucked it around Alec’s waist, watching his angel’s eyes flutter as he drifted towards sleep. Leaning down he pressed a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead.

“Sleep now, love.” He whispered softly, stroking Alec’s cheek as his eyes fluttered closed, waiting for his favorite sound. Within seconds he got what he was waiting for, his Shadowhunters soft little snores that told him he was asleep.

A racking cough woke Alec up. He hadn’t slept much, but the pain in his chest and the cough had finally pulled him out of his miserable sleep. He felt the tightness in his chest and knew that he was wheezing. Pushing himself up, which was hard, he wasn’t surprised to see the blood on his hand where he had coughed. It had been that way for three days. Wiping it on his twisted-up blanket he grabbed his stele off the table beside his bed, activating his iratze. He had been doing that a lot lately, too. The tightness in his chest eased a little, but not much. It still hurt to breathe, and he still felt weak, but he had to push through it. Looking at the clock he saw that he was already running late. He wouldn’t have time for breakfast, which was fine. He wasn’t hungry. But he would make it to training.

He knew his team would argue with him. They had been for a weak. They didn’t want him to train, but he had to. They didn’t understand that. He was supposed to train, every day, no matter what. That’s what his father always told him. ‘No matter what. It’s important.’

His entire body ached when he climbed out of bed, but he ignored it. He always ignored it when he was hurt or sick. He dressed quickly; he was short on time. He would be in trouble if he was late. His father was in Idris, but if he was late and his mother found out he would be in big trouble. He
rushed to put on his clothes and shoes to get out the door. That was the last thing he remembered before it was too late.

He was choking. That was Alec’s first thought as he bit down on the tree that was gagging him. He wanted to rip it out, but he couldn’t. He couldn’t move. But he was choking.

“It’s alright, Alexander. It’s okay. Don’t bite down.” Robert said gently, softly stroking his son’s cheek.

He shifted in the chair at his son’s side, wishing he knew how to comfort him. He had been hoping that this wouldn’t happen. That his sweet Alexander wouldn’t start waking up. He’d been told that if he did, if he registered the tube in his throat, that he might start to panic. The rapid beep of the heart monitor beside his son’s bed told him that was exactly what was happening.

“It’s alright, son. Try and relax.” He soothed.

Alec felt his heart thundering in his chest, and the tree clogging his throat, but he heard his father’s soft words. He felt a firm grip squeeze his hand, but he still couldn’t move. His body felt tired and weak, like all of his strength had been drained from him.

“This should help him relax, sir. This sort of reaction isn’t uncommon.”

‘I know that voice” Alec thought as warmth rushed through him. It had always been comforting, whenever he heard it. It was Dr. Garroway. He felt his heart start to slow, the panic start to ebb away. But he couldn’t move and there was something choking him. Using all the strength he could find; he pushed his eyes open. His vision was blurry, but he could see. He could see his father beside him. And Dr. Garroway.

“Alexander. Can you hear me? Blink if you can hear me.” Dr. Garroway said.

He blinked as he bit down, hard.
“Don’t do that, son. You can’t bite down. It’s okay.” Robert soothed, squeezing his hand.

“I know your confused, Alec. Your very sick and you’re in the infirmary. There’s a tube in your throat to help you breathe. Try not to bite down on it. It’s going to be okay, but you need to relax. I know that’s hard.” Dr. Garroway said, his tone gentle, like it always was.

He was in the infirmary. That’s why he couldn’t move. He was pinned. His foggy mind registered that. But he couldn’t help it. He had to bite down, he had to get it out of his mouth. The tube was choking him.

“Alexander, relax. It’s okay.” His father said, gently brushing his hair out of his eyes. “I know your scared. That’s okay too. But you have to do what Dr. Garroway says.”

More warmth rushed through him and his vision blurred. He was confused. He didn’t understand. He knew he was in the infirmary. Dr. Garroway had said he was sick. ‘My dad is here. Why is my dad here? He’s in Idris’ he thought as the choking feeling went away.

“That’s better. He just needed a stronger dose, sir.” Dr. Garroway said.

“Thank you.”

Alec finally felt the warm hand holding his. ‘Is it my father’s hand?’ he wondered as he squeezed it. Moving his fingers was hard. ‘Why is it so hard?’ he wondered.

Robert felt the weak squeeze around his fingers. His Alexander’s body had been through so much in the last twelve hours, he wondered how he was able to move at all. He had protested when Dr. Garroway had pinned his boy, but with the way his little trooper had reacted just moments ago, now he understood why he had been so insistent. His Alexander would have pulled that breathing tube out if he could have and would have hurt himself. Gazing into his boy’s beautiful blue eyes he saw how unfocused they were, and his own eyes softened. ‘Even when his body is this weak, he’s still pushing himself’.

“It’s okay to be tired, Alexander. You can sleep. You don’t have to fight it. I’ll still be here when you wake up.” He said softly, giving Alec’s small hand another squeeze.
Alec heard his father’s words but didn’t understand them. His father always told him that he needed to fight, to fight harder than everyone else. Now he was telling him something different. He was sleepy. He did want to sleep. But he was afraid. He was afraid it was a dream and his daddy wasn’t really there. He was afraid he would wake up and he would be gone. He didn’t want him to be gone. He was always gone. On business. In Idris.

It was getting harder to think. All he wanted to do was stay awake and hear his daddy. He had missed him.

“Hey, don’t bite down, okay? They’ll take it out just as soon as they can.” Robert soothed when his Alexander unconsciously bit down on the breathing tube again, weaker, but still. He reached out, brushing his hair out of son’s eyes again. ‘It’s always in his eyes’ he thought. “Close your eyes and sleep. Your tired. It’s okay to be tired.”

It was getting harder to stay awake. ‘It’s okay to be tired?’ Alec thought, feeling his eyes start to droop. But he was still afraid. Afraid that he would wake up and his dad would be gone. Unknowingly, he squeezed Robert’s hand again.

“I know, buddy. It’s hard. You’re doing great, but you need to sleep, to get better. I’ll be right here. I promise.”

He couldn’t fight it anymore. He couldn’t make his eyes stay open. Everything was so hard, and he was so sleepy. ‘Please don’t leave me’ was his last thought before he fell into sleep.

Robert watched as his little trooper’s eyes finally fluttered closed. His heart had nearly stopped when he had stepped through the portal into the infirmary after he had received Hodge’s fire message. ‘Alec’s sick. Come home.’ That was all it said. For Hodge to send him something like that, he knew it had to be bad, so he didn’t hesitate. He had told Jia that he had to go, that his son was sick, and she told him to go. She knew he wouldn’t have left mid meeting if it wasn’t an emergency.

Watching as they slid the breathing tube down his Alexander’s throat had been hard. He remembered the last time he had seen that. The day he was born. He thought his heart would stop when his sons did. But they had got it going again. Dr. Garroway had told him that his precious boy was very sick, but he was strong. He could fight this. And he knew in his heart that he was right.

He sat back in his chair, settling in to watch over his son, still holding his hand.
‘He’s still here’ Alec thought when he could open his eyes again. He was still sleepy, but the tube choking him had woke him up. The beeping machine beside him sped up. Dr. Garroway turned from Robert, a few feet away, crossing quickly to him. His dad was at his side faster than he could blink.

“It’s alright, Alec. Don’t bite down. It’s okay. You’ll feel better in just a minute.” Dr. Garroway said.

Alec didn’t know what he was doing, he just saw that he was playing with some sort of weird tubes. He couldn’t make himself turn his head. It was too hard.

“Hey, it’s okay. Look at me.” Robert crooned, stroking his son’s cheek. “Give the medicine time to work. You can’t bite down. You’re strong. I know you can fight it.” He said, taking Alec’s hand in his.

Alec didn’t know what was happening. He knew he was sick, and in the infirmary. He remembered that. But he didn’t understand why. He had been sick for what felt like ages. He didn’t understand why it was different now. But all that mattered was that his dad was still here, like he promised. When his dad squeezed his hand, because he knew it was his dad now, he wanted to squeeze back, but couldn’t. Not this time.

He had felt the odd warmth rush through him, something else he didn’t understand, but he didn’t feel like he was choking anymore. He wasn’t sure which was worse, feeling like he was choking, or not having any strength. He felt helpless. He wasn’t helpless. He was never helpless. He made sure of that. But now, now he felt helpless and he didn’t like it.

“Hey, don’t cry.” He said, wiping the single tear off his son’s cheek. “It’s going to be fine. You’re going to be fine.”

Alec wanted to ask what had happened. What was happening. But he couldn’t. Even though he didn’t feel like he was choking, he still felt the hard plastic in his mouth. He wanted to bite down, but he couldn’t. He didn’t have the strength. He felt warm tears run down his cheeks. He didn’t understand those either. He never cried. He wasn’t allowed to.
“Oh, it’s okay.” Robert soothed, wiping the tears dry with his handkerchief.

It felt so soft against Alec’s cheeks.

“Being intubated is hard, sir. The medication can ease the discomfort, but it’s still frightening. Alec is doing beautifully. For his condition to be as serious as it is, and for what he went through when he was brought in, his vitals are incredibly strong, despite the fever. That’s an excellent sign. The fact that he’s no longer biting the tube means he’s adjusting.” Dr. Garroway said.

“Is it always going to be this hard on him? When he wakes up?”

“Until we can take it out, possibly. But were doing everything we can to keep him comfortable. We’ll start giving him preemptive doses of the medication so it’s easier on him when he wakes up, so it won’t have as much as an impact. It does appear that the medication is wearing off faster than it should. That could be because his fever is burning through it, or it could be him developing an immunity to it. We’ll have to watch it closely. We may have to start alternating which medications we use.”

“Okay. I just don’t want it to be any harder on him than it has to be.” Robert said, never taking his eyes off his beautiful boys, eyes that were dilating more and more by the second as the drugs took hold.

Alec was trying to hear what they were saying, but it was getting harder and harder to focus. Every time he felt that rush of warmth, everything got harder. He felt weaker. Like he could do less and less. But his dad was there. He could feel him holding his hand, and that made him feel better.

“He’s waking up more frequently than he should be. He needs to sleep to recover. In all honesty he should have already gone back to sleep.” Dr. Garroway said, watching Alec’s pupils fully dilate. I think it best that we give him a mild sedative. He’ll be more comfortable, and he’ll get the rest his body needs. We also need to darken this area. Too much light will hurt his eyes.”

“Whatever you think is best.”

“You should try and rest yourself, sir.”

“I won’t leave him.”
“Sir…” Dr. Garroway started.

“I said, I won’t leave him.” Robert said, cutting him off, the alpha power clear in his tone.

“As you wish, sir.” Dr. Garroway said, recovering from the command. “I’ll prepare the sedative.” He said, turning away from Robert.

“Alexander, you’re going to get really sleepy soon. Try not to fight it, okay? I know your already tired, and it’s good that you’re fighting so hard to get better, but you don’t need to fight the medicine. It’s there to help. Promise you’ll sleep for daddy?” Robert asked, softly caressing Alec’s cheeks.

Alec wanted to say ‘yes’. He wanted to answer his dad, but he couldn’t. But he was scared again. Scared that if he went to sleep, if he slept to long, his dad would leave. He didn’t feel the fresh tear run down his cheek.

“Hey, no more tears, okay? I know your scared, but I’ll be right here, watching over you.” He said, gently wiping the tear away.

“The sedative is ready, sir.” Dr. Garroway said.

Alec could see the weird plastic tube in his hand but didn’t know what it was. He didn’t know it was the medicine.

“Okay. Alexander, it’s time to sleep now. When you feel the medicine, just close your eyes and sleep.” Robert said softly.

Alec saw Dr. Garroway stick the plastic into one of the tubes, but that was all. Before he could blink everything went dark. His daddy and Dr. Garroway were gone.
When Alec opened his eyes, his vision was fuzzy, but it quickly focused. His chest felt tight, but not like it had been before. A funny piece of plastic was blowing cold air into his nose. It smelt weird. He reached up to rub it and realized he could move. His arms weren’t pinned. And his muscles didn’t feel as weak as they had the last time we woke up. Looking down he saw his dad, his head resting beside him, asleep. He reached down, touching his dad’s soft black hair.

Robert woke the instant he felt something touch his hair. Raising his head, he saw his little boy looking at him. ‘He’s awake’ was all he could think. His Alexander had been asleep for three days. He hadn’t stirred once since Dr. Garroway had started giving him the sedative, which had worried him, but Dr. Garroway had insisted that it was fine. His Alexander was getting stronger, and they had been able to take the breathing tube out of his throat. Dr. Garroway had told him that with plenty of rest, Alec would make a full recovery. But he had refused to leave until his son woke up.

“Hey, buddy.” He said, his eyes softening when he saw his son’s beautiful blue eyes, focused and alert for the first time.

Alec opened his mouth to speak but couldn’t find his voice.

“Hold on.” Robert said, picking up a small cup of water with a straw. “Take a sip.” He said, holding the straw to Alec’s lips. The cold water felt like heaven on Alec’s dry throat. He took two more before Robert pulled it away. “Not too much. Your belly hasn’t had anything in it in a while. How are you feeling?”

“What happened?” Alec asked, voice barely a whisper. His throat was sore and scratchy.

“That doesn’t matter right now. All that matters is that you’re doing much better.” He said, stroking Alec’s cheek. For the first time since he had gotten back to the Institute, he finally let himself breathe. His son was awake.

Alec wanted to sit up, he still felt weak, but he tried.

“Alexander, no.” Robert said, stopping Alec once he realized what he was trying to do. “Your still weak and need to rest.”

Alec didn’t want to lay down anymore. He was sore and wanted to move. But his dad said no.
“Good. He’s awake.” Dr. Garroway said as he walked in. “How are you feeling, Alec? Any better?”

“Yes. But dad won’t let me get up. It hurts not moving.”

“I know. It does that when you’ve been laying down for a long time when you’re not used to it. Once you’re up and moving again, that soreness will go away. You can roll over though.”

“Okay.”

“Don’t try and do it by yourself. Let us help you. You haven’t moved much in a while.” Robert said, helping Dr. Garroway roll him onto his side.

“Better?” Robert asked, watching Dr. Garroway tuck a pillow behind Alec’s back.

“Mm-hmm. How long have I been sleeping?”

“A while. You were really sick. Why didn’t you tell somebody?” He asked gently.

Alec shrugged; he didn’t know.

“Well, don’t do that again. If you feel bad, even a little, come tell Dr. Garroway so he can make sure you stay safe. Okay?”

“Okay.”

“Promise me, Alexander.” Robert said firmly.

“I promise.”

“Good. I have to go back to Alicante soon. And Dr. Garroway wants you to sleep for a little while
longer, but I promise you won’t wake up alone, okay?”

“Your leaving?” Alec asked, his heart constricting. He didn’t want his daddy to leave.

“I’m sorry, buddy. But I have too. I’ve been away for a long time already. But Dr. Garroway says you’re going to be fine, you just have to rest and finish getting better. That means, when he lets you leave, you have to take it real easy and no training until he tells you you can.”

“I don’t want you to go.” Alec whispered, tears welling in his eyes. His dad was always gone.

“And I don’t want to go. But I’ll be back soon. I promise. Okay?” He asked, lifting Alec’s chin to meet his eyes.

“Okay.” Alec said, voice trembling.

Robert’s heart broke watching his precious boy fight back tears. He hated that he had to leave him, but the Counsil had ordered him back. They had been patient, and where being even more so by letting him stay until Alec woke up.

“Dr. Garroway is going to give you a little more of the sleepy medicine. He’ll send word for your sister in a few hours, so you won’t wake up alone. If you need me, I’m just a fire message away. Okay?”

“Okay.”

“And I’ll be checking in with your mother every day.”

Alec nodded, yes. Looking at his father, Alec didn’t see Dr. Garroway filling the syringe with the drug that would put him back to sleep. Robert looked at him, giving him a small nod.

“It’s time to sleep now. I’ll be home soon.” He said as a rush of warmth washed over Alec. His vision blurred, but he felt his father’s soft kiss on his forehead before it all went dark.
He remembered waking up hours later with his little sister by his side, watching him. He remembered everything that came after. He also remembered that his father took forever to come home.

Alec woke with a start in the darkened cottage. The memory of what must have been a dream flashed before his eyes.

“Alexander? Sweetheart?” Magnus asked, rubbing his back, having been pulled from his own sleep when his Shadowhunter had jerked out of his arms. “Are you alright, angel? Did you have another nightmare?”

“No. Just a dream.” Alec said, brows furrowed in concentration. He was trying, hard, to commit everything to memory.

“What is it, love?”

“Have you ever remembered something, something you had forgotten, but didn’t know you had forgotten, in a dream?”

“I’ve remembered things in dreams. But if you’ve forgotten something, you wouldn’t know you had forgotten it. What did you dream, angel?”

“Do you remember when we were at the loft, and Izzy told you about when I got sick?”

“Of course I do.”

“She had said that my father hadn’t been there. That he had only stayed for a couple of days.”

“I know. You kept telling her he had been there. But she said only for two days.”

“She was wrong, Magnus. He had been there. I remember it now. He had been there every day until the day she came. When I woke up again. I remember it now.” Alec said, turning to look at
his alpha.

“Are you sure, love?”

“I think I am. I remember a morning I woke up. I was coughing up blood and it was hard to breathe. I used my stele on an iratze, but it didn’t help much. I remember getting ready and feeling sick, and I remember leaving my room. The next thing I knew I was in the infirmary and felt like I was choking. There was a tube in my throat.”

“Oh, sweetheart.”

“I’ve never remembered that part before. I’ve remembered waking up a few times, and my father being there. And then waking up with Iz there. But that was all. Until now, I think. I think my dream was a memory.

He didn’t leave me after two days. He only left a few hours before someone sent for Izzy.

All this time we’ve been wrong. He was there, Magnus. I remember it. I think.” He said, unsure. “It’s just…it feels like it was just yesterday. I remember it so clearly.”

“Well, angel, if it feels that real to you, maybe it is. It’s entirely possible that after everything your father said to you yesterday, it triggered something. If it feels as real as you say it does, I wouldn’t dismiss it.”

“What do I do? How do I know if it was real or not?”

“I would say talk to him. Pick out certain things from your dream, things that only he would know, and ask him about it. If he tells you what you remember, then I think it would be safe to say that it was real.”

“Yeah, maybe. Do you think he’s awake?”

Magnus looked at his watch.
“No, sweetheart, I don’t. It’s still really early. I’m sure he’s still asleep. And I think you could use a bit more sleep yourself. Yesterday was a pretty emotionally charged day, and you had combat. Both of those are draining. Do you think you can go back to sleep?”

Alec thought for a moment.

“Yeah. I think I can. But I need to talk to him. In the morning. I think I need to know if it was real or not. If it was, what else were we wrong about? What other things did I forget?”

“I don’t know, love. But I wouldn’t overthink it. Let’s just take things one at time. Okay?”

Alec nodded, yes.

“Okay.”

Alec laid back down, Magnus wrapping him in his arms. On second thought, he wasn’t sure he could sleep. He had too many questions. About his dream, and what his father said yesterday.

“Relax, angel.” Magnus murmured, still feeling the tension in his Shadowhunter. “Do you need some help getting back to sleep?”

Alec hesitated. He wasn’t sure if he wanted to wait for his father to get up or go back to sleep. He didn’t want to forget anything.

“Your questions will still be there in the morning, love.”

“Okay.” Alec said, his decision made. “Will you help me go back to sleep? Just not too long.”

“Sure, love. Close your eyes.” Magnus said, pulling Alec closer in his arms.

Alec sighed, closing his eyes.
Running his hand gently up and down Alec’s side Magnus eased soft magic into his Shadowhunter, soothing magic that would lull him to sleep. With just a few passes, he knew his angel was asleep. His soft little snores were a dead giveaway. ‘He’s more exhausted than he realizes’ he thought. It had taken barely anything to ease him under. Pulling the soft satin duvet up around his sweet omega, he tucked him in for more sleep.

Alec stepped into the small conference room, followed by his family. They weren’t in their gear today. Today, they were just going to be themselves. Not Shadowhunters. A family. Alec wore his usual black fitted shirt, cargo pants, and boots. Same as Jace. Izzy was in her usual black too, wearing her kick ass healed boots. Clary was Clary, a soft green off the shoulder sweater and jeans, Simon a t-shirt and jeans. Magnus was, well, Magnus. After more than 800 years, he had a flare for fashion.

They all took their respective places around the conference table, Gideon and Izabella flanking Robert, Magnus and Izzy flanking Alec. Clary held her head high, despite her puffy eyes.

“So.” Robert said. “Yesterday…was hard. I think for all of us. We all learned things and said things that hurt one another.”

“I’m sorry, Robert. But I have to stop you.” Izabella said. “I know you want to work things out with your children, but I don’t think you can. I think they need to leave, now, before you get hurt anymore than you already have.”

“Momma…” Robert started.

“No.” Alec said, cutting her off. “If she wants us to leave, we’ll leave. Right now. But before we go, I have something to say.”

“You’ve said enough, and so has your parabati.” Izabella snapped.

“I said, I have something to say!” Alec declared, his tone making everyone cringe back. He didn’t know it, but he had used his command voice. “My parabati, may have gone about things the wrong way last night, but she spoke the truth. A truth he needed to hear. I’m sorry that you don’t
like that, I really am. And I’m sorry hearing those words hurt my father. I didn’t come here to hurt him. I came here to try and figure something out, something I don’t understand. To get answers. Answers only he can give me.

But you, Izabella, obviously don’t want me to get those answers. All you seem to care about is your son, and his side of things. You don’t seem to give a damn that we have a side of things, too. That I have a side of things. He’s not the only one who’s been hurt. But know this, if we leave, were gone. We’ll never be back. And if you think for one second that by pushing us away, your protecting him from more pain, then you’re wrong.” He said, rising to his feet. “In the end, no, I won’t get my answers. My sister won’t get hers. We will spend the rest of our lives with nothing but painful memories. And a lifetime of lessons on what not to do with our children.

And my father, the one you want so much to protect, well, it’ll be you hurting him in the end. Do you know why? Because he will spend the rest of his days wondering if maybe, just maybe, he could have fixed things with his children had you not sent us away. He’ll spend it wondering if there was a chance that he could have been a part of his grandchildren’s lives. You may think your protecting him, but you’re not. You know only what he’s done, what he’s been through. You don’t know shit about what he hasn’t done, or what we’ve been through. You only know half the story. His half. Which apparently, is enough for you.

When we first found out about you, that you were alive, that we had a living grandmother, and an uncle…I begged Magnus to take us to you. But he said he couldn’t, not until after my heat passed. Then bad things happened. Really bad things you know nothing about

Your son will go to his grave wondering if he could have had a life with his children. If things could have been different. And it will hurt. And he will blame you. You will spend the rest of your days not knowing your grandchildren, just like he’ll spend the rest of his days not knowing his. If we leave, he’ll never see us again, because of you. You don’t know me. Or my sister. And I’m guessing you don’t want to, because we hurt your son. He’s the only one you seem to give a damn about.

I know, after last night, you can’t stand my parabati, the sweetest, kindest person in this world. Even the best people have bad moments. But that doesn’t matter to you. My sister and I have eighteen years of bad memories, of bad moments, as does the rest of my family, because they had to sit and watch while our hearts were broken, over and over again.

I will spend the rest of my life, which will be a very, very long one, wondering if there was a chance that I could have made peace with my father, and so will my sister. If you want to deny us any chance of finding that peace, you go right ahead. Put the final nail in the coffin of this family.

I wish Magnus had never told us about you. I wish I had never met you. I wish I had never heard
any of what my father said yesterday, because it hurt, and it will end up being just another bad
moment, another bad memory. For him, and for us. The only good thing that I will be able to take
away from this, is knowing that your blood will not be on my hands.”

Izabella stared at Alec in shock. She knew his words were true. That she would only hurt her boy
in the end.

“Alexander…” She started.

“No.” He said, cutting her off. “Just…no. Magnus, I think it’s time for us to leave.”

“No, Alexander. It’s not.” He said. “I will not let you spend eternity wondering what may or may
not have been. I won’t do it.”

“If you won’t take us, we’ll find our own way. You know that.”

“Alright.” Magnus sighed. “We’ll go. But I have something to say as well before we do.”

“Okay.”

“Izabella… I have never in my life been more disappointed in you than I am right now. I never
thought I could be. I love you. I always have, and always will. But when I take my family out of
here, it will be the last time you see me too. I have plenty of warlock’s I can send in to tend to this
place.”

“Uncle Mags.” Izabella whispered.

“No, Izabella. I told you before. If it came down to choosing your Robert over my Alexander, that
it would be my Alexander, every time.”

“Please don’t go.” Robert said, pain and fear coursing through him. The thought of losing his
children forever, of never getting to know his grandchildren, was more than he could bare.
“Please.”
“Were not wanted here, dad. We won’t stay where were not wanted.”

“But I want you. I want all of you.”

“Then come with us.” Izzy said, standing beside her brother. “If you want to be a part of our lives, then come be a part of them.”

“Okay.” He said, turning to his mother. “I’m sorry, momma. But I can’t lose them. Not if there is a chance that I can fix things.”

“Robert…”Izabella breathed, heartbreak shining in her eyes.

“Alexander is right. I don’t want to not know my grandchildren, just like you didn’t want to not know yours. You run this village. If you want them to go, they’re obviously willing to go. And I’ll go with them, because they’re my children.”

Izabella sighed; she couldn’t lose her boy because of her own anger. Because her grandson was right. If she sent them away, her son would end up hating her.

“Stay. Please. Your father has already lost so much time with you. I won’t be the reason he loses more.” Izabella begged, looking at her grandson. She knew it was his call, his decision to make. His team, his family, would follow their leader.

“Sweetheart, this is your chance.” Magnus said softly, squeezing Alec’s hand.

Alec looked at his sister. She was a part of this too. Her small nod was all he needed. With a sigh he sat back down.

Izzy wasn’t sure she wanted to hear anymore, but she knew her brother needed to get his answers. He obviously knew something she didn’t, that they didn’t. As angry as she was, she wouldn’t take this chance to get those answers away from him. To find out what he needed to know. But she’d be damned if her grandmother was going to hurt him anymore. He had been hurt enough.
Robert sighed, relieved when his children sat back down. All of them. Including his son’s mate.

“If you don’t mind, Robert, I would like to say something too.” Gideon said, looking over his brother’s family. They didn’t look like badass Shadowhunters. They looked like what they were, a family, sitting down to have a family talk.

Robert sighed again, this time one of exasperation. He didn’t know if he wanted to hear what his brother had to say, but he thought everyone should get their turn to speak.

“Alright.” He said, defeated.

“I want to thank you all for last night. My brother had told us how good you were in combat. That you were the best Shadowhunters in the Shadow World. I’ll admit, I thought he was exaggerating. But he wasn’t. I don’t know what would have happened had you not been here.

Those demons were more than our warriors could handle, and more than Robert and I probably could have handled ourselves. As our mother was the best in her time, so where we. But we’re older now, and not as sharp. Five demons is more than we’ve ever had here at one time.

That was more than what we were prepared for. So thank you. Thank you for ending those demons. Thank you for saving our warriors. And thank you for protecting this village.”

Robert was surprised by his brother’s words. After what he had heard last night, he wasn’t expecting him to show gratitude.

“No thanks are necessary, Gideon. It’s what we do. It’s who we are. Were Shadowhunters. I will admit, it felt good being in the field again. We’ve been a little confined lately.” Alec said. “We do have questions about this place. Some of them my alpha will have to help answer. But right now, those can wait.”

“Okay. That’s all I had.”

“Thank you, Gideon.” Robert said, relieved. He hadn’t wanted his brother to make things worse, even if he thought he was helping. “Alexander, you have the floor.”
Alec nodded, thinking for a moment. He wanted to ask his father about his dream, but he wasn’t sure if this was the time or place.

“Okay. There’s something that I want to talk to you about, but I think it’s a conversation best left between the two of us.”

“Okay.” Robert said, unsure. He wanted to know what was on his son’s mind.

“So I guess we’ll pick up where we left off yesterday. Like I said, there are two sides to every story. Izabella knows your side. Now we know some of your side. And you know a little of mine. But there are a lot of gaps that need to be filled in. If I miss anything during this, please don’t be surprised if my family chimes in.”

“Before we start, Alec, can I say something?” Clary asked.

“You know you can.” He said, giving her a kind smile. He already knew what she wanted to say. He had been expecting it.

“Robert, I’m sorry about last night. Yes, I told you things that you needed to know. Rather or not you were ready to hear them, I don’t know. But I owe you an apology. I lost my temper, and as a result I hurt you. For that I’m sorry.”

“It’s alright, Clary. I’ve known you since the day you were born. I know you don’t have a mean bone in your body. You got your kindness and your compassion from your mother. It amazes that you managed to turn out to be the wonderful, strong young woman that you are, when I know just how bad your father was. Like the rest of the people in this room, I am proud of you. I’ve always been proud of you.

And while I realize that you lost your temper, and in the process were, for a moment, someone that is completely out of character for you, I know you love my son. You’re his parabati, and your just as protective of him as he is of you. I don’t begrudge you for anything you said or did last night. I had it coming. You were right when you said that you had been holding your tongue for a long time. I just didn’t know it. So, no apology is necessary.”

Clary nodded, yes. Alec felt her relief through their bond. The guilt she had been holding in was gone.
Izabella was shocked. She hadn’t been expecting her grandson’s parabati to try and make amends. Or her son’s kind words about her. “Maybe I misjudged her. Maybe I’ve misjudged all of them.” She thought. They were shocking her at every turn.

“Alec?” Clary asked.

“Yes. I guess my biggest question is this. Why did you never tell me? Why didn’t you tell me I was an omega?”

Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a vote.
A/N:  Just a heads up to make reading easier, some of the more intimate parts of this chapter switch back and forth between Alec and Robert’s perspectives.

‘Why did you never tell me?  Why didn’t you tell me I was an omega?’  Robert thought.  ‘How do I make him understand?’

“That’s a very simple question, Alexander, with a very complicated answer.”  Robert finally said, a heavy silence hanging in the air as the room held a collective breath.

“Then make it simple.”  Izzy demanded.

“Iz.”  Alec warned.  He wanted to hear what his father had to say.

Looking at the hardened lines on her brother’s face Izzy couldn’t help but back down.  This was his show.

“It’s alright, Alexander.  I wish there was a way to make it simple, Isabelle.  But unfortunately, there’s not.”  Robert said, looking his son in the eye.  “When you were born, and I realized what you would be, I wanted to take you.  I wanted to take you both and just disappear.  To bring you here, to safety.  But that wasn’t an option.  You know now the circumstances of how you came into this world and had I taken you, I would have been the reason that you left it shortly after.  You wouldn’t have survived here.

When you were a little boy, Alexander, there was no telling you because you were too young to understand.  How do you tell you a four-year-old that when they grow up, that people would more than likely want you dead?  So I thought, well, if I can’t get you out, at least I can get you ready.  Or try to.  So I started your training with Hodge.  I wanted you to learn as much as you possibly could about how to protect and defend yourself.
And I wanted to try and give you as much as I could to make sure you would have everything you needed to do that. I started tucking stuff away. I started a crate, putting aside seraph blades, seraph daggers, whatever I discreetly could. And as more time passed, I kept adding to it. One crate became two.

When you started showing a proficiency with the bow, then I started focusing in on that. I don’t know if you’ve seen it yet, but your first bow is in that second crate. And a few more of various styles and sizes.”

“So you did send Magnus to that storage container?” Alec asked.

“Yes. I did.”

Alec nodded, yes.

“Go on.”

“When you were eight, I thought about telling you. You had already become better than most of the Shadowhunters at the Institute, but they didn’t know that yet, and neither did you. But then I thought ‘How do I tell him that he’s something that he’s spent his whole life being told that what he was hasn’t existed for two hundred years? How do I explain it to him in a way that he would understand? How do I tell him that the reason I had been having him taught so much, having him trained so hard, was because one day the people who were supposed to be the ‘good guys might want to hurt him?

How do I tell him, when he asks me how it’s even possible, that it’s possible because the people he thought were ‘good guys’ had been hurting people like him for hundreds of years, and lying about it? That there are actually people like him that the ‘good guys’ didn’t know about.

How do I tell him that he was the way he was because he has family like him, that had been hiding from those ‘good guys’ for a very long time, so they wouldn’t be hurt? How do I tell him that he has a grandmother and an uncle that he may never see because it would put him and them at risk? How do I tell him any of that without hurting him?

How do I tell him this huge thing, this big secret, that he couldn’t tell anyone, something that he couldn’t talk about with anyone, even his sister, because if they were to be accidently overheard talking about it…”
And I thought, even if I could get you out, how could I do that to you? How could I rip you away from the friends that you had become so close to? The first friends you had ever had, the friends that you had already formed such strong bonds with, in such a short amount of time. So I didn’t. I just kept having you trained and kept tucking away more and more of what I thought you might need one day.

Then when you were ten, I thought ‘maybe I can tell him now’. He’s old enough now that maybe he’ll understand. You were already great at everything you were doing. You were learning more and more every day. Getting better and better every day. But then I thought, even if I could get you out, how could I do that to you? How could I take from you the team you had formed? A group of wonderful kids that you had already started to form into a strong team. A team that was getting better every day, just like you were. A team that you needed, that also needed you. And then you started giving commands, like a strong alpha, and I started doubting my original thoughts. So I didn’t. I just left things the way they were and kept tucking away more and more, not just of what you would need, but of what I thought they might need too, just in case.

Then a few more years passed. And every time I thought ‘maybe I can tell him now’, something always stopped me. You and your team were the best. Even the Clave was seeing that. You had their attention, which I didn’t like.

You were had become a strong leader, showing every sign of becoming a strong commander, and had already become excellent with a bow. You had already chosen Clary as your parabati. How could I let you go through with that, just to rip it away from you? Something that would hurt you both.

And I started thinking that if you did know, would knowing in some way hinder you? Would you still train as hard as you always had? Would you still want to fight to be the best? Because you were the best. Would it do more harm than good? And, I still was wondering, what if I was wrong. What if we all were wrong? Could I risk telling you something, putting you through everything that I’ve just said, only for you to find out that it was for nothing?

And I knew it wouldn’t be long before you were keeping another secret. Another big secret. I knew from the day you were born that you were going to be gay. That’s just part of it with male omegas. And I was fine with that. But I didn’t know if you would be, not with what you already knew about how the Clave felt about homosexuality. How could I lay something else, something so big on you?

Then another couple of years passed. You and your team, the little family you had made, were
beyond exceptional. You were leading patrols and going on missions. Your sister had already starting forging weapons. Jace was a master at swords. Simon, your best friend, was the fiercest young Shadowhunter in combat, short of you, that anyone had ever seen. And Clary, she was so strong with runes. All things that I thought… things I thought that if I was wrong, you would need. Because I knew by then, you would always be together. No matter what happened, no matter what you presented as, they would never leave your side, just as you would never leave theirs, no matter what.

By then it was too late. So I just kept hoping, and praying that everyone was wrong, me, momma, your uncle Gideon, but still I kept putting stuff away, little by little, just in case. Even some of your sister’s blades. Not anything she would notice was missing. Just the ‘imperfect one’s’ that she was going to scrap and melt back down.

Then The Dark War happened. And you were magnificent. Breathtaking in battle. Then, everyone knew just how good you were. And how good your team was. Especially the Clave. You were all thrust into the spotlight. And you had the Clave’s full attention. Something I never wanted but should have seen coming. You had mastered everything there was to master and then some. So my only option then was to do my best to make sure you had everything you could ever need, just in case.

I sent out requests to all of the other Institutes, one at a time, to see if they had any runed arrows left in their caches from the war. The Clave, they had no other way to store all of the leftover weapons. They had to distribute them to the various Institutes across the world for storage and safe keeping. They were all to be kept in the Institute’s respective vaults, which only Institute Head’s could access. With each request I sent out, a new shipment of arrows came in. They all knew you were the best and said ‘Sure. He’s The Archer. He’ll need them more than we will.’

Now, had they all known that I was making that same request of everyone, there might have been questions asked. But there never was. So as each new shipment came it, it was added to what I had already set aside for you. Jace had dozens of seraph blades. There were plenty of seraph daggers and Clary’s short swords. Thousands of your arrows. An entire crate of your sister’s discarded weapons. Everything. And still, I kept adding more every time I could, without it being noticed.

You’re probably asking yourselves, where did he hide it? Where did he keep it all? Well, I’ll tell you. In the Institute’s vault. The one place only I could access.

But that left the question as to ‘how would I get them out if I needed to?’ So I started moving them out myself, one crate at a time, to that storage container. I packed them up to look like any other shipment going to another Institute. So no one asked questions when they went out the door. It took me almost a year to get them all out.
Then your presentation day came, your birthday. Then it was too late to do anything else. And you presented as an omega. And I knew that everyone had been right. When you presented, it was like everything slowed down. It was like I was underwater. I couldn’t move. I could react. I couldn’t even go to you. I was frozen. All I could do was watch. By the time I recovered, it was over. So I sent you to your room. And waited.

I waited for something that never happened. I waited for someone to come for you. Why they didn’t? I don’t know. Why I didn’t think to go to Magnus when it didn’t, I don’t know that either. I was lost. I didn’t know what to do anymore. So I did nothing. I just kept up with the charade that I had been living for most of my life. That’s the one thing I did know how to do. And it hurt you. In so many ways, it hurt you.

I did nothing to help you. I did nothing to stop what was being done to you, how you were being treated. Even by your mother. I just did nothing. And I’ll regret that for the rest of my life.

Looking back, I see where I went wrong in so many places, so many times. I could have come to you and told you before you presented. A month before. Two weeks before. A week before. That very day. That morning. I could have given you some sort of warning, just in case. But I didn’t. I had my chance to tell you, and I didn’t. I did nothing. And I’ll regret that for the rest of my life.

And for three months I watched while your world was turned upside down and became a living hell. At any point during that time, I could have gotten you out. All of you, had the thought occurred to me. All I would have had to do was send you all out on a ‘mission’. Take you to Magnus, and get you gone. Why it didn’t, I don’t know. I know that’s not the answer you need or probably want to hear, but it’s all I can give you. I just don’t know.

Then, then the worst thing happened. Your first heat started, and you disappeared. What happened after that, only you and the Angel know.

Once I got word from Magnus that you were safe, and then your sister came to me demanding your team be pulled from active duty, I knew none of you were coming back. So then, there was one last thing that I could do for you. I called in an old friend to weaken the wards around the Institute’s storage room and your sister’s workshop, discreetly of course.

I packed all of your things and as many more weapons as I could, including your sister’s custom pieces. Your sister and parabati have, I think, far too many clothes, more than anyone could ever possibly need, and put them in the storage room. So if someone tried to do what I hoped they would, they could get those things out without setting off the wards.
You asked me a simple question. Why did I never tell you? I told you it was a complicated answer. But now you know. And you know just how badly I messed up.”

‘I did nothing. I messed up.’ His father’s words rang in his ears. After all of the wondering, the waiting, and the questioning, now he knew.

“Sweetheart?” Magnus asked softly.

“I think I need some air.” Alec finally said, pushing away from the table. Before anyone could question him, he was out the door.

Alec quickly crossed the grass from the council hall to the tallest tree he could find. He knew his family was following him but were keeping their distance. At the bottom of an old oak tree he looked up, surveying the branches.

‘This will do’ he thought.

“Magnus, what’s he doing?” Robert asked, watching his son.

“Getting as far away as he possibly can.” Magnus said softly.

He knew what his Shadowhunter was about to do, and it scared him to death. The nearest branch on that tree was twenty feet up, the thickest that would support Alec’s weight was more than thirty.

He held his breath when he saw his Shadowhunter crouch to make the jump, and the force behind it when he did. He managed a short breath when his Alexander grabbed the first branch and flipped himself over, landing gracefully on his feet. He held his breath a second time as his young warrior bent his knees and jumped, just hard enough to grab the second branch, again flipping himself over.
They all watched as Alec worked himself higher and higher into the tree. At sixty feet up he stopped, finally coming to rest at the base of a thick branch, settling in with his back to the sturdy oak tree.

“By the Angel.” Izabella breathed. “How…?”

“He’s a Shadowhunter, momma. He’s been doing that for years. I will admit that’s the first time I’ve seen him do it up a tree before.” Robert said softly.

“How long will he stay up there?” Gideon asked.

“As long as he needs to.” Magnus said, settling himself down on one of the old wooden steps to wait. He would be there when his Shadowhunter finally came down.

Alec was so lost in his thoughts that he hadn’t realized that he had spent most of the day in his tree, or that it had gotten dark. He had replayed his father’s words in his head more times than he could count, picking each one apart. He had asked his father a question, and he had answered it. Now he was trying to figure out how to come to terms with that answer. Or better yet, if he could.

“You planning on coming down?” Clary shouted up from the bottom.

His parabati’s voice snapped him from his thoughts. Snapping back into himself he finally saw how dark it was and wondered how long he had been up there. For the first time he noticed his father and alpha sitting on the steps outside the council hall.

“If not, I’m coming up.” She waited for him to answer. When a minute passed, she made her decision. “All right then, I’m coming up.” She shouted; certain he could hear her.

“Here we go again.” Magnus said softly, holding his breath as he watched the smallest member of his family crouch and make the same jump his Alexander had, thirteen hours earlier. With each jump she took, flipping herself over the branches, he held his breath, until she finally reached her
parabati. Until she finally straddled the branch he was sitting on, facing him.

“Can they all do that?” Izabella asked as she walked up, taking a seat beside her son. He had been there as long as her grandson’s alpha.

“Yes, momma. They can. But they’re the only ones who can.” Robert said softly.

“What’s he doing, Robert?”

“Thinking.” Magnus said.

Sixty feet up in the old oak tree Clary settled on the branch in front of her parabati.

“Hi.” She said softly.

“Hi.” Alec said, taking in the pixie that was his parabati. She had never known it, but that was how he had always seen her, as a graceful little pixie.

“You plan on coming down? Or are you going to stay up here all night?”

“I don’t know. I haven’t figured that out yet.”

“Is that what you’ve been up here doing? Figuring things out?”

“I’m not sure to be honest. How long have they been out there?”

“Since you came up here.”

“How long is that?”
“A long time. Talk to me Alec. I know your twisted up inside. I can feel it. I’m guessing your up here trying to untwist things.”

“I’m not sure what there is to say, Clare-bear. My father has told us so much since we got here. And I still have so many questions.”

“Then I guess you’ll just have to climb out of this tree and ask him. He’s an old man. I don’t think he’d be able to come to you.”

She sighed.

“Why are we here, Alec? Why is this so important?”

“It just is.”

“Because of your dream?”

“Yes. I need to know why they were there. How they could be there. I didn’t even know who Gideon and Izabella were, but they were there. After all this, Clary, how could they be there? Why would they be?”

“I don’t know. I guess that’s just something you’re going to have to figure out. But what I do know is that you don’t have to figure it out in this tree.”

“I can save them, you know. If I just walk away. That’s all it would take, I think. I think it would change the dream.”

“It might. You may be right. It could change the dream. But I think there’s something you haven’t thought about yet. How did we get to that point in your dream? What lead us there? To that moment.

You’ve had more than one dream, Alec. From what you’ve said, you’ve had others that happened before that moment. If you walk away, sure, you may change the one. But in doing that, how many ways might you change the others? And other’s you haven’t had yet? How many ways will
walking away change the overall picture?"

“Your right. I hadn’t thought of that.”

“You were just thinking of how you could save them.” She said softly. “I didn’t miss what you said. That if Izabella sent us away, their blood wouldn’t be on your hands. There’s a reason you sought your father out. Care to tell me what it is?”

“There was one, and he was there. He was there for me. When I needed him.”

“You’ve always needed him, Alec. So was this your way, us being here, your way of trying to find out if that was possible?”

“Yes.”

“And is it?”

“I don’t know yet.”

“He did the best he could, you know. If you want my opinion. Well, at least up until the end. He was right when he said he did have a chance to tell you, and he missed it. But as for all the rest, I think he did his best, given what he had to work with.”

“I know.” He said softly.

“Do you think you can forgive him?”

“I’m not sure there’s a whole lot to forgive him for. The end, obviously. That I’ll have to work through, figure out. But I really don’t think he could have done what he really wanted to do. Getting us out of the Institute.”

This time, he sighed.
“A war is coming, Clary. How and why, I don’t know. I just know that it is. I know that I’m a part of it. That we’re a part of it. But I don’t know why.”

“You’ll figure that out. That’s what you do. It’s who you are. How your made. And that was you’re doing, Alec. Not his. You made yourself into the man you are. A great man. A great leader. A leader that people will follow, especially in times of war.”

“You really believe that?”

“With all that I am. I know you have more questions. We all do. And maybe once those questions get answered, you’ll know for sure if you can reach a point with him that you’ll know if he can be there or not. Or if it’s best if he isn’t.

You’ve been given a handful of puzzle pieces. A puzzle your trying to put together. But you don’t have all the pieces yet. That makes it hard. But if the war you’re so certain is coming, we’re going to need all the help we can get. And they may just be part of that help.

So, how about you come down from this tree, ask your questions, and go from there? Besides, I don’t think Jace and Simon are going to be able to hold Iz back much longer. She’s ready to kill him. I really don’t think you what that.”

“No. I don’t. I guess we can go down. This tree is kinda starting to hurt my ass.”

Clary laughed. She had been worried about her parabati. Worried that she wouldn’t be able to talk him down.

“After you?” She asked.

“No. After you. Activate your balance rune first.”

“Yes, sir.”
“Jeez, Clary. Don’t do that. You know how much I hate it when people call me that.”

“I know. That’s why I did it.” She said, giggling.

“But seriously, the rune.”

“Okay.” She said, pulling out her stele. She activated her balance and sure footedness rune, then held out her stele to him.

“Nah, I’m good.”

“It’s a good sixty feet down, Alec. I don’t want to have to use an iratze to heal shattered ankles.”

“Fine. If it will make you feel better.” He said, taking the stele from her, quickly activating the runes.

“Want to go down to a lower branch?”

“No. I can make it from here. But you go ahead.”

“Nah, I’m good.” She said with a smile, mimicking his earlier words. “Where you go, I go. You know that.”

“That’s my line.” He said, climbing to his feet. He held his hand out to her, helping her stand.

“Coming down.” She called, warning anyone who might be under the tree. That was the way it worked. You gave warning. It wasn’t a good thing to land on anybody. “On three?”

“Sure. Why not.”

Magnus heard Clary’s call and his heart stopped.
“Surly there not.” He breathed, climbing to his feet.

“Not what?” Izabella asked.

“It looks like they are.” Robert said, rising beside Magnus, fear gripping him. He had seen his son make a high jump before, but never one from that high up.

“Relax.” Jace said, coming up beside them. “We’ve come off higher buildings than that.”

“Tell me your joking.” Izabella said. “Are they crazy?!?”

“You’ve never been to the city, momma. There are buildings twice as high in New York as the demon towers in Alicante.” Robert said, trying to hide his fear.

The warriors and residents of the village had stopped to see what the commotion was. It took them a minute to see the two Shadowhunters up in the tree.

“Night vision rune, Clary. And feel free to flip if you need to correct your balance.” Alec said, handing the stele back. She took it without question, activating the rune.

“What about you?” She asked.

“My vision is better than yours. I can see just fine. Ready?”

“Ready.” She sighed, pocketing her stele. “On your mark.”

“One…two…three.”

On three they took the leap, the two parabati leaving the branch that held them sixty feet in the air. They both flipped to correct their balance, a smooth twist of the hips when necessary.
Magnus sagged in relief when his Shadowhunter and parabati landed safely on the ground in a perfectly balanced crouch. Robert fell back to the step, hard on his ass as relief coursed through him. He was starting to wonder if his son was insane.

The warriors and residents of the village couldn’t help but stare. The warriors had known that Ms. Izabella’s grandson and team were incredible in combat. But watching them flip in the air on the way down was beyond their wildest dreams. Izabella, now joined by Gideon, could only stare in shock. When they heard Alec and Clary laugh, they were just plain dumbfounded.

Izzy had watched her brother and best friend take the jump out of that tree with a smirk. There wasn’t a doubt in her mind that they would make it down safely. She knew her brother well enough to know that he wouldn’t have made it if he couldn’t have handled it, and he certainly wouldn’t have let his parabati if he thought for a second that she couldn’t. Listening to her brother laugh, for the first time in longer than she cared to remember, made her feel better. In that moment, she knew that her big brother was going to be okay.

“Ms. Izabella? What was that?” Samuel asked, the warrior Clary had carried back from the battle.

“I honestly don’t know.” She breathed.

“That, that was the best Shadowhunter in the world, and his parabati, having fun.” Jace said with a smile. His brother’s laugh and his mates continued giggles as they walked towards them made him feel better too. His brother was going to be okay.

“Alexander Gideon Lightwood.” Magnus said. “What in Lilith’s name was that?!” He demanded.

“What? Clary said I should come down.” Alec said innocently.

“And that was the only way?”

“No. But it was the fastest.” He said sheepishly. It took him a second to realize that he had scared his warlock. “Sorry?”

“Oh….it’s going to take a lot more than ‘sorry’.” He said, pulling his crazy Shadowhunter into his
arms, holding him tight.

He knew that he was going to have to get used to seeing his angel do things like that. And probably more. But it was going to take a while. Perhaps, in a couple hundred years, it would eventually stop scaring the shit out of him.

“Please don’t do that again anytime soon. I’m not sure my heart can take it.”

“I’m sorry, alpha. I didn’t mean to scare you.” Alec said softly, wrapping Magnus up in his arms.

“Your nuts. All of you. Your just nuts.” Izabella said, relief for her grandson and his parabati coursing through her.

“You okay, dad?” Alec asked, releasing his warlock. Robert sat with his head in his hands, trembling. “Do we need to run get Cat?”

“No. I’ll be fine. I just need a minute to get my heart and stomach back in their rightful places. Please tell me you used your runes.”

“We did.”

“Thank the Angel.” He breathed.

“Like you needed them, asshat. But had you hurt my girl…” Jace said, pulling his still giggling mate into his arms. “What are you laughing at?”

“What? It was fun.” Clary said. “I kinda want to do it again.”

“I’d rather you didn’t.” Alec and Magnus said as one.

“Can you teach us to do that?” Nathan asked, the second warrior.
Alec thought for a moment before answering.

“We’ll start off smaller, I think. That is, if Izabella lets me.”

“Can we stop with the Izabella stuff and just go with grandma?” She asked, pride and awe coursing through her for her grandson, and his parabati. She had decided that she wanted to get to know her grandson after all.

“Sure.” He said, warmed by the thought.

“So does that mean I don’t get to have a go?” Izzy asked, wrapping her arm around her brother’s wait.

“I don’t know. You and those heels…”

“I can wear flats.”

Alec laughed.

“You don’t own flats.”

“Clary does. I’ll borrow some from her.”

“I’ll think about it.” He said, giving her a peck on the cheek. “Why are we being stared at?”

“Because you’re crazy and stupid.” Magnus said, deadpan. “Especially for showing off.”

“We weren’t showing off. Sometimes you have to flip to correct your balance.”

“Flip to correct your balance.” Magnus said softly to himself, trying to understand.
“I know you like to follow your brother, Isabelle, but please don’t do that. I don’t think my heart can take it.” Robert said, lifting his head from his hands. “As much as you may hate me, please don’t do that.”

Izzy looked at her brother, unsure what to say. His shrug told her all she needed to know. He was going to forgive their father. That meant that if he could, she could. Even if it took them a little time.

“I don’t hate you, dad. But there’s still questions that need to be answered. They’ll just be simpler ones.”

“By the Angel I hope so.” Robert said before it registered. “Wait. What? You don’t hate me?”

“Nope.” Alec said lightly. “Can’t say that I’m altogether happy about a few things. But I think we may just be able to work through it.”

Robert closed his eyes, a tear running down his cheek. His children didn’t hate him. He may actually be able to earn their forgiveness. Something he knew he didn’t deserve but would do everything he could to earn.

“It’s late. Everyone clear out. The show’s over.” Izabella said to the crowd that had gathered.

They had been told that her grandchildren were coming, and that they were Shadowhunters, something that made them leery, but Ms. Izabella ran Haven with her two boys. And if she was okay with them, then they must be okay.

Catarina could only shake her head at her best friend’s mate. She knew then that her oldest and dearest friend was going to need her, for each and every heart attack that his omega was going to give him. Someone was going to have to keep him alive for the rest of eternity.

“Did I miss all the fun again?” Simon asked, wrapping his arm around his alpha’s waist.

“You did. Alec and Clary jumped sixty feet out of a tree.” Izzy said with a smirk.
“Without me?!”

“Sorry, Si. I tell you what, the next tree jump is yours. Deal?” Alec asked.

“Deal.” Simon said with a happy smile.

Magnus couldn’t help but groan. ‘My Shadowhunters are going to be the death of me’ he thought.

“It’s alright, alpha. I won’t let him take a jump that high.” Alec murmured in Magnus’ ear.

“Thank Lilith.” He breathed. “Are you ready to call it a night?” He asked.

“Yeah. I think I am. Wait. I have a few questions for dad first.”

“Okay.” Robert said, exhaustion clear in his tone. “Go ahead.”

“When I was little, and I got sick, the first time I woke up, what do you say to me?”

“You remember that?”

“Please just answer my question.”

“Alright. I said that it was alright. It was okay. And not to bite down.”

Alec nodded his head, yes.

“And the day you left? What was the first thing you said to me?”

“What I said or what I did?”
“Either is fine.”

“Well, when you tried to talk and couldn’t, I gave you water. And when you could talk, and asked me what happened. I told you that it didn’t matter, all that mattered what that you were doing better.”

“And before you left?”

“That Dr. Garroway said that you were going to get better, but you had to rest. That meant no training until he told you that you could. That I would be back soon, and that he was going to give you some more sleepy medicine. And that when you woke up, your sister would be there so you wouldn’t wake up alone.”

“Wait, what?” Izzy asked, confused.

“Not now, Iz.” Alec said gently. “You broke your promise.”

“I know. And if I hadn’t, I would have known that your mother had forced you back into training before you were ready. I didn’t find that out until much later.

That was a promise that I really wanted to keep, and I couldn’t. That’s just one more reason why I hate the Clave. I let you down.”

“Okay. That’s what I needed to know. For now.”

“You broke your promise too, you know. Can you tell me what that was?”

“That I would always go to Dr. Garroway if I felt bad, even a little, so he could make sure I stayed safe. I broke that promise because I honestly forgot and was little confused when I really needed to remember it. But I made a promise to myself after that. That I’d never break another promise, ever again. And I haven’t.”
“I know.” He said, a small smile on his face as pride swelled in him for his little trooper. He had learned years ago that his son had never broken another promise. To anyone.

It’s late. You should go get some rest.”

Alec nodded, yes. He knew then that his dream really had been a memory and it made him wonder. What else had he forgotten? How many other times was his dad really by his side when he had needed him, and he just didn’t know it? Because he couldn’t remember it.

Alec laid in the safety of his alpha’s arms. Once they had gotten back to the cottage, he hadn’t been able to wind down. He was tired, but there was so much on his mind.

“Trouble sleeping, sweetheart?” Magnus asked softly.

“A bit.”

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“I’m honestly not sure where to start. It’s still all kinda jumbled up in my head.”

“I can understand that. You’ve had a lot thrown at you in a short amount of time, Alexander. In the past four months you’ve had your world turned upside down. You spent three of those four months living in a nightmare, killing yourself a little more each day, then you went through another nightmare that did kill you, love. You’ve been through a lot of traumas. And it hasn’t gotten any easier.

If it helps any, I’m proud of you. I’m proud of how hard you’ve worked to recover from everything that you’ve been through, both physically and mentally. I know that you’re still questioning yourself, even though you won’t talk to me about it. But I know you will when you’re ready. I’m proud of how strong you’ve been.”
“I haven’t been strong.” Alec said, cutting him off.

“Yes, you have, angel. You just don’t see it. Everyone around you does. And I guess, when your so caught up seeing other things, really bad things, that affect you in ways you’re not used to, I can understand where it might make you feel like your less than what you really are.”

“I’m a Shadowhunter, Magnus. I’m not supposed to be afraid. Of anything. I’m not supposed to panic, and I have.”

“Shadowhunter or not, sweetheart, you’re still a person. And people get scared rather they admit it or not. I can guarantee you that you are not the only Shadowhunter that has felt fear. I know it for a fact.

Do you not think that Robert wasn’t afraid the day Bella was born, or for Bella’s entire life before she presented? Do you not think that Bella wasn’t afraid for her child? Or Izabella afraid for her boys? Your father? Do you not believe, after everything you’ve heard in the last two days, that your father hasn’t spent your entire life terrified?

Everyone gets scared, angel. Everyone panics from time to time. Even Shadowhunters. You may be fearless in training and in the field, but did you not ask Clary to be your parabati because you were afraid that she might get hurt, and you wanted to protect her?”

“Yes.” Alec conceded.

“There is no shame in being afraid, love. It’s not a weakness. It can actually be a strength. While it may not feel like it, fear pushes you to do more. To do better. To do everything that you can to make what you fear not happen.

Like every Lightwood before you, you’ve felt fear. Right now, your fear is for what may come. For what the future may hold. But your Angel is giving you the chance to change what may or may not happen.

Is his method scaring you? Yes. Is it scaring me? Yes. Because of what it’s doing to you. Who wouldn’t be terrified if they woke up unable to breathe? Who wouldn’t be terrified after seeing what you’ve been seeing? Horrible things about the ones you love. And the ones you’ve already fallen in love with, even though they’re not even close to here.” He said, laying a gentle hand on Alec’s flat belly.
“That’s what’s going to make you a wonderful father, Alexander. You’re already trying to change things, for our children. To see them safely into this world. So please, don’t let your fear make you feel like your less than what you are, because what you are is magnificent.

You are so strong and so brave. You will do anything to protect those most important to you, your team, our family, our future children. By your Angel, love, you did everything you could to save hundreds of lives. The lives of people you don’t even know. And I’m not talking about the countless mundanes you watched over in New York.

I know how long and how hard you fought in The Dark War. Word of things like that get back to me. You are a hero to the downworld for a reason. Not just because you ended Valentine. But because of everything you did in the process. You did it and showed no fear.”

“How can you say those things when I can’t even handle a nightmare? What kind of Shadowhunter can’t handle a dream?”

“You’re not just having bad dreams, love. You’re having horrible visions of what may be the future. A future you’re trying to change. That doesn’t make you a bad Shadowhunter. That makes you a determined one.

Are these visions take a toll on you? Yes. But that’s beyond your control. Please don’t let how what’s happening make you doubt yourself. Do you really think that your Angel would give you these visions if you couldn’t handle it? If you weren’t strong enough to handle it? Did you ever stop to think that maybe he’s giving them to you because you’re the only one who can?”

“No. I didn’t. But that doesn’t make it any easier.”

“I know it doesn’t, angel. But we’ll get through it. One step at a time. Okay?”

“Okay.” Alec said softly, wanting to believe his alpha’s words, but he wasn’t sure he could. “I’d do anything to protect you too. You know that don’t you?”

“Yes, angel. I do. It’s late. You need to sleep. You’re going to have to face your father again tomorrow, and maybe find out more of what you need know.”
“I know. I’m just not sure I can.”

“Can what, sweetheart? Sleep or face your father?”

“Both.”

“Well, the sleep I can help you with, if you’ll let me. As for your father, I can only be by your side, every step of the way, supporting you. Something that will never change. Now, will you let me help you sleep?”

“Yes please.”

“Okay.” Magnus said, pressing a soft kiss to his Shadowhunters shoulder.

He had him pulled so closely to him that that was the closest part of his Shadowhunter he could reach.

“Try and relax, love.” He murmured softly, pressing a firm hand to his sweet omega’s flat belly.

Alec sighed, closing his eyes. He felt his alpha’s soft magic pushing into him, into where their children would one day be. He felt the soothing warmth as it spread through him, relaxing every muscle it reached.

“Sleep now, sweetheart.” Magnus murmured softly as he heard his Shadowhunters breathing slow and deepen, as his mind let go and he drifted into sleep. He wanted his angel to sleep soundly so he pushed just a little more into his love, until he was too deep for his soft little snores, knowing that his Alexander would get the rest he so desperately needed. Every day it seemed that his sweet Shadowhunter was utterly exhausted when he finally got to sleep, when his day finally ended.

Alec backflipped on the high beam, landing gracefully on the three-inch piece of wood thirty feet off the training room floor. Raj had broken the rules, he tried a ‘dirty’ blow with his kendo stick,
going for his legs.

“Time!” Hodge called from below.

Alec froze. Everything stopped when someone called ‘time’. Everything.

“Raj! This is ‘clean’ sparring. Moves like that aren’t allowed on the high beam. You know that.”

“Why?” Raj demanded. “He can take it.” He spat.

“That’s not the point. ‘Dirty’ blows aren’t allowed on the high beam. Both of you, come down.”

Alec sighed. He wanted to practice on the high beam.

“Coming down.” He called.

You always announced that you were coming down, or up. It was for safety, in case someone was beneath it, or already on the beam so they could brace for the vibration of someone landing on the thin piece of wood. Turning he started to bend for the crouch to make the jump.

He didn’t see Raj take the swing at the back of his knees with his kendo stick, but he felt the blow. He had no time could react to the blow behind his knees, no time to brace himself for the fall, and he knew he was falling.

He tried to turn to correct himself as he flipped to land on his feet, or at least break the fall, something he already knew how to do, but he couldn’t. His injured knees wouldn’t allow it. He knew he wouldn’t be able to correct in time. He knew he was going to hit the floor, and there was nothing he could do to stop it. He heard the crack as his head hit the hard wood before it all went black.
“Is he okay, Hodge?” Izzy asked, frantic. Her big brother was unconscious on the floor.

He heard his sister’s voice, and the fear in it. ‘Don’t be scared, Iz’ he thought. ‘I’m alright’.

“Help is coming, Izzy. Go wait outside for them. Take the others with you.” Hodge said calmly.

Alec tried to move his head before he opened his eyes.


Hodge was holding his head, stabilizing his head and neck. His brain registered this.

“Let go, Hodge. I’m okay.” He said, looking up at two Hodges.

“Alec, you hit your head. Just stay still. Help is coming. It’s going to be alright.” Hodge said, softly and calmly.

“I don’t need help. I’m okay.” He said, his own voice echoing in his ears. “I just need an irazte for my knees. They hurt.” He said calmly as his vision focused.

“You hit your head, Alec. You lost consciousness. You need to get checked out.” Hodge said, voice still calm and soothing.

Alec had trained long enough that he knew what Hodge was doing. He was trying to keep him calm, trying not to frighten him. But he didn’t need to, he wasn’t frightened. He wasn’t allowed to be. Fear wasn’t allowed.

“I’m not hurt, Hodge. Just my knees.”

“How many fingers am I holding up?” Hodge asked, holding his hand up, almost out of sight, securing his head with the other.
“Four.”

“And here?” He asked, doing the same with his other hand.

“Three.” Alec said, his head starting to spin.

“Does your head hurt?”

“No.” He said, unable to stop himself. ‘Why did I lie?’ he thought. His head was pounding.

“What about your neck? Your back?”

“No.”

“Does anything hurt?”

“Just my knees.” He heard himself say. ‘Why am I lying?’ he thought again. ‘Everything hurts.’

“Do you see my finger?” Hodge asked, holding his index finger between his eyes.

“Yes.”

“Follow my finger, Alec.” He said, moving it slowly from side to side.

Alec forced his eyes to refocus, doing as his trainer asked. It was hard. ‘Why am I not telling him this is hard?’ he thought.

“You’re sure you’re not in any pain?”
“Just my knees. I need an iratze.” He forced out, forcing his voice not to slur. The room was spinning.

“Tell me your name.”

“Alexander Gideon Lightwood.”

“Tell me where you are.”

“In the main training room at the New York Institute.” He heard himself say. “For morning training.” ‘My head is throbbing. Why am I not telling him?’ he thought.

He watched as Hodge pulled out his stele, passing it over his iratze rune.

“How do you feel now?” He asked.

He felt the pain ease, just a little. But the room was still spinning. He felt dizzy.

“Fine. My knees don’t hurt anymore.”

He realized then that he couldn’t control what was coming out of his mouth. It felt automatic.

“Can you sit up?” Hodge asked, moving back enough on the floor to give him room.

“Yes.” He said. ‘What’s wrong with me?’ he thought as he pushed himself up, pushing past the pain. ‘Why can’t I stop?’ he thought, his mind screaming at him.

“Did that hurt?”

“No.” He heard himself say, his voice an echo in his ears. He felt disconnected, like his head was floating, like it wasn’t attached.
“Bend your knees for me.”

Alec did it automatically.

“Did that hurt?”

“No.” He couldn’t control what was coming out of his mouth. He wanted to scream, to tell Hodge that something was wrong, but he couldn’t.

“Do you think you can stand?”

“Yes.”

Hodge stood, holding out a hand to help Alec up. Alec took it automatically. He felt the pain but couldn’t stop himself from climbing to his feet.

“How did that feel?”

“Fine.” He was afraid. He couldn’t make his body do what he wanted. ‘Why?’ he thought.

“Okay. Go sit down on the bench and wait for the medics. Your done training today.”

Alec turned towards the bench. His body was screaming at him. The pain, the dizziness, the room spinning, there was just so much. He just wanted to lie back down on the floor and sleep, but he couldn’t. His body was moving, and he didn’t know how to stop it.

He saw Hodge watching him in the mirror as he sat on the bench. As soon as Hodge turned, he was back on his feet. He didn’t understand what was happening. His body was moving but he had no control.

Before Hodge could turn, he crouched, taking the leap that would get him to the high beam. His
hands gripped it easily and the flipped himself over, landing easily on the wood.

“Alec!” Hodge called. “Sit down. Don’t move!”

He heard Hodges voice. He sounded so very far away, but he couldn’t make himself do as Hodge asked. It didn’t matter that he was dizzy. It didn’t matter that the room was spinning. It didn’t matter that every inch of him was hurt, that his head was pounding. He watched himself take a step forward and felt himself wobble.

“Alec! Stop!” Hodge cried frantically.

He took another step that he couldn’t stop and felt it as he lost his balance. He knew he was falling, but it all went black before he landed in Hodges arms.

Robert watched as his little boy struggled against the straps pinning him down. His beautiful blue eyes were open, but unfocused. He watched the nurses trying to hold him still while Dr. Garroway shined a light in his eyes, he had said ‘to check his pupils’. So far, they had responded normally to the light every time, which they had said was ‘a very good sign’.

Hodge had carried him into the infirmary three hours earlier. He didn’t get Hodge’s fire message until an hour after he had sent it. It had said ‘Come home. Alec’s hurt. It’s bad.’ It had landed on his desk in Alicante. Why it didn’t come straight to him, he didn’t know.

When he had portaled into the infirmary his son was pinned down in the trauma room. He was awake, but not responding to anything or anyone. The imaging that Dr. Garroway had done had told them that his little boy had fractured his skull in two places and that there was bleeding on his brain. It was a severe head trauma. The Silent Brothers had already come and gone, having done all they could do for him. The rest was up to the medical team.

They were giving him medication to try and stop the bleeding, but his son wouldn’t stop struggling to get up. He had watched for two hours as his precious boy slipped in and out of consciousness, fighting against his restraints every time he opened his eyes. He hadn’t spoken, but he had screamed out his pain. This time he wasn’t screaming, and it scared him.
“Alec. Alec, can you hear me? If you can hear me squeeze my hand.” Dr. Garroway said, firmly gripping Alec’s hand. Finally, for the first time in three hours he responded to something. He gave it a light squeeze. “Good. That’s good. I need you to try and relax, okay? You’re in the infirmary. Your hurt. Squeeze my hand if you can understand me.”

He watched as his little boy gave a second soft squeeze, the beat of his little heart racing through the heart monitor beside him.

Alec could see Dr. Garroway, hear his gentle voice, even though he sounded miles away. For the first time in what felt like forever he could actually make his body do what he wanted it to do. He couldn’t make his eyes focus, but he could see the nice doctor beside him. He had always been nice.

But he could hear the beeping machine. He didn’t know what it was. It felt like his head was going to explode. He had never felt pain like this. He didn’t know that he was fighting them. All he knew was that he was hurting, and that he was scared. The fast beeping of the machine only scared him more.

“Alec. Can you talk to me? Can you tell me if you’re in pain?”

He wanted to tell him. He wanted to tell him how much it hurt, but he couldn’t. He couldn’t think of the words. He couldn’t make them come out.

“Alec. Can you squeeze my hand if you’re in pain?”

That he could do. He squeezed as hard as he could.

“Okay. We’re going to give you some more medicine for the pain.”

Robert watched the doctor ask his son questions. The final question confirmed his fear. His son was hurting. But they were going to help him. They were going to give him more medicine.

“Sir, it might calm him if he hears your voice. Like we tried before.”
“Okay.” Robert said, the nurse at his son’s other side stepping away, making room for him.
“Buddy. It’s okay. They’re going to take the pain away. I know it hurts, but you need to try and relax. Can you do that for me? Can you try?”

‘Dad’s here.’ Alec thought. He could see his father, hear him, but he sounded miles away.

“It’s going to be okay. Dr. Garroway is going to take care of you.” He soothed, gently brushing his son’s hair out of his eyes.

It was hard seeing his precious Alexander like this. Strapped down, IV’s running into him, machines at all sides, a tube that wrapped around his ears pushing oxygen into his little nose. He had tried talking to him several times, but it had yet to register with his little boy. They had said it was from the trauma. That it may take time.

His dad’s voice made him feel better. He didn’t know what he was saying, but he felt better. Less scared. His dad was there, and it made him feel less scared. He didn’t hear the beeping machine start to slow. He didn’t know he had stopped fighting.

“That’s good, sir. He’s responding to you. Keep talking to him.”

Robert nodded, yes.

“It’s okay, Alexander. You’re going to feel better really soon.” He soothed, squeezing his son’s little hand. It felt so little. He remembered thinking that same thing before. Last time. When he was sick.

“Alec. I’m going to give you more medicine now.” Dr. Garroway said.

Robert watched as he connected yet another syringe to his son’s IV, the one in his small hand. He watched as he slowly pressed the plunger.

“The medicines coming, buddy. It’s coming.” He soothed, squeezing his little boy’s hand after he had squeezed his.
He couldn’t talk to his dad. He couldn’t tell him to stay. All he could do was squeeze his hand. His dad being there made him feel better. He didn’t feel so scared. He wanted him to stay.

“I’m right here, Alexander. I’m right here with you.”

He watched as his son’s eyes dilated more and more as the medicine went in. He knew they were about to dim the lights, to not hurt his son’s beautiful eyes, eyes that hadn’t focused since before he had reached the trauma room.

“Catherine, dim the lights please.” Dr. Garroway said, a nurse immediately doing as he asked.

Alec felt a slow warmth spread through him; he felt the pain start to fade away. He felt better, it didn’t hurt as much. It scared him when things got darker, but it was okay, because his dad was there, holding his hand.

He couldn’t hear them anymore, he couldn’t hear his dad, but he could see him a little, so it was okay. He felt sleepy. He wanted to sleep. He was getting warmer and he didn’t know why, or care. The pain was going away, and his dad was there. That was his last thought as he fell into sleep.

Alec’s eyes fluttered open. He didn’t know where he was, but he saw his dad, his dad was talking to someone. Someone he knew he knew but he couldn’t remember his name. He could hear them talking, but he didn’t know what they were saying. The only thing he could make out was the sound of the beeping machine.

He wanted to move, so he tried. But he couldn’t. He didn’t understand why. He didn’t know that he was strapped down, pinned. The beeping got faster, and his dad and the ‘stranger’ came closer. They were hard to see, but he could see them.

He could hear his dad’s voice, but he didn’t understand what he was saying. But he felt it when he squeezed his hand. And a slow warmth start to spread through him. He was getting sleepy. His dad was talking to him, using his gentle voice, so he knew it was okay for him to sleep. He remembered that from before. He didn’t know what before, just from before.
Robert’s stomach had lurched into his throat when Dr. Garroway had told him that there was a possibility of permanent brain damage from his son’s fall. He had hit his head, hard. The bleeding in his brain had stopped, but the swelling hadn’t. His brain was pressing against the inside of his skull, which could cause irreparable damage. It was ‘too soon to tell’. They would ‘have to wait and see’.

His nephilim blood was already working to heal his other injuries. The four broken ribs had fully mended, the iratze Hodge had used had helped those, but it didn’t do much for his fractured hip or bruised lungs. He hadn’t understood how his son had been able to get up after he had fallen. He hadn’t understood how he had managed to walk, let alone make the jump to get back onto the high beam.

They said it could have been from adrenaline. That sometimes when the body takes a severe trauma the body produces excess adrenaline, giving the person the ability to move around freely despite the injury, sometimes with little to no pain.

He had been furious when his daughter had told him what had happened. He had immediately suspended Raj from all training, and before the day was done would have his families transfer orders ready. He wanted them out of his Institute. All of them. Hodge…well, Hodge was lucky he was still alive. Knowing that he had let his boy back up on the high beam after a fall that could have killed him instantly made his blood boil. Blood that was still boiling. But he couldn’t let his Alexander know that. He had to stay calm around him. He had to use gentle tones and soft touches, ‘to not frighten him’ they said.

In the twenty-two hours since his son had fallen, he had regained consciousness eleven times. Up until the last four he had been mostly in and out, never for more than a minute or so after they started giving him stronger pain medication. Now when he woke up, sometimes he could respond in some way, others he couldn’t. That was due to the ‘fluctuation pressure on the brain’ they said.

But Dr. Garroway was doing everything he could. He was giving his little trooper strong pain medications to keep him comfortable and other medications to keep him calm. They wanted him to stay calm, to not struggle. Struggling like he had before would only hurt him more, especially the unhealed fractures. It scared him each time his son started struggling to breathe, but each time it happened they pushed more medication into him. Between that and the oxygen they were giving him it seemed to pass within a few minutes.

His son’s soft grunt when he tried to move caught their attention. He moved quickly to his side, to talk to him. They just kept telling him ‘to talk to him’ and that ‘your voice calms him’.

“It’s alright, Alexander. Don’t move, buddy. You have to lie still.” He crooned, squeezing Alec’s hand. That was how he mostly responded. He still hadn’t spoken yet. If he ever would again,
they didn’t know. ‘They would have to wait and see’.

“I know you don’t feel well, but more medicine is coming.” He said as he watched Dr. Garroway fill another syringe. “Just try and rest. You have to rest to get better. You’re doing great.” He said, watching his son’s eyes start to droop. He had seen Dr. Garroway administer the medication. His precious boy would be asleep again soon. “It’s okay to sleep. Just close your eyes.” He said softly, squeezing his hand again. He hadn’t felt this kind of helplessness since his little boy was a baby. He could only watch and pray to the Angel that his son would open his eyes again as he fell asleep.

When Alec pushed his eyes open, the beeping machine didn’t scare him. He remembered it from before. When from before, he didn’t know. He saw his dad and Dr. Garroway, clearly, standing at the foot of the bed. He could tell that he was in the infirmary. He had spent enough time here before that he remembered the pattern on the walls.

“Dad?”

He didn’t know that his voice was barely a whisper, but they heard him. His dad was at his side in an instant. The same instant that he felt pain shoot through his already aching head, making his eyes water.

“Hey, buddy.” Robert crooned, relief coursing through him at the sound of his son’s soft voice. “How are you feeling?” He asked, taking Alec’s hand.

“Hurts.”

“I know it does.”

“Happened?” He asked, hearing his voice slur.

“You fell and got hurt. But it’s okay. You going to be okay. You just have to rest and get better.”
He had heard those words before, from before, but he didn’t remember the before. He only remembered his dad. His dad holding his hand.

“Alec, can you look at me?” Dr. Garroway asked.

Alec tried to turn his head, to look at the nice doctor, but the pain that ripped through his skull stopped him. He didn’t hear himself cry out the pain.

“It’s okay. It’s okay. You don’t have to move.” He rushed. “Just lie still.” He said, quickly filling a syringe. “Talk to him. This will be the last chance before we can wake him up.”

Robert nodded, yes.

“Alexander, buddy, it’s okay. The pain will go away soon.” He said, squeezing his son’s hand.

Looking into his beautiful blue eyes he saw that they were focused for the first time in three days, and he saw the pain in them. Pain that broke his heart. He hadn’t left his son, not for a second, and he wasn’t going to. It didn’t matter how long they had him under. He would be with him.

“I need you to listen to me, okay?” He asked, meeting his son’s eyes.

Alec could hear his father clearly, through the pain that made him want to cry. But he couldn’t cry. He just didn’t remember why.

“You’re going to go to sleep for a while, so you can finish getting better.”

Alec felt warmth spreading through him, something he remembered, he just didn’t know from when. It was taking the pain away but making him sleepy.

“I don’t want to.”

Robert could hear the fear in his son’s voice, and it broke his heart even more.
“I don’t want you to either, but you have to. It’s okay to be scared. But you have nothing to worry about. You will feel much better when you wake up.” He said, praying to the Angel that he would wake up. What they were about to do terrified him. “You have to sleep so you can get better. You were hurt really bad, but it’s going to be okay.” He said, squeezing Alec’s hand. Alec squeezed right back, a little stronger than before. “I’ll be right here when you wake up.”

“Promise?”

“I promise. On the Angel.” He said as Alec’s eyes started to droop. “I love you, Alexander.” He wouldn’t let him see him cry. He wouldn’t let his precious boy see them and be afraid.

“Love you too.” Alec mumbled as darkness closed in, as sleep crept forward to claim him.

He didn’t feel his eyes flutter closed, but he did feel the squeeze on his hand, and the soft kiss on his forehead.

Robert watched as his little boy fell asleep, possibly for the last time. He was glad he had woken up. He was glad that he had gotten to see him awake, to see his beautiful blue eyes, and talk to him, to tell him that he loved him. They were about to put him in a coma. For how long, they didn’t know. But it was the only way his brain would have any chance to fully heal. It was the only chance his little trooper had.

They had explained to him the risks, the changes of success. They had also told him that if they didn’t do this, his precious boy would not recover. He would slip into a coma on his own and pass. The bleeding on his brain had been too bad. The swelling had lasted too long.

The only way that they might be able to save him was if they did this, if they put him into a coma first. His brain was trying to do too many things. It wasn’t able to focus on doing the one thing it needed to do the most, to focus on healing itself.

He couldn’t think about the what if’s now. He wouldn’t. His boy was strong. So, so strong. ‘If anyone can pull through this, he can.’ He thought. He hadn’t told his daughter, or his son’s team. He didn’t have the heart to.

“Sir, the medications ready. It’s time.” Dr. Garroway said gently.
He felt the tear slide down his cheek. They hadn’t been expecting him to wake up like he had. But he was grateful. He would always be grateful for those few moments. Now matter what happened. He had told his son he loved him, something he hadn’t done enough in his short life.

“Okay.” He whispered.

He held his Alexander’s hand tightly in his own as he watched the doctor that had brought his son into this world administer the medication that would slow his body down, that would reduce it to its most basic functions. There was a chance he might stop breathing, but they were ready for that. That would just be one more strain taken off his body.

He watched as his son’s breathing start to slow, listened as the beeping of the heart monitor slowed with it. He watched as his nurse, Sarah, gently removed the oxygen tube and replaced it with a mask, something that would provide more direct oxygen flow. They had said that they would be watching his brain functions closely, monitoring his recovery so they would know when they could start to wake him up. ‘It’s the only way. It’s the only chance he has’.

Dr. Garroway’s words were echoing in his ears as he settled into his chair to wait, his son’s little hand still held tight in his. He would wait with him, however long it took, he would be by his side. He would be there when his little boy opened his eyes, like he promised.

Pain. That was the first thought Alec had as he drifted up towards the surface out of the black. There was pain, ‘but he had had worse’ he thought. His senses were returning quickly. He could feel the pain, the cold air blowing into his nose, and his legs pinned down. He could hear the steady beep of the stupid heart monitor. ‘I hate those things’ he thought as he blinked his eyes open. ‘Where’s dad. Did he leave me?’ he thought as fear gripped him.

“Dad?”

“Right here, buddy.” Robert said, leaping to his feet, stacks of papers falling from his lap.

His son’s voice had caught him off guard. They had been waiting for this. He had been waiting for this for the last nine hours, since Dr. Garroway had given his precious boy the medication that
would allow him to regain consciousness, ‘if he was able to’. That hadn’t been sure, but they’d been ‘hopeful’. The piles of paper were his way of trying to distract himself. It hadn’t done much good. After nine days of waiting while his little boy was kept in a drug induced coma, he had been anxious.

‘He’s looks tired’ Alec thought, taking his first good look at his father in what felt like forever.

“Your tired.” He said softly.

“I’m okay. How you do feel? Are you in pain?” Robert asked, gazing into the beautiful blue eyes he loved so much. Eyes they were finally focused but looked sleepy. As a second thought he reached up, pushing the button that would call for Dr. Garroway.

“A little. My head hurts.”

“I know. You hit it pretty hard.” He said softly, trying to keep his son at ease, relaxed.

“Are we awake?” Dr. Garroway asked as he walked in.

“We are.” Robert said, brushing a lock of hair out of Alec’s sleepy eyes.

“That’s good. How are you feeling, Alec?” Dr. Garroway asked.

“My head hurts.”

“Okay. Well, we can fix that. Does anything else hurt? Anything at all?”

Alec thought for a moment, trying to take stock of his body. They were being taught that after an injury you sometimes had to stop and think about anything that may or may not hurt, something you may not notice right away.

“I feel stiff. And sore.”
“Anything else?”

“I don’t think so.”

“Okay. Well, if that changes, if anything changes, I need you to tell me. Can you do that? Anything at all.”

“Okay.”

“This is important, Alexander. It’s very important that you tell Dr. Garroway anything that doesn’t feel right. Don’t think that you have to be strong or brave, that you have to push through it because you don’t. He has to know so he can make sure you have everything you need to get better.” Robert said gently, but firmly. “Okay?”

“Okay.” He said, relieved. This time, it was okay to hurt.

“You look sleepy, Alec.” Dr. Garroway said softly. “Are you sleepy?”

“A little.”

“Well, that’s okay too. It’s okay to be sleepy. Until you feel better, sleep as much as you want. Don’t try and fight it. It’s okay to sleep.”

“Okay.” He said, unsure. He had always been told that he had to get up. That too much sleepy meant you were lazy.

Robert heard the uncertainty in his son’s voice and silently kicked himself. He knew his little boy wasn’t used to this, used to being able to not force himself through pain, through the need to sleep. And that was his fault.

“He means it, Alexander. And I’m telling you too. It’s okay to be sleepy. It’s okay to sleep.” He said gently, turning his son’s chin to meet his eyes. “I mean it. It’s okay.”
“Okay. Can I sleep now?” Alec asked, hoping his dad would confirm his words.

Robert glanced at Dr. Garroway, relieved by his soft nod.

“Yes, buddy, you can.”

Alec felt relieved. His dad had told him it was okay, and he meant it.

“Alec, I’m going to give you some more medicine now for the pain. I need you to promise me that if it’s not enough, if you still hurt, that you’ll tell me. We can give you more. Can you promise me that?”

Alec looked at his dad, unsure.

“It’s okay. This is important. You have to get better, Alexander. And that’s not going to happen if you’re hurting. If your straining yourself. Promise me.”


“That’s good. You just make sure you tell me if anything changes. This medicine may upset your tummy. If it does, I need you to tell me. Don’t try to force yourself through anything. Okay?” Dr. Garroway asked gently.

He knew Alec. He knew that he pushed himself hard. He was going to be an exceptional Shadowhunter one day. But today was not that day. Today he needed to be a hurt little boy and let himself be taken care of.

“Okay.”

“Good. I’m going to give you the medicine now.” He said, connecting a syringe to Alec’s IV.
“Will you still be here when I wake up?” He asked Robert.

Robert’s heart broke. So many times, his precious boy woke up and he wasn’t there, he was always away, running the Institute from his office in Alicante.

“Yes, buddy. I will.” He said softly, brushing the lock of hair that always seemed to be in his son’s eyes gently away.

“Okay.” Alec mumbled as warmth spread through him. The pain was going away quickly, his head no longer hurting, but the medicine was making him want to sleep even more.

“Just rest, okay?”

“Okay.” He said, his eyes feeling heavy.

Robert leaned down, pressing a soft kiss to his forehead.

“You’ve done so well. You’ve been so strong. I’m proud of you, Alexander. And I love you, so very much.”

Alec’s heart constricted in his chest; his father loved him. A weight he never knew he was carrying rose up off his shoulders, relief coursing through him.

“Love you too.” He mumbled as his eyes closed, just happy with the knowledge that his dad loved him.

Alec didn’t know it, but he slept a lot over the next several days. He remembered waking up, his dad being by his side. He remembered when they finally unpinned his legs and he could roll over and get up with help to walk a little and go to the bathroom. Every time he opened his eyes, his dad was there. It was his dad who helped him.

He remembered, a week later when he felt mostly better, when they had determined that he was unlikely to have any brain damage, that his dad had told him that he had to go, that he couldn’t stay anymore. He remembered fighting back his tears, something he hadn’t had to do since he got hurt.
He didn’t want his dad to go, but they needed him back in Alicante, in Idris.

He remembered when his dad had promised that he would come back as much as he could, even if it was just for a few hours. He remembered that his dad kept that promise.

He remembered the day his dad left, when he told him that when he woke up from his nap, that his sister would be there. He hadn’t gotten to see her, or his team, since the day he got hurt, something that was hard to remember.

He remembered it when he woke up and his sister was by his side, and that his dad had left. He remembered when he had said goodbye a few hours before, and when he had pressed a soft kiss to his forehead.

He remembered spending forever in the infirmary with his sister and Dr. Garroway, when his sister wasn’t in training. He remembered when Dr. Garroway had finally said that he could go back to his room, but he gave strict orders. He remembered every day that Dr. Garroway would come up to his room to check on him and make sure that he was resting.

He remembered his first day back in training. He didn’t know that his father was watching. Just like he didn’t know that his father was there the first time he went back up on the high beam a month later. Or that every night, rather his dad had been away that day or not, he would portal back just to check on him after he had fallen asleep.

That, he didn’t know. He didn’t know that his dad did that every night. Not just for him, but his sister too. He didn’t know that every night, for years, his father always made it home, at least for a little while, to watch over them as they slept.

Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a vote.
Chapter 19 - Gideon's Legacy - Part 1

Chapter 19

Gideon’s Legacy Part 1

WARNING – SEXUAL CONTENT

Not Intended for readers under the age of 18

This is a highly explicit sexual chapter. If you are not a fan of hardcore smut, please read no further.

A/N: Just a heads up to make reading easier, the intimate parts of this chapter switch back and forth between Alec and Magnus’ perspectives.

Alec rubbed his temples, his head still aching. He was tired and in pain. He had been since he had woken from his ‘dream’ hours earlier. He was sure it was a memory, but it had felt so real. More real than the first one. This time, he woke up feeling the pain.

When he had woken up and told his alpha, he had sent for Cat. They didn’t understand what had happened. They could see that he was exhausted, that he hadn’t gotten any rest. They both had insisted that he lie back down, sleep for a while longer before this meeting. He hadn’t wanted to, but they hadn’t given him a choice. It was either sleep with magic, or Cat’s mundane drugs. So he had let his warlock ease him back to sleep, forcing him into a sleep that he didn’t want. More and more he was coming to hate sleep, which wasn’t a good thing. Their insistence that he take that extra time was why this meeting was starting late.

He hadn’t felt much better when he had woken up, but the pain wasn’t as bad. He still felt tired, but he could think. When he had first woken up, he was so overwhelmed by the pain and emotions he had felt from the ‘dream’ that it had been hard to think, hard to speak. He had felt everything so clearly, remembered everything perfectly. But what he didn’t understand is how, or why, he felt so much of what his father had. Or at least, what he thought he had.

“Sweetheart, are you sure you want to do this now? It can wait.” Magnus said softly.

He had been watching his Shadowhunter since they had arrived at the council hall. He could see
that he was still exhausted, and in pain. He also knew that he was confused by the emotions he had felt, something he didn’t understand himself.

“I’m sure. I just want to get this done, so everyone can try and move past it if we can.” Alec said, straightening up in his chair. He knew Cat was in the corner, watching him. She had been watching him since he had woken up.

“Alexander?” Robert asked. He had been watching his son too and could see that he was struggling. His exhaustion was obvious, and he could see that something else was wrong.

“Yes, dad?”

“Are you alright? If you’re not feeling well, this can wait.”

“I’m fine. I just didn’t sleep well.”

Robert nodded, unsure. Everyone was watching Alec, unsure themselves.

“First question. What happened to Hodge?”

“Hodge?” Robert asked, surprised.

“Yes. Hodge. The day I fell he was there. Iz says that the next day he was gone and that’s when we got our new trainer. What happened to him?”

Robert hesitated. He wasn’t sure why his son was asking him this.

“Well…after you got hurt, and he sent you back up on the high beam, and I found out, I had him portaled to Idris. He trains there now.”

“He didn’t send me back up on the high beam.”
“What?” Izzy asked, confused. “Alec, if he didn’t send you up…”

“I went up myself.” He said, cutting her off.

“Alexander, I don’t understand. You’ve never remembered that day before. Your sister told me what happened.” Robert said.

“She was wrong. She wasn’t in the training room. Hodge sent her and the others out into the hall to wait for help.” Alec said, remembering his ‘dream’ clearly.

“I’m confused.”

“Alexander has been having some unusual dreams.” Magnus said.

“Magnus.” Alec said, stopping him.

“Dreams that we think are memories. Intense ones.” Magnus said, ignoring his Shadowhunter. “Last night he had another one.”

“Another one?” Robert asked.

“Yes. This is the second one.” He said, looking at his sweet omega. The hurt in his eyes had him stopping. He knew he couldn’t say anymore.

“Alexander…what’s going on?” Robert asked.

“Last night I had a dream and I remembered that day. And everything that came after, I think.” Alec finally said.

“Okay. You said you went back on the high beam. That Hodge didn’t send you. Why? Why would you go back up if you knew you were hurt?” Robert asked.
“I’m not sure to be honest. I remember the fall. I remember hitting my head. I remember when I woke up Hodge and Iz were there. He sent Iz out to the hall with the others but kept me there. He was trying to keep me calm and still.

I remember it clearly. I kept telling him I was fine, but I knew I wasn’t. He kept asking me questions, and I kept lying, and I don’t know why. I remember thinking to myself ‘why am I lying’. I lied about every question he asked, and I have no idea why. And I remember thinking that.

I remember the pain. Everything hurt. But I couldn’t tell him that. I couldn’t make the words come out. It was like I had no control over what I was saying. And when he let me sit up, he asked me if it hurt, and I just kept lying, even though my body was screaming, and my mind was screaming at me to tell him. But I just couldn’t. I was thinking it, I just couldn’t make it happen.

Just like when I stood up. It was agony, but when he asked me if it hurt, I told him it didn’t. He told me to go sit on the bench and wait until help came. That I was done training for the day. And I did. But as soon as he turned his back, I got up and went back to the high beam. I couldn’t make my body stop moving. I remember making the jump, and the pain, and once I got up, I heard him telling me to stop. To sit down. To not move. But it’s like…I heard him, and I knew I should stop, but I couldn’t. I couldn’t make myself do it.”

“Trauma induced disassociation.” Cat said from the corner.

“What?” Robert asked.

“That sounds like trauma induced disassociation. I’ve seen it countless times in the mundane world. It can happen after severe injuries. The body produces excess adrenaline in response to the trauma that keeps the person going and the mind disassociates from the rest of the body. The body moves instinctually. A person can move around freely, not realizing their injured until hours later. Sometimes they know their injured, but just keep going, unable to stop themselves.

Alec, what was your last thought before you fell?”

“I was disappointed. Hodge told us to come down, but I wanted to practice on the high beam. Why?”

“That was your last conscious thought, at least that your brain registered, before you hit your head.
When you regained consciousness, that’s what your body was pushing you to do, to get back up, but your mind had disassociated.

That’s why you had no control. That’s why you couldn’t control what you said or did. Because that part of your mind, the part that recognized that something was wrong, and could express it, had separated, for lack of a better term.”

“I remember feeling like my head had disconnected from my body.”

“That’s because in a way it had, sweetie.” She said gently.

“And that was your dream? That’s what you remembered?” Robert asked, anxious.

“Part of it.” Alec admitted. “I remembered the pain. It’s like I felt it. And I remembered other things. I remember being in the infirmary. I remember how I felt, what I was thinking. Every time I opened my eyes. I fractured more than my skull, didn’t I?”

“Yes.” Robert said, hesitant.

“I broke more bones, didn’t I? Ribs and my hip.”

“Who told you that?”

“No one. I just remember it. I don’t understand most of what I remembered. I remember feelings and emotions and some thoughts. Not just mine, but some of yours, I think.”

“Sweetie…” Cat started. “I don’t understand.”

“That makes two of us.” Robert said.

“I don’t know how to explain it.” Alec sighed, frustrated. “When I woke up, it was like I had felt everything, from start to finish, right up to the day I was released. I think I remember everything. Not just my memories, but everything else too. The most excruciating pain. My fear. Your fear.
All of it, and I don’t understand it.”

“You were feeling pain when you woke up, sweetheart.” Magnus said, concerned.

“Pain that should have woken you up.” Cat said. “If you were feeling the same pain you felt then, in the dream, the pain itself should have woken you up.”

“It didn’t. I just remember waking up this morning, in pain, and confused. It was like every thought and emotion was…I don’t know how to explain it.” Alec said. “And I don’t understand why I still hurt.”

“Alec, are you sure this was just a dream?” Clary asked, raising her brows. “Or was it a dream?”

“That makes sense. That would explain why it’s so clear. And why it was so intense.” Izzy said.

“Does somebody want to tell me what in the Angel’s name is going on here?” Robert asked, gripping Izabella’s hand.

“No.” Jace said, unable to tear his eyes from his brother.

“I don’t know, Clary. Maybe.” Alec admitted.

“I think you should go back to bed, angel. Get some more rest.” Magnus said softly, gently rubbing Alec’s back.

“No. It’s fine. We have other things to discuss.”

“Your questions will still be here later.” He said gently. “Right now, I think we need to take care of you.”

“I don’t know what is going on here, or what you all are keeping from me, but I’m not answering another question until Cat can assure me my son is alright.” Robert declared, climbing to his feet. Worry and fear were coursing through him. Something was wrong with his son. Bad wrong. He
could feel it.

“Dad...”

“No, Alexander.”  He said, cutting him off.  “Your obviously confused and not well.  Let your mate and Cat take care of you.  The rest will wait.”

“He’s right, Alec.  You’re in pain.  A lot of it.  The same pain that woke me earlier.  Please do what they ask.”  Clary pleaded.  “The rest of our questions can wait.”

“Come on, Alec.  Don’t be stubborn.”  Simon said softly, his worry for best friend obvious.  They all had been worried, all morning.

“I don’t understand, Magnus.”  Alec said softly to his warlock.  “Was this a dream or a memory or what?”

“I’m not sure love.  I think it may have been all three.  But that’s not important right now.  We can figure that out later.  What’s important is getting you taken care of.”  Magnus said softly.

“He’s right, Alec.”  Cat said.  “Let’s get you back to bed for a while.  See if we can make you feel better.”

Alec sighed, feeling defeated.  He didn’t want to go.  He didn’t want to sleep.

“You can walk back, or we’ll carry you back, Alec.”  Jace said firmly.  He was worried about his brother too.  “You choose.”

“Fine.  I’ll go.  I just have one question for dad.  Something I really need to know.”

“And that is?”  Robert asked, irritated.

“After, before they put me in that coma, because they had to, because it was the only way, you said you loved me, and kissed me on the forehead, didn’t you?”
“Yes.” Robert breathed, his heart constricting in his chest. ‘He shouldn’t remember that’ he thought. ‘He shouldn’t know that.’

“Okay.” He knew then that it was more than just a dream, or a memory. Something else had happened to him last night, he just didn’t know what. He had felt that soft kiss, he remembered it perfectly, and the words that were never said.

“I’ll give you two a minute. Magnus, help him into something comfortable.” Cat said, standing in the cottage doorway.

Magnus gave her a small nod, yes. Together, they had led Alec back to his cottage, flanking him on either side. For two reasons, one, to make sure he made it back without taking off on his own, two, to make sure he made it back without difficulty.

They hadn’t missed his limp when they left the council room, or the hand he had held protectively over his ribs. They knew that he had taken a major head injury in the fall that had almost killed him, but now, now they knew that he had also broken ribs and fractured his hip. His difficulty moving suggested that he was in more pain than he had initially told them, that he had more than just the ‘dregs of a headache’.

If he had been feeling this kind of pain when he had woken up, and told them, they never would have let him out of bed. They had realized that on the way to the council hall, he hadn’t been limping, or holding his ribs.

“Sweetheart, why didn’t you tell me how much you were hurting?” Magnus asked gently, cupping Alec’s cheek.

Alec sighed.

“I don’t know. I guess because I really didn’t know myself. I was so confused when I woke up. I felt pain, but it’s like it’s only getting worse and worse.” He said, leaning into his alpha’s comforting touch. The pleasant tingle down his spine was a nice distraction.
“Okay. Well, let’s get you changed and off your feet.” Magnus said, trying to hide his concern.

“Okay.” Alec breathed. The idea of laying down was getting more and more appealing.

Magnus lifted Alec’s chin, looking into his favorite crystal blue eyes. Yes, he could see the pain there, and it worried him.

“It’s going to be okay, angel.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead.

With a finger snap Alec was changed into his soft, comfy sleep clothes and the bed was turned down, his favorite satin sheets waiting for him.

“Come on. In you go.”

“Okay.” Alec said, his head starting to spin. “I may need you to help me.”

“Alec moved to take a step and cried out as pain shot through him. In an instant he was off his feet and in Magnus’s arms. Before he could open his eyes from the bone deep pain, he felt the softness of the bed beneath him.

“What happened?!?” Cat asked, bursting through the door. She had heard Alec’s cry of pain from outside.

“I don’t know. He took a step, just a step, and his knees started to give.” Magnus said, stepping out of her way.

“I don’t understand. Why does this hurt so much?” Alec breathed. That’s all he could do. He couldn’t manage anything louder. The pain went too deep.
“Try and relax, sweetie.” She said gently, waving her hand. Her black medical bag appeared at her side. “I’m going to take the pain away. It’ll only take a second.” She said, quickly filling a syringe. “Big stick, then you can sleep.” She said, quickly and efficiently sanitizing Alec’s skin. Before he could protest the needle pierced his skin.

“I don’t want to sleep.” He protested as warmth rushed through him. Within seconds the pain started to recede, and his body relaxed.

“You need to rest, Alexander.” Magnus said softly, taking his usual place beside his Shadowhunter.

“You don’t understand. I can’t take another one of those dreams.” Alec pleaded, desperately fighting the effects of the drug that wanted to overtake him. “I can’t.”

Magnus snapped his fingers, producing a small vial. He quickly uncorked it.

“Here, angel. Drink this. No dreams this round, okay?” He asked gently. He could understand his angel’s reluctance, and fear. Sleep was becoming harder and harder on his love, and they all knew it.

Alec didn’t hesitate when his alpha lifted his head, swallowing the potion without question. He knew he wasn’t going to hold out much longer.

“There, that’s better.” Magnus crooned softly, settling Alec’s head back on the soft pillows. “Just close your eyes, sweetheart. You’ll feel better when you wake up.” He said, tucking the soft duvet around his Shadowhunter.

‘They keep saying that’ Alec thought as he finally gave up, as he finally let go and drifted into a pain free sleep.

“Cat, you may want to check on Biscuit. She’s probably feeling a little drowsy herself right about now.” Magnus murmured, brushing a lock of raven hair out of his sleeping Shadowhunter’s eyes.

The door opened behind them, Jace carrying a sleepy Clary in in his arms.
“Lay her down beside Alec.” Cat said, turning the blankets down so Jace could lay her gently down beside her parabati. Within seconds her eyes fluttered closed as she drifted into sleep.

“I know she’s just tired, but is he okay?” Jace asked, sitting beside his mate, tucking the duvet around her shoulders, just as Magnus had his.

“He just needs to sleep.” Magnus said, wanting to reassure his sweet omega’s brother. It was hard though, hard to offer reassurances when he was terrified for his young warrior himself. If his angel’s dreams were coming from his Angel, his Angel was starting to piss him off.

Robert watched as his son’s team trained in the clearing behind the village. He had been watching them for hours. Cat has assured him the night before that his son was alright, that he had just needed to rest, but wouldn’t tell him anything else. Watching his parabati he knew her words must have been true. Clary in no way seemed hindered and was training as beautifully and gracefully as she always had. If his son was in any kind of danger, she wouldn’t be out with them.

He had been watching them, waiting for his opportunity. He had decided during his sleepless night that he was going to get answers, rather his son’s team wanted to give them to him or not. So far, several hours had passed and they had yet to take a break, which didn’t surprise him. They had always trained longer and harder than all the rest. They all pushed hard, trained hard. That’s what made them so good. But his son, he had always pushed himself longer and harder than his team, which was why he was the best.

Clary’s giggle broke him from his musings, his memories of his son and his teams past training sessions.

“I’ll be right there. I just want to check in on Alec.” She called to the others.

“Don’t be long. He’ll have my ass if you don’t eat.” Izzy shouted back, turning with Jace and Simon towards the cottage they were sharing in the village. Now was his chance.

“Clary!” He called.
Her head whipped around, her eyes landing on him beneath an old tree. He had chosen this spot for a reason. While he had been able to easily see them, they wouldn’t have seen him unless they had been looking. He saw her easy smile drop, just to be pulled right back into place. She jogged the short distance between them.

“Good morning, sir.”

“Good morning. You’ve been training.”

“Yes. Alec was a bit…insistent. He doesn’t like us to be away from it for too long.” She said with a fond smile for her parabati. “He doesn’t like being away from it himself.”

“Why isn’t he out here with you?”

Clary felt her stomach drop. She had been afraid of this when he had called her over. He wanted information. Information no one was willing to give him.

“Magnus asked him to hold off for a little while. Until later this afternoon.”

For the time being they had postponed their questions and answer meetings, which was fine with him. He needed the break. But he had a few questions of his own regardless. Questions that would get answered.

“How is he?”

“He’s better. He just needed some sleep. That’s all.” She said, smiling.

“She’s always smiling’ he thought. That just made what he was about to do that much harder.

“Please don’t lie to me, Clary.”

“Sir?”
“I know somethings not right with him, and nobody wants to tell me what it is. But you’re his parabati. If anyone should be looking out for him, for his best interest, it’s you.”

A spark of anger lit in Clary, a spark that shone brightly in her already bright green eyes.

“I’m always looking out for my parabati, and his best interest. Rather you believe that or not, that’s up to you.” She said, turning to walk away.

“Stop!” He commanded, full alpha.

She froze in place, halted by his command. She was a beta. He was a strong alpha. She knew in an instant where this was going.

“Do you really want to do this, sir? Do you think it will help?”

“Probably not, but if he won’t tell me, and my daughter won’t tell me, you will.”

“And what is it exactly that you want to know, sir?” She asked, facing him head on. She may not be able to resist him in the end, but she was sure as hell going to fight.

“What is going on with my son?”

“I’m not sure what you mean, sir. There’s been a lot of things going on.”

He hated the disdain he heard in her voice, and that he was the one that had put it there, but he had to think of his son, not of his parabati’s feelings.

“Then I guess you’ll just have to bring me up to speed. We’ll start with yesterday. Tell me about these dreams he’s been having.”

“Don’t you think you should be asking him this?” She asked, her anger turning to fury. She knew
what he was about to do, and in that moment, she hated him for it.

“I’m asking you.” He said calmly.

“Asking or commanding?”

“I would prefer asking.” He said softly.

She nodded her head, yes.

“Like Magnus said, he’s been having some intense dreams. Dreams we believe to be memories.” She said, taking his measure.

Robert sighed. She wasn’t going to make this easy. Before he could open his mouth to speak, to issue the command that would force her to talk, she spun, faster than he could blink. Her leg came up in a smooth roundhouse and her foot connected perfectly with his jaw, shattering the bones. For the second time in four days, his jaw had just been shattered.

“Good luck issuing a command, _sir_, when you can’t even speak.” She spat before turning around and quickly sprinting away.

Before he could get to his stele to activate his iratze, she was gone.

Alec sat on the bed in his alpha’s little cottage, facing him.

“So you think this dream was from the Angel? That he wanted you to know just how much your father cared? That he was actually there when you needed him?” Magnus asked.

“I think so. I think it had to be as intense as it was for me to be able to understand, I think to be able to know his thoughts, his feelings and know what _he_ was going through.” Alec said softly. “I
think the Angel was trying to show me how much he cared and loved me, even though I didn’t
know it because any other time he didn’t show it. Maybe to answer the questions that I couldn’t
get past, so we could move forward. I don’t know. I could be wrong.”

“It’s a real possibility. But what about the pain you felt after? That was pretty intense too, love.”
He said gently.

“I don’t know. Dregs from the dream maybe? Because it was so strong? When I woke up again,
the pain was gone, and Cat scanned me and found no injuries. I don’t think the Angel was trying
to hurt me. I just don’t think that there was any other way for me to feel things so deeply, right
down to his thoughts and memories.”

“Perhaps. But there are still questions that have to be answered, sweetheart. Like how he
disappeared from the Institute. And who weakened the wards. And about your mother. Doesn’t
she run the Institute with him?”

“I know.” Alec said softly.

“If your right, do you think you can trust him? That you can get past it all? Because if you can’t
angel, there’s no reason for us to stay here.”

“I don’t know.”

There was a loud pounding on the door, startling them both.

“Alec! Magnus! Are you in there?!?” Clary shouted.

Magnus was on his feet in an instant. He knew by her tone that something was wrong. He had the
door open before she could knock again.

“Clary? What’s wrong?” Alec asked, climbing to his feet.

“Your father.” She said, her heart breaking for her parabati. She knew that what she was about to
tell him was going to hurt him.
“What is it, Biscuit? What happened?” Magnus asked.

“Robert was going to use an alpha command to command me to tell him what’s going on. He said that since Alec and Iz won’t tell him, I would.”

“He what?!” Alec exclaimed, fury igniting in his belly. His father was going to abuse his power to force his parabati to speak against her will.

“I’ll kill him.” Magnus said, voice deadly calm. He knew his eyes were black, rage coursing through him. He knew, then and there, that there was no trusting Robert Lightwood.

Before he could make it out the door, Alec placed a gentle hand on his shoulder.

“Alpha, stop.” He said softly.

Magnus was trembling with rage, but his omega’s soft voice stopped him, the demon in him clawing to break free. Biscuit was his family, and his angel’s father had tried to use his power, abuse it, to force her to betray his sweet warrior.

“I know your angry. I am too. But please calm down. Please look at me.”

Magnus didn’t want to, he hated it when his angel saw him like this, but he couldn’t resist his Alexander. Slamming his eyes shut so his love wouldn’t see, he turned. He wasn’t surprised when his sweet warrior pulled him into his arms, or when he pressed his head gently to his shoulder.

“Take a deep breath.” Alec said softly, know exactly what his alpha needed.

Magnus couldn’t help but take in his angel’s sweet scent, his favorite scent, fresh peaches, strawberries, and cream. It wrapped around him like a warm embrace, softly caressing his skin as it wrapped his way around him, through him, into him, calming him.
“Just breathe, alpha. It’ll be okay.” Alec said softly, holding his warlock close.

Magnus couldn’t help but pull in more and more of his angel’s scent, the scent that had the demon in him sliding back, retreating on its own. He couldn’t stop his soft sigh as he felt his anger fade and his body relax. In all is 800 years no one had ever been able to do what his Alexander could.

“Let me deal with my father. He has just shown us all that we need to know. Please. Let me handle this.” He asked.

“Okay. If this is what you want. But if he comes after Biscuit again…”

“Then he’s all yours. No one wants Clary hurt, especially me. She is my parabati after all.” Alec said, pressing a soft kiss to Magnus’ forehead.

“Now, let me see those beautiful eyes I love so much.”

Magnus sighed, opening his eyes for his Shadowhunter. He knew they were back to normal.

“You must really be an angel, sweetheart. I can’t think of anything else that could send a demon scrambling back like that.” Magnus said softly, wrapping his arms around his Shadowhunter.

“Yeah, well, I guess I’m a natural born charmer. Stay with Clary.”

“Oh, it’ll take him a minute or do before he issues any command. He’ll need at least long enough to activate his iratze.”

“What’d you do?” Alec ask, smirking.

“A roundhouse. One that just happened to connect with his jaw. I felt the bones crunch.” She said, unable to hide her own smirk, or the smirk in her voice. “He can’t exactly issue a command if he can’t open his mouth.”

Magnus couldn’t help but chuckle. He really did love his Shadowhunters. Alec sighed, trying
hard not to laugh. But now wasn’t the time. This wasn’t a laughing matter, anger was still fluttering in his belly, and he knew in his heart that it was only going to get stronger and stronger.

Robert sat on the porch of his mother’s little blue cottage. The iratze may have healed his shattered his jaw, but it hadn’t done much for the bruise.

“You weren’t kidding when you said ‘small but mighty’ where you, Robert?” Gideon asked, watching as their mother pressed a cold cloth to his brother’s bruised cheek.

“Really Robert, what were you thinking?” Izabella scolded.

“I’ll tell you what he was thinking.” Alec declared, rounding the corner of her cottage, fury burning in his bright blue eyes. “He was thinking that because he’s this big, bad, alpha, that he was going to command my parabati into telling him what he wanted to know, consequences be damned. Which, obviously, there were consequences.” He spat, stopping a foot in front of his father.

“If you’re going to break my jaw, Alexander, please cut your old man a break and go for the other one. I’m not sure how much more this one can take.” Robert said, his heart sinking at the anger and hatred he saw in his son’s beautiful blue eyes, and his defensive stance.

“I’m not going to break your jaw, dad. Clary has already seen to that. What? Did you think that since she was the smallest that she would be an easier target? Are you really that stupid? Did you honestly not think that I wouldn’t have taught my parabati, as small as she is, because she’s as small as she is, to put a little extra umph in her moves?

Or did you think you could tug on her heart strings, being the kind and compassionate woman you know her to be to try and manipulate her into telling you what you wanted to know? You’ve known since day one how loyal I am to my team, that I would do anything for any one of them, so I’m guessing that you, for some idiotic reason didn’t realize that they were just as loyal to me as I am to them.

I’m also guessing that you forgot who her father was. A man I personally trained her how to defend herself against, which she had to do, more than once. You just keep guessing wrong it would seem.
You’re lucky that I was able to calm my alpha, that it’s me standing here and not him. He was ready to kill you. He’s grown quite fond of Clary, his little *Biscuit*. But know this. If you *ever* try another shitass stunt like that again, it won’t be a member of my *family* that breaks your bones, it won’t be my alpha that you have to worry about, it Will. Be. Me. that you answer to. And I’ll break more than just your jaw.” He declared with enough force that not just Robert was cowering, but so was his alpha brother and omega mother.

“I came here because I needed to know once and for all if I could *trust* you. If you really gave a damn about us. Yes, I’ve come to realize that you did love me as a child, and that yes, you thought you were doing the right thing, and maybe, in some ways you were.

You weren’t *always* the asshole I thought you were a week ago. You had your good moments. Your kind and compassionate ones. But now, now I know that the other ninety-eight percent of the time, you *were* the asshole I thought you were.

I guess you played your *part* in your little *charade* a little too long, so long in fact, that the person you *pretended* you had to be, is exactly who you became. Stay away from my family and stay the hell away from me.”

Before any of the three stunned Lightwood’s could open their mouths to speak Alec had turned and was twenty feet away before he stopped.

“Oh, before I forget. Cat will be along shortly to tend to that bruise. When we leave here, you won’t have a mark on you.” He said, not bothering to look back.

“Alexander, please!” Robert begged. “I just wanted to know what is going on with you. I know that somethings wrong. Really wrong. You’re going to be a father one day. How would you feel if you knew your child was in trouble, and no one would let you help them?”

Alec sighed, the anger draining out of him.

“You want to know what’s wrong?” He asked, turning back towards his *family*. “I’ll tell you what’s wrong. The Great Purge isn’t over.”

“What do you mean ‘isn’t over’?” Izabella asked, rising to her feet.
“I meant exactly what I said. A war is coming. When, how, and why exactly, I don’t know. I just know that it is.”

“How do you ‘know that it is’?” Gideon asked, a protective hand on his mother’s shoulder.

“Because I’ve seen it.”


Izabella could see the question in her grandson’s eyes.

“Gideon had the sight. He saw The Purge long before it happened. It’s why he hid himself away. If the legend holds true, he thought that if he kept away from the Clave, that it wouldn’t come to pass.”

“What are you talking about, momma?” Robert asked, confusion clear in his voice.

“And then he was found. With his children.” Alec breathed.

“Yes.”

“If this is true, how do you know about this legend?”

“From his daughter. Arabella passed it down.”

“Not possible.” Alec said, shaking his head. “Magnus would have known.”

“She never told him. I can prove it. To you, and him. Gideon wrote it all down in a journal, and she gave it to her alpha for safe keeping with a promise. A promise that he would make sure it was passed down, generation to generation. He passed it on to my mother, and when I presented, she
passed it to me. He wrote on the very first page, for the Omega Lightwood’s. I guess it’s yours now. I thought it would go to Madzie. But you came before her, so it’s really yours.”

“Momma? Why didn’t you ever tell me?” Robert asked, his heart breaking. His mother had kept something this important from him, knowing that his son was an omega.

“Because you’re not an omega, baby.” She said softly, cupping his bruised cheek.

“But Alexander…” He breathed.

“He didn’t know, son. How was I supposed to pass something down to him when he didn’t even know what he was?

There hasn’t been a Lightwood with the sight for more than a hundred years. How was I supposed to know he would be the next?” She asked gently.

“And where is this ‘journal’? Alec asked.

“Wait here.” She said, flying up the stairs and into her cottage. She was out seconds later with an old leather-bound book. “Take it.” She said, extending it out to Alec.

He bit his bottom lip, hard. Before he could second guess himself, he crossed to her, reaching for the book. The instant his hand touched it his pupils blew wide and it all went black.

“Alec Lightwood is an abomination. A slight against the Angel. He cannot be allowed to breed, creating more of his kind.” Imogen Herondale said, voice heard clearly through an old wooden door.

“He may be an omega, but he’s also the best Shadowhunter there is. A hero to the downworld. They will revolt against us if something happens to him.” Malachi said.
“Not if it’s an accident. Or a mishap in combat.” Victor Aldertree said.

“How can this ‘accident’ or ‘mishap in combat’ happen if we can’t find him? He’s being hidden. Well hidden. That much is obvious. Shadowhunters don’t just disappear.” Maryse said.

“By using his one weakness, the one thing he can’t resist. Saving others. Being a hero. That’s how we find him. We draw him out.” Imogen said. “As for who’s hiding him, there’s only one person with enough power to have hidden him this long. That filthy downworlder, Magnus Bane.”

“We can’t prove that. And he’s not exactly counted for either. For all we know he died in that blast in New York.”

“Please. If you actually believe that you’re as stupid as Jia. Do you really think that the most powerful warlock in the world wouldn’t have made it out of there in time? He’s just laying low. To protect your filthy son.”

“He’s no son of mine!” Maryse spat, voice laced with venom and hatred.

“He had to come from somewhere, Maryse.” Imogen snapped.

“It must have been his father. There are no omegas in my family tree.”

“Can we get back to the topic at hand, ladies? The downworlders are insisting that they don’t know where Bane is. That they haven’t heard from him.” Malachi said.

“Of course they are. There not going to volunteer that information. Bane has been the leader of the downworld for a long time. There’s not a single one of them that would give him up. But no one said that they had to volunteer the information. There are ways of making people talk, even downworld filth. You know that as well as I do, Malachi.”

“So what? We grab ourselves a few downworlders and torture them into telling us where their leader is?” Victor asked.

“Who said anything about torturing? Fear itself is enough to make one talk. And if they don’t,
well, then comes the torture.” She said lightly, almost giddy.

“They should all be dead, anyway. Something else my retched son is responsible for. Valentine, may he rest in peace, should have gotten his wish.” Maryse said.

“Alexander! Alexander, wake up!” Magnus shouted.

Alec’s eyes snapped open. His vision was blurry, unfocused. The sun was blinding, stinging his eyes. It took him a second to realize that he couldn’t breathe. His lungs just wouldn’t work.

“Breathe, Alexander. Take a breath.” Magnus said, holding his Shadowhunter in his arms. He hadn’t taken a breath in two minutes.

Alec heard his alpha’s words, but they didn’t register. All thoughts had stopped. Everything had stopped.

“Alexander.” Magnus said, louder, starting to panic.

He thought his angel was going into shock again. He didn’t know what had happened to his Shadowhunter, but he was afraid. He did the only thing his panicked mind could think to do. Pressing his hand firmly to his angel’s chest he pushed out a strong burst of magic, forcing his lungs to draw in air. Alec took a deep breath in, and a stuttering breath out.

“Isabelle, get Catarina.”

Alec didn’t see his sister disappear. He didn’t see his family surrounding him. All he could feel was his alpha, holding him close.

“Just keep breathing, sweetheart. Deep breaths.” Magnus crooned, softly rubbing his distressed omega’s back.

Robert didn’t know what was happening, and he was terrified. The second his son’s hand had touched the book his pupils had blown wide and he was unconscious before he had caught him in his arms. His son wasn’t breathing when he lowered him as gently as he could to the soft grass.
“Magnus? What’s happening?” He asked.

Alec closed his eyes, fighting desperately to get his breath back. It wasn’t working. He felt the panic setting in. He gripped his alpha, hard.

“Magnus, what happened?” Cat asked.

“I’m not sure. I got here and he wasn’t breathing. I used magic to force him to breathe, but somethings wrong.”

“It’s like the other night. Just like the other night.” Clary said softly.

“The other night?” Robert asked.

“You stay away from him.” Izzy shouted. “You did this!”

“Alec, sweetheart, can you talk to me?” Cat asked softly, taking Magnus’ place rubbing his back. She could feel how constricted his lungs were. He would lose consciousness soon if she didn’t act fast. “Can you look at me, sweetie.”

He couldn’t. He couldn’t force his eyes open. So he did the only thing he could.

“Magnus.” He breathed.

“Right here, angel. Tell us what you need.”

“I don’t know.” He said, feeling dizzy.

“Magnus, scent him. I’ll work on his breathing.” Cat said, pushing soft waves of magic into Alec’s back. She could feel his heart racing. “You have to calm him down. He’s panicking.”
Alec could feel the warmth of her magic seeping into him.

“Okay.” Magnus said, pulling his Shadowhunter closer his arms, laying his head gently against his shoulder, near his scent glands. “Just breathe, sweetheart.”

As more and more warmth seeped into him the tightness in his chest started to ease. With each small breath he pulled in his alpha’s soothing scent. He knew it would take him under, there was no stopping it. So he let it. With each breathe he took in more and more, feeling himself relax in his alpha’s arms, the panic that wanted to engulf him creeping back. His head was spinning and his stomach churning, but he didn’t care. He was in his alpha’s arms, and he felt safe.

“That’s it, sweetie. Just breathe and relax.” Cat soothed, feeling Alec’s lungs open more and more with each pass of her hand.

“He’s going to go under, Catarina. Do I stop?” Magnus asked.

“No. Let him go under. His lungs are opening up. I just need another minute and he’ll be able to breathe freely.” She said.

All Alec wanted to do was sleep. His alpha’s scent had wrapped its way around him, through him, into him. The warmth seeping into him from Cat’s touch was making it easier and easier to breathe, so he just did, pulling in more and more of his alpha’s scent.

“Talk to him, Magnus.”

“It’s okay, love. Everything’s going to be okay. Just relax and breathe. It’s okay.” Magnus crooned softly. He knew his sweet Alexander was close to falling asleep, but he wanted him breathing easily when he did.

He felt it when Alec drew in and let out an easy breath, his lungs working properly. He sighed with relief.

“Just a few more, angel, and you can sleep.”
Alec heard his alpha’s words, but he sounded far away. So he did the only thing he could do, he just kept breathing, until he fell asleep in his alpha’s arms.

“No response from Ragnor yet, Magnus. I’m sorry.” Cat said.

Alec heard her soft voice as he stirred.

“Magnus?” He whispered.

“Right here, sweetheart.” Magnus said, gripping his hand.

He felt tired, but knew he had to wake up. He couldn’t sleep. He didn’t know why; he just knew that he couldn’t. With a great effort he pushed his eyes open.

“There you are.” Magnus said softly, brushing a lock of hair out of his eyes.

It took a minute for Alec’s vision to focus. He could see his warlock, and Cat. He could tell he was in his alpha’s cottage and could feel the soft mattress beneath him. Pulling together all the strength that he could he tried to force himself up.

“Alec, no!” Cat said, pressing him gently back onto his back. She had seen what he was trying to do and knew she had to stop him. “You need to finish waking up, sweetie.” She said gently. “Get your bearings.”

“What happened?” He asked, feeling a tightness and soreness in his chest. He didn’t know that he had barely whispered.

“That doesn’t matter right now, sweetheart. But it’s alright. Everything’s going to be fine.” Magnus said, raising his hand for a soft kiss.
An image flashed before his eyes. His hand touching the book Izabella was extending to him.

“The book? Where’s the book?” He didn’t know why it was important, but it was. He knew it was.

“It’s right here, angel. We have it here. Don’t worry about that now.” Magnus said softly.

“I have to get up.”

“No, sweetie, you don’t. Don’t push yourself.” Cat soothed.

“I saw something. Like in my dreams.”

“You had another dream, angel?” Magnus asked, gently stroking Alec’s cheek.

“No. I touched the book and it flashed before my eyes. And then I couldn’t breathe.”

“You passed out, sweetie. Your father said that you touched the book and passed out. Magnus saw him catch you before you hit the ground. You weren’t breathing.”

“I was awake. I don’t understand. It was just like my dreams, but I was awake.”

“No, sweetheart, you weren’t. You were unconscious.” Magnus said softly.

“There’s something about that book. I don’t understand.”

“It’s enchanted, love. From what Izabella says no one has been able to read it except Lightwood omegas. To everyone else, it’s blank.”
“She said that Arabella gave it to her Robert.”

“I know. She told me. I remember the book. A friend of mine, another warlock, gave Belle that book for her birthday one year. A new diary. She made me promise not to peek in her special book, so I never did. I didn’t know that it was enchanted.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Until I speak with Ragnor, there’s no knowing for certain. But it contains strong magic. His magic. He used blood magic. Only Ragnor can tell us more. Until then, I can’t tell you anymore because I don’t know. Izabella did tell us one thing. She says the book used to be full. Now it has blank pages. Pages that haven’t been written on.”

“She said something. The sight of The Angel?”

“She told us that, too. We’re not sure what that means. But if your right, and your dreams are visions from your Angel, that explains a lot. Can you tell us what you saw?”

“It’s more what I heard. I was outside an old wood door. I could hear them talking on the other side. Imogen, my mother, Victor Aldertree and Counsil Malachi. They were talking about me. About how I was an abomination and can’t be allowed to breed, to make more of my kind.

They know that I’m being hidden, and they think it’s by you. They want to capture downworlders, for information. To try and find out where you are. Their willing to torture them, Magnus. There Valentine supporters. They wanted him to make that wish, at least my mother did. She wanted downworlders to die. They don’t care if they have to torture downworlders to get what they want. And they want me.

Imogen said they should lure me out. Or try to. Use my desire to help people as bait. They want it to look like an accident. Or a mishap, because they know the downworld will revolt if something happens to me. No omega is safe. No downworlder is safe. I don’t think what I saw was the future. I think it’s something their planning now.”

Magnus didn’t know what to say. He knew that his angel had been seeing what they thought were visions of the future. Visions that may very well may have been sent by his Angel. All he knew was that his Shadowhunter wasn’t safe. He was in danger. And if his angel was right, so were his people.
“Catarina, I need a pen and paper.”

Cat didn’t hesitate. She had pen and paper in hand in seconds. He took them from her, writing out a note quickly in his elegant script.

'Imminent Danger.
Possible Clave Attacks Against Downworlders.
Go To Ground.
All Clan Leaders, Account for your People.
Send Immediate Notification of Any Missing Persons.
Clave has Valentine Supporters.
Imminent Danger to Alexander Lightwood.
The Great Purge Continues.

M.B.'

Flipping to a fresh page he wrote:

'Imminent Danger.
Report in.
Clave has Valentine Supporters.
Imminent Danger to Alexander Lightwood.
The Great Purge Continues.

M.B'.

Flipping to a fresh page he wrote:
'To The Seelie Queen:

Hide your people and seal your entrances.

Possible Attacks on Downworlders by Clave Officials

And Valentine supporters.

Imminent Danger to Alexander Lightwood.

The Great Purge Continues.

M.B.'

Folding the letters, he snapped his fingers beneath each one, sending blue sparks into the papers. They vanished in an instant.

“What did you do?” Alec asked.

“Sent warnings. Catarina, stay with Alexander.”

“Why? Where are you going?” He asked, a sudden panic gripping him.

“To get Ragnor Fell, love. We need answers.”

“No, Magnus. You can’t. If Alec’s right, they’re after you too. You stay with Alec. I’ll go get Ragnor.” Cat protested.

“I can’t let you do that, Catarina. You know that. The downworld is my responsibility.”

“You also have a responsibility to your mate. Think of what it would do to him if something happened to you. He needs you here.” She pleaded, worry for her oldest and dearest friend shining clear in her eyes. “Give him time to answer your summons. Once he gets the warning you sent, he’ll come. If he doesn’t, I’ll go for him. I’m your second in command for a reason.”
“Your too valuable, Catarina. Alexander will need you.”

“I need you too.” Alec said, pushing past the dizziness, forcing himself up on the bed.

“Sweetheart, no. You need to recover.” Magnus said gently, holding Alec firmly by his shoulders, stopping him from climbing up.

“And you need to stay. If my dreams are real, if they are visions of the future, you’re in every one of them. If something happens to you, what does that do to the future? What will that do to me? Our children?”

Magnus sighed; he knew his Shadowhunter was right. He did have a duty to the downworld, but he also had a duty to his sweet omega. He would just have to find a way to fulfill them both.

“Okay, love. I’ll stay. But if Ragnar doesn’t respond, I’ll have to go after him. He’s a good friend, he should answer. But your right, I’m needed here.” He said, pulling Alec into his arms. “It’s going to be okay. We’re going to figure this out. I promise.” He whispered, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s cheek.

There was a soft knock on the door.

“I’ll get it.” Cat said, crossing quickly to the door.

“What are you doing here?” Magnus growled when he saw Robert Lightwood standing on the other side.

“I know now isn’t the best time, but I just received something that I think you should see.” Robert said, unable to meet his son’s eyes.

“What?” Alec asked, hesitant.

“I just received a fire message from Jia.” He said, holding out a folded piece of paper. Cat took it,
quickly unfolding it.

“What’s does it say, Catarina?”

“Robert. I don’t know where you are, but if you’re with Alec, keep him hidden. He isn’t safe. There are those within the Clave that want to cause him harm. I’m so sorry, Robert. Had I known; I would have halted the search for him when you did. I honestly thought we were looking for him to help him. Your friend, Jia.” Cat read.

“Jia Penhallow?” Magnus asked.

“Yes. She’s been on the Counsil for a long time. She’s an old friend.” Robert said.

“And you think you can trust her?” Cat asked.

“Yes.”

“And who says we can trust you?” Alec asked, anger for what his father had tried to do with his parabati retaking its hold on him.

“I know what I did was wrong, Alexander. I just wanted to know what was going on, but that doesn’t make what I did okay. I know your probably tired of hearing it, but I am sorry.” He said softly.

“I think it’s Clary you should be apologizing to. But know this. If you ever try anything like that again…”

“I won’t.” Robert said, cutting him off. “I was wrong. To be honest, I should have known better. I should have known that there wasn’t a single member of your team that would have told me, no matter what they had to do to keep me from getting what I wanted. You were right when you said that they were just as loyal to you as you are to them. I just have to hope that at some point you will trust me enough to tell me everything yourself.”

“You still owe Clary that apology.”
“She’ll get it. You have my word. Although, I’m guessing right now, that doesn’t count for much.” He said sadly.

“You know Clary. If it’s sincere, she’ll accept it. That doesn’t mean that she’ll forget it anytime soon, but she’ll accept it and do her best to move past it. Speaking of which, I need to go check on my team.” Alec said, trying to force himself to his feet, pushing past the dizziness.

“Alexander, no!” Robert, Magnus, and Cat cried as one, Magnus wrapping his arm Alec’s waist as he swayed.

“You need to lie down, love.” Magnus said softly, gently sitting Alec back down on the bed. “I’m not entirely sure what happened today, rather it was your Angel or Ragnor’s magic that hit you, but either way it was strong.”

Robert’s heart had leapt into his throat when he saw his son sway and he almost choked on it. Had his alpha not been there to catch him…he couldn’t think about that right now.

“No, I need to check on my team.” Alec said firmly.

“Their fine, sweetheart. Their just outside. It’s no trouble having them come in to see you. But you have to rest.” Magnus said gently.

“Magnus is right, Alexander. You were unconscious and not breathing less than an hour ago.” Robert said.

“You don’t get to decide.” Alec said, glaring at his father.

“Their both right, Alec. I felt how constricted your lungs were. I know you have to be in pain, probably a pretty nasty tightness and soreness in your chest. Your lungs had completely constricted. How are you feeling now? Any lightheadedness or dizziness?” Cat asked.

“Maybe a little.” Alec said softly.
“You do need to rest. But I don’t see an any reason why you can’t see your family first. How about you let Magnus get you comfortable and then they can come in?”

“Fine. But I’m not sleeping.”

“You don’t have to sleep, angel. You just need to take it easy for a bit. That’s all.” Magnus said, softly caressing Alec’s cheek. “Okay?”

“Okay.” Alec breathed, his alpha’s touch calming him.

“I do have something for you, if you’d like it.” Robert said.

“Okay.” He said, hesitant. ‘What could he possibly have for me?’ he thought.

“May I come in?”

“Of course.” Magnus said, a warning glint in his eye. Robert didn’t miss it.

“I thought you might want these back.” Robert said, sitting a box on the bed beside Alec.

Alec lifted the lid and nearly lost his breath.

“Where did you get these?” He breathed, staring at the contents.

“Angel?” Magnus asked.

“These…these.”

“Are his old martial arts belts and trophies. From his mundane classes and competitions.” Robert said, smiling at the look on his son’s face, at the tears shining in his beautiful blue eyes.
“The first time you snuck out of the Institute for a class, you were seen by one of the men working the perimeter. He reported it to me and I had him follow you, to make sure you stayed safe. A ten-year-old boy on the streets of New York can be dangerous. Once you reached your destination, a small dojo, he reported back to me. He said that he had seen on the sign that the first class was free. I assumed that was why you went.”

“It was.” Alec said softly. “The trainer there wanted me to stay, to join the advanced class, but I told him I couldn’t. After I came out from changing back into my clothes, he told me that he had worked something out and that I could come back if I wanted to.”

“Once I found out where you went, I came down myself. I saw you. They were showing you moves I had never seen before, and you looked like you were having so much fun. I heard you after the class, when he asked you to stay, and I saw the look in your eyes when you told him you couldn’t.

So when you went back into the locker room to change back into your street clothes I spoke with him. I told him I was your father and that if you wanted to stay in the class, that I would pay for it, but it had to be our secret.

He didn’t understand why, and to be honest, he really didn’t care, he just wanted you to stay so I wrote a check out of one of my personal accounts for everything you would need. We agreed that whenever you were about to receive a new belt or there was a competition that he would call me so I could be there.

And I was, every time. I was even able to get away from the Institute to watch a few of your classes. You were so graceful, and of course, the best. You advanced quickly.” He said with a fond smile.

“But after every new belt or competition you would always throw your old one away, and your trophies, I’m assuming because you didn’t feel like you were able to keep them without them being found at the Institute. But since I was always right behind you, I pulled them out.

And once you mastered one type of martial arts, and moved onto a free class of the next, I did the same thing. Until you had mastered every form of mundane martial arts offered in New York.

More than one of your instructors told me that you should push on to the mundane Olympics. Some of them knew that you had mastered other courses, apparently the instructors spoke to one
another, and when they tried asking me about it, I told them that it was up to you. And you always
told them that you didn’t want that.

I knew what you were doing. I knew that you were trying to learn more. To be better. I saw you
incorporating what you were learning into your training with your team. Just like I know that
you’ve never shared what you learned while training other Shadowhunters, not outside your team.
And I don’t blame you.

After a while, you had too many belts and awards for me to hide in my room at the Institute, so I
sent them here, for momma to hold onto. And as I gathered more, I sent those too. I was hoping
that one day I would be able to bring you here, and that you could have them back.

Watching you during those few classes that I was able to make it to, and at every event and
competition, I was so proud. You were stunning to watch, Alexander. And you still are.

You don’t know how many times I’ve watched you train, and how breathtaking it was watching
you mix techniques, and create your own over the years to better yourself and your team,
something I think you still do.

Anyway, I just thought you might like those back.” He said, wiping a tear from his cheek.

“I thought I was sneaking out of the Institute. You were letting me out, weren’t you?” Alec asked,
a tear sliding down his own cheek as he ran each belt through his fingers, belts of every possible
color.

“Yes. I ordered whoever was working the doors and perimeter to keep it to themselves. They
didn’t ask questions.”

Magnus didn’t know what to think. He knew that his Shadowhunter had studied martial arts in the
mundane world, and had mastered them, to better himself and his team, but he hadn’t known this.
His father had known. Not just known, but had allowed it, paid for it, and collected his prizes to
keep for him when his sweet angel hadn’t felt he could keep them himself. ‘And Izabella never
told me’ he thought.

He had seen pictures of the Lightwood children, and the children that he had made into his team, as
they grew up over the years, but she had never shared this. And he had never fathomed that the
dark-haired boy with the breathtaking blue eyes would one day be his fated mate.
He didn’t know what to think of Robert Lightwood. One moment he thought he had tried to be a good father, a father who had tried to do his best by his son, the next, he wanted to kill him. But seeing the tears of what must have been happiness slide down his young warrior’s cheeks, at that moment, he thought that when it came to this, Robert had been a good father.

“Thank you.” Alec whispered. “It was so hard throwing these away. I just didn’t know where I could hide them.”

“I know. But I couldn’t let you lose them forever. I saw how much it hurt you to throw them away. And you earned them, each and every one.” Robert said softly. “Anyway, I just thought you might want them back.”

Alec looked at his father, really looked. He didn’t know what to think of him. One minute he thought that he might be okay, that he actually cared about him and loved him, and the next, he thought he hadn’t cared at all.

“You should get settled in, get some rest. I’ll see you tomorrow.” Robert said, wiping the tears from his cheeks. ‘He looks happy’ he thought. ‘Something so small as a few scraps of cloth, and he looks so happy.’

He was glad in that moment that he had gathered them up, saved them for his precious boy, because they obviously meant something to him. Just as they had mattered to him each and every time he had pulled one from the trash, because he had been so proud of his boy for what he had done, for what he was doing.

“Robert.” Magnus said, stopping him before he could slip out the door. Robert turned. “Thank you.”

Robert nodded, yes, then quietly slipped out the door.

“I can’t believe he did this. Any of it. I just don’t understand, Magnus.” Alec said softly. “All that time, he knew. He let me do it. He made it possible. I just don’t understand why, all my life, why he kept the things he’s done from me.”

“I don’t know either, sweetheart. We’ll find a place to put these. A place where they can be displayed. Because you earned them, each and every one. And who knows, maybe one day we
“You want to train with me?” He asked.

“Why not? Maybe we can teach each other a few moves. When you’ve lived as long as I have, angel, you have to find some ways to pass the time. I’ve studied various forms of mundane martial arts all over the world.” Magnus said with a smile.

“I’d like that.” He said, smiling at his alpha. He hadn’t known that his warlock had studied mundane martial arts. He couldn’t fathom having traveled and learned all over the world. He had only been to Idris and a few other Institutes.

Cat was doing her best to fight back tears. Sometimes she wanted nothing more than to knock Robert Lightwood senseless, others she wanted nothing more than to pull him into a hug. At that moment, she wanted to give him that hug.

“I’ll give you two a minute to get Alec changed and settled into bed. Before I let his family in, I’m going to let them know he’s alright before I work on his lungs some more, see if I can’t ease some of that tightness and relieve some of the discomfort.” She said.

“Thank you, Catarina. They’re probably wondering why he was here.” Magnus said, smiling at his oldest and dearest friend.

With a nod, she too quietly slipped out the door.

“Can we put these away now, angel?” He asked softly.

Alec nodded, yes. He put the lid back on the box, letting his alpha move it.

“I don’t want to sleep. Please don’t make me sleep.”

“You can’t go forever without sleep, love. It’s unhealthy and can have some serious side effects. But let’s not worry about that right now, okay? Let’s just get you comfortable and feeling better, then you can spend some time with your family.” He said gently, brushing a lock of raven hair out
of Alec’s eyes.

“Okay.”

Magnus watched his Shadowhunter sleep, one of his favorite things. He had fought it as hard as he could, struggling to keep his eyes open, but in the end his battle against exhaustion had one out. He hadn’t pushed him; his angel had succumbed on his own. Catarina had worked to ease the tightness and pain in his chest, making breathing easier, which was a relief.

He still didn’t know what had happened to his sweet omega, if it was his Angel, or Ragnor’s magic that had hurt him. But he would find out soon enough if it was his old friends magic that had hit his love and hit him hard. He couldn’t fathom why it would, not if his Alexander was an omega Lightwood, which he was. But until he knew for sure, his Shadowhunter wasn’t touching that book again, legacy be damned. And if it was his angel’s Angel, well then, he had a serious bone to pick with the Angel Raziel.

He had pushed his young warrior into a deep enough sleep after he had nodded off to hopefully keep him from dreaming, too deep for his adorable soft little snores.

But the quiet gave him time to think. He remembered clearly the year Ragnor had given the diary to his beautiful Belle for her sixteenth birthday. It wasn’t her first diary, he had given her plenty over the years, diaries he still had tucked away. Each time he had given her a new one, whenever she had come to him and said she had filled hers up, she had always said ‘Papa, no peeking’. And he never had. And she had asked him for several more after that.

But he was worried about Ragnor. He hadn’t answered any of his fire messages, the warning he had sent, or his summons. He had never had to send more than a simple fire message for his friend to come. He had decided that if he didn’t hear from him by morning, he would track his location and go to him. He would have to do it early, while his beautiful Alexander was still asleep, but if it had to be done, it had to be done.

He knew that his Shadowhunter wouldn’t be happy with him. And he knew his new family would protest him going by himself, insisting that they go with him, but he couldn’t allow that. He
wouldn’t. They were in just as much danger as his angel was. They hadn’t yet realized that he had managed to protect himself for more than 800 years, using magic as his weapon, something that he hated to do but would do if necessary.

He had received reports from the downworld. All of the werewolf clans had everyone accounted for and safe, as did all of the vampire clans. Thus far he had received word from all of his warlock’s, except Ragnor, several who were portaling in tomorrow to help strengthen the wards around Haven, and word from the Seelie Queen that she had sealed all entrances to her realm and that short of a few Seelie knights guarding the entrances, under her protection, everyone was inside the Seelie Court. There wasn’t a single downworlder the Clave could get to.

The Clave should have noticed by now that all downworlders were missing, which meant he would be hearing from them soon, asking as to why. He wasn’t yet sure what he would tell them. He also wasn’t sure what to think of the fire message Robert had received from Jia Penhallow. He had known her for several years and thought she was nice enough, but short of his family, he held no trust for Shadowhunters. For all he knew she was using her ‘warning’ as a way to seek him out.

They already knew of three Counsil members for the Clave that were a threat to his Shadowhunter. Imogen Herondale, which he knew was hurting Jace more than he was letting on, her being his only blood relative and grandmother. Victor Aldertree, which didn’t surprise him in the least, he was always polite whenever he was Alicante, but always seemed to have an air or superiority about him. Counsil Malachi, the Head of the Gard, who had always been harsh and gruff in his presence, something he had assumed was just how he was and how he treated his prisoners. But Jia Penhallow, the last of the four Counsil members, he wasn’t sure about. But he knew he needed to find out about. She may just be the one ally they had within the Clave.

It didn’t surprise him that Maryse Lightwood would be involved. From what he had learned, she had never shown any love or affection to either of her children. And after learning that she had tried to kill them before they had even been born spoke to just how much she never had. How a mother could be so cruel and heartless, he would never understand.

When his sweet Alexander fell pregnant with their children, he would worship the very ground he walked on, more-so than he already did, and pamper him in every possible way, ensuring that he had every comfort possible and every need met. He would cherish the children his angel carried in his womb, caress his rounded belly, read his babies stories, and do anything and everything he could think of to care for his beautiful omega and their unborn children. He would do as Jace had suggested before he let any harm come to them, ‘kill them all’ he had said, and he would if it came to that. His angel’s worst nightmare would never come to pass.

Watching as his Shadowhunter slept beside him, he was once again captivated by his youthful innocence and beauty. He marveled at the fact that he would have his Alexander beside him forever, and he would forever be able to adore the curves and angles of his angel’s perfectly
sculpted face and enjoy the delectable form of his breathtaking godlike body. He would forever be able to trace the perfect muscles of his strong six pack with his tongue, trace his gorgeous runes with his fingertips, feel his firm muscles beneath his hands, and hopefully, get to keep watching as his sweet omega come completely undone in bed, giving himself over to the pleasure again and again.

But for now, he would have to be content with holding his Shadowhunter close as he slept, as he himself slept. He could no longer sleep without his angel tucked securely in his arms. Climbing from his seat beside his sleeping warrior he slipped under the covers beside him, positioning himself as close to his love as he could get. With his arm wrapped around his young warrior’s waist, taking in his sweet scent, fresh peaches, strawberries, and cream, he finally let his worries of the day go, drifting off to sleep beside his angel, his Alexander.

Alec watched as his alpha slept soundly beside him. He knew his warlock was sleeping deeply when he had been able to turn in his arms without waking him. Usually, his slightest movement would wake his alpha. He couldn’t decide what to do. A part of him wanted to let him sleep, let him get the rest he was sure he needed. But another part of him wanted to wake his alpha, wake him, and fuck him. He had woken up with a bone deep need to be filled by his alpha.

He had tried to ignore it. He had tried tending to his very painful erection himself, but it just wasn’t working. All his ministration had managed to do was make his need for his alpha that much more intense. He was no longer able to pleasure himself anymore. Only his alpha could bring him to release. And his warlock’s own silk glad erection poking him in the belly had him thinking that maybe, just maybe, his alpha was having naughty dreams. His alpha’s soft moan made his decision for him, he couldn’t help but smile.

Reaching out he gently brushed his fingertip around each firm muscle in his warlock’s abs, tracing them. He watched his alpha shudder at the soft touch. He may not have magic like his warlock did, but he had been thinking about a few things he could try to bring his alpha pleasure.

Moving his hand lower to the sensitive skin of his alpha’s flat belly, a spot he had come to learn was quite sensitive to his warlock, he traced soft circles across the smooth skin, his fingertips occasionally caressing the deep V that travelled beneath the waistband of his boxers, a V he loved to trace with his tongue. After a few more soft circles with his fingertip he gently eased his hand beneath the waistband of the smooth silk, brushing his thumb over the sweet spot in his alpha’s belly.

He almost groaned as his fingers brushed against the base of his warlock’s cock, his eyes never
leaving his lovers perfect face. He wanted to grip him in his hand, but he didn’t. He wanted to be subtle, so he settled for caressing his fingers up and down his alpha’s hardened length. When his alpha moaned softly again in his sleep, and shivered, he suspected that he was doing something right.

The dregs of his dream, the most beautiful dream of making love to his sweet Alexander, still had him shivering with pleasure. At first, he thought that the wonderful sensations that he was feeling were leftover from that wonderful dream, but the closer he came towards the surface of sleep he realized that the soft brushes against his straining cock weren’t just a dream.

Alec watched, biting his bottom lip, as his warlock’s eyes fluttered open, just as he brushed his thumb over the head of his cock.

“Alexander.” Magnus breathed.

“Yes, alpha?” Alec asked with a smirk, pressing two fingers against the vein on the underside of his warlock’s cock, against the sweet spot he had shown him, as he stroked the head, caressing the slit with his thumb, applying more pressure.

Magnus couldn’t help but moan. His angel had looked so cute and innocent when he had opened his eyes and saw him biting into his bottom lip, but the pleasure that shot through him from his Alexander’s hand on his aching cock was breathtaking.

“Your supposed to be sleeping.” He breathed, having felt his eyes roll back.

“Mm, tired of sleeping. I want my alpha.” Alec said, leaning forward to press a soft kiss to the side of his warlock’s exposed neck, silky smooth skin made available to him when his alpha had tilted his head back in what he assumed was pleasure.

Gripping his warlock’s cock harder, he gently jerked his length, using his precum as a lube, while pressing soft, sucking kisses to the sensitive flesh of his alpha’s neck, flicking his tongue out every so often to increase the pleasure. He hummed out his own pleasure as he added soft, biting kisses to his ministrations.

“Roll on your back?” He murmured softly.
Magnus couldn’t help but oblige his Shadowhunter. This was the boldest he had ever been in bed, and he didn’t want to take this moment away from him. The pleasure of his angel jerking him off, and his soft kisses was exquisite, his very touch amplifying it all, sending beautiful waves of pleasure coursing through him.

As his alpha rolled onto his back Alec straddled him, coming to rest perfectly positioned on his hips. He hated that he had had to release his warlock’s cock, but he wanted both hands free. Leaning back down he nibbled gently on his alpha’s collarbone, alternating between soft nibbles and hard sucking kisses. With his hands free he grazed his hands slowly up and down his alpha’s sides, from hips to chest and back again, alternating between soft caresses to gentle brushes with his fingertips. He wanted to bring his alpha pleasure.

His sweet omegas teeth and tongue against his collarbone was divine, his hands moving up and down his sides, incredible. Pleasure coursed in the wake of his angel’s touch, something that he reveled in. He couldn’t help himself when he reached up, firmly gripping his Shadowhunters hips to hold him in place.

“Does that feel good?” Alec asked.

Magnus knew that his Alexander was still inexperienced on the giving end and was seeking reassurance that he was giving him pleasure, something that he always felt he wasn’t doing, so he did the only thing he could think of, he kneaded hard into the flesh of his hips.

“It feels wonderful, angel.” He breathed. “You do beautiful things with that mouth of yours.”

Alec smiled as he kissed and nibbled, nosing his warlock’s chin up to reach the sensitive skin of his throat. His alpha kneading his hips felt magnificent, the pleasure of his touch sending a shiver down his spine.

“Your missing something.” Magnus said, reaching down to cup Alec’s bare ass.

“They were in my way.”

Magnus couldn’t help but smile. He could feel his angel’s hardened cock pressing against his belly, and his own tenting his boxers. With a finger snap his disappeared, his cock bouncing free to settle firmly in his sweet omega’s crack. Alec groaned in pleasure.
“Now were even.” He said with a smirk, pushing a soft burst of magic into Alec’s beautifully toned cheeks.

Alec moaned as pleasure shot through him, his back arching as he threw his head back.

“Not fair.” He breathed as pleasure coursed through him.

“Who said this was going to be fair?” Magnus teased.

Alec looked down into the beautiful brown eyes that he loved so much, crystal blue locking on chocolate brown. He saw the love there, and the lust. He wasn’t the only one feeling need tonight. Alec sat back on his alpha’s hips, forcing him to move his hands, hands that went right back to his hips.

He ran his hands up his alpha’s belly, massaging slow circles into the firm muscles as he went, working his way up his abs with his thumbs. In turn Magnus traced the runes he had memorized on his Shadowhunters hips before pressing a hard burst of magic into both.

Alec moaned as pleasure shot through his hips, down into his groin and up through his belly, stealing his breath.

“Your cheating.” He panted, not realizing that he had planted his hands firmly on his alpha’s waist, supporting himself.

“You better get used to it, angel, because I’m going to give you all the pleasure that I can.” Magnus said softly, moving his hands to knead his angel’s hips again while rubbing his firm belly with his thumbs. Before Alec could fully come down from the last wave of pleasure, Magnus pushed a stronger burst of magic into the firm muscles in his young warrior’s belly.

Alec cried out as a new wave of pleasure shot through him, coursing through all that he was, every muscle in his body turning to jelly.

“Magnus, my stele.” He breathed, fighting desperately to get his breath back.
Magnus snapped his fingers, Alec’s stele appearing beside them on the bed. Alec grabbed it quickly, activating his intimacy rune. Before the glowing rune faded Magnus pressed another strong burst of magic into his belly, lower, where Alec thought their children would one day be. His head fell back as he cried out in ecstasy, his cock jumping.

“Not fair, alpha. I wanted to pleasure you.” He panted as he started coming back down.

“You are, angel. Your skin against mine brings me pleasure, your very touch. The weight of you on top of me, it all brings me the best pleasure.” He said softly, pushing another strong burst of magic into his Shadowhunters perfect abs. He was going to make his young warrior cum, from magic and magic alone.

Alec was overwhelmed by the sensations coursing through him. Wave after wave of the most intense pleasure, beautiful pleasure, pulsed in his veins with each strong burst of magic his alpha pushed into him, over and over again, before he had even come down from the one before.

He heard his alpha’s soft words but wasn’t sure that he believed him. Before he could catch his breath to speak the words another strong burst of magic shot through him, stealing his ability to speak, stealing the very breath from his straining lungs.

“Breathe, angel.” Magnus crooned softly. After the day before, he was going to watch his Shadowhunter very closely.

Watching as his lovers breathing evened out, he pushed another strong burst of magic into his love’s belly and hips. He watched the beauty of his Shadowhunters reactions to his ministrations, feeling the exquisite pleasure of his angel’s hips grind down against him. Watching his sweet Alexander’s back arch with each strong burst of his magic and his hips grinding down with his head thrown back in pleasure was beyond words.

Alec couldn’t form a clear thought as his warlock’s magic burst into him over and over again. He had no control of his body, or his cries of pleasure. His back arched and his hips ground down, again and again, without any conscious thought of his own.

“Would you like me to show you where our children are going to be, love?” Magnus asked softly, letting up on his magic so his angel could finally come down.

Breathing hard Alec looked down at his wonderful alpha, nodding his head, yes.
The sight of his angel’s blown pupils made him want to take him, to just bend him over and breed him. And he would, before the night was done. He knew his Alexander was ready, but he wanted to drag it out first, overwhelm his love with pleasure before he showed him something new. Something that he knew his angel had been craving, something he had been wanting since he had asked him ‘to fuck him’ back in New York. Gently caressing his sweet omega’s lower belly, above his future womb, he softly circled his thumbs.

“Do you feel that, sweetheart?” He asked softly, kneading gentle circles into the firm muscles that would stretch as his angel’s belly swelled as their children grew.

“Yes.” Alec breathed.

“That is where our children will be. That is where I will plant my seed and they will grow. You are beyond beautiful, angel. But as your belly swells with our children growing inside you, you will grow more and more beautiful each day. Remember that.”

“Okay.” He said softly, crystal blue eyes locking on chocolate brown.

“Right here.” Magnus said, pushing a strong burst of magic into Alec’s empty womb.

Alec cried out as pleasure shot through him again, his head falling back as the most intense burst of magic yet course throughout his body, his head thrown back in ecstasy.

“That’s it. Give me my moans and cries of pleasure. Don’t hold back.” He said, pushing burst after burst of softer magic into his young warrior’s empty womb, watching him tremble as he moaned and cried out his pleasure. His own cock was throbbing, waiting for the moment when he could fill his Shadowhunter, when he could pound into him, pleasuring them both.

Alec couldn’t stop his cries or his moans as wave after wave of pure bliss crashed down on him, coursing through every fiber of his being. He had never felt anything like this. This was all new. He knew he was going to cum. He had been close, more than once, but he had clawed it back. But he knew he wouldn’t be able to hold out much longer.

“Do you want more?”
“By the Angel, yes! More.” He cried, fighting to draw air into his straining lungs.

Magnus smiled as he pushed more magic into his angel, as strong as the first he had pushed into his would-be womb, but this time he didn’t let up. His young warrior was going to cum, and cum hard.

The magic that burst into him had Alec almost screaming out his cries, his hips grinding as his alpha held him firmly by the hips with his fingers as he pushed the most exquisite magic into him. His head was spinning from the pleasure as it coursed into him in the best possible way. He couldn’t voice the words to tell his alpha he was going to cum, his cries and moans of pleasure stealing his ability to speak.

“Cum for me, angel.” Magnus breathed, captivated by the beauty of his breathtaking Adonis lost in bliss, grinding down on his hips. Within seconds he got his wish. His Shadowhunter cried out one last time as his cock erupted, rope after rope after rope of warm cum covering both of their belly’s.

When his cock finally erupted Alec felt it in every nerve, muscle and bone in his body. It stole his very breath, breath that hitched in his lungs from the earthshattering intensity. For a second he was dizzy from it all.

“Breathe, love. Just take a breath.” Magnus crooned, pressing his hand gently to Alec’s chest, pushing a soft wave of magic into him to open his lungs.

Alec felt the warmth of his alpha’s magic seep into his chest as he drew in a breath and the dizziness passed. Breathing hard he collapsed onto his warlock’s chest, unbeknownst to him that his alpha had already cleaned them up as he was coming down from the high.

“That’s it, just keep breathing, angel.” Magnus crooned, wrapping his arms around his Shadowhunters waist, holding him close.

It took Alec several minutes to catch his breath, his head resting on his warlock’s shoulder.

“Are you alright, sweetheart?” Magnus asked.

“Mm-hmm.” Alec mumbled. “Can we do that again?”
“Some other time, love.” He said, chuckling. “It wasn’t too much?”

“No. It was wonderful.” Alec breathed. “Perfect. There just aren’t enough words. But you…” Alec started.

“Loved every second of it.” Magnus said, cutting him off. “You give me so much pleasure, Alexander. More than I can express. Touching you, feeling you under my hands, does things to me. Things you don’t understand. And when I fill you, when I have all of you, the world shifts and shatters. Doing things to you brings me pleasure, touching you brings me pleasure, making love to you brings me pleasure, having you in my mouth brings me pleasure, watching you come undone brings me pleasure. Pleasure like I’ve never felt before. So please, stop questioning that. Okay, love?”

“Okay.” Alec whispered, tears stinging his eyes. He was relieved. He brought his alpha pleasure. He wanted more than anything to do the things to his warlock that he did to him, and in that moment, he promised himself that he would. For an eternity, he would.

“Have you got your breath back, sweetheart?” Magnus asked. He had gotten concerned for a moment when his angel had lost his breath. He had already struggled enough that day.

“Yes.” Alec said, lifting his head to look at his beautiful alpha.

“Good. Because I’m not done with you yet.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead. Snapping his fingers, the stele Isabelle had made for him appeared in his hand. Before his Shadowhunter could question it he deftly activated his stamina and endurance runes. He already knew exactly where they were.

Alec felt the burst of fresh energy and felt refreshed, the sleepiness he was trying to fight vanishing.

“I’m going to show you something new, angel. Do you remember what you asked me back in New York? What you asked me to do?”

Alec looked at his warlock, uncertainty shining in his bright blue eyes. He remembered what he had asked for and had been denied.
“Yes.”

“And what was that, love?”

“For you to fuck me.”

“Do you feel ready for that?”

“Yes.” Alec breathed, anticipation humming along his skin. “I’m sure.” He said, knowing what his alpha was about to ask.

“Okay, sweetheart. Climb up.” He said, anticipation and raw desire shining in his eyes.

Alec didn’t question it; he just did as his warlock asked. He gracefully climbed off his hips, taking a hard look at his alpha’s straining cock. He felt ashamed that he had left it neglected.

Magus saw the look on his young warrior’s face and knew what he was thinking.

“Hey, look at me.” He said, gently lifting Alec’s chin to meet his eyes. “It’s alright. I was saving it for this, for you.” He said softly, pressing his lips gently to his loves. “Climb up on your knees, angel.” He said as he did the same himself.

Pulling his Shadowhunter closer by his hips their cocks brushed, both hard and leaking.

“I’m going to kiss you now, Alexander.” He said softly, cupping the back of Alec’s neck. He pressed his lips softly to his loves, licking his bottom lip, seeking entrance.

The feel of his alpha cupping his neck sent a shiver of pleasure down his spine. He melted into the soft kiss and granted his alpha access without question when he licked his bottom lip. He loved the taste of his alpha on his tongue. Pleasure shot through him as their tongue brushed and danced. The kiss was slow and sweet. He tilted his head, changing the angle of the kiss and pushed his tongue back against his alpha’s.
Magnus immediately allowed his love entrance when he pushed gently against his tongue, seeking entrance of his own. He loved his sweet angel’s kisses, the feel of him exploring his mouth and the soft brushes against his tongue were exquisite. He moaned, deep in his throat, his hands sliding down to cup his young warrior’s firm ass cheeks, pulling him even closer.

His alpha tasted like heaven on his tongue and was thrilled when he let him take control of the kiss. He loved the taste of his alpha. His warlock’s hands on his ass, pulling them closer, felt magnificent. Unknowingly he wrapped his arms around his alpha’s neck, pulling them as close as they could get. His alpha kneading and spreading his ass cheeks felt wonderful. He hated to break the kiss, but he needed air.

They both panted for breath, forehead to forehead. Magnus couldn’t stop his hands, he felt them move up his Shadowhunters back, over the taunt muscles at his lower spine, all the way up to his mid back, savoring the feel of his angel’s perfectly sculpted body.

“You really do have the body of a god, Alexander.” He breathed.

“And you really do have the beauty of an angel, alpha.” Alec said, smiling, the truth of his words shining in his bright blue eyes.

“Are you ready, sweetheart?” Magnus asked, feeling his young warrior’s straining cock poking him in the belly.

“Yes.” Alec breathed.

“Good. Turn around.”

Alec did as he was asked without question. He gasped at the feel of his alpha’s straining cock at his crack as he pulled him back, flush against him.

“Just relax, angel. Don’t tense up.” He said softly, pressing soft kisses to the side of Alec’s neck.

Alec sighed, tilting his head to the side, giving his alpha better access.
“You taste so good. Did you know that?” Magnus murmured, holding his Shadowhunter in place with his arm firmly around his waist as his other hand slid down his smooth, flat belly. He massaged soft circles in the firm muscles of his angel’s belly as he nibbled at his neck.

“No, I didn’t.” Alec breathed. His alpha’s soft, sucking kisses on his neck and his hand massaging his belly felt wonderful. The sensations were gentle and beautiful, his warlock’s touch sending waves of soft pleasure coursing through him.

“During your next heat, the first time I take you, I’m going to hold you just like this. I’m going to kiss your beautiful neck, rub your firm belly, and hold your perfect body just like this. And when I do, it is going to feel wonderful, because you are going to be oh, so, sensitive to my touch.” He whispered. “And when I do this, you are going to cry out your pleasure.” He said, pressing his hand firmly to Alec’s would-be womb and pushing a strong burst of magic into it.

Alec cried out as pure bliss shot through him. Had his alpha not been holding him up he knew he would have fallen forward, the all-consuming pleasure coursing throughout his body. It was exquisite.

“That’s it. I want every cry, every moan. There all mine.”

Alec gasped for breath as his head fell back on his alpha’s shoulder. His warlock’s hand softly caressing his belly was soothing, but he knew he was still trembling in his alpha’s arms.

“I love you, Alexander. I will love you forever. And this, this is what you will feel when I claim you.” He whispered softly, pressing his hand firmly to Alec’s belly again and pushing another strong burst of magic into him.

Alec cried out as the breathtaking pleasure of his warlock’s magic coursed through him again, through his would-be womb, leaving his body shuddering as it rocketed through him, the only thing holding him up being his alpha. His straining cock was leaking furiously, begging to be touched.

“Now, imagine what that will feel like when you’re in heat. You asked me to fuck you, angel. And I will. Just as I will the first time I take you then.” He soothed, pressing soft, biting kisses to Alec’s exposed neck.
Alec could only rest his head on his alpha’s shoulder and fight to catch his breath while his body stopped trembling from the earthshattering pleasure that had had him crying out. He didn’t know that he had been moaning at his alpha’s gentle touches or that he had been screaming his name.

“I’m going to lean you forward, love, so I can prepare you. Can you hold yourself up?”

“Yes.” Alec breathed. He knew now why his warlock had activated the runes he had. He was defiantly going to need them.

“Okay. Rest yourself on your elbows.” Magnus said softly, guiding his Shadowhunter into position, face down, ass up. “Just like that.” He said, running his hands up and down his angel’s muscular back, marveling at the beauty of the firm muscles and the feel of the soft skin. “Spread your knees a bit, love.”

Being as gentle as he could with his sweet omega, he guided his knees apart. This was a new position for his angel, a new angle. He wanted him to be comfortable.

“How’s that feel? Too much strain?”

“No. It’s fine. Shadowhunter. Remember?” Alec asked, looking over his shoulder at his warlock.

Magnus couldn’t help but smile. He had a feeling he was going to be hearing that a lot over the rest of eternity.

“Okay, love. I’m going to prepare you now. Just try and relax.” He said, positioning himself behind Alec, between his spread knees. “Lilith, you have a beautiful ass. Perfect soft skin over perfectly toned muscle.” He breathed reverently as he molded Alec’s firm ass cheeks.

Alec couldn’t help but smile. He knew that his alpha enjoyed his body, and lately he had been working a little harder to keep it in shape for him. What his alpha didn’t know was that he enjoyed his alpha’s body just as much, but he would find out, soon if he had his way.

Spreading Alec’s perfect ass cheeks Magnus exposed his lover’s entrance. He knew he wouldn’t need much preparing, but he wanted to take his time, hopefully wear his young warrior out a bit. Leaning forward hebrushed his tongue across his angel’s exposed hole and watched while it...
clenched and waited while it relaxed.

“Breathe, sweetheart. Breathe and relax.” He crooned softly.

Alec had to force himself to focus. He always did when his alpha was down there. The feel of his tongue was always exquisite whenever it brushed over his most sensitive places. The pleasure when his alpha had licked him had been beautiful.

Once his Shadowhunters entrance had fully relaxed he brushed his tongue across it again, pushing a soft burst of magic through his tongue. His angel’s moans were music to his ears as he licked again and again, using a little more magic each time, watching how quickly his loves hole clenched and relaxed, the reaction becoming faster each time.

“Alpha! Please!” Alec begged, panting for breath. His alpha’s tongue and magic were magnificent, pulsing through his tight channel and brushing over his prostate, but he needed more. He needed him to fill him.

It was his angel’s voice that caught his attention, it was then that he noticed his young warrior’s thighs quivering, he had been so caught up in what he was doing all he had heard was his Shadowhunters beautiful cries and moans of pleasure.

Straightening up he felt the stiffness in his back, and the throbbing between his legs. He was aching to fill his Shadowhunter, to feel him, and would, soon.

“You look so beautiful, Alexander.” He said softly, gazing at the lovely sweat soaked skin, the taunt muscles, and the blown pupils in the breathtaking crystal blue eyes he loved so much. “So beautiful.”

Alec felt his cheeks blush crimson. He loved the effect he seemed to have on his warlock.

“Mm. There’s that sweet blush I love so much.” He murmured softly. “Are you ready?”

“Yes.” Alec breathed. He had been wanting this, craving this, his anticipation humming under his skin.
With a finger snap Magnus lubed them both up thoroughly. As much as he loved the tightness of his Shadowhunter, he didn’t want to hurt him. He never wanted to hurt him. Positioning his well slicked dick between his sweet omega’s ass cheeks he rubbed himself up and down the length of his crack, teasing him. When his Alexander just pouted and wiggled his ass at him he couldn’t help but chuckle. Stilling his young warrior by his hips he leaned forward, pressing a soft kiss to the small of his back.

“Try and relax, angel.”

“Okay.” Alec breathed again. His alpha was finally about to fuck him for the first time, and he wanted it, desperately. They’d made love before, they’d had sex before, great sex, but he’d never been fucked. And he wanted oh-so badly to be fucked by his alpha.

Gently spreading his love’s ass cheeks again, he saw his angel’s beautiful entrance and lined himself up perfectly. He would go in slow, that was a given, but he knew he didn’t have to go too slow. He had lubed him up plenty and knew that after the amount of magic he had pushed into his Shadowhunter that he should be loose enough to go in easily.

“Deep breath, love.” He soothed.

As Alec took a deep breath in, he pushed the head of his cock through his tight rim, losing his breath at the tightness of the squeeze that wanted to suck him in. He moaned as his angel did. He wanted desperately to just grab him by his hips and plunge into him, but that would be too much too fast. He was going to pound into his Shadowhunter, fuck him hard, but he loved him far too much to hurt him by being greedy. He would show him the love and care no one had bothered to show him.

“Keep breathing, sweetheart.”

With each breath Alec took in his alpha pushed further and further into him, faster than he normally did. He felt the beautiful stretch as his warlock entered him and the fullness. His breath hitched in his lungs when his alpha’s cock grazed across his prostate, a most exquisite and new kind of pleasure spreading through him. He thought then that this may be his favorite new position.

“Breathe, love.” Magnus crooned, watching his Shadowhunters breathing. Once he was sure his young love had caught his breath and was breathing freely, he pushed further into his gloriously tight channel.
“Faster, please.” Alec breathed, revealing in the feeling of his alpha entering him. The fullness and stretch was magnificent, but he wanted more, he wanted it all.

Magnus had come to know his young warrior’s enthusiasm in bed and anticipated his next move. He gripped him firmly by the hips, stopping him before he could plunge back on him.

“Careful, angel. This is a new position and I don’t want you hurt.” He said gently when he saw the disappointment in his lover’s beautiful blue eyes as he watched him. “We’re almost there.” He soothed.

On Alec’s next breath in he guided himself in firmly, using his Shadowhunters hips as an anchor to bottom out in his tight channel. Their moans mixed as pleasure washed over them both, Alec from the stretch and fullness, the pressure against his prostate, and Magnus from the tight squeeze that was making him lightheaded.

This time, he didn’t have to be told by his sweet omega to move. Gripping his hips more firmly he pulled back, almost out of his Shadowhunter, and slammed back into him, listening to the beauty of his angel’s moans and cries of pleasure and the sound of skin meeting skin.

“That’s it. Give me my moans.” He breathed, repeating the move, reveling in the pleasure as his young warrior’s tight channel gripped him, sucking him in with each deep thrust.

Alec could help but cry out when his alpha slammed into him, the pressure on his prostate was breathtaking. He felt his breath quicken each time his alpha’s hips met his, bone deep pleasure coursing through him. He wanted desperately to thrust back on his warlock’s cock, but he knew he wouldn’t let him, not yet.

Taking yet a firmer grip on his young warrior’s hips he lifted them slightly, changing the angle before he slammed harder back into him, the pleasure and the squeeze magnificent. Pulling back from his Shadowhunter, almost out, he slammed his length back in, listening to their mingled cries of bliss. That was where his control snapped. His angel just felt too good.

Using his sweet omega’s hips as leverage he pulled back out, slamming into him, pounding into him, over and over again, pulling his angel’s hips back to meet his. He could hear his loves beautiful moans and cries of pleasure, unknowingly releasing his own. Faster and faster he pounded into his love, breeding him, hard. At some point, he wasn’t sure when, he had eased his grip on his Shadowhunters hips and he was thrusting back to meet him, thrust for beautiful thrust.
Alec knew the instant his alpha’s control had finally snapped and loved the fact that he could do that to his beautiful warlock. With each glorious thrust his alpha slammed into him he thrust back against the man he loved. He felt his warlock’s cock sawing at his prostate, a sensation that was stealing his breath more and more by the second. He knew they were both crying out, his alpha lost in the pleasure, and he wanted to give him more.

“Faster.” He ground out, knowing his warlock would need the instruction.

Magnus’ brain registered his angel’s words and moved instinctually, reclaiming his grip on his hips as he sped up, pulling his beautiful omega back to meet him, harder, faster, as he pounded into him. Over and over again he heard the sound of skin meet skin and felt the breathtaking tightness of his lover’s channel as he fucked him, harder and harder with each thrust. He knew his angel was on the verge of his release when he felt him tense up and knew that he wasn’t far behind him, having felt the tingle in his own balls that told him he was close.

He heard his Shadowhunter’s sweet cries of release seconds before he found his own, pounding into him again and again as he erupted in his sweet omega, filling him with torrents of his thick cum.

Alec panted deeply, fighting to catch his breath as the world righted itself and his vision cleared as his alpha pounded into him, knowing he had found his release and was working his way through it, and the aftershocks. He couldn’t help but smile when he heard his warlock scream his name. He loved it when he did that. His alpha wouldn’t remember it, he never did, but it told him that he truly was lost in the pleasure.

When his wonderful warlock stilled, he knew that he had emptied himself. Pushing himself up he wrapped his arms around his exhausted alpha’s waist, easing his alpha out of him and guiding him gently to the soft bed, ensuring that his head fell softly against the pillows. Once he was sure his alpha was resting comfortably as he came down, as he caught his own breath, he climbed up, folding a clean towel to lay over the mess on the sheets. He may not have magic to clean them up, but he could at least do this.

He smiled as he watched his alpha’s beautiful brown eyes flutter closed as sleep claimed him, brushing his damp hair back from his forehead and pressing a soft kiss to it. Circling the bed he laid down behind him, pulling him into his arms. Pressing a soft kiss to his warlocks still sweaty shoulder he settled in, pulling the soft satin sheet up over them. Tonight, he would hold his alpha in his arms and watch over him as he slept.

Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a vote.
Magnus watched as his Shadowhunters trained in the predawn light in the clearing behind the village. There was no speed or rushed movements, no graceful black flips or flying weapons. Just the quiet, fluid movements of skilled warriors dancing a slow but deadly dance. He knew the moves that they were so painstakingly practicing would be used in combat and would be breathtaking to watch in action. It was breathtaking watching them now.

None of them said a word, they just followed their leader, watching his Shadowhunter for direction on moves he at first thought they knew by heart. It didn’t take him long to realize that while some of the moves were moves he had seen before, these were different. These were modified, enhanced, more complicated. His young warrior was taking the old and creating something new to show his team, their family. He did suspect, however, that some of them were new. How they were managing to see each other in the darkened night, he wasn’t sure, but he suspected Biscuit’s night vision rune was what made it possible.

He had panicked when he had first woken up and his Shadowhunter wasn’t curled up beside him or in the cottage, until he had seen the little note on his bedside table written in his loves tight precise script, one that he imagined graced the pages of countless field reports back in New York. So he did the only thing he could think of to do, he snapped himself a Starbucks and came out to watch. For the past three hours, he had seen nothing but beauty in motion.
As the sun would be rising soon, they would have to stop before long to deactivate their night vision runes. He knew that they knew he was there, but that didn’t seem to bother them any. After all, he had seen them all train before, just not like this. None of it compared to the beauty of this.

He also knew that he wasn’t the only one watching. Being a warlock, he had heightened senses too, although nothing compared to his family of Shadowhunters. What had at one time been one passerby had become two. Two had become ten. Ten had become twelve when Izabella and Gideon had joined in making it a dozen. Robert had long since been there, watching his children. So far, no one had uttered a word, as if a single sound would shatter the scene before them to pieces.

Alec had been watching his warlock out of the corner of his eye for the past few hours, content to let him watch as he showed his team new and enhanced moves. No one knew it, but this was how he always taught his family something new. He let them take it in slowly at first, memorizing the motions, making them second nature before adding the speed and force that would make them deadly maneuvers in combat. By this time tomorrow, what he was showing his family would no longer be slow and fluid motions, they would be well-honed, fast paced, and deadly, especially once Iz added her chosen weapons to the mix.

He had known that they had been getting restless. It had been easier when they had had a proper training room to work in, not an empty field, but for now, this would have to do. He didn’t care too much for the strangers watching them from the sidelines, but as it didn’t seem to be bothering his family, he wasn’t going to let it overly bother him. He would have to stop them soon to deactivate their night vision runes. He liked training them in the dark when he could. After all, most of their battles took place in the dark.

Izabella could only watch her grandchildren in awe, something she seemed to be doing a lot of lately. Her grandson and his team were breathtaking to watch. She had come to learn that her oldest son had in no way been exaggerating when he had told her of their skills in battle. Now, watching them firsthand in the predawn light as they moved as one, moving in what she knew would become a deadly mix of maneuvers, she understood why they were the best. The moves her grandson was showing them were unlike anything she had ever seen before, and where beautiful to watch. She had been the best in her time, as her boys had been in theirs, but never, in all of her years of training had she imagined anything like this.

She wanted to ask her son what the moves they were doing were, but she was afraid to, afraid that if she made the slightest sound, or moved too fast, she might distract them somehow, break their concentration. What she didn’t know was that they couldn’t break their concentration. That they were too focused on what they were doing.
Robert loved watching his son train his team. He had watched them countless times over the years, discreetly of course. This wasn’t the first time he had seen his son show them something new, but it always stole his breath when he did. The maneuvers were always more intricate, more complex than the one before, with each one becoming more and more difficult. But he knew they wouldn’t stay that way. If he knew his son and his team, which when it came to this, he did, he knew that what he was seeing now would be ingrained within them in less than a day. Just something else to add to their already vast arsenal.

No other Shadowhunters in the world would be able to do these moves, at least, not without a lot of practice and the use of several runes; flexibility, balance, strength, endurance, surefootedness and probably agility. But not them. Not his son’s team. He was coming to understand more and more why they were a family and not just a team.

When his children had been younger, he had thought that they had begun referring to their friends as family because neither of them had felt that they had had much, just each other. But over time, he had come to understand. He had come to understand that to do what they did, to trust as they had to trust, both in the field and out, you had to be more than a team. A unit. You had to have complete and utter trust in those around you, the kind of thing you only found in a tight knit family. A family his son had made.

“Time!” Alec called.

All movement stopped at the command. The sun had become to bright to continue without deactivating their night vision runes. To continue on would only cause pain. Pain wasn’t necessary in training. Whatever mundane had coined the phrase ‘pain is gain’ was just plain stupid in his opinion. Pulling his stele from his back pocket he quickly deactivated the only rune he had used, his vision quickly shifting from night vision back to normal. He knew the others were doing the same.

“How long have you been sitting on those, Alec?” Simon asked.

“A few hours.”

“Sleepless night?” Izzy asked.

“No. Just a creative one. But worry not, there are plenty I have been sitting on for a while. I may show them to you, eventually.” He teased.
“Oh come on! Don’t hold out on us.” Clary pouted.

“Oh ye of little patience. If I gave you everything at once, you’d get bored and we both know it. I’ve got to save something for a rainy day to keep you on your toes. Jace, your quiet.”

“I know.” Jace said, surveying the crowd that had now gathered around them. He felt exposed in a way he never had before, and he didn’t like it.

“Getting shy on me?” Alec asked, following his brothers gaze.

“No. It just feels like more and more people are showing up around here every day, new faces. Where are they coming from?” He asked softly, only loud enough for them to hear.

“Good question. I’ll see if I can find out. Iz, how long do you think it will take you to pick out weapons for those moves?”

“Not long.” Izzy said. “Assuming I had full access to my stock. All we brought with us was what we had on us when we got here.” She said under her breath.

“I know. I’ll talk to Magnus. Find out what’s next.”

“Is there a reason were still here?” Jace asked. “Did you get what you needed or is their more?”

“There are a few questions left. We can go over those later, when we don’t have an audience.” He said softly. He wasn’t sure if it was just a matter of getting answers anymore. The more time they spent here, the more faces he was coming to recognize as players in his dreams. Dreams he had yet to share. “Who’s hungry? Maybe we can talk Magnus into conjuring up the makings for pancakes.” He said with a grin, knowing the reaction he would get.

His grin only grew wider when they all groaned. They had just a hard a time with the carbs as he did. Sure, they needed fuel, but foods that heavy were hard on the stomach.

“Okay. Okay. No pancakes. Break for now, get dried off and into something lighter. When we pick back up, were going to move those into sparring. You’ll rotate out, two by two. I’ll bring up
"You always do." Jace said with a smile for his brother. They all knew that once they reached him on the sparring line, that would be when the real fun began. And once they each passed his test, they would do it all again, only a little bit faster.

"Wait!" Magnus called as they broke apart and started to disperse.

They all stopped, confused. Alec turned to his alpha, unsure himself. He could almost hear his warlock’s fingers snap before they were all dry, the morning moisture and dew from the grass now gone.

"Thank you, Magnus!" Clary called with a wave.

"Anytime, Biscuit. I have Starbucks for anyone who wants it."

"Oh, a taste from home." Simon said, excited.

"Alright. Go caffeine up." Alec said with a smile for his warlock and a nod for his team.

"You’re really missing out, Alec. You and that damn tea." Izzy said before she left him in the dust, jogging towards his alpha and the white chocolate mocha that he knew was waiting for her.

With a chuckle he just followed his family, at a slower pace. His chai tea would still be hot when he got there, his warlock would make sure of that.

Izabella watched the band of Shadowhunters disperse, making their way to her Uncle Mags.

"What’s a Starbucks, Ms. Izabella?" Samuel asked.

"I have no idea, Samuel." She said.
“It’s coffee. Well, a coffee shop that makes excellent coffee of various types and flavors. Mundanes may not be good for much, but they do have interesting food and excellent coffee.” Robert said, climbing to his feet. He wished that he had a warlock to dry him off, his clothes were soaked where he had spent the last few hours sitting on the wet grass.

Before he had finished the thought, his clothes were warm and dry. His head shot up, looking towards his son’s alpha. With a wink and a nod down from the warlock he glanced down and found a Starbucks coffee at his feet. He couldn’t help but smile.

“Would you like a taste, momma?” He asked, bending down to pick up the still hot cardboard cup. “It’s really good.”

“Sure, baby.” Izabella said, taking the cup from him. She sighed in pleasure after taking a sip. “Your right. That’s delightful. Sinful I think.”

Robert laughed, waving off the cup that she tried to hand back.

“You keep it, momma. Call it a taste of New York.” Two more appeared at his feet, labeled Robert and Gideon. “Thanks, Magnus!” He called, watching as the warlock and his son turned back towards their cottage. His gratitude was acknowledged with a small wave. Retrieving the cups, he passed his brother his.

“What were those moves, Robert?” Gideon asked. “I’ve never seen anything like them.”

“Those are what I like to call ‘Alexander’s custom creations’. I’ve already told you that he’s mastered every mundane martial art available to him in New York. He mixes bits and pieces of those art forms into his moves; the rest I think he just makes up in his head.” Robert said, sipping his latte.

“He has several gifts then.” Izabella said softly. “More than I realized. I know you told me in your letters, but I guess seeing really is believing.”

“Maybe you should show them those, momma. And the photos in your cottage. I know they still have questions for Robert, but maybe it would help some.” Gideon said, savoring the taste of this ‘new coffee’. “Let them see that we did at least get to see some of them while they were growing up.”
“Maybe. I’ll think on, Gideon. I’m not sure their ready for that yet. Any of them.”

Alec sat his tea on the counter in their cottage. As much as he liked Starbucks, he still preferred his earl grey.

“You were up early, angel.” Magnus said, wrapping his arms around his Shadowhunters waist, pressing a soft kiss to the back of his neck.

“You’re up pretty early yourself.” He said, enjoying the feel of his alpha’s arms around him, the man he loved with everything he had.

“What can I say? I woke up and you weren’t here. Did you get any sleep?”

“Enough. I just needed to train. And the others were up. I saw the lights on in their cottage.”

“You were beautiful out there you know. All of you were.” He said, pressing another soft kiss to the back of Alec’s neck.

“Beauty isn’t really the goal but thank you.”

“How are you after last night? Are you okay?” He asked softly.

“I’m perfect.” Alec said, turning in his alpha’s arms. “It was everything I wanted it to be and more. So thank you.”

Magnus smiled.

“You don’t have to thank me, love.”
“What about you?” Alec asked softly, gazing into the beautiful brown eyes he loved so much.

“Pretty perfect myself. Thank you for taking care of me.”

“You don’t have to thank me, alpha.” He said, mirroring his warlock’s words. “You gave me everything I had been wanting.”

“And what was that, angel?”

“For you to let go. So many times, you’ve told me to just let go and feel the pleasure, and I have. But you’ve always held yourself back. And last night, you finally let go.” He said softly, pressing his forehead to his warlock’s.

“I thought you wanted…”

“Oh I wanted that too.” He said, cutting Magnus off. “Badly. But more than that, I wanted you to lose control. To get lost in it. To just feel the pleasure. I wanted to be able to make you do that. I’ve been waiting for it.”

“I don’t know what to say.”

“You don’t have to say anything. We’re going to be in this, forever. It can’t all be about me, and my pleasure. I want it to be about us. I don’t want you to feel like you have to hold back. You’re not going to break me. Okay?” He asked softly.

Magnus sighed. He realized then that he had been holding back with his Shadowhunter. He had been afraid of hurting him, the way that he had been hurt, centuries before.

“Okay. But promise me, if I tell you to go slow, that you’ll go slow. You have more to learn. The last thing I want in this world is to hurt you, in any way.”

“I promise. Now promise me, when it comes to the rest, that you won’t hold yourself back anymore.”
“I promise.” Magnus said, pressing a soft kiss to his Shadowhunters nose. His Shadowhunter never ceased to amaze him. It had been centuries since anyone had considered his needs or desires in bed. “You have something on your mind.” He said, gazing into the beautiful blue eyes he loved so much. “Something you want to talk about?”

“A few things actually.”

“You know you can talk to me about anything, angel. What is it?”

“When is my next heat? Do you know?” Alec asked softly. The thought of his next heat unnerved him. After the night before, learning truly where their children would be had had him thinking as he watched his warlock sleep, about the misery and pain of his last heat.

“In about six weeks. You don’t know anything about omega heats, do you love?”

Alec shook his head, no.

“All information regarding omegas was restricted at the Institute after I presented.”

A flare of anger lit in Magnus. It was no wonder that his Shadowhunter had been in the condition he had been in when he went into his first heat. He hadn’t been prepared.

“What is it?” Alec asked, concerned when his alpha tensed in his arms.

“There are days that I think I can handle hearing about the things you’ve been through in your short life, and others that I think I can’t. If only you had known.” He said softly, pressing his forehead to his loves again.

“I don’t understand.”

“Had you been informed, angel, you could have been better prepared. Omega’s have very specific needs both during and before their heats. Yes, the first is always the hardest because you don’t
“Know when to expect it, but most plan for it at three months just in case.” Magnus said, gripping Alec’s hands and leading him to the bed.

“Prepare?”

“Yes, sweetheart.” He said, pulling Alec down to sit beside him. “All omegas start to prepare at least a week, if not two, in advance for their heat. To get their bodies ready. It’s a time when they need to eat more, rest more. Give in to their body’s needs, so when the time comes, there ready for the exertion that comes with being in heat, and trust me, there’s plenty.

Before a heat it’s important to destress, to take care of yourself. To let your mate take care of you, and ensure that you have everything you could want or need. That’s my job now. Your next heat will be completely different than your last. You won’t be utterly exhausted. You won’t be overstressed and overwhelmed. And this next time, you’ll be able to mate. I’m guessing your probably dreading your next heat, aren’t you?”

“Honestly? Yes.” Alec said softly. “I’ll always worry about my family. After last time, leaving them alone in the field, leaving Clary vulnerable…”

“That won’t happen.” Magnus said gently, cutting him off. “They won’t be in the field. They won’t be vulnerable. They will be safe, I promise. We’ll see to that beforehand. They’ll understand why it’s important. I don’t know what’s going to be going on in six weeks’ time, but that we can plan for, to put your mind at ease.

Your probably not going to like it, but I would really like to start your preparations two weeks before instead of taking just a week, which I know will be hard for you. I know how much training means to you, but you don’t need that strain.”

“Training isn’t a strain, Magnus. It’s something that I love. I enjoy it. At least, when it’s with my family. Training others, not so much. So please, don’t worry about that.” He said, pleading.

“Okay. How about we address that one when the time comes? Setting that aside, for those two weeks, and I’ll know when to start them, you need to eat more. Whatever you want. And I can get it for you. Anything. Anytime, day or night.

I know your diet has been limited by your life at the Institute, but there are so many wonderful foods out there that I would love for you to try. All of you. Expand your horizons a little bit,
because one day you will be pregnant, as will Clary and Isabelle. I don’t want you to find yourselves in a position where your body is craving something, needing something, and you have no idea how to fulfil it. And you will have cravings, both during your heats and pregnancies.”

“Okay. What else?”

“That preparation period is also a time to rest. Sleep when you’re tired. Take naps. You shouldn’t be worrying about anything, whereas you tend to worry about everything.” Magnus said softly, raising Alec’s hands to his lips for a soft kiss. “When your first heat started, you didn’t know it until you woke up in active heat, right?”

Alec nodded, yes.

“That won’t happen this time. I’ll know well in advance. As your pheromones increase, I’ll know you’re getting close. If I have my way, I’ll already have you in bed beneath me before your symptoms even have a chance to set in.

I’ll take you away, to some place quiet and peaceful. A place where I won’t have to silence our surroundings. I’ll give you whatever you want or need, in bed and out. And honestly, love, you’ll spend most of it in bed. We’ll either be mating, or you’ll be resting.

You have a mate now and having an active mate changes things. You will be craving my knot, constantly. And I’ll give it to you as much as I can. However you want it, as many times as you want it. Do you know how knotting works?”

“No.” He whispered softly.

“Each time I fill you, the base of my cock with thicken, forming a knot inside you, leaving me unable to pull out. That happens for a reason. It’s an evolutionary way of keeping my seed inside you, to increase the chance of pregnancy. It takes about an hour for that knot to go down after release, so all I’ll be able to do is try to keep you comfortable until it does. That’s a really good time for a nice nap, because you will be exhausted. There’s where it comes in handy having a warlock as a mate. I can easily ease you into a restful sleep.

It’ll also be my job to make sure that you eat, despite your craving to mate, which will be almost constant. If you’re not having a specific food craving, I’ll have to get food into you or you’ll burn out. But for those five days, angel, it’s all about you and what you want and need. I swear on your
Angel, your next heat will be nothing like your last one.”

“So for five days it’ll be nothing but…sex?” He asked, cheeks blushing crimson.

“Yes, love. It will.” Magnus said, softly stroking Alec’s cheek. “And if you do feel up to getting up and about for a bit, like I said, we’ll be some place peaceful, a place you will enjoy. I promise. Does any of this make you feel better?”

“Yes. It does. As long as I know that my family isn’t in danger, and that I don’t have to worry about their safety, it does.” He said, squeezing his alpha’s hand.

“Good. I’m glad.” Magnus said, raising Alec’s hand for another soft kiss.

“Where will we go?”

“You’ll just have to wait and see. I want it to be a surprise.” Magnus said with a smirk.

“Okay. I know I’m supposed to go back to training, but all this talk about…”

“I get it, angel.” Magnus said, cutting him off. “Do you want to send a quick message to the others to go on without you, and we stay here for a while?”

“Yes, please.” Alec breathed, his cock hard and aching for his warlock.

Magnus snapped his fingers, a pen and paper appearing in his hand. Alec took it from him, writing a quick note. Folding it, he addressed it to Clary and using his stele, drew the fire message rune on the front. It disappeared in an instant.

“Activate that rune, love.” Magnus said, snapping his fingers. The sounds of the birds and people outside vanished. Without hesitation Alec activated his intimacy rune. “Good. Now lie down.”

“A little bossy, aren’t we?” He asked, chuckling. But he did as his alpha asked, settling comfortably on his back on the soft bed.
“Very.” Magnus said, straddling his Shadowhunter. “You’re not the only one all this talk of heats has affected.” He murmured, pressing soft, sucking kisses to the rune on Alec’s neck. He wanted his Shadowhunter, badly. But he also had things to do. He had to find Ragnor, he had to find his friend.

The expected shiver at his alpha’s touch ran down Alec’s spine as his warlock worked his magic on the rune on his neck. The weight of him on his hips felt wonderful, the pleasure from his alpha’s soft kisses incredible.

“That’s it, angel. Give me my moans.” Magnus murmured as he worked his way up Alec’s throat and jaw, pressing harder kisses and soft nips to the tender skin there.

Alec didn’t know that he had moaned, or that he had instinctually turned his head, giving his warlock better access. All he knew was that the pleasure from his alpha’s simple kisses was incredible and the feel of his hardened cock pressing into his belly made him want it, need it inside him.

“Clothes.” He breathed. “I want to touch you.”

Magnus snapped his fingers, shedding them both of their clothes.

“Better?” He asked between kisses.

“Much.” Alec breathed, gripping his alpha’s hips. Using his thumbs, he brushed them lightly over his warlock’s firm belly.

Magnus couldn’t hold back his own moan when his young warrior brushed his thumbs over the sweet spot on his belly. The pleasure of his touch was magnificent. His Shadowhunter was quickly learning his sweet spots, which only made it that much better.

“Roll over?” Alec asked.

Magnus knew then what his Shadowhunter was wanting. He wanted to ride him, fuck them both on his cock, and he would let him, this round. He did as his young warrior asked him, settling him
firmly on his hips. Gazing up at his young warrior he couldn’t help but marvel at his beauty. He knew the muscles would be firm beneath his hands, the skin silky soft.

“You are breathtaking to look at, Alexander Lightwood. Did you know that?” He asked reverently.

Alec couldn’t stop the blush that flooded his cheeks.

“So are you, my alpha.” Alec said softly, leaning down to claim his warlock’s lips.

The kiss was gentle, a brush of lips, but Alec wanted more. Pressing his lips firmer to his alpha’s he gently licked his bottom lip, seeking entrance. He was thrilled when it was granted, his tongue sliding easily through his warlock’s parted lip. He couldn’t stop his soft moan when their tongues touched, fireworks going off in his head.

Magnus didn’t hesitate to open for his young warrior when he sought entrance after the soft brush of their lips. He loved the taste of his angel. The pleasure he felt when their tongues had touched had his head spinning with both pleasure and need. He had promised his sweet omega that he wouldn’t hold himself back anymore, and he wouldn’t. Gripping his Shadowhunter firmly by the hips he held him close, pushing back against his angel’s tongue, demanding more.

Alec felt that his alpha wanted more, but so did he. Their tongues danced a fierce dance for dominance as they explored and tasted each other. He had never imaged that something as simple as a kiss could be so much, mean so much. The pleasure that hummed through him was more than anything that he ever thought a kiss could be. His warlock holding him firmly by his hips only made it that much better. He knew then that this wasn’t going to be slow or gentle, and he was thrilled.

Magnus was lost in his Shadowhunters breath stealing kiss. He wanted it to last forever, but they needed to breathe. Circling his thumbs gently over the runes on his young warrior’s hips he pushed out a strong burst of magic.

Alec broke the kiss, gasping for breath as his warlock’s magic coursed up his belly and down his groin and legs. Before he could utter a word he felt his alpha’s hands come together across his belly, both palms coming to a stop in the center before another burst of sheer ecstasy shot through him, making his head spin. He heard himself cry out but didn’t care. It felt too good.
‘It takes so little to give him so much’ Magnus thought as he pushed a strong burst of magic into his sweet omega’s firm belly. It was beautiful watching him react, the way he would moan or cry out, the way his head always fell back as the pleasure washed over him. Gazing into the beautiful blue eyes he loved so much as his angel came back down from the high he saw the blown pupils and the desperate need for more. This time, this time he wouldn’t make him cum with magic, but he would use it to prepare him.

“Not fair.” Alec breathed as he caught his breath.

“You told me not to hold back, love. I’m giving you your wish. Are you ready for more?” He asked softly, circling his young warrior’s empty womb with his thumbs. Before he could answer he pushed a soft burst of magic into his love, watching as his young warrior cried out as his magic course through him.

The pleasure that coursed through him from his alpha’s soft burst of magic stole his breath, his lungs hitching in his chest. He had barely come down from the last wave of pleasure that had washed over him before this fresh wave of bliss.

“Breathe, sweetheart. Take a breath.” Magnus crooned, gently caressing Alec’s firm belly, watching as his Shadowhunter drew in air.

Every nerve in Alec’s body was humming, the pleasure his alpha had given him exquisite, but he wanted more. He needed his warlock inside him, filling him. He shifted instinctually, lifting his hips to hover over his alpha’s hardened cock.

Magnus saw what his Shadowhunter was about to do and knew he had to stop him. He wasn’t prepared.

“Alexander, stop!” He commanded, gripping his love’s hips firmly.

Alec halted at the tone as the command washed over him, a shiver of pleasure running down his spine. Locking eyes with the man he loved he saw his need mirrored there, the lust.

“Let me prepare you first. We have to do this slowly. Okay?” He asked softly.

“Okay.” Alec breathed, desperation coursing through him. He ached to be filled, he ached to feel
his alpha beneath him.

“Hold still.” Magnus said, releasing Alec’s hip to snap his fingers, thoroughly lubing them both. “Let me guide you.” He said, placing a firm hand back on Alec’s hip. “You can’t take me in too fast, angel. You’ll only hurt yourself, and I’m nowhere near done with you.”

Alec’s heart thundered in his chest at his alpha’s words. He was promising more. And he wanted it. All of it. As much as he could get. But he knew his warlock wouldn’t let him take too much at once, his firm grip on his hips would see to that.

“Let me hear the words, love.”

“I’ll go slow.”

“Alright. Take me in your hand and line me up.” Magnus said, releasing Alec’s left hip, quickly feeling out the sweet spot in his left thigh.

The feel of his alpha’s lube slicked dick in his hand made him want to grip it, he already knew it would fit perfectly in his hand. ‘Another time’ he thought.

“That’s right.” Magnus crooned as he felt Alec line his aching cock to his entrance. Anticipation was coursing through him. His favorite place was to be inside his magnificent Shadowhunter, and he would be, soon. He just had to ensure that his sweet angel didn’t hurt himself in the process.

“Now, lower yourself slowly. Take a deep breath and guide it in, just through your rim.” He said softly, feeling the head of his cock just outside his lover’s clenching hole.

“Okay.” Alec breathed, wanting nothing more than to just plunged down on his alpha’s cock, the desire to be filled almost overwhelming him. Taking a deep breath he lowered himself, guiding the head of his alpha’s cock just through his aching rim.

Magnus felt his young warrior’s rim start to open as he guided himself onto him and pushed a small burst of magic into the sweet spot in his thigh, stimulating his prostate to distract him from any pain. His angels cry of pleasure, and the tight squeeze of his love’s channel around the head of his cock stole his breath and told him that he had succeeded.

“Stop there, love. Let yourself adjust.”
The pleasure that shot through Alec at the beautiful stretch on his rim and from his alpha’s beautiful magic stimulating his prostate was exquisite. He moaned out his pleasure as he felt his muscles relax around his warlock’s thick cock.

“That’s it.” He crooned softly. “Another deep breath, love, and you can take in a little more. Ease yourself down, let yourself adjust.”

Alec nodded, yes. Taking a deep breath he eased himself down another inch as another soft burst of magic pulsed through him. He moaned at the magnificent stretch and his warlock’s magic as pleasure course through him. The feel of his alpha’s cock pushing into him, slowly filling him, was breathtaking. He knew his alpha was trying to ease the way, but he wanted to do this himself.

“Alpha, please. Let me do it.” He breathed.

Magnus knew what his sweet omega was asking, he wanted to take him in unaided. The tightness of his angel’s channel squeezing his cock was making his head spin, the pleasure so intense, but he was hesitant. He wanted his lover to feel only pleasure, no pain.

“Are you sure, love?”

“Yes. I’m sure.” Alec said, locking eyes with his warlock. Crystal blue met chocolate brown. What Magnus saw there told him all that he needed to know. His Shadowhunter was ready for this. He wanted it.

“Okay. But take it slow.”

Magnus was fighting back his own moans of pleasure. He needed to concentrate on his young warrior, but it was hard, the pleasure of him lowering himself on him was so beautiful. But he had to. He had to guide him.

Alec nodded, yes. The fullness of his alpha’s cock was getting more and more intense with each little bit he took in. He couldn’t wait to be fully filled, to be able to ride his warlock and fuck himself on his cock, bringing them both pleasure. He wanted desperately to give his alpha pleasure. But he was making him go slow, so he was going savor it, revel in it, inch by beautiful inch. When he felt his clenching muscles relax he took a deep breath and lowered himself a little more, moaning out his pleasure as more of his wonderful warlock filled him.
Magnus couldn’t hold back his moan this time, his Shadowhunter was giving him pleasure beyond his wildest dreams. The clenching of his tight channel was exquisite. In that moment he wasn’t sure he would be able to hold out until his sweet omega had fully taken him in.

Alec swelled with happiness and when he heard his alpha’s moan. He was giving him pleasure, like he had given him so much pleasure. Taking another deep breath he lowered himself further, taking in more than he had been. His alpha’s hands on his hips stopped him from taking too much. The pressure of his warlock’s cock on his already swollen prostate stole his breath.

“More.” He breathed. He had almost taken his lover in, he wanted the rest. Soon he would be flush against him.

“Let yourself adjust, love.” Magnus ground out, forcing himself to hold his sweet omega’s hips still when he desperately wanted to let him plunge down, fully sheathing himself inside him. When he felt his angels walls stop clenching around him, using his thumbs he pushed a strong burst of magic into his angel’s firm belly, wanting to hear him cry out, wanting to give him a taste of the pleasure he was giving him.

Alec cried out as his warlock’s magic shot through him, it was beautiful and breathtaking all at once. The feel of his alpha’s cock filling him only made it that much better.

“That’s right, love. I want all my moans and cries.” He ground out, using all the strength and willpower he had to claw back the release that his body so desperately wanted when his angel’s walls clamped down on him again when his magic shot through him.

Alec couldn’t take anymore. He needed his alpha fully sheathed inside him. He wanted to ride him, to fuck them both. Fighting his warlock’s grip on his hips he took a deep breath and plunged the last few inches down, moaning out his pleasure at the fullness of having himself fully filled. The pressure on his prostate was magnificent.

Magnus lost his breath when his sweet omega took control and took him the rest of the way in, sitting flush on his hips. His beautiful angel’s moans as he took him in assured him that he felt no pain, only pleasure.

“Lilith, you feel magnificent. I swear, you were made just for me. But let yourself adjust, angel.” He breathed.
Alec could only nod, yes. He would do as his alpha asked. He would wait until his muscles had fully relaxed. He felt his body adjusting to the fullness and it was wonderful.

“Can I move?” He asked, feeling when it he was ready.

“Yes, love. But go slow.” Magnus breathed. ‘He’s going to be the death of me’ he thought, knowing that the pleasure was only going to get better.

Alec nodded, yes. Ever so slowly he rose up off his alpha, the scrape against his prostate stealing his breath before he eased back down. Gripping the mattress at his warlock’s sides for support, he did it again. They both moaned out as pleasure shot through them both. Rising again he circled his hips as he came back down.

Magnus didn’t hold back his moans as his young warrior slowly rose and fell on his aching cock. He wanted him to know just how much he was giving him. It was taking all he had not to cum. He knew his angel wanted more, needed more. He knew he wanted desperately to ride him and ride him hard.

Rising up again, Alec went higher, almost pulling his warlock out before he came back down, again circling his hips. He wasn’t sure how long he would last. His body wanted release, desperately, but he wasn’t ready. Forcing it back he fought for breath as he moaned out his pleasure.

“Can I go faster?”

“Yes, angel. Lean forward.”

Alec did as he was asked without question. The new angle put more pressure on his prostate. He knew then that he wouldn’t be able to take more than a few hard thrusts, he just prayed that his alpha was right there with him. He rose up, gasping and crying out when his warlock’s hips thrust up as he came back down. He heard his beautiful warlock’s moans as he fucked up into him. Again and again he rose and fell in time with his alpha’s hard thrusts, their moans and cries of pleasure mixing.

“That’s right, angel. Just like that.” Magnus ground out, fucking up into his sweet omega, consumed by the most intense pleasure he had ever had.
The friction on Alec’s cock pressed between him and his warlock and the pressure on his prostate as he rode him was more than he could bare. He knew he was going to come as he cried out on the next magnificent rise and thrust of his alpha’s hips.

“Cum with me.” He begged.

His Shadowhunters words were all he needed to hear to finally let go. With one last thrust up into his angel they both cried out as they found their release. His cock erupted in his sweet omega as his walls clamped down around him. Warm cum coated his belly as his angel came, crying out with him. The world tilted, the pleasure consuming him as he came.

His alpha’s final thrust was all he could take. Alec saw stars as his cock erupted. He didn’t hear their cries as they came, he could only feel, and it was exquisite. He continued to fuck his alpha’s cock as aftershocks shot through him, unable to control his bodies movements. He was lost in the pleasure.

His mind slowly began to focus as he came down from the bliss of a thorough fucking. He was panting hard, his arms shaking from the strain where he was gripping the mattress. Finally having the presence of mind to look down at his magnificent alpha he saw his favorite chocolate brown eyes looking up at him, his beautiful warlock panting for breath himself.

Magnus could only watch as his Shadowhunter came down from the high of their mating. He was utterly stunning, panting for breath. It had taken a few moments to come down himself as the world righted itself.

“Sweetheart?” He asked.

“Yes, alpha?” Alec breathed.

“Have I told you how perfect you are today?”

“Not today, no.”

“Well, you are. Can you sit up so I can clean us up?”
“Mm-hmm.” He murmured, pushing himself back on his alpha’s hips.

With a finger snap they were both clean and the quilt beneath them changed. Magnus could see the fatigue in his young warrior’s eyes from the exertion, but he wasn’t done with him yet. Gently lifting his love, he pulled out of him.

Alec rolled to his side, his muscles feeling weak from holding himself up as he rode his alpha. But he wanted more.

“Alpha?”

“Yes, angel?” Magnus asked, softly caressing Alec’s bare ass. He had already replenished his energy with his magic. He knew he would need it for what he wanted to do.

“Will you fuck me now?”

Magnus chuckled. Snapping his fingers he had the stele Isabelle had made him in his hand.

Alec felt the power of his runes rush through him as his alpha activated his endurance and stamina runes. He knew then that he was going to get his wish. Before he could act he felt his warlock rolling him, pulling his ass up. He was going to take him from behind, as he had the night before.

“Lift yourself up, love. On your elbows.” Magnus said, snapping his fingers to relube them both.

Alec did as he was asked without question, fresh anticipation coursing through him.

Magnus took in the beauty of his Shadowhunters perfect ass, caressing his firm cheeks, spreading them to look at his angel’s dripping hole. The sight of the fresh lube and his own cum stole his breath. It was beautiful. He would be able to fill his young warrior easily. Teasing his sweet omega he rubbed his hardened cock between his crack.

Alec moaned at the pleasure that course through him as his alpha caressed and spread his ass
cheeks, and again as his warlock’s cock slide up and down his slick crack. He felt it when his alpha lined himself up against his entrance.

Magnus was going to fuck his angel, hard. He wasn’t going to hold back. He was going to give it to his young warrior, just as he had asked.

“Are you ready, sweetheart? This will be another first for you.”

“Yes. I want it.”

That was all Magnus needed to hear. Gripping Alec firmly by the hips he eased the head of his cock through his omega’s tight rim, feeling the magnificent squeeze as his muscles clamped down around him, wanting to pull him in.

“Deep breath, angel.” He said once he felt the muscles around him relax.

Alec did as he was asked without question. He wasn’t sure what his alpha was going to do, but he trusted him completely.

Magnus watched as his young warrior drew in a deep breath, knowing that this was going to be a shock to his lover. As his sweet omega filled his lungs with air he slammed into him, pulling his hips back. He listened as his love cried out in pleasure.

“Magnus.” Alec breathed, having lost his breath. The sudden fullness and scrape against his prostate had been perfect.

Magnus waited for a moment while his angel caught his breath. He knew that he had caught him off guard.

“I’m going to fuck you, Alexander. Hard and fast. Brace yourself, love.” He said as he pulled back, almost out.

Before Alec could answer Magnus slammed back into him, pulling his hips back again. All he could do was cry out and feel the breathtaking pleasure as his warlock pounded into him, over and
over again, his cock sawing against his prostate with each thrust. He didn’t know that his alpha was no longer pulling his hips back, he was thrusting back on his own, meeting him thrust for thrust.

He couldn’t think. He could only feel. He didn’t hear his own moans and cries of pleasure as his alpha fucked into him, but he heard his. Over and over, his alpha pounded into him, stealing his breath as pleasure consumed him.

“That’s it, angel. Let me hear you.” Magnus ground out, knowing he was about to cum in his Shadowhunter, filling him.

His young warrior was taking it beautifully, meeting him thrust for magnificent thrust. He would fuck him this way again, hard and fast during his next heat, hopefully again before then. The pleasure from the pressure of his angel’s tight channel was consuming him, making his head spin in the best possible way.

“Alpha!” Alec cried as his cock erupted again, coating the fresh quilt with rope after rope of cum.

He felt his warlock’s hands grip his hips hard as he shot his load inside him as they came, their moans mixing as aftershocks racked through them both. He had never been fucked like this before, but he loved it. His alpha had been right when he had said it would be another first. He was still fighting for breath as his warlock’s cock fell out of him.

Magnus had to hold onto his Shadowhunter when he erupted inside him. The exquisite pleasure had been beyond words. It took all he had to ease himself out of his sweet omega instead of collapsing on top of him. Falling back on his legs he gently rubbed his angel’s quivering thighs, easing soft magic into them to ease the ache his angel must be feeling.

“Sweetheart? Are you alright?” He breathed, fighting to catch his breath.

“Mm-hmm.” Alec mumbled; his face buried in the crook of his elbow.

He knew he was wearing his young warrior out, but he wasn’t done with him. Not yet. Wrapping his arm around his waist he gently pulled him up until he was resting flush against his body. He felt his sweet omega’s muscles trembling as he pressed a soft kiss to the back of his sweaty neck.
“Your doing beautifully, love. But I’m not done with you yet.” He whispered in Alec’s ear.

Pressing his hand firmly to Alec’s flat belly he pushed a strong burst of magic into his empty womb, holding his Shadowhunter tight as he cried out in pleasure and trembled in his arms.

“That’s right, angel. Just feel the pleasure.”

Alec felt his head fall back on his alpha’s shoulder when he pulled him up against him. He knew that he wouldn’t have been able to hold himself up without his warlock’s arm wrapped firmly around his waist. He wasn’t expecting it when his alpha pressed his hand firmly against his belly and pushed a breathing burst of magic into him.

He could only cry out in pleasure as it racked through his already exhausted body. Again and against his warlock bombarded him with strong pulses of magic. He lost all thought as his vision blurred. All he could do was feel, feel the pleasure coursing through every fiber of his being. After the fourth strong pulse of magic he felt a soft, soothing caress against his overstimulated skin. He didn’t know that he had cum again, that his alpha had pushed him through another intense orgasm.

“There now, sweetheart. Just breathe.” Magnus crooned, coaching his Shadowhunter as he fought for breath. The guilt he felt was already eating at him, but it had to be done. Snapping his fingers, the linens were changed, Alec’s favorite satin sheets waiting for him.

He had cleaned them up and dressed his young warrior in soft cotton, wanting him to be comfortable. He had dressed himself as well. Lifting his love gently into his arms he carried him, lowering him carefully onto the bed. He watched his sweet omega to make sure that he was breathing easily as he tucked the soft duvet around him.

“Alpha?” Alec asked softly.

Alec was confused. He felt the soft cotton of his sleep clothes against his skin when his alpha dressed him. He felt him lift him securely into his arms as he carried him. He felt the soft mattress and the silky sheets as he laid him on the bed, and the comfort of the duvet as his warlock tucked him in. But he didn’t understand. He wanted his alpha to hold him, but he was dressed as if he was going to leave.

“It’s alright, love. Close your eyes. Rest now.” Magnus said softly, running his hand gently
through his young warrior’s hair, watching as a small shiver passed through him as he relaxed. He knew he was abusing his angel’s one weakness and it ate him up inside.

Alec sighed as he relaxed at his alpha’s soft touch. He was so tired. He wasn’t sure what had happened, or what was happening, all he knew was that he was sleepy.

“Sleep now, angel.” He said softly, cupping his precious Alexander’s cheek. Pushing soft magic into his touch he eased his love into a deep, deep sleep, watching as his confused beautiful blue eyes fluttered closed. He would have to have Catarina look in on his sweet omega in a few hours. He hoped that he would be back before his Shadowhunter woke up and he could try and explain.

Standing up, he watched his angel sleep. He hated what he had done, but it had been necessary. He couldn’t do what he was about to do any other way. His Shadowhunter would be angry once he woke up and found out, but he couldn’t worry about that now. He had to keep his young warrior safe, at all costs. And this cost, he knew, would be high.

Snapping his fingers he had a pen and paper in hand. In his elegant script he wrote:

‘Biscuit,

Alexander is resting. He asked that you continue training, practicing the moves he showed you this morning. He needs to sleep.

-Magnus’

Folding the paper, he held it in his hand. He snapped his fingers with his other hand, sending a blue spark to the paper. It vanished in an instant.

Leaning down, he pressed a soft kiss to his precious angel’s forehead, his saving grace. The one he had just betrayed.

“I’m so sorry, love. Please forgive me.” He whispered softly.
With tears in his eyes he turned from his sleeping Shadowhunter, from his mate, his fated mate, his heart breaking for what he had done. Swirling his arms a portal opened before him. Taking a deep breath, he stepped through, the portal closing behind him.

The instant Magnus stepped through the portal in front of Ragnor’s Ireland estate he knew something was wrong. His wards were down. He hadn’t been able to track his old friend, which was a very bad sign. He had only been able to track the last vestiges of his magic and followed them to their source.

The dread that he had been feeling in his belly turned to lead as his portal closed behind him. Not being able to track a warlock only meant one thing. He had been praying that he had been wrong, that his old friend was somehow alright, but now, now he knew that he wasn’t. All he could do now was find out what had happened, who was responsible, and make them pay, while tending to his late friend in the process. The smell told him that he was inside. Bracing himself for what he might find inside he walked to the door. He wasn’t surprised to find it unlocked.

Before pushing the door open, he pushed his magic out, scanning the manor house and surrounding grounds for any threat. All he found was the peering eyes of the Seelie Queen through the birds and the bees. Pushing the door open he stepped inside.

There, there was where he found his oldest friend, his first mentor. A coward had done this. His blood flash boiled when he saw the burn marks on his friends’ wrists where he had been bound before he was beaten to a chair. There was only one thing that could cause marks like that on a warlock, magic binding cuffs. The sort of cuffs the Clave used to bring in rouge warlocks. Shadowhunters had been here. Shadowhunters had murdered his friend.

Rounding the chair, he took in the pale green face of the man that had taught him so much centuries before. The blue blood that had dried on his outlandish clothes from the vicious slash in his throat told him how he had died. From the marks on Ragnor’s body, he knew he had been tortured before he had been killed. Now he knew the what and the who. He just didn’t know the why. Why had his friend been tortured and murdered by the Clave? He had always served them when called and served them well. ‘What had they been after?’ he thought.

Reaching out, he gently closed Ragnor’s lifeless eyes. Snapping his fingers, the ropes that held his body to the chair vanished. As gently as he could he lifted his dear friend and laid him gently on the blood-stained floor. He didn’t feel the tears streaming down his cheeks. Closing his eyes, he
held out his hands, chanting softly.

‘Is féidir le Ragnor Fell an chuid eile a chur i síocháin i Ríocht do bhreithe, in Edom. Is é mo thoil agus mo chumhacht a sheolann tú abhaile. Guím in ainm Lilith.’

A soft blue light emanated from his palms, swirling multiple hues around Ragnor’s body, wrapping him in a tight cocoon. As Magnus chanted, Ragnor’s body slowly disappeared.

A sound outside caught Magnus’ attention. He smelled the nephilim blood. Had he not been so engrossed in laying his friend to rest, he would have smelled them sooner. Throwing his magic out he encased the manor in a protective ward. He didn’t have long, he didn’t have much magic left after tending to his friend, so he had to move fast.

Quickly scanning the beautiful home he found what he was looking for, the trace of magic he had followed. Flying up the stairs to his late friends’ bedroom he pulled a picture off the wall hiding a built in safe. It was a safe he knew; with a combination he knew by heart. Ragnor kept his most precious items in this safe, and Magnus had accessed it many times. There was something inside that Ragnor had wanted him to find. No one else would know how to access this safe, the magic and locks so old and powerful that only the strongest warlock alive could break through it, and that was him. But he didn’t have to break through Ragnor’s magic.

Quickly turning the intricate knobs and dials the safe unlocked and opened. There was only one thing inside, a box. He didn’t hesitate to grab it, he felt his friends magic sealing it, an enchantment only he would be able to break, for he had taught Ragnor the spell to cast it. He felt the Shadowhunters outside his wards trying to break through, his magic throwing them back, painfully. But he had wanted it to be painful. He had wanted anyone who tried to enter to feel the burn of his anger, even in his magics depleted state.

He had used up so much of his magic with his Shadowhunter, assuring that would be safe, that he wasn’t at full strength when he had arrived, a risk he knew he was taking, but one he felt he had had to take none the less. Swirling his free arm he created a portal. He felt his ward break as dozens of feet entered, charging into the manor below him. With everything he had left he threw out a fireball that would send the manor up in flames in a matter of seconds while trapping any living soul inside as he stepped through the open portal, a portal that barely closed in time.

Alec paced the length of the small cottage anxiously, anger, heartbreak, and betrayal warring inside
him. And fear. His alpha had hurt him, betrayed him, breaking his heart in the worst possible way, but he was still afraid. He had been gone so long, and no one knew where. His fear wanted to consume him, the rest, the rest could wait.

His family watched him pace, seated throughout the cottage. They hadn’t left his side since he had woken up and realized that his warlock was gone. His emotions had immediately alerted his parabati that something was wrong, his heartbreak ripping through their bond when he had discovered that the man he loved with his entire heart and soul was gone and realized what he had done. He had used their intimacy and his magic as a means to exhaust him, then forced him into sleep. The note he had left for him told them why, he had done it so he could leave. Where he had portals to, they didn’t know. He just knew that his alpha, his mate, his fated mate, had used and abused something most precious as a means to leave him behind, to keep him safe.

His family had given up trying to talk to him, to comfort him. He hadn’t said a word since they had burst through the door. His tears had said it all. At least, for now.

He had activated his intimacy rune to spare his parabati his pain. She had suffered enough since his heat had started. He wouldn’t make her suffer through this, not when he could protect her from it. The intensity of his emotions had him wanting to curl in on himself like a small child, the pain and fear worse than anything he had ever felt before.

Clary’s heart broke a little more with each step her parabati took. She knew what his alpha had done, they all did, and she could only imagine the pain he was feeling. She knew her parabati, well. They had been linked by their bond for six years. She couldn’t fathom how his mate could have done this.

Izzy was seething with anger. Her brother was devastated. She knew that the instant his emotions had hit his parabati, before he had activated their intimacy rune. And it had been confirmed the moment she saw his face when they had burst through the door. Magnus had hurt him, badly. She knew the how, and it was horrible. She couldn’t imagine a worse possible betrayal. And part of the why. They knew he had done it so he could leave the safety of Haven, leave her brother behind, but they didn’t know where he had gone or why. She knew her brother well, so she knew it was eating him up inside. First would be the fear, he didn’t know if his alpha, his first and last love, was alright. The second would be the pain of what his alpha had done. Fear for his loved ones always came first.

“Alec, please come sit down.” Clary said softly. He had been pacing for hours.

They didn’t know how long Magnus had been gone, they just knew when she had received his note and what time it was now. He had been missing for sixteen hours.
“I can’t. I can’t sit still, Clary. I just can’t.” He said, doing his best to force the words out. They wanted to choke him. All he wanted to do was cry, his sobs caught in his chest, unable to break free.

“We can get Cat. Maybe she can help.”

“No.” He whispered.

“I’m sure she has something that will help.”

“I said NO!” He shouted. They all cringed back at his tone, and the force behind it. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean..” He trailed off, tears streaming down his cheeks. A damn that finally burst free.

“Hey, it’s okay.” Izzy said, wrapping her brother in her arms. She had been on her feet and at his side in seconds. “It’s okay. Let it out.” She crooned softly, gently rubbing his back.

“It’s not. It’s not okay. None of it’s okay.” He sobbed, holding his little sister close. “I just don’t understand, Iz.”

“I know, big brother. I know.” She whispered softly.

There was a soft knock at the door before it opened, Cat slipping in.

“Anything?” Jace asked, anxious. It was tearing him up watching his brother, seeing his pain. He had never been angrier at his brother’s mate, but for his brother’s sake, he wanted to know.

“He’s alright. Well, he will be.” Cat said gently. “He’s not hurt, he’s just drained. He used up most of his magic and needs to recharge.”

“Yeah, we know all about his magic.” Simon spat. His best friend had just had his heart broken in the worst possible way, by his first love, the first person he had ever trusted with his heart, outside their family, and it made his blood boil.
“I’m not defending him.” She said, hands raised in surrender. “But I’m sure there is some explanation. I know Magnus. He wouldn’t have done what he did without a reason.”

Relief flooded Alec at her words, that his alpha was alright. But it was quickly replaced by pain. There was no room for anger, not yet. Just pain and heartbreak. He didn’t realize that he was sobbing harder in his sister’s arms.

“Shh. It’s okay, big brother. It’s going to be alright.” Izzy crooned, wanting desperately to comfort him, her own heart breaking.

Cat’s heart was breaking for her best friend’s mate. She could see how much he was hurting and was angry with her oldest and dearest friend for being the cause. She knew that Alec had been innocent in every way before he had found Magnus, so he would have some serious explaining to do. She also knew that he loved Alec with all that he was, and he would want her to do anything that she could to help him.

“Alec, sweetie, it’s been a really long day. You should try and rest. You all should.” She said gently.

Alec tensed in his sister’s arms, pulling together all the strength he had left to lift his head from her shoulder. He had never cried on her shoulder before. On anyone’s. Except his alpha’s.

“What did you say?” He asked, forcing the words out.

“You should get some rest. I think a little sleep will do you good.”

His pain turned to anger in an instant. Sleep. The one thing everyone seemed to want him to do. The thing his alpha made him do, when he betrayed him.

“You think sleep will help this? That it’ll somehow fix it?” He spat.

“No, sweetie. I don’t think it will fix it.” She said gently, wanting to calm him, not upset him even more. “But your exhausted. I know your upset. I can’t even begin to imagine what your feeling but making yourself sick won’t help things. You’ve had a long, distressing day and both
your body and mind need a break."

“She’s right, Alec.” Izzy said softly, wiping the tears from her brother’s cheeks. “Sleep might help you recharge. What is it you always tell us after a long day? ‘Get some rest. You need it. Rest and recharge’. Those are your words, big brother. Words you haven’t heeded yourself in the past, and it hurt you, so please, heed them now.”

Alec sighed, defeated. He knew they were right, but he didn’t think he could sleep, too much was racing through his head. Too many thoughts, too many feelings, too many memories, memories he wasn’t sure were good now.

“Okay.” He whispered. “But not here. I can’t sleep here.”

“You don’t have to. You can sleep in our bed.” Jace said, climbing to his feet. If this was the only way he could help his brother, then by the Angel he was going to do it. “Clary can sleep with Iz. Simon and I will make do.”

“No. I don’t want to put anyone out.”

“It’s not putting us out, Alec. It’s us putting you first, like you’ve always done for us.” Simon said calmly, rising to his feet.

“No. I won’t do it. I won’t.” Alec said, adamant. He would not burden his family.

“I have a spare room at my cottage, Alec. Your welcome to it. For as long as you need.” Cat said, crossing to him. “What do you say? Come crash at my place?”

“Where is he?” He asked softly.

She hesitated before answering.

“He sent me a fire message from The Manor. He’ll be back here tomorrow.”
“Then no. Your place is the first place he’ll go. I don’t want to see him.”

“You can stay with me, Alec.” Izabella said from the doorway. No one had heard her come in. “Your welcome to Gideon’s old room. It’s not much, but it’s comfortable.”

She was angry with her Uncle Mags. She too knew what had happened, and how he had hurt her grandson. His father was livid, but she had told him he needed to reign it in. His son would probably need him tonight. So he had.

Alec looked his grandmother in the eyes, truly, for the first time. Crystal blue locked on crystal blue. He saw compassion there, and something else. Love. She didn’t really know him, but he knew in that moment that she loved him, and always had.

“Okay.” He said softly.

“Go with her, Alec. I’ll be there soon with something to help you sleep.” Cat said, rubbing his back softly.

“No.”

“Yes.” Clary stated, climbing to her feet. Her parabati was exhausted and in pain. She might not be able to do much for his pain, but she could help him get the rest she was sure he was needing. Izzy had been right. It was time her parabati started heeding his own words. “Cat will bring you something to help you sleep. Nothing strong, just enough to help you relax. No heavy mundane drugs or magic. Right, Cat?”

“Absolutely.” Cat said.

“Come on, Alec. Come with me now. We’ll get you settled in and you can get some rest. The rest can wait until tomorrow. Alright?” Izabella asked gently.

“Okay.” He said softly, relenting. He knew he was outnumbered. His family was going to stand beside his parabati, while she stood beside him.
He took his grandmothers outstretched hand, letting her lead him from ‘their’ cottage. He walked out the door without looking back.

“You’re not coming in.” Robert spat, anger coursing through him. “He’s finally sleeping and you’ve hurt him enough.”

He had kept his cool in the hours before as he had held his eldest child in his arms as he wept out his pain until sheer exhaustion and Cat’s mundane drugs had forced him into sleep. It had been a long time since he had tucked his precious boy into bed, and he had been infuriated that he had done it then under these circumstances. His son’s mate was supposed to protect him, not hurt him.

“I was trying to protect him, Robert.” Magnus said softly. His eyes were puffy from his own tears. “The last thing that I ever want in this world is to hurt him.”

“Yeah, well, you did. Badly.” He said, seething. His precious boy had finally given his heart, and the one he had given it to, had shattered it. “GO. AWAY. When he’s ready to talk to you, if he ever gets ready, he’ll find you.”

Magnus sighed, defeated. He knew that he had hurt his angel. He had known it would happen when he had done it. But he felt like he had had to. To keep him safe. Now, now he realized that he had made a mistake. He had gone about it the wrong way. He knew that the cost of his actions would be high, and thought he was prepared for the fallout, but he was wrong. He couldn’t have been more wrong.

“Okay. Will you at least give him these?” He asked, holding out two small envelopes.

“Why should I?”

“Because he needs to see them. Ragnor died making sure that Alec got these. He was murdered by the Clave. One’s from him, the other from Gideon.”
“Gideon?” Robert asked, surprised. “How?”

“Ragnar. He’s been holding onto it. He made sure that only I could find it. I don’t know what his says, I didn’t read it, but I’m sure there’s something important inside.”

Robert stared Magnus down, taking his measure. Finally, he snatched the envelopes out of Magnus’ outstretched hand.

“I’ll give them to him, but I can’t promise that he’ll read them.”

“He’ll read them. He wants answers. There might just be some inside.”

Robert turned before he walked back inside his mother’s little blue cottage, shutting the door softly behind him.

“Is Ragnar really dead?” Cat asked from behind him.

Magnus turned slowly to face her. He knew he was going to feel her wrath before this was over.

“Yes, Catarina. He is.” He said softly.

“How?”

“The Clave.”

“I heard that part, Magnus.”

“He was murdered. Tortured first, then murdered.”

Cat swallowed hard, fighting back tears. Ragnar had been her friend too.
“And your sure it was the Clave?”

“He has bound and beaten. They used magic suppression cuffs. They came back while I was there. How many of them got out, I don’t know. And I really don’t care.”

“What happened yesterday, Magnus? What were you thinking?” She asked, setting her grief for her lost friend aside to focus on the one before her.

“I just wanted to protect him, keep him safe.” He said meekly. “When I couldn’t trace Ragnor, I knew something was wrong. You know what that means, Catarina. I was hoping that I was wrong, but I wasn’t. When I couldn’t trace him, I traced his magic. The highest concentration was at his manor in Ireland. So I went there.”

“I’m not talking about Ragnor, Magnus. At least, not yet. I’m talking about Alec.” She said softly.

Magnus sighed, unsure how to explain in a way that she would understand. And to be honest, he wasn’t sure he understood himself anymore.

“I wanted to keep him safe.” He said softly, unable to meet her gaze.

“So you’ve said.”

“I knew that he wouldn’t let me go. Not alone. And I was afraid to take him with me. And we both know that would have been the only way. I didn’t know what I would find when I got there, as least, not all of what I would find.”

“He’s a skilled Shadowhunter, Magnus. He could have handled himself.”

“I know.”

“Do you? Because from what I hear, this is the second time you’ve left him behind.”
He knew that she was referring to the loft, the day his Alexander had found his hidden storage room.

“He’s my mate, Catarina. How could I put him in harms way? Ever? He was going to get hurt either way. I couldn’t take him with me. I wouldn’t risk it, or him. I know that he would have only wanted to protect me, but I don’t need protecting. I’ve been protecting myself for more than 800 years, something he doesn’t seem to realize.”

“So it’s okay for you to protect him, but not the other way around?” Clary asked, behind him.

He was afraid to turn around, to face her, afraid of what he might see. But he did, slowly. He knew it was going to happen at some point. He would have to face his family, all of them.

“Biscuit.” He said softly.

“Stop.” She said, coldly. She had felt her parabati’s pain, bits and pieces as their intimacy rune faded, until he reactivated it. He was devastated. “He has protected you, Magnus. And every other downworlder in the world. He fought for you. To save you. To keep you safe.

You say you know that he’s a skilled Shadowhunter. You’ve told him as much, time and time again when he doubted himself after his heat. When he felt weak, like he wasn’t who he used to be. That being an omega didn’t change him. That he was still the same. But for the second time, your actions have outweighed your words. For 800 years you’ve been defending yourself. I guess his 18 just isn’t enough.”

“This was different, Biscuit. He hasn’t had to fight against his own kind before.”

“Yes, he has. Valentine was his own kind, and he fought against him.”

“This is different. One deranged nephilim is different. It’s not the same as taking on Shadowhunters that he knows, that he’s trained. His friends.”

“His friends?” She asked, incredulous. “What friends? The one’s who turned on him when he presented? The one’s that may or may not want him dead because of what he is? How could you
be so stupid?

In New York, you hurt him. You hurt his pride when you wouldn’t take him with you. You showed him that everything that you had been telling him, everything that we had been telling him, was a lie. That you didn’t believe it, or in him. You locked him up, you made him feel like a prisoner. To protect him. Your actions then told him that you didn’t think he could handle it, or himself.

And your actions now, all there going to do is cement those doubts in his mind. Doubts that never went away, Magnus. Doubts that he needed to prove to himself weren’t true. Something he needed to see for himself.

You stand there and say that he’s a skilled Shadowhunter, but he’s obviously not skilled enough, not for you. Not when you have 800 years of experience protecting yourself. You’ve made it clear that you don’t see him as your equal. That he needs protecting, like he is the weak omega people have told him he is.

*Omegas are breeders, not warriors.* Isn’t that what Maryse said? Time and time again? Wasn’t that one of the thoughts racing through his head that night on the bridge? That he was weak?

Yes, you’ve hurt his pride in the past. And he forgave you for it. He’s been trying to let it go, to listen to your words, not your actions then, but it’s been a struggle. He’s spent all this time, struggling.

You could have taken him with you. He would have been fine. You could have given him the chance he needed to see for himself that he hadn’t changed. That he was still who he had always been, and you didn’t. You’ve shown him that you didn’t have faith in him, and never have.

So I’m thinking that this time, this time you didn’t want to hurt his pride by not taking him with you. I think you believe, deep down, that you no longer think he’s capable. That he has changed. That being an omega has made him less than what he was. And if you don’t, if I’m wrong, he’s not going to believe it, not now. Not from you.

You didn’t just hurt his pride this time. You didn’t just show him how incapable you think he is. You broke his heart. You took the one thing, the most precious thing you had between you, his absolute trust in the thing he was most insecure about, and you used it against him. You used it to get your way, because you wanted to protect him.
How is shattering his heart, his faith in you, his trust, how is that protecting him? You abused your magic, used it against him. Your *reasons* don’t matter. They’re not going to matter to him. All that’s going to matter is what you *did*, not *why*. Even though your *why* was wrong.

I don’t know that he’ll be able to get past this. I don’t know that this is something he’s going to be able to forgive, and I hope, I really do, that your ready for that. We’ve been racking our brains on how to change the future, Magnus. Well, congratulations. You probably just did.”

In that moment, having heard her words, he realized that she was right. He hadn’t just done everything wrong, even if he thought he was doing it for the right reasons. His sweet Alexander may very well not be able to forgive him. He had known that the cost of his actions would be high. He just hadn’t realized how high they might be. He could have cost himself it all.

Before he could form a coherent sentence, his Biscuit turned and walked away. Now, now he imagined that he might be feeling a *taste* of what his Shadowhunter was feeling. A small taste of the pain that would be ripping through his young warrior, because he knew him well enough to know that it would, because of him. And he deserved it. He had betrayed his mate, his fated mate, because he hadn’t had faith, he hadn’t believed in his angel, not enough. And now, now he may have lost him for good.

Izzy had wanted to kill her brother’s *mate*. She was ready to, then and there when she saw him outside her grandmother’s door. But his parabati had stopped her. Clary had wanted to talk to him first. Now, now she didn’t have to kill him. She didn’t want to. She was content to let him suffer, forever.

“Let’s go, Iz.” Clary said softly as she reached her. Nodding her head, yes, they turned and walked away.

“Magnus.” Cat said softly.

“No, Catarina. Please.” He said, turning to face his oldest and dearest friend. He didn’t know tears were streaming down his cheeks.

She knew he wouldn’t accept any words of comfort she had to offer so she did the only thing she could. She wrapped her arms around him, holding him close as a sob escaped his chest.

“How is he ever going to forgive me?”
‘I won’t.’ Alec thought, having heard his parabati lay into his alpha through the thin pane of glass in his uncle’s old bedroom. His knock on the door had woken him, which was fine. Clary had been right. He had succeeded in changing things. As much as he hurt, as painful as it was, he was grateful. His family was now safe. They would live and love. They would be happy. Forever, they would be happy, having the lives he had always wanted for them with their children, and all those who came after. Yes, they would grieve his death. But they would move on. He would use his parabati’s breaking rune to break their bond. She wouldn’t spend forever feeling his loss.

Magnus had changed everything. It wasn’t his children or his family that would die at the hands of Imogen Herondale. It would be him, and him alone. The Angel had shown him as much.

Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a vote.
Alec had barely eaten or slept in eight days. Every time he tried to put something on his stomach, it revolted against him and came back up. He hadn’t been able to shut his mind off since that first night when he had fallen into an exhausted sleep in his father’s arms. Too many things where just ripping him apart inside, heart, mind, and soul.

Cat had been checking on him every few hours, trying to convince him to lie down, to let her help him sleep. To let her start an IV to give him fluids. His parabati was suffering, despite the continued use of their intimacy rune. The rune wouldn’t work if either party was in imminent danger, and apparently his body thought he was. Cat had said that he was severely dehydrated and that without fluids, his body would start to shut down. By the fifth day, in that amount of time, had he been mundane, he would already be dead. But being a nephilim, having angel blood running through his veins, the process would take longer.

For his parabati’s sake he had relented, allowing her to start her IV and pump him full of drugs. The first thing she had pushed into him was something to calm his stomach so he could hold something down. It had been difficult, because the drug made him sleepy, but with a little help from his sister and father he had been able to stay awake long enough to eat. Thankfully, the mundane drugs Cat had used had worked, and he had been able to keep the food down.

While he was slowly regaining his ability to eat, the medications she was giving him to sleep weren’t working as they should. What should be knocking him out for eight to ten hours was only putting him under for two or three at a time. And there was only so much she could give him at once without hurting him. He had refused her offer of magical assistance. He never wanted to be touched by magic again. Magnus had used his magic against him, abused it, and the most sacred part of their relationship.

The pain from Magnus’ choices and actions had finally faded into numbness. He just felt numb inside. He could no longer bring himself to think of the warlock as ‘his alpha’ or ‘his warlock’. While his heart no longer felt like it was breaking to pieces inside him, he couldn’t stop the thoughts that were racing through his mind on a continuous loop. The last time they were together kept playing on repeat, the words ‘I’m not done with you yet’ kept ringing in his ears. The same question kept creeping up in his mind, over and over again. ‘How? How could he do this?’

Magnus had used the one thing he was most insecure about, intimacy, and their sexual relationship against him. As a means to an end. To ‘wear him out’ so he could portal out of the safety of
Haven to find Ragnor Fell. After hearing his parabati’s words that next day and coming to the realization that Magnus’ words had been a lie was just another crushing blow. Magnus didn’t believe a word he had said when he had ‘reassured’ him that he hadn’t changed. That being an omega hadn’t changed who he was. That he was the same as he had always been, the only difference being that now he could bare children.

He felt the ache in what he now knew would be his forever empty womb. In the dreams the Angel had sent him, he had felt the weight of his children, had craved it in his waking hours, and now, now he knew that it would never come to be. His children would never come to be.

He knew that Magnus had been coming by every day, asking about him, begging to see him, only to be sent away by one member of his family or the other, usually his sister or father. He also knew that when he wasn’t at the door, he was outside, night and day. He had said to Cat ‘I won’t leave him. Not again.’

He had come to the realization that he still loved his fated mate, and always would. He would just never have him. The pain, before the numbness had settled in, had been too deep. The betrayal too harsh. He knew in his heart that he would never be able to trust the love of his life again.

“Are you ready to try for sleep again, sweetie?” Cat asked softly, snapping him out of his thoughts, back into the here and now. He hadn’t heard her come in.

“I guess so.” He said softly.

“I think this will work, Alec. I’ve been talking with your father. He said that when you were younger, the doctors would have to alternate the medications they were giving you at the Institute because they were wearing off too quickly. Knowing that, and how you developed an immunity to Magnus’ heat suppressant, we think that your body develops a resistance to things quickly. So we’re going to try something different. This is one you haven’t had before. It should work.”

“Okay.”

“Come lie down, sweetie. This may hit you pretty hard.” She said, turning down his uncle’s old bed in his grandmother’s cottage. He hadn’t left this room since he had first stepped foot in it.

He did as she asked without question, moving slower than he normally would because he was weaker. When he swayed, she grabbed him, steadying him. He felt strong hands at his back,
holding him up.

“I’ve got you, son. Take your time.” Robert said gently.

With his father and Cat’s help he made it back to the small bed. He was getting stronger, but still wore out quickly. It no longer felt strange when his father tucked him in, or when he heard his gentle tones. It brought back memories that he had long since forgotten of when he was little. When his father had still been ‘daddy’. Back before his father had started his training. His father had given him the envelopes Magnus had asked him to deliver, but he hadn’t opened them yet. He just didn’t want to.

He wasn’t sure how long it would take to forget the feel of Magnus’ arms around him, the comfort and sense of safety they had always brought him, or if he ever would. All that he was sure of was that he ached for them now and had been aching for them since the moment he had opened his eyes that first day. A part of his mind wondered if the reason he couldn’t sleep now was because he missed those arms around him so much. He missed the man he loved with his entire heart and soul, everything about him, and knew that would never change. He could only pray that it would get easier.

“Are you ready, sweetie?” Cat asked, connecting a filled syringe to his IV.

“Almost. Is he still outside?”

Robert hesitated before answering, he didn’t want to agitate his son.

“Yes, Alexander. He is.”

“Will you do something for me? Tell him to go home.”

“Of course. We’ll tell him. You should rest now. It’s late.”

“Okay.”

Alec closed his eyes. He didn’t want to fight it. He didn’t want to keep his eyes open a second
longer than he had to. For those few hours when he did get sleep, there was peace. He didn’t see his father give Cat the nod to go ahead and push her mundane drugs into him. But he did feel his father holding his hand as the warmth washed through him, wiping away all of his thoughts and pushing him into the black.

Magnus sat in the grass twenty feet away from Izabella’s small blue cottage. It was late. He hoped his Alexander was sleeping. He knew that his young warrior hadn’t been doing well. He wanted nothing more than to go to him, to tend to him, to hold him in his arms and comfort him, like he should have that last day. But he hadn’t. He had abused his magic to push his Shadowhunter past the exhaustion of their lovemaking into sleep. He had wanted to keep his Alexander safe, something he now realized, wasn’t necessary. It had never been necessary.

He had told his sweet omega more than once that he hadn’t changed when he had started doubting himself, that he was still the person that he used to be, still the strong Shadowhunter his family relied on, and that the only difference was that he now had to ability to bare children. While he had thought that he had meant the words when he had said them, he realized now that deep down, he hadn’t. He hadn’t wanted to. As his angel grew stronger and stronger after his heat, he had become more and more afraid. He knew Alexander, the sweet omega. He hadn’t known Alec, the strong, brilliant Shadowhunter that had saved countless lives, mundane, nephilim, and downworlder alike. He had been afraid that Alec Lightwood wouldn’t need him the way Alexander Lightwood had.

He hadn’t realized then that no matter which one of them he had with him, Alexander the innocent omega, or Alec the more than capable Shadowhunter, his young warrior would need him all the same. But he realized that now. While his conscious mind had told his angel what he had needed to hear, his subconscious mind hadn’t believed it, because he hadn’t wanted it to. He had been selfish. He had convinced himself that it was his job to protect and defend the love of his life, the man he had waited over 800 years for, because he had wanted him to need him.

He, of all people, should have known that his Shadowhunters presentation as an omega wouldn’t have changed who he was. He had known countless omega Shadowhunters and nephilim throughout his eight centuries on this earth, and knew perfectly well that after their presentations that they were still the same, so why he couldn’t bring himself to believe the same of his own…

“Uncle Mags.” Izabella said softly, snapping him out of his thoughts, pulling him back into the here and now.

Proof of what he had known was standing right in front of him, in the form of a woman that he had
known her entire life and loved dearly.

“How is he?” He asked, hoping this time he would get an answer.

“He’s sleeping. Cat gave him some new medication. He asked first that we tell you to go home.”

Magnus’ heart broke a little more, something he didn’t think was possible. He thought it all had already been shattered, by his own doings. Yes, he had been sent away before, by his Shadowhunters family. But now, now it was coming from his Alexander. The one person he couldn’t deny.

“Tell me he’s going to be okay.” He said, fighting back the tears that wanted to fall for the thousandth time.

“Cat is taking care of him, Uncle Mags. I wish I could tell you more, but I can’t. Not because I don’t want to, but because I just don’t know.”

Izabella’s heart was breaking for both her grandson and her Uncle Mags. She had known Magnus her entire life and loved him dearly. She knew firsthand the pain of losing one’s fated mate. She felt it every day, the loss of her beloved Jason. But she had her boys to see her through, to anchor her and ease her pain. Her Uncle Mags didn’t, and neither did her grandson. She knew what her grandson was going through. She remembered a time when she had hurt so badly that she hadn’t been able to get out of bed. But she had lost her mate. Her Uncle Mags hadn’t, not in the same way. She couldn’t imagine the pain she would have felt had she been rejected by her one true love. And she couldn’t blame her grandson for rejecting his, not after what he had done.

“I don’t know that I can, Izabella. Without him there…” He trailed off, unable to speak the words. ‘It’s not home anymore’ he thought.

“You have to. I’ll send word if there’s any change. I know it’s hard, but he needs rest, and so do you. So please, go home.” She said gently.

There was no point in fighting a battle he knew he couldn’t win. His Alexander didn’t want him there. He had to respect his wishes.

“If there’s any change…”
“You’ll be the first to know.” She said, cutting him off. “I promise.”

“Alright. I’ll go.” He said softly, wanting desperately to stay but knowing he couldn’t.

“Cat will be by soon.”

Magnus nodded, yes. With one last look at the darkened window, the window to the room he knew his Shadowhunter was in, he turned and walked away.

Alec watched as his parabati was murdered first, then his brother, his best friend, and his sister, his twin. He begged for mercy for their lives, for his father, his grandmother, his uncle, and Cat, he begged for them all.

He didn’t realize that he had fallen to his knees when his parabati had been slaughtered. He didn’t feel it when the Shadowhunter behind him jerked him back to his feet, the ropes binding him digging into his flesh. All he felt was pain. Heartbreak. Guilt for not saving them. By the time his father died all he could feel was his children, kicking furiously in his womb as he fought to breathe, to draw in air.

His heart stuttered to a halt when the Shadowhunter behind his alpha gripped him by the hair, pulling his head back, exposing his throat. Their eyes locked, devastated crystal blue meeting defeated chocolate brown.


Magnus didn’t realize that he had cried out when his angel did, when everyone he also held dear was slaughtered like animals, his own heart shattering.

“I love you, too.” Alec choked out. “More than anything.”
“Wait!” Maryse cried out, stopping the Shadowhunter from slitting Magnus’ throat, a shallow cut leaving a trail of blood escaping from the wound. “I want him to see it. I want him to watch as the demon spawn he planted in my bastard son are ripped from his womb. As those abominations fall to his feet.”

“No!” Magnus begged. “Not the babies.”

Imogen Herondale rounded on him.

“I told you. I told you all. Those demons would be born today. And would die today. Do it.”

Alec couldn’t cry anymore. He had nothing left. His sobs wouldn’t escape his chest. He heard the Shadowhunter restraining him unsheathe his seraph blade behind him.

“No.” He pleaded, finally finding his voice, a whisper of breath. “Please no.” Was all he could choke out.

He felt the blade slice across his belly, through his womb. He stared in shock as his babies fell to the ground. He listened as his children let out their first cries. He could do nothing to help them, to save them. He could do nothing to stop the brutal cruelty as one by one the Shadowhunter that had slit his belly open, causing the most excruciating pain he had ever felt, pain that had surpassed everything else he had witnessed that day, felt that day, plunged his seraph blade, one by one, into their chests, into their tiny hearts. He could only listen as one by one, his babies stopped crying. He didn’t feel it when he fell to his knees. All he could feel was his internal agony, his heart already beaten and broken. The heart that could endure no more.

Magnus was weeping. Weeping for his children and his mate. His heart shattered in his chest when he watched his precious babies fall from his Shadowhunters womb, his wonderful angel’s body. He thought he couldn’t feel anything worse than this, than the pain he was feeling now.

“Now the warlock.” Imogen commanded.

Alec looked up, looking at his precious alpha. The last one he loved in this world. Their eyes locked, crystal blue meeting chocolate brown, tears streaming down their cheeks.

“We’ll be together soon, my love. I swear on your Angel.” Magnus said before the Shadowhunter
behind him viciously slashed his seraph blade across his throat. He died slowly, as did the others.

As Alec watched his beloved warlock die, never tearing his gaze from his beautiful chocolate brown eyes, he went numb inside. He had been wrong. There was worse pain than the pain he had already felt. He felt his heart shatter in every way for what he knew was the last time. He prayed to the Angel that his mate, his fated mate was right. That they all would be together soon.

He felt dizzy, lightheaded. He didn’t realize how much blood he had already lost. He felt nothing as the Shadowhunter behind him yanked his head back by his hair, or when his blade slid across his throat. He felt no pain. He had already felt it all.

He didn’t realize that he was choking on his own blood. He didn’t feel it. All that he could see was the black closing in, the black that he welcomed with all that he had left in him. He didn’t feel it when he took his last feeble breath, the moment he died.

Alec’s eyes snapped open. It took less than a second for him to realize that he wasn’t breathing, another to realize that every nerve in his body was on edge, every sense on high alert. Something was wrong, he could feel it. His blurry vision focused instantly, the power of his nephilim blood overriding the strength of Cat’s mundane drugs. He was a Shadowhunter. He pushed the panic of his dream back and drew in a breath, it was instinctual, ingrained. He couldn’t think about his dream now, or what it meant. He was a Shadowhunter, and he had a job to do.

Quickly pulling the IV from his hand he climbed out of bed, grabbing his stele off the bedside table. The adrenaline coursing through his veins overrode any weakness in his body. There was no unsteadiness now, no dizziness. He stepped into his shoes as he activated his runes, speed, stealth, surefootedness, night vision, audio, strength, endurance, agility, flexibility, balance, and his iratze and vision for good measure. He was out the bedroom door in less than a minute.

“Dad!” He called, moving quickly through the small cottage.

Lights flipped on in both his father’s and grandmother’s rooms.

“What is it, Alexander?” Robert asked, any sleepiness forgotten, worry for his son overriding anything else.
“Do you still have that seraph blade I gave you?”

“Of course. What’s wrong? You shouldn’t be out of bed.”

“I need it.”

“What’s going on?” Izabella asked, wrapping her robe around her.

“Moloch demon inside the wards. Two miles outside the village. I need you, dad, Gideon, and the rest of the Shadowhunters you have stationed two hundred yards outside the village perimeter. Station your warriors around the village. Get everyone else into the bunkers.

I need someone to get my team. Tell Izzy to come fully loaded, everything she has. Tell them due north. Dad, I need that blade.”

“Alexander, calm down. You had a bad dream.” Robert said gently.

“No, I didn’t. You’ve always trusted me in battle before. I need you to trust me now and do as I ask. The seraph blade. Where is it?”

Robert was torn. His son had been struggling. He hadn’t slept for more than a few hours at a time in days. Cat’s mundane sedative should have knocked him out for at least five more hours. But he was awake, alert, and moving easily. It took him seconds to make up his mind. His son had never been wrong before, he couldn’t doubt him now, he wouldn’t. Reaching into a cabinet he pulled out the blade, tossing it to his precious boy. His Shadowhunter.

“Get my team and do as I asked. I’ll meet them there.”

“A moloch demon is a greater demon. You can’t take it on by yourself. You’re in no condition to, Alec.” Izabella said, activating her runes.

The look in her son’s eyes when he had handed over the seraph blade told her to trust her
grandson. She didn’t know him very well yet, but she knew that he was the best. If he said there was danger, there was danger. She couldn’t risk the people of Haven, she wouldn’t.

“That’s why I need my team.” He said, opening the cottage door. “You and the other Shadowhunters, two hundred yards out. Your warriors at the perimeter. Everyone else in the bunkers.”

Robert watched his son vault over the porch railing, fear gripping him. If his son was right and it wasn’t a bad dream, he was about to take on a powerful demon alone, and he wasn’t at full strength.

“Momma, get Gideon and the others. I’ll get his team.” He said, activating his runes.

“Robert, you know he might be wrong.”

“He’s not. I know my son. Please do as I ask. He gave orders, we need to follow them.” He said as he walked out the door.

Alec flew through the dark fields. He could see and hear perfectly, move easily. The demon was getting closer, moving in fast. He didn’t know if his father and grandmother would do as he has asked, he could only hope they would, but had to assume they hadn’t. A moloch demon was a powerful greater demon, but he’d faced them before.

He heard the roar of the demon before he saw it. Rounding a bank of trees, he found what he was looking for. He had been right; it was moving quickly. Unsheathing the seraph blade, the only weapon he had, it lit up instantly. He didn’t give the demon a chance to charge him, he charged it. It roared in anger and pain when his blade pierced its flesh as he flew over its head, having leapt into an eloquent flip to strike a blow, distracting it from advancing further towards the village.

When he landed smoothly on his feet he found his bow and quiver waiting for him. Glancing up he saw a closing portal and his warlock. He had his bow in his hand and an arrow notched before the demon could turn to face him. Knowing his arrow would hit home, he released it. The arrow he had chosen was one of his sister’s modified runed arrows. It erupted in flames the instant it
pierced the demon’s skull, engulfing it in fire, fire produced by an angelic fire rune. Ichor covered
him from what he knew was a fatal wound.

The demon was consumed in seconds. It didn’t have time to scream as it folded in on itself, the
power of the angelic fire acting quickly. He leapt back from the dying demon and its spewing
poisonous venom. Had he moved a second slower, he’d be dead, the venom killing him instantly
had it touched his skin. He watched as molten black pooled at his feet.

“Alec!” Clary cried as they rounded the bank of trees. They had moved through the dark towards
their commander at breakneck speed.

They came to a halt as the demon folded in on itself, engulfed in flame. They saw their brother,
their leader, their commander standing there, watching it as it died.

“Alec! Are you alright?” Izzy cried, relief and terror coursing through her. Her big brother had
taken on a powerful greater demon on his own, in his weakened state. She didn’t care that she was
covered in ichor as she wrapped him in her arms. “Are you okay? Are you hurt?”

“I’m fine, Izzy-diz. Thanks to you. That ignition arrow works great.” He said, wrapping his arms
around her and pressing a soft kiss to the top of her head.

“Are you insane?!” Simon asked, right behind his alpha, wrapping his best friend in his arms.

“No. He’s just Alec.” Clary said, casually walking towards the trio, her alpha grinning like an
idiot at her side.

“I guess you’re feeling better.” Jace said, punching his brother in the arm. “You are an idiot, you
know. You could have been killed.”

Magnus couldn’t move, couldn’t speak. His Shadowhunter had just killed a hell demon, a moloch
demon, on his own. He could hear his family fussing at him for being reckless, for being stupid
for taking it on himself, and a dozen other things. But all he could see was his angel, safe and
whole, walking back towards the village with his fussing family surrounding him, his parabati
carrying his bow.

He knew in that moment that he had been one hundred percent wrong. His Shadowhunter hadn’t
changed in the least. Presenting as an omega hadn’t affected his abilities at all. Having watched his angel in action, he now knew why he was the best Shadowhunter in the Shadow World. Now, now he had seen it for himself. He was more than a Shadowhunter, he was the Shadow Worlds saving grace, they just didn’t know it yet. None of them did.

Izzy pressed a soft kiss to her sleeping brother’s forehead. By the time they had made the two mile walk back to the village he had burned through his adrenaline and his runes. Cat’s mundane drugs to help him sleep had started to retake their hold on him as they cleaned him up and tucked him safely back into their uncle’s old bed.

No one had believed their recounting, or Magnus’, of what had happened except their father. Their grandmother and the other Shadowhunters that lived in the village had had to walk out to the site to see for themselves. They had brought back his quiver. Clary had grabbed his bow but had missed his quiver.

Had her brother been reckless going after the moloch demon alone? Yes. But he was Alec, the strongest of the strong. The bravest of the brave. She had always said he was Rockstar, and once again he had proved that he was.

As angry as she was at his mate for breaking her brother’s heart, she was also grateful. Had he not gotten there and given her brother his bow, the outcome may have been different. She could have lost him, her twin.

Magnus had tried to explain how he had found her brother. When a portal is opened, you have to know where you are going, or you could get lost in limbo. He hadn’t known where her brother was, he had just felt him through the bond they shared and followed it to him. It had taken him right to where her brother was.

When they had gotten back, her brother had been trying to tell them something. Something important, he’d said, but he was so tired he couldn’t get it out. By the time they had tucked him into bed he wasn’t coherent, the mundane drugs having fully retaken heir hold. She had done her best to soothe him as he drifted back into sleep, to tell him that they could talk about it later, that whatever it was could wait.

Cat had looked him over and scanned him with her magic for any internal injuries. She had confirmed that he was uninjured, and that he would be fine, that he was just exhausted and needed
to sleep. She had given him another injection of the mundane drug she had used to put him to sleep earlier that night to make sure he got it.

Everyone was confused. No one understood how a physically weakened Shadowhunter, pushed into sleep by a powerful mundane sedative could have woken up, known a demon was miles away, where it was, and reacted as if nothing was out of the ordinary, let alone kill said demon unaided.

*They* had known for years that her brother was special, that he had an uncanny ability to sense and locate demons while hunting and on patrols. But for the second time in just a few weeks he had sensed danger in his sleep, woken up and reacted. It was something that he shouldn’t be able to do but could.

She knew that it would be several hours before he would be awake and they could ask him about it. And they *would* ask him about it. Rather or not he could explain it this time, she didn’t know. He hadn’t been able to explain it the last time. ‘It just happens’ he had said.

“Do I get to give me parabati a goodnight kiss?” Clary asked, behind her.

Izzy snapped out of her thoughts, back into the here and now at her best friend’s soft voice.

“You know you can.” She said, stepping aside.

Clary looked down at her sleeping parabati. She had so many questions for him when he woke up. His fear had woken her, pulling her from sleep through their bond. But it vanished seconds later only to be replaced by a feeling she didn’t understand, the same feeling she had felt at the loft, then a fierce determination. The same determination she felt when they were in battle or hard training. They were already dressing when one of the warriors Robert had sent showed up at the cottage they shared with his orders. With a soft sigh she leaned down, pressing a gentle kiss to his forehead, tucking the old quilt around him. She knew he was sleeping peacefully. She could feel it.

“Clary.” Jace said softly, not wanting to wake his sleeping brother. “It’s been a long night, babe. Cat said he’s going to be fine. He’ll be out for a while. He needs to sleep and so do we.”

“I know. I just don’t want to leave him.” She said softly, straightening up to take her alpha’s hand. “I don’t want him to wake up alone. He’s been feeling so alone.”
“He won’t be alone. I’ll watch over him, stay with him until he wakes up.” Robert said from the doorway.

Did they still have questions for him? Yes. But after the last week they knew that they could trust him with their leader.

“Okay. Will you let us know when he wakes up? There was something he wanted to tell us.”

“Yes. I’ll send someone to get you.”

Clary nodded, yes.

Robert stepped aside, allowing his son’s parabati and brother to pass.

“You should rest to, Isabelle.” He said softly.

“I know. Simon’s waiting for me. Promise you’ll watch over him?” She asked.

“I promise, princess.”

“Okay.” She said, pressing a soft kiss to his cheek.

Her brother had forgiven their father. If he could forgive him, then so could she. She was still adjusting to being called his ‘princess’ again. He hadn’t done that since he was a little girl. But if she was honest with herself, she kinda liked it.

“Go on. Go get some rest.” He said, shooing her out.

With one last look at her big brother she turned, knowing their father would watch over him as she left.
Magnus couldn’t stop pacing. It had been two hours since they had arrived back at Haven and no one would tell him what was going on with his Shadowhunter. A soft knock at the door had him pulling it open in seconds.

“How is he?” He asked.

“He’s fine, Magnus. He’s sleeping. He’ll be out for a while. How are you?” Cat asked.

“Honestly, I don’t know.” He said, dropping on the bed, his head in his hands. “What in Lilith’s name happened?”

“We don’t know. By the time they got back he was exhausted and pretty out of it. He had burned through his runes and adrenaline. He wasn’t making much sense. All he could say as they cleaned him up was that he woke up and that ‘it just happens’. Same as before. He also said that there was something really important, a dream, but he was too far gone to get it out.”

“He had another vision?”

“We don’t know, but that’s what we’re thinking. We won’t know more until he wakes up, which will be a while. He needs rest. I gave him another sedative to make sure he gets it.”

“Izabella didn’t believe me when I told her what happened out there.”

“I know. They didn’t believe them either. Well, no one except Robert.”

“I can’t believe that Izabella didn’t believe me. I was there the day she was born, the day her boys were born. I’ve known her her entire life, and she didn’t believe me.” He said softly, the heartache clear in his voice.

“I know.”
“So one mistake, one mistake wipes away sixty-four years of faith and trust?”

“I guess it depends on the mistake, Mags. You broke her grandson’s heart.” She said gently, sitting down beside him. “What did you think would happen?”

“I knew he would be upset, Catarina. I knew he would be hurt and angry. I knew it would be bad. I just didn’t think it would be this bad.”

“Magnus…what exactly do you think you did?” She asked, confused.

“What do you mean?”

“Why do you think Alec is so upset?”

“Because I hurt him. I betrayed his trust. I knew that I wouldn’t be able to go find Ragnor, not without a fight. I knew no matter what I did, or said, I was going to hurt him. So I thought the best way was to wait until he was tired, to wait until he was drained so I could ease him into sleep. A deep enough sleep that I could get away.

I had hoped that I would be back before he woke up. I wasn’t expecting the Clave to send Shadowhunters back. Why would they? They had already killed Ragnor. But they didn’t get what they wanted, what they were after. Yes, it was wrong. Yes, I abused my magic and broke his trust. But this? I didn’t expect this.”

“So you didn’t intentionally use sex to wear him out? So you could use your magic to drain him so you could put him under?”

“Is that what he thinks?!?” He asked, shocked and dumbfounded.

“That’s exactly what he thinks. He thinks that you intentionally took him to bed, intentionally used sex and your magic to drain him, to make him vulnerable, so you could put him under so you could leave.”

“How? How could he think that?”
“Put yourself in his place, Magnus. What would you think? Up until a few weeks ago he was innocent, he had never been touched. You know how ashamed he was, of what he was, of his sexuality. The way he was raised…what he was raised to believe…he was insecure. He still is. You know that. Then add in that you thought he wasn’t who he is, that you didn’t believe in him, that you had lied to him, which you did, what would you think?”

“Lilith, you’re right.” He breathed. “He has every reason to believe that, because he is still insecure. He was just now really coming to terms with himself. I have to talk to him. He has to know. He has to know that I didn’t do what he thinks I did.” He said, climbing to his feet.

“Your right. He does. But that’s not going to happen right now, Mags. He’s asleep. And will be, for a while. He’s sedated.

He’s been torn up for more than a week. He hasn’t been able to eat or sleep. He’s only still alive because of Clary, because she was suffering because of their parabati bond. He only agreed to medical intervention because of her. I barely got fluids and the right meds into him in time, to keep his body from completely shutting down. He’s had an IV for three days. It’s taken strong meds just for him to keep food down.

We know now why he developed an immunity to your heat suppressant. His body builds up a tolerance to things quickly. I’ve had to start alternating what I give him, the way they did when he was a child.”

“Please tell me he’s going to be okay, Catarina. Please.” He pleaded, absolute fear gripping him, choking him.

“He should recover. After tonight, I think he will. I wasn’t sure before, but now, now I think he will be okay. Especially once he knows the truth. And now that he’s seen for himself that he hasn’t changed.

But don’t expect that all will instantly be forgiven, Magnus. You did still betray him. Did still abuse your magic to get your way. And you did still lie to him. That was another hard blow. That you didn’t believe in him the way you said you did. You may be able to fix this, but you can’t expect it to be overnight. You’ve lost his trust. It may take some time to get it back.” She said gently.

He sighed, dropping back down beside her.
“I didn’t know that I was lying to him at the time. It wasn’t intentional. I didn’t even consciously realize that I did until after. Until after I got back.” He said softly.

“Well, you two definitely need to talk. But that may not be easy. I’ll talk to him when he wakes up, see if I can get him to let you in. Right now, he has no reason to trust you.”

“I know. I’m not sure I would trust me either.”

“You should try and get some rest. I’ll see what I can do with Alec when he wakes up, but there are a lot of people who have a lot of questions for him.”

“Tell me the truth, Catarina. Do you think he’ll forgive me?”

“I don’t know, Mags. All I do know is that your mates, fated mates. It was that bond that led you to him tonight.”

Magnus nodded, yes.

“I love him, Catarina. More than anything. He is my life, my world. Without him I am nothing. I have nothing.”

“I know.” She said softly, rubbing a comforting hand across his back. He was her oldest and dearest friend. She knew she would have to do anything and everything she could to help him, or at least try.

A beautiful raven-haired little girl flew through the air, her porcelain pale complexion a stark contrast, her crystal blue cat eyes sparking with glee as she gripped the swing tight.

“Higher, daddy, higher!”
“I can’t go any higher, baby. Daddy’s belly is in the way.” Alec said, rubbing his rounded belly with one hand, pushing his baby girl with the other.

“When are the babies coming, daddy? How much longer?”

“A bit, angel.” He said, rolling his eyes. His sweet angel asked him that ten times a day, every day. And her papa.

A portal opened before them, a raven-haired teen stepping through into the back gardens. His caramel colored skin was accentuated beautifully by his dark runes, his sparkling crystal blue cat eyes the only true color to balance out his black Shadowhunter cargo pants and shirt.

“Molly, what are you doing? Dad’s supposed to be resting.”

“Jack!” She squealed, leaping from the swing during the next push, landing gracefully on her feet before she threw herself into his arms.

“Your home! We’ve been waiting for you.” She said, pressing a wet kiss to his cheek. “We missed you.”

“I missed you too, Molls. Where are our brothers? The little heathens.” He asked, chuckling at the small girl.

“Jack! Jack!” Two little boys cried out happily, each wrapping themselves around one of his legs. They had the same coloring and hair with the same beautiful blue eyes.

“Hey, guys. Have you guys been behaving for dad? You know he’s not supposed to be stressing himself.”

“We’ve been good.” They said as one. They were identical in every way.

“Mm-hmm.” Jack murmured, unbelieving.
“How’s Mumbai?” Alec asked.

“Oh, it’s fine. The Institute’s running smoothly. Where’s papa?” He asked, settling Molly on her feet.

“He should be here shortly.” He said, looking at his watch. “He got caught up in a Counsil meeting in Alicante. He’s been doing double duty since Cat forced me onto an early leave.” He sighed.

“Well, we should get you off your feet before he gets home and strings me up when he catches you. That’s the most weight you’ve carried in a long time.” Jack said, unwrapping the boys from his legs.

“I’m not crippled, Jack. Just pregnant.” Alec said, smiling.

Another portal opened, Magnus stepping through.

“Papa!” The little one’s cried, rushing him.

“Hey, guys!” He said, dropping his bag to scoop up his son’s as his precious baby girl wrapped her arms firmly around his leg. “Where’s my hug, Jack?”

Jack crossed quickly to his papa and wrapped him in a one-armed hug.

“Missed you too, papa.”

“Tell me, what’s your father doing up on his feet out in this heat?”

“Not sure. This is where I found him.” Jack shrugged.

“We came out to pick roses, papa. Then daddy said he would push me on the swing.” Molly said, peeking up through her long, dark lashes at her papa.
“Alexander.” Magnus scolded. “You’re not supposed to be up, much less pushing the babies on the swings.”

“What can I say? Who could resist that little pout?” Alec asked, sheepish.

“You used the pout, Molly? Really?” He asked, looking down at his daughter. She just buried her face in his leg.

“What did you bring, papa?” One of the boys asked, climbing from Magnus’ arms.

“A treat for daddy. But I’m not sure he gets it now.” Magnus said, raising his brows at his husband.

“That’s fine. You can keep your treat.” Alec said, crossing his arms above his swollen belly.

“You sure? It’s rocky road, straight from Italy.”

“Ice cream!” The other small boy squealed as Magnus set him down.

“None for you guys. Not until after dinner.”

“But we’re hungry.”

Alec laughed.

“You just had a snack an hour ago. I think you’ll live until dinner.”

Magnus straightened up, picking up his discarded bag.
“You, you on the other hand can have yours now, angel. You need to get off your feet and cool off.”

Alec smiled. He knew his alpha wouldn’t take away his ice cream. Not when he knew he had been craving it.

“How are the little one’s today?” Magnus asked, softly caressing Alec’s rounded belly, eyes softening at the sight.

“Felt a kick. A few of them actually.” He smirked.

“And I missed it?” Magnus asked, crestfallen.

“No worries, alpha. They’ll be plenty more.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to his alpha’s lips.

“Now that your both here, I kinda need to tell you something.” Jack said, nerves obvious in his voice.

“What is it, love?” Alec asked, instantly concerned.

Jack cleared his throat, eyes cast down.

“You know Sebastian Branwell? From the London Institute?”

“Of course.” Magnus said, eyeing his son.

“He was in Mumbai today, when he presented. He’s an alpha. My alpha.” Jack said, biting his bottom lip.

“That’s great, Jack!” Alec said, pulling his son into his arms for a hug.
“Isn’t he a little young for you?” Magnus asked, happiness for his son shining in his eyes.

“Look who’s talking.” Jack said, mock punching his papa’s shoulder as Alec released him. “I’m only older by a century. How much older than dad are you again?” He asked, arching his brows.

“Fair point.” He conceded. “I’m happy for you, Jack. It’s not every day one finds their fated mate. Sebastian is a good kid. This deserves a celebration. Ice cream for everybody.”


Alec laughed.

“I’ll remind you of that when your pregnant.”

“Come on, angel. Let’s get you inside.” Magnus said, leading his husband back through the back gardens towards The Manor. A much bigger Manor. “When’s Clary coming?”

“Soon. She’s about to pop and wants to be here when she does. Cat will be here soon too. Just in case her labor kicks off early contractions.”

“I swear, that girl is going to be the death of me. How many times have you two put each other into early labor now?” He asked as they climbed the porch steps, a steady hand at Alec’s back.

“I don’t know. It’s hard to remember. But a couple of times, it didn’t matter. We were only a few weeks apart.”

Jack laughed, listening to his parents. Every Institute in the world was half full of some form of Lightwood, be it Lightwood-Bane’s or Lightwood-Lewis’. Another quarter Morgenstern-Herondale’s.

“What’s funny?” Alec asked as Magnus opened the back door, the little one’s rushing in.

“What’s funny?” Alec asked as Magnus opened the back door, the little one’s rushing in.
something happens and she’s not here.”

“She is. Simon is stuck in New York, but she’s coming through with Cat.” He said as the door fell softly shut behind them.

Alec stirred, his eyes fluttering open. His hand went instinctively to his flat belly. He was confused.

“Alexander?” Robert asked softly.

“Mm-hmm.” Alec mumbled sleepily.

“Hey, it’s alright. Go back to sleep.” He said softly, tucking the old quilt gently around Alec’s shoulders.

“What time is it?”

“That doesn’t matter. Just sleep.”

He was still tired, he wanted to sleep, but couldn’t. His dream from the night before flashed before his eyes. He shot up in bed, heart racing.

“Dad.” He breathed; panic starting to creep in.

“Hey, what’s wrong?” Robert asked, instantly concerned.

“Where is everyone. I need to talk to them. Now.”
“Your team? We’ll send for them. Relax. Everything’s alright. Just try and relax.” He soothed, seeing the panic in his precious Alexander’s beautiful blue eyes, all sleepiness forgotten.

“I need them. Please get them.” He pleaded.

“Okay. Just stay here. Don’t try to get up. I’ll be right back.” Robert said, crossing to the open doorway. “Momma, can you send someone for Alexander’s team? Tell them to hurry.”

“Sure, baby. What’s wrong?” Izabella asked, poking her head in.

“I’m not sure.” He said, glancing back at his son. Alec had his head in his hands, fighting to catch his breath. “And Cat.”

Izabella nodded, yes. With the speed of a skilled Shadowhunter she disappeared in a flash.

“So that was your dream?” Izzy asked, her brother resting in her arms.

“Yes.” Alec said softly.

“What’s changed?” Simon asked. “Why are you still having this dream? Why is Cat there?”

“I don’t know. The other day, after, I had a different dream. It was just me. No one else. Just me.”

“So again, that begs the question, what’s changed, Alec?” Jace asked softly. His brother had been through a lot, he didn’t understand a lot of what had happened a little over a week ago, he just knew that his brother had been hurt, badly.

“I don’t know. I don’t know what’s changed. I did have another dream. Last night, this morning. Whenever it was. After we got back.”
“About?” Clary asked. She had only felt peace and happiness through their bond, until he woke up. Then there was just an overwhelming sense of confusion and panic.

“I need to talk to Magnus first. Maybe then I can understand it. Right now, I don’t.”

“Okay. Are you ready to talk to him?” Izzy asked gently.

“I don’t know, Iz. But I think I have to.” He said, looking up at his sister.

“There are a lot of people who want to talk to you, Alec. About last night. Do you have an answer for their questions?” Clary asked.

“No more than I did before.” He said softly, dreading the questions that were to come. No one had believed them the night before, when they had told them what happened. ‘Why should they believe me now?’ He thought.

“Okay. Let’s take this one step at a time. A week ago, your dream changed. Completely. And last night you had the same dream, only different. A dream that should change anyway, once your claimed. If… your claimed.” Jace said carefully. He wasn’t sure what was going on with his brother, but something had changed for him. What, he didn’t know.

“Yes. I don’t know why I had it again, Jace. I just did. That’s part of why I think I have to talk to Magnus.”

“I think you should rest more first, big brother. Your obviously still exhausted. I don’t think you need anymore strain.” Izzy said, holding him tighter in her arms.

“I don’t think I can, Iz. I’m not sure I can sleep anymore right now. Not with these dreams. Not after the one I had earlier. Not without answers first.” He said softly, gazing into her soft brown eyes. Their father’s eyes. “Before I talk to anyone else, I think I have to talk to him first.”

“We’ll get him.” Clary said firmly. “How we’re going to get him past your father, that I don’t know. He doesn’t trust Magnus, Alec. And right now, honestly, neither do we. But somethings going on.”
There was a soft knock at the door, Cat poking her head in.

“Can I come in?” She asked.

Alec nodded, yes.

“Can I talk to Alec for a minute?”

“Sure.” Izzy said, relieved.

She wanted Cat to look her brother over, make sure he was alright. Before she let his mate anywhere near him, she wanted to know for sure that he could handle it.

“We’ll be right outside.” She said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead.

“Okay.”

“I’ll go get what you need, Alec. It shouldn’t take long.” Clary said, bending down to press her own soft kiss to her parabati’s forehead.

“Thank you.” He said softly.

Quietly his family filed out, letting Cat in. She softly closed the door behind them.

“How are you feeling?” She asked.

“A bit tired. But okay.”

“Can I sit down?”
“Of course.” He said, making room for her on the small bed.

“I think you need to talk to Magnus, sweetie. I spoke with him last night. I think…there’s some things that need to be straightened out.”

“What do you know, Cat?” He asked, surprised by her suggestion. He had only just told his family that he needed to speak to his warlock. ‘My warlock.’ He thought, surprised.

“That’s between you and him. Do you think you can talk to him?” She asked gently.

“Yes. That’s where Clary’s going. To get him.”

“Alec…” She started, confused.

“I had another dream. Two, actually. And he was in them both. I need to know why.”

“Okay.”

“I can’t talk about them yet. Not until I talk to him. I don’t understand why I had the dreams that I did.”

“Okay. Can you tell me about last night?”

“Not anything different than what I told you before at The Manor.”

“Okay.” She said, not wanting to push the issue. She knew he was about to have a lot coming at him when he talked to his mate. “Your father’s not going to be happy about this. I’ll go see what I can do to smooth the way. After that though, I want you to get some more rest. Okay, sweetie?”

“Okay.” He said softly.
He couldn’t tell her that he couldn’t sleep anymore. Not yet. Not until he got some answers.

“I know talking to him is going to be hard. But try and hear him out. I think it’s important.”

“I will.” He said, a bit confused by her words. She had been keeping Magnus away too. ‘What was there to hear out?’ He thought.

Alec was anxious. This was the first time he had been alone since he had woken up. He knew his warlock would be there soon, and he was nervous. ‘By the Angel, my warlock?’ He thought. Something defiantly had changed; he just didn’t know what.

A soft knock at the door pulled him out of his thoughts, back to the here and now.

“Come in.” He said, pushing as much confidence into his voice as he could. Confidence he didn’t feel at all.

The door slowly opened, Magnus stepping in.

“You wanted to talk to me?” He asked softly.

“Yes.”

“Go on then.” Robert said, behind Magnus. “Just know, if you upset him…”

“It’s alright, dad.” Alec said, cutting him off. “This is something I have to do, rather it hurts or not.”

“Fine. If you need me, I’m right outside.”
Magnus stepped the rest of the way into the room, closing the door behind him.

“I’m glad that you wanted to talk to me. I’ve been wanting to talk to you.”

“I know.” Alec said softly.

“Alexander…”

“What you did.” Alec said, cutting him off. “How? How could you do that?”

“Alexander.” He said, sitting beside Alec on the bed. “After talking to Catarina last night, there’s some things I think we need to clear up. She told me what you’ve been going through, and why. I know you think that I did something, something terrible, but angel, I didn’t do what you think I did.”

“What do you mean?”

“She told me that you believe that I intentionally used our lovemaking as a way to exhaust you, so you would be vulnerable. So I could use that to push you into sleep so I could leave.”

“You did.” Alec said, unable to meet Magnus’ eyes.

“No, love. I didn’t. Please look at me.”

Alec lifted his head, pained crystal blue eyes meeting soft chocolate brown.

“I didn’t DO what you think I did. When we were in bed, that was all us. I didn’t intentionally take you to bed to…to use that against you. I knew that at some point, at some time soon, before that, what I was going to do. I did intend to ease you into sleep so I could go find Ragnor. But I didn’t use our time together to get you to the point where I wanted you to be vulnerable so I could do that.
Yes, I picked the worst possible time to do it. And I understand why you would think that you did what you think I did.” He said, cupping Alec’s cheek. “But I swear on your Angel, that’s just not true.

I know what I did was wrong. I know I abused my magic to get what I wanted. I knew that I wouldn’t be able to go after Ragnor without a fight. I knew that no matter what I did, I was going to hurt you, and that you would be angry. I never should have done what I did, used my magic the way I did. It was wrong, and I hated it when I did it. I’ve hated myself for it ever since. I know I betrayed you and broke your trust.”

“So you didn’t…” Alec trailed off.

“No, angel. I didn’t. I loved every second that we were together. I cherish our intimacy, our lovemaking. I could never use that to hurt you. I would never do that.

It’s just…I knew that you wouldn’t let me go. The downworld is my responsibility. But so are you. I felt like I had to go to him and that the only way to do that without a fight was to put you in a position where you couldn’t fight me. That was wrong. I was wrong. I never should have done that, and I pray that one day you will forgive me for that.”

“You knew I would want to go with you.” Alec said softly.

“Yes, sweetheart. I did.”

“And you didn’t think that I could handle myself. That wasn’t the Shadowhunter that I used to be. The same person I used to be.”

“Yes.”

“You lied to me. Every time you told me…” He trailed off, a tear rolling down his cheek.

“I didn’t know it at the time. When I told you those things, I didn’t know that I didn’t really believe them. I didn’t know it until after. Until after Clary confronted me.
It was then that I realized it. That I didn’t believe what I had told you. That I didn’t want to believe it. I wanted you to still be the same Alexander that I carried off that bridge, the one that needed me. I didn’t want you to be strong. To be who you were, because I wanted you to still need me. I know how selfish that is.

I know now what I should have known then. I’ve known countless omega Shadowhunters and nephilims. I knew that they were never different people after they presented. They were always the strong, competent, skilled people that they had always been.

I wanted you to keep needing me, so I convinced myself, without knowing it, that you had changed. That you were different. That you needed me to protect you and keep you safe. But I was wrong. You don’t need me to keep you safe. You can do that yourself. I’ve seen it for myself.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Understand what, love?” He asked gently.

“Why you would think that I wouldn’t still need you. I’ve always needed you. I’ll always need you.”

“I wish I could tell you why, why I didn’t think you would still need me. Because I need you. I need you in my life. I love you, Alexander. More than anything. And I never wanted to hurt you. Ever. But I did. And I am so, so sorry. I can only hope that one day, maybe one day you can forgive me.”

Alec gazed into the chocolate brown eyes he loved so much. He could see the truth of his alpha’s words there. He could see his pain and regret. He could see the guilt. And what he saw there told him everything he needed to know. His alpha hadn’t meant to hurt him the way he thought he had. Yes, he had made mistakes. He wasn’t perfect. No one was. But he also saw the love, and seeing that, he understood then why his dreams had changed. Because a part of him had wanted to start believing in the man he loved again. Because he loved him so much.

“I only have one last question. That day, you used your magic…in bed. You kept saying that you ‘weren’t done with me’. What did you mean?”

“Exactly what I said. I wasn’t done. I wanted more. I wanted to give you more. I have wanted
you since day one. I wanted to have you more than once that day. I wanted you as many times as I could have you. So after that first time, I wasn’t done. I wanted to give you pleasure. So much pleasure. It’s something that I love to do.

And after the second time, I still wasn’t done. I still hadn’t had enough, enough of you. I want to give you more. Pleasure like you’ve never had before. I wanted you to cum again, and I wanted my magic to give you the pleasure that would do it. That’s all I want for you. Pleasure. Always. As much as you can take. You’ve had so little of it in your life, and I know that I can give it to you. I love that. Just as I love you.”

“Okay.” He breathed, relief coursing through him.

“I am so sorry, angel. After we made love, I should have stayed. I should have held you in my arms, like I always have. I never should have abused my magic to do what I thought I had to do. Especially not then. That was the worst possible time, and I know that. I will regret that forever.”

“Promise me that you won’t do it again. Ever. That you will never do anything like it. That you will never use your magic against me. Swear to me.”

“I swear, on your Angel, that I will never do anything like that again.”

Alec could see the truth behind his warlock’s words, the honesty in his beautiful brown eyes. Now he knew everything he needed to know. It was right there, in the eyes he loved so much.

“I love you, Alexander. With everything that I am, with everything that I have. You are my world. My everything.” He said softly.

“I love you too.” Alec said, another tear rolling down his cheek.

Magnus gently brushed it away with his thumb, relief coursing through him. His angel, his sweet omega, his Shadowhunter still loved him.

“Please hold me.” Alec said softly.
“I thought you’d never ask.” He said, pulling his young warrior into his arms, holding him as close as he could get him. “I love you so much.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to the top of Alec’s head.

“I love you too. More than anything. I’ve missed you so much.”

“I’ve missed you too, angel. It’s hurt not having you in my arms, being able to hold you. Hey, don’t cry.” He said as Alec sniffled. “Can you tell me about your dream now?” He asked, trying to distract his Shadowhunter.

“It was that dream, only different. Cat was there.” Alec said softly.

Magnus sighed, hating hearing his angel’s words.

“What else, sweetheart?”

“I had another dream. After it. A good dream. But I don’t know that it means anything.”

“What do you mean, love?”

“I don’t know if it was a vision, or just a wish. I’m not ready to talk about it yet.”

“Okay. Can you tell me about last night? What happened?”

“It was like before, at the loft. I was asleep. Really asleep. And I just woke up, from the dream. For a second I couldn’t breathe, like before. Always like before. But I knew that something was wrong. That there was danger, and my instincts I guess kicked in.

It was like that night. Everything was in focus. I didn’t feel weak. I was a Shadowhunter. I was myself. My old self. And I had a job to do. So I got up. And I was fine. I did what I was born to do. What I was trained to do. Then it was over, and I was sleepy again.”

“I just don’t understand, sweetheart.”
“I don’t either. No one believes me. Except my family and my dad.”

“So you’ve made peace with him?” Magnus asked gently.

“Yes. There are just a few questions left. A few more things that I need to know. That we need to know. But I have. I know he loves me, and Iz. And I love him too.”

“I’m glad, angel. I’m glad you’ve found that peace. Now we know why he was in your dream. Because you love him, you’ve always loved him, and you’ve forgiven him. A part of you always wanted to forgive him.”

Alec nodded, yes.

“Have you read the letters?”

“No.” He said softly. “I haven’t wanted to.”

“You need to, love. One of them is from Gideon. Ragnor has been keeping it safe, all these years. He’s been saving it for you. I don’t know what it says. I only read the one from Ragnor.

He wanted me to find them. He knew I would be the only one who could, I think to get them to you. The enchantment protecting them was one only I could break. The safe they were in, only one I could access. The Clave, they murdered him, but they didn’t get what they wanted.”

“Didn’t they? At least come close?” Alec asked, pulling out of his alpha’s arms. He had heard what had happened.

“What do you mean?”

“How could they know about the letters? If Ragnor has kept them safe all this time, how could they? You’ve known him for a long time. What if they weren’t after those letters?”
“If they weren’t after those, what would they have been after?”

“You. We know the Clave’s been after you. What better way to get you than to lure you out? You’re the leader of the downworld. Wouldn’t they know that when you couldn’t find your friend that you would go looking for him?”

It hit Magnus then, like a truck. They had used his friend to get to him. They had known that he would come. After reading Ragnor’s letter, he should have known. It was a trap. That’s why the Shadowhunters had come back. They had been waiting for him.

“Lilith.” He breathed, closing his eyes. ‘How could I have been so stupid?’ He thought. “Your right. Your absolutely right. They’ve known for centuries how close Ragnor and I were. They used him to get to me.” He said, a tear running down his cheek.

Alec reached up, wiping it away.

“I’m so sorry. I’m sorry for your friend.”

“They murdered him. They tortured and murdered him for no other reason than to get to me. But they didn’t win. Not really. Yes. It was a trap. I got away. But he didn’t tell them where I was. Where we are. He didn’t tell them about this place. If he had, we would already know. He had held out. Lilith, he was so strong.”

“I’m so sorry, alpha. They will pay for what they did. The Clave will pay for each innocent life they’ve taken. I swear to you. We’ll make sure of that. He died protecting us. He’s a hero. And he’s kept those letters safe. Something no one knew anything about. I think I’m ready to read them.” He said softly.

Magnus nodded, yes. They Clave would pay. They’d see to that. Him and his Shadowhunter.

“Okay, love. I’ll get them. Where are they?” He asked, his heart aching for his old friend, a wonderful man he had known and loved for more than 800 years, his mentor. The man that had taught him so much.

“In the top drawer.”
There was only one small dresser in the room. Magnus climbed up, hating that he had to leave his Shadowhunters side, and crossed to it. Opening the drawer he saw the letters he had retrieved. The letters his old friend had ensured that only he could get. Pulling them out he walked back to his love, handing him the letters.

“The first one’s from Ragnor. He sent it to me.”

Alec nodded, yes. Folding open the paper he read:

Dear Magnus,

If your reading this, something has happened to me.

I’ve sensed that I am being followed, I suspect by the Clave. I’m not sure what they want. I’ve been trying to get to Haven, to get to you and your mate. I have a letter that I have been holding onto for a long time. Protecting it.

The letter was written by Gideon Lightwood, before his death. I don’t know what it says, only that it needs to get to Alexander. Gideon made me swear that I would get it to him. I magically sealed it the day it was written. Only he can open it.

To ensure its safety I put it in a box, which if your reading this, you’ve found. I ensured that only you could access it and that only you could open the box. I didn’t want to risk it falling into the Clave’s hands. Only you have the power to break the
I know that you have questions about Gideon’s journal. As I’m sure you know, it’s enchanted as well.

I hate using blood magic, but it was the only way.

The journal is designed so that any omega Lightwood could read most of it. Only the next omega Lightwood with The Sight of the Angel can unlock its full contents.

Only Alexander’s blood will show him what Gideon has hidden. Only Alexander can add to it, if he chooses.

One drop will break the seal. I don’t know what is held within those pages. Just make sure that Alexander gets Gideon’s letter.

For him to make the request of me to ensure its safety and ensure that his journal is passed down; it must be important.

I can only speculate as to why Gideon requested that the letter be kept safe while the journal was passed down. He must have had his reasons.

Maybe they will be explained once Alexander unlocks the journal.

Your friend,

Ragnar

“I don’t understand. Why would Gideon Lightwood write me a letter?” Alec asked.

“I don’t know, love. Read it and find out.”
Alec ran his finger across the wax seal. He was holding a letter that was written to him more than a hundred years ago, a letter that only he can open. He wasn’t sure if he should open it or not. He wasn’t sure if he wanted to know what it said.

Thinking back on everything he had seen in his dreams; he knew he had to open it. Gideon Lightwood had The Sight of The Angel. He had to see if Gideon knew the way to change things. Breaking the seal, he unfolded the perfectly preserved piece of parchment.

Dearest Alec,

You don’t know me, and I don’t know you, but I’ve seen you.

I’ve seen you in my dreams. Two days ago, a Clave Envoy passed by my cottage and saw me with my girls. I know that they will be coming for us, and soon. Which of my girls you will come from, I do not know, nor how many generations of Lightwood’s will come before you. I will give all that I am to save my girls, as will their father, but in my heart, I fear that all we have to give may not be enough.

I can only assume that the reason the Angel has shown you to me is because you are of great importance. From what I have seen, you are magnificent. Your skills in combat are far beyond anything I have ever thought possible. Your weapons, unlike any I’ve ever seen. I have seen many generations of Lightwood’s, but not yours I do not think, until now. Why? I’m not certain. I only know your name because a raven-haired young woman, your sister if I’m not mistaken, spoke it. The resemblance is too striking for you to be anything less than brother and sister, twins I believe.
I am certain, for the Angel has shown me this, that you are the next male omega Lightwood, and that you are special. Not just because you are an omega, nor just because you share my gift of sight, but for other reasons I do not believe either of us yet know or understand. I just know that you are. From what I’ve seen, you can do remarkable yet inexpiable things.

The Angel has shown me more than just your magnificence in battle. He has shown me your struggles as well. Having The Sight of the Angel can be quite difficult. Had it not been for Ragnor, I do not believe that I would have survived my first several visions. As I am sure you know, they are quite taxing. I want you to know that they do get easier, the effects less severe.

I have seen that you are an exceptional warrior and leader. He has shown me that you will change and help reshape many things, possibly our world I do believe.

I have also seen that the physical effects your visions are causing you great doubt; both in yourself and in who you are. You must not doubt yourself. This gift is part of your destiny, and you, young one, are destined to do great things. Trust in yourself. Have faith in who and what you are. For the sake of all of the Lightwood’s to come, you must be strong. The Lightwood Legacy continues with you.

Gideon Lightwood
Alec couldn’t tear his eyes from the paper, the words so painstakingly written. A million thoughts and questions were running through his head, no single one distinguishable.

“Sweetheart? What does it say?” Magnus asked, concern etched around his chocolate brown eyes.

Alec held the paper out, Magnus taking it gently from his outstretched hand. He scanned it quickly.

“Are you alright, love?” He asked softly. “This is…”

“A lot to take in?” Alec asked, cutting him off. “Yeah. A bit.”

“You do know that we have to share this with the others?”

“I know. I also need to see that journal.” He said softly.

“Would you like it now, sweetheart?”

“No. Not yet. I want the others to see this first. I want to know what he’s hidden, but right now… I already have too many questions.”

Magnus nodded, yes. ‘And he’s only going to have more.’ He thought.

Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a vote.
They all sat around the kitchen table in Izabella’s small cottage. His alpha had expanded it to accommodate them all. No one had wanted him to make the walk to the council hall, and if he was honest with himself, he didn’t want to make it. He wasn’t ready to leave the cottage yet, not with what had happened last night still being the ‘hot topic’ in the village.

He had already spoken to his team, his family. He had let them read the letter from Gideon Lightwood, told them what had really happened with Magnus, and discussed what he would reveal during this meeting. His family was glad that his alpha hadn’t done what they all had thought he had. They hadn’t doubted or questioned his certainty that is was the truth, they were just happy that this was something that they would be able to move past. They weren’t all together comfortable when he had told them that if he was satisfied with his final questions for his father, then he would answer his.

But after explaining why he thought it was important, they had understood. They all knew that he had forgiven his father and come to trust him. His father had been wanting to know what was going on with him, but he hadn’t trusted him enough to tell him. After the last week, he knew that he could, that he could trust him with this. He had a right to know what he had seen in his dreams since he was a part of it. That his mother and brother were a part of it. He thought that maybe knowing, they would have some thoughts on how to stop it. And he knew that they had questions for him. How many, he didn’t know. He knew that they were waiting for him, waiting for him to start, he just wasn’t sure how.

“Alexander?” Robert asked, snapping him out of his thoughts, back into the here and now.
“Yes.” He said, shaking his head clear. He was still tired, so very tired, but he knew he wouldn’t be able to sleep. Not until it was all out, out of his head. “Sorry. Um…I do have a couple of questions before you start asking yours if that’s alright. I know we sat down to discuss last night and Gideon’s letter, but we just have a couple more things we need answers to.”

“Go ahead.”

“What is this?” He asked, sliding the paper with the ‘breaking rune’ they had received from his father at the loft across the table to him.

“It’s a breaking rune. You should know this. Please tell me you used it to break your tracking runes.” Robert said, a ball of fear starting to form in his belly.

“Our tracking runes are broken. We’ve never seen this rune before, it’s not in The Grey Book, so we weren’t entirely sure what it was. Where did it come from?”


“The Rune Book?” Clary asked, straightening up in her seat.

“Yes. It’s a book kept in Alicante. There are only a few people that can access it. Getting to it wasn’t easy, but I managed to. The Rune Book has all of the runes that the Clave uses. All of the runes in The Grey Book, and then some. I knew it would break your tracking runes.”

“Is this what they use to strip Shadowhunters of their runes?” Alec asked, looking his father in the eye.

“No, son. That’s a different rune. The ‘stripping rune’. While this rune can be used to break runes, and technically strip all runes if applied to the angelic rune, the stripping rune is different. The breaking rune is painless. The stripping runes not. It’s excruciating when it’s applied. When the Clave decides to strip a Shadowhunter of their runes, they use the stripping rune. They apply it to each rune individually, making the stripping process as long and painful as possible.”
Alec nodded, yes.

“How did you get out of the Institute? Everyone is saying that you just disappeared from your office.”

“That’s because I did. I used a rune. A portal rune.”

“Is that also in The Rune Book?” He asked, his belly clenching.

“No. The rune I used I found a few years ago in the training room at the Institute. It was labeled ‘portal rune’. I didn’t know where it had come from, or if it would actually work. I thought maybe one of the Shadowhunters that had come in from other Institute’s to train with you had accidentally left it in the training room. The next time I went to Alicante I checked The Rune Book, but it wasn’t in there.

I wanted to know if it would work, so I tried it in my office one day. It did in fact open a portal. It brought me here, to the place where I had grown up. To my mother. It was the first time I had seen her since the day I married your mother. I have been using it to come here every chance I’ve had since.”

“Is there a way to get to The Rune Book?”

“Why do you ask?” Robert asked, uncertain.

“I’ve already told you that a war is coming. It might be useful if we know all the runes the Clave has that could be used against us.” He said carefully. He wasn’t going to reveal his parabati’s secret, the one they had all been guarding carefully for years just yet. He knew the rune his father had been using was one of hers.

“It might be possible. Do you have any other questions or is that it?”

“I don’t have anymore questions, but I have read the letters from Ragnor Fell and Gideon Lightwood. I think you should see them.” He said, taking the letters from Magnus’ outstretched hand and sliding them across the table.
Robert took the letters, reading through them both quickly. Alec saw his father’s eyes widen as he read Gideon’s letter. Carefully folding it Robert looked up at Alec.

“What do they say Robert?” Izabella asked.

Alec gave a small nod, yes, to the question he saw in his father’s eyes. Robert handed the letters to his mother.

“Oh my.” She breathed as she finished Gideon’s letter. “May I?” She asked, laying a hand on her youngest son’s shoulder.

Alec nodded, yes. Gideon took the letters from his mother’s outstretched hand, also reading them quickly. Finishing Gideon’s letter his eyes shot up to Alec.

“Well this…” He started.

“Explains a few things. But it also raises a few questions. Several, actually. But I’m sure you already know that, Alexander. Have you read the journal?” Robert asked.

“Not yet.”

“How exactly did you know that there was a demon inside the wards last night?”

“I’m not entirely sure. It’s hard to explain.”

“Try.” Izabella said.

“Alec has always had an…ability to track and locate demons while hunting and on patrols.” Isabelle said, not liking Izabella’s tone. “He’s been doing it for years. We didn’t know ourselves that he could do what he did last night until recently, but somehow, he’s always been able to tell what demons we were looking for before we found them. We’ve never been able to figure out how, we just went with it.”
“Being able to do what I did last night is a relatively new thing. It’s the second time it’s happened. We don’t really understand it.” Alec said, laying a hand on his sister’s shoulder.

Izzy knew what her brother’s soft touch meant, he wanted to handle this.

“The second time?” Gideon asked.

“Yes. The first time was when we were still at Magnus’ loft in New York. Only it wasn’t a demon then. It was other Shadowhunters. I knew they were coming before they set of his wards the night my mother ordered an attack on his loft. The rumors from the downworld are that she was trying to get to me.”

“What do you mean ‘attack’?” Robert asked, anger forming a knot in his belly. ‘My wife, my children’s mother, issued an attack on them?’ He thought.

“I mean exactly what I said. Maryse issued an attack on Magnus’ loft. He was able to portal us out in time, just as they breached his protective wards around the loft. But the point is, I was asleep. I woke up. I knew that there was danger. It was like everything in me was on high alert. All of my senses instantly focused. I don’t know how I knew that something was coming, or what it was. I just did. Only last night it was a demon. I knew as soon as I opened my eyes that it was a moloch demon, and how far away it was and where it was. Like I said, this is a pretty new thing that we’re still trying to figure out.”

“So you’re telling us that for some unknown reason your able to locate and identify demons before you see them?” Gideon asked, skeptical.

“Yes. You can either believe it or not, that’s up to you.”

“How can you even question that after last night?” Clary asked, incredulous.

“What else can you do, Alexander?” Robert asked before his brother could put his son and his team even more on the defensive. He had been wanting answers. He was starting to get them. He wasn’t going to let his brother ruin it by causing them to close up when his son was just starting to open up.

“Um…I don’t know.” Alec said, looking to his team for help.
“He has perfect aim with a bow. He never misses. It doesn’t matter how far away the target is. He can shatter an arrow on a target it takes our vision runes to even see its so far away. He can see it perfectly. I’ve even seen him hit targets that he couldn’t see, moving targets that he could only hear.” Izzy said.

“He can go harder and longer than anyone I’ve ever known, in both hard training and combat.” Jace said.

“He can command.” Clary said. “Lead troops into battle regardless of race or species. He can also resist alpha commands without even trying.”

“He’s the best Shadowhunter in the Shadow World. He’s mastered every weapon and creates his own moves.” Simon said.

“And he can scent an alpha.” Magnus said softly.

“And there’s the dreams. Or visions or whatever you want to call them. We didn’t know for certain that that was what they were until I read Gideon’s letter. We could only speculate.” Alec said softly.

Robert nodded, yes. He knew his son was special, gifted, he just hadn’t realized how special and gifted he was.

“Anything else?”

Alec looked around the table at his team, asking the silent question. They all nodded, no.

“Not that we can think of, but if something else comes to mind, we’ll let you know.”

“We have noticed over this past week that you’ve been activating a rune, repeatedly. What have you been activating?” Gideon asked.
Alec looked at Clary. This was her decision to make. Gripping Jace’s hand she nodded, yes.

“My parabati is gifted with runes. She has always been able to draw more powerful runes than anyone else. My father can vouch for that.” He said, taking a deep breath. “She can also create new runes. The rune you’ve seen me activating is one we call our ‘intimacy rune’. She created it so our private times with our mates couldn’t be…felt through our bond.

Since my heat started our bond has been incredibly stronger. We’ve been able to sense each other a lot more…intensely than we used to. I’ve been using it to keep her from feeling my pain.” He said, reaching up to squeeze Magnus’ hand on his shoulder.

“Create runes?” Izabella asked, incredulous. “You expect us to believe that?”


“Um…there are several. Audio, a stronger night vision and vision, stronger breaking and unlock. Detection. There are a lot. They just come to her. Just like the one on that paper you found in the training room.”

Robert was stunned.

“Clary created that?” He asked carefully.

“Yes.” Clary said. “I can draw them all out for you if you’d like.” She spat, her irritation clear in her tone.

“As much as I would like to see them all, Clarissa, that’s not necessary right now.” He said gently. “Please try to understand, this is a lot for us to take in. Obviously, you and Alexander have special gifts that a lot of people are going to have a hard time believing. The things you are saying are…unheard of.”

“It was her rune that broke our tracking runes. A new rune. We weren’t certain we could trust the rune you sent to Magnus. We didn’t know if we could trust you, trust that you weren’t working for the Clave. We can list off the reasons why if you want, but it will take some time. It’s a pretty long list.” Jace said, cheeks flush with anger.
Alec had known that this wasn’t going to be easy. Now he was wondering if he ever should have thought that being open with his father was a good idea.

“You know what? We’re done. This was a bad idea. I should have just answered your questions about last night and left it at that. We didn’t have to tell you the secrets that we have been carefully guarding for years. I thought for some stupid reason that telling you was a good idea. I should have known better.” He said, climbing to his feet. Magnus caught him when we swayed.

“Alexander, please.” Robert pleaded.

Alec sighed. He was tired and didn’t want to do this anymore.

“Please.” Robert said softly. “I believe you. I know that my mother and brother are skeptical. I’m not. I believe you. I believe all of you. I’ve always believed in all of you.”

Alec closed his eyes, resting his forehead on his alpha’s shoulder.

“I think we need to take a break. Alec’s tired and should lie down for a bit.” Cat said from the corner. She was surprised by just how many gifts Alec had, but not that he had them. Or his parabati.

“Your right. He does need to rest. And everyone else needs a breather, I think.” Robert said, his concern for his son overriding his need to know more. “We can talk more later?” He asked.

Alec lifted his head, looking at his father. He saw the concern there, but he also saw the question. Despite whatever anyone else thought, his father wanted to know more. His father would believe him.

“Fine. But we need something. Clary need’s something. The Rune Book. Is there a way to get to it?”

“Yes.” Robert said, climbing to his feet.
“Robert, no!” Izabella said, grabbing his arm. She wasn’t sure that she believed a word of what she had just heard, or that it should be encouraged.

“Let go, momma.” He said softly. “I believe them, even if you don’t.”

Izabella released him. She knew that she had just hurt her son with her doubts. She knew that he trusted his son completely, and his team. He had been telling her about them for years, especially his children. He had always believed in his children. Her grandchildren.

“I’ll be right back.” He said, crossing the room to his childhood bedroom. A minute later he came back out, a thick red book in his hand. “I took this from the restricted section of the Clave’s library the last time I was in Alicante before I came here.” He said, extending the book out to Clary. “I think you can use this. Doing what you can do, maybe you can use it to create something new. Something that might help us win this war.”

“Thank you.” Clary said softly, taking the book from him. She was honestly surprised that he would give her something so valuable.

“Sweetie, I think you should rest now.” Cat said, softly rubbing Alec’s back. “Your more tired that I think you realize.”

“I know. But not here. I can’t stay here.” Alec said.

“Alexander?” Robert asked.

“I’m sorry, dad. But I can’t stay with people who don’t trust me. I know you do, but they don’t.” He said. “I just can’t.”

“Would you like me to take you home, sweetheart?” Magnus asked.

“Yes and no. I want to…but I’m not ready for that just yet. I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry, angel. It’s alright. It’s my fault, not yours.”
“About that…” Robert asked, a spark of anger in his eyes.

“I’ll explain later, dad. I swear.” Alec said, meeting his father’s gaze.

“You can come back with us.” Jace said firmly. “We’ll make room.”

“No, Jace. We’ve been over that. Even though I miss you guys, I don’t want to put you out.”

“You’re our brother. It’s not putting us out.”

“I think you do need a break, love. All of you. How about we go back to The Manor? Get out of Haven for a bit. There’s plenty of space, you know that, you can have our room. I’ll sleep somewhere else. There’s also your training room. And I’m sure Isabelle is missing her forge.”

“And her clothes.” Simon snickered.

“Right?” Jace asked, fist bumping his sister’s mate.

“You can’t leave.” Robert breathed. “I just got you back.”

“Come with us, dad.” Izzy said softly. “You’ll just be a portal away from here. You can come back whenever you want. Alec needs this. He’s needs to be home. His home. With his alpha and his family. Your part of that family.”

“Okay.” He said, relief coursing through him. His children might not be willing to stay in Haven right now, and he wasn’t sure that he could blame them, but they were giving him the chance to go with him. To be with them. For the first time in his life, he was part of their family.

“Robert?” Izabella asked, hurt clear in her voice.

“I’m sorry, momma. But I have to. They’re my children. I know what you’re feeling. You don’t
want your child to go. Just like I don’t want mine to. But their giving me the chance to be with them, something I’ve never had before. Isabelle’s right. I’m only a portal away.” He said, softly stroking her cheek.

“Uncle Mags, how can you do this?” She asked, a spark of anger in her eyes as she turned on her friend, he was taking her son away.

“How could you throw away sixty-four years of faith and trust without even telling me why?” Magnus asked softly. “I’m not trying to hurt you, Izabella. But Alexander is my mate, my fated mate, and he needs this. You’ve had a fated mate. You should understand.”

“He’s my son!”

“And Alexander is mine.” Robert said. “This is my choice, momma. I want to be with my children. But I’ll be back. Just as soon as I can. Like I said, I’m only a portal away. A fire message away. Please try to understand. My son needs me now, more than you do.”

“I’ve lost so much time with you.” She said, tears shining in her crystal blue eyes.

“And I’ve lost so much time with them. Please let me be there for them now.”

Izabella closed her eyes, flighting back tears. She nodded, yes.

“Okay.” She breathed. “Go. Just come back as soon as you can.”

“I will, momma.”

“We need to go, Magnus.” Cat said softly. “Alec needs to be off his feet. He’s draining fast.” She said, concerned by Alec’s weakened state. He was leaning heavily on his mate.

“Please open a portal, Catarina. Anyone who’s coming, now’s your chance.” Magnus said, lifting a barely conscious Alec into his arms.
“I can’t come back here. Not if people won’t believe me.” Alec murmured sleepily.

“I know, angel. Let’s not worry about that right now.” He said as Cat swirled her arms, opening a portal. “Let’s get you home.” He said softly, stepping through the open portal with his Shadowhunter in his arms.

Alec stared at the vase of roses on the table in the corner, his vision struggling to focus.

“Are those roses always there?” He asked as Cat tucked the soft quilt around his shoulders.

“Yes, sweetie. They are. Even when no one’s here their always there.”

“Why?” He asked softly.

“Because that’s where Belle always put them.” Magnus said from the open doorway. He wanted to make sure that his Shadowhunter was settled in comfortably. “She always made sure that there were fresh roses in here, year round.”

“Oh.” Alec said softly. ‘And he makes sure there always here, even if he’s not.’ He thought.

“You should sleep, sweetie. I know your tired, but do you need some help? I can give you something.”

Alec shook his head, no.

“Okay. Try and rest. I’m just down the hall if you need me.” She said, brushing a lock of raven hair out of his eyes. ‘He’s so sleepy.’ She thought. ‘But something’s keeping him awake.’

“Can I have a minute?” Magnus asked.
Alec nodded, yes.

“Of course.” She said, crossing to the door. “Try and make it quick. He’s exhausted and needs to rest.” She said softly when she reached him.

He nodded, yes. Quietly she slipped out the door. Crossing the room to Alec he stopped before he took his usual seat beside him.

“May I?” He asked.

Alec nodded, yes.

With a smile, Magnus sat down beside his one true love.

“Are you okay?” He asked softly.

“Yes. I’m just tired. I think I drained myself more than I realized. Using runes…they pull from you. I wasn’t at my strongest when my adrenaline kicked in, then my runes…”

“You just need to rest, rebuild your strength. Have you been eating?” He asked.

“As much as I could. I think that will be easier now.”

“Good. Sleep now. I’ll fix you whatever you want when you wake up.” He said, cupping Alec’s cheek.

“Okay.” Alec breathed, comforted by his alpha’s touch.

“Can I give you a goodnight kiss?”
Alec nodded, yes. Magnus leaned down, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead.

“Goodnight, Angel.”

Robert didn’t know what to think watching his son with his alpha. He didn’t know what had changed between them since that morning, but something obviously had. He had wanted to tuck his son in, but this time he didn’t have to. ‘They still love each other.’ He thought, watching them through the opened bedroom doorway.

All that mattered was that his son was happy. Not wanting to invade their privacy he turned, going back the way he came. His son’s new home was stunning. He imagined that it was what Lightwood Manor would have looked like when his mother was growing up, a place he had never been. Maybe some day he would get to see it. His grandfather’s family lived in it now.

His daughter couldn’t wait to show him their training room, or her forge. Her eyes had lit up like Christmas when she had laid eyes on her workroom again. He had come to learn in the short while that they had been at The Manor that his princess was known as The Weapons Master. He had already known that his son was known to all the Shadow World as The Archer. Now he knew that his adopted son was known as The Sword Master, his daughter’s mate The Warrior, and his son’s parabati was The Rune Master.

Clary had shown him some sketches of the runes she had created, something that just blew his mind. She had told him that his son had thought for years that her ‘visions’ of new runes were sent by the Angel. With what he had come to learn about his son that day, he didn’t doubt that. He thought that maybe, just maybe, they were destined to be parabati.

As he walked back through the beautiful house they all called The Manor, he could imagine his grandchildren growing up here. He could see them all sitting down to eat at the old butcher’s block table for dinner, playing on the swing in the ‘back yard’, and one day training with their father in his training room. He could also see them learning magic in his alpha’s workroom. His son could have a good life here with his family. He could watch his children grow up, spending his days and nights giving them all of the love and attention he hadn’t received during his own childhood.

Magnus had told him that the estate was large enough that if any of his family, for his son’s team was now his family, wanted to plant roots here that he could easily build them all houses. His children’s children could grow up together. All of them, his son’s, his daughters, and his adopted son’s. He truly hoped that he would get to see that.
He believed that the war his son had said was coming would come down on them at some point. People like Imogen Herondale and his wife should not be running something as vital to the Shadow World as the Clave, at least not like it was. He hated the Clave. He had hated it since he was a small child. He had hated serving it.

But he had tried his best to do right by the Shadowhunters under his command in New York. Had he known what was going on during his many absences, during those times that he had left his wife in command, he never would have left it. He never would have left her in charge of his children’s care. There are so many things that he wished with everything he had that he could go back and change, but he couldn’t. All he could do now was do his best to make sure that he made the best decisions he could going forward. For his children and all of the Lightwood’s to come.

Rounding the bottom of the stairs he followed the only sounds he heard. He knew they were in the training room. His son’s team worked hard. Trained hard. They always had. Simon and Jace had gone straight there the moment that they knew that their leader was settled in and comfortable and had been there since. His daughter’s laugh as he made the short walk told him that she was there too, and probably his son’s parabati. Yes, he could see his son being happy here. Raising his children here. Children who would grow up happy.

Not wanting to break their focus, which was a dangerous thing for a Shadowhunter, he watched silently from the doorway. He saw Jace and Simon sparring hard with kendo sticks up on the high beam, his daughter and Clary doing target practice with their custom blades. He couldn’t help but smile watching them. They truly were a family. The only thing missing from this picture was his son, leading and directing them. He hoped that he would be back with them soon. That he would see that.

From what little bit he had come to know about the last seven weeks of his son’s life, he had faced many challenges and struggles. What all that entailed, he didn’t now, but he hoped to find out.

After reading Gideon Lightwood’s letter he knew that his precious boy was going to do great and wonderful things, things that may very well change the world they lived in. He was already a hero to countless downworlders of all species and had been to countless Shadowhunters right up until his presentation. He knew in his heart that he would never forgive himself for not getting his son out of the Institute before his presentation, but from what he had heard, had he done so he may not have found his mate when he did. The mate that had looked after him and kept him safe during his first heat.

Seeing him over this past week had been hard. He couldn’t imagine being in as much pain as his Alexander had been in. He had never had that kind of love. But seeing him with Cat, seeing the affection between them had warmed his heart. Cat had tended to his boy like he was her own, like a mother tending to her sick child. She had worried and fretted over him just as any mother would have, or in Alexander’s case, should have. She was obviously able to soothe and comfort him,
something he had never had before.

During their late night discussions while his son slept he had found out that she had been practicing medicine in the mundane world for over two hundred years, as well as tending to the downworld. Sometimes she was a nurse, other times a doctor. She had been to mundane medical school nine times and served as a doctor each time. She obviously had to use a different glamour and name each time she started what she called ‘a new cycle’, but thought it was worth it. She enjoyed helping people, downworld, nephilim, or mundane. She enjoyed learning something new as mundane medicine grew and advanced. He thanked the Angel for her because he knew enough now to know that she had tended to his boy more than once.

“Breathtaking isn’t it?” Magnus asked, snapping him out of his thoughts, back into the here and now. “Watching them.” He said with a fond smile.

“It is. It always has been. I still remember when they were nine years old and had just started their training. Who would have known watching them then that they would grow to be as magnificent as they are? They truly are the best. They would have been great had it just been the four of them, but with Alexander, he took them to a whole new level.”

“Isabelle told me something not too long ago, so I ask that you not repeat it. Alexander doesn’t know that they know this.”

“Alright.” He said, turning to the warlock.

“She said that Alexander learned as much as he did, trained as hard as he does, and taught them so much, which he still does, not because he wanted to be the best or lead the best team, but because he wanted to give them the best chance. She said that Shadowhunters tend to die young and he didn’t want that for them. So he learned more, trained more, so he could train them to be better because he wanted them to live. He wanted them to have the chance to grow up, have children, and watch them grow up. He wanted to give them the chance to grow old.”

Robert was stunned. He had always thought that his son had always pushed himself so hard because he had pushed him so hard. He had wanted his son to be the best to give him the best chance.

“How do they know that if he never told them? He asked.
“Jace overheard him talking to himself once. A Shadowhunter had been killed by a greater demon and they were about to attend The Rite of Mourning. Alexander was running late so Jace went in search of him. When Alexander didn’t answer his door Jace let himself in. Alexander was in the bathroom telling himself that his family would be the best, he would give them his best, because they would live. They would have their children. He would give them their best chance. Ironic, isn’t it? You pushed him to be the best, to give him the best chance so that he could live, all the while he was doing the exact same thing for them.”

“Very.” He said softly, looking back at his son’s team, the team he had formed into a family. He knew that his son had always loved them, had always been protective of them, that he was unconditionally loyal to them, and would die for them, but he had never realized just how deep that love really went. ‘He is a remarkable man’ he thought. “Is he asleep?”

“Yes. Catarina thinks that he will sleep until morning. She gave him my dream suppressant so his rest wouldn’t be disturbed.”

“She told me about that. Thank you, for doing that for him.”

“He’s my mate, Robert. I would do anything for him. Give anything for him.”

Robert nodded, yes. He still wanted to know what had changed between his son and his alpha, but that was for his Alexander to tell when he was ready.

“Hey, dad!” Izzy called. “Come check out my new blade.” She said, excitement shining in her eyes.

“Be right there, princess.” He called, a new warmth spreading through him. His daughter wanted to show him her work, something she had never done before.

“Go on. She’s pretty impatient.” Magnus said, trying to hide his smile. He may not have any biological children of his own yet, but he had been a father. He knew that this was new for Robert. He was starting to bond with his children, and they with him. He knew that feeling from when he had bonded with his Belle.

Heeding Magnus’ words he walked into his son’s training room to his ‘princess’, his belly full of excitement. He was now a part of his children’s world.
Fire. Everything was burning. Smoke clogged the air, making it hard to breathe. People were screaming everywhere. Screams that echoed in his ears. Alec had lost count of the number of arrows he had let fly. And with each one he let loose his heart broke a little more. But he had to hold the line. They had to hold the line, give the others a chance to escape, to get to safety.

 Balls of colored fire flew past him, his warlocks fighting to stay at his side, to cover him. Dropping his bow, he pulled a seraph blade from his hip. He got it up just in time. The blades sang as they clashed together. Pulling a dagger from his thigh holster he thrust it out, striking home, his attacker caught by surprise. He went numb inside as his attacker fell, as the light faded from his eyes.

 He was killing his own kind, and it was killing him inside. But he had no choice. They had to hold the line.

 Retrieving his bow, he let more arrows fly, pink and blue balls of fire flying past him on each side, his alpha’s and Cat’s. Pain ripped through his parabati bond. Clary was hurt but it wasn’t a mortal blow. Turning his head for a split second he saw her regain her feet, her short swords taking another life. Turning quickly back to the fight he let another arrow fly, listening to the scream as it hit its target. A man he had once considered a friend dropped to his knees as he died. He was tired, heart, mind, body, and soul. But they had to hold the line. He had to ignore the kick he felt inside.

 They had to hold them back. They couldn’t let them pass. They were all that stood between them and hundreds of innocent lives. His team was flanking him on both sides, to the right, his alpha, then Jace, then Izzy. To his left, Cat, then Simon, then Clary. More warlocks continued down each side, different colored fireballs flying.

 We were the first wave, the first line of defense. I could give the command to fall back, to allow the second wave to take their place. But could I? Could I risk more innocent lives? Even those willing to fight.

 I let another arrow fly, then another, but the kick inside brought me to my knees. We had to hold this line. He couldn’t let these people die. People he swore to protect.

 But I couldn’t ignore my children. I knew I was struggling. I couldn’t risk their lives. I wouldn’t. It took everything I had to give the command, my heart shattering in my chest.
“Fall back! Second wave!” I commanded, my voice strong and true, despite the fear deep inside.

Faster than I could blink werewolves flew past me as I held my swollen belly tight. Seelie spears flew through the air, covering us as the first wave fell back. I looked from side to side. I saw the wounded, and the dead. I was their leader, their commander, and I had let them die, because I couldn’t hold the line.

“Alexander!” Magnus cried, dropping to his knees at my side. “Where are you hurt, angel? Tell me.”

“I’m okay.” I whispered. “I’m fine. We’re fine. At least on the outside.”

“Let’s get you out of here.” He said, helping me to my feet.

“We have to get you to safety, Alec.” Cat said breathlessly, a supportive hand at my back.

“You can’t. We have to hold the line.”

“We are, love. We are.” Magnus said, pulling me into his arms, cupping my cheeks and pressing his forehead to mine. We were so close he felt the kick in my belly his was pressed so close to mine.

“Fall back!” Came a cry from the other side. “Retreat!”

“Do you hear that, sweetheart? Their falling back. Come with me. Come with me now.”

Looking from side to side I saw the first wave was falling back. People I knew were moving to safety. People I loved and trusted. But some were missing. Some had died.

“Where’s Izzy? And Jace?” I asked, tears stinging my eyes.
“I’m here.” Jace called, jogging to my side. “We have to get you out of here. Can you walk?”

“Yes.” I sighed, relieved that my brother was still alive.

“Then let’s go. We need to get you inside.” He said, helping my warlocks lead me away. The battle cries were fading away behind me.

“Where are the others?”


“Izzy?”

“She safe. She went back with Clary. We can’t account for everyone, Alec. Not yet.”

“He’s right, love. We need to get you inside. Somewhere safe.” Magnus said.

“If you won’t walk we’ll carry you.” Jace said.

“Come on, sweetie. Jace is right. We have to get you out of here.” Cat said, trying to soothe me. She knew that I was worried.

“I can walk. I’m coming.” I said, feeling defeated. Letting them lead me back to shelter I felt the kick beneath my hand on my belly. ‘This battle we may have one. But what about the next?’ I thought.

Pain ripped through my belly and I cried out.

“Magnus! The babies!”
Before I could speak another word I was in my alpha’s arms, my head spinning from the pain.

“It’s alright, sweetheart. It’s going to be alright.” He said, trying to sound calm.

“Just breathe, Alec. Everything is going to be fine.” Cat said.

But I knew it wasn’t. That was my last thought before it all turned black.

Alec shot up in bed, gasping. His lungs didn’t want to work. He couldn’t draw in air. He had seen this before, just differently.

“Alec. Breathe, sweetie.” Cat said, immediately at his side.

He looked up at her, tears shining in his eyes. She had been there, at his side.

“Alec!” Clary cried from downstairs.

“Magnus! Keep her out of here!” Cat shouted, slamming the bedroom door shut with her magic.

“It’s alright, Alec. It was just a dream. Take a breath for me, sweetie.”

His head was starting to spin, his vision to blur. He felt a hand on his back, a soothing warmth seeping into him. He felt a strong push of Cat’s magic, a push that allowed him to draw in a breath.

“That’s it. Just keep breathing.” Cat said as she pushed more magic into him, fully opening his lungs.

Taking a deep breath he dropped his head into his hands. He could breathe, be he was dizzy.
“Cat.” He whispered.

“I know, sweetie.”

Clary stopped screaming but feet were pounding up the stairs. The door flew open, Magnus and Robert bursting in.

“What happened?” Magnus demanded.

“It’s alright, Magnus. He’s fine. It was another dream.”

“Is Clary alright?” Alec asked.

“She’s fine now, angel.” He said, dropping down at my side.

Alec looked up at his alpha, wanting nothing more than to be in his arms.

“Come here, sweetheart.” He said, pulling Alec into his arms. The look in his angel’s eyes had told him what he needed. He needed to be held.

Alec fell gladly into his warlock’s embrace, the need to feel the safety of his arms was almost overwhelming.

“It’s okay.” Magnus murmured softly.

“Cat? Is he alright?” Robert asked, watching his son and his alpha. Fear was a ball of lead in his belly.

“He’s going to be fine, Robert.” She said, gently rubbing Alec’s back.

“Clary was screaming.”
“She can feel his distress through their bond. He was having some…trouble when he woke up.”

“Can you talk about it, love?” Magnus asked.

Alec looked up at his father and Cat. He wanted to tell them, but he couldn’t. Not yet.

“Not yet.” He said, meeting his father’s eyes. He saw the questions there, and the concern.

“Okay. That’s okay.” Magnus said, pulling him closer in his arms, as close as he could get.
“Cat? What happened? He shouldn’t have dreamt.”

“I don’t know.” She said. “Maybe he’s developed an immunity to the suppressant?”

“No.” Robert said, carefully studying his son. “Not if it was a vision from the Angel.”

“It’s always been this way, Robert.”

“Has it?” He asked. “When he touched Gideon’s journal he was awake. The moment his hand touched it…” He trailed off. “What if his visions don’t just happen during dreams? What if the dream suppressant didn’t work because it wasn’t meant to?”

“It’s always worked before.” Alec said, pulling from his alpha’s arms.

“Has it? How do you know? What if the Angel hasn’t sent you a vision after you’ve taken the dream suppressant before until now?”

“We’ve never considered that.” Magnus admitted.

“They’ve also never come this close together. Three in two days? Isn’t that right, sweetie?” Cat asked.
“Yes.” Alec said, his head starting to spin. ‘I can’t handle this. Raziel, please. I can’t do this.’ He prayed silently, closing his eyes.

“I can’t do this. It’s too much. I can’t do this.” He said, a tear sliding down his cheek.

“Hey, it’s okay, son.” Robert said gently. “It’ll be alright. In Gideon’s letter he said that the visions get easier.”

“I don’t care.” He said, looking up at his father. “I don’t want these visions. I don’t want to see my family die. I don’t want to see you die. I don’t want to see my children die!” He sobbed, Magnus pulling him back into his arms. He held on tight, gripping his alpha’s shirt. “I don’t want it.”

“Shh. It’s alright, sweetheart.” Magnus soothed. “It’s going to be okay.”

Robert was stunned. He didn’t know what to say. No one had told him about his precious boy’s visions. Not yet. His son’s words were echoing in his ears. ‘I don’t want to see my children die’. ‘By the Angel’ he thought.

He had known that there was something going on with his son. He knew that something had been wrong. But he had never imagined this. ‘I don’t want to see my children die.’

“I don’t want this.” Alec sobbed into his alpha’s shoulder.

“I know, angel. But it’s going to be alright. We’re going to change it. I swear on your Angel, we’re going to change it.” Magnus said, gently but firmly.

Alec lifted his head, looking his alpha in the eye. Meeting his gaze their eyes locked, pained crystal blue meeting chocolate brown. He saw the truth of his warlock’s words there, the belief. His alpha believed that it would really be okay. That they would change it.

“We’re going to get through this. We’re going to find a way.” Magnus said softly, wiping the tears from his cheeks.
Alec nodded, yes.

“Dad, I…” He trailed off, unable to meet his father’s eyes.

“It’s alright, Alexander.” Robert said gently.

“I wanted to tell you before. I didn’t want it to be this way.”

Magnus climbed up so Robert could take a seat beside his Shadowhunter when he tapped his shoulder.

“I understand. It’s been a rough week and I know that this morning didn’t help. Don’t worry about it right now. Okay?” He asked.

“Okay.” Alec said softly, finally looking up at his father.

“Come here, buddy.” He said, pulling Alec into his arms.

Alec went gladly into his father’s embrace. He hadn’t told him everything yet, but he would.

“I should have told you.”

“Don’t worry about that right now, son. I understand.” Robert said, his heart breaking for his precious boy. All he wanted in that moment was to hold his son close and protect him from the world.

Magnus watched his Shadowhunter and his father, a man who just a short while ago he didn’t trust. He knew in that moment that he truly could trust Robert Lightwood, that they could. His Alexander would have his father by his side, the father that he loved, the man that had done his best to do right by him. He would be there for his son, no matter what. He knew then why his young warrior had been seeing him in his dreams. He was meant to be a part of this. The father that his young warrior had always needed could be there for him this time. He would be there for
him this time.

Cat smiled at the look on her oldest and dearest friends face. She could see that he was accepting Robert Lightwood into his mate’s life, and that he was okay with it. Looking at Alec and Robert happiness for Alec welled up inside her. He finally had the father that he had always needed, the father that he had always loved, even if he hadn’t known it.

“I need to check on Clary.” Alec said.

“Would you like me to go get her, sweetie?” Cat asked.

“No. I need to get up. I need to move. I can’t lie down anymore.”

“Sweetheart…” Magnus started.

“No, alpha.” Alec said, cutting him off. “I need to get up. I need my family. All of it.” He said, looking up at Cat and Robert.

“Okay. Just take it slow until we’re sure that your steady on your feet.”

“Okay.” He said.

Pushing the covers back Alec climbed out of bed. For the first time in what felt like ages he didn’t feel weak. He knew that he wasn’t at a hundred percent, but he was getting there. How? He didn’t know. He just knew that he was.

“Let’s get you something to eat, love. Let everyone see that you’re alright.”

“Okay. Dad?”

“Yes, Alexander?” Robert asked.
“Thank you.”

“For what, son?” He asked.

“For being here.”

“There isn’t a place in the world I’d rather be, Alexander. Whatever you need, I’m here. I will always be here.” He said softly.

Alec nodded, yes. He knew that his father would be there, that he wouldn’t leave his side. ‘I have my dad’ he thought, a new kind of happiness filling him. ‘I have my dad.”

Robert Lightwood had just had the best breakfast of his life. He had gotten to sit down for a meal with his children and their mates, all of them. Despite the events and revelations of the night before they had enjoyed their breakfast, cracking jokes and laughing at each other. He had been able to see their happiness; he had been a part of it. Despite everything that was going on, everything that was to come, they were still able to laugh and enjoy themselves.

His son had told him everything the night before. Everything about his dreams. All of them. He had revealed to his family the one’s he had been holding back. It had been hard on his precious boy, but he had done it. He had found the strength, just like he always did.

He had been shocked and horrified at what he had heard, at what his son had been seeing in his dreams, things his family had already known. But they hadn’t known it all. It didn’t surprise him that they had taken it in stride, been understanding and supportive. He knew that they were worried about his son’s future pregnancy, and to be honest, so was he.

His son’s alpha had reiterated what he had told him after the vision he had had, that it would be alright, that they would find a way. They would change it. He hoped with everything in him that the warlock was right. He would do anything and everything he could to help make it right.

After dinner Cat had insisted that his son go back to bed. That they all go to bed, to get some rest. His son had agreed, he had just wanted his alpha with him. His Alexander had slept peacefully in
his warlock’s arms the rest of the night.

Before he had gone to bed he had sent a fire message to his mother, telling her as much as he could without telling her too much. There were some things that just had to be said in person. He would stay with his family, for he was a part of it now, for as long as his children needed him before he went back to Haven. He knew he would have to go back, to tell his mother and brother the rest of what they needed to know, and prepare for his family’s return, something he knew in his heart that his son would be dreading when the time came. And to be honest, he didn’t blame him.

But he wouldn’t think about that now. He wouldn’t think about what was to come right now. He wanted to enjoy the here and now. He wanted to enjoy this time with his children.

His children had asked him to train with them this morning, him and his son’s alpha. They both had agreed, but despite his excitement he was nervous as well. He hadn’t been in a training room in a long time. He knew that his children would kick his ass. They wouldn’t go easy on them, just as he knew they wouldn’t go easy on themselves. When they trained, they trained. Hard. That was just the way it was.

He waited silently in the doorway of his daughter’s forge, watching as she worked. He didn’t want to distract her as she was easing newly forged weapons into water to let them cool. He couldn’t help the pride that welled up inside him watching her. She, like is son, had so many talents. This was her gift, her gift from the Angel. He had given her the ability to design and forge new weapons, powerful ones. The angelic runes she carved into them, some traditional runes as well as some of Clary’s were a brilliant idea. He also knew that she designed some weapons for specific demons, the more common demons, carving runes that they knew would do the most damage in combat. With his son’s ability to sense and locate demons she said that they came in handy. He didn’t doubt it. He just wondered why she had asked him to come.

Taking her welders mask off Izzy wiped the sweat off her forehead with her arm. She knew that her father had been watching her for a while and could only assume that he hadn’t said anything because he didn’t want to distract her while she was handling hot metals. She was grateful for that. She didn’t relish the thought of getting burned with melted metal. But she had been expecting him.

“Come on in.” She said, motioning for him to enter.

“Working on something new?” He asked.

“No, just something useful. There are some things that we tend to need a lot of, like Alec’s
arrowheads. I make them all custom for some of his arrows. Magnus supplies the wooden ones he
uses for practice, but I like him to have a little something extra in his quiver with the ones I make
him. But what I’m working on now is just some basic stuff. I’ve been trying to stock up as much
as possible.”

He nodded, yes. He understood what his daughter meant. She was working on building an
arsenal. An arsenal they would need for what was to come.

“I have something for you. If you want a present.”

“A present?” He said, shocked. He’d never gotten a gift from one of his children. There had
never been an occasion. Shadowhunters didn’t do mundane holidays, only birthdays. And he
doubted that either of his children knew his.

“Yep.” She said, unable to hide her smile. “Do you want it?”

(Of course.” He said, not knowing what else to say.

Turning to a workbench behind her Izzy rummaged around, picking through weapons and stele’s
until she found what she was looking for. She wondered how it had gotten buried. It had been
right on top an hour ago. Pulling out a black velvet box she extended it to him.

“Thank you, Isabelle.” He said softly, taking the box from her outstretched hand.

“You haven’t even seen it yet.”

“Whatever it is, I’m sure I’ll love it.” He said, fighting back the tears of happiness that wanted to
break free. His princess had made him a gift. For it to be in her forge, she had to have crafted it
herself.

Izzy couldn’t help but smile at her father. She wondered when the last time he had gotten a gift
was. She knew that he hadn’t gotten one from any of them since they were little, probably a silly
crayon drawing or something. Excitement was bubbling inside her. She wanted desperately for
her father to like her gift.
“Well go on, open it.”

Robert nodded, yes. Taking a deep breath he flipped the box open. What he saw inside took his breath away. It was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

“Thank you, princess.” He breathed, running his finger gingerly over the grip of the razor sharp blade.

“Do you like it?” She asked, barely able to contain her excitement.

“I love it.”

He had only seen anything like this once before and even that wasn’t as beautiful as this. He remembered clearly his son’s blade that his mother’s warriors had pulled from the tree. Lifting the light weight silver dagger he tested it’s weight in his hand. It felt perfect.

“It’s beautiful.” He said, studying the runes that she had carved into the blade, and his name carved into the grip. He would cherish this. For as long as he lived, he would cherish this.

“I have something else for you too.” She said, turning back to her workbench. Grabbing what she needed she turned back to him, holding out her hand.

He took the beautiful stele from her, confused.

“Isabelle…It’s beautiful but I don’t understand.” He said. “I already have a stele.”

“Not like that one. That one’s untraceable. We weren’t sure if we could be tracked by our stele’s so I created new ones. I thought you might like one.” She said.

“Thank you, princess. I don’t know if the Clave can trace a stele’s use, but I’ll use this one. It’s too precious not to.” He said, unable to hide his smile.

He had just gotten two precious gifts from his daughter. Something he had never expected to
happen. He knew that his children gave each other gifts, mostly weapons, and he had seen
Magnus’ stele, which still dumbfounded him, but now he had gotten gifts. And it felt wonderful.

“I made Cat a stele too. Magnus got me the metal. Do you think she will like it? I just thought
that with all the healing that she does it might be useful.”

“I’m sure she will love it, Isabelle.” He said, smiling at her.

His children were surprising him at every turn. His son’s custom combat moves. Stele’s for
warlocks. Custom weapons with both demonic and angelic runes, some designed for specific
demons. Clary’s new runes. His pride for them was overwhelming. He knew that they were the
best Shadowhunters in the Shadow World, but this, this was more than that. The things that they
could do were beyond amazing. They truly did have gifts from the Angel. Gifts that would help
them win this war.

“I hope so. I want to give it to her after dinner.”

“Are you guys ready for training?” Jace asked from the doorway. “Alec’s going to kick our asses
if were not ready when he gets here. He’s chomping at the bit to train.”

“I am. Dad? Are you ready?”

“As long as you all can cut your old man a break. I haven’t trained in a very long time. I would
like to survive it.” Robert said, hopeful.

“We’ll do what we can, but I can’t make any promises for Alec. When he wants to train, he trains.
And so do we.” She said, untying her protective apron.

“She’s right. But we’ll do what we can. I’ve already talked to Simon and Clary. So again I ask,
are you ready?”

“I guess I have to be.” Robert said, nestling his precious dagger back into its velvet box. Tucking
his new stele into his pocket he followed two of this three children out into the training room
knowing full well that the third would be there soon. He was going to train with his children, and
he was both thrilled and terrified.
Magnus waited as his Shadowhunter showered. He had gotten him to eat after training. He had kept the promise that he had made before their training session. It had been wonderful training with his sweet omega. His Alexander had taught him a few moves, just as he had taught his family a few. Now if he could just get him to rest. Sleep was becoming something that his young warrior hated, but he needed it rather he liked it or not.

Alec came out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped around his waist. His warlock had created it as a replica of the one at the loft. He knew how much he liked it, so he had recreated it when he had redesigned The Manor. His alpha looked deep in thought, sitting on their bed. He wasn’t sure if he was comfortable with him being there just yet.

“Magnus?” He asked.

His angel’s voice snapped him out of his thought, back to the here and now. His breath caught in his chest at the sight of his Shadowhunter, drops of water on his muscular chest, a towel wrapped around his trim, perfectly sculpted waist.

“Hi.” Magnus said softly.

“Hi.” He said, unsure what to do think, what to do. He hadn’t been this exposed in front of his alpha since that last day at the cottage. “What are you doing here?”

“I wanted to talk to you. See you.” Magnus said, trying to shake his head clear. “So I thought I’d wait here while you finished your shower.” He said, trying his best not to drool. He had missed his young warrior, in every way.

“Okay.” Alec said, unsure of what else to say. He had missed his warlock, and if he was honest with himself, he had missed him in every way. Every way.

Magnus couldn’t help but smile. His Alexander had the most beautiful voice.
“What?” He asked.

“Huh?” Magnus said.

“What are you smiling at?”

“At you. You have the most beautiful voice, Alexander.”

Alec didn’t know what to say to that.

“I’m sorry. I should go.” Magnus said, climbing up from the bed.

“Wait. Don’t go.” Alec said, unsure why he had stopped his warlock. “Stay.”

Magnus nodded, yes. He sat back down on their bed. ‘His Shadowhunter wanted him to stay.’ He thought.

“I’ve missed you.” He said.

“I’ve missed you too.” Alec said softly.

“Alexander… I know…” He trailed off.

“It’s okay, alpha. We have to move past it. I love you.” Alec said softly.

“I love you too, angel. I just keep hoping you will forgive me.”

“I have.” Alec said, wanting nothing more than to go to his warlock.
Magnus was shocked. He didn’t know what to say. ‘He loves me, he’s forgiven me.’ He thought.

“I want you.” He blurted out, taking in the sight of his gorgeous Shadowhunter again. He was breathtaking. His perfectly sculpted muscles stood out magnificently in the soft light of the lamp, his runes a stunning addition.

“I know.” Alec said, crossing the short distance between them.

His angel was in front of him. The drops of water on his chest and abs made him want to lean forward and lick them off his firm, flat belly. He wanted to reach out, to unwrap the towel around his perfect waist and to take in every inch of his personal adonis, to take in the beauty of the man he loved. But he was afraid. He was afraid his sweet omega would reject him.

Alec could see the lust in his alpha’s eyes as he looked him over, following his gaze as it passed down his body to his waist. He knew that he wanted to see him. All of him.

For so long he had been afraid of this. Afraid of revealing himself to another. Afraid of who and what he was. Of what he was told he was wrong to be. A slight against the Angel. But his alpha, his alpha had shown him that he didn’t have to be afraid of what he was. That it was okay to be who he was. He saw his warlock staring at the towel around his waist. He knew he had to decide. To make a choice. Could he be with his alpha again? Did he trust him enough?

“Alpha.” He said, tilting his warlock’s chin up to meet his gaze. Their eyes locked, crystal blue meeting chocolate brown. What he saw there told him all he needed to know. He could trust him. He wanted to trust him. His alpha wanted him, and he wanted his alpha too. “It’s okay.”

Magnus let out the breath he hadn’t realized he had been holding, relief coursing through him.

Without a second thought Alec unwrapped the towel around his waist, something he once would have been afraid to do. Something the man he loved had shown him he didn’t have to be afraid of. Biting his bottom lip, he waited for his warlock’s next move.

Magnus could stop the low moan that escaped him when his Shadowhunter dropped his towel. The sight before him took his breath away. ‘He really is a god.’ He thought.

He didn’t miss the rock hard cock inches from his mouth, or his own aching cock in his pants. He
wanted to taste that firm cock, to take it into his mouth and suck it. To fuck his young warrior with his mouth.

“May I?” He asked.

“Yes.” Alec breathed. He knew what his alpha was wanting, and he was willing to let him have it. He wanted it too.

“Come here.” He said, pulling his sweet omega the last few inches forward by his hips.

He couldn’t stop himself when he gripped his Shadowhunters hard cock, sucking it into his mouth. As always, his angel tasted divine.

Alec sighed when his warlock gripped his hips and pulled him forward. He had been hoping he would do this. He knew what his alpha was going to do, but he still gasped when his lover gripped his straining cock and sucked him into his mouth. The pleasant tingle that always ran down his spine whenever his alpha touched him no longer surprised him, but during this, during this it still took his breathe away. His’s warlock’s tongue swirling around the head of his cock had him moaning.

Magnus loved swirling his tongue around the head of his angel’s thick cock, and the taste of his pre-cum as it leaked out of him. After one last swirl, he pressed his tongue hard against the sweet spot on the underside of his lover’s delicious dick.

Alec couldn’t hold back his moan, pleasure coursing through him.

“Magnus, my stele.” Alec breathed as he gripped his alpha’s shoulders, needing the support.

With a finger snap Alec’s stele was in his hand and the room was silenced. He was going to take his Shadowhunter, show him the love he deserved.

Alec grabbed his stele from his warlock, quickly activating his intimacy, stamina, endurance, and balance runes. He knew he would need them all. The pleasure that shot through him when his warlock had pressed his tongue against that sweet spot been intense, and heavenly.
Magnus knew when his Shadowhunter gripped his shoulders that he needed the support. He knew his young warrior’s runes well enough to know which runes he had activated. Smiling, he gripped his angel’s hips harder. He knew with those runes that his angel truly wanted this as he took his loves cock down his throat, humming out his pleasure when he hit the base.

“By the Angel.” Alec breathed, grabbing his warlock’s hair, tugging it just the way he knew he liked it. He had missed this. He had missed the man he loved, and he wanted him back. He held onto his alpha’s hair as his warlock bobbed up and down on his cock, sucking hard and hollowing out his cheeks each time he rose off his length. The pleasure was incredible. He couldn’t hold back his moans.

The feel of his Shadowhunters cock in his mouth was bliss, the tugs on his hair incredible. He couldn’t stop fucking his sweet omega with his mouth. With each plunge down he was thrilled by his angel’s moans, so he sucked harder, hollowing out his cheeks as he came back up. He wondered if his sweet omega realized that he was thrusting into his mouth in time with his plunges down.

The feel of his alpha’s hot mouth as he sucked his dick was beyond breathtaking. He couldn’t stop himself from thrusting into that hot mouth, it felt too good. He couldn’t stop the moans that escaped him, and if he was honest with himself, he didn’t want to.

Magnus loved his sweet omega’s moans. They were one of his favorite sounds. He loved how his angel took the pleasure, he always took it beautifully. Pleasuring his young warrior was one of his favorite things, and he had missed it. He pulled back, stilling his love’s hips when he heard his Shadowhunters breath hitch in his lungs.

“Breathe sweetheart.” He said. It was then that it hit him that his sweet omega had to be tired, despite his runes. He had trained for hours, and he wasn’t back to full strength. “Come, love. Lie down.” He said as his Shadowhunter caught his breath.

Alec couldn’t help it when his breath stopped short. What his alpha had been giving him, the pleasure resonating throughout his entire body was bliss. Nothing ever made him loose his breath, not hard training, not battle. Only his alpha could. And he loved it.

“Come, sweetheart.” Magnus said, gently pulling Alec with him as he slid back on the bed.

Alec groaned when he settled himself on his warlock’s lap, his warlock’s tented erection pressing hard against his crack. He wanted it. He wanted his alpha’s cock. Badly.
“Shh.” Magnus said softly, running his hands up from Alec’s hips and over his flat belly. The firm muscles beneath his hands made his straining cock ache that much harder. “Lilith, I’ve missed you.”

The beautiful tingle of his warlock’s hands caressing his skin felt wonderful, but he wanted more. His soft words had him wanting it all.

“Clothes.” He said, tugging at his alpha’s shirt.

With a finger snap Magnus shed his clothes. He wanted to feel his Shadowhunter against his skin. He groaned when his throbbing cock slapped against his sweet omega’s ass. He wanted to fill his young warrior more that he wanted air.

“Tell me what you want, love.” He said softly, caressing Alec’s flat belly with his thumbs, his fingers massaging the firm muscles in his back.

“You. I want you.” Alec breathed, falling forward to claim his warlock’s mouth in a fierce kiss.

Magnus couldn’t stop his moan of pleasure when his Alexander’s lips met his. He didn’t hesitate to grant him entrance when he licked his bottom lip. The pleasure as their tongues danced had him gripping his Shadowhunter’s firm ass cheeks, kneading them beneath his fingers.

Alec’s head spun when his alpha’s tongue brushed his. He had been thrilled when he had gotten what he had wanted so easily. His warlock had opened for him immediately. The feel of his hands kneading his ass was more than he could take. He wanted to fill himself with his alpha, more than he wanted air.

“Magnus.” He breathed as he ground his hips, desperately seeking friction on his aching cock.

Magnus snapped his fingers, lubing them both up instantly. He knew what his Shadowhunter wanted, and he was willing to give it to him.

Alec lifted his hips when he felt the slick lube coating his entrance. He wanted nothing more than to plunge down on his warlock, filling himself, feel the wonderful stretch and fullness as he took in
him in. Something he had missed, badly.

Magnus knew in an instant what his sweet omega was about to do.

“Alexander, stop!” He commanded, gripping Alec’s hips.

Alec froze, the command stopping him before he could do what he so desperately wanted to do. He couldn’t stop the low whine that escaped him as a shudder ran down his spine from his alpha’s command.

“Take it slow, angel.” Magnus said softly, looking his Shadowhunter in the eyes. Crystal blue met chocolate brown. He saw the lust blown pupils, the need and desire that his sweet omega had reflected there. “Take it slow.”

Alec nodded, yes. He knew his alpha was right. Lining himself up he positioned his warlock’s slick cock at his entrance.

“Take your time, love. There’s no rush.” Magnus said, easing his grip on Alec’s hips.

Alec didn’t want to take his time. He wanted his alpha in him. But he knew he had to. Taking a deep breath he lowered himself down, taking the head of his warlock’s thick cock past high tight rim. His breath exploded from his lungs at the magnificent stretch.

“That’s it, sweetheart. Give yourself time to adjust.” Magnus said softly, desperately fighting for the control he needed as Alec’s tight rim tried to pull him further in. He had worked his Shadowhunter up, it was up to him to bring him back down as gently as he could.

He knew his sweet omega would move too fast, that he would hurt himself if he didn’t talk him through it. He knew his young warrior well enough to know his impatience. He had seen the need in the beautiful blue eyes he loved so much, the desire to be filled. He knew that his once innocent angel was aching to be filled, to fuck and be fucked. ‘He will take his next heat beautifully’ he thought, not for the first time.

Alec couldn’t help but heed his alpha’s words. He waited while his clenching muscles relaxed, waited while his tight channel opened for his warlock, savoring the feel of the beautiful stretch, knowing that it would only get better the more he took in.
Planting his arms firmly at his alpha’s sides he took another deep breath as he lowered himself another inch. He couldn’t stop the moan that escaped him at the beautiful pleasure that coursed through him. He didn’t need his alpha’s words to take his time anymore, to revel in it and he sheathed the man he loved inside him. He could hear his words echoing in his head ‘take it slow, let yourself adjust, there’s no rush.’ Even though he wanted more, he knew his warlock didn’t want him to hurt himself. It was always after the first time that they could move faster, once he had already been stretched by their lovemaking.

Magnus bit his bottom lip, hard, fighting to hold back his moans. The more his Shadowhunter took him into his godlike body the tighter the squeeze was on his cock. His sweet omega’s hot, tight channel was silky smooth and felt like heaven and sin all at once as it squeezed him, something he reveled in.

Having felt his muscles relax he enjoyed the feeling of fullness that was getting better and better with each magnificent inch that eased into him. Taking a deep breath he took in another breath, reveling in the pleasure. He knew his alpha’s cock would hit his prostate soon and that the pleasure when it did would be divine. As he felt the muscles of his channel relax around his warlocks cock he lowered himself another beautiful inch. He didn’t know that he was moaning, crying out his pleasure the more he took in, all that he knew was that he couldn’t tear his eyes from his lover’s gaze, his warlock watching him as eased down further. He had missed his alpha so much this past week, not just their intimate time, but the man himself. He had wanted him so much, needed him so much that he thought he had wanted to rush this when he really wanted to savor it. Taking another deep breath he took he lowered himself a little more. That beautiful intrusion had his warlock’s cock pressing right up against his throbbing prostate.

Magnus loved his sweet omega’s beautiful moans. Just like he loved the man, a man that he had thought he had lost and the life that they would share. Both relief that he still had him pulsed throughout every fiber of his being, just as much as the breathtaking pleasure that wanted to engulf him. Watching his angel’s beautiful blue eyes gazing into his own just made it that much better. He knew the instant his cock had hit his prostate, just as he knew that his young warrior would have no choice but to ride out the pleasure as he let himself adjust before he could take him further in. He also knew that he wouldn’t be able to stop his cries of pleasure much longer. Feeling his Shadowhunters muscles relax around him he lost his breath as yet another inch filled his young warrior.

Alec slammed his eyes shut as he lowered himself further onto his warlock, the pleasure from the breathtaking stretch and delicious fullness as his lover’s cock pressed against his prostate was almost more than he could bare, but he stopped himself from taking more. He just had a few more inches to go before his alpha would be fully sheathed inside him and he could ride him, ride him the way he had been craving for days. His warlock’s beautiful moans caressed his skin, washing over him in the most beautiful way, thrilling him. He had wanted this, he had wanted to know that his alpha was sharing in his pleasure, that he could give it to him. He always did. He wondered if his alpha knew he had been crying out with him, despite his efforts to hold his moans and cries in. Taking a deep breath he lowered himself a little more. He was almost there. He held himself
where he was, listening to his warlock’s moans as he waited for his muscles to relax, as he savored the feel of having his wonderful alpha filling him.

The pleasure of each little bit of his cock that his angel took in was beyond exquisite. Yes, he wanted this. He wanted it for more than a mortal lifetime. He wanted it for eternity. He wanted to fill his young love as many times as he could, filling his angel with his seed time and time again, giving him what his body would need to help create new life in his precious Shadowhunters womb. Watching his sweet omega take a deep breath he saw him take that last inch in, reveling in the ecstasy of being fully sheathed inside the man he loved.

Alec lost his breath as that last magnificent inch filled him, settling flush against his beautiful warlock. He wanted this, not just for a mortal lifetime, but forever. One day, someday, he knew that his alpha would plant the seeds that he would need to create new life in his womb, that together they would create the most beautiful children together. He knew because he had seen them. So many of them in his favorite dreams.

“Breathe, angel. Take a breath.” Magnus ground out. He loved that he could take his lover’s breath away even though he had to coach him through pulling one in. He knew that his angel was losing himself in the pleasure whenever his breath hitched. It was a struggle to get the words out as pleasure rocked through him when his angel sat flush on his hips. He wanted to savor it, to never lose this moment. The squeeze of his young warrior’s tight channel was magnificent. The beautiful pleasure wanted to consume him.

Alec struggled to pull a breath into his straining lungs as he sat flush with his warlock’s perfect body, the stretch and fullness of having him fully sheathed inside him was pure bliss. He ached to ride his wonderful alpha but knew he had to wait, he had to give his body time to adjust.

As he felt the tight muscles of his young warrior’s channel clamp down around him he took a firmer grip on his hips. He loved holding him while he watched him rise and fall on his cock. The beauty of watching himself disappear into his lover’s perfectly sculpted body was breathtaking. Watching his sweet omega as he slowly lifted himself and came back down was one of the most magnificent things he had ever seen. His Shadowhunters moan as he rose and fell just made it that much better.

Alec rose up off his alpha’s cock, easing himself back down. The pleasure that shot through him was magnificent. He knew his warlock was watching him, he always did. Just as he always moaned with him, even if he didn’t. Lifting himself again he plunged back down, a little faster than he had before. Feeling the exquisite pressure against his prostate, knowing that with every rise and fall it would saw against it until he found his release was beautiful. He knew he was close to losing himself in the pleasure, his body soon taking over, and he welcomed it. With the next higher rise and fall he slipped into the world of ecstasy, the world only his warlock could take him to. The pleasure of it was so intense it pushed him over that beautiful edge. Falling forward he
changed the angle, increasing the pressure against his prostate, increasing the pleasure.

Magnus couldn’t stop the moans that escaped him as his sweet omega rose and fell on his length, rising up more and more with each plunge down, fucking himself on his cock. He knew his angel was lost in the pleasure when his head fell back with the plunge that pushed him over the edge. He knew when his young warrior fell forward that he had reached that place, the place he loved to take him. He also knew that his lover was seeking friction on his dick between them, even if he didn’t. With each rise and fall he moved faster, plunging himself down harder. The tightness of his sweet omega’s channel gripping him was almost more than he could bare.

“That’s it, love. Feel it.” He ground out as his hips rose to meet his beautiful Shadowhunter as he came back down, thrusting up into him. His angel’s cries of pleasure as they fucked each other was music to his ears.

The pressure of his alpha’s hard cock scraping against his prostate as he fell was perfect, his warlock’s thrust up into him only made it better. With each magnificent rise and fall his beautiful alpha thrust harder up into him. The friction on his dick was magnificent. His warlock’s cries of pleasure as they fucked each other only added to it.

Sliding his hands up his love’s glorious body he pulled him further forward, a new angle for his young warrior. It may have taken away his ability to rise and fall, but not his ability to grip his firm, perfectly toned ass to hold him in place as he fucked up into him. He knew his sweet omega was content with this when he cried out, his hips grinding down against him to increase the friction on his dick. With each thrust up he slammed harder and harder into his young warrior, reveling in the sound of skin meeting skin.

Alec didn’t question it when his alpha pulled him further forward, he trusted him to guide him as he learned. As much as he wanted to ride his warlock, to fuck himself on his deliciously thick cock, the friction on his cock was too good for him to protest, the pleasure as his alpha fucked harder and harder into him was divine. The sound of their bodies meeting was beautiful. He knew he wouldn’t last much longer and ached for what he knew would be a magnificent release.

Magnus knew when his angel’s cries of pleasure turned into low moans that he wouldn’t last much longer. And neither would he. The pleasure was too good.

“Alexander.” He ground out, knowing he was close.

Alec didn’t hear the words coming out of his mouth. He never did. He didn’t hear the chorus of yes’s that came out of him. The pleasure of his alpha fucking into him was beyond blissful, it was
beyond magnificent. He had no words for the pleasure that was coursing through every fiber of
his being. He didn’t feel his balls start to tingle as his precious warlock thrust up into him again
and again, or when his cries of pleasure turned to soft moans. But he did feel it when his alpha
found his release just as he found his. They cried out together as they came, aftershocks rocking
both their bodies, his head spinning from the pleasure of it all.

Magnus knew when the words ‘yes, yes, yes’ came out of his sweet omega’s mouth that he was
close. He always did that before he found his release, even if he didn’t. The pleasure nearly
consuming him made it hard to focus as he thrust up into his Shadowhunter, the pleasure of it
beyond magnificent. They cried out one last time as his young warrior erupted between them and
his own cock exploded into his angel’s gloriously tight channel. He lost all thought, all focus as
waves of pleasure crashed down on him, the force of his orgasm rocking him to his core. Beautiful
aftershocks rocked them both.

Alec no longer had the strength to hold himself up, the force of a magnificent orgasm rocking him
to his core stole the last of his strength. He knew he lay panting on his beautiful alpha’s chest as
the last dregs of pleasure coursed through him as he came down from the high.

The solid weight of his young warrior as he fell on his chest was perfect. He fought for breath as
his angel fought for his own, the last dregs of pleasure coursing through him as he came down
from the high. Wrapping his arms around his sweet omega he held him close, waiting for his mind
to clear and focus.

“Alpha? Are you alright?” Alec panted out.

“I’m perfect, love. Thank you.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to the top of Alec’s head.

“Crushing you.” Alec mumbled, savoring the feel of his warlock’s arms around him, holding him
close. He had missed this too.

“Your fine, angel. I like you just where you are.” He chuckled as he caught his breath.

His Shadowhunter felt light as a feather in his arms, he always did. But as much as he relished the
feel of his young warrior resting on his chest, he knew that he was close to falling asleep. He had
trained hard that day, they had just fucked each other magnificently, but his angel wasn’t at full
strength just yet. Wrapping his arms tighter around his sweet omega he lifted with his hips,
smoothly rolling him onto his back as he eased himself out of his young warrior, for he truly was a
warrior. He carefully guided his angel’s head onto his pillows as he sat back. The cum that coated
his love’s chest and belly was a sight to behold but he knew he had to clean him up, to clean them
both up. With a snap of his fingers his sweet omega was clean and dressed in soft, comfy sleep
clothes. He knew his Shadowhunter needed to rest. To sleep. With another finger snap his angel
was resting on fresh linens, the soft blanket ready and waiting to tuck him in. With a final finger
snap he dressed himself. He would hold his angel close as he slept, the way he knew his
Shadowhunter liked it. His love always slept better when he was in his arms. A soft knock at the
doors caught his attention.

“Magnus? Alec?” Cat asked through the wooden door.

“Just a minute.” He called, tucking the blanket around his angel’s shoulders. He pressed a soft
kiss to his forehead before climbing up. “I’ll be right back, sweetheart.”

“Okay. Please hurry.” Alec mumbled, seconds away from falling into sleep.

“Coming.” He called, crossing to the door.

“Is everything alright?” Cat asked as he opened the door.

“Everything’s fine. Alexander is almost asleep.”

“I’d like to check on him if that’s alright.”

“Of course.” He said, opening the door wider to let her in. He was glad he had thought to replace
the linens to match what was there that morning.

Cat crossed the room to Alec, quickly looking him over. She could see his fatigue and his
sleepiness. His fluttering eyes told her he would be out within a minute.

“How are you feeling, sweetie?” She asked softly, brushing a lock of raven hair out of his eyes.

“Tired.” He mumbled, rolling onto his side and snuggling into his pillows.

Seeing no problem with her Shadowhunter she nodded, yes.
“Okay. Get some rest.” She said softly, tucking the blanket tighter around his shoulders.

Magnus couldn’t help but smile as he watched his oldest and dearest friend look his Shadowhunter over. He knew that she was concerned about his wellbeing, that is was a mother’s concern. She had become his mother, even if neither of them knew it. Crossing back to his young warrior he watched as his angel’s eyes fluttered closed.

“Let him rest, Magnus. He’s tired and needs a good nap before dinner.” She said, looking her oldest and dearest friend over. She knew he thought he was hiding it from her, but he couldn’t. She knew him too well. It took all she had to hide her smirk.

“I will, Catarina.” He said, listening for Alec’s soft little snores. He didn’t have to wait long, just a few seconds.

“Get some rest, Magnus. He’ll sleep better if you’re with him, and you look like you could use it.” She said, patting him on the shoulder.

Without another word she crossed the room to the door, pulling it softly shut behind her. He knew that he was busted. He couldn’t hide anything from her, she knew him too well. Chuckling softly he climbed into bed behind his Shadowhunter, wrapping his arms around him, molding himself to his young warriors perfect body as he slept. With a deep breath he closed his eyes. He was out in just a few seconds.

Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a vote.
Chapter 21 - United Front - Part 1

Chapter 21

United Front - Part 1

WARNING – SEXUAL CONTENT

Not Intended for readers under the age of 18

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A/N: Just a heads up to make reading easier, some of the more intimate parts of this chapter switch back and forth between Alec and Magnus’ perspectives.

Alec’s eyes fluttered open. Filtered sunlight shone through the white gauzy curtains, rays of bright light stretching across the gleaming hardwood floor. He couldn’t help but smile. He felt warm and safe. Happiness and contentment filled him as he took in his surroundings.

The soft blue paint on the walls was soothing, the vase of red roses in the corner was comforting, the flowy curtains at the window were homey, they added the final touch to the beauty of their room. He had come to love this room. Despite what he had seen in his dreams of what may or may not happen in this room, he loved it.

The feel of his alpha’s arm around his waist always made him feel safe and at peace. It had been a good night. They had made love the night before, just as they had the night before that and the night before that. There had been no horrible visions of what was to come. There had just been beautiful lovemaking and sweet dreams, dreams that filled him with hope and joy.

They had been at The Manor for four days and were due to go back to Haven that afternoon. He didn’t want to go but he knew that he had to. His father had portalled out the day before after lunch to ‘prepare for their return’. Neither he or his alpha wanted him going back until they were sure that he was fully recovered and had had a few days to rest, to ‘take it easy’ as Cat had said. She had gone back to Haven with his father.

He kept meaning to ask his alpha about Haven, to find out more, but something always seemed to get in the way. He’d never actually had the chance. And if he was honest with himself, at that moment, he didn’t want to ask. He wanted to stay right where he was, warm and safe in his alpha’s arms.
“Good morning, angel.” Magnus said softly, pressing a kiss to the back of Alec’s neck.

He had been waiting for him to wake up. His Shadowhunter had been sleeping peacefully and he hadn’t wanted to risk waking him by trying to get up. Not that he wanted to get up. He was perfectly content right where he was watching the love of his life sleep soundly in his arms. Today was going to be a busy day. They were returning to Haven, something he knew his young warrior was dreading. His grandmother and uncle had left a sour taste in his sweet omega’s mouth and his family on the defensive.

But they all knew that they had to go back. Too much of what his Alexander had seen in his dreams would take place there, so they would go back. They wouldn’t do as Gideon Lightwood had done and hide themselves away. They knew that he had done it in the hopes that if he stayed hidden away that his visions of The Great Purge wouldn’t come to pass. In the end it was that choice that had set the ball in motion.

His young warrior hadn’t read much of Gideon Lightwood’s journal yet, but of what he had read, of what all the omega Lightwood’s had, Gideon Lightwood had just been the first. The visions he had had would have happened regardless, so they would go back. Go back and prepare.

“Good morning. How long have you been watching me?” Alec asked, trying to hide his smile.

“A bit. Not too long. Did you sleep well?”

“I did, actually.” He said, turning in Magnus’ arms. “I had the best dream.”

“The future again?”

“I hope so.” He said. Taking Magnus’ hand in his own he slowly pushed his it down his belly, beneath the quilt, finally coming to rest at the erection tenting his boxers. “Maybe you can make my dream come true.” He said softly.

Magnus couldn’t help but marvel at his Shadowhunter. He had come so far since his first heat, barely eight weeks ago. He was growing bolder, more and more each day, and it thrilled him.

“I’ll do my best. Why don’t you tell me about this dream?” He asked, sliding his hand beneath the waistband of Alec’s boxers, gently caressing his hardened length. “To make sure I get it
“I don’t think I have to. I think you’ve read my mind.” Alec breathed as Magnus gripped him.

Magnus suspected that he knew what his young warrior was after, the same thing he had been after every morning for the last three days. Releasing his grip on his sweet omega’s cock he pulled his hand free, unable to hide his smirk when his lover whined in protest. Snapping his fingers he shed them both of their clothes, silencing the room.

“That’s better.” He murmured as he leaned down, claiming Alec’s lips for a soft kiss as he retook his hold on his thick cock.

Alec hummed out his pleasure as he returned his warlock’s soft kiss. He had been dreaming of his alpha every night, of his alpha rolling him over and slowly filling him, inch by beautiful inch, only to pound into him before he was done. Every morning he woke up wanting it, craving it. Needing it.

Using his Shadowhunters rapidly leaking pre-cum as a lube he stroked up and down his length, gently jerking him. He wanted his young warrior worked up and panting before he took him, before he rolled him over and filled him. It never took much. Licking his sweet omega’s bottom lip he sought entrance, entrance that was instantly granted. He hummed out his own pleasure as his tongue met his love’s. He loved the taste of his angel on his tongue. As always, he tasted divine.

The sensations bombarding him were exquisite. The soft pressure of his warlock’s lips on his as he stroked his cock was beautiful. Pleasure was humming in his veins. He didn’t hesitate when his alpha licked his bottom lip, granting him immediate entrance. Firework’s went off in his head when their tongues met. He didn’t fight his warlock for dominance, he was willing to let him take whatever he wanted. Fisting his hand in his alpha’s silky smooth hair he pulled him closer.

Magnus couldn’t stop his moan when his Alexander gripped his hair and pulled him closer. ‘He’s impatient this morning’ he thought as he explored his love’s mouth. Finding it hard to focus he broke the breath stealing kiss. Fighting for breath he rested his forehead on his Shadowhunters. He was pleased to find that he wasn’t the only one fighting to catch his breath.

“Alpha, please.” Alec pleaded, panting for breath from the breath stealing kiss and pleasure that was coursing through him from his warlock’s hand jerking his length. He didn’t want to cum this way. He wanted his alpha. He wanted him in him, filling him, fucking him.
Magnus couldn’t resist his sweet omega. Releasing his grip on his straining cock he snapped his fingers, his stele appearing in his hand. He quickly activated his young warrior’s intimacy rune. Tossing it aside he gripped his young love’s hip, guiding him as he rolled over. He didn’t need much guiding. Yes, he knew exactly what his angel wanted.

Alec was relieved when his warlock activated his intimacy rune. He was thrilled when he gripped his hip, but he didn’t need the direction, he knew where he was going. In an instant he was in his new favorite position. Bracing himself on his arms he drew in his knees, spreading them for his alpha, just the way he liked them.

Magnus lost his breath at the sight of his sweet omega as he settled on his knees behind him. The beauty of his love with his knees spread and his ass in the air was a dream come true of his own. He loved taking his angel this way, filling him this way, fucking him this way. He couldn’t stop himself from gently caressing the perfectly toned, firm ass laid out before him, an ass he ached to fill.

Alec wanted desperately to push back into his alpha’s hands, to tell him to hurry, but he didn’t. The soft waves of pleasure from his warlock’s caresses were beautiful. And as much as one part of him wanted him to rush it, another bigger part of him didn’t. He wanted to savor it. He wanted it to last, as long as it possibly could.

Snapping his fingers Magnus thoroughly lubed them both. He knew that his Shadowhunter had no patience for proper preparation or stretching, and that he preferred the stretch of penetration. But they both knew that he would have to go slow, to ease into it so as to not hurt his young love. Spreading his young warrior’s perfect ass cheeks he slowly rubbed his slick dick between his angel’s crack, teasing him. He smiled when he got that first beautiful moan.

Alec held his breath when he heard his warlock’s fingers snap and felt the warm wet lube leaking from his entrance. He couldn’t stop the moan that escaped him with his next breath when his alpha’s cock slid up and down his crack. He knew his warlock was teasing him, but he didn’t care. The feel of that cock sliding up and down his crack had a lovely tingle of pleasure and anticipation running down his spine.

Leaning forward Magnus ran his hands down from his love’s ass to his back, kneading the taunt muscles in his sweet omega’s lower back, knowing full well that his full length was pressed flush against him, into his crack.

“Alpha, please.” Alec whimpered. He didn’t know why he had been wanting this the way he had, why he had been needing it. He just knew that he had. For days, he had.
“Shh, angel. It’s alright.” Magnus said softly.

He didn’t know what had gotten into his Shadowhunter the past few days, why he was needing this so much, but he had been. He had never been able to resist his sweet Alexander, on anything, so there was no point in trying to now. Not when he could give him what he wanted, what he seemed to be craving. ‘He’s craving like he’s in heat’ he thought. But it wasn’t time, nowhere near time. Taking mercy on his trembling omega he spread his perfect ass cheeks, lining himself up with his entrance.

Alec didn’t know that he was trembling. All he knew was that he needed his alpha. Why he needed him so badly, he didn’t know. Or, in that moment, care. He couldn’t stop the relieved sigh that escaped him when his warlock spread his ass cheeks or the instinctive clench of his muscles when his warlock lined himself up with his entrance.


Alec took a deep breath, willing himself to relax. He knew he wouldn’t have his alpha in him until he did.

Magnus waited, watching while his young warrior took deep breaths, watching while his body slowly relaxed.

“That’s it, sweetheart.” He said softly. “Deep breath, love.”

Anticipation hummed through Alec at his warlock’s soft words. Taking a deep breath in he felt the brief burn and the beautiful stretch of his rim as he took the head of his alpha’s thick cock in. His breath exploded on a moan of pure ecstasy.

“More.” He breathed.

“Breathe and let yourself adjust, angel. Remember the rules, no forcing it.”

Two days before his alpha had set rules. He wasn’t allowed to plunge back on him the way he always wanted to. His warlock was afraid he’d hurt himself, so he had made him swear on the
Angel. It was hard keeping that promise when he wanted so much to just push back and take his alpha in, but he had given his word, so he would keep it.

“Okay.”

He knew that his warlock was watching, waiting. He breathed through the pleasure of the magnificent stretch knowing that more was to come. He knew the words he would hear as his muscles finally relaxed around his alpha’s magnificent cock.

Magnus waited, savoring the feel of the tight channel clamping down around the head of his cock, squeezing him, trying to pull him in. It took every ounce of strength he had not to just plunge in the way he wanted to, but he couldn’t. He wouldn’t. That would only hurt the one he loved. The pleasure of that tight squeeze was breathtaking, but he had to focus.

“Deep breathe, love.” He said softly as he felt his sweet omega’s muscles finally relax around him.

Watching as his young warrior drew in a deep breath he pushed himself another inch in, gripping his angel’s hips, ensuring that he didn’t push back against him. The tight squeeze and warmth of his Shadowhunters channel made his head spin, the pleasure coursing through him mixed with the beautiful sound of his lover’s cry was exquisite.

Drawing in a deep breath Alec cried out as his alpha pushed further into him. It was a cry of pure pleasure. The perfect stretch and feeling of new fullness as his warlock filled him was exquisite. Pleasure pulsed through his entire being. The firm grip on his hips was all that stopped him from taking more.

“Magnus, please!” He begged, unsure why he needed this so much. All he knew was that he did.

Magnus knew that his sweet omega’s patience was running thin. He had never reached this point so quickly. ‘Something’s wrong.’ He thought. Growing concerned he eased himself back, letting himself fall from his Shadowhunter.

Alec let out a sob as he felt his warlock pull out of him. He didn’t know what was wrong. He didn’t understand. He went willingly when his alpha reached around his waist, pulling him up on his knees.
“Shh. It’s okay, sweetheart. It’s alright.” Magnus crooned softly as he pulled his Alexander flush against him, his head falling back on his shoulder. ‘Yes, something’s defiantly wrong’ he thought, holding his sweet omega close. “What is it, angel? Talk to me.” He said softly, rubbing soft circles into his Shadowhunter’s firm belly.

“I don’t know!” Alec sobbed. “I don’t know.” He couldn’t stop the tears that were falling. He didn’t know where they were coming from, or how to stop them. All he knew was that he needed his warlock. All of him.

In that instant he knew. He knew what was missing. He needed his warlock.

“Alexander, what is it?” Magnus asked, worried when his Shadowhunter fell silent.

“I need you.” Alec whispered.

“I’m right here, angel.” Magnus said softly, pressing a kiss to Alec’s shoulder, the only part of him he could reach.

“No. I need all of you.” He breathed, stilling his warlock’s hand over his empty womb. “All of you, Magnus. You’re a warlock. My mate. My fated mate. I need all of you.” He said softly.

In that instant Magnus knew. He knew what his Shadowhunter was wanting. What he had been needing.

He had been holding himself back, a part of himself. His magic. His sweet omega hadn’t let magic touch him since that last day at the cottage. Since their reunion he hadn’t dared mention it, much less use it. But his mate was right. It was a part of him. He needed his Shadowhunter for everything that he was. And his Shadowhunter needed him for everything that he was.

“Are you sure, sweetheart?” He asked, needing to be absolutely sure.

“Yes.” Alec said softly. “I need it. Please. I need you. All that you are, I need you.” He said, pressing his warlock’s hand firmly into his flat belly. “We’re going to need you too.”
Magnus knew what his young warrior meant. It wasn’t just him who would need him. It was their children too. Children he knew that his angel had been seeing in his dreams, a mix of them both. His sweet omega had stopped his hand above his would-be womb, the place their children would grow, the place where, had his Alexander been born differently, their children would never be. They were meant. Their children were meant.

“Okay, love. Okay.” He said softly, holding his angel tighter around the waist. He knew that he would need the support. “Just relax, sweetheart.” He said, pressing another soft kiss to Alec’s shoulder. “Let go, angel.”

Alec dropped his hand, leaving just his warlock’s pressed against his belly.

Magnus gently caressed his love’s firm, flat belly, rubbing soft circles into the toned muscles. Pushing a soft wave of soft magic into his Shadowhunters would-be womb he listened to his soft moan as he relaxed against him.

Alec felt every fiber of his being relax as his warlock’s soft magic seeped into him. He couldn’t stop the soft moan that escaped him. ‘Yes. This is it. This is what’s been missing.’ He thought.

Magnus sighed, relief coursing through him. A part of him had been afraid, afraid that they were wrong and that his love would recoil from him. Instead he was embracing him, the part of him that he had been holding back. ‘Yes. This is it. This is what he’s been craving.’ He thought.

He realized then that his sweet omega had been trying to recreate that last day, even if he didn’t. That was why he had been needing intimacy the way he had, in the form that he had. He had been trying to recreate their last time together before he had messed up, before he had abused his magic.

“More.” Alec breathed. Now that he knew what he had been needing, what he had been craving, he wanted more.

“Okay, love.” Magnus said, softly. Pressing a stronger wave of magic through his palm he pushed to recreate that day for his love, to recreate that pleasure.

Alec cried out as pure ecstasy shot through him from his warlock’s touch, at the beauty that was his magic.
Magnus listened as his young warrior cried out his pleasure, and to his moans as he pushed more and more of what was a part of himself into him. When he felt his angel start to tremble beneath his hand he eased his magic back until there was nothing left but the dregs of pleasure.

“Are you alright, angel?” He asked softly.

“Yes.” Alec breathed, panting.

“You should rest now, love.”

“No. Not yet. After.” He said, leaning forward. He positioned himself on his arms, leaving his ass up for his alpha.

“Sweetheart…” Magnus started.

“Please.” Alec said, cutting him off. “I need this. We need this.” He said softly, turning to look him in the eyes.

Crystal blue locked on chocolate brown. What Magnus saw there told him everything that he needed to know. His angel was right. They did need this. To recement this trust.

“Alright, angel.” He said, gently cupping Alec’s cheek. “Turn around, sweetheart.”

Alec did as he was asked without question, anticipation humming beneath his skin.

Magnus snapped his fingers, relubing them both. He was going to give his Shadowhunter what he needed, then he was going to put him to bed. He had pushed a lot of magic into his sweet omega, even if his young warrior didn’t know it. Spreading his love’s firm ass cheeks he lined himself up at his entrance.

“Deep breath, sweetheart.”

Alec did as he was asked, knowing it wasn’t necessary. Every muscle in him was relaxed and
happy. His warlock would meet no resistance.

Watching his Shadowhunter closely as he took a breath in Magnus pushed the head of his cock through his angel’s tight rim. The squeeze was magnificent, the tightness breathtaking, but he was shocked when his lover’s muscles didn’t clamp down on him. He knew then that his young warrior was fully relaxed and ready for him.

Alec couldn’t stop his low moan when his alpha’s thick cock pushed past his tight rim, stopping at the entrance of his channel. Even without the resistance of clamping muscles, it was still a beautiful stretch as his warlock filled him. It still had pleasure coursing through his veins.

His Shadowhunters moan caressed his skin. He knew that he would be able to smoothly enter his sweet omega, but he was going to go slow. He wanted his young warrior to feel every ounce of pleasure he could give him, and he wanted his own. Running his hands down his angel’s back he pressed his thumbs into the taunt muscles on either side of his spine, massaging deep circles into the soft skin. Slowly, inch by inch he sheathed himself more and more into his Shadowhunter, moaning as he filled him.

The beautiful pleasure of his alpha filling him, the breathtaking stretch had him moaning. The pleasure was incredible. He fought for each breath as wave after wave of pure bliss washed over him, making his head spin in the best possible way. His warlock’s thumbs massaging into his lower back just made it that much better. He felt like he was floating on a soft cloud. He knew the instant his alpha hit his prostate, he couldn’t help it when the pleasure overrode his ability to breathe and his breath hitched in his lungs, the pleasure all consuming.

“Breathe, angel.” Magnus crooned softly. He knew when his sweet omega lost his breath that he had slipped into that place, the place he always went when he lost himself in the pleasure. He waited as his young warrior drew in a deep breath before he pushed further into him, knowing that everything from that point on would scrape against his angel’s prostate. For the moment he would hold back his own moans, focusing solely on his Shadowhunter until he had filled him, ensuring that he gave him only pleasure, no pain. It was difficult when the magnificent squeeze on his cock had him fighting for his own breath, the pleasure all consuming.

Alec fought to drag air into his lungs, the pleasure was almost too much. All he wanted was to thrust back against his alpha, taking the rest of him in, but he knew in the back of his mind that he couldn’t. That it wasn’t allowed, so he could only revel in the beauty of what he had. With each little bit his warlock pushed into him, the feeling of fullness was getting more and more intense, the scrape against his prostate more beautiful, the magnificent stretch something he could savor. He loved the feeling of his warlock as he entered him, almost as much as he loved it when his warlock fucked him, pounding into him again and again. But nothing compared to that first magnificent intrusion. He didn’t hear the words coming out of his mouth, he never did.
“More, more, more.” He begged.

Magnus knew that he was giving his Shadowhunter the pleasure that he had been wanting, that he had been needing when he heard the word ‘more’. He knew that his young warrior wouldn’t remember it, he never did, but he could give him what he wanted, so he would. Easing himself the last few inches in he couldn’t stop his own cry of pleasure as he bottomed out, his angel’s ass flush against him. He had to grip his sweet omega’s hips, holding him there while he grounded himself. The pleasure of his love’s tight channel gripping him had waves of magnificent pleasure coursing through him. His love’s cry of pleasure as he fully sheathed himself inside him was beautiful.

Alec cried out his pleasure as his warlock finally filled him, fully sheathing himself inside him. The pleasure from the beautiful stretch and the magnificent fullness was beyond words, waves of it coursing through him. He wanted to move, to fuck himself on his alpha’s thick cock, but his warlock’s firm hands on his hips stopped him.

“Alpha, please.” He pleaded, desperately needing his alpha to move, needing his cock to scrape against his prostate with every thrust. He needed it, more than he needed air.

Magnus’ mind focused at his Shadowhunters desperate words. He knew that he could fuck him now, pound into him the way his young warrior had been wanting, the way that he had been wanting to. ‘Yes, I can give him this. I can give him what he needs. I will give him what he needs.’ He thought.

“Brace yourself, angel. This is going to be hard and fast.” He ground out through his own pleasure. His young warrior always gave him the most magnificent pleasure, more than he had ever found before his young love had come into his life.

Alec gripped the sheets knowing that his warlock spoke the truth. He knew that when his alpha said those worse, made that promise that he would keep it.

Pulling back, almost out of his sweet omega, Magnus slammed back into him, pulling his hips back to meet his thrust. Listening to his angel’s cry of pleasure had him doing it again and again, the tightness of his love’s silky smooth channel making his head spin in the best possible way as it gripped his cock. Using his young warrior’s cries and moans of pleasure as a guide he thrust into him, pulling almost out each time before he slammed back in, breeding him.

Alec couldn’t help but cry out as his alpha slammed into him, jerking his hips back to meet each
beautiful thrust. The delicious scrape against his prostate had his head spinning in the best possible way. He couldn’t stop the moans that escaped him as his beautiful warlock pounded into him again and again, the most magnificent pleasure coursing through his veins. The sound of flesh meeting flesh was music to his ears. ‘Yes. This is what I needed.’ He thought. Again and again his alpha fucked into him, harder and harder with each glorious thrust. He knew he wouldn’t be able to take much more, the waves of blissful pleasure crashing down on him were pushing him towards that edge, the edge that would throw him into the abyss.

Magnus knew when his Shadowhunters chorus of yes’s slipped from his beautiful lips that he was getting close. He was almost there himself. He didn’t hear his own moans as he fucked into his sweet omega. The sound of skin meeting skin was beautiful music to his ears. That was when his control snapped, when he lost all thought as he jerked his young warrior’s hips back to meet his thrusts, his hands gripping his Shadowhunters hips hard enough to bruise. He didn’t hear his lover’s words change to soft moans as he pounded into him. He didn’t hear his cry of pleasure as he came, covering the sheets beneath him with ropes of warm, thick cum.

Alec could only feel the magnificent pleasure of his alpha’s cock scraping against his prostate as he heard his name fall from his warlock’s perfect lips. He knew then that his alpha’s control had snapped, and it thrilled him. He couldn’t stop the soft moans that escaped him as he neared that final peak. With two more glorious thrusts his cock erupted, his mind going blank as he saw stars. The pleasure was so intense he almost slipped fully into the abyss, into unconsciousness. All that held him back was his warlock’s voice, saying his name again and again as he neared his own peak. Aftershocks racked his body as his alpha’s cock erupted into him on one last hard thrust, filling him with torrents of his thick cum. He felt his lover’s body trembling as aftershocks rocked through him. Panting, he slowly began his descent down from the high as the man he loved with all he had stopped thrusting into him. Knowing that he could, he dropped his head down against the soft mattress.

Magnus felt the walls of his angel’s tight channel clamp down on him as he came, squeezing his cock in the most delicious way. He felt his sweet omega’s body trembling as aftershock rocked through him as he slammed into him one last time before his cock exploded in his beautiful angel, filling him with rope after rope of cum. The intensity of his release made him see stars. Only the man he loved with all he had could push him to that place, and it thrilled him. As his mind began to clear as he came down from that delicious high he felt his hands softly caressing his young warrior’s hips. As his mind fully focused he heard his sweet omega panting for breath before he saw his head resting against the soft mattress.

“Sweetheart?” He asked, fighting to catch his own breath.

“Mm-hmm?” Alec mumbled.

“Are you alright?”
“Mm-hmm.”

Magnus knew then that he had thoroughly worn his sweet omega out. Easing himself out of his love he had the presence of mind to look his angel over. It only took a second for him to realize that his Shadowhunter was about to give out. Snapping his fingers he changed the linens before he guided his precious Alexander onto his side where his head fell against his soft pillows. Exhausted himself he fell beside him. Pulling his Alexander close he wrapped him in his arms, pressing a soft kiss to the back of his sweaty neck.

“You need to rest now, love.” He said softly, pulling his angel closer into his arms.

“Can’t.” Alec mumbled. “Got…stuff. Need….stele.”

“No, sweetheart. Stuff can wait, rest can’t.” He said.

He realized then that the only rune he had activated was his Shadowhunters intimacy rune. He had had no runes to help him through the intensity of his magic or their lovemaking. He truly was exhausted and needed sleep before he could do anything else.

“It will be okay, angel. Just sleep for a little bit.” He said, pulling the soft sheet up over them. He would hold his young warrior in his arms, knowing it wouldn’t take long for his love to fall asleep.

“But…stuff….” Alec mumbled, trying to force his mind to focus.

“No stuff, love. Sleep.” He said softly, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s shoulder. “I’ll be right here when you wake up.”

He would stay with his precious Shadowhunter, he would hold him in his arms, as he should have that last day at the cottage. When his sweet omega woke up, he wouldn’t wake up alone.

“K…” Alec mumbled as he snuggled into his pillows, seconds before he drifted into sleep.
Within just a few seconds Magnus could hear his soft little snores. He snapped his fingers, sending a message to Clary telling her that they would be running late. Alexander was still resting. Listening to his angel’s soft little snores, his favorite sound in the world, he fell into his own sleep.

Alec pulled the whistling cast iron kettle off the stove, pouring steaming water into a mug.

Magnus watched his Shadowhunter pour water for his tea. He couldn’t help but smile. ‘He’s so beautiful.’ He thought. He waited until Alec had set the kettle back down, he didn’t want to risk him dropping it. Creeping quietly across the kitchen he wrapped his arms around Alec’s waist, pressing a soft kiss to the back of his neck.

“I could have saved you the trouble, love.” He said softly, pressing another soft kiss to Alec’s neck.

“I know. But instead you preferred to watch.” Alec said with a smirk.

“You knew I was there?” He asked, surprised.

“Shadowhunter, remember?”

“I’ll never forget that, angel. Did you sleep well?” He asked.

“I did. Thank you.” He said softly. He finally felt fully at peace. He hadn’t realized what he had been needing from his alpha. He hadn’t known he needed it until that moment came, the moment his warlock had softly rubbed his belly.

“Never thank me for loving you, Alexander. Or making love to you.” Magnus whispered, pressing a last soft kiss to Alec’s neck before releasing him. “But something’s troubling you. What’s troubling you, love? Is it going back to Haven?”
“Yes, and no.”

“Is has to be one or the other, sweetheart.” Magnus said, pulling Alec towards the old wooden table.

“I don’t want to go back, Magnus. But I know I have to.” Alec said, taking the seat his alpha pulled out for him. “I’ve seen enough in my dreams to know that the war is going to end up there. Or near there. And some of the faces, the people, I recognize from that dream.” He said softly.

“The battle where you’re pregnant?”

Alec nodded, yes.

“Why there, alpha? Of all places, why there?”

“Why not there, love? It’s going to happen somewhere. Isn’t it better to know the where? We already know the who. All that’s left I guess is the when and the why.”

“What’s that mundane phrase? ‘Million dollar question’?”

“Something like that.” He said, taking Alec’s hand.

“I just don’t get the ‘why’. It can’t be because of me. Surely the Clave wouldn’t wage a war over one person. Despite what Imogen and my mother believe about omega’s, surely they can’t justify a war over one omega. It just doesn’t make sense.”

“You’ve only been given a handful of pieces to a puzzle, bits and pieces of things that may or may not happen, angel. We may not know until we get that piece.”

“Or pieces. It could be one thing or one of a dozen different things. These dreams are confusing, Magnus. In one I’m pregnant, in battle, and somethings wrong. In another I’m pregnant and were all held captive. Which is it?” He asked softly.
“Hopefully neither, love. That’s what we’re trying to prevent. Either of those things. If we succeed, you won’t be fighting a battle while pregnant, or being held captive. You’ll be resting and comfortable and happy for nine months with everybody fussing about around you.”

“Oh yeah, that sounds real fun.” He said sarcastically.

“Hey, what do you think I’m going to be doing? I’m going to pamper you. You will have every comfort. Anything and everything you want.” Magnus said, squeezing Alec’s hand.

“Does that include no ‘fussing about’?”

“I don’t think I can stop your sister or Biscuit on that one, angel.” He said with a smile. “Even I can only do so much. But let’s not think about this now, okay? We don’t know the when or why, so let’s just focus on the now.” He said, cupping Alec’s cheek.

Alec couldn’t help but lean into his alpha’s touch, a pleasant tingle running down his spine. ‘Will it be this way forever?’ He thought.

“And the now means going back to Haven.” He sighed, having enjoyed the moment while it lasted, but knowing that it couldn’t last forever. At least not yet.

“I think it does. But who knows? We may get there and find out everything is fine and end up coming back here. But tell me this, sweetheart, what does your gut tell you? What do you believe, deep down, is going to happen?”

“War.” Alec said softly. “There’s going to be a war. I don’t know why, but it’s going to happen.”

“Then that’s what we prepare for, love. There is another mundane phrase, ‘plan for the worst and hope for the best’.

“Then I guess that’s all we can do. When do we leave for Haven?” He asked, sipping his tea. He grimaced. It had gone cold.

Magnus snapped his fingers, warming it.
“Thanks.”

“No problem, sweetheart. When I checked on the girls they were packing. Isabelle says her weapons are ready to move. The crates your father sent have all been sorted and are ready to go. That just leaves the personal effects. Are you packed?”

“No. I don’t know what to take.” He said, sheepish.

“That’s why I packed for you, big brother. Your set and ready to go.” Izzy said as she pulled out a chair beside them.

“I am?”

“Yes. Clothes, gear, personal weapons. Your favorite bows with plenty of arrows.” She said, giving Magnus a pout.

Magnus couldn’t help but smile. Snapping his fingers a Starbucks coffee appeared on the table in front of her. Her face lit up with a huge smile as she snatched it up.

“Thank you, Magnus.”

“Your welcome, Isabelle. That’s actually a thank you for getting Alexander packed. Now I don’t have to do it.”

“Clary’s coming. You better get one of those for her too.” Alec said, pushing back from the table.

“How do you know?” Magnus asked.

“Shadowhunter. Remember?” He asked as Clary walked in.

“Awe. I want one.” She pouted, eyeing Izzy’s coffee.
Magnus could only shake his head at his Shadowhunters. Snapping his fingers another Starbucks coffee appeared on the table.

“Thank you, Magnus.” She said, pressing a soft kiss to his cheek.

“Anytime, Biscuit.”

But he was in awe of his Shadowhunter. ‘With senses like that he’s going to know what kind of mischief our children will get into before they get into it.’ He thought with a smile

Robert, Cat, Izabella, and Gideon stood in the clearing behind the village. Robert chewed his bottom lip anxiously.

“Relax, Robert. They’ll be here.” Izabella said, softly rubbing Robert’s back.

“Their late, momma.” Robert said, his nerves clear in his voice.

“Magnus said they were going to be a little late. They got a late start.” Cat said.

“It’s not like him, Cat. Alexander is never late. Ever.”

A swirling portal began to open before them, a swirling circle of gold.

“See. Here they are now.” She said with a smile as the portal fully opened.

Magnus stepped through, followed by Alec, Izzy, Jace, Clary, and Simon, all holding hands to form a chain. The portal closed behind Simon.

“Everyone’s fine, dad. Alec the sleepyhead got a late start.” Izzy said, pressing a soft kiss to his cheek.

“Alexander? Did you have…”

“No, dad. I just slept in.” Alec said, cutting Robert off as Robert pulled him in for a hug. “Magnus keeps insisting that I need to adjust to life outside of what I had at the Institute.” He said as he returned the embrace.

“So you’re okay?”

“I’m fine. Honestly.” He said, releasing his father.

“So.” Izabella said, rocking on her heels, not knowing what else to say.

“So.” Alec said, unsure what to say himself. The last time he had seen his uncle and grandmother neither of them had believed him.

“Your father has brought us up to speed. I guess an apology is in order. Especially to you and Clary.”

They had discussed this before they had left The Manor. They had thought this might come up. They had understood why Izabella and Gideon were skeptical. What they had told them about what they could do was outside the norm. As much as it had pained Alec at the time, they all had understood it. Alec and Clary both had agreed that no apology was necessary as long as there were no more doubts.

“So you believe us?” Alec asked.

“Yes, Alec. I do.” She said, cupping his cheek.
“And Gideon?”

“Still has his doubts.” Gideon said, perfectly willing to speak for himself. “You may have my mother and brother convinced that you can do the impossible, but until I see it for myself…well, I’m not quite there yet.”

“Then you owe us nothing, grandma.” Alec said, nonplussed. “But when he gets with the program, he does.” He said, kissing her cheek.

“Don’t grind your teeth, dad. It’s not good for them. Plus, you don’t want to irritate that bad jaw.” Izzy said. She could see the anger sparkling in her father’s eyes. Cupping his other cheek she pressed another soft kiss to his bad jaw. Between her and Clary, they had broken it twice. “As if watching him jump sixty feet out of a tree and land perfectly on his feet isn’t impossible.”

“Or jumping thirty feet up.” Jace said with a smirk.

“Are we ready to head back to the village?” Cat asked cheerfully. She didn’t want to see another brawl between the Lightwood brothers. Or have to heal Gideon again. ‘Next time I may just let him suffer.’ She thought. ‘But watching Isabelle kick his ass might be fun.’

"Yes, Catarina. We are.” Magnus said.

“Didn’t you bring anything with you?” Izabella asked.

“Oh we did.” Jace said. “Magnus was kind enough to move it over. It was a bit much to carry. The girls brought most of their clothes. And Iz had to have her weapons.”

“I guess we should head back then.” She said as they all turned back towards the village.

“Are you ready for this, sweetheart?” Magnus asked Alec softly as they walked through the clearing. “There are still going to be people who have their doubts.”
“Do I really have a choice?” Alec asked.

“I guess not, love.” He said, taking Alec’s hand.

Alec smiled. He had never gotten to hold his alpha’s hand on a walk before. Circling the last cottage in front of the clearing they all came to a stop.

Alec’s eyes widened at the sight before him. Hundreds of nephilims stood before him, men, women, and children of all ages, with countless downworlders scattered within. He saw seelie’s, those he knew to be were wolves, and warlocks. His vision was good enough that he saw vampires several hundred yards away in the shade of the trees.

“Magnus, what is this?” He breathed.

“Well, this is where I brought them. They’ve been hidden here, behind my wards ever since. What started out as a few has multiplied over the years. The population grew.” Magnus said softly.

“And the downworlders are from the families that took them in?” Alec asked.

“Some. And some are nephilim mates. You’re not alone, Alexander. There are more than a hundred omegas here, male and female.”

“You knew they’d be here, didn’t you?” He asked.

“Yes, sweetheart. I did. Izabella has been busy spreading the word.”
“Why…why didn’t you tell us? When you brought us here before?” Alec asked softly.

“I wasn’t sure you were ready to know then, angel. I didn’t know why you had brought us here. Izabella asked that everyone keep their distance until she knew more. Now she knows more.”

“But you knew these people were here the whole time?”

“Yes, angel. I did.” Magnus said softly, squeezing Alec’s hand. “I’ve watched this place grow for a hundred years.”

“And dad?” He asked, turning to look at his father.

“Yes, son. Gideon and I grew up here. I will admit that there are a few more people now than there were back then. Haven has gotten a bit…bigger in the last eighteen years.” Robert said.

Alec understood why this had been kept from them. They were the unknown in Haven. Outsiders. Shadowhunters. Shadowhunters were feared in Haven, that much he knew. Shadowhunters were the reason the people of Haven were here.

“What do they want?” He asked.

“Izabella asked them to come.” Magnus said, squeezing Alec’s hand.

“But why?”

“Maybe you should go ask them.” Izabella said, pointing to a stage with a podium a few feet away.

Alec nodded, yes. He walked to the stage and up the steps. He took in the hundreds of people filling the village. The crowd was larger than the village of Haven could hold. The crowd spread out beyond it, into the fields.

“Where’s my team?” He asked.
“Right here, big brother.” Izzy said from his side.

He turned, taking her in. Looking from side to side, he saw his family lined up on either side of him, his alpha and sister flanking him on each side.

“A war is coming, big brother. I think this may just be your army.” She said softly.

“Is it true that a war is coming? That the Great Purge isn’t over?” Samuel asked, one of Izabella’s nephilim warriors.

“Yes.” Alec said.

“You’re going to have to speak louder than that, bro.” Jace said with a chuckle.

“You’ll all have to forgive me.” Alec said, using his command voice. This was the voice he used to lead Shadowhunters in the field and in battle. “This is a bit of a shock. I wasn’t expecting this. Yes, a war is coming.” He said, voice ringing out across the crowd, loud and clear.

“Is it true that you’re the best Shadowhunter in the Shadow World? That what the downworlders who fought in The Dark War say is true?” Asked a stranger, a tall nephilim man.

“I can’t say that I know what they’ve told you, but I have been told that I am the best. As are my team.”

“Is it your team beside you? The team that fought in the war?” Asked a pregnant Seelie woman.

“It is.”

“My son is modest.” Robert said, stepping up beside Alec. “He is the best Shadowhunter the Shadow World has ever seen. And the people beside him are his team. He trained them himself, and they are the best. They can do things that no other Shadowhunters can do. And he leads like no other.” He said, loud and proud.
“But he’s an omega.” Nathan said, skeptical, despite what he himself has seen.

“And that means what exactly?” Alec asked. “That I can’t be a warrior? A Shadowhunter?”

“Perhaps a little demonstration is in order?” Simon asked, a mischievous glint in his eye.

“Alexander?” Magnus asked softly.

“I need my bow, Magnus. Can you get it?” Alec asked.

“Of course, love.”

With a finger snap it was in his hands.

“Thank you, alpha.” Alec said, smiling. Taking his bow he pulled an arrow from its quiver. Turning back to the crowd he quickly scanned his surroundings. “Would the two vampires standing in the trees, the lovely lady in the red dress and the gentleman in the blue kindly step away from the spruce tree?” He asked, loud enough to be heard by everyone, including the vampires standing hundreds of yards away beneath the shade of the trees.

All eyes turned to the tree line. They watched as the two vampires did as Alec asked. Notching his bow, he took a deep breath in, holding it as he let the arrow fly. It flew over hundreds of heads, across hundreds of yards, with enough speed and force to shatter the arrow as it hit dead center in the heart of the tree.

“Ladies and Gentlemen of Haven.” Izabella called, her voice loud and clear, she was the leader here. “Please welcome my grandson, Alexander Lightwood, The Archer, and the best Shadowhunter team to ever live.”

The crowd was stunned, speechless. Except for one.

“Can you all do that?” Madzie asked, excitement dancing in her crystal blue eyes.
“No, Madzie. But we all have special skills. Would you like to meet everyone?” Alec asked, loud enough for all to hear, yet still gentle for the little girl.

“Yes, please!” She giggled. Alec couldn’t help but smile.

“And you command this ‘team’? Don’t get me wrong, my wife is an omega. How can an omega command?” A dark haired werewolf asked, a strong alpha.


The man his father called Jonathan looked unsure. He didn’t want to offend any omega, especially Ms. Izabella or her family.

“It’s alright, Jonathan. I assure you.” Izabella said. It was obvious to all that she was accustomed to addressing large crowds.

“Alright. Please accept my apologies in advance, Mr. Lightwood.”

“Only if you accept mine, Jonathan.” Alec said gently.

Jonathan cleared his throat, pulling together all of the alpha he could muster.

“On your knees!” He commanded, full alpha. His command was strong enough that every non-alpha man, woman, and child around him fell to their knees before him. Alec felt the force of the command wash over him. He saw Clary and Simon yield to the command. Being beta’s, it was in their nature to yield to an alpha.

“Very nicely done, Jonathan.” Alec said calmly, nonplussed. The crowd could only stare in awe at Alec, at how he didn’t yield to an alpha’s command as they regained their feet. “Now I kindly ask that you all accept my apology.”

The crowd looked confused, unsure what he meant.
“On your knees!” He commanded. This was Alec the leader, the commander. Every man, woman, and child, of all species, including his father and alpha, including his team, fell to their knees as the command washed over them. And that is where they stayed, trembling. “Rise!”

Dumbstruck and in awe the inhabitants of Haven all climbed slowly to their feet.

“By the Angel, Alec. Did you really need to use that much force?” Jace complained as he rose to his feet.

“Sorry, Jace. I think a point had to be made.” Alec said, sheepish.

“How did you do that?” Jonathan asked. “I mean no disrespect, but you’re an omega. How can you command like that?”

“Only the Angel can answer that question, Jonathan.” Robert answered. “But now you’ve seen for yourselves. My son is not only the best Shadowhunter in the Shadow World, he’s also its strongest leader, and commander. At sixteen he was leading troops in The Dark War and training other Shadowhunters in various forms of combat at our Institute in New York. He was leading patrols and missions at fourteen with the team you see at his side. And he’s never once yielded to a command. No one’s.”

Magnus bit his bottom lip, hard, trying to hide his smile. He knew the only time his Shadowhunter yielded to commands, and in that moment, wondered why.

“So you’re going to protect us from the Clave, Alec?” Madzie asked in Gideon’s arms.

Robert grinned at the dumbstruck look on his brother’s face.

“I’m going to do everything I can, Madzie. But I think my team and I may need a little help. We’re only seven against the Clave, and every other Shadowhunter they command. That’s a lot of Shadowhunters. Would you like to meet the rest of my team now?”

“Yes, please!” She said, bouncing on her father’s hip in excitement.
“How about you come on up here and I’ll introduce you?” He asked, giving her a sweet smile.

He didn’t know it, but he was already falling in love with his cousin. His alpha didn’t miss it and didn’t bother to hide his smile.

Scrambling from her father’s arms she ran as fast as her little legs would carry her, bounding up the steps of the stage. She leapt into Alec’s arms where he caught her smoothly.

“To my left, I believe you all know my alpha, The Warlock Magnus Bane, The Potions Master.” Alec said, loud and clear. He had come to know that his alpha wasn’t just The High Warlock of Brooklyn, he was the most powerful warlock in the world. “To his left you will find my parabati, Clary Morgenstern, The Rune Master, her runes have power like no others, and to her left, my brother, Jace Herondale, The Sword Master. You will find no one better with a blade. Cat? Where’s Cat?” He asked.

“Right here, Alec.” Cat asked, confused.

“Go take your place beside Jace.”

“My place?” She asked.

“Yes, your place. Go on. I have to finish the introductions.”

Unsure, Cat climbed the steps of the stage and crossed it to stand beside Jace, a small smile tugging Jace’s lips.

“And on the end,” Alec said, again, loud and clear. “Is another you all know. The Warlock Ms. Catarina Loss, The Healing Master.”

Cat was stunned, speechless. She didn’t know what was happening, but a sense of love, warmth, and loyalty filled her, not for her oldest and dearest friend, but for his mate and family. She didn’t realize that she had just been invited in.
Magnus knew how she felt and couldn’t hide his smile. He had felt the same way not too long ago when he had been invited into the family. ‘I’ll explain it to her later’ he thought.

“Now.” Alec continued. “On my right is my sister, Isabelle Lightwood, The Weapons Master. She’s the best creator of blades you will ever meet, her custom blades are unlike any other you will ever see, and to her right, Simon Lewis, The Warrior, the fiercest man you will ever encounter in any form of combat. This is my team. This is my family. And together, we will take on the Clave. We will do all we can to end this war, a war that has raged for more than a century.”

In that moment Robert Lightwood couldn’t have been prouder. He knew his son was the best, and now he knew why he had been given the gifts that he had, what his true purpose in this world was. He wasn’t just a hero to the downworld. He wasn’t just the best Shadowhunter the Shadow World had ever seen. He was going to be the hero to hundreds of his own kind, nephilims who had spent a century hiding in the shadows from the Clave, to the downworlders who didn’t already see him as the rest of the downworld did, downworlders who had lived in seclusion with their hidden nephilim mates, and to more than a hundred omegas, omegas just like himself. And countless omegas to come.

“How do you know this war is coming, Mr. Lightwood?” Samuel asked.

“Because I’ve seen it. And please, call me Alec.”

“You’ve seen it?” Nathan asked.

“My grandson has The Sight of The Angel.” Izabella said, pride shining in her bright blue eyes. She was awed by what she had just seen from her grandson.

“If there’s going to be a war, I want to fight. My wife is an omega. It’s my job to protect her.” Jonathan said.

Alec nodded, yes.

“Anyone who wants to fight with us is welcome. Just know, it’s dangerous. War is dangerous. Any man, regardless of race or species is welcome to join us. To train with us. Be trained by us. But no child will take part. An no one with child.” He said.
“Why just the men? Why not women too?” A skinny Seelie woman asked.

“I won’t deny any woman who wants to fight the chance. But it will be by choice, not an order, or a command. I won’t lead like the Clave. I will not order women into combat.”

“So you’ll be our leader?” Nathan asked.

“I guess so. If it’s what you want. If it’s what you all want.”

“I’ve seen them fight myself!” Nathan called out to the crowd. “They have moves and weapons like I’ve never seen. They had five demon’s dead in less than a minute.”

“And he killed a moloch demon by himself!” An unknown nephilim warrior called out. “Ms. Izabella and the Shadowhunter Elders confirmed it!”

Murmurs broke out amongst the crowd. This was the moment of truth. The moment when he would know, when Alec would know, if they had their army.

“I’ll fight.” Samuel called. “Who will join us? Who will follow Alec and his team?”

A chorus of countless “I will’s” broke out amongst the crowd, and from the vampires beneath the trees.

Alec looked at his team, his family, down one side and down the other. Their smiles and nods told him all he needed to know. This was how they were going to win this war. This was how they were going to beat the Clave. It wasn’t just them anymore. Now, now they had their army.

“If that is your wish, we will honor it.” He said to the crowd. “Anyone who wants to train with us, meet back here at 08:00 hours.”

Magnus snapped his fingers, eight tables appearing in front of the stage, each with a chair.

“Those who wish to fight, please form a line at one of the tables to list your names and species.”
Alec is going to need to know you all, and what you can do.” He called out to the crowd, loud enough to be heard by many, but not loud enough to be heard by all.

“Alpha?” Alec asked.

“Yes, love. If you wouldn’t mind.” Magnus said with a smile.

“If I can have your attention for another moment, please.” Alec called out to the crowd.

Those who hadn’t heard Magnus stopped chattering and turned back to him.

“In order for my team and I to train you in combat, we need you to kindly join one of the lines at the tables below us. We need to know your name and species to best hone and utilize your skills. For those of you beneath the trees, Gideon will be there momentarily to get the names of those who wish to fight.” He said.

Robert couldn’t help but chuckle as he took a seat at one of the tables in front of the stage. He was never going to let his brother live this down.

“Alpha, after you?” Alec asked, indicating the two vacant tables in front of the stage.

“Why thank you, angel.” Magnus said, smiling at his Shadowhunter as they descended the stairs of the small stage. “Let’s go get you your army.” He said, squeezing Alec’s hand.

Alec’s sat at the small table in their cottage, flipping through pages of notes.

“How’s it going, sweetheart?” Magnus asked, sitting a cup of tea at Alec’s side.

“This isn’t going to be easy, alpha.” Alec sighed, laying down his notes. “I’ve got over three hundred nephilim and downworlders ready to fight, which is great. Well, as great as it can be
considering its war.

But they are mostly untrained nephilims, none of them runed. Now I’ve got to figure out how to train them all, identify their strengths with weaponry, and create a training schedule so we can break them all into smaller groups to teach them hand to hand and at least basic skills with seraph blades and daggers.

We train for nine years to hone the skills they need and I really don’t think we have nine years. Then there’s the downworlders. Yes, all of them have certain skills, but their going to need training too. I’m not sure what to do about weapons for them.

Izzy is going to need a forge to create the weapons, both angelic and I guess we’ll say demonic for lack of better word, while still training. And were going to need a proper training area. I just don’t know where to start.” He said, dropping his head into his hands.

“Hey, it’ll be okay, love. We’ll get it figured out. You’ve trained others before. And it’s not like you’ll be doing it alone. As far as the training area and a forge for Isabelle, I have more than a dozen warlock’s here and more coming in every day. We can get those built in no time. And as many non-angelic weapons as you need.

Isabelle is the best with small weapons and can do basic training, right?”

“Yes.” Alec mumbled.

“And Jace is the best with blades, right?”

“Yes.”

“And Clary with short swords and daggers?”

“Yes.”

“And not to mention runes. I don’t think it will be too difficult for eight trained Shadowhunters to rune the nephilims here will it? Albeit a little time consuming.”
“Eight?” He asked, lifting his head.

“Yes, eight. Our family, your father, Izabella, and Gideon. After today, from what I’ve heard, your uncle is on board. And they just need basic runes, right? And an angelic rune to anchor them?”

“Right.”

“And Simon is the best at hand to hand. I think he can help some of the new recruits hone those skills. And you’re the best at archery. The very best. You just need to find out what each person has a knack for and expand on it while still teaching them the basics.

And it’s not like it’s just up to you guys. There’s is still your father and uncle. As far as the warlocks, leave them to me and Catarina. They won’t be fighting with weapons, angel. They’ll be fighting with magic. It’s a lot, I know. But let me ask you this, how many Shadowhunters have you personally trained?”

“Hundreds. But they were already trained in most things, Magnus. I just helped hone their skills. And their really good. I have to teach the people here to be better.” He said softly.

“And you will. This doesn’t just fall on you, sweetheart. Yes, you are the leader here now, but leaders have to delegate. I have faith in you. You will have an army of skilled warriors in no time. The Shadowhunters for the Clave? Yes, they may have more years of training and conditioning, but they follow blindly.

The people here? They have a reason to fight. A powerful one. And that’s what’s going to push them to learn more, to fight harder, and give it their all. That’s what’s going to win this war.

You are the best Shadowhunter in the Shadow World. You have the best team. If anybody can pull this off, its you guys. Okay?”

“Okay.” Alec said softly, squeezing Magnus’ hand.

Chairman Meow jumped up on the table, scattering Alec’s papers.
“Chairman!” Alec cried, scooping the white furball of a cat into his arms. “Where have you been? Huh? I thought we’d lost you.” He said, snuggling the small cat. “Magnus? Where? How?” He asked, Chairman Meow purring loudly in his arms.

“I portaled him to a friend before we left the loft. He portaled in today and brought Chairman with him. I thought you two should reunite. I thought you might be missing him, and he was missing you. For some odd reason he seems to like you more than he does me.” Magnus said, reaching out to pet his cat. Chairman hissed at him.

“Chairman! That’s not nice.” Alec half scolded, half crooned.

“Well, it’s been a long day, angel. How about you and Chairman come to bed? Or maybe just you.” He said, softly rubbing Alec’s back, pushing a soft wave of magic out through his hand.

Alec sighed as the tension in his back drained away, his muscles relaxing.

“There. That’s better. Come, sweetheart. Come to bed.” He said, holding out his hand for Alec to take.

Sitting Chairman Meow carefully back on the table he took Magnus’ hand, climbing from his chair.

“Are you tired, angel?” He asked, lifting Alec’s hand to his lips for a soft kiss. Turning it, he pressed soft kisses up his wrist.

“Not really.” Alec breathed as desire rushed through him. His alpha’s soft kisses had an unexpected need pulsing through his veins.

“I was hoping you’d say that.” Magnus said, pulling Alec the short distance to their bed.

Wrapping his arm around Alec’s waist he pulled him close, their bodies flush together. Before Alec could react Magnus pressed a soft kiss to the side of his neck.

“Do you have any idea how delectable these pants make your ass look, Alexander?”
“No.” Alec sighed, tilting his head to give his warlock better access. “I thought you didn’t like my cargo pants.”

“I think I’ve changed my mind. I’m going to have to keep a close eye on you. If not, somebody else might just try and snatch you up.” He said, wrapping his arm tighter around Alec’s waist. “You forget, I know just how sexy you look when you train, Alexander. I know what it’s like to want to just take you then and there. To touch you, to feel your firm muscles under my hands as I pull your clothes away piece by piece and fill you.”

Alec couldn’t stop the crimson blush that flooded his cheeks.

“Oh how I love your blushes.” Magnus whispered, pressing soft kisses to Alec’s chin and jaw as he unbuckled his belt. “I’m going to make love to you, Alexander. Did you know that?” He asked softly, unbuttoning and unzipping Alec’s pants.

“I was hoping you would.” Alec breathed. His warlock undressing him was doing things to him. He had never been undressed before. His straining cock was aching to be touched.

Magnus didn’t miss it when his young warrior’s breathing changed as he slid his pants off his hips and over his ass, or the erection tenting his soft boxers.

“I’m betting that you’d like me to touch that, wouldn’t you?” He asked softly.

“Yes, please.” Alec said, barely able to form the words. His head was spinning in the best possible way.

Taking a quick look at his Shadowhunter, Magnus saw the rapid rise and fall of his sweet omega’s chest and the lust blown pupils in the beautiful blue eyes he loved so much. He knew that he needed to get his young warrior off his feet before he fell. His Alexander may be able to do triple backflips on a three-inch wooden beam thirty feet in the air, but when it came to this, it didn’t take much to throw him off balance, something that he loved about his angel. Despite everything they had already done, his Shadowhunter was still in so many ways innocent, something he hoped would never change.

“Let’s lie down now, sweetheart.” He said softly, guiding Alec back towards the bed.
Alec didn’t hesitate to follow his alpha’s direction. He sat when the back of his knees hit the side of the soft mattress. He went gladly when his warlock guided him back, snapping his fingers. Before he could look to see what his warlock had done his head settled on a soft pillow.

“There. I want you comfortable when I do this.” Magnus murmured softly, sliding his hands under Alec’s tight black shirt, up over his flat belly and the firm muscles of his abs. He couldn’t stop his own groan of pleasure as he pushed it up, revealing perfect porcelain pale skin over taunt plains and ridges of muscle. “You have a magnificent body, Alexander. One I never get tired of exploring.” He said, pressing soft kisses to Alec’s belly before tracing the rune there with his tongue.

Alec wasn’t sure what his alpha was doing, and he wasn’t sure that he cared. The pleasure coursing through him from his warlock’s soft touches and kisses was heavenly. He couldn’t stop it when his breath hitched in his lungs when his alpha’s tongue traced over his clarity rune.

“Breathe, sweetheart.” Magnus crooned softly, watching as his love drew in a breath. He knew then that he would have to keep a close eye on his sweet omega, he was especially sensitive tonight.

Pressing one last soft kiss to his angel’s flat belly he gripped the waistband of his young warrior’s boxers, gently tugging them down.

Alec lifted his hips automatically as his boxers slid down over his hips so his warlock could pull them down, freeing his aching cock.

“Beautiful.” Magnus breathed, pushing Alec’s boxers and pants to his knees.

Kneeling on the floor beside the bed the quickly unlaced Alec’s boots, pulling them off and sliding his pants and boxers the rest of the way off. He didn’t want anything in the way when he spread his sweet omega’s knees or before he lifted them and eased into him, a new position and angle that they hadn’t tried before, but one he hoped they would use many, many times throughout eternity.

Alec felt his alpha easing him out of his clothes and wanted to help, but he was frozen. His mind felt muddled. He was still floating from the pleasure of his warlock’s tongue on his belly.

Magnus couldn’t help but smile at his Shadowhunter. ‘It takes so little’ he thought, to bring his lover pleasure. Something else he hoped would never change. Snapping his fingers he shed Alec’s
of his shirt. He hated to do it, he was enjoying undressing his angel, but it was in his way. Pulling his stele from its holster at his hip he quickly activated Alec’s intimacy rune.

“There. Now it’s just us.” He said softly, gently rubbing Alec’s upper thighs. “I’m going to taste you now, Alexander.”

“Okay.” Alec said softly, unable to tear his eyes off his warlock. There was something about being fully exposed while his alpha was still fully dressed, something he didn’t understand, that had his blood humming in his veins. He had enjoyed being undressed, something that, a few months ago would have mortified him.

Pushing Alec’s knees apart Magnus ran his hands gently up and down Alec’s thighs, marveling at the soft skin over the firm, well honed muscles. Starting at his young warrior’s inner knee, at the rune there, he pressed soft kisses up the inside of his Shadowhunters inner leg, and up his thigh. He listened carefully at the soft moans escaping his sweet omega. ‘Yes, I will have to watch him closely’ he thought with a smile. When his love was like this, he had to make sure that his angel stayed safe.

Using his young warrior’s soft moans as a guide he stopped at the sweet spot in his Shadowhunters inner thigh. Replacing his lips with his thumb he pushed a soft wave of magic into that sweet spot, listening as his angel cried out.

Alec felt fresh anticipation humming beneath his skin when his alpha pushed his knees apart. The soft caresses against his inner thighs had snapped his mind out of its haze. His alpha’s words ‘I’m going to taste you now’ were ringing in his ears. The soft kisses his warlock was trailing up his inner thigh, so close to his aching cock, had him moaning out his need, his need to be touched, to be tasted, to be filled and fucked. He cried out as the most beautiful pleasure shot through him from his warlock’s magic.

Smiling, Magnus circled the sweet spot with his thumb, leaning forward to grip his young warrior’s furiously leaking cock. Using the generous amount of precum he gently ran his hand up and down his sweet omega’s length, twisting his wrist around the head before he came back down. On the third gentle pull up he pressed another soft wave of magic through his thumb into that sweet spot as he gripped his Shadowhunter hard. He listened to his angel cry out again, his moans and cries of pleasure music to his ears.

“That’s it. Give me my moans.” He crooned, easing up on the magic he was pushing into his young love.
The pressure his alpha was using to grip his dick was exquisite. His hand moving up and down his length had him moaning, something that he knew his warlock loved, something he no longer bothered to try and hold back. The jolt of bliss that shot through him had him crying out again as it coursed through his body, making his head spin in its intensity. His alpha’s soft words ‘give me my moans’ barely registered.

Settling himself comfortable between his Shadowhunters knees he gently stroked his cock a few more times before leaning forward to replace his hand with his tongue. He licked his sweet omega from base to tip and back again, savoring the taste of his angel’s cum. As always, his angel tasted divine.

His alpha’s tongue on his aching cock felt like heaven. He knew what he was doing. He knew that he was tasting him before he took him into that sinfully hot mouth. His breath hitched in his lungs at the very thought of that warm heat taking him in, sucking him, his warlock fucking him with his mouth.

“Breathe, angel.” Magnus said softly, halting his movements until Alec drew in an easy breath. “That’s it.” He crooned softly as he saw Alec’s chest rise and fall.

He knew that his young warrior hadn’t taken his eyes off of him, that he had watched his every move since he had undressed him, and he loved it. He pressed his tongue, hard, against the vein in the underside of his sweet omega’s dick, never taking his eyes off his loves. Watching him moan and cry out was beautiful. He didn’t hesitate to suck the head of his angel’s thick cock into his mouth, swirling his tongue around the head. Listening carefully to his Shadowhunter, he plunged down on him, taking him into his throat. He hummed out his own pleasure when he had taken in his young warrior’s full length.

Alec was captivated by his warlock. His beauty was beyond anything he had ever seen. The sight of him always seemed to make his heart stutter and his breath quicken. He couldn’t seem to tear his eyes off of him, and he loved it.

He couldn’t stop his moans or cries of pleasure when his warlock licked or sucked his dick. They undid him every time. The pressure and pleasure of his alpha’s tongue pressing firmly against that sweet spot had him crying out. He hadn’t caught his breath before his beautiful warlock sucked the head of his cock into his mouth, into that warm heat he had been waiting for. The feel of his tongue swirling around him had him moaning, the pleasure radiating down his cock, making his thighs tremble. He couldn’t help but gasp as his wonderful alpha took him down his throat, that warm heat getting more intense when it fully sheathed him. His warlock slowly bobbing up and down on his cock had waves of the most beautiful pleasure washing over him, and an overwhelming desire for the man he loved coursing through his veins.
Magnus loved the taste of his sweet omega, and the feel of his thick cock in his mouth as he sucked him, as he fucked him with his mouth. With each plunge down he savored the feel of his young warrior as he took in his length and reveled in the moans he heard as he hollowed his cheeks when he came back up. He stilled his angel’s trembling thighs with his hands as he bobbed slowly up and down. He had never given it to his Shadowhunter this slowly before, but he didn’t want him to cum, not yet.

After one more slow plunge down and rise back up, hollowing his cheeks as much as he could for greater suction, he swirled his tongue around the head of the delicious cock in his mouth before letting it pop free, listening as his sweet omega panted for breath. Watching his young warrior, the beauty of him panting with a light sheen of sweat covering him, had an overwhelming desire for the man he loved coursing through his veins, and a desperate need to give him more.

His precious angel had no idea how much pleasure he got just from giving him pleasure, or from watching him fall apart as he did. He knew his Shadowhunter was ready for more when he saw the lust blown pupils in his beautiful blue eyes.

Snapping his fingers he dimmed the lights, lighting dozens of candles in their place. He didn’t want the bright light to hurt his love’s eyes but loved the look of his perfect body, the body of a god, in the flickering candlelight. His runes, marks made by angels, stood out beautifully in the dim light, a perfect contrast to his porcelain pale skin. He debated for a moment as to rather or not he should activate his lover’s runes before deciding against it. He wanted his young warrior to sleep soundly before the day to come, a day that he knew was going to be stressful and probably draining.

“You look so beautiful, sweetheart. I love the way you look when I pleasure you. It takes my breath away.” He murmured softly.

Alec had lost the ability to form words. The pleasure his alpha had been giving him and stolen his ability to form a cohesive thought. All he knew was that he wanted his warlock. That he needed him, desperately.

“Tell me you want it.”

Magnus smiled watching his Shadowhunter struggle to find words. He knew that he was always overwhelmed by the pleasure when that happened.

“I want it.” Alec finally managed.
“Good.” He said, climbing to his feet. Unbuttoning his pants he lowered them, freeing his own aching cock. He was going to fuck his angel fully clothed, another first for his young warrior.

Snapping his fingers Magnus thoroughly lubed them both. He knew that his sweet omega wouldn’t let him prepare him in any way, he loved the feel of the stretch too much. ‘Yes, he’ll take his next heat beautifully’ he thought, not for the first time. Gripping his young warrior’s bent knees he pulled his beautiful ass to the edge of the bed, lining them up perfectly.

Alec was thrown off balance when his alpha pulled him down, his ass almost off the side of the bed. Magnus could see the question in his lover’s eyes.

“I’m going to fuck you standing up, Alexander. And one day, I’m going to bend you over that table in there and take you that way. I’m going to fuck you every way possible on every surface I can think of. I have an eternity to think of ways to take this beautiful ass. Do you understand?”

“Yes.” Alec breathed, excitement humming across his skin. His imagination was running rampant with possibilities, but the thought of his alpha bending him over something and pounding into him from behind almost had him cuming at the thought.

Magnus gripped his aching cock. He was going to draw this out. He knew how much his Shadowhunter loved to be filled, slowly. But he wanted to make it better. He wanted his young warrior to get lost in it. He wanted to take him to that place where his young love went when he let go.

Gently stroking his length he let his Shadowhunter watch as he pleasured himself, as he coated his hand with the slick lube as he let the pleasure wash over him. He jerked himself slowly, gently, reveling in the intensity of the pleasure that coursed through him. It was always so much better when he knew his angel was watching. His sweet omega brought him pleasure unlike anything he had ever known from his own ministrations, just by watching.

In all his 800 years he had never experienced pleasure like what his young warrior gave him. Even the simplest things were so much more than what they had ever been before him. Everything they did was so just so much more.

Rubbing his fingers together he thoroughly lubed his index finger. He knew he didn’t need to give his lover much warning, but he would give him a little. He gently circled his angel’s rim, watching as it clenched.
Alec loved watching his alpha touch himself. He had jerked himself off at the Institute so many times, thinking that all he would ever have in his life was his imagination as he jerked himself to release, believing that he would never find or have a mate. It paled in comparison to the breathtaking pleasure he had when his alpha asked him to touch himself, to pleasure himself, so he could watch. Now, seeing his warlock stroking is own cock, pleasuring himself as he watched, was mesmerizing. He understood then why his alpha like to watch him. Watching his alpha as he gently jerked his own length was beautiful.

Watching his warlock rub his fingers together, coating his fingers with the slick lube had his blood running hotter. Feeling his finger gently circling his rim he felt it clench. Before it could fully relax he lost his breath as his alpha thrust his finger into him, through his rim and into his tight channel. The pleasure of the intrusion was beautiful as his muscles clamped down around it.

“Breathe, love.” Magnus crooned softly, waiting while his young warrior caught his breath. “That’s it.” He said softly as Alec drew in an easy breath. “How does that feel, love?” He asked.

“Wonderful.” Alec breathed. He was aching for his alpha’s cock, and he knew that he would get it, but he always enjoyed it when warlock fingered him. His warlock’s touch always sent a beautiful shiver down his shine.

“Touch yourself, Alexander.” Magnus said, knowing he was about to catch his young lover off guard. He gently curled his finger, softly stroking his Shadowhunter’s prostate.

He watched as his sweet omega gasped as gripped his dick, jerking hard at his length. His listened to angel’s beautiful moans as he jerked himself, his own cock aching as his young warrior’s muscles clamped down around his finger, wishing desperately that his was his cock. He ached to fill his Shadowhunter, and he would, soon.

“That’s it, sweetheart. Just like that.” He said softly, pushing a strong burst of magic into his lover’s already swollen prostate. He pulled back quickly as his angel came, warm, thick cum coating his firm, flat belly as he cried out.

Alec did as he was asked without question, his hand immediately going to his aching cock. He couldn’t stop himself from jerking himself harder than he normally would. The feel of his alpha stroking his prostate was beautiful. He couldn’t stop his soft moans as he pulled at his dick. He knew that his muscles were clamping down around his alpha’s finger and wished that it was his thick cock inside him, filling him, not his finger. The burst of magic against his prostate had him crying out and his cock erupting in his hand. The force of his orgasm had his body trembling and his breath stopping short.
“Breathe, angel. Take a breath.” Magnus said softly, watching for his Shadowhunter to draw in air as he gently rubbed his trembling thigh. “That’s it, sweetheart. Look at me, angel.”

Alec fought hard to take a breath; the intensity of his orgasm having stolen his ability to breathe. It took a moment for his straining lungs to draw in an air and his vision to clear. His warlock had caught him completely off guard with his magic. His alpha’s soft voice was helping his mind to focus, his soft caresses on his thighs helping to ground him.

“Look at me, love.” Magnus encouraged, thrilled that he had taken his young warrior so high with something so simple.

Alec’s eyes finally focused enough that he could meet his warlock’s gaze. Dazed crystal blue met warm chocolate brown.

“That was beautiful, sweetheart. You look utterly breathtaking.”

It took Alec a second to register the rapidly cooling cum on his belly and abs. Looking back at his precious alpha he saw the lust blown pupils in the eyes he loved so much. His warlock was just as worked up as he was, and it thrilled him.

“I’m going to make you cum again, Alexander. I’m going to fuck you, and your going to cum again.”

“My stele.” Alec said.

“No, love. Without your stele.”

Gently moving Alec’s hand from his cock he took it in his own, pressing a soft wave of magic into him. His lover hardened in an instant. He gripped his young warrior’s thighs, pulling him closer as he eased the head of his cock through his angel’s tight rim. His loves surprised gasp turned into a moan as his muscles clamped down around him. The squeeze was magnificent, the pleasure washing over him in beautiful waves as he pushed further and further into his love. He had never entered his sweet omega this fast before and was overjoyed that he was taking it so beautifully. His moans and gasps as he entered him told him that it wasn’t too much too fast, that he was enjoying it. His Shadowhunter was opening easily for him. He knew the second he hit his angel’s prostate, his cry of pleasure was magnificent. There he stopped, letting the pleasure of the tight
squeeze and overwhelming warmth of his angel’s silky smooth channel crash down on him in breathtaking waves. The tight muscles clamping down around him was making his vision blur, making it hard to focus, but he had to focus through the pleasure. He was going to fucking into his sweet omega, hard, but he didn’t want to hurt him. Pulling back he thrust gently in and out, just a little, sawing against his young warrior’s already stimulated prostate. He was losing himself in his young love’s cries of pleasure. They were the most beautiful music matched with the very best pleasure.

Alec gasped as his dick instantly hardened, the pleasure from his alpha’s magic making his belly clench. He hadn’t yet come down from it when his alpha’s thick cock pushed through his rim, making him moan. Before his muscles had relaxed his warlock pushed further into him, faster than he ever had before. The stretch and fullness as he entered him was bliss. All he could do was moan out the beautiful pleasure as it crashed down on him in breathtaking waves. It was magnificent. He didn’t think it could get any better until it did, until his alpha’s cock hit his prostate. He cried out again, and again and again as his warlock thrust gently in and out of him, just a little, intentionally sawing against his already throbbing prostate. The pleasure was making his vision blur, he couldn’t focus, and he really didn’t want to.

The beautiful pleasure was all consuming, the very best pleasure. All he registered then was his alpha’s cock filling him, slowly fucking into him, the intensity almost more than he could bare. Just as he was starting to adjust, just as his muscles were starting to relax around his warlock, just as he was able to savor the magnificent stretch and sense of fullness as his prostate was scraped again and again he lost his breath completely when his warlock slammed into him, every muscle in his body tensing as he saw stars. Then, then all he could register was the ecstasy that overtook him.

It took Magnus a second for his mind to snap back into focus. His angel’s beautiful cries of pleasure and the pleasure coursing through him had made him lose himself. He had been slowly fucking into his Shadowhunter, his young love coming to pieces around him, but he wanted to give him more, he wanted more. Taking a firmer grip on his sweet omega’s perfect thighs he slammed the last few inches into him, pulling him flush against him. He froze when his Shadowhunter tensed in every way, terrified that he had hurt him when his breath stopped short. The squeeze on his aching cock was perfect, but he had to tend to his young lover, to ensure that he was alright, to make sure that he hadn’t gone too far.

“Alexander?”

“Move. Please move.” Alec breathed.

That’s all he could manage when he could draw in a breath, his lungs straining for air. But he was desperate for his warlock, desperate for his alpha to fuck him, hard.
His Shadowhunters soft words were a relief to him. The gut-wrenching fear he had felt vanished when his sweet omega drew in a breath and breathed out the words he needed to hear. He hadn’t hurt his young warrior. Pulling back, almost out, he slammed back into his precious Alexander, listening to him cry out, over and over again as he fucked into him. His cries were of pleasure, not pain, and he reveled in it. ‘He was built for this’ he thought, not for the first time. His own pleasure was making it hard to breathe. The tightness of his angel’s channel gripping him, his silky smooth walls caressing him with each glorious thrust as he pounded into him was pure ecstasy. He had been wanting this, needing this, craving this, but had always held himself back, afraid that he would hurt his one true love. Now he knew that he didn’t have to. He knew then that his Shadowhunter had been made just for him, and in time would become the perfect lover. They fit together perfectly.

All Alec could do was cry out as he was bombarded with wave after wave of pleasure crashing down on him as his warlock thrust into him over and over again, fucking him. The pressure against his prostate was magnificent, the stretch and fullness perfect as his alpha pounded into him. With each glorious thrust all he could do was feel the ecstasy of it all. He had been wanting this, needing this, craving this, but had always been denied. Now he knew that he could have it. He knew then that his alpha had been made just for him. They fit together perfectly. When each magnificent thrust become more and more intense than the one before he couldn’t tell his warlock that he was about to cum, he couldn’t form the words to warn his one true love. All he could do was ride it out as his belly clenched, his eyes slammed shut, and his cock erupted, covering him in thick torrents of fresh cum.

He couldn’t stop himself from pounding harder and harder into his beautiful Shadowhunter. With each magnificent thrust into him the pleasure just got better and better, something he didn’t know was possible. Every time he thought he had had the best possible pleasure his young warrior somehow managed to push him further, giving him more. He knew that his sweet omega was about to cum when his eyes slammed shut. His angel could never force out the words when he was so lost in it, and that was just one more thing that he loved. With one last magnificent thrust he erupted into his beautiful angel’s tight channel, filling him with rope after rope of cum, just as his Shadowhunter erupted between them. He saw stars when his young warrior’s tight channel clamped down on him again and again as his aftershocks racked through him.

Alec felt it when his alpha came, when his cock erupted inside him, filling him with his warm cum. He felt the intensity of his warlock’s orgasm as he rode out his own, as aftershocks racked through the man he loved. He had seen stars when he came, something he once never dreamed possible. He fought to catch his breath as he watched his warlock’s aftershocks rack through him. The sight was beautiful, the sheen of sweat on his skin, his eyes slammed shut, and his own breath stuttering out as he cried out his name. His alpha always cried out his name when he came, and he loved it. He watched until he saw his warlock start to relax, until his breathing evened out.

“Alpha?”
Magnus’ eyes snapped open at the sound of his angel’s beautiful voice. Again he had gotten lost in his sweet omega, something that had never happened with any lover before him, and it was something that he cherished. Hearing his young warrior cry out his name when he came was something that he loved.

“Are you alright, angel?” He asked softly.

“Yes, alpha.” Alec said softly, watching his warlock. “Are you?”

“Yes, angel.” He said, carefully easing out of his Shadowhunter. “You were magnificent.”

Alec blushed crimson.

“Oh how I love your blushes.” Magnus said softly, gently rubbing Alec’s still trembling thighs. He was sure they had to be aching. “Did you enjoy that, angel?”

“Very much.” Alec said, unsure why his alpha would ask him that.

“I wasn’t too rough?”

“No.” He said, smiling at his wonderful warlock. He knew then that he had been afraid that he had hurt him. “It wasn’t too rough.”

“Good.” Magnus said, relieved. He snapped his fingers, cleaning his young warrior up. “Do you know why I took you this way, angel? Like this?”

“No.” He said softly.

“There’s going to come a time when I will lay you down just like this. When I spread your perfect legs just like this. And when I will fill you, you will be just like this. Do you know when that will be?”

“No.” He said, confused.
“When you’re carrying our children, Alexander. Your next heat is less than five weeks away. I don’t know what’s going to happen, but if you fall pregnant, I’m still going to make love to you every chance I get.

When you fall pregnant, I will worship your body even more than I already do as I watch your belly grow and swell. And there will come a point when this is the only way that I can take you, because your belly will be too big for me to take you any other way.

So when that time comes, I’m going to lay you down just like this. I’m going to fill you, just like this. I will fill you slowly, gently, and tenderly, and I will make slow love to you. Do you understand?” He asked, softly caressing Alec’s flat belly.

“Yes.” Alec said whispered. The thought of is alpha taking him, of still loving him, of still loving his body as his belly swelled with the new lives they would create was a relief to him. Deep down he had been afraid that his warlock would no longer want him as he grew bigger, as his body changed. Even though he had seen their children in his dreams, so many of them, he had still been afraid.

Magnus could see the relief in his Shadowhunters beautiful blue eyes, the eyes that he loved so much. He realized then that his sweet omega had been feeling insecure about the changes his body would make during his pregnancies, even though he hadn’t expressed them. He knew that he had been seeing their future children in his dreams and had suspected that he had been thinking about the pregnancy he kept seeing.

“I love you, Alexander. More than anything. I love your body and worship it. You have the body of a god. The only god I will ever worship.

And when my seed takes hold, as I plant it in your fertile womb, as our children grow inside you and you grow with them, I will love and cherish you even more, because you will be giving me something so precious that I never thought I would have. Something I never thought was possible.

You are perfection, angel. And as your body changes, you will be beautiful, in every way. I will worship it, and you, every step of the way. Okay?” He asked softly, his love for his Shadowhunter clear in his voice.

“Okay.” Alec breathed. His heart was already full of love for his alpha, and it had just swelled even more.
“I promise you, no matter what happens, our children will be safe. We will find a way. I know that your worried about all that has to be done, but don’t be. It will be alright. Okay?”

“Okay.”

“Good. Now, your tired, love. You need to sleep. Tomorrow is going to be a busy day.”

In a finger snap they were clean and dressed for bed.

“I don’t know if I can.” Alec said, crawling up the bed towards their pillows, his warlock right behind him.

“You need to try, angel.” Magnus said, pulling his Shadowhunter into his arms.

“I know. I’m just not tired.” He said, snuggling into his warlock’s embrace, his actions betraying his words.

“You should be tired. It’s been a long day and you have to be up in just a few hours.”

“I know. Did you mean what you said?” He asked.

“About what, angel?”

“That we’ll find a way?” He asked softly.

“Yes, sweetheart, I did. I have faith in you. In us. In all of us. We’ll find a way.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to the back of Alec’s neck. “Will you let me help you sleep, love? You need the rest.”

“If you make me a promise first.”
“What’s that, sweetheart?” Magnus asked, pulling his young warrior closer in his arms.

“That you’ll show me the other ways you’ll take me. When I’m pregnant.”

Magnus couldn’t help but smile.

“Yes, angel. I promise. Now, will you sleep for me?”

“I guess.” He sighed. He didn’t want to sleep, but he knew he needed it. Tomorrow was going to be a busy day.

“Close your eyes, love.” Magnus said, holding his angel close. Pressing his hand flat against his sweet omega’s firm belly he pressed a soft wave of magic into him. “Sweet dreams, sweetheart.” He whispered as his precious Alexander fell gently into sleep.

Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a vote.
A/N: Just a heads up to make reading easier, some of the more intimate parts of this chapter switch back and forth between Alec and Magnus’ perspectives.

Alec watched the white gauzy curtains flow in the midnight breeze. He could smell the fresh roses in the back gardens and on the table in the corner. Normally, he loved that smell. Tonight, it wanted to gag him. He was so tired of being sick. How was he supposed to accomplish anything if he was always sick?

He hadn’t been able to sleep since they had climbed in bed. His alpha had thought that he could use a few days away from Haven for him to get some ‘rest’. He hadn’t been sleeping well there either. He always seemed to rest better at home. He was trying his best to hold still, to not wake his warlock when all he wanted to do was run to the bathroom, but it was hard.

“Can’t sleep, angel?” Magnus asked softly.

“No. How long have you been watching me?” He asked. He should have known. His alpha had some weird sense as to if he was awake or not.

“Since we laid down. Care to share, love? What’s keeping you up? Morning sickness again?” He asked.

“Mm-hmm. The roses. I love them, but tonight there too strong.” He said, rubbing soft circles into the small mound of his once flat belly.

Magnus snapped his fingers, the smell of roses instantly disappearing from the air. Alec let out a relieved breath. ‘Thank the Angel’ he thought.
Before his angel could turn to face him Magnus pressed a firm hand to his sweet omega’s slightly swollen belly, pushing soothing magic into his churning stomach, calming it.

“Better?” He asked when Alec relaxed in his arms.

“Much. Is it going to be this way the whole time?”

“No, angel. It won’t. It gets better, I promise.” He said, pulling Alec closer into his arms, ensuring that he stayed on his side. Since his Shadowhunter had started having morning sickness they had all made sure that he stayed on his side. “Do you think you can sleep now?”

“That’s all I’ve wanted for weeks. By the Angel, Magnus, I’ve never been this tired before. At least not for this long.”

“That comes with it too, love. That I’m afraid isn’t going to get better. Not until we’re holding our babies in our arms for the first time, and then not for the first month or two after until they start sleeping through the night. It doesn’t help that you’re up and doing so much every day. You should be resting more.”

“It has to be done. You know that. Four months ago, we knew the who and the where, now we know the why. All that’s left is the when and we don’t have a day to spare in getting ready for it.” He said softly.

“I know, sweetheart. And we’ll be ready. You all are making magnificent progress in Haven. You’ve taken skills that it takes young Shadowhunters years to learn and master and are well on your way to forming a strong, well skilled, powerful army in just a few months’ time. We’ll be ready when the time comes. But I don’t think that’s going to happen tonight.”

“Maybe.” Alec conceded.

“There is no maybe. And if we are needed back in Haven tonight, were just a portal away. So what do you say, do you think you can sleep now?”

“Do we have to rush back in the morning?”
“No, angel. We don’t. We can sleep in for a change.” Magnus said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s shoulder.

“Who said anything about sleeping?” Alec smirked.

“Oh, no. You are going to rest tonight.”

“It always helps me rest.” Alec said, grinding his ass against his alpha.

Magnus couldn’t help but chuckle.

“You are insatiable, Alexander. But not tonight. You need sleep. And so do our babies.” He said, gently caressing Alec’s small bump. “Would you guys like papa to give you guys goodnight kisses?” He asked.

“Here we go again.” Alec said, smiling.

Magnus climbed up, scooting down in the bed, letting Alec roll onto his back. Lifting Alec’s soft t-shirt he gently caressed the soft skin of Alec’s belly.

“You are so beautiful, Alexander. I love watching your belly grow.” He said reverently. Leaning down he pressed a soft kiss to the bump. “Did you guys know that your daddy is a beautiful angel sent from the heavens?” He asked Alec’s bump softly, still caressing it. “When you get here, your daddy and I are going to love you and kiss on you, and hold you close because you are precious.

Your daddy is going to teach you the most breathtaking moves to fight like strong warrior’s, just like he is, and papa is going to teach you beautiful magic. But you know what? More than anything you’re going to be little angel’s just like your daddy.” He said, pressing soft kisses to the bump.

“We love you already my sweet angel’s, but you need to give your daddy a break. He needs rest and so do you. So how about tonight you guys let him get some sleep? Hmm? Sound like a plan?” He asked, pressing more soft kisses to Alec’s small mound.
“You are so silly. They can’t even hear you yet.” Alec said, unable to hide his smile. “Cat said that it will be weeks before they can hear anything.”

“Maybe for normal babies, my love. But our babies, our babies are special babies. They are angel babies. And even if they don’t understand words, I bet they know your voice. And hopefully mine.” Magnus said, still pressing soft kisses to Alec’s belly. “Should I read them a story?”

“I don’t think that’s necessary just yet. But since your giving away kisses so freely you can come give me some. I’m feeling a little deprived. They’ve gotten dozens. I haven’t gotten any.” Alec pouted.

“Do you guys hear that? Daddy wants kisses. Should I go give him some?” He asked, pressing one last kiss to Alec’s bump. “Okay. I’ll go give daddy kisses. Maybe then he’ll go to sleep.” He said, pulling Alec’s shirt back down.

Climbing back up the bed he sat beside Alec, cupping his cheek.

“Do I get my kisses now?” Alec asked, anticipation humming under his skin.

“I guess you do. Then it’s sleep for you.” Magnus said. Leaning down he pressed a soft kiss to Alec’s lips, then another.

Alec opened immediately when his alpha licked his bottom lip. Fireworks went off in his head when their tongues touched. ‘Please don’t let this ever change’ he thought. Reaching up he wrapped his arm around his warlock’s neck, pulling him closer. Magnus sighed into the gentle kiss when Alec took it deeper.

“I love you, Alexander. So much.” Magnus breathed when the kiss broke, both breathless.

“I love you too, my alpha.” Alec said, reclaiming his warlock’s lips.
Alec’s eyes snapped open. Glancing at the bedside clock in their little cottage he saw that it was 3:32 am. It never failed. It didn’t seem to matter where he was his internal clock was still running on his Institute schedule.

He felt the warmth and security of his alpha’s arm wrapped around him as he glanced around their small cottage and knew that he should try and go back to sleep. But he knew that he couldn’t. It had been a little over eight weeks since his first heat had started and he had left the Institute, but that didn’t change that his bodies internal clock was still set for his solo 4 am training, just as it had been for more than five years.

His warlock had been telling him from early on that he needed to adjust to a new routine, that he didn’t have to push himself the way he had at the Institute. And he wasn’t. At least, not in the same ways. But a five year habit was hard to break.

Normally when he woke up, if he was sick, which he had been far more times that he cared for in the last eight weeks, he would be pushed back into sleep either by magic or mundane drugs. If he wasn’t, if his alpha didn’t ease him back into sleep, they would make love and it would wear him out enough that he would end up drifting off on his own. But today, today he didn’t feel like either was an option. Today he had to figure out how to train an army. And before that, he needed to train himself. He needed the next two hours to train on his own, to clear his mind before he started his 6 am training with his team.

Moving as slowly and carefully as he could he slipped out of the comfort of his warlock’s embrace, climbing gracefully and silently to his feet. Quickly and quietly he changed into the training clothes he had stashed for easy access the night before. He didn’t need light to see, his vision was too good. After dressing he took a look back at his beautiful sleeping alpha, wishing he could stay in the comfort of his arms but knowing in his heart that he couldn’t. The Shadowhunter in him wouldn’t let him. The Shadowhunter needed to train. Silently creeping out the door he stepped out into the night, softly pulling the door shut behind him.

Magnus opened his eyes when he heard the door shut. He had known the moment his young warrior had woken in his arms. He knew that it was that time. He had been trying for weeks to change his angel’s internal clock, to get him out of his old routine and into a new one. Normally he would have stopped him. He would have encouraged him to go back to sleep, to get some more rest. But today he didn’t. Today he knew that his Shadowhunter needed this time. Today, his Shadowhunter needed to be what he was, the warrior that countless others needed him to be. Alec Lightwood, the Shadowhunter.
The clearing behind the village was quiet. The only company Alec had as he started his first stretches was the hoot owl high up in an old tree. The moon was shining bright enough overhead that he didn’t need his night vision rune. He would train for a few hours, work on some new moves that he wanted to show his family, go through the ones that he had already shown them, picking up the speed that would make them deadly, and hopefully clear his mind. He had over three hundred people to start training for a war in a little over four hours.

He thought about what he knew as he did his warm-up moves. He knew that there was going to be a war with the Clave. Which side would make the first move, he didn’t know. He knew the where, inside or somewhere near Haven. He would move heaven and earth to keep it outside of Haven’s protective wards, to do everything that he could to protect the people here. What he didn’t know was the when or the why.

The Angel had only given him glimpses of things to come. There had been plenty of bad, horrible visions that always brought him to his knees and stole his breath, and what he thought were a few good. At least he hoped that the good ones were visions and not just wishes and dreams.

He knew who his enemies were, or at least the key players. It didn’t surprise him that his mother was on that list of enemies. It made him wonder about his family. His sister. Would she really want her dead too? Would she really participate in her murder? Her own daughter? He understood why she wanted him dead, she hated omegas. And she had more than likely hated him since she had realized that he was gay when she saw him looking at another boy, the day she had drug him into his father’s office and beaten him bloody. And he was fine with that. But he couldn’t let his sister die the way he had seen.

His sister. His wonderful, beautiful, badass Izzy-diz. He was the calm to her storm. They may only be separated in birth by a few minutes, but that didn’t change the fact that she was his baby sister. A sister he would move heaven and earth to protect. He wouldn’t let her die the way he had seen, or at the hands of their mother. He would kill their mother first, the way she had tried to kill them.

His brother, Jace. The brother he had never expected but loved with all he had. They may not be tied by blood or family ties, but they were bound. By heart and soul. His little brother had lost so much in his life, his parents having died in battle when he was young. Not young enough for him to forget them, just young enough for him to remember them, and the pain of their loss. But they had accepted each other as siblings, as family. And the one blood member of his family left alive, his father’s mother, his grandmother, wanted him dead.

Imogen Herondale wanted her own son’s child dead, for helping him. For wanting to protect the brother he had come to love. In that awful vision, the one he saw the most, Imogen had ordered
her own grandson’s murder. She had had him slaughtered after she had ordered the murder of his
parabati, his brother’s mate. How a woman could be so cruel he would never understand.

Clary, his parabati. The sweetest, kindest, purest person he had ever known, despite who her father
had been. She had been the first to die, for no other reason than to hurt him. He couldn’t let her
die that way. He wouldn’t. He had sworn an oath to himself that he would die to protect her, an
oath he would honor with everything in him.

Then was his best friend, the friend that he had thought he would never have. Simon had always
been like a second brother to him. He was the one who looked at things calm and reasonably, the
one who kept his sister grounded. He didn’t deserve to die choking on his own blood as he had
seen.

And his alpha. His wonderful, beautiful, precious alpha. The one who he loved with everything
that he had and would father their unborn children. He had never thought that he would have a
mate. He had thought that that was just the way it was. And if he did happen to find a mate, he
certainly didn’t expect it to be a downworlder, much less the downworlder. He had never wanted
the title of The Best Shadowhunter in The Shadow World, the most skilled and valuable warrior,
so now he thought it ironic that he was the fated mate of The Best Downworlder, the most
powerful warlock alive.

The other two players, Victor Aldertree and Counsil Malachi he just didn’t get. He only knew a
little bit about them, but not enough to understand them or their motives. What did they have to
gain by taking part in anything that he had seen or heard? What was in it for them? Or he
supposed the better question was, why did it matter to them if an omega lived or died? He couldn’t
even begin to speculate as he finished his warm-up and transitioned into the moves he had shown
his family days before.

Yes, he had broken the law by mating a downworlder, which was by Clave law punishable by
death. And that death sentence would be cemented in stone once he was claimed by his alpha and
was carrying their children. But to go about executing him the way he had seen? To take part in
waging a war against innocent people? That made no sense.

Or did it? The people of Haven had been hiding behind the safety of his warlock’s wards for a
century. There were over a hundred omegas here, a race that the Clave believed had died out. A
race they thought they had murdered out. And there were plenty more nephilims in Haven who
had mated downworlders, the same crime he had committed, but the Clave didn’t know about
them. Any of them. ‘Is that why?’ he thought as he picked up the pace of his moves. ‘If that’s the
why, why can’t we just live in secret? In peace, as Gideon Lightwood had done?’

‘Could I live in secret for eternity like my grandmother has in her life?’ He wondered. He was a
Shadowhunter. He had been trained since a young age to protect mundanes and send demons back to hell. Could he give that up for an eternity? Could he give up helping those who needed help? And if he did, what would he do? Being a Shadowhunter was who he was, it what he was born and raised to do. It was what he wanted to do. Forever.

‘No. There’s more to this.’ He thought as he gracefully executed a new move, a move no one had yet seen. ‘There’s something we’re missing. Something is going to bring the Clave down on us. Or we’re going to come down on them. But what?’ He thought as he moved into a second new move.

As much as he hated the visions The Angel sent him, he wished he knew more. He wished he could put the pieces of this horrid puzzle together, as hard as the visions were to endure. But he couldn’t force them to come. And for now, for now there wasn’t much he could do as far as the ‘why’ went. Or the ‘when’. All he could do was focus on the ‘now’. On the army he had to form and shape.

He had trained countless Shadowhunters in the past, but they at least were already skilled Shadowhunters. The people of Haven, they had no training at all. And if the dream he had just had really was a vision and not just a wish, then in three months’ time their army would be a solid work in progress. ‘I just have to figure out where to start.’ He thought as he moved into the next new move.

How was he supposed to take over three hundred people and form them into an army that could take on the Clave, and win? Sure, a fair number of them were downworlders who already had some skills. They all had superior strength, and the vampires had speed. The Seelie Warriors had been trained, but he didn’t know to what extent. But for the nephilim? He had the Angel only knew how long to teach them what Shadowhunters had nine years to learn, skills they had nine years to hone.

‘Was my alpha right when he had told me that they had a stronger motive to fight than the Claves Shadowhunters?’ He thought as he moved into the next graceful move. The Shadowhunters for the Clave were trained to do a specific job. Sure, some of them were passionate about it. Most of them in fact. But that was killing demons and bringing in rouge downworlders who had broken the accords, not murdering innocent people. But Shadowhunters had murdered innocent people before. Not just omegas, but their mates and children. Innocent children like Madzie. ‘I’ll be damned if they get their hands on Madzie.’ He thought as he switched into yet another new move.

Yesterday he had said that no child or anyone pregnant would fight. But in his dreams, he was pregnant and was fighting. ‘Maybe it’s because I’ve somehow become their leader.’ He thought, switching into yet another beautiful move. How he had managed to become that leader, he still wasn’t sure he understood.
His alpha had told him not to worry about the warlock’s, that he had those covered. And that, that he would leave to his alpha. At last count there were twenty-one warlocks in Haven now, counting Cat and his Magnus, with more to come. In his dream of the battle, fire balls of every color had flown at his side during the first wave. How many? He wasn’t sure.

He would have to talk to his sister about weapons. The werewolves couldn’t use silver. None of the downworlders could use seraph blades or any other angelic weapons. No downworlder could be touched by an angelic blade without being harmed in some way.

‘And how can he ask the nephilims of Haven to fight without even the most basic runes?’ He thought as he shifted into yet another new move. He would have to talk to his parabati about that one. ‘If they won’t be runed, they won’t fight.’ He thought as he restarted his cycle of new moves, only faster.

Training with blades shouldn’t be too hard, at least initially. His brother could start them all out with kendo sticks, something he would have to get from his alpha. But eventually they would have to find other training options.

He hated laying the majority of the hand to hand training on his best friend, but he was the best. And he would help. They all would help. That left the archery, something that would fall on him. He had trained countless Shadowhunters enhanced skills with archery, but something inside had had him holding back, not teaching them all there was to know. He wondered now if that was because something inside had been telling him not to, his first insight from the Angel, like Clary’s runes. He had always wondered why she had been given that gift. Now he was sure he knew.

From what he had read of Gideon Lightwood’s journal, he hadn’t learned much. At least, not that he could tell. It did talk about his alpha. The powerful warlock that he had asked Ragnar Fell about after he had seen him in his dreams. He had written that he was glad that he would find a powerful mate. ‘A powerful warlock for a powerful warrior’. He didn’t feel powerful, he just felt like himself. Alec Lightwood.

He didn’t realize that he had added his new moves to the ones that he had already shown his family, or that he was going through them at near breakneck speed as he thought. He also didn’t know that they were watching him.

They had been watching their brother train for more than a half hour, awed by what they were seeing. They weren’t surprised that he was out early training, but his new moves combined with the ones they had already honed was utterly breathtaking. They also knew that for him to not notice them, or the beginning of the sunrise that he had to be deep in thought. He was moving so
fast that he had to have lost track of time. He also hadn’t noticed his father and alpha watching from the shadows of an old oak tree.

Clary knew that they all hated the fact that they were going to have to interrupt him soon for their group training shortly. She had no words for what he was doing now. It was all just too good. She couldn’t wait for him to break it down for her. None of them could. She just wondered what he was thinking. This time she couldn’t feel anything through their bond. She just felt him like she always did, determined.

The one thing about his solo training that was a known fact was that it was his time to think and work things out in his head. In a little over two hours they would have to greet the people of Haven and start breaking down what had to be done. She had a feeling that that was what he was thinking about.

“Should we go down?” Izzy asked softly, watching the beauty that was her brother. He never ceased to amaze her. He was her Rockstar, and always would be.

“He has a few minutes left. Let’s let him have them.” Simon said, just as quietly.

“Has he always done that?” Magnus asked Robert beneath the old oak tree.

“Yes. Since he was a child. It’s breathtaking to watch isn’t it?” Robert asked softly.

“It’s beautiful. He’s the reason we’re going to win this war you know.”

“I know.” Robert said, pride swelling inside him. “I’ve always wondered why he was so much better than all the rest, despite his early training. He was always just…so much more. Now, now I know why.

He’s the one destined to put an end to the evil that lives within the Clave, Magnus. An evil that has existed for as long as anyone can remember.”

“It’s a lot to lay on the shoulders of one so young. But from what I’ve seen during my 800 years, the hero’s of this world never ask to be hero’s. They never seek it out. They just become them. He’s already a hero to so many, he’s saved so many.”
“And he’s going to save countless more.” Robert said, watching his precious Alexander, watching as he looked up, noticing his audience for the first time.

Magnus could see his sweet omega’s blush, even from the distance that separated them, and smiled.

Alec was mentally preparing himself to face the inhabitants of Haven, well, them and then some. It was ten minutes ‘til eight and that was all the time that he had left to put his thoughts in order. What had been an army of three hundred and thirty-six the night before had grown overnight to four hundred and eight five. During the night a hundred and forty-nine new potential ‘soldiers’ had entered Haven’s protective wards, both nephilims and downworlders. The warlocks had been busy portaling them in.

From what he had been told he had fought with a lot of the downworlders in The Dark War. The rest were downworld families that had been harboring omega families outside of Haven with the help of warlocks since The Purge and The Great Purge. What had started as one or two omegas per household had grown and they had stayed with their downworld families throughout the centuries, living with and loving their downworld families as if they were their own, generation after generation.

He had had his solo time training to think and gather his thoughts, to form some sort of plan, which he had. Then he had had the peace and joy of training with his team, his family, despite the growing audience. His father, his alpha, and his grandmother had been front row center. His full team was going to join him at the podium before everyone went to work, and there was a lot of work to be done before any actual training could begin.

“Are you nervous, sweetheart?” Magnus asked softly, watching his Shadowhunter survey the growing crowd.

“No. Numbers don’t make me nervous, alpha.” Alec said softly.

“Then what’s the matter, love?” He asked.
“Nothing. Just trying to take it all in. I’ve commanded troops before, just never a troop this big. Where is everybody?”

“Here, big brother.” Izzy said behind him.

Turning, he saw his family, the family that he knew would see him through this. His sister, his brother, his parabati, his best friend, and Cat, the woman he had become so fond of in such a short amount of time. His ‘family’ was a few yards behind, watching. His father, his grandmother, his uncle, and little Madzie.

“Hey there, Madz.” He said with a smile, crouching down to meet the little girl. She was racing towards him in a flash.

“Alec!” She squealed as she leapt into his arms.

“Good morning, sweet pea. How are you today?” He asked.

“There are a lot of new people here, Alec. Strangers.”

“I know, Madz. But don’t worry. It’ll be alright.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to her raven hair. “Why don’t you go wait with your daddy while I go talk to all the new people? Let’em know what’s what.”

“Okay.” She said, pressing a soft kiss to his cheek.

He had become very fond of the pretty little Lightwood omega, and her of him. Settling her back on her feet she scurried back to his uncle.

Magnus couldn’t help but smile watching his sweet omega with his cousin. They had clicked instantly. ‘He’s going to make a great father’ he thought, not for the first time.

“Are we ready to do this?” Alec asked.
“We’re ready when you are, sweetie. Lead the way.” Cat said with an encouraging smile.

“Then I guess we better get to it.” He said, turning towards the podium to address his ‘army’.

Following their leader, their commander, the ‘team’ climbed the steps of the podium, flanking him on either side, just as they had the day before. Alec didn’t have to call the four hundred and eight five people before him to attention, they stopped and turned on their own. Before him he saw it all. Before him stood what should have always been, nephilims and downworlders alike. Nephilims of all races stood side by side with werewolves, Seelie’s, and warlocks. Vampires were watching from the shade of the tree line. ‘Yes, this is how it always should have been’ he thought.

“Good morning.” He said, using his commander voice. “For those of you who don’t know me my name is Alec Lightwood, and beside me is my team. For those of you who do know us, it’s good to see you again, despite the circumstances.

I am assuming that you are all here today because you have been told a war is coming. A war against the Clave.

This war is not like the wars you may have seen or witnessed in the mundane world. Maybe even read about in its history books or seen in their museums. It’s not a dispute over land or what have you. This is a war to right so many wrongs. Wrongs that have been committed for centuries. Wrongs that must come to an end.

Rather you’ve come here today because you are a nephilim, or a downworld family that has taken in nephilims as your own, or because you’ve mated outside your species, or just because you want to fight to right centuries of wrongs, today you are as one.

As one. For as long as anyone can remember we’ve had five different species, all species classified as either nephilim, or downworlders.

Downworlders. A term I never could quite understand. I look out at you all and all I see are people. People who shouldn’t be labeled as one or the other as nephilim children have been taught and raised to believe for too long. Today, today we are one. One people, as we always should have been.

There are a great many here who my team and I fought with in The Dark War. In that war we were one people, even if that wasn’t recognized by the Clave. I will tell you that it was recognized by
It has been asked of us by the people here that we train them to prepare them for this war. A war that I have seen.

We understand that you all have special skills that will come to great use as we prepare for and fight this war. We all do, each and every species standing here today. As one we do have what it takes to win this war. Because we are one made of many, whereas our enemy is just one.

As a nephilim myself it his hard for me to sneer at the nephilim Shadowhunters we are going to fight against, for most of my team and I are Shadowhunters ourselves and have fought with them and alongside them. For that we hope you won’t judge us poorly.

We know that it has been difficult for most of the inhabitants of Haven to accept us, to not fear us. Just as I would assume that there are a great many of you who share those same fears.

I can’t tell you to just trust us, because you can’t. History has proven that not all Shadowhunters are good guys. We just ask that you trust us as nephilims and let us prove to you that we are not the Shadowhunters you need to fear. It is those Shadowhunters that we will fight against, to the very end.

A lot of you are probably wondering ‘Why are these Shadowhunters standing before us now, ready to fight this war at your side. Is it because he presented as an omega?’ The answer to that is simple, yes and no. You’re probably wondering how that’s simple.

We were raised to believe that there hasn’t been an omega nephilim in over two hundred years, lies told to us by the Clave taught to us in our Institutes. We were raised to believe that all nephilims were raised and trained to live and fight as Shadowhunters. We’ve never been given the truth by the one’s we were raised to believe were the ‘good guys’. We never knew that there were nephilims out there that were not Shadowhunters standing in our ranks.

We were also raised to believe that omegas, like myself, are considered to be the weakest race. That we are breeders, not warriors. And there are a great many in the Shadowhunter world that still believe that. They failed to mention that until a Shadowhunter presented as an omega that we were considered to be just as good, just as valuable as the rest of our kind. Then we became less because of our race.
There are a great many I’m told that in the Shadow World believe that I am the best Shadowhunter to ever live, and that my family, for my team is my family, are the best Shadowhunter team to ever be.

I’m going to tell you something today that I’ve never told anyone. For years I have learned more, studied more, trained more, and fought harder, not because I wanted to be the best. Or because I wanted to lead the best team.

I did it for my family. Shadowhunters, as many of you probably know die young. I didn’t want that for my family, so I did more. I learned more, I studied more, trained more, and fought harder so I could teach my family to be their best, so that they would have the best chance. The best chance to live. To grow up. To grow old. To have children of their own.

I didn’t want them to die young as so many have before them. So I did train the ones that I love to be better. To be stronger and faster. To be the best that they could be. I just never expected us to be considered or called the best. That was never my goal.

So today we stand here before you prepared to teach you all that we know so that anyone who wants to fight can be their best. Utilizing the skills that you already have and more.

You can’t fight an army that you don’t understand. An army that we do understand all too well. To win this war it’s going to take all of us, and all of our combined skills.

The question I asked earlier was ‘Why are these Shadowhunters standing before us now, ready to fight this war at your side. Is it because he presented as an omega?’ That gets me to the part where I give you the simple answer. My family is willing to fight to the death to save my life. Not because I am an omega, but because we are a family and that’s what families do. That is one of the reasons that they are standing here today, not because of this war.

We are standing here today because we are prepared to fight for those that we never knew existed, those who have been wronged in so many ways for too long. While we are willing to fight to the death for each other, now knowing what we know we are willing to fight to the death for each and every one of you, to fight to win this war. To try and right some of those wrongs and save as many innocent lives as we possibly can.

Species doesn’t matter to us in this. Race doesn’t matter to us in this. All that matters to us is that we want more than anything to end the evil that lives within the Clave. For everyone’s sake. To right the wrongs of the past, to change the course of the present, and create a better future for us all, and of the countless generations to come.
Yesterday we were asked to train and lead in this fight. If, after hearing everything that I’ve just said you wish to change that, or join our ranks, tell us now and tell us loud because with or without you we are going after the Clave. We just stand a better chance with you.”

Alec waited with bated breath for someone to speak. Anyone. Both of his hands were gripped tight, his alpha holding one, his sister the other. He didn’t know that pride was swelling within them all, the team, his father, his grandmother and uncle. He didn’t see the tears streaming down his sister’s and parabati’s cheeks. Or his grandmother’s, a woman who had spent all but eighteen years of her life in hiding.

All was silent throughout the overfilled village and fields beyond, in the tree line where the vampires stood.

“Breathe, love.” Magnus murmured softly. His Shadowhunter had been holding his breath too long.

Alec took in a breath, unsure what to do next. ‘Should I say something else? Should I walk away?’ He thought.

“Hey!” Izzy shouted, full alpha. “My brother asked you a question. If you wish to change your minds, or join us, tell us now and tell us loud!”

It had been so silent that her voice carried easily, just as easily as her brother’s had. Robert couldn’t help but smile and shake his head at his princess. ‘Oh my little badass. What am I going to do with you?’ He thought.

“I haven’t changed my mind!” Jonathan shouted. “Haven is our home. The people of Haven have already asked that Alec Lightwood and his team lead us. Anybody who isn’t from here can either follow our lead or take your leave!”

Magnus scanned the crowd, searching out his warlock’s. With each eye he met he got a small nod, until he had seen them all.

“The warlocks here are with us.” He shouted. “Who else?”
“I fought with them in The Dark War! I’ve seen what they can do! The evil that lives within the Clave does need to end, for all of us. And they can help. The New York pack stands with them!” Shouted Lucian Garroway, the leader of the New York werewolf pack.

“If the New York werewolf pack is in, so is the New York Clan!” Shouted Raphael Santiago, a vampire from the tree line.

“The Seelie’s stand with you.” Said a melodic voice from the back, a beautiful woman. All heads turned to her. “As queen it is my command. My people stand with you Alec Lightwood. I have seen you fight with honor many times. Lead them well.”

“Thank you, your majesty. But I won’t lead like the Clave. Fighting in this war must be by choice, not command.” Alec said, nodding his respect, just as did the rest of the team. It wasn’t every day that the Seelie Queen made an appearance.

“Very well. Those of my people who do not wish to join the best Shadowhunter in the Shadow World and his team, for they are the best, to accomplish what we’ve been wanting for centuries may return to the Seelie court. Immediately.” She said.

Every Seelie there dropped to one knee. A chorus of ‘I wish to fight, your majesty’ rang out throughout the crowd.

Alec nodded to the Seelie Queen, yes.

“Anyone else?” He asked, addressing the crowd.

“The vampires will stand beside the New York clan. We too have seen Alec Lightwood in battle, and his magnificence. His team has always treated our people fairly and just. We will follow him.” Said Camille Belcourt, a vampire woman from the tree line.

“Thank you.” Alec said, loudly and clearly enough to be heard by those in the trees. He turned, whispering in his alpha’s ear. Magnus nodded, yes. “Any other person here who does not wish to fight this war, we understand. No one will force you. If you wish to leave, please meet my alpha in the clearing behind the village in fifteen minutes. He will portal you wherever you wish to go. If you do wish to stay and haven’t already signed up, there will be signup tables set up below this stage shortly.
I’ve said what I came up here to say. I’ve told you what my team and I plan to do. Those of you who wish to fight this war with us, it is our honor to fight at your side. If you haven’t signed up already, now is the time. We can’t train you if we don’t know you. And it is we, not I.

For those of you who may still be undecided there is something else you should know. For those of you who aren’t familiar with The Purge and The Great Purge, it’s not just omegas we’re fighting to protect. It’s their children, their mates, and whatever family is harboring them.

Also, I don’t know how many of you know this but by Clave Law mating a downworlder is punishable by death. I really don’t think the Clave will stand for children that come from such unions either. I already know that they want to murder mine.” He said before turning from the podium and walking away, his head held high as he stepped off the small stage, his team following in his wake.

Alec paced the length of their cottage, anxiety radiating off him in waves. His family and alpha surrounded him, silently watching.

“That was a disaster.” He finally said, defeated.

“No, sweetheart. It wasn’t. You did beautifully.” Magnus said, pulling his Shadowhunter into his arms. “I couldn’t have been prouder.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead.

“He’s right, Alec. You did great out there. Anyone who bails is just a coward.” Izzy said, trying to reign in her temper. She wasn’t angry with her brother. But she was thoroughly pissed off at the idiots that might walk away from this war. A war to save hundreds now, and countless more later.

“She’s right, bro. You did your best, which was awesome as always.” Jace said, clenching and unclenching his fists. He too was angry with any coward that wanted to walk away.

“Please try and relax, Alec. You’re going to make yourself sick.” Clary said softly, holding her own roiling stomach. Her parabati was tied up in knots, tight enough to make him nauseous.

A soft knock at the door caught their attention.
“Come in.” Magnus called.

The door opened, Robert stepping in.

“Alexander. You were magnificent.” He said, closing the door. “I thought I knew what it was like to be proud of you. I was wrong. I have never been more proud of you than I was out there.”

“Thanks, dad. But I don’t think it was enough.” Alec said softly, pulling from his alpha’s arms to sit on their bed.

“Sweetheart, stay here and try and relax. I have to head out back, see how many cowards I have to portal out of here.” Magnus said, gently brushing a lock of raven hair out of his eyes.

“Okay. I guess I’ll see you in an hour or two.” Alec said softly.

“You might be surprised, son.” Robert said. “I was just back there, and no one was waiting. But so was my mother so she might have scared them off. Riling her temper isn’t a good thing which those who stood silent did. Your sister takes a lot after her.” He said with a rueful smile.

“Well then, any cowards that want to leave bad enough will have to brave her wrath. I know the Lightwood women’s wrath; I’ve had to face it from time to time.” Simon said, nudging his alpha, making her smile.

“Wrath? What wrath?” Izzy asked innocently.

“Well, I better go. I’ll be back soon, love.” Magnus said, cupping Alec’s cheek. “It’s going to be okay. Have a little faith. If not in them, then in yourself.”

“Okay.” Alec said softly, comforted by his alpha’s soft touch.

Magnus turned, silently stepping out the door as Cat was coming in. She stopped him, speaking softly to him, so soft only he could hear. He nodded yes before he slipped out, Cat closing the door
behind him.

“What’s going on, Cat?” Alec asked, anxious again.

“The rest of the warlock’s just portaled in. It looks like every warlock in the world is on your side, sweetie.” She said, sitting down beside him.

“What?” He asked, surprised. “Magnus…”

“Didn’t force them.” She said, cutting him off. “He just sent those who weren’t here a fire message asking if they were coming. We knew that a few of them were still getting a few things tied up on their own ends, and dodging requests from the Clave. They’ve been requesting warlock’s for portals and some healing. So far, everyone’s refused.”

“I bet their taking that well.” Simon said sarcastically.

“Oh yeah.” She said, amused. “Most downworlders they have no use for. Warlocks? They tend to like us when they need something. They’ve never been denied before.”

“If they didn’t know something was up before they sure as shit know something’s up now.” Izzy said, unable to hide her smirk.

“Speaking of.” Robert said, uneasy. “I received a fire message from Jia asking if I knew anything. She knows that I’m in hiding. She’s come to that conclusion herself but hasn’t asked questions. She just keeps saying to keep Alexander hidden. I think she knows something. I’m just not sure if we should trust her enough to ask what that might be. I want to believe that she’s the friend that I’ve always thought she was, but right now I just don’t know.”

“Well, we can get into that later. Once we know more of what’s what.” Cat said. “Alec, sweetie, how are you holding up?”

“He’s sick to his stomach but won’t say anything.” Clary said. If her parabati wouldn’t speak for himself, she would. She’d be damned if she would let him let himself suffer, not when it could easily be remedied.
“I’m fine, Clare-bear. It’ll pass.” Alec said, turning to look at her.

“Your right, it will.” Cat said, pressing a firm hand to his belly, pushing soothing magic into his churning stomach, calming it. He sighed audibly.

“Thanks, Cat. But that wasn’t necessary.” He said, unable to hide his smile from her.

“Sure it was. Nerves aren’t a weakness, Alec. Especially with what your trying to do.”

“She’s right, son. This is bigger than anything you’ve faced before. It’s alright to be nervous. Anxious. Even scared. You may be the strongest of the strong, the bravest of the brave, but that doesn’t mean that you’re not human.” Robert said gently.

There was another soft knock at the door, Izabella letting herself in.

“It looks like you did it, Alec. Uncle Mags is standing in an empty field. It’s been almost a half hour.” She said.

“How many did you scare off, momma?” Robert asked, trying and failing to hide his grin from his mother.

“None, actually. Your brother and I stood out there for the first fifteen minutes, but no one showed.” She said, nonchalant. “Sebastian said that he and Tessa received two dozen requests last night from more downworlders wanting to come in. They’ve set up meets in various locations to portal them through.”

“Who are they?” Simon asked.

“Two of Uncle Mag’s’ warlocks. They portaled in from London last night.”

“More are coming?” Alec asked, surprised.

“Yes, sweetie. I’ve spoken to some of the other warlock’s that came in last night and early this
morning. They’ve received similar requests.” Cat said, softly rubbing Alec’s back.

“How many are we talking here, Cat?” Izzy asked.

“I don’t know. We won’t know until they get here. But from what I’ve heard, they all want to fight.”

Another soft knock sounded at the door, Izabella pulling it open.

“Sebastian. Come in. What’s the latest?” She asked.

“Unless we missed any it looks as though all are present and accounted for. All four hundred and eighty-five.” He said, surveying the group.

“That’s great.” She said.

“It is. Did you tell them that more are coming?” He asked.

“I did. And so did Cat. When, where, and how we haven’t figured out yet. Or how many.”

“I have a feeling it will be quite a few. In the meantime, do I not get an introduction to the best Shadowhunter team in the Shadow World?” He asked.

“Oh, of course.” She said. “Guys, this is Sebastian Verlac. Sebastian, I think you know who Alec is. To your left is his father, my eldest, Robert Lightwood. In the back, starting on the left is Isabelle, Alec’s sister. Then her mate Simon, Alec’s best friend. Beside him is Clary, Alec’s parabati. Then you have his brother Jace, Clary’s mate, Cat, and me.”

“You and Cat I know.” He said, chuckling. “The rest of you, it’s a pleasure to officially meet you. I saw you all in the war. You were brilliant.”

“Thank you.” Alec said. “None of us are really sure how to take it when people say that. We just did what we do best.”
“Well, your best is magnificent. All of you. So what’s next?” He asked.

“I’ll have to talk to Magnus when he get’s back. We need to figure out something for housing, at the very least for the vampires. They can’t keep staying out in the trees.”

“I can go get him now, sweetie. I know that there are a lot of plans that have to be hammered out and a lot of things to do. We can all sit down and go over them.” Cat said.

“I can get him. Your right, we do have a lot of things to do. I have a list in my head. We’ll have to refine things as more people come in, but we do need to get started.” He said, climbing to his feet.

His breath stopped short and he froze.


Alec fell to his knees as a wave of nausea washed over him.

Robert dropped down in front of him, catching him in his arms. Staring into his precious Alexander’s beautiful blue eyes he saw his pupils blow wide and the irises swirl gold.

Alec didn’t hear his father’s words. The last thing he saw was his family around him before it all went black.

“People are asking questions, Imogen.” Victor Aldertree said. “Six Shadowhunters don’t just disappear. People tend to notice when the best Shadowhunter team in the world disappears. And an Institute Head. We need to tell them something.” He said, voice heard clearly through an old wooden door.

“He’s right.” Said Counsil Malachi. “We can’t keep telling him Lightwood’s team is still searching for him.”
“We don’t.” Maryse said. “We tell him that he was abducted during his heat when he was vulnerable in his weakened state, the disgusting faggot.”

“By who?” Victor Aldertree asked.

“By Bane.” Imogen spat. “He’s the leader of the downworld. It hasn’t gone unnoticed that he’s disappeared.”

“He’s not the only one. Downworlders worldwide have vanished, leaving their jobs, their homes. Everything.” Counsil Malachi said.

“That’s why it’s perfect.” Imogen said. “Their protecting their leader. He kidnapped Lightwood for some unseemly reason. And that team of misfits. We tell them that they got too close to finding that filthy omega and when they did that disgusting warlock grabbed them too.”

“And my bastard of a husband? Everyone believes that he just vanished from his office.” Maryse said.

“We tell them that he didn’t. We tell them that he received a ransom from Bane demanding The Angel knows what for that repulsive son you birthed, Maryse. We tell them that he left the Institute to meet the ransom and something went wrong. Horribly wrong.

Downworld scum was waiting to grab him at the orders of Bane. We tell them that you found the ransom note and went to the drop off point and found blood. We tell them that it was his.” Imogen said.

“But why take him?” Counsil Malachi asked.

“To try and get insider information. He’s been The Head of the New York Institute for twenty years. He knows the workings of the Clave. Well, most of them.” She smirked.

“And Lightwood and his team of misfits?”
“We’re holding out hope that their still alive, along with Robert. But the omega’s dead. We’re going to kill him. Filthy faggot never should have been born.” She said.

“I want my bitch of a daughter dead too. I don’t want her breeding anymore filthy omegas with the Lewis boy.” Maryse said, disgusted.

“Oh their all going to die horribly. Your husband too. We should have known that he could pass on the omega gene after his disgusting sister Izabella presented. It’ll be a ‘rescue gone wrong’.” Imogen said, the plan forming in her mind. “Well give it a little time. Tell everyone that we have a ‘team’ working on it, trying to track them down. Once they ‘find’ them they’ll move in for the ‘rescue’, just to find that it was too late. Then we can issue a kill order on Bane.”

“And who is this ‘team’ going to encompass?” Victor Aldertree asked.

“The descendants of course. We need to start feeling them out, see which of them will follow in the footsteps of their noble ancestors. See if they want that honor. The honor of wiping out the omega race and gene once and for all.” She said.

“And the Branwell girl? What’s her name? Lydia?” Counsil Malachi asked. “We can’t hide her presentation forever. That’s another omega we need to take care of, and her family. Someone there is carrying the omega gene.”

“The girl we will take care of soon enough. We just have to do it carefully. She has no siblings so taking out the rest of the Branwell line shouldn’t be too hard. It’ll just take a little time and planning. It just can’t be obvious.” Imogen said. “The descendants may be able to help with that once we identify those who will serve loyally. Perhaps a patrol accident for her. A bad fall perhaps. They tried to save her but couldn’t.” She smirked. “Victor, work on identifying the rest of the descendants. We can work on sorting them out from there.”

The old wooden door creaked, catching their attention.

“What was that?” Maryse asked.

“Malachi, check the door. Quickly!” Imogen whispered.

The old door opened, Counsil Malachi staring out into an empty corridor.
“No one’s there.” He said, softly shutting the door.

Alec could hear voices. Muffled voices. Every muscle in his body felt weak. He wanted to move, to open his eyes. But nothing would work. He couldn’t make anything work. The closer he got to the surface of what must have been consciousness the more he could make out.

“Why hasn’t he woken up, Catarina?” Magnus asked, anxious. “It’s been six hours.”

“He’s stabilized now, Magnus. But his system went through a traumatic shock. He needs time. He’ll wake up when he’s ready.” Cat said softly, trying to soothe her oldest and dearest friend.

Alec knew that he had to wake up. He had to talk to his alpha. He had to tell him. ‘Lydia Branwell. She’s an omega.’ He thought. ‘I have to tell him. We have to save her. She’s my friend, I have to save her.’ His muddled mind thought. Using all the strength could find he forced his eyes open.

His vision was blurry. He blinked several times trying to get it to clear, to focus, but it wouldn’t. He knew where he was. He was in their cottage in Haven, tucked into the bed he shared with his alpha. Cat, his alpha, and his father where a few feet away but they weren’t facing him. He had to find his voice. He had to speak to get their attention. He had to try. He had to try to force words out. Any words.

“Alpha?” He breathed, barely more than a whisper.

They all turned. Magnus was at his side in an instant.

“There you are, angel.” Magnus said softly, taking his seat beside him, taking Alec’s hand in his. It was cold, oh so cold.

“Magnus. There’s trouble.” He forced out. His throat was as dry as the Sahara desert. He didn’t hear how gravelly his voice was.
“It’s alright, sweetheart. Try and relax. Everything’s alright now.”

“No. There’s another omega. Lydia Branwell.” He said.

“It’s alright, love. There are no new omegas. Everything’s alright. I promise.”

“Imogen.” He breathed.

“Shh, love. Your weak. You have to rest.”

“Give him this, Magnus.” Cat said, handing Magnus a glass of water with a straw.

Taking it from her he held it to Alec’s lips.

“Drink this, angel. It’ll help.”

Alec took a small sip of the icy water. It felt like heaven on the back of his dry throat. He took larger sips before Magnus pulled the glass away.

“Not too much, love. You’ll make yourself sick.”

“Imogen. There’s trouble, Magnus.” He said.

“Shh, love. You have to take it easy for a little while. Regain your strength.”

“I can’t, Magnus. The Clave. We have to do something.” Alec pleaded.

“We will, sweetheart. We’ll talk about everything. You can tell us everything, just not yet. You’re not strong enough yet.”
“Lydia…” He started.

“I haven’t received word of a new presentation, love. But we’ll check The Omega Chronicles. And recheck. If her name appears, we’ll get her to safety. I promise. Don’t worry.” Magnus soothed, brushing a lock of raven hair out of Alec’s eyes.

“He’s right, son. Everything’s going to be fine. You need to rest. Don’t worry about Lydia just yet. She’s not due to present yet.” Robert said, standing behind Magnus. He didn’t like the way his son’s visions were affecting him, or what he would have to reveal.

“How…?” Alec asked, unsure.

“Trust me. I know. I’ll explain everything later.” Robert said softly.

Magnus looked up at him, confused.

“But Imogen. There’s trouble. We have to do something.” Alec said, trying to force himself up.

“Alexander, no. You can’t get up, angel. You’re too weak. You’ll only hurt yourself. You have to regain your strength.” Magnus said, gently pushing Alec back against his pillows.

Alec sighed, defeated. He didn’t have anything left. Just trying to sit up had taken it all. His vision still hadn’t focused.

“You can tell us everything after you’ve rested.” Magnus said softly. “We’ll check on Lydia. If she presents, we’ll get her. Trust me, love.”

“You have to listen to me.” Alec pleaded.

“We are listening, son.” Robert said, watching Cat fill a syringe. “You just need to rest for a little while. Then we can all get together and talk about what you saw. We’ll figure out what happens next.”
Cat tapped Magnus on the shoulder. Glancing back at her he saw the syringe. Nodding yes, he climbed up.

“Don’t go.” Alec said, squeezing his hand.

“It’s alright, sweetheart. I’m not going anywhere.”

“Alec, sweetie, I’m going to give you some medicine. It’ll make you feel better.” Cat said, quickly and efficiently sanitizing his skin.

“No. I don’t want that. Get away, Cat.” He protested, unable to do much more. He had no strength to fight her.

“Shh. It’s okay, sweetie. Big stick.” She said, piercing his skin with the needle and quickly pushing the plunger.

Alec winced when the needle pierced his skin. Within seconds warmth was spreading through him. He didn’t want this. ‘Why can’t I fight back? What kind of Shadowhunter am I if I can’t fight back? If I can’t protect my friend?’ He thought as his vision lost all focus.

“Magnus?”

“I’m right here, sweetheart.” Magnus said as Cat stepped away. Sitting back down beside his Shadowhunter he brushed another lock of hair out of his eyes, his pupils rapidly dilating as the drug took hold.

“You have to listen to me.” Alec whispered, trying to look up at the man he loved. His alpha. His warlock. His mate, his fated mate.

“I am, angel. Sleep now. We’ll get it all worked out. I promise.” He soothed, raising Alec’s hand to his lips for a gentle kiss. “Just rest.”
Alec could barely hold his eyes open. With each blink it was getting harder and harder. ‘What kind of Shadowhunter am I?’ He thought as his eyes fluttered closed, Cat’s mundane drugs forcing him back into the black.

“It was a mild sedative, Magnus. But he’s already weak. It won’t hurt him. It’ll just knock him out for a while.” Cat said, laying a comforting hand on his shoulder.

“Okay. Thank you, Catarina. Robert, can you get everyone together and let them know that we’ll need to sit down for a briefing once Alexander has rested?”

“Of course.” Robert said, looking down at his precious boy. ‘He’s been through so much.’ He thought. ‘And there’s going to be so much more.’

“Magnus, what do you want to do about this Lydia?” Cat asked softly.

“Go down and check The Omega Chronicles. I don’t want to leave him.”

“Okay. I’ll go look.”

“That’s not necessary, Cat. Lydia Bradwell isn’t due to present yet.” Robert said, averting his eyes.

“How do you know?” She asked.

“Before Alexander presented the Clave was strongly encouraging Maryse and I to try and match him and Lydia. She comes from two strong alpha parents and so does he. They’ve known each other for years and rumor is that she’s had a crush on him for some time.

The Clave matched Maryse and me a long time ago. I had no choice in the matter. While they no longer arrange marriages, they do sometimes ‘encourage’ new relationships in the hopes of a mutual match so I found out everything I could about her. Then he presented.”

“You were going to…” Magnus started, anger flashing in his eyes.
“Suggest that maybe he take her to dinner.” Robert said, cutting him off. “I never would have forced him, Magnus. Never. I never would have forced him to do what was forced on me.

Lydia is a talented Shadowhunter. And from what I’ve seen she’s a sweet girl who didn’t hide the fact that Alexander was her crush. I know they’ve been friends for years. At least, they were. I don’t know if that’s changed since he presented.

Anyway, I know that she’s not due to present until early April. What he saw must be the future, not the present. We have time to help Lydia if she presents as an omega, to form some kind of plan.” He said softly.

Magnus nodded yes, the anger fading from his eyes. If Robert Lightwood said that he wasn’t going to force his sweet omega into an unwanted relationship, at this point he believed him.

“We do need to form some sort of plan, Magnus. If Alec is right and new omegas do present, we need an action plan. Relying on The Omega Chronicles may not be enough this time. We’ll have to find another way.” Cat said.

“What do you mean?” Robert asked.

“Alexander’s name never appeared in The Chronicles.” Magnus said softly, stroking Alec’s cheek. He was too far under for his soft little snores.

“Is that why no one came for him?”

“Yes. And no. I wasn’t alerted of his presentation, but I shouldn’t have had to be. He’s a Lightwood. I’ve been watching over the Lightwood’s for a century. I should have been ready, for him and Isabelle both, and I wasn’t. That falls on me.” He said softly, unable to tear his gaze from his sleeping angel. “You two should go get some rest. We’ll need to all sit down once Alexander wakes up, go over what he saw and form a plan.

Don’t tell them about Lydia. Not yet. That’s for Alexander. And if we can’t rely on The Omega Chronicles, then we do need to find another way to watch for new presentations.”
“What are you going to do, Magnus?” Cat asked softly.

“Stay with my angel. I’ll be here when he wakes up.”

“You should try and get some sleep yourself. And he’ll rest better with your scent.”

Magnus nodded, yes.

“You two go on.” He said, unable to stop the horrible thoughts that were racing through his head for the thousandth time of what his Shadowhunter must have endured when he had failed to come for him, when he had failed him. ‘It can’t happen again.’ He thought. ‘I won’t let it.’

Cat poured two fingers of scotch into a short glass in her cottage. Turning, she handed it to Robert.

“Thanks.” He said as she sat beside him on the small couch.

“How are you holding up?” She asked before he threw back the glass, swallowing it in one gulp. She knew that he was worried about his son.

“That good.” She said softly, rubbing his back. “He’s going to be okay; you know.”

“Is he?” He said asked, gazing into the mossy green eyes of the woman who had somehow become the mother his children had never had. When, he didn’t know. Because he hadn’t been there. “I just wish that there was something I could do. Some way I could help him. He’s my son.”

“Your being there for him. That’s all that you can do. And to be honest, I really think that’s all he needs you to do. He just needs…you. And he has you now.” She said with a kind smile. “He has his father.”
She had come to like Robert Lightwood, the man. Seven weeks ago, when she had come to learn of the man that she had thought he had become she had been sad, and angry. So very angry. ‘He was always such a sweet little boy. How could he have become such a monster?’ She had thought.

And over the last few weeks she had gone back and forth, one day she had thought that maybe he was okay, others she hadn’t been able to stand him. Until she had seen with her own eyes just how much he loved his children and come to see just how much he had tried to do for them. Even if he hadn’t always succeeded.

She remembered the little boy that had run wild around Haven with his brother. The boy that had left flowers on her doorstep when he was eight, before he had had to go to the Idris Institute for his Shadowhunter training. Izabella had told her that she was his little crush, which she had thought was cute. And she remembered the day he had come back before his wedding and she had found a rose on her doorstep.

She had been angry when she had learned of his arranged marriage and had hoped that he would have happiness. She remembered Izabella’s excitement and joy when she had received his message that his wife was pregnant. A woman that she had come to learn shortly thereafter was a horrible person. Then later a monster through the letters that Izabella had received.

She had known of Alec and Isabelle long before she had ever met them. She had watched them grow up through those letters and the photos that he would send. She had heard the pride in his words in his letters home. But when she had met those children for the first time and learned what they knew, what they had experienced, she had been angry.

Now, now she knew that the little boy she had once known had never changed, he had just grown up. He had grown up to be a strong, loving father. A good man who had had to make hard choices.

She didn’t realize that she had been staring into his deep brown eyes, Isabelle’s eyes, until his voice snapped her back into the here and now.

“Cat? What is it?” He asked.

“Nothing.” She said, mentally shaking herself.
“No. Tell me.” He said, softly stroking her cheek, something he had dreamt of doing for as long as he could remember. It was oh so soft.

She didn’t know it, but she had been his first and only crush. She had held his heart since he was a boy. He had thought that she was so beautiful and exotic back then, and still did. Being immortal she looked the same now as she had then, only her hair was longer now.

Her skin had always looked so soft. He had dreamt of touching it countless times in his youth, feeling it beneath his fingertips. And as he had grown older, those dreams had never changed. His ache for it had only grown more and more intense over the years. He just didn’t know why.

“You have the softest skin.” He said softly. “I’ve dreamt of what this would feel like.”

“You used to leave flowers on my doorstep.” She said, smiling.

“You knew that was me?” He asked, blushing.

‘Ah, that’s where Alec get’s his blushes’ she thought.

“Yes, sweetie. I did. And the rose.”

“You were my first crush.” He said softly, cupping her cheek.

“I know.” She said, holding her hand over his.

“And my only.” He said, swallowing hard. He didn’t know what was happening.

She was taken back by his words. He was a grown man.

“But Maryse…”
“Never interested me.” He said, gently cutting her off. “We had a job to do and we did it. Don’t get me wrong, she gave me the most precious gift I have ever received, my children. And I will always owe her a debt of gratitude for that. But after I found out what she had done, that she tried to lose them, it was over between us. There was no hope left for us. And there hasn’t been another since.”

“Surely someone has caught your eye during all these years.” She said.

“No.” He said softly. “There have been some who have expressed interest, but it wasn’t mutual. My dreams were always of you.” He said, stroking her bottom lip with his thumb. “I never thought I would see you again. Then I found that portal rune and there you were. You were here that day. Would you…would you do something for me?” He asked.

“What?” She asked, barely loud enough to be heard. She didn’t know what was happening.

“Would you make an old man’s dream come true? Would you let me kiss you? Just once.” He asked, aching for it with everything in him.

His soft touch on her lip had her blood humming beneath her skin. She had never felt this way before with anyone. And she had had over 400 years of anyone’s.

“Yes.” She breathed.

With his heart thundering in his chest he set his glass aside. The woman he had dreamt of since he had been old enough to dream about a woman was going to let him kiss her.

“Come here.” He said, pulling her onto his lap. Framing her cheeks in his hands he stared into her eyes, captivated. “You are beautiful, Catarina. You always have been.” He murmured, pulling her forward, pressing his lips softly to hers.

They both sighed into the soft kiss, melting into it. She couldn’t stop herself when she licked his bottom lip, aching to take the kiss deeper, thrilled when he let her in. Fireworks went off in her head when their tongues touch, rocked to her core as she explored his mouth, tasting him.

He had been surprised when the woman that he had always dreamt of licked his bottom lip, seeking entrance. He was more than willing to give it to her. Fireworks went off in his head when their
tongues touched, rocked to his core as she explored his mouth, tasting her on this tongue. Tilting his head he took the kiss deeper, listening to the soft moan caught low in her throat.

He didn’t want the kiss to end. He never wanted it to end, but he had to breathe. With great regret he broke the kiss, both of them gasping for breath as their heads fell on the other’s shoulders.

One breath. That’s all it took. His world tilted on its axis, everything shifting perfectly into place, right where it needed to be. ‘After all this time.’ He thought.

She couldn’t stop it when her head landed softly on his shoulder. The kiss had had her head spinning in the best possible way. One breath. That’s all it took. Her world tilted on its axis, everything shifting perfectly into place, right where it needed to be. ‘After all this time’ she thought. ‘He’s the one. My mate.’

“Catarina.” He breathed, stunned. His mate was in his arms, arms wrapped firmly around her holding her close. ‘She’s the one. My mate.’ He thought.

“I know.” She whispered softly, pulling in more and more of his delicious scent, maple, jasmine, and musk. It was making her dizzy, dizzy with need for her mate. The one she had been waiting centuries for.

He was overwhelmed by her glorious scent, honey, apples, and melon. It was making him dizzy, dizzy with need for his mate. The one he had been waiting his entire life for. He couldn’t stop himself when his hands slid down her back, over hip his to her ass, gripping and molding it in his hands. Something else he had always ached to do.

“We should stop.” She whispered, tears stinging her eyes. She didn’t want to stop. She never wanted to stop.

“I know.” He whispered. He didn’t want to stop. He never wanted to stop. But he couldn’t seem to let her go.

She couldn’t seem to stop herself when she slid her hands down his firm chest, wanting nothing more than to explore the muscles and ridges she knew that she would find there. He was a Shadowhunter. A Shadowhunter that had kept himself in shape despite his age.
“Don’t stop.” She demanded, sliding her hands under his shirt, feeling out the firm muscles of his belly and abs.

“Thank the Angel.” He breathed, sliding his hands beneath the waistband of her pants, taking her firm ass in his hands, truly molding what he knew would be perfect cheeks. A beautiful ass that he desperately wanted to see.

“Take me to bed, Robert.” She said, pressing soft kisses to his throat, her hands still roaming the soft skin over his firm muscles.

“Yes ma’am.” He said, lifting her easily into his arms as he stood, thrilled when her legs wrapped securely around his waist.

Her cottage was small, her bed in easy view. He crossed the room quickly, lowering her gently to the mattress.

Looking down at her he cupped her beautiful cheek, staring into her breathtaking mossy green eyes.

“You are so beautiful, Catarina. I have waited so long for you.”

“I’ve waited longer for you. Now undress me.” She said, staring up into his deep brown eyes.

Without a second’s hesitation he reached for the hem of her soft cotton shirt, pulling it easily over her head. The sight before him took his breath away. The white lace that covered her full, luscious breasts was stunning.

“The panties match.” She teased, unable to hide her smirk at the awestruck look on his face. She smiled at his soft groan.

Gently pushing her back he straddled her, claiming her lips in a fierce kiss as he took her breasts in his hands, molding them as he had her ass. They felt perfect, but not as good as he knew her soft skin would feel.
“It’s been almost nineteen years since I’ve been with a woman, Catarina. I’m going to make love to you, as many times as you’ll let me.” He said when he broke the kiss, pressing soft, biting kisses to her neck and throat as he ran his hand down her flat belly, pushing beneath the waistband of her pants and into her panties.

“You can have me as many times as you want.” She breathed, unable to stop her soft moan as he touched her, as his finger eased into her.

‘I’m going to pleasure her in every possible way’ he thought as he eased his finger into her, into the tight, wet heat that was her womanhood. He gently thrust it in and out as he palmed her clit, fucking her with his finger. ‘By the Angel she’s tight’ he thought, listening to her beautiful moans.

‘Lilith. If his finger feels this good his cock will be magnificent’ she thought, moaning as his finger thrust in and out, his palm pressed hard against her clit as his finger fucked her. No one had ever brought her pleasure like this, not in all her 400 years.

“That’s it. Cum for me.” He breathed, thrusting harder into her, pressing harder with his palm as her moans turned to cries of pleasure as her thighs began to tremble. He felt it when she came, velvet heat clamping down on his finger when she found her release. He wanted nothing more in that moment than for his finger to be his aching cock.

She had never cum so quickly or easily. His finger thrusting harder into her, his palm pressing harder against her clit had had her thighs trembling. She felt it when her walls clamped down around his finger as she cried out her release, wanting nothing more in that moment than for his finger to be his cock.

He watched the beauty that was Catarina Loss as she came down from the high of her release, watching as she fought for breath. Gently pulling his finger from her he pushed down her pants, over her thighs, groaning again at the sight of her white lacy panties.

“I’m going to love peeling you out of these. I’ve never seen anything so sexy. But I want to taste these first.” He said, cupping her breasts again, feeling the soft lace of her bra beneath his hands. They felt perfect.

“Please do. Here, let me help you.” She said, unfastening the front clasp. She knew that if he hadn’t been with a woman in nineteen years that he wouldn’t be familiar with front closures. She smiled at the delight she saw in his eyes as he took in the sight of her bare breasts.
He was confused when she offered to remove her bra, until he saw the front clasp. He had never seen one before, much less undone one. He was delighted at the sight of her bare breasts when they were freed from the sexy lace. He had them in his hands in an instant, gently molding and cupping them, handling them tenderly and gently.

“You have a stunning body, Ms. Loss. One I am going to enjoy exploring immensely.” He said reverently before he sucked a perfect nipple into his mouth, rolling it gently between his teeth and tongue.

She gasped out her pleasure as he took her breasts into his hands, gently molding and cupping them, handling them tenderly and gently. The pleasure coursing through her at his touch was delicious. His hot mouth when he sucked her nipple into it felt amazing.

“Robert…” She gasped, running her hands down his neck to his strong shoulders, her nails biting into his shirt as he sucked and suckled on her nipple.

Her breast tasted as good as it had looked when he sucked it into his mouth. Her gasp of pleasure was music to his ears as he sucked on the hardened nub. Her nails biting into his shirt was wonderful. He had never had this kind of pleasure touching and pleasuring a woman. Switching to her other breast after she said his name had him suckling harder when he sucked her other nipple into his mouth, brushing his thumb over the one he had just tasted. And it had been delicious.

“Robert…your shirt. Take it off.” She said, breathless.

With one last lick to her hardened nipple he sat up on his knees, pulling his shirt over his head.

“Just let me look at you.” She breathed as his chest and abs were revealed to her for the first time. He was gorgeous. Soft skin over firm muscles, his runes only adding to his beauty.

He sat where he was, straddling her hips. His aching cock pressed against her beautiful lacy panties as she took him in was a new thing for him. He had been self-conscious at first when she had asked him to take off his shirt. He was a thirty-eight year old man, she had the body of an eighteen-year-old. But the lust in her eyes as she took him in gave him courage.

“You are breathtaking, Robert Lightwood.” She said reverently. “I can’t wait to see all of you. Don’t think I can’t feel your cock pressing into me. I can’t wait to taste it.”
His cheeks blushed crimson at her words, his dick straining harder in his pants. Painfully hard. He had to get them off.

Climbing off her glorious body he started to unbuckle his belt.

“Slower.” She demanded, excitement coursing through her veins as he unlatched the belt.

He halted at her words, surprised. Maryse had never made that request. Or any request. She had never seemed to enjoy his body despite his physique when they first married. But Catarina, the mischievous glint in her eyes told him that she did enjoy it. And her demands, oh how he was loving her demands.

Slowly he unbuckled his belt and unbuttoned his pants. He watched as she bit her bottom lip as he unzipped his fly.

She watched with the best anticipation as he slowly unbuckled his belt and unbuttoned his pants. She couldn’t stop herself from biting her lip as he unzipped his fly. She moaned deep in her throat as he lowered his pants over his hips and ass, delighted at the sight of his cock tenting his boxers. She could tell that he was large and couldn’t wait to touch him, to taste him, to have him fill her.

Her deep moan as he lowered his pants thrilled him. Dropping them he toed off his shoes and socks, stepping out of them. He was almost naked in front of a woman for the first time in almost nineteen years and the delight in her eyes took the rest of his inhibitions away.

“Now the rest.” She demanded, thrilled at the beauty of his body as she watched him strip. She had seen his nerves and was delighted when she saw them disappear.

“You have a stunning body, Robert. One I’m going to enjoy exploring immensely.” She said reverently.

Gripping his boxers he eased them down, his aching cock slapping his flat belly as it was freed.

She couldn’t help the moan that escaped her as she took in the sight of his large, thick cock. It looked utterly delicious with the drops of precum on the head.
“Now you.” He said, gripping the pants that sat around her thighs, gently tugging them down. She toed off her shoes and socks, helping him to free her from her clothes. All that was left was her panties and bra at her back.

“You are a goddess, Catarina Loss.” He breathed, taking in the beauty of the woman of his dreams. Her flat belly had him wanting to trace it with his tongue, her firm thighs had him wanting them wrapped around him. “I told you I was going to peel you out of these.” He said, gripping the white lace that covered the last little bit of her. Slowly he slid it down, inch by inch.

He lost his breath as she was finally revealed to him, seeing the soft public hair that he had felt beneath his hand as he had touch her and the V that hid the heat that he knew was nestled between her thighs. Sliding them slowly down her legs he pulled the soft lace over her knees, letting them fall to the floor.

“Please let me see you.” He pleaded, wanting desperately to get a look at what he knew would be perfection before he filled her.

“You do it. Spread them.” She demanded, excitement shining in her eyes and humming beneath her skin. The way he had undressed her, gently pulling her panties down had her wanting him to do it. To do whatever he wanted.

Softly gripping her knees he spread her perfect legs, groaning at the sight of the wet pussy that was waiting for him. Reaching beneath her back he pulled her up, sliding the last scrap of lace over her shoulders, molding her body to his as he claimed her mouth.

Anticipation shot through her as he gripped her knees, slowly pulling them apart. His groan as he took her in was music to her ears. His arm behind her back as he pulled her to her feet had surprised her, his thick cock poking into her belly had her aching with need for it, for him. She didn’t hesitate to open for him when he licked her bottom lip, demanding entrance.

Their tongues fought a fierce dance for dominance. Then she remembered his words. He wanted to make love to her, so she slowed her pace, letting him take control of the kiss.

She tasted just as heavenly as she had when he’d kissed her before. The ferocity of the kiss was magnificent as they fought for control, but he savored it when she let him have his way, exploring her mouth in the way that he had always dreamed. His cock pocking into her belly had him aching to fill her. He was going to make love to her. Slowly. Gently. Breaking the kiss he pressed his
forehead to hers as they fought for breath.

“Lie down for me?” He asked, panting.

“Your wish is my command.” She said, pulling away. Moving as slowly as she could, shaking her ass along the way she crawled across the bed, settling down in the middle, laying herself out for him.

Watching her crawl across the bed, shaking her ass made him want to grab it and take her, but he wanted to give her what he had promised more. What he had been craving for years. He watched as she settled herself in the middle of the bed. Yes, he was going to make love to the beauty that was Catarina Loss, another dream come true.

Straddling her thighs he crawled up her body, pressing a soft kiss to her already kiss swollen lips. He kissed her again, softly, gently. When she licked his bottom lip he opened gladly, her tongue sliding smoothly between his parted lips. The taste of her on his tongue was divine.

“You are delicious, Catarina.” He whispered softly in her ear as the kiss broke, pressing soft kisses to her neck and throat.

When he straddled her thighs she wanted nothing more than to reach down and stroke his cock, but she didn’t. This was his show, his dream. The soft kiss against her lips almost stole her breath.

She had never had this. She had never been given this. Gentle love. Not in all her 400 years. She couldn’t stop herself when she licked his bottom lip, seeking entrance. She desperately wanted to taste him again. His whispered words as he pressed soft kisses to her neck and throat had her eyes rolling back.

He was in no hurry. He lingered over her collarbone, pressing gentle, biting kiss to the sensitive skin. Nudging her head up he kissed his way back up the side of her neck and throat, coming to a stop to linger at her lips. There, he pressed more soft kisses before he started down the other side, pressing the same soft kisses to her neck and throat, again lingering at her collarbone. Her soft moans made him smile. He knew then that he was doing something right.

Cupping her firm breasts in his hands he pressed soft kisses to each, one at a time, molding them gently in his hands. He flicked his tongue over her nipples in turn, listening to her gasps of breath and savoring it when she bucked her hips towards him.
“Patience, Catarina.” He crooned before sucking her nipple into his mouth, again rolling the hardened nub between his teeth and tongue.

“Robert…” She gasped. She was overwhelmed by the pleasure, her head spinning in the best possible way. She didn’t understand how something as simple as soft kisses and gentle touches could bring her to her knees. But it had. She wanted him, needed him, desperately.

“Shh, my sweet.” He crooned, pressing one last kiss to her lips, taking in her lust blown pupils.

Moving back down her body he pressed soft, sucking kisses down her torso and belly. She cried out in pleasure when he dipped his tongue into her naval.

The soft kisses he was pressing down her belly was stealing her breath. The pleasure was exquisite. She couldn’t stop it when she cried out when his tongue dipped into her naval, pleasure rocketing through her. Her hands slid instinctively into his raven hair.

The feel of her hands in his hair was delicious. He savored it for a moment, dipping his tongue into her naval again before continuing down. He kept up his torturous pace, pressing more soft kisses down her belly. He stopped just above her pubic hair, pressing kiss after kiss to the soft skin there. He had never pleasured a woman this way before. With his wife it had all just been the mechanics, nothing more.

Everything he had done so far he had seen on internet porn. The Angel only knows how many times he had jerked himself off to it over the years. He had never gone down on a woman before and wasn’t sure he knew how. But he was sure, with every fiber of his being that he was going to love it.

Gently parting her legs he was thrilled when she bent her knees for him, her hands tugging lightly in his hair. The beauty of her womanhood nearly stole his breath. He wanted nothing more than to taste her. He ached for it. Flicking his tongue out he got his first real taste of Catarina Loss.

His soft kisses down her belly were driving her mad. With each kiss she wanted more and more for him to just take her. She had never been made love to before, and what he was doing was exquisite. But she didn’t know what to do. She had never been pleasured this way before. She didn’t hesitate to open for him when he parted her legs. She wanted him there, needed him there. His tongue flicking out across her clit felt like heaven and sin all at once.
Her cry of pleasure and her hands tightening in his hair told him that he had done something right. He felt more at ease as he licked her clit again, savoring the taste of her on his tongue. She tasted like heaven and sin all at once. He didn’t think as he gently sucked her clit gently into his mouth and rolled his tongue around it, it was instinctual. It was as if his brain already knew what to do. Again and again he circled her sweet spot with his tongue, sucking gently, listening to her cries of pleasure as her thighs trembled.

“Robert!” She cried as she came, the pleasure rocking through her.

The earthshattering pleasure when he sucked her clit into his sinfully hot mouth was bliss. She couldn’t stop it when she tightened her hands in his hair, or her cries of pleasure as his tongue circled around and around her sweet spot as he gently sucked it. Her orgasm came crashing down on her in waves, the intensity of it had her crying out. She lay panting as she came down from the high of her release, watching him as he watched her.

“You look beautiful, Catarina.” He said softly. He had watched her after she had cried his name, listened as she cried out her pleasure as her thighs trembled at his sides. He watched as she panted for breath, a light sheen of sweat coating her skin as her eyes slowly focused and she finally looked down at him.

His soft words brushed over her skin like a soft caress. All she could do was stare into his deep brown eyes as she fought for breath. It didn’t surprise her when he pressed a soft kiss to each of her trembling thighs before climbing back up her body, his erection pressing firmly against her as he settled on his forearms at her head.

He wanted nothing more than to calm the trembling of her thighs, so he pressed a soft kiss to each before he climbed back up the length of her beautiful body. He was aching for her, in every possible way. Settling on his forearms he studied her for a moment before he pressed a soft kiss to her lips. He wanted her to taste herself on his tongue. She was delicious.

“I’m going to make love to you now, Ms. Loss.” He said, pulling each of her legs up behind him, one at a time, wrapping them around his waist.

“Please do.” She breathed, licking her lips. She savored the taste of herself on her tongue.
He pressed another soft kiss to her lips, licking her bottom lip, seeking entrance. He was overjoyed when she opened for him, his tongue sliding smoothly through her parted lips. He could still taste her on his tongue as their tongues danced, his head spinning in the best possible way from the pleasure. With one hand he lined himself up to her wet entrance, listening to the low moan in her throat as he pushed the head of his cock into her. He lost his breath at the pleasure of the tight heat that wanted to suck him in.

They gasped for breath when the kiss broke, both rocked by the pleasure they were feeling.

The stretch of his thick cock as he pushed barely into her had been breathtaking. She wanted more of it, all of it. She ached to have it all.

It was all he could do not to plunge into her. To ground himself he pressed soft kisses to her neck and throat, listening to her soft moans as he eased into her inch by delicious inch, filling her slowly. Her core was a hot velvet vice that was tightening around him as he sheathed himself inside her. He didn’t hear his own moans or cries of pleasure as he buried himself to the hilt in her.

His soft kisses at her neck and throat worked to ground her, but she couldn’t stop her moans at the beautiful stretch as his thick cock eased into her. It was breathtaking. His moans and cries of pleasure as he slowly entered her were beautiful. They both gasped when he had fully filled her, his body pressed firmly to hers. They fit together perfectly, as if they had been made for each other and no one else.

“You truly are a goddess, Catarina Loss.” He breathed, unable to form anything louder.

“And you are a god, Robert Lightwood.” She whispered, pressing soft kisses to his chin and jaw.

Pressing a soft kiss to her lips Robert pulled back, just a little, and thrust gently back into her. They moaned together as he thrust, each thrust deeper than the one before.

The beauty of his trusts was magnificent, the pleasure unlike anything she had ever felt before. The firm muscles of his back as she slid her hands down it to grip his ass as he thrust into her, ever so gently, over and over again felt perfect beneath her hands. She couldn’t stop it when her nails bit into him when she came, crying out her release.

The tight velvet fist that gripped him with each magnificent thrust was unlike any other pleasure he had ever felt before. Her hands sliding down his back felt perfect. He knew she was about to cum
as her moans and cries of pleasure grew louder. He couldn’t stop his smile when her nails bit into his ass when she came. If he had his way, she would cum again and again before he was done.

He didn’t stop when she came, he just kept thrusting, each thrust slow and gentle. He had told her he was going to make love to her, slowly, gently, and he was.

“Robert!” She cried as she felt herself nearing that peak again.

His slow thrusts were driving her mad with pleasure. She knew that she was going to cum, and that he wouldn’t stop when she did. He had said that he was going to make love to her, and he was. It was the most beautiful, most magnificent thing that she had ever experienced, something she would cherish for the rest of her days. She cried out as her climax came crashing down on her again, the pleasure more intense than any she had felt so far.

He knew that she was about to cum again when she cried his name. He knew that he wouldn’t stop when she did, because he wanted to give her more. All the pleasure that he could. Being inside her, fucking into her perfect body was beyond his wildest dreams. This was something that he would savor, something that he would cherish for the rest of his days. He almost lost it himself when she cried out and her hot velvet walls clamped down on him for the second time. He knew then that he would take the next fall with her, something he had only ever dreamt of.

“Catarina.” He breathed. “Take this one with me.” He panted.

Over and over again he thrust into her, each new thrust getting deeper than he last as he pulled further and further out of her before he thrust back in. They were both moaning out their pleasure.

Her hot velvet walls were gripping him harder and harder with each glorious thrust. He knew he wouldn’t last much longer. The pleasure was too good. Her cries of pleasure beneath him told him that she was right there with him. He wanted to pound into her, to hear the sound of skin meeting skin but he wouldn’t. Not this time.

With the next deep thrust he felt his balls draw up and start to tingle. He didn’t hear himself cry her name as he thrust into her again and his cock erupted, filling her with his hot, thick cum. He did hear her scream his name as her walls clamped down around him as she came.

She hadn’t been able to come down from the high of that second release before more beautiful sensations washed through her. His gentle thrusts were raising her higher and higher, each thrust
more delicious than the last. His words as he thrust into her sent a shiver down her spine. She
couldn’t stop her cries of pleasure as they made love for the first time, slow and gentle love just as
he had promised. She knew he was about to cum when he cried her name, just as she cried his as
her third orgasm came crashing down on her as his cock erupted inside her. They lay panting
together, both lost in the high of the most beautiful fall off that magnificent edge.

Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a
vote.
A/N: Before I proceed to the next chapter of this journey I wanted to offer up a little tease, work your imagination a bit. Please read the modified lyrics below. For all of my wonderful readers who are already up to Chapter 21 - United Front - Part 2, after you have read the lyrics, think back to the journey so far and see where and how it applies, and think ahead of where it might go. More will be revealed as this journey continues for you. I really hope your enjoying the ride!

PS: All credits belong to Imagine Dragons

As a child you would wait  
And watch from far away  
But you always knew that you'd be the one that work while they all play

In youth you'd lay awake at night and dream  
Of all the things that you would change  
Belief was just a dream!

Here we are, traitors  
We are the warriors that will build this town  
Here we are, traitors  
We are the warriors that will build this town from dust

The time will come when you'll have to rise  
Above the rest, improve yourself  
Your spirit never dies

This will be the labor of my love, my love

Here we are, traitors  
We are the warriors that will build this town  
Here we are, traitors  
We are the warriors that will build this town from dust

Here we are, down turn away now

We are the warriors that will build this town  
Here we are, traitors

We are the warriors that will build this town from dust
Chapter 21 - United Front - Part 3

Chapter 21

United Front – Part 3

- WARNING – SEXUAL CONTENT

Not Intended for readers under the age of 18

- A/N: Just a heads up to make reading easier, some of the more intimate parts of this chapter switch back and forth between Alec and Magnus’ perspectives.

ALL INTIMATE ACTS WILL BE IN BOLD FOR THOSE WHO DO NOT WISH TO READ THEM BUT WOULD LIKE TO FOLLOW THE STORY

- Alec stirred in Magnus’ arms, his eyes fluttering open. Soft predawn light filtered through the blue curtains covering the cottage window. It took a few seconds for his blurry vision to focus, but it did.

“Good morning, angel.” Magnus murmured softly, pressing a soft kiss to the back of Alec’s neck. He had felt his love stir in his arms and woken. He had become overly sensitive to his sweet omega’s movements in his sleep.

Alec snuggled into his pillow and his alpha’s embrace. He wasn’t sure that he wanted to be awake yet. He still felt sleepy. Until images of the night before flashed before his eyes, and his vision.

“Hey…it’s okay.” Magnus soothed when his felt his Shadowhunter tense.

“Lydia.” Alec breathed, terror for his friend gripping him.

“She’s fine. It’s okay, sweetheart. She’s fine.”

“She’s an omega.” He said, trying to sit up. But he couldn’t. His warlock’s arm wrapped around
him held him firmly in place.

“No, angel. She’s not. At least not yet.”

Alec turned, facing his alpha, the question clear in his eyes.

“We checked The Omega Chronicles, and rechecked. She’s not in there. And your father… confirmed that she hasn’t presented yet. She won’t present until May. We have time. We’ll form a plan. We’ll keep her safe, love. I promise.

What you saw, it’s not the present. It’s the future. Your Angel showed you what is to come, not what is.”

“Imogen…” Alec started.

“Shh.” Magnus said, covering Alec’s lips with a finger as he gently cut him off. “We’ll talk about it. We’ll get everybody together and talk about everything you saw, just not this minute. It’s early. Really early. And everyone had a late night. A few more hours isn’t going to hurt anything or anyone. Okay?”

“There will be more. More omegas.” He said softly, feeling it with every fiber of his being. “I know it.”

“I know, angel. And we’ll form a plan, just like we did before.”

“It’s the ‘why’, alpha. I know it is.” He said, gazing into the chocolate brown eyes he loved so much.

“I know.” Magnus said softly, leaning up to press a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead. “You should try and rest some more, get a little more sleep.”

A flare of anger lit in Alec.
“I’m mad at you.”

“I know. And I’m sure you will be again. You’re a Shadowhunter, love. The best Shadowhunter. You’ve always pushed yourself to give it your all, even when it hurt you. And it has. More than once.

More than once you’ve pushed yourself past your limits and would have last night had we not stopped you. You would have forced yourself up and into action when your body couldn’t take it. You were weak, so very weak. That vision came with a heavy price, one that affected you severely. And had we not stopped you, you would have hurt yourself.

The first time Isabelle told me how they pin Shadowhunters when their hurt or sick it enraged me. But now, after seeing how you react, I understand it. It’s ingrained in you to push yourself back up, past the pain, past the weakness, past your limits. But that should only be done in battle, when you’re in mortal danger. Not in everyday life.

There are going to be times, because you are who you are and you are the way you are when those who love you are going to have to step up and say ‘no’, and stop you when your fighting a fight that will hurt you. Especially when your carrying our children.” He said, softly caressing Alec’s flat belly. “You’re my mate. It’s my job to look after you. Just like I’m yours and it’s your job to look after me when I need it. So far, I haven’t needed it. But that day will come I’m sure.”

Alec’s anger deflated. He understood his alpha’s words, even if he didn’t like them. He hated feeling weak. He always had. He had been raised to believe that he couldn’t be weak. That it wasn’t allowed. But his children…he could never risk his children, even if that meant someone had to force him to not follow the instincts that were ingrained in him.

“Okay.” He said softly. “But we need to make a plan. We have to figure out what’s next.”

“And we will. Just not right this minute. Right now, you need to rest.” Magnus said, relieved that his Shadowhunter wasn’t going to fight him, to fight the facts.

“I don’t know that I can.” He breathed. His alpha’s hand caressing his belly had done things to him. He wanted nothing more than to take that hand and slide it down to his aching cock. His warlock’s gentle caresses had hardened him almost instantly.

“Why not, angel?”
Doing what he wanted Alec laid his hand over his warlock’s, sliding it down his belly and beneath the soft quilt to his erection. Magnus couldn’t help but smile. His Shadowhunter was insatiable at times.

“I’m not sure your up for that just yet, sweetheart.” He murmured, gently stroking Alec’s length through his silk boxers.

“Obviously I am.” Alec breathed, reveling in the pleasure of his alpha’s hand palming him through the silky material.

“I meant that your still weak, love.” Magnus said, chuckling.

“I don’t feel weak. I feel like I want my alpha.” He said softly, overjoyed when his warlock slid his hand beneath the waistband of his boxers, taking him firmly in his hand, jerking him gently. “It feel’s like he wants me too.” He breathed as soft waves of pleasure washed over him at the gentle jerking on his cock.

“Slow and easy, love. That’ll be the only way. In this, I lead, you follow. Understand?” Magnus asked, taking a firmer grip on his young warrior’s thick cock. His Shadowhunter was hard to resist.

“Yes.” Alec breathed, almost moaned. At that moment he would have agreed to just about anything to have his warlock.

“Then it’s more sleep. Promise me.” He said softly, pressing his fingers hard to the vein in the underside of Alec’s hardened length.

“I promise.” Alec whispered as pleasure rocked through him, almost stealing his ability to speak. His alpha always did the best things to him.

“Good.” He said, releasing Alec’s cock. Alec whined at the loss of contact. Magnus couldn’t help but smile. “Do you feel strong enough to try something new?”
“What?”

“You did ask me to show you other ways that I will make love to you when you’re pregnant. Do you want to try it? See if you like it?” He asked, softly stroking Alec’s cheek.

“Yes.” Alec said, anticipation and need humming beneath his skin.

“Okay. Roll over.” He said, anticipation humming beneath his own skin.

Alec did as he was asked without question, rolling onto his hands and knees. Magnus snapped his fingers, his stele appearing in his hand. He quickly activated Alec’s intimacy rune, watching as it glowed, then faded.

“Good. Now scoot up and hold onto the headboard.”

Alec did as he was asked but was confused. Pulling their pillows out of the way Magnus guided his Shadowhunters knees apart, positioning himself behind him, his own erection pressing firmly into his love’s silk clad ass.

Alec moved easily as his alpha guided his knees apart. He couldn’t stop his groan when his warlock’s length buried itself in his crack as his alpha wrapped his arm around his waist, pulling them flush together.

“Shh.” Magnus murmured, pressing a soft kiss to the rune on the side of Alec’s neck. Sliding his hand beneath Alec’s soft cotton t-shirt he gently caressed his flat belly. “One day your womb is going to be holding our babies.” He whispered in Alec’s ear. “One day this firm, flat belly will be swollen and rounded and I’m going to caress it just like this. Every day I’m going to show it love. Because what will be inside will be precious, just like you.” He said, pressing another soft kiss to the rune on Alec’s neck. “It will be beautiful, Alexander. You will be beautiful. Tell me, do you know what happens when a person is pregnant?”
“No.” Alec breathed, enjoying his alpha’s soft kisses on his neck, aching for more.

“They crave sex. Lots of it. And I’ll give you as much as you want. But once you reach a certain point, we’ll have to be more careful with your body, gentle because of your swollen belly. Do you understand?”

“Yes. You’ve told me.”

“There will be times when I put you just like you are now, to keep our babies safe as I make love to you.” He said softly, sliding his hand back beneath the waistband of Alec’s boxers, retaking his hold on his young warrior’s cock.

His alpha’s soft words thrilled him. Knowing that his warlock, the father of their future children would still want him washed what was left of his lingering insecurities away. His alpha had told him before, but he loved hearing it. The thought of his alpha gently caressing his rounded belly every day made him feel even more loved. Something he hadn’t thought was possible.

He couldn’t imagine craving sex more than he already did. He already wanted it all the time, wanting his alpha all the time. Every day, every night he wanted the man that he loved with all that he was. His head fell back on his warlock’s shoulder when he gripped him, a soft moan escaping him. He couldn’t help but take a firmer grip on the headboard in front of him. He could see himself in this position when he was carrying their children, imagine his alpha behind him touching him just like he was now.

“That’s it. Hold on, just like that.” Magnus crooned, gently jerking Alec’s length.

“What happens now?” He breathed, pleasure humming in his veins as his warlock softly jerked him.

“Now I’m going to make love to you. Slowly. Gently. Like I will then. But this time, I’m going to leave you dressed.” Magnus whispered, pressing another soft kiss to Alec’s neck as he released his cock. “Don’t let go, love.” He said, releasing Alec’s waist. Gripping the waistband of Alec’s boxers he ever so gently he eased them down, over his hips and ass, freeing his angel’s thick cock as he settled them at his bent knees. The silky material
stretched easily. “Lilith, you have a beautiful ass.” He murmured reverently as he softly caressed Alec’s bare ass cheeks. “So soft and firm all at once. You have the body of a god, Alexander. And I love worshiping it. Push it back a bit, angel.”

Alec did as he was asked without question, pushing his ass back into his warlock’s hands as far as he would let him. The pleasure of his alpha’s soft touches was wonderful, sending that perfect tingle that he loved so much running down his spine.

“Beautiful.” Magnus murmured, softly kneading and molding Alec’s bare ass cheeks, gazing hungrily at his magnificent ass, at the strong, muscular thighs beneath it, taking in the sight of the perfection that was his Shadowhunters delectable body. A body that he would enjoy for eternity. “Are you comfortable, love?”

“Yes.” Alec breathed, overwhelmed with need. “What now?”

“Look at me.”

Turning to face his beautiful alpha he watched as Magnus lowered his own silk boxers, freeing the cock that he ached to have in him so badly, watching as he lowered them to his own knees.

Magnus wanted his angel to see how much he affected him, how much he aroused him. He wanted him to see how much he made him need him, want him, ache for him. He wanted him to see what he did to him. Cupping Alec’s cheek he pressed a soft kiss to his lips. “Turn back around, love.” Snapping his fingers Magnus thoroughly lubed them both.

Alec whimpered when he felt the warm lube drip from his aching hole. His warlock always used so much, and he loved the feel of it now as it ran down his thighs, wishing desperately that it was his alpha’s cum. But it would be soon.

“Mm. That’s a beautiful sight, Alexander.” Magnus murmured, watching the lube he had filled his young warrior with run down his thighs, wishing desperately that it was his cum. But it would be soon.
Sliding his length up and down his sweet omega’s crack he teased him.

“Alpha, please.” Alec begged.

“Shh.” Magnus crooned, wrapping his arm back around Alec’s waist. “Patience, angel.” He said softly, lining himself up with Alec’s entrance. “Remember the rules. No forcing it. I lead, you follow. Promise me, Alexander.”

“I promise.” Alec breathed, desperately wanting to be filled with the thick cock that was resting at his entrance, the cock that he knew with everything that he had had been sculpted just for him, promising him the most exquisite pleasure. They fit together perfectly.

“I’m going to fill you slowly, just the way you like it. Inch by inch. But there’s a condition. You have to hold onto that headboard. You can’t let go. If you do, I’ll stop. Do you understand?”

“Yes.” Alec said, confused.

“You have to be able to anchor yourself, love. Support yourself. When I take you like this when your pregnant you will be holding the weight of our children. You’ll have to be able to support it, balance it and yourself.”

“Okay. I won’t let go.” His alpha’s words made sense. He would have to learn to adjust to the extra weight of their children. His warlock was showing him how, teaching him how things would have to be. His alpha was always teaching him, and he loved it.

Magnus savored the sight of the delectable ass that he knew with everything that he had had been sculpted just for him one last time, promising him the most exquisite pleasure. They fit together perfectly. With his arm still wrapped firmly around Alec’s waist he gently pushed the head of his aching cock through Alec’s tight rim, groaning from the exquisite pleasure of his angel’s tight channel clamping down on him, knowing that it would only get better and better as he pushed further and further into his young love. His sweet omega’s soft moan was music to his ears.
“That’s right, sweetheart. Give me my moans. All of them.” He crooned softly, resting his free hand on Alec’s hip, supporting him.

Gripping the headboard, hard, Alec savored the security of his alpha’s arm wrapped firmly around his waist as the beautiful cock that he was craving pushed through his rim. The stretch was magnificent. He knew that the stretch and feeling of fullness was only going to get better and better as his warlock pushed further and further into him. He couldn’t stop his soft moan at the exquisite pleasure.

Magnus waited until he felt his Shadowhunters muscles relax around him before pushing another inch into his young warrior. His angel’s soft moans as he pushed further and further in, one inch at a time were beautiful. Alec’s cry of pleasure told him that he had hit his prostate. He stopped, knowing that his Shadowhunter savored the feel of the pressure against his sweet spot.

Alec was impatient waiting for his alpha to push further into him but knew that he wouldn’t until he felt his muscles relax. He willed his body to relax, craving more. As his warlock pushed further and further into him he couldn’t stop his moans. The pleasure was exquisite. The magnificent stretch and the beautiful sense of fullness as his alpha’s thick cock filled him was beyond words. When his wonderful warlock pushed in deeper it had him wanting to push back, to take more, but he had to remember the ‘rules’. He knew that his alpha would stop him if he did. He knew that each time his muscles clamped down on his warlock’s length that he was enjoying it as well. His alpha’s soft moans told him that he was.

He couldn’t help but cry out when his Magnus hit his prostate. As much as he loved being fucked, and fucked hard, he loved this. Sometimes his alpha would stop right where he was, knowing full well how much he loved the perfect pressure and sense of fullness against his sweet spot. Sometimes he would stop there and thrust slowly, sawing against that sweet spot. Others, like now, he would just let him revel in pleasure of the pressure against it.

Savoring the feel of the breathtaking pleasure of his Shadowhunters tight channel as he eased into him, he knew that when his love’s muscles relaxed around him that he would want more, need more. He cherished pleasuring and being pleased by his young warrior.

He didn’t have far to go before he was fully sheathed inside his sweet omega, and as much as he was enjoying taking his time, he knew the feeling of having his angel’s tight walls gripping his full length would be exquisite. He reveled in hearing his loves soft moans as he filled him, knowing they would only get louder as he pleased him.
Alec reveled in the pleasure as his alpha entered him, inch by beautiful inch. He once thought that he wouldn’t be able to take his warlock’s thick cock, that it would hurt, but it never did. It felt perfect as it filled him. He didn’t bother trying to stop or hide his moans as his warlock filled him, he knew how much he loved them. And the pleasure was too good, the stretch and fullness as his Magnus filled him was heavenly. Since his alpha had stopped holding himself back, he understood why his warlock loved his moans. His warlocks were music to his ears. He cried out, almost letting go of the headboard when his alpha pushed in that last glorious inch, filling him completely, fully sheathing himself inside him.

Magnus listened to his sweet omega’s moans and panting breaths as he pushed those last few inches in, and his cry of pleasure when he bottomed out, fully sheathing himself in his young warriors gloriously tight channel. It was hard waiting, waiting while his precious Alexander adjusted to being fully filled, waiting for the muscles clamped down around him to relax, but he would. He wouldn’t risk hurting his angel.

“By the Angel, please move.” Alec begged, wanting nothing more than for his warlock to fuck him.

“Patience, love.” Magnus crooned, softly rubbing Alec’s hip. “You know the rules. Let yourself adjust.”

Alec tried to force his muscles to relax but he couldn’t. They wouldn’t.

“Breathe, angel.” He murmured.

Alec didn’t know that he had been holding his breathed until he forced himself to draw one in. He felt his body start to relax almost instantly.

“That’s it. Just like that.” Magnus soothed as Alec’s channel relaxed around him. “I’m going to fuck you now, sweetheart. Remember, don’t let go.” He said, gripping Alec’s hip to steady him. Just as he would when his angel was with child. Pulling back just a few inches he slowly thrust back into his Shadowhunter, listening to his chorus of ‘yeses’. He loved that his lover was vocal in bed. It thrilled him.
With each thrust he pulled back a little further, gently thrusting back into his sweet omega. He had to grip his angel’s hip with his other hand to steady himself as his thrusts went deeper and deeper, listening to his young warrior’s words and moans as he pleasured him.

His warlock’s words echoed in his ears ‘I’m going to fuck you now, don’t let go’. It was hard to focus on his alpha’s request when pleasure was coursing through every nerve in his body. That first magnificent thrust almost stole his breath, it always did. The pleasure his alpha gave him with each gentle thrust as he thrust deeper and deeper into him was beautiful. His hand gripping his other hip as he fucked into him steadied him. He didn’t know that he was repeating himself, over and over again, ‘yes’. He never did. But he did hear his alpha. He did hear his moans and soft grunts as he gently fucked him. It thrilled him.

“Harder. Please, harder.” Alec breathed, desperate for more.

“No, love. Not when you’re like this.” Magnus forced out. It was hard resisting his Shadowhunter, especially when he himself wanted more, when he wanted to fuck hard into his young love. But he couldn’t. He wouldn’t. He had to show him. He had to show him how things would have to be. But he could give him more pleasure. He would. Pressing a soft wave of magic into his sweet omega’s hips, no more than he could take when he was carrying their children, he listed to his Shadowhunters cries as his walls clamped down around him. He tightened his grip on Alec’s hips to steady him when his back arched and his thighs trembled.

Alec didn’t understand. He didn’t understand why his alpha wouldn’t give him what he wanted. He had never denied him. The sudden wave of soft magic caught him off guard. He cried out, the pleasure rocking through him and his muscles tightening. He felt his back arch and his thighs tremble. It was exquisite.

“Breathe, love.” Magnus crooned softly, holding his breath as he waited for his Shadowhunter to draw in his own. He listened to his angel take a stuttering breath, relief coursing through him. ‘Not so much’ he thought. ‘Not while he’s pregnant’. ‘That’s it, sweetheart.” He soothed as he watched his young warrior’s breathing return to normal, gently rubbing his hip.

“Please move.” Alec breathed, desperately needing his alpha to fuck into him again, needing that friction against his prostate.
“Let go, angel.” He said, pulling Alec flush against him when he released his grip on the headboard. “Just relax.” He soothed. It was a new angle, but he knew his young warrior needed a release, and soon. His angel’s exhaustion was starting to show. He needed to rest. But he also needed to cum. Wrapping an arm firmly around his waist he took his angel’s thick cock firmly in his free hand, jerking him gently as he thrust into him.

He listened to his love’s soft moan as his head fell back on his shoulder, speeding up his jerks and thrusts.

“That’s it. Just feel the pleasure.” He crooned softly as he gently fucked into his sweet omega, using his soft moans as a guide.

Alec didn’t hesitate to release his grip on the headboard, relieved when his alpha pulled him to him. He was tired, but he needed to cum. He was too worked up not to. He was relieved when his warlock wrapped his arm around his waist. He wasn’t sure how much longer he could hold himself up.

The new angle when his alpha thrust back into him was magnificent, giving him the pressure on his prostate that he needed. The firm grip on his cock jerking him only made it better. He heard his soft moan as his head fell back on his wonderful warlock’s shoulder.

The faster thrusts and jerks on his length were pushing him towards the edge. He was too tired to warn his warlock that he was about to cum.

Magnus knew that his angel was getting close when his walls tightened around him. It wouldn’t take much more to give him the release he needed. He felt his own release quickly approaching at the tighter squeeze.

“That’s it, love. Let go.” He murmured softly in Alec’s ear.

With two more thrusts Alec cried out as his cock erupted in his warlock’s hand, covering the headboard with ropes of cum. He felt his alpha bathe his walls with his own cum as they came, taking the fall together.
It only took two more thrusts and jerks on his Shadowhunters cock for him to cum, erupting in his hand. The sight of his release covering the headboard was enough to take him over the edge with him. He felt himself fill his exhausted warrior with his own release as they fell together over that final peak.

Wrapping his other arm firmly around his sweet omega he held him close as aftershocks racked through him, mirrored by his own. He held onto him as they came down, as his precious Alexander relaxed in his arms.

Alec savored the feel of his alpha’s arms around him as he felt his body relax as he came down. The experience wasn’t what he had been expecting, but it had still been wonderful.

“Sweetheart? Are you alright?” Magnus asked softly.

“Mm-hmm. Tired.” Alec mumbled.

“I know, angel.” He said, gently easing himself out of his love. Snapping his fingers he cleaned them and the headboard up, replacing their pillows. With another finger snap his redressed them both.

“Will it always be like that? So gentle?” Alec murmured, struggling to hold his eyes open.

“Only when your very pregnant, sweetheart. Maybe sooner depending on how many of our babies your carrying. You’ll grow faster with each one.” He said, gently easing Alec back into bed.

“Three. There will be three.” Alec said softly as his alpha tucked him in.

Magnus froze. ‘Three’. He knew that his sweet omega had seen their children in his dreams. He had just never told him how many. ‘Three’ he thought as his heart swelled. Three precious lives he would die to protect.

“What is it?” Alec asked, watching his warlock.
“You haven’t told me how many before, sweetheart. We’re going to have three babies. Three beautiful babies, just like their daddy.” He said softly, tucking the soft quilt at Alec’s waist. “Sleep now, angel.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead.

“Sleep with me?” Alec asked, fighting hard to stay awake.

“Always.” Magnus said with a smile, pulling his Shadowhunter close, holding him securely in his arms.

“Mm-kay.” Alec breathed as his eyes fluttered closed, feeling safe and secure in his alpha’s arms.

Magnus watched as his precious Alexander’s eyes fluttered closed, waiting for his favorite sound. Within seconds he heard it, his angel’s soft little snores. ‘Three’ he thought again, pressing another soft kiss to Alec’s forehead. ‘Three little angels.’

With one last look at the man he loved most in this world he smiled, laying his hand protectively on his Shadowhunters flat belly. Over an empty womb that in a few short weeks may not be empty. Closing his eyes he fell asleep holding his love, falling into dreams of raven haired beauties with perfect porcelain pale skin and crystal blue eyes.

Soft sunlight filtered through the cottage window, casting rays of morning sunlight across the gleaming hardwood floors and onto the bed. Alec stirred, snuggling into his pillows. His mind felt floaty, not quite asleep, not quite awake. He didn’t want to be awake but something deep inside him told him that he needed to be. There was something that he needed to do. ‘Lydia.’ He thought, his eyes snapping open. Bolting up in bed his head spun at the sudden movement. Cat caught him by the shoulders as he swayed.

“Hey, easy there.” She said as he shook his head, trying to clear it. “Are you alright?” She asked.

“I’m fine, Cat.” He said, willing his vision to clear of the black spots dancing in front of his eyes. “What in the Angel’s name did you do to me?”

“I took care of you, sweetie.” She said softly, looking into his unfocused eyes. “I think you should lie back down.” She said, cupping his cheek.
“I said I’m fine.” He said softly, looking deep into her mossy green eyes, his vision finally clear. He wanted to be mad at her. He wanted to be mad at what she had done, but he couldn’t. What he saw in her eyes made it impossible. Her eyes told him.

Her eyes told him that she loved him. And in that moment, he realized that he loved her too, something that warmed his heart.

“Where’s Magnus?” He asked, swallowing hard, fighting back the tears that wanted to fall. She loved him.

“He had to go out for a few minutes. He asked me to stay with you in case you woke up before he got back.” She said, releasing him. She hadn’t wanted to let him go. She had wanted to hold on, but she wasn’t sure why.

“Lydia.” He said, his mind snapping back into the here and now. He had been so lost in his emotions that he had forgotten.

“Is fine, sweetie. She hasn’t presented yet. She won’t present until next month. We have time. We’ll find a way to protect her.” She said gently. “If she presents as an omega, we’ll keep her safe.”

It was then that he remembered his alpha’s earlier words. He had told him that his friend was safe. For now.

“My vision…” He started.

“We’ll talk about it.” She said, cutting him off. “We’re due to meet at noon.”

“Noon?” He asked, surprised. “What time is it? How long did I sleep?”

“As long as you needed. That vision hit you hard. It took a lot out of you.” She said as he glanced at the beside clock. 10:54 am.
“I need to get up. I need to move.” He said, pushing the covers back. “There’s so much to do.”

“And were doing it. Magnus is out right now finishing up the housing for the downworlders. Cut yourself some slack, sweetie. You don’t have push yourself so hard. We’re here to help.” She said as he climbed out of bed. She caught him by the hips as his legs started to give. “Okay. Back in bed for you. No arguments.” She said as she guided him back down on the soft mattress.

“By the Angel, what’s wrong with me?” He asked.

“These visions are kicking your ass, Alec.” Clary said from the open doorway.

“Clary. What are you doing here?” He asked, watching as his parabati closed the door.

“I thought I’d come check on you. I figured that when I got dizzy that you were up and about. That aside, how are you feeling?” She asked as she crossed to him, Cat stepping to the side to make room for her.

“Alright, I guess. As long as I don’t move.” He said, dropping his head into his hands. “How am I supposed to do this? The Angel is giving me these visions to try and change things, right? To save people. How am I supposed to do that when these visions are ‘kicking my ass’?” He asked.

“That, my parabati, I don’t know. Gideon’s letter did say it gets easier.” She said softly, lifting his chin to meet her eyes.

“When?” He asked, gazing into the bright green that was her eyes. He saw the compassion there, the kindness. And the worry.

“I don’t know. But I believe it will happen. You just have to give it some time.” She said, brushing a lock of hair out of his eyes. She wanted to comfort him. To tell him that it would be okay. He was Alec Lightwood. The strongest of the strong, the bravest of the brave.

“If anyone can get through this it’s you Alec. I really don’t think that the Angel would have picked you for this if there was anyone better. And you are the best, rather your ‘not sure you believe that’ or not.” She said, quoting his words from the day before.
“Maybe.” He said softly. “They just seem to be getting harder and harder, you know? Sometimes the visions aren’t that bad, but every time I have one the aftereffects just keep getting worse.”

“I know.” She said, sitting at his side. “Did you see something new?” She asked.

“Yes. Well, I guess ‘heard’ is the better word. Someone is hearing something. Or overhearing. Twice now I’ve heard things that someone else is overhearing. Who? I don’t know. But their hearing things that we apparently need to know. But I do know that whoever they are, they’re inside the Clave.”

“How can you tell?” She asked, frowning.

“Because I’ve been in Alicante enough times to recognize the walls inside the buildings. Like with that vision of Imogen and that vault. Whoever it is that I’m overhearing has deep access within the Gard.” He said softly.

“We’ll, whoever it is they’re giving us some pretty vital information rather they know it or not. Rather they want to or not.” She said. “So what do you think, do you feel ready to get up? There’s something you should see.”

“What is it?” He asked.

“Get dressed and come see for yourself.” She said, smiling. She leaned down, pressing a soft kiss to his forehead. “I’ll wait outside.” She said, climbing up.

“Okay.” He said, confused.

“Well wait until he’s ready, Cat. Don’t let him up if he’s not.” She said, crossing to the door.

“I won’t.” Cat said with a smile.

Alec could only shake his head. ‘They’re up to something’ he thought, tossing his covers back.
Alec stepped out of the cottage, stopping in his tracks. His eyes went wide at the sight before him.

“Good morning, sweetheart.” Magnus said, beside him.

He turned at the sound of his alpha’s voice.

“What is this?” Alec asked, turning back to the sight before him. The village and the fields beyond were filled with countless downworlders and nephilims. Far more than the four hundred and eighty-five he had seen the day before.

“This, my love, is every downworder in the world.” Magnus said, wrapping his arms around Alec’s waist. “Well, except for those that are too young or too old to be here.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s neck.

“I don’t understand.” Alec said, dumbfounded.

“What don’t you understand, big brother?” Jace asked.

Alec looked at his brother. His team, his family stood before him, Cat at their side.

“What are they all doing here?” He asked.

“Their here for you, Alec. Because of you.” Clary said, unable to hide her smile, standing at Jace’s side.

“And for what your going to do.” Simon said, standing beside his alpha.

“The Clave picked the wrong person to pick a fight with, big brother.” Izzy said, her smile lighting up her eyes.

“They can’t be here for me. Because of me.” Alec said, turning his head to take them all in.
“Why not?” Cat asked. “You’re their hero, sweetie. You saved them. They feel like they owe you their lives. Their mate’s lives. And their children’s.”

“But they don’t owe me anything.” He said softly.

“They think they do.” Robert said, stepping up to his adopted son’s side.

“I just did my job.”

“You did more than that. And they know it.” Izzy said. “You fought for them in The Dark War.”

“You did more, Alec.” Clary said.

“You learned more.” Simon said.

“You studied more.” Jace said.

“You trained more.” Cat said.

“And you fought harder.” Robert said, pride for his son swelling inside him.

“In doing all of that you gave them their best chance.” Magnus said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s cheek before taking a place at Robert’s side.

“You’re more than just our brother.” Jace said, dropping to one knee.

“Jace. Please get up.” Alec said.

“I can’t, Alec.” He said, looking up at the brother that had accepted him into his family when he...
had lost his own. The brother that loved him as if they were bound by blood.

“Why?” He asked, fighting back the tears that were stinging his eyes.

“Because you’re our leader.” Clary said, dropping to one knee at Jace’s side.

“Because you’re our commander.” Simon said, dropping down beside Clary.

“Because you’re our hero.” Izzy said, tears stinging her own eyes for her big brother as she dropped down beside her mate.

“And because you’re theirs, sweetie.” Cat said, following Izzy’s lead.

“You fought for them, son. All of them.” Robert said, dropping down beside his mate.

“You’re Rockstar, big brother. And now, now everyone knows it.” Izzy said.

“All I did was fire an arrow.” Alec said, his voice trembling. “I did my job.”

“You did more than that, Alec.” Simon said. “During that final battle, you did more than just end a madman, one of your own kind that wanted them all dead.”

“They know, my parabati.” Clary said. “Words gotten out. They know how hard you fought. Harder than all the rest.”

“They know how long you fought.” Cat said. “Longer than all the rest.”

“While wounded, son. They know now that you had a double concussion, a dangerous thing for someone who’s already had a severe head trauma.” Robert said.

“By the time you took that shot you could barely see, angel.” Magnus said, his love growing more
for his Shadowhunter, something that he hadn’t thought was possible.

"You could have ducked out at any time. But you didn’t. Even when countless others already had.” Cat said.

“Others who had dropped out over far less.” Jace said. “But you kept on despite your injuries.”

“Injuries even Clary’s iratzes couldn’t heal.” Izzy said. “And she drew plenty.”

“You risked your life in every way for them. To save them. And you did.” Clary said as every downworlder there dropped to one knee. The one’s in the village, in the fields beyond, and in the shade of the trees.

“I just…” Alec started.

“Did what you always do.” Simon said, cutting him off. “You gave them your best.”

“You gave them your all.” Cat said.

“You gave them everything you had, love.” Magnus said.

“They shouldn’t be here because of me. I didn’t…” Alec started.

“You did, big brother.” Izzy said. “And their willing to do for you. The Clave’s put a target on your back and they’re not having it.”

“They want to fight this war, sweetheart. For you. And everyone like you.” Magnus said.

“They know your going after the Clave and they want to help. They all have their reasons. We can’t list them all, but at the end of the day their here because of you, Alec.” Cat said, a tear sliding down her cheek.
“And so are we.” Izabella said, dropping to one knee.

“Because you want to protect people like my mother.” Gideon said, dropping down beside his mother. “Like my daughter.”

“Because your willing to fight for us all. Nephilims and downworlders alike.” Nathan said as he dropped to one knee, as every other nephilim there followed his lead.

“Your going to change our world, Alexander.” Magnus said. “You’re going to end the evil that lives within the Clave once and for all.”

“And create a new one. You’re going to change everything, son. We all know it, even if you don’t.” Robert said.

Alec couldn’t hold back his tears. He knew that they were streaming down his cheeks. He didn’t know what to think. What to say.

“They know of your skills, love. They know of your gifts. They know that we will win this war because of you. We need you, angel. All of us.” Magnus said. “And it’s okay for you need us too. Because we will need you, forever.” He said, climbing to his feet. He crossed the short distance between him and his Shadowhunter. Gently he wiped the tears from Alec’s cheeks.

“Please, alpha. Make them get up.” Alec pleaded.

“I can’t, sweetheart. Only you can.” He said softly.

Alec knew what his alpha was saying. He nodded, yes. But he couldn’t do what his warlock was asking, so he did the only thing that he could.

“Please. Rise.” He said, using his commander voice. It wasn’t a command; it was a request.

Everyone rose to their feet. They were surprised that the one that they had chosen to lead them had asked them to do as he wanted, not commanded them.
“You are their leader now, angel. Their commander. All of them. And they will follow you. Anywhere.” Magnus said, pulling Alec into his arms.

Alec didn’t know what to do, so he did the only thing that he could. Looking out at them, he accepted the fact that they would follow him. That they would help him. They would help him win this war. And bring an end to a war that had waged for centuries.

After all of the hugs, the kisses, and the pats on the back he, his team, his father, his grandmother, and his uncle finally made their way to the small council hall outside the village. He had told them of his vision.

After discussing his vision in great length, they had identified four important revelations. One, the Angel had revealed that Lydia Branwell was going to present as an omega. They didn’t know if that was revealed to him as a time stamp as to when this ‘meeting’ was going to take place, or if the Angel was going to in some was reveal to him the presentation of new omega’s in the Shadowhunter World as a way to help them, to get them to safety.

Two, the Angel had showed him that their ‘enemies’ were seeking out others to join their ranks. In that horrid vision that haunted his dreams there were Shadowhunters there, Shadowhunters that helped Imogen Herondale when she ordered the execution of the one’s he held dear. The ‘descendants’ of the Shadowhunters that had murdered omega’s and their families in cold blood throughout the last two centuries.

Three, the Angel had showed them how Imogen and her trio of psycho groupies were going to play off their disappearances. It revealed to them her plan, a plan that would lay it all on his warlock, giving the Shadowhunters of this world reason to justify murdering his precious alpha in the name of justice.

Four, it solidified a theory that they may have an ally within the Clave. Twice he had overheard Imogen and her psycho groupies through someone else’s ears, someone with enough power within the Clave to get deep enough into the lower levels of the Gard to reach their meeting place. There were very few people that could access those levels. Who that person could be, they didn’t know.

After their meeting he had told them that he needed some alone time to train and think things through. They all knew that he used his solo time to gather his thoughts and analyze information. With so many new people in Haven it had been difficult for him to find a spot where he could do
what he needed to do in peace, without interruption. He had had to go almost four miles out from
the village to find a quiet spot to do what he had so desperately needed.

He had thought about their meeting while he had gone through his warmup and thought through
his vision as he went through new moves, moves that he had yet to show his family. Moves that
came to him fluidly after he had gone through moves that he had already honed and perfected.

Picking up the pace he thought as he integrated his new moves with old ones, moves that would
catch an enemy off guard and give them a solid advantage. The moves that he was working
through he knew no one would see coming.

He thought about Lydia as he unknowingly added weapons to his moves, as he whipped out one of
his sister’s custom circular blades and buried it solidly in a tree twenty feet away. He had known
Lydia for a long time. He had trained her in advanced combat. They had been friends. And he
hoped with everything he had in him that that friendship had survived his presentation. That she
was one of the few people that hadn’t turned against him when he presented. If she had, presenting
as an omega was going to be a crushing blow.

He thought about what his father had revealed to them as another blade flew from his hand, hitting
it’s mark. At first he had been angry, until his father had assured him that he wouldn’t have forced
a relationship with her on him for no other reason than because the Clave had wanted it. He had
assured him that he never would have done to him what had been forced on him, and he believed
him.

He wondered if the Angel revealing her future presentation would be a onetime thing as he flipped
through the air and another blade left his hand. He hoped that it wouldn’t be. If they knew who
would present as an omega beforehand, something that they believed had never happened before, it
would allow them to form a plan to save some of the Shadowhunters that he knew and once
considered friends. So far nothing in Gideon Lightwood’s journal had indicated that the Angel had
revealed to him the presentation of new omegas before The Great Purge. If he had been given that
knowledge and done nothing to help them, well, they couldn’t think about that now.

Now they had to figure out what to do if this wasn’t a onetime thing and new omegas were going to
be revealed to him. How would they know when they would present, allowing them to time to
plan out how to get to them before Imogen and her psycho groupies could? They only knew about
Lydia because of the research his father had done on her.

His father had said that there was a book in Alicante that could help. The Shadowhunter Registry.
The Registry listed the name and birth dates of every nephilim, linked to their parents, and then
their presentation race, mates, and children as they came along. How they were going to get to The
Shadowhunter Registry to reference the birth dates, the date that Shadowhunters present, was
something they would have to figure out. It was kept in the center of Alicante in The Counsil Hall.

He thought about the ‘descendants’ that Imogen had spoken of as a new move entered his mind and as he executed it quickly, adding it to the moves he had already gone through. They knew that she had been referring to the descendants of the murderous Shadowhunters of the past. They knew that Victor Aldertree would be working to identify those descendants. But his vision had indicated that by the time that meeting took place some of those descendants would already known.

His alpha had said that the names of those who had murdered their own kind throughout The Great Purge were recorded in records that were kept in the Spiral Labyrinth. He couldn’t fathom how those descendants could be identified. It would take a lot of digging through centuries worth of records to trace down the family trees of the children of the traitorous Shadowhunters who had raped, murdered, and carried out countless unseemly orders at the request of the Clave. They all had agreed that the Clave also had their own records. Records that might possibly be easier to follow than what was held within the safety of The Spiral Labyrinth. The question was, how would they get them?

Adding yet more speed and flips to his moves he thought about how Imogen was going to try and convince the Shadowhunters of the Shadowhunter World that he had been kidnapped during his heat. That the best Shadowhunter to ever live had been so vulnerable that he could be overpowered and abducted, presumably for ransom. And how his father had been abducted when he went to pay said ransom by downworlders at his alpha’s orders to get inside information about the workings of the Clave. He thought about the tale that she was going to spin about the abduction of his team, the best Shadowhunter team in the Shadow World. Would they believe her lies? Or would they believe what they already knew about him and his family. That they were the best and could handle their own. They could only hope that they wouldn’t but had to assume that they would.

Moving at breakneck speed he let his final blade fly, burying it in the heart of yet another tree as he thought about who in the Clave he could be overhearing in his visions, the one who was revealing so much of this vital information. His father thought that perhaps it might be Jia Penhallow. She had been sending him fire messages asking if he knew anything about the missing downworlders and insisting that she keep him hidden. They were hoping that it was her, but they weren’t sure how to go about finding out. If it was, she would be a great asset. But they would have to find a way to ensure her safety if she was.

If she could find a way to get them The Shadowhunter Registry and any records that the Clave might have about those involved in The Great Purge, well, that would help them tremendously. One of those books could possibly save any number of new omegas. The other could help them identify who else they would need to add to their list of enemies.

He had been so lost in his thoughts and what he was doing that he didn’t notice his alpha and father watching him silently beneath the trees fifty yards away. While he had been doing new moves and
combining them with old ones without paying them much thought, he knew that they were already ingrained in his memory. His family he would teach his custom moves, he could break them down for them step by step and know that it would take very little time for them to perfect them. They were just that good. He had trained them to be that good. But he knew in his heart that they would only be able to train their army in the basics, and that they would have to train them to be better with them than the Shadowhunters serving the Clave.

When he finally came to a stop, he went to retrieve his blades. He didn’t know that he had been training for hours. The time flew by like minutes. They always did. As he gathered his blades he wondered about his father and Cat. He hadn’t missed that during the meeting they kept sneaking glances at each other.

Once Magnus was sure that his Shadowhunter had done what he had needed to do he nodded at his young warrior’s father, silently telling him that they should go. In that moment he wondered if his sweet omega’s father was as awed by the beauty and brilliance of what he had just seen as he was. He knew then with every fiber of his being that his Shadowhunter would be the best Shadowhunter to walk this earth, for eternity. He had meant what he had said to his angel mere hours before. They would need him. They would need everything that he was, everything that he stood for, every man, woman, and child. Nephilim and Downworlder alike, they would need him forever.

His precious Alexander never ceased to amaze him. Watching his son train always took his breath away. But this, what he had just seen was beyond anything that he had ever seen before from his son, beyond anything he ever could have imagined. It was beyond brilliant, beyond magnificent. There were just no words for what his boy had just done, what he could do. He knew then with every fiber of his being that his little trooper would be their world's saving grace, and that he would watch over and protect it, forever.

Taking one last look at one of the two greatest gifts he had ever received he turned with his son’s alpha, quietly walking back towards the village.

Magnus and Robert made it back to the village fifteen minutes before Alec did. Magnus was leaning on the porch rail of their cottage waiting for his Shadowhunter. He couldn’t help his smile as his sweet omega stopped in front of him.

“Hi there, hansom.”

“Hi.” Alec said, a soft blush coloring his cheeks. He always blushed when his alpha called him that.
“Did you do what you needed to do, love?”

“I think so. Did I miss anything here?” He asked.

“Actually, you did. Come, I’ll show you.” Magnus said, descending the short flight of stairs.

“What is it?” Alec asked.

“It’s a surprise. Come on. Come with me.” He said, taking Alec’s hand.

“Where are we going?” Alec asked, savoring the feel of his alpha’s hand holding his as they crossed the village.

As they rounded the edge of the last cottage Alec stopped, stunned at the sight before him.

“Do you like it? The warlock’s put a lot of work into it.” Magnus asked, smiling at the look on his young warrior’s face. He had seen this look before. The day he had showed him his training rooms.

“How…?” Alec asked.

Before him in what was once an empty field was a massive training area. A real training area. Soft mats covered the platform that raised the large space off the ground, making it a level surface. There were long training beams, one three inches off the floor, one twelve, one three feet, and two thirty-foot-high. Wooden and steel weapons sat in racks surrounding the large space. There was room for everything. Sparring, hand to hand, weapons training, all of it. Everything they would need to train their army. And above it all was a large canopy to keep it dry from the rain.

“We tried to make it as downworlder efficient as we could. Until we can figure out what exactly to do about weapons, we took your suggestion about wood and steel.” Magnus said, watching Alec take it all in. “I’m sure that brilliant mind of yours will figure out what weapons would be best, probably tailored to each species, but we thought this would work for now. Do you like it?” He asked.
“I love it.” Alec breathed. “It’s perfect.” He said, turning to his wonderful warlock. He gazed into the chocolate brown eyes he loved so much and saw the smile. Unable to stop himself he pulled his alpha to him, claiming his lips in a fierce kiss.

Magnus was surprised when his young warrior pulled him forward and kissed him. It was a magnificent kiss, there was denying that. His angel’s kisses always were. What surprised him was that his Shadowhunter was kissing him out in the open, in front of others. His once shy Alexander never would have done this. He would have been embarrassed and ashamed, because he had been raised to be. He couldn’t help but revel in his love’s fierce kiss, or the pride that filled him. His sweet omega had finally grown comfortable enough with his sexuality to truly display his affection in front of others. He wanted the kiss to last forever. But he had to pull away. They had to breathe.

“I guess you really do like it.” He breathed, panting for breath after breaking the delicious kiss. As usual, his angel tasted divine.

Alec couldn’t stop his smile. Or the blush that colored his cheeks. Everyone around them was watching. Staring. But he didn’t care. He had just kissed his warlock in front of others for the first time, strangers, and he didn’t care. He felt no shame or embarrassment.

“Thank you.” Alec breathed, pressing his forehead to his alpha’s.

“No thanks are necessary, love. We have an army to train and you needed a space to do it.” He said, cupping Alec’s cheek. “I found the design sketch in your notes. I hope we got it right.”

“You did. You most defiantly did.” Alec said, pulling back from his warlock to look the space over again.

“There’s another one. A smaller one for you and our family. It’s enclosed so you’ll have privacy while you train. It’s back behind this one. Would you like to see it?”

Alec’s head whipped back to his alpha. He couldn’t believe what he was hearing.

“You built a separate space?” He asked, incredulous.
“Yes, angel. Our family needs a place to train too. A place where you won’t be watched constantly.” Magnus said, loving the look on his Shadowhunters beautiful face. “You shouldn’t have to make a miles out trek every day to find a private place to do what you all do best. Isabelle’s forge is almost complete. She helped with the design there. And we’re working on an area for archery based on one of your other sketches. Any other spaces you need, just let us know an we’ll get them built.”

Alec was awed by his wonderful warlock. In just a two days time the warlocks had built housing for the downworlders that had been here yesterday and were working now on housing for those who had come in during the night and that morning. All while building training areas and his sister’s forge.

“Once we have an idea on how big an armory you’ll need, we’ll get that built too. And as many non-angelic weapons as you need.”

“Where are the others? Have they seen this?” Alec asked.

“Not yet. We wanted you to be the first.” Magnus said, smiling at his sweet omega. He had been having such a hard time with his visions. He knew that they had been dragging his love down. He had wanted more than anything to see his angel smile, and he was getting his wish.

“There you two are.” Clary said, jogging towards them.

“Hey, Biscuit. What’s up?” He asked, watching as she stopped in her tracks, her eyes going wide at the sight before her.

“Magnus….” She breathed.

“Do you like it?”

“I love it. Alec?” She asked.

“It’s perfect. I have a few idea’s for weapons that we can sit down and talk about, but this is defiantly a great start. What’s up?” Alec asked.
“We were looking for you. Your dad told us that you were back. He saw you coming in. We’ve been waiting for you. We need to rune the new nephilim recruits and need an extra set of hands. And to know what runes you want them to have.” She said, eyes still roaming the new training area.

“Okay. Are they together?”

“Not yet, but they will be soon.” She said, grinning at the dopey look on his face. ‘He’s happy.’ She thought.

She had seen the steamy kiss and had waited for it to end. She hadn’t wanted to be the reason that it was cut short. She knew that he was comfortable showing affection with his alpha behind closed doors, and around their family. But this was new. ‘He’s finally comfortable with himself’ she thought. This was something they all had been waiting for.

“Okay. We need to gather up the half nephilims as well. They need to be runed too.”

“Sweetheart?” Magnus asked.

“How do you know, angel?” Magnus asked.

Alec looked at his alpha. He saw the confusion in his beautiful brown eyes, and the questions.

“I just do.” He said softly. “They’ll need to be trained with Angel blades too. Their half Angel, alpha. They’ll be fine.”

Magnus nodded, yes. He knew then that his Shadowhunter must have seen something in his dreams. Something that told him that this could be done.
“Okay. I’ll go spread the word. I can’t guarantee that they won’t be a little nervous, but if you say that it’s safe then I’m sure that will be enough for them.”

“Where do they need to go, Clary?” Alec asked.

“Cat has set up tables in front of the podium. Your dad is going to help. Izabella and Gideon thought it best that they leave this to us. They haven’t drawn runes in a long time. To be honest, I think they’re both kinda wanting some of the new runes themselves. I just think they’re afraid to ask.” She said.

“I’ll talk to them. And make a quick list of what runes I have in mind. I’d like you to look it over and see if there is anything else you think we should add to it.”

“Not a problem.” She said.

“Oh, and I’ll need a seraph blade. Do we have one handy?”

“Jace does. Why?” She asked, unsure.

“You’ll see,” He said, smirking at his parabati.

“I guess we should get started then. You all have a lot of nephilims to rune. I’ll get the rest together and have them meet you there.” Magnus said, wondering what his Shadowhunter was up to.

Two large crowds were standing in front of the podium, in front of six of the tables used for the sign-up sheets. On one side were the nephilims, the other the half nephilims. They were whispering to themselves. The team and Robert were already seated when Alec walked up. Picking up the seraph blade on the table beside Jace he turned to the assembled crowds. ‘They should be standing together’ he thought. ‘But they will be soon.’
“Good afternoon.” He said, using his commander voice. All eyes turned to him. “Thank you all for coming. We’ve called you here to give you your angelic runes. There are several you will be receiving and once you have them all we’ll explain to you what each one is and does. You’ll be getting the basics. Everything we believe that you will need in both training and combat.

Your angelic runes will be what gives you your edge. They will become a useful tool that you will have in your personal arsenal. Now, I know that some of you are wondering why your all here.”

“We are, sir.” Said a young man from the half nephilim group. He couldn’t be older than eighteen. From the tattoos on his face it was obvious that he was half Seelie.

“What’s your name?” Alec asked.

“Matthew.” He said.

“Come closer, Matthew.”

Unsure, Matthew stepped away from the crowd of half nephilims, stopping in front of Alec.

“I’m assuming that you’re afraid. That you think that you can’t be runed?” Alec asked.

“Yes, sir. I have demon blood. Runes are for the children of The Angel.” Matthew said softly.

“Are you not a child of The Angel, Matthew?”

“I…I” Matthew started.

“Catch!” Alec said, tossing the seraph blade to Matthew. He caught it smoothly, shocked when it lit up in his hand.

“How?” He asked, dumbfounded.
“Angel blood runs in your veins, Matthew. Not just demon blood. It runs in all of you. Each and every one of you are children of The Angel, rather you carry demon blood in you or not.”

“How did you know that wouldn’t hurt him, Alec?” Izabella asked, eyes wide from what she had just seen.

Alec couldn’t help but smile at his grandmother.

“There are going to be a lot of things that are going to happen that seem impossible, grandma. You should know by now that what seems impossible, isn’t always impossible.” He said, scanning the crowd of confused faces before him. “There are going to be times, like now, that I just need you all to trust me. If you can’t trust me, well, then we can’t do this.”

“I trust you, sir.” Matthew said.

“I’m glad to hear that, Matthew. And please, call me Alec.”

“Okay. Alec.”

“Your holding an angelic blade in your hand, Matthew. How does it feel?” He asked.

“Like…” Matthew hesitated. “Like it’s meant to be there.”

“Good. Because it is meant to be there. We’re going to teach you how to use blades like that. But first you need your runes. Care to step forward a little bit and give me your hand?” Alec asked, pulling his stele from his pocket.

Matthew looked back at the crowd of half nephilims. He saw different expressions there. Fear, curiosity, uncertainty. Swallowing hard he crossed the last few feet that separated him from Alec, extending his hand.

“This is going to sting a little, Matthew. New runes always do. It’s normal.” Alec said, taking Matthew’s hand and turning it over, wrist facing up. “The first rune you will all receive is the angelic rune.” He said, using his commander voice. “This is the rune that will anchor all the rest.
Without it any rune you receive will just fade out shortly after it’s applied. Are you ready, Matthew?”

“Yes, sir. I mean, Alec.” He said, forcing more certainty into his voice than he actually felt.

“Relax, Matthew.” Alec said softly. He could see the fear in Matthew’s eyes.

Matthew willed himself to relax. He was facing the man that they had chosen to be their leader. Their commander in the war that was coming. He knew in his heart that he had to trust him.

“That’s better.” Alec said when he saw him relax, his eyes softening for the boy. “Remember, this is going to sting. That’s normal. But it won’t hurt. I need you to hold perfectly still.”

He knew that his family was holding their breath. His grandmother, his uncle, and even Cat was as she watched from the distance. He assumed that she was there in case something went wrong.

Pressing his stèle firmly to Matthew’s wrist he drew a perfect angelic rune and heard the teens soft sigh of relief as he watched it glow, then fade into a perfect black rune. He heard dozens of collective breaths release around him.

“Did that hurt, Matthew?” He asked.

“No, Alec. It didn’t. It did sting like you said. But it didn’t hurt.”

“Do you trust me now, Matthew?” He asked.

“Yes, sir. I mean, Alec.”

“Good. If you would please step up to my parabati she will start applying the rest of your runes.” Alec said, releasing Matthew’s wrist.

Neither Izabella, Gideon, or Cat could believe what they had just seen. A man with half demon blood running through his veins had just successfully received an angelic rune and hadn’t been
hurt. Matthew could only stare in awe at the beautiful rune on his wrist.

Alec saw what must have been the downworld parents of the collective half nephilims in the distance sag with relief, and the joy that shone in their eyes for their children. His vision was just that good. He had already heard the relieved sighs of their nephilim parents grouped across from the half nephilims. Reaching out he took the seraph blade from Matthew’s other hand, nodding towards Clary to send him on his way.

Izzy could only smile at her big brother, her Rockstar. She hadn’t doubted his certainty that what he had just done would work, none of them team did. They trusted him completely. And always had.

Clary could only smile and shake her head at her parabati. Izzy was right. She had always been right. Her parabati was Rockstar.

“Who’s next?” Alec called. He watched at they all formed a line, the nephilims mixing with the half nephilims. ‘That’s better.’ He thought. ‘Now their as they should be. Together.’ Taking the next half nephilims wrist in his hand he drew another perfect angelic rune, watching as it glowed and faded into a perfect black rune.

Alec ached. His entire body ached. After returning to the village he learned that he had been solo training for over three hours. Then he had spent another two and a half runing and explaining runes to just over two hundred nephilims and half nephilims. Then he had spent four hours training with his family, and an additional two training with his father. His father wanted to get back into fighting shape, which with the battles to come he couldn’t blame him. He wanted to fight beside his children.

Now he had to figure out where he was going to find the materials for over two hundred new steles and find the time to help his sister forge them, all while hammering out a training schedule for their ‘army’. How he was going to do it, he didn’t know. There were only so many hours in a day, and only five people to give their army the training that they needed. And that was just the daylight training. The vampires had to be trained as well, and that could only be done at night.

He had been looking over his notes for the past two hours trying to figure out how they were going to do what *had* to be done for them to win this war. Yes, each species brought a certain skillset to the table. The warlocks had magic. Most of the Seelies had some combat training, or at least the Seelie knights did. The werewolves had the ability to transform. And the vampires had speed. Most of the downworlders had fought in The Dark War and had at least some combat skills, but not
enough. They had been battling demons, not trained Shadowhunters. And the nephilims and half nephilims had no training at all.

How were five Shadowhunters going to train hundreds of people for a war when they had no idea how much time they had to train them? How were they going to train them to use weaponry when the downworlders couldn’t touch angelic blades or train with someone using them? How were they going to create customized weapons for each species and still have time to do the actual training? Yes, they all could forge, but none of them were as good as his sister. And it couldn’t all fall on her. It wouldn’t. He wouldn’t let it.

“Sweetheart?” Magnus asked behind him.

He had been watching his Shadowhunter pour over his notes and make more for the past two hours. It was late. Very late. His young warrior had been going nonstop since he had climbed out of bed fourteen and a half hours earlier. To say that it had been a long day was an understatement.

“Hmm?” Alec asked, still making notes.

“I think you should stop now, love. It’s late.”

“Just a few more minutes.” Alec said, chewing on his pencil.

Magnus gently pulled him from his hand, laying it down on the small table.

“You said that an hour ago, angel. You’ve gone nonstop all day and need to rest.” He said softly.

“I can’t rest, Magnus. There’s not time.”

“We’ll make time. You can’t do this, love. You can’t wear yourself into the ground. You’ve been down this road before. Do you remember where it got you?” Magnus asked gently, lifting his Shadowhunters chin to meet his eyes. “I know that there’s a lot to do, angel. And it will get done. But it’s not all going to get done in a day. And making yourself sick in the process isn’t going to help anyone or anything.”
“I’m not…” Alec started.

“You are.” Magnus said, gently cutting him off. “Your doing what you’ve always done. Your pushing yourself too hard. Tell me this, have you eaten anything?”

“No.” He said softly.

Magnus sighed. He had been afraid of that. He had suspected it but was hoping that it wasn’t the case. Snapping his fingers the table cleared of Alec’s notes and papers, a plate of food taking their place. Honey Dijon chicken, steamed vegetables, and mashed potatoes. He knew that his angel preferred his high protein low carb diet.

“Alpha.” Alec protested.

“No, Alexander. You have to eat. And sleep. You have to take care of yourself, otherwise you’re not going to be any good to anybody.”

Alec sighed; he knew that his warlock was right. He was slipping back into his old habits. ‘Go, go, go.’ When he got like this, he didn’t exactly take care of himself the way that he should.

“There’s just so much to do.” He said softly.

“And it will get done. We have time.”

“How much time?” He asked. “The Clave could be here any day.”

“But they won’t be. Think about your visions, sweetheart. Think about how far along you were in those visions. And think about this. Do you think that your going to be able to do this to yourself while your pregnant? You’re next heat it barely over a month away.”

“You’re right. I know your right. Its just…there’s so much…” He trailed off.

“I know. And we’ll get it figured out. All of us. As a family. We’ll figure it out together. But
right now? Right this minute? You need to eat and then sleep.” Magnus said, nudging Alec’s plate closer to him.

“Aren’t you going to eat?” Alec asked, eyeing the food in front of him. He wasn’t the least bit hungry.

“I’ve already eaten. But I’ll sit with you if you’d like. Then maybe tuck you into bed.” Magnus said, trying and failing to hide his concern. He had seen that look in his angel’s eyes before, during his first heat when he had had no appetite and couldn’t eat. ‘Not again.’ He thought. ‘I won’t let it happen again.’

Alec saw the concern etched around his alpha’s eyes and hated that he was the one who had put it there.

“I’d like that.” He said, picking up the fork beside his plate. “What kind of chicken is this?” He asked, eyeing the creamy sauce.

“Honey Dijon. It’s quite tasty.” Magnus said, relief coursing through him as he sat across from his young warrior. “I know how much you like your protein. I thought you might like to try something a little different. Try it.”

Alec took a tentative bite. He was surprised. It was delicious. He wasn’t used to having anything other than seasonings on his chicken.

“Good?” Magnus asked.

“Very.” Alec said, taking another bite.

“I’ve already told you, sweetheart. I want you to try new foods. You may very well find yourself pregnant soon. It will be a lot easier to satisfy a pregnancy craving if you have some idea of what it is your craving.” He said, watching Alec eat. His Shadowhunter must have been famished. He was just about inhaling his food.

“How does that work exactly?” Alec asked.

“Mm-hmm.” Alec mumbled; his mouth full.

“You’ve never had a craving before, love? Something that you just had to have?” He asked.

“Not that I can think of.” Alec said, having swallowed a large bite. “It was all pretty much the same at the Institute. The same foods every day. Chicken, steak, pork, shrimp, salmon, steamed veggies. All the fresh fruit you could want. And always salad.”

Magnus was shocked. He had known that his young warrior’s diet had been limited, but not that limited. ‘Who could have a craving when that’s all you’ve ever had?’ He thought.

“You’ve never craved anything from the mundane world?” He asked, hopeful.

“Not really, no. I mean, I’ve seen mundanes with things that looked interesting. Like the cheeseburger. And some things that smelled really good. But we’ve never had any of it.” He said, cleaning his plate. “When we were out of the Institute it was for work, alpha. Not to eat.” He said, confused. He didn’t understand the look his warlock was giving him. “Are you alright?” He asked softly.

Magnus just couldn’t fathom what his sweet omega was saying.

“Yes, love. I’m fine. Just a bit surprised is all. Would you like more?” He asked, eyeing Alec’s empty plate.

Alec looked down, surprised to find that his plate was empty. He hadn’t felt hungry, but apparently he had been. And if he was honest with himself, he did want more.

“Um…yes please.” He said, sheepish.

Magnus couldn’t help but smile. His Shadowhunter had tried something new and had enjoyed it. Enough so that he wanted seconds. It was a first. His young warrior had never asked for seconds. Snapping his fingers he refilled Alec’s plate.
“You can have as much as you want, love. The restaurant it comes from is open for a few more hours.”

“How does that work exactly? When you magic stuff?” Alec asked, forcing himself to take another bite. He suddenly had a ball of led sitting in his belly.

“It’s quite simple really. Most everywhere I get things from I either have a tab which I add it to, or a credit card that is charged. So when I summon something, if I have a tab I magically add it to the tab and pay it monthly. If I don’t and it’s charged to a credit card, well, that gets paid monthly too. The transactions are all magical, but perfectly legal. Everything gets paid for, angel.” He said. He had seen the look on his sweet omega’s face. ‘He’s innocent in so many ways.’ He thought. ‘Just the though of dishonesty unsettles him. Lilith, I hope that never changes.’

Alec swallowed his bite of food, relieved. He had been meaning to ask his alpha how it all worked. Now he knew. It never ceased to amaze him what his warlock could do with magic.

“I would like you to do something for me if you would.” Magnus said, watching his Shadowhunter eat. He wasn’t inhaling it like he was before, but he seemed to be getting his fill.

“What’s that?” Alec asked.

“I would like you to try a new food every day. Just a bite. And if you don’t like it, well, then we can add it to the list of food you don’t like. If you do, then we’ve expanded your horizons a bit and know of something else that you enjoy. Possibly something that you may crave while pregnant.” He said, watching his love closely. He knew that his angel shied away from heavy foods and a lot of carbs.

“Just a bite?” Alec asked, cautious.

“Just a bite. And starting out you can choose what it is. Maybe something you remember from the mundane world. And when you run out of ideas, well, I have 800 years worth of ideas of foods that I’ve tried that I think you might enjoy as much as I do.” He said, smiling at his Alexander. “You do want our children to be open to trying new things, right?”

“Right.”
“And be we’ll traveled, right? Their going to immortal, love. I want them to see the world. I want them to see and taste and do everything.” He said softly. He knew that his young love had been to Institute’s across the globe, yet he had never gotten to see the world that he had spent his entire life working to protect. ‘I want him to see it all. Try it all.’ He thought. ‘Even if it takes an eternity, well, we’ll have it.’

“Yes. I’d like that.” Alec said, unable to hide his smile. He loved his alpha so much and knew how much his warlock loved him. He had seen their children in his dreams, so many of them, and loved them already. And he knew in his heart that each and every one of them would have their papa wrapped around their little fingers the moment they were born. ‘Should I tell him?’ He thought. ‘Should I tell him about our children?’

“Sweetheart? Are you alright?” Magnus asked, concerned. His angel had gone quiet.

His alpha’s words snapped Alec back into the here and now.

“Yes. Sorry. I was just thinking.” He said, blushing.

“About what, love?”

Alec smiled. ‘No. I’ll let them be a surprise.’ He thought.

“I can’t tell you. It’s a secret.” He said, unable to hide his smile.

“A secret?” Magnus asked.

“I guess…surprise is a better word. Don’t worry, alpha. You’re going to love them.”

“Them?” He asked, eyebrows raised.

“Yep. Each and every one.”
Magnus knew then that his Shadowhunter had been thinking of their children. He was dying to know more. To know what his love had seen in his dreams. To hear about them. But so far, his sweet omega hadn’t said much. Only that there would be three. ‘Three.’ He thought again, for the thousandth time that day.

“Can I ask? How far ahead have you seen, sweetheart?” He asked, aching with every fiber of being to know.

Alec wasn’t sure if he should tell his alpha that or not. He didn’t know for certain that what he had been seeing in his dreams were visions of the future. He hoped with everything in him that they were. But they were preparing for a war. Anything could happen. The smallest thing could change things. ‘Why not give him hope?’ He thought.

“Pretty far, alpha.” He said, pushing his near empty plate away. “So far that it kinda blows my mind.”

“Will you tell me something about them? Anything? Please, love.” Magnus pleaded.

Alec smiled. ‘I guess it won’t hurt to tell him a little.’ He thought.

“Our daughters will have my complexion, and our sons will have yours. They will all have raven black hair and beautiful crystal blue cat eyes.” He said, biting his bottom lip. He had just told his warlock that their children would be omegas. All of them.

Magnus fell silent, thinking through what his angel had just told him, letting it sink in. ‘Crystal blue cat eyes. His beautiful crystal blue eyes.’ He thought.

“Alpha?” Alec asked. His warlock had been silent for several minutes.

His sweet omega’s voice snapped Magnus back into the here and now. He hadn’t realized that he had gotten lost in his thoughts. Images of what their future children would look like had been dancing in his head. His beautiful blue eyed omega children.

“Yes, angel. I’m sorry. I was just thinking.” He said, unable to hide his smile. “Raven hair and crystal blue cat eyes?” He asked.
“Yep.” Alec said, chewing his bottom lip.

“Beautiful.” Magnus breathed, still seeing raven haired beauties with his angel’s breathtaking blue eyes running rampant in his mind. “How many? Do you know?”

“No, alpha. I don’t. I think there’s some that I haven’t seen yet. But I’ve seen myself pregnant several times. Our maybe it’s just the same pregnancies at various times. I don’t know. And I’ve seen some of our nieces and nephews. Both Clary’s and Iz’s.” He said, his brow furrowing.

“What is it, love?” Magnus asked. He was thrilled to hear about his future nieces and nephews, but something was troubling his sweet omega.

“Last night, this morning, I’m not sure when, I saw other children. Cat’s children.” Alec said softly. Cat didn’t have a mate. ‘Does she find him?’ He thought.

Magnus sighed. He understood that his Shadowhunter would want Catarina to be happy, forever. He had known for some time that his angel loved her. And that she loved him, even if she didn’t. They were family. ‘He deserves to know.’ He thought.

“I’m not sure who’s children your seeing, sweetheart. But they’re not Catarina’s. Catarina can’t have children.” He said softly.

“But…” Alec started. “How?…”

“She was…injured when she was a child, angel. It left her unable to bare children…” Magnus started.

“But I’ve seen her pregnant.” Alec said, cutting him off.

Magnus didn’t know what to say. ‘How can I tell him that it was just a dream?’ He thought. ‘It could make him doubt everything good that he’s seen.’
“Well then, I don’t know what to say. Maybe someday, somehow…I don’t know. But please, don’t tell her. I don’t want her to get her hopes up. There’s no telling when or how this could happen. This could take centuries, all time that she would spend waiting anxiously. Okay?” He asked.

He knew that if Catarina heard this that she would be overjoyed. But he couldn’t break her heart. She had always wanted children. Craved them. She was a mother by nature. That was just one of the many reasons why that she had spent so much time as a midwife, safely seeing new lives into this world. She might believe that this was a vision from his Shadowhunters Angel when really it was just a lovely dream.

“Okay.” Alec said, confused.

“Promise me, Alexander. Until we know the when or how, she can’t know.” He said.

“Okay. I promise.”

“Did you get enough to eat?” He asked, wanting desperately to change the subject. He had seen his sweet omega push his plate away.

“Yes.” Alec said softly. He didn’t understand. He had seen Cat pregnant in his dream just that morning. ‘Are these visions? Or dreams?’ He thought. ‘If that was a dream, what else is?’

Magnus snapped his fingers, clearing the table. His heart was breaking for his young warrior. He could see the question in his eyes. And the doubts. What he hadn’t wanted to happen had. He knew then that his sweet omega was questioning the beautiful things that he had seen, and it was his fault. ‘I shouldn’t have told him of her injury. Only to not tell her ‘just yet.’ He thought.

“It’s late, sweetheart. Tomorrow is going to be another busy day. Are you ready for bed?” He asked.

Alec nodded yes, still lost in thought.

Magnus reached out, extending his hand to his precious Alexander. ‘What have I done?’ He thought.
“Come on, love. You need sleep.” He said, guiding Alec towards their bed.

“Okay.” Alec said softly, trying and failing to shake his head clear. “Um…I need a shower first.”

“In the morning, angel. Right now you need to rest.” He said, pulling Alec into his arms. “We’ll take one together. Alright?”

“Alright.” Alec said, forcing himself to smile.

“Good.” Magnus said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead.

‘But I saw it.’ Alec thought, unable to shake the image of his alpha’s oldest and dearest friend heavy with child from his mind.

Heals clicked on stone as someone took the twists and turns of a spiral staircase, the path lit by flickering torches. Directly across from the bottom step stood a large golden ornate door, a door engraved with the Clave sigil. The heals clicked across the marble floor to the door. Imogen Herondale reached out, expertly turning the dials on the intricate locks until each tumbler clicked into place.

The door opened. Inside were rows and rows of books on stacks three stories high. Some were ancient, some old, some newer. Her heals clicked across the marble floor as she approached an elegantly crafted mahogany pedestal. On it sat a large, thick, red leather bound book with the sigil of the Clave embossed on the cover. An obviously ancient book. Blood dripped from its bottom, running down the pedestal, adding to a large puddle on the floor.

Oblivious of the blood she carefully opened the book, gently turning the brittle pages, and pages that grew newer and newer as she gingerly made her way through them. At a fresh page she stopped. Two things were written on the page.

‘Alexander Gideon Lightwood’

‘Lydia Denise Branwell’
Picking up and elegant quill she dipped it in the ink, expertly tapping off the excess. Carefully putting the quill to the paper she wrote in an elegant script:

‘Aline Patrice Penhallow’

Alec stirred in his sleep, his eyes fluttering open. His mind felt floaty, not quite asleep, not quite awake. ‘I need to wake up’ his muddled mind thought. But he was sleepy. So, so sleepy.

Magnus felt his young warrior stir in his arms, pulling him from sleep. Glancing at the clock it read 3:46 am. ‘Not tonight.’ He thought.

“Alpha.” Alec mumbled. His body felt heavy.

“Shh, sweetheart. Go back to sleep.” Magnus said softly.

“Have to wake up.” He mumbled, trying and failing to move in his warlock’s arms.


‘It’s ‘portant.” Alec breathed, trying to resist his alpha’s soft magic. But he couldn’t.

“It can wait, angel.” He said, pushing just a little more magic into his young love. He was almost there; it wouldn’t take much more.

Alec gave up. He knew that this was a battle that he wouldn’t win. He knew that he had to tell his warlock something important. So very important. But he couldn’t. He didn’t have the strength. ‘Aline’ he thought, his eyes fluttering closed as he slid back into a peaceful sleep, his warlock’s magic having pushed him there.
Magnus watched as his Shadowhunters beautiful blue eyes fluttered closed. Pushing just a little more magic into him, he pushed him into a deeper sleep. A sleep too deep for his soft little snores. His angel needed to rest.

He couldn’t help but to marvel at the beautiful that was his sweet omega as he slept. Pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s shoulder he pulled him closer into his arms, laying back down to sleep beside him.

Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a vote.
Chapter 22 - Alpha and Omega

Chapter 22

Alpha & Omega

WARNING – SEXUAL CONTENT

Not Intended for readers under the age of 18

A/N: Just a heads up to make reading easier, some of the more intimate parts of this chapter switch back and forth between Alec and Magnus’ perspectives.

ALL INTIMATE ACTS WILL BE IN BOLD FOR THOSE WHO DO NOT WISH TO READ THEM BUT WOULD LIKE TO FOLLOW THE STORY

Alec was tired. Really tired. And he wasn’t sure why. Yes, the day before had been long. But he had had long days before. Longer actually. His mind just didn’t seem to want to connect, to focus. He felt detached. And something was gnawing at his gut, he just had no idea what.

When he had woken up a half hour earlier he had been groggy. He had wanted to stay in bed, to sleep. But he knew that he couldn’t. That he wouldn’t. He had things to do. There was so much to get done.

Opening the wooden cabinet that his warlock had built he studied his weapons set neatly in their racks, just the way he liked them. His bow and quiver. Arrows. Dozens of arrows. Runed angelic arrows, wooden practice arrows, his sister’s custom arrows with a dozen different types of arrow heads. And his new favorite, her ignition arrow.

Beneath them were his blades. Seraph blades, seraph daggers, short swords and throwing knives of every metals. Some were etched with specific runes for specific demons, some simple angelic symbols that would make them stronger in battle. He ran his hand across each one, studying them. He had dozens of weapons. Some he carried on every patrol, every hunt. Some he carried when he trained. And some he left behind. His hand came to a stop on a case he usually left behind. It held his favorite, most precious thing.

Lifting it from the cabinet he held the small holster in his hand. It had been a gift for his
eighteenth birthday. A custom gift from his sister. He smiled at the thought of the ruby princess cut earrings he had given her. She had been drooling over them for months, completely clueless to the fact that he had bought them the same day she had first laid eyes on them and stashed them away. Keeping her from going back to Macy’s for them had been a bit of a challenge, but he had managed.

He remembered when he gave them to her. That morning. It had started out as a great day. His family had talked him out of training that morning the night before. ‘It was his birthday. He should have fun.’ And they did. They cracked jokes and laughed at each other. They pranked each other, playing around all morning, waiting for their ‘party’. It’s not every day that the children of an Institute Head turns of age and presents. It was a big affair. They had laughed about it. They hadn’t had a birthday party in years, and they were about to have one with guests from all over the world. A dozen Institute Head’s from other Institutes had come in for the occasion. And some of their friends from those same Institute’s. And Jia had been there with Aline. It had started out as a great day.

He remembered when he had opened his sister’s gift as he opened it now. He loved how the titanium throwing stars caught the light and shined, each engraved with angel script. His name. ‘Alec’, and the angelic rune. They were beautiful and he had told her as much. And they were precious to him, so very precious, so he kept them safe. He rarely carried them. They meant too much. Why these were so special he didn’t know. She had crafted him other blades before. But they were. He couldn’t help but smile as he carefully traced his finger around the shape of a perfectly crafted razor-sharp star.

“Careful, angel. Don’t cut yourself.” Magnus said, behind him.

“I won’t.” He said softly, unable to look away from his precious blades.

“Their beautiful.” Magnus murmured, wrapping his arms around Alec’s waist.

“I know. Iz gave them to me. On our birthday.” He said, savoring the feel of his warlock’s arms around his waist. “It started out as such a great day. We were having so much fun. Then it all changed.”

“When you presented.” Magnus said softly, internally kicking himself for the millionth time. He should have been there for his love. He should have been there for his sister. But he hadn’t been. He had let them down.

“I remember opening these. I don’t know why but these are special. Iz has made me blades
before. Custom blades, like these. But these are different. There just…special.” He said, holding the lightweight throwing star in his hand, the weight perfectly balanced.

“Maybe because of the occasion?” Magnus asked. “Coming of age is a big thing.”

“I don’t know.” He said, sliding the gleaming star back into its slot in its holster.

In that instant it clicked, and he froze. In that moment he knew. He knew the answer to a question that they had been asking, racking their brains over.

“Sweetheart? What is it? What’s wrong?” Magnus asked, alarmed. His Shadowhunter had tensed in his arms.

“I need to talk to Iz.” He breathed, a sense of urgency coursing through him. Turning to his warlock he couldn’t help but smile. He knew the answer to one of a thousand questions.

Robert watched as his eldest child lowered the rack of red-hot titanium blades into the vat of water to cool. His children had been forging weapons almost around the clock for two days. They had forged hundreds of weapons; daggers, swords, short swords, throwing knives and stars, arrowheads and arrows.

As usual, his son had solved one of their biggest problems. The idea of titanium blades had been brilliant. Everyone could use them, downworlders and nephilim alike. The blades would hold up, in training and in combat. They were exactly what they needed.

Half of Haven had been busy crafting the thigh holsters and weapons belts his son had designed to hold the blades they were creating. His princess had put together a spring-loaded action for the daggers and knife hilts that his son had designed so that they could be carried safely.

His children had been busy. So very busy. But they were pushing too hard and needed to slow down. If they didn’t, they would all end up sick.

His son’s mate had expanded his daughters forge to accommodate his children, including the two
that didn’t know that he considered them his own. Four of them had called it a day. But not his Alexander. And it was time that he did too.

“Alexander.” He said after Alec had stepped back from the steaming vat of water. He hadn’t wanted to distract him while he was handling the hot blades.

Alec looked up at the sound of his father’s voice. He hadn’t seen him come in. He had been too focused on what he was doing.

“How long have you been standing there?” He asked, wondering how long his father had been watching him as he wiped sweat from his brow.

“A bit. I didn’t want to distract you.” He said, crossing the room to him. “You need to stop now. You’ve been at it all day. It’s time you called it.”

“I can’t.” Alec said, looking down at the cooling throwing knives in the vat of water. “We don’t have enough.”

“We’ll get there.” Robert said, laying a gentle hand on Alec’s shoulder. “You’ve made a great start, but you need to slow down. You’ll burn yourself out if you don’t. They don’t all have to be made in a day.”

Alec knew that his father was right. They had been going at it hard. He had already told his family to call it. How long ago he wasn’t sure.

“Come on, son. It’s sweltering in here and you’ve been in this heat for too long. You need to cool off before you make yourself sick. Eighteen hours is enough.” Robert said.

Alec was surprised by his father’s words. He hadn’t realized that he had been in the forge that long. And if he was honest with himself, he knew that he needed to stop. He was tired, and overheated, and a little queasy.

“Okay. Um…I just need to let these blades cool and pull them out.” He said, glancing back at the cooling blades.
“I can do that. I’ve forged myself a time or two. I think I can manage a couple of racks.” Robert said. “You need to get out of this heat. Magnus is worried. He wanted to come get you, ask you to come home. I told him I would come down. I figured that you wouldn’t want to leave until things were finished up. I can finish up.”

Alec could see the worry in his father’s eyes. It felt strange seeing it there. In all of his years of training and fighting his father had never asked him to stop or to slow down before. He had been raised to believe that he couldn’t. That it wasn’t allowed. So seeing that worry there now felt strange.

“Okay.” He said, unsure. He also didn’t like that his alpha was worried.

“Go on. Go get cleaned up and get some rest.” Robert said, handing Alec a bottle of cold water. “And drink.” He ordered.

Alec couldn’t help but smile. Worry from his father he wasn’t used to. But orders, orders he was. Opening the bottle he downed half the contents, watching as his father checked the cooling blades.

Magnus was relieved when his young warrior walked in the door. He was dirty and obviously exhausted, but he was home. Had his angel been any later we would have gone to the forge himself, despite Robert’s assurances that he would send his Alexander back. He had been about to go down and put his angel to sleep and carry him home if he had to. But he hadn’t. His Shadowhunter was home and he could tend to him.

“Hi there, hansom.” He said as Alec quietly closed the door.

Alec froze. He should have known that his warlock would be waiting for him despite the late hour. He couldn’t stop the soft blush that colored his cheeks. He always blushed when his alpha called him that.

“Hi.” He said softly.

“You look tired.” Magnus said, stating the obvious. “And dirty.”
“Forging is dirty work.” He said. “You’re up late. You should be in bed.”

“So should you. But we’ll get there. I take it you haven’t eaten?” Magnus asked.

Alec blushed again, this time from shame. He knew that his alpha didn’t like it when he skipped meals. Being ‘busy’ wasn’t a good enough reason for his warlock.

His Shadowhunters blush confirmed his suspicions. He bit back his anger. He had been trying to get his young warrior to get into a new routine for months, but it seemed as if he was falling back into his old one. He had come to find out that it was a common thing in the past for his sweet omega to just fall into bed after a long day, skipping an evening meal often times after having skipped others that day. He was just going to have to try harder with his love. His angel would start taking better care of himself. He would make sure of it.

Alec could see the anger flash in his alpha’s eyes and felt guilty. He hated that he was the one who had put it there. But he had honestly forgotten to stop to eat. But then again, he always did.

“I’m sorry. I should have stopped for lunch. I got caught up.” He said softly.

“Well, I guess it’s just something that we’re going to have to work on.” Magnus said, crossing to his precious Alexander. “Sit down. You need to eat.” He said, guiding his angel to a chair at the small table. “What would you like?”

Alec couldn’t think of a thing that sounded appealing. His stomach wasn’t happy with him. He had gone too long without putting anything in it, including water. And the hours in the sweltering heat hadn’t helped.

Magnus could tell by the look on Alec’s face that he had no idea what he wanted to eat, or maybe what he could eat. After such a long day in the forge it wouldn’t surprise him if his love wasn’t feeling quite right. Dehydration could do that. He knew that he had to get something into him regardless, but also that it would have to be something light. Snapping his fingers an overloaded caesar salad appeared on the table, a steaming roll on a small plate beside it.

“Eat, angel.” He said.

Alec eyed the salad. He didn’t want it, but he knew that his warlock wouldn’t let him up until he
had eaten it. The salad was full of chicken, cherry tomatoes, egg, and the usual caesar salad toppings. This was not a traditional caesar salad.

“It’s a bit loaded.” He said, picking up the fork beside the plate.

“You need it to be loaded. You need the fuel, and the nutrition. I’m more concerned with what’s on it than I am about the lettuce beneath it.” Magnus said, pulling out a seat across from his Shadowhunter.

Alec nodded yes, taking a bite of the large salad. It was delicious.

Magnus watched his sweet omega eat for a few moments in silence, thinking about what he wanted to say.

“Alexander, you can’t keep doing this.” He said. “You just can’t. Your next heat is barely a month away. You have to start eating. Am I going to have to start dragging you away from what you’re doing for every meal?” He asked.

“No.” Alec said, unable to lift his eyes from his plate. His alpha was right and he knew it.

“And you’re going to have to start slowing down soon. Your two-week rest period isn’t that far away.”

Alec’s head snapped up, meeting his warlock’s gaze. Crystal blue locked on chocolate brown. He saw his alpha’s determination there. The concern and the love. But he also knew that there was just so much to do.

“Alpha, I can’t. There’s too much to be done.” He said, swallowing hard.

“And it will get done. But you have to slow your pace. You’re going to need those two weeks to prepare for your heat. Have you forgotten what happened last time?” Magnus asked.

He hated throwing the past up in his love’s face, but he couldn’t let history repeat itself. And this was something that his Shadowhunter would have to get used to, for every heat. And he would
have to change his ways if he fell pregnant during this one.

“No. I’ll do better.” Alec said, forcing down another bite of his salad. It was hard with the guilt churning in his belly.

Magnus knew his sweet omega well enough to know that he had gotten to his love when he wouldn’t meet his eyes. He sighed. He had wanted to get through to him yes, but not make him feel bad in the process.

“Look, angel, I know that old habits are hard to break. I just need you to try. And if we need to help you, encourage you, remind you from time to time we can. Things just have to change.” He said softly, lifting Alec’s chin to meet his gaze. “I’m not trying to make you feel bad, love. I just want you to get it through that thick head of yours. This is important.” He said with a soft smile.

Alec relaxed seeing his alpha’s warm smile. It eased the knot that had started to form in his gut, stealing the appetite he hadn’t realized that he had had.

“Okay. We’ll work on it. Together?” He asked.

“Together.” Magnus said, relieved. “Finish up your dinner, love. All of it. Then we’ll get you cleaned up and into bed.”

Alec nodded yes, taking another bite. He couldn’t help but think about how much had to be done, and how much of it he was responsible for. Or how he was going to manage the two-week preparation period that his alpha wanted. But he knew that he had to find a way to manage it, if anything for his alpha’s peace of mind.

Magnus opened the marble shower he had duplicated from the loft for his Shadowhunter, turning the water on at a temperature that would be too cool for almost anyone. But his angel needed to wash the rest of the heat from the day away. For him it would feel wonderful against his still overheated skin.

“Come, sweetheart. In you go.” Magnus said, guiding Alec in. Alec gasped at the water temperature that rained down on him. “I know that it’s a bit cool, but you need it. You’re still a bit overheated.”
“Will you join me?” Alec asked.

“I’m right behind you.” Magnus said, dreading the cold water that he was about to step into. But if his angel needed him, he would be there with him.

It took a moment for Alec to adjust to the cool temperature, but he sighed in relief as the six shower heads rained cold water over his head and down his body when it did. A shower hadn’t felt this good in a long time. Magnus stepped in behind him, closing the door.

“How’s that feel, love? Is it too cold?” Magnus asked.

“No. It’s perfect.” Alec breathed.

“Would you like me to help you wash?” Magnus asked, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s shoulder. He was freezing under the cold water, but his angel needed it.

“Yes, please.” Alec said, eyes closed as the water cascaded over him. He leaned forward; palms pressed to the wall. The water running down his back was heavenly.

Picking up a bottle of honey and jasmine bodywash Magnus filled his hand. Rubbing his hands together he made a thick lather. Reaching forward he started massaging circles into the top of Alec’s shoulders and upper back. As usual, he was mesmerized by the beautiful curves and lines, muscles and ridges of his Shadowhunters body.

Alec sighed as his warlock touched his bare shoulders, gently massaging his favorite body wash into his skin, the usual pleasure coursing through him at alpha’s touch. The feel of his warlock’s hands as they worked their way down his back and over his muscles had him hard in an instant, a sudden erection starting to throb with a desperate need to be touched.

Magnus worked his way down his loves breathtaking body. ‘He truly does have the body of a god.’ He thought, not for the first time. Pouring more bodywash into his hands he gently rubbed at the taunt muscles in his loves lower back. Alec’s breath hitched in his lungs.
“Breathe, Alexander.” Magnus crooned, noticing his young love’s erection. He should have known. Showering together always aroused his sweet omega.

Alec took a deep breath in and let it out slowly. As always, his warlock’s touch was doing things to him. Everywhere his alpha touched sent shockwaves of pleasure throughout his body. As his alpha’s magic hands worked the taut muscles in his lower back, he bit his lip to stifle a moan. He was aching desperately for his warlock to touch him, in more ways that one.

Magnus rubbed small circles at the base of his love’s spine with his thumbs. Spreading his hands wider he massaged the scented soap into Alec’s hips, just above his ass. His beautiful, toned, perfect ass. He ached to fill it. But he wouldn’t. Not tonight. His love was too worn out.

Crouching down behind his Shadowhunter, ignoring his own throbbing cock, he gently massaged circles into his angel’s firm ass. His precious Alexander moaned in pleasure.

Alec couldn’t stop the moan that escaped him as his alpha massaged the beautiful smelling soap in circles into his ass. His soft touches had pleasure coursing through him, pushing his need for release even further. He was growing lightheaded with it. It had come on suddenly but was intense.

“Alpha, please. I need you.” He said between quick pants of breath.

Magnus stood from his crouch, his cock brushing against Alec’s bare ass. Alec whimpered at the soft brush of contact.

“Alexander...” Magnus started.

“Please. Just touch me. I can’t do it myself. And I need it. I can’t do it and hold myself up.” Alec pleaded, cutting him off.

Magnus was torn. His young warrior was exhausted and needed sleep, but he was also worked up. It was his fault and he knew it. He never should have touched him. But he knew
his angel well enough to know that he wouldn’t be able to sleep until he found the release he now needed. He couldn’t let him suffer. He wouldn’t.

“Please.” Alec begged.

“Alright, angel. Then it’s to bed. Okay?” Magnus asked, pouring more bodywash into his hands and quickly lathering them.

“Okay.” Alec breathed, relieved.

Circling his Shadowhunters trim waist Magnus rubbed gentle circles into his loves firm, flat belly. Alec’s breath hitched.

“Just breathe, love.” He murmured softly. ‘He hasn’t been this sensitive in a while.’ He thought.

Alec fought for breath as his alpha’s hands circled just above his straining cock. His head was starting to spin.

“Breathe, love.” Magnus encouraged.

Alec struggled to control his breathing. But it was hard. He didn’t know why, it just was. His alpha was touching him, and it felt amazing. It always did.

Listening as his Alexander began to control his breathing, he slowly worked his hands down. Alec gasped as his hand passed through his pubic hair. Magnus knew then that his angel needed him to do this. There was no denying him, not something so simple. Sliding his hand down the last inch he took his loves thick cock in his hand. Alec whimpered again at the touch.

As his alpha finally took his aching cock in his hand he couldn’t help the whimper that escaped his lips. The pleasure of his alphas grip on him was glorious.
“Shh. It’s alright my love, I’ve got you.” Magnus soothed; voice melodic as he slowly started to stroke Alec’s straining cock. The feel of his angel in his hand, as always, was felt perfect.

Alec struggled to draw in breath as his Magnuspleasured him. His alphas hand stroking his length with the soapy lather was stealing the very air from his lungs. The pleasure was so consuming he felt it throughout every nerve.

“Faster. Please.” Alec asked, barely loud enough to be heard.

Magnus knew that his Shadowhunter wouldn’t be able to hold himself up much longer, he was too tired. He could see his muscles trembling. Quickening his pace he jerked faster on his young loves cock. Within a few quick strokes Alec moaned.

“Magnus, I’m going to cum.”

“It’s alright. Let go.” Magnus soothed. With one last jerk on his loves cock Alec exploded in his hand, painting the marble tiled wall of the shower white with ropes of cum.

The force of his orgasm took his breath away. It was all Alec could do to stand as he exploded in his alphas hand. His knees turned instantly to jelly, barely able to hold him up. Leaning his head against the cold marble walls he held on for dear life.

Watching his Alexander fall apart before his eyes was beautiful. It always was. But now he needed to be tended in other ways.

“Sweetheart, are you alright?” He asked softly.

“Mm-hmm.” Alec mumbled sleepily. “Cold.”

Magnus flipped the water off and dried them both with a finger snap. ‘He’s so drained’ he thought, worry a ball of lead in his belly. ‘This can’t happen again.’
“Come on, love. Let’s get you to bed.” He said, gently guiding Alec out of the shower, wrapping a firm arm around his waist. Leading him back into the bedroom Magnus snapped his fingers, dressing them both. “Come lie down, sweetheart. You need to sleep.”

Alec crawled onto the soft bed and collapsed there. He felt his warlock tuck the soft satin duvet around him as he fell into oblivion, the exhaustion of the day finally consuming him.

A large, thick, read leather book sat on an elegantly crafted mahogany pedestal. The Clave sigil was embossed on the cover. It was an obviously ancient book. Blood dripped from its bottom, running down the pedestal, adding to a large puddle on the floor.

The shining titanium blade bounced off the wooden target. Nathan sighed.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Alec. I just can’t do this.” He said.

“It’s alright, Nathan. It just takes practice.” Alec said, retrieving the blade from the soft green grass. “You’ll get the hang of it.”

“Everyone else can do this. Why can’t I?” He asked, voice laced with despair.

“Like I said, it takes practice. Here, take this.” Alec said, holding out the small throwing knife for Nathan to take. Nathan took it from his outstretched out. “Now, grip it like you’re going to make the throw.”

Nathan did as Alec asked, gripping the blade tightly in his hand.

“Okay. That’s part of the problem. Your holding it too tight. You only need that tight a grip when you’re carrying it. Here, open your hand.” Alec instructed.
Nathan opened his hand, the blade resting in his palm. Alec centered the blade, balancing it in Nathan’s outstretched hand. He knew that he was doing something wrong, and Alec was going to show him how to do it right.

“Okay. Turn the blade and grip it lightly.” Alec said, watching as Nathan followed his instruction. “Loosen your grip. Hold it between your thumb and your palm.”

“Okay.” Nathan said, doing as he was told. The blade felt different this way, lighter.

“Now, you’ve been throwing from your elbow. You need to throw from your shoulder. When you let it go, relax your hand and just let it fly.”

“Okay.” Nathan breathed.

“Take your aim. Don’t worry about trying to hit the center. Just aim for the target. Precision comes later.” He said. “Good, good. Just like that. Now when you let it go, flex your wrist a bit. It needs to be a smooth movement. Do you have your aim?” He asked.

“Yes.” Nathan said, eyeing the target. He was determined that he was going to hit it this time.

“Good. Before you release it bring it back to your shoulder.” Alec said, watching closely. “Okay. On three I want you to let it go. One, two, three.”

Nathan threw the blade as hard as he could, pulling strength from his shoulder. It flew smoothly from his hand as he relaxed it. He held his breath as it flew towards the target ten feet away, his breath exploding from his lungs as it hit the outer rim and stuck in the wood.

“Very good. That was great. Much better.” Alec praised. ‘He might get the hang of this after all.’ He thought. ‘With enough practice.’ “How’d that feel?” He asked, watching as Nathan relaxed, almost sagging with relief.

“Good. I can’t believe I actually hit it.” Nathan said.
“Like I said, it takes practice. As you practice remember everything that I just told you and it’ll get easier. Once you can hit the target ten out of ten, then we can start working on your precision.” Alec said encouragingly.

“How am I supposed to remember all of that during a fight, Mr. Alec?” Nathan asked.

“You won’t have to. Once you get the hang of it, it will become ingrained. Second nature. You won’t have to think about it. You’re a nephilim, Nathan. A born warrior of The Angel. Your meant to do this. With enough practice I promise you, you’ll be able to hit that target without giving it a second thought.” He said.

“Like you and the others? Mr. Jace and Ms. Clary? Ms. Isabelle and Mr. Simon?” Nathan asked.

“You’ll get good, Nathan. My family and I have been training since we were kids. We have a lot of years of practice under our belts. But yes, given enough time and training, you’ll be just as good.” He said, hoping that he wasn’t lying.

With enough years of practice, it was possible that Nathan might someday be as good as his family, but that wasn’t going to be today. Or anytime soon. It took years to hone the skills they had.

“Just keep at it. Give it a few more goes and call it a day on this. I’d really like you to work with your bow. You’re a natural with a bow. I think with enough practice you’ll be one of my best archers.” He said, unable to hide his pride. He knew that this wasn’t going to be a lie. Nathan was excelling with the bow.

“I will. Thank you, sir. I mean…Mr. Alec.” Nathan said, correcting himself.

“You don’t have to call me ‘sir’, Nathan. Or ‘Mr.’” Alec said, unable to hide his smile.

Everyone was calling him Mr. Alec, and his family either Mr. or Ms. They couldn’t seem to convince them to do otherwise. He suspected that it was because his grandmother had always been Ms. Izabella, and his uncle Mr. Gideon. It was their way of showing respect.

“Yes, sir. I mean…Mr. Alec.” Nathan said, again correcting himself.
Alec could only shake his head and roll his eyes.

“Okay, Nathan. Whatever you’re comfortable with. Give this another half hour or so and then switch to your bow. I’ll check back with you in a bit. I need to check in with Jace and Simon on the hand to hand.”

Nathan nodded yes, retrieving his blade. He loved his new blades. Especially the throwing knives and stars. They all felt perfect in his hand, as if they had been made just for him and not just for everybody. He also loved his new belt and holsters. They made him feel like he really was a nephilim warrior, despite his time as one of Ms. Izabella’s warrior’s for Haven.

His commander and his family had made weapons and supplies for everybody, and more were being made every day. He didn’t know how they did it, making the weapons, doing the training. They were blowing his mind at every turn. And watching them train themselves and show them all ‘basic’ moves was amazing. He loved everything that he was learning and wanted to make them proud.

“Okay. What do I do if I hit the red?” He asked.

“Be proud.” Alec said with a smile. “You haven’t been at this long. Your making great progress. All of you are. I’m proud of you. And so are the others.” Alec said.

They had all been making the extra effort to shower their army with praise as they learned and improved in something new. They needed encouragement, and they were going to get it at every turn.

“I’ll see you in a bit.” He said, gathering his own blades, tucking them back into their proper holsters. The stars his sister had given him on their birthday sat securely in the holster on his hip. He hadn’t stopped carrying them since they had started working with the titanium blades.

Alec was crossing the span in front of the various training areas when the alarm on his new watch beeped. He sighed, closing his eyes. It was time for ‘lunch’. He had been hoping that he would make it past all the training areas, checking on everyone’s progress before ‘lunch time’.

They had the large covered training area for various forms of physical combat, hand to hand
practice, blade practice, and archery ground with platforms raised at various heights for his archery lessons, along with a dozen other spaces laid out in between for various types of other weapons and combat training. His alpha’s warlocks now residing in Haven had built them everything that they would need to train their army. Their very large army.

“Alexander!” Magnus called, coming up behind him.

Alec smiled. He had been expecting this. He had been expecting his warlock to come for him so that they could have lunch together. They had done it every day since his last long day in the forge. His alpha was making sure that he was eating at every mealtime and taking a little time to rest in the afternoons. He was getting closer every day to his ‘two-week preparation period’ before his heat and his alpha didn’t want the sudden change in pace to cause him to ‘crash’ when it arrived.

“There you are, love.” Magnus said, crossing the short distance between them. “How’d it go with Nathan?” He asked, wrapping his arms around Alec’s waist.

“Good, I think. He hit the target.” Alec said, leaning into his warlock’s embrace.

“That’s an improvement. I guess that little extra session with the best Shadowhunter to ever live helped.” He said, smirking. He knew that being called ‘the best Shadowhunter to ever live’ had come to irk his young warrior, and he loved teasing him with it.

“I guess. He would have gotten it eventually.” Alec said, pressing a soft kiss to his warlock’s lips.

“Mm. That was nice.” Magnus breathed, savoring the taste of his angel on his lips when the kiss broke. “Are you ready for lunch?”

“I guess. The dining hall?” He asked. The warlocks had also built a large dining hall for everyone to gather for meals. The menu was similar to that of the Institute’s, just with a little more variety.

“Actually, we’re heading somewhere else today. We’re going to have lunch with the family at Izabella’s.” Magnus said, taking Alec’s hand.

“What are we having?” Alec asked, cautious. His alpha had been having him try new foods every
“I’m not sure. Izabella has taken the reins on that today. Shall we go find out?” He asked, unable to hide his smile.

“Sure.” He asked, squeezing his warlock’s hand. ‘This might actually be fun.’ He thought. He missed sitting down with his family to eat.

“Your father and Gideon are going to be there too.” Magnus said, leading his Shadowhunter by the hand.

“Really? Where’s everyone going to sit?” He asked.

“I expanded the table in her cottage. Don’t worry. There will be plenty of space.” Magnus said, raising Alec’s hand to his lips for a soft kiss.

“If you say so.” Alec said with a smile. His warlock never ceased to amaze him. “I was hoping to talk to you about something. Do we have a few minutes?”

“Of course. What is it, angel?” Magnus asked, stopping to look at his sweet omega. He had known that something had been on his mind.

Alec glanced around, no one seemed to be in sight. He wanted privacy for what he was about to ask.

“I wanted to ask you.” He said softly, unsure how to finish.

“Ask me what, love?” Magnus asked, uneasy. His Shadowhunter almost never hesitated to ask him anything anymore.

“About my claiming.” Alec said, biting his bottom lip.

“What about it?” Magnus asked, a ball of dread forming in his belly. ‘Is he having doubts?’ He
“Relax, alpha. It’s nothing bad.” Alec said. He had seen the worry flash in his warlock’s eyes.

“What do you want to know, sweetheart?” He asked, relieved.

Alec cleared his throat, unsure how to ask his question.

“During…is it going to hurt?” He asked.

Magnus smiled, relief coursing through him. ‘This is what he’s been worrying over?’ He thought.

“Not for a second, angel. I promise you that. You might feel a slight sting when I make the bite, but the rest will be all pleasure. I swear on your Angel.” He said, pulling Alec into his arms.

“And after?” Alec asked softly.

“I’ll ease you into sleep while you transition. Then you’ll wake up in my arms.”

“How long will it take? To transition?” He asked.

“About an hour. Maybe a little more. Is this what’s been worrying you?” Magnus asked, wanting to be sure that there was nothing else troubling his Shadowhunter.

“I don’t know that I would say ‘bother’. It’s just been on my mind I guess.” Alec said, sheepish.

“It’s okay, you know. To have questions. It’s not every day that a mortal becomes immortal.” Magnus said softly.

“I know. It’s just, with the others…” He trailed off, barely more than a whisper. He didn’t want to risk being overheard. Their family’s immortality was still a secret. Not even Cat knew. “It was
instant.” He breathed.

“That was different, sweetheart.” Magnus said softly, just loud enough for Alec to hear. “Yours will be a natural claiming.” He said, his forehead pressed to Alec’s. “Are you sure that’s all that’s been ‘on your mind’?” He asked.

Alec’s dream flashed before his eyes. Blood dripping from a thick red book on a pedestal. The same dream he had every night. A dream that he had no idea what it meant.

“I think so.” He said, unsure.

“What is it, angel?” Magnus asked, concerned.

“I’m not sure. Just this dream I keep having.” Alec said, trying and failing to shake his head clear of the image that had been haunting his sleep.

“A vision?” Magnus asked.

“I don’t know. Maybe. Or a memory? I can’t tell.” He said. “Whatever it is, I don’t think it’s complete. Or I guess that I haven’t seen all of it. So I guess it’s nothing to worry about for now.”

“No. Not yet I don’t think. Not until I know more. Or have seen more. Come on. Let’s go have lunch.” He said, wanting to change the subject. “It will be nice sitting down with everybody. It’s been a while since we’ve gotten to do that.” He said, squeezing his alpha’s hand.

“Okay.” Magnus said, trying and failing to shake off the uncertainty that was starting to churn in his belly. “After you.” He said, letting Alec lead the way.

Alec savored the bite of sandwich in his mouth. It was delicious. He had never had a club sandwich before. The roasted turkey, honey ham, bacon, lettuce, tomato, the multitude of cheeses,
and the mouthwatering honey mustard dressing was amazing. He couldn’t help but savor the flavors as he hummed out his pleasure.

“Good?” Izabella asked, smiling at her grandson.

She had been confused when her Uncle Mags had asked her to make something different, something that her grandson had never tried before until he had told her why. She knew what it was like to have a pregnancy craving and have no idea how to quench it. Her Institute had also had a very strict diet for Shadowhunters.

“Very.” Alec mumbled, swallowing the delicious bite.

“Alexander seems to have a liking for honey based condiments. First honey dijon, now honey mustard.” Magnus said, smiling.

“What’s the difference?” Izzy asked.

“Honey mustard is sweeter than dijon. Both are in the same family, but dijon has a little more spice to it.” Robert said, watching his son devour his food.

He was enjoying watching his children expand their horizons when it came to food. As the Head of The New York Institute he travelled more than his Shadowhunters did and had access to various types of foods and flavors. His children hadn’t had that luxury.

“Well, it’ll defiantly go on the ‘enjoys’ list.” Magnus said, chuckling. ‘Along with the sandwich’. He thought.

“Enjoys list?” Clary asked.

“Magnus has started a list of foods that I like for when I’m pregnant. He’s been having me try something new every day so when I have food cravings, I’ll have some idea what I want.” Alec said, blushing.

“Awe, that’s sweet.” She said, smiling at her parabatai. ‘The thought of being pregnant still
makes him blush.’ She thought. ‘Maybe in a hundred years I’ll tell him how cute it was.’

“I’m surprised that Jace hasn’t started keeping a list for you.” Magnus said. “You too, Isabelle. You boys need to get on the ball with that.”

Robert laughed when both boys paled.

“Robert, stop!” Izabella scolded. “It’s not funny. Uncle Mags, you shouldn’t embarrass them like that. Their still young.” She said, unable to hide her own smirk. She had been pregnant when she was their age.

“Well I’m assuming they plan on having children someday, momma. Otherwise I may have to have a serious talk sit down these two. They are with my girls after all.” Robert said.

Clary and Izzy froze. ‘My girls.’ They both thought. Clary swallowed, hard.

Robert saw the look on Clary’s face and mentally kicked himself. He had never told her that he saw her as his second daughter. She didn’t know of the promise that he had made to her mother years before, shortly after she had been born. He and Jocelyn had sworn to each other that if something happened to either one of them, they would look after each other’s children. Take them as their own.

Clary didn’t know that he had been watching over her since her mother had died, or since her father’s death, making sure that she had everything that she needed; and the funds to cover anything and everything she could want. He had made countless deposits into her personal account over the years to ensure that she would want for nothing, just as he had for Simon and his own children.

“Um…” Clary started, unsure what to say.

“So pregnancy cravings.” Izzy said, coming to her best friend’s rescue. “That’s a common thing?”

“Very.” Izabella said, picking up on her granddaughters’ campaign to ease the awkwardness that had descended on the table. “With my boys I had this constant craving for something starchy but nothing I tried seemed to fulfill it. It was driving me crazy.
Then one day I was talking to Uncle Mags, telling him how I wanted something, but I just didn’t know what it was. So he snapped his fingers and dozens of different starchy foods appeared before me. Potatoes, pastas, all kinds of rice’s. I had never had anything but plain rice before or any kind of pasta. So after taking a bite of each one I finally found what hit the spot. Pork lo mein. That was all I would eat for a month. The next month all I would eat was the chicken alfredo he had had me try. I never would have thought I would have wanted something with such a heavy cream sauce but apparently it was what my boys were wanting.” She said, smiling fondly at her children.

“Two of my favorite foods.” Robert said, not bothering to hide his smile. He had wonderful memories of his mother making those foods for him and his brother when they were young. She had learned how to make them after they had been born.

“Lo mein is another thing on Alexander’s list. We haven’t gotten to the alfredo yet. Perhaps for dinner.” Magnus said, smiling at his Shadowhunter. “But he needs to finish his lunch first.” He said, eyeing Alec’s plate.

Alec looked back at his food. He had been just as caught off guard as everyone else. He hadn’t known that his father had any sort of fond feelings towards his parabatai. Picking up his sandwich he took another bite.

“But seriously, boys. You’re going to need to have some idea on what to feed these girls when their pregnant.” Robert said, choosing his words carefully. He didn’t want to put his foot in his mouth again. He hoped that in time Clary and Simon would come to know just how much he loved them, but today wasn’t that day.

“We may need a little help with that.” Jace said, a mischievous glint in his eyes. “We don’t know any more about food than Alec does. Maybe Magnus will consider making enough of these new foods for our lovely ladies to try. Right, Si?” He asked. ‘And get us out of some cooking duty’. He thought.

“Right. That would be great. You’ve been all over the world, right Magnus? Tried all kinda of foods?” Simon asked, knowing exactly where Jace was going. They all enjoyed eating in the dining hall, but not every night. And they had gotten used to preparing meals in their little kitchen. But he hated when it was his turn. He burned everything.

“You are right. I’ve tried more things than I can count. Some I liked, some I didn’t. I’m sure that there are even some I don’t remember. I do, however, remember that I don’t like squid.” He said, biting his inner cheek, trying not to laugh.
He knew his two new brothers well enough now to know what they were thinking, ‘less cooking’. He enjoyed watching Jace choke on his food at the thought of a plate of squid. But he didn’t enjoy watching his perfectly porcelain pale Shadowhunter turn paler and push back his plate.

“That was delicious, grandma. Thank you. But I don’t think I can hold another bite.” Alec said, not knowing that she had kicked Magnus under the table, hard.

“You’re welcome, Alec. Anytime you want to try something new, maybe I can help.” Izabella said. She had experimented a lot in the kitchen over her years in Haven and had become quite the chef.

Robert was biting his inner cheek, trying not to laugh. He didn’t like that his son had been put off his food, but he knew his mother and would have sworn that he had heard Magnus’ bone crack where she had kicked him.

“I think I’m done too.” Izzy said, pushing back her own plate. She just couldn’t shake the image of a baby squid laying on a plate. She didn’t think she would be eating any kind of seafood anytime soon.

“We really should get going.” Clary said, climbing from her chair. “It was delicious, Izabella. But our afternoon training sessions will be starting soon.”

“No desert?” Izabella asked, crestfallen.

“Maybe later, momma. An afternoon snack?” Robert asked. He too had the image of dead squid burned into his retinas.

“Okay.” Izabella said. “I guess the pie can wait.”

“Pie? What kind of pie?” Simon asked.

‘He’s a bottomless pit.’ Alec thought, unable to stop the laugh that escaped him. His best friend always found ways to make him laugh, even when he wasn’t trying to. It was one of the reasons he loved him so much.
“Apple cobbler.” She said.

“That sounds interesting.” Jace said, raising his eyebrows at Simon. They had never had anything like it before. But the look on Clary’s face was a definite ‘no’. “But Clary’s right. We do need to head out to our afternoon sessions. Maybe that snack? Like Robert said?” He asked, eyes shining bright with hope.

Izabella couldn’t help but smile at her youngest grandchild. It didn’t matter to her that he was adopted. He was quite likable and always polite.

“Consider it done.” She said.

“Well, to afternoon training it is.” Alec said, climbing up from the table.

One by one the family followed Alec out of Izabella’s little blue cottage and off the small porch. Izabella pulled the door firmly shut behind her. She was pitching in too, overseeing the production of Alec’s custom weapons holsters and extra waist and thigh holsters.

“Who’s that, Magnus?” Izzy asked, watching a small girl holding who must have been her father’s hand as they walked. She hadn’t seen them around Haven before.

Magnus turned, following Izzy’s gaze.

“That’s Shay and her father Arthur. Shay was born blind. I’ll introduce you but you’ll have to bend down. She reads things by touch. She’ll want to touch your face.”

“Touch my face?” She asked, alarmed.

“Don’t worry. It’s just how she gets a feel for people. You’ll see.” He said. “Shay!” He called.
“Magnus!” She squealed. “Where have you been? You’ve been gone a long time.” She said as Magnus crossed the grass to her.

“I know, peanut. I’ve been really busy.” He said, crouching in front of her. She immediately cupped his cheek with her small hand and smiled.

“You happy. Really happy.” She said, giggling.

“You right, I am.”

“You brought friends with you.” She stated. “The one’s everyone’s talking about.”

“You right again. I did. Would you like to meet them?”

“Mm-hmm. Please.”

“Walk carefully, Shay. It’s a little bumpy here.” Arthur said.

“Okay, papa.”

Squeezing her father’s hand, she reached out for Magnus’.

“Hold my hand, Magnus?” She asked.

“Anytime. Who wouldn’t want to hold a pretty girl’s hand?” Magnus asked, taking her free hand.

Carefully they picked their way over the bumpy grass. Alec smiled. His alpha was so cute with the little girl. ‘He’s going to make a great father.’ He thought.

“Who would you like to meet first, Shay?”
“Hmm. Let me see. You brought a lot of friends, Magnus. I think I’ll start with the one in the middle. I want to meet the tall one last.”

Magnus smiled, winking at Alec. He was the tallest on the team.

“She can sense things. That’s how she knows your tall.” Izabella whispered behind him.

“I can hear you, Ms. Izabella.” Shay giggled.

“I know you can, sweetheart. But they don’t know that.” She called.

“Okay.” She replied happily. “So, the one in the middle.”

“Biscuit, come meet Shay.” Magnus said, releasing her hand.

“She’s small, Magnus. But she’s strong.” Shay said as Clary bent down before her.

Clary was confused. The little girl couldn’t see her, but she knew that she was, well, short, and that Alec was tall?

“It’s okay. Don’t be confused. I can tell a lot about people. They put off a lot of energy.” She said, reaching out her hand.

“On your cheek, Biscuit.” Magnus said.

Unsure, Clary took the little girl’s hand, guiding it to her cheek.

“Your skin is soft. You take good care of it.” Shay said, stroking Clary’s cheek. Clary’s eyes softened at the little girl. “And your pretty.” She said, feeling out Clary’s features. “Your small, but your stronger than any of the warriors. And the new ones.” She said, a concentration line creasing her forehead. “Some of them don’t like that.”
“I think it confuses them.” Clary said, fascinated.

“You can do special things. Draw pretty things. And important ones. Is your name really Biscuit?”

Clary laughed.

“No, Shay. My name is Clary. Only Magnus calls me Biscuit.”

“He does do funny things sometimes. It’s very nice to meet you, Clary.”

“It’s nice to meet you too, Shay.”

“Who do you want to meet next, Shay?” Magnus asked.

“Hmm….The skinny one with the glasses.” She declared.

“Simon?” He asked.

“Yeah. Right. Okay.” Simon said, kneeling on the grass before Shay. “How did you know I have glasses, Shay?” He asked.

“I can sense that your eyes aren’t so good. There not as bad as mine, but yours need a little help.” She giggled, holding out her hand.

Simon took her outstretched hand and guided it to his cheek.

“Hmm.” She said, feeling out his features. “Your very smart, Simon. And good with your hands. Can I feel your hands?” She asked.
“Okay.” He said, unsure. But he lifted his hands for her.

Arthur guided Shay hands to Simon’s. Gently she felt them out.

“You work hard with your hands. Their very strong. They help make you a good fighter. Why… Why do you have hard spots on your fingers?” She asked.

“Because I like to play video games.” He said, blushing. He was amazed and intrigued by the little girl.

“What are video games?” She asked.

“Something we don’t have here, Shay.” Magnus said.

“Oh. I see. Something you need better eyes for.” She said softly.

“Shay …” Magnus started.

“It’s okay, Magnus.” She said, cutting him off. “There are just some things people like me can’t do. Papa says that’s not a bad thing because there are a lot of things people like me can do that others can’t. That’s what makes everybody special. He also says it’s okay to be different.”

“Well, he’s right about that.” Magnus said, smiling. “Who would you like to meet next?”

“The boy on the left. The really strong one.”

“Jace?” He asked.

A little unnerved Jace stepped forward, taking Simon’s place in front of Shay. When she held out her hand, he brought it to his cheek. She giggled.
“You like Clary.”

“I do. Very much.” He said, smiling at her.

“Is she your mate?”

“Shay! That’s rude.” Arthur scolded.

“Sorry, papa.”

“It’s okay.” Jace said. “Clary is my mate. I love her very much.” He said as Shay felt out his features.

“You really are very strong.” She said, frowning. “Your all very strong. Not like anyone I’ve ever met before. Why is that?”

“Well…” Jace started, unsure what to say.

“This is a very special group of people, Shay.” Magnus said, coming to Jace’s rescue. “They work and train really hard to help people. And to do that they have to be really strong, so they work every day to be that way.”

“Oh, okay.” Shay said, smiling again. “Your also very handsome, Jace. You and Clary will make pretty babies.” She giggled.

“Shay!” Arthur scolded. “I am so sorry, Jace. She doesn’t always understand boundaries.”

“It’s okay.” Jace said, trying not to laugh.

“Alright, Shay. I think that’s enough.” Magnus said, trying and failing to hide his own smile. “Would you like to meet Isabelle next?”
“Yes, please.”

“Isabelle?” He asked.

Izzy crouched down in front of the small girl, guiding her hand to her cheek when she reached out.

“Your pretty, like Clary. And very strong, like the others.” Shay said, feeling out Izzy’s features. “Hmm. You’re a half.”

“A half?” Izzy asked.

“A one of two. A twin. And you love Simon very much. But you have another love, a sister’s love. You love your twin very much, just like you do Simon, only differently. Their your everything.”

“Your right. They are. What else, Shay?”

“You’re a strong warrior. All of you are. But you make things. Simon is good with his hands, but you make things with yours. Strong things. Powerful things. You all fight the monsters, don’t you?”

Izzy looked at Magnus, unsure what to say.

“That’s what Magnus meant when he said that you train and help people. You help people by fighting the monsters. That’s why your all so strong. And special.” Shay stated.

“That’s right, Shay.” Izzy said, unnerved. She had never been unnerved like this before.

“Okay, Shay. How about we meet the tall one?” Arthur asked.

“Alexander?” Magnus asked.
Alec took a deep breath before approaching the little girl. She had amazed him with her assessment of his family. He knelt on the ground at her feet, guiding her hand to his cheek when she reached out.

“Your Magnus’ mate!” She squealed. “Your why he’s so happy. And your handsome too, like Jace and Simon. You just don’t believe it.” She said, feeling out Alec’s features. “Your Isabelle’s twin too. I feel your love for her, just like your love for Magnus. It’s so big.”

Alec couldn’t help but smile or stop his blush.

“You’re also the strongest. The leader. But…you’re not like everybody else. Your different. Special.” She said softly.

Magnus and Arthur exchanged looks. Shay brought her other hand smoothly to Alec’s other cheek, gasping when she touched him.

“You are him!” She exclaimed. “You’re really here.” She breathed.

“I’m just Alec, Shay.” Alec said, confused by the little girl’s reaction to him.


“What page, Shay?” Arthur asked, unsure, but pulling a small notebook from his pocket.

“Page thirty-six.”

Arthur flipped through the pages, eyeing his daughter. She had never reacted to anyone this way before.

“Your riddle, Shay?” He asked, confused.

“It’s not a riddle, papa. Read it. Please! He’s so special. He doesn’t know. He has to know.”
Robert and Gideon leaned in beside their mother, unsure what they were seeing. They all knew Shay. But this was new. Cat walked up beside Robert. She had overheard the commotion and shot him a questioning look. He merely raised his brows.

“Allright, Shay. But it’s just a riddle.”

“Please, papa. Read it.” Shay pleaded.

“Okay, sweetheart. I’ll read it.”

‘Two into One
The one of two

With the blood of the angel,
and the power too
An angel for all
A saving grace
He will not yield, to any race

And when he comes
His heart is true

Alpha and Omega
Crystal blue’

“I don’t understand, Shay. What does your riddle have to do with Alexander?” Magnus asked, thinking the riddle through.

“It’s not a riddle, Magnus. Your mate is special. So very special. He’s the one.”
“Shay …” Alec started, confused.

“It makes sense.” Robert breathed. “It makes perfect sense.”

“Robert?” Izabella asked, everyone turning to him.

“Two into One – Maryse and me.

The one of two – Alexander and Isabelle. Twins.

With the blood of the Angel – a nephilim.

And the power too – Alexander’s gifts and his visions.

An angel for all – look at how many he’s saved. What he’s trying to do.

A saving grace – Magnus’ saving grace. That’s what he calls him. I’ve heard others call him the same thing, both now and after The Dark War.

He will not yield, to any race – he’s never yielded to anyone. Ever.

And when he comes – which he has.

His heart is true – he’s always had the purest heart.

Alpha and Omega, crystal blue. – It all makes perfect sense. It explains so much.” He said, awed.

“Robert, I’m confused.” Izabella said.
“Alexander is the son of two strong alphas. He’s never yielded to another a day in his life. He’s been giving commands since he was a child. He’s an omega, momma. With crystal blue eyes.

What if…what if he just presented as an omega because he has always been an alpha? What if he’s been an alpha since the day he was born? I know it’s sounds impossible, but so are a lot of the things that he can do.

Everything about it fits, about him fits. Everyone thought he would present as a strong alpha because of what he can do, because of how he is. But he didn’t. How can you present as something if it’s what you already are? He’s an alpha and an omega.” He said, finally realizing why his precious boy had always been…more. So much more.

“That’s not possible, Robert.” Gideon said.

“I think your right, Robert. Except for one thing.” Magnus said, working it through in his head. “Two into One, I don’t think that means you and Mayrse. I think that means two races. Two races into one person. Alpha and omega. Everything else does fit, the end just cements what the riddle starts with.”

“That’s just not possible.” Gideon insisted.

“It is.” Shay stated. “He’s the one. The one we’ve been waiting for. You just don’t believe it yet. You never believe.”

“Shay, this is just a riddle.” Alec said, squeezing the small girl’s hands, unsure what else to say or do.

“Is it?” Magnus asked. “Think about it, Alexander. Think about who you are. Think about all you have done; all you can do; of all of the things you’ve always been able to do. Think about your gifts. All of them.”

“Their right, Alec.” Izzy said, placing a hand on his shoulder. As always, she was in awe of her big brother. Her Rockstar.
“You know they are.” Clary said. “I can feel it.”

“It’s not possible.” Izabella said. “A person can’t be two races.”

“Why not? There are plenty of people here who are mixed. Mixed species. If we can have mixed species, why not two races?” Shay asked, smiling while she cupped Alec’s cheek.

“We do have ‘mixes’ here, Alexander. You know that. Does this seem impossible? Yes. But how many things can you do that are impossible? All of you?” Magnus asked.

“Your grandma and uncle may not believe it, but you know it’s true. You’re the alpha and omega, crystal blue. And we’ve been waiting for you.” Shay said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead.

“When did this come to you, Shay?” Robert asked.

“I don’t know. Some time ago.” She said. “Papa had to write it down for me so I wouldn’t forget. But I never did.”

“Shay, I don’t…” Alec started.

“It’s hard to accept, I know. But it’s true. You’re going to change everything. You’re going to change our world.” She said. “The Angel blessed you. He chose you. You know it in your heart. Now you just have to know it in your head.” She said softly.

Alec didn’t know what to say. He looked to his family and he saw it there. In their eyes and in their smiles. They believed it. Looking at his alpha, he saw that he believed it too.

“We should go, Shay. You’re going to be late for Madzie’s tea party.” Arthur said, hoping to distract his daughter.

“Would you like to come to a tea party, Mr. Alec?” She asked, bouncing on her toes with excitement.
“I’d love to come to a tea party.” Alec said, smiling. He loved his little cousin, and spending time with her. “But I can’t right now. I have to go to archery training. A rain check?” He asked.

“A rain check?” She asked, confused.

“It means ‘another time’, Shay.” Robert said, smiling. The thought of his badass warrior son, the best Shadowhunter in the world, sitting down with two little girls for a tea party would be a sight to behold. “Maybe momma can send apple cobbler?” He asked his mother, watching as Izabella just shook her head at him.

“Okay.” Shay said, giggling again. She could feel Robert’s energy and it told her that he thought it would be funny to watch, and cute. “Soon, Mr. Alec? Promise?”

“Sure, Shay. Soon.” Alec said.

“Okay. I’ll talk to Madzie. We’ll set it up.” She said, wrapping her little arms around his neck in a tight hug. “I’m so glad your finally here.” She whispered.

“Come on, Shay. We have to go. Madzie’s waiting.” Arthur said, unsure what to make of his daughter’s reaction to Alec.

“Coming, papa.” She said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s cheek.

Alec could only watch the little girl and her father walk away. He had no words for any of what she had just said.

“Are you alright, sweetheart?” Magnus asked softly.

“I’m…I’m not sure. I have to get to archery.” He said, climbing quickly to his feet. Before anyone could question him he had walked away.

Clary flipped smoothly over Alec’s head when he tossed her in the air, executing a beautiful
double flip before coming down behind him, her seraph blade clashing solidly with Jace’s. He was the ‘demon’ in this exercise. His blade was the ‘heart’ of the demon. Her blow would have killed it instantly.

They had been training for hours. Their day had been busy, but none of them had wanted Alec training by himself. They knew that he still had Shay’s ‘riddle’ on his mind. While the day had been long, they hadn’t wanted him to be alone.

While they were training their army with wooden swords and kendo sticks, they were using the real thing. Seraph blades and daggers, with all of their usual weapons. When they trained, they generally trained as if they were in combat. And trained hard. Clary had just finished her sixth basket launch over Alec’s head.

“You ready, Iz?” Alec asked, Simon and Izzy stopping their hand to hand. Simon and Izzy exchanged looks.

“I think we should call it, big brother. It’s been a long day.” Izzy said.

Alec looked at his team, his family. He could see that they were tired. They had all been busy that day.

“Okay. You guys go ahead and head out. I’m going to go a bit longer.” He said.

“You should break too, bro.” Jace said, downing half a bottle of water. “We can pick up again tomorrow.”

Clary could feel her parabatai’s turmoil through their bond. He wasn’t ready to leave their private training area yet. He had already walked them through several of his new moves, putting them through their paces until he was satisfied that they had them down.

They worked in pairs against each other, until they faced him. Once he deemed that they had met his expectation for that rotation, the line started again and again until they had mastered the moves and could execute them quickly and without thought. Until they had become ingrained. He was always teaching them something new, and they loved it. And his challenges. But Jace was right, he needed to break.
“You guys go on. I want to talk to Alec.” She said.

“Okay. See you at dinner, babe.” Jace said, pressing a soft kiss to her cheek. As usual, despite the hard training none of them were so much as winded. She waited until the others had left before turning to her parabatai, her brother.

“What’s up, Clare-bear?” Alec asked as he gathered their discarded weapons.

“We both know that you already know the answer to that, Alec.” She said, handing him a bottle of cold water after he had set down his collection on a bench.

Word of Shay’s ‘riddle’ had gotten out. It was the hot topic all over Haven. Everyone was calling the little girls riddle a prophecy. It had been written long before Alec had ever set foot in Haven and they all knew it. In their minds, it explained it all. How an omega could resist an alpha’s commands. How an omega could give commands stronger than any other alpha any of them had ever known. How he was so strong and skilled in battle.

Omega’s had always been considered the weakest race in the Shadow World, and Alec was far from weak. And his gifts. They were all in awe of his gifts. His gifts from The Angel Raziel. No one questioned that Alec was exactly what Shay had said he was, an alpha and an omega, despite the fact that he was the one and only. He was something that ‘had never happened before’. They all believed Robert when he had said ‘What if he was born an alpha? You can’t present as something that you already are.’

She had felt his unease all afternoon. Everywhere he went there were whispers and stares. Yes, he was used to being talked about and had been for years. While the reasons may have changed over those years, it wasn’t a new thing for him. But these, these whispers and stares were getting under his skin.

“I don’t really want to talk about it.” He said.

“Want to and need to are two different things. You know that.” She said.

“What is there to talk about? Shay’s riddle is just that. A riddle. It just isn’t possible.” He said, downing the water.
“Why not? You said yourself that ‘what seems impossible isn’t always impossible’. She said, quoting his words from just days before.

Alec sighed, closing his eyes. She had him there.

“I know you believe it, my parabatai. In your heart. You just don’t want to accept that you do. Or admit it to yourself.” She said softly, laying a comforting hand on his shoulder.

“Why me, Clary?” He asked, just as softly. “Of so many things, why me?”

“That I don’t know. But I do believe that you’ve been blessed by The Angel. I always have. Now, now everyone else does too.” She said, squeezing his hand.

“I’m not the only one.” He said, smirking. Something else had gotten out. Other things that Shay had written with the braille machine Magnus had brought her and taught her how to use. All of Haven was calling her a prophet.

“Yeah, well, that’s a bit different.” She said, handing him another bottle of water. He hadn’t seemed to realize that he’d finished the first.

“How? How is it different?” He asked, surprised when he realized that his first bottle of water was gone.

“Those riddles don’t speak of something unheard of or impossible.” She said, tilting his chin to meet her eyes. She had them all memorized. They all did. They had heard them enough times that day.

‘The night is full of fright
Heavens Angels take up the
fight
They flip and fly,
Lighting up the sky
They beat back what goes bump in the night
Five Angels ready to fight
Always there to do what’s right’

‘Angels born
Raised to fight
Warriors that save the night

In the shadows they must hide
Heaves five take up the fight’

‘With their beauty and their grace
They fight the fight
Every night

They give their all
They hear his call
Heavens warriors
For one and all

‘In the Shadows hide
The Angel’s five
But hide no more
It is their time’

Everyone agreed that Shay’s words spoke of their time as Shadowhunters for the Clave. And the last for what was to come. But out of them all, there was one. One every downworlder believes speaks of The Dark War.

‘The battle rages on
Dangers all around

He must be stopped

His evil knows no bounds

A beauty from above

An Angel tried and true

Takes the shot

That ends his plot

The one that see’s it through

Heavens Angel

Their saving grace

Ends it all

Brings about a madman’s fall

“I hate being in the spotlight, Clary. I always have. You know that. And that’s all it’s been since we got here. And now this…” He said, trailing off.

“I know. It’s hard when people whisper and stare. I know I’ve only had a taste, being his daughter. But for you it’s different. It’s always been different, because it’s always been there. And since the war, there’s just been more.

But you can’t fault them, Alec. You have always been amazing. Even when we were kids. Then in our early days on patrols and missions. And in the war.” She said, sighing. “I know that got you a lot of attention that you didn’t want. We did too. But we had you to shield us, to stand behind. And for that we’ll always be grateful.

We just wish that there was some way we could shield you. That we could have shielded you after you presented and some of those whispers and stares were nasty and behind your back. But we couldn’t then, and we can’t now. But we can be there for you. Just like you were there for me.

Any time anyone gave me shit about who my father was and did, or doubted me or my loyalties,
my honor as a Shadowhunter you stood up for me. You were there. You kicked asses and broke noses when you had to. And you always will. That is just one of the many reasons that I love you.

You’re not just my leader or my commander or even just my parabatai. You’re my big brother too. That’s another reason that I love you. So I’m hoping that you’ll listen to me now. If not as your parabatai, then as a little sister.

The people who are whispering and staring at you now are doing it because they are in awe of you. Because they respect and admire you. And as much as you hate being in the spotlight, I think it’s something that your going to have to get used to.

Get used to the whispers and stares, because I have a feeling that your going to be in that spotlight and getting those whispers and stares for some reason or the other for eternity because you are always going to do great things, just like you always have.

Does that make this easier? Being different in yet another way? No. But you’ll get through it. You always do. And now, now you have more than just us to love and support you and help you get through it. You have your mate now. And your dad and Izabella and Cat. Sometimes Gideon.” She said, relieved when he chuckled. “And Madzie. Always Madzie. She loves you. And if I recall correctly, you owe her and Shay a tea party. One that Magnus is planning that I think is going to be big affair with real tea and everything. So don’t be surprised if it’s public and you get a few stares for sitting down for your very first tea party with a gaggle of little girls.”

“A gaggle of little girls?” He asked, eyebrows raised.

“Oh yes. From what I’ve heard every little girl in Haven is dying for an invitation.” She said, laughing at the pained expression on his face. “Your Rockstar, Alec. Iz has always been right about that. And for all those little girls, your going to be their Rockstar too. You’ll probably be the center of a few first crushes.” She said, laughing again when he blushed crimson.

“If I have to go through this, I’m dragging you with me. All of you. You will all be my guests for the tea party. I’m sure Madzie and Shay won’t mind.” He said, laughing when she paled. “And if my alpha is planning this, I’m going to insist on eighteenth century costumes for everyone. I’m sure Madzie and Shay and all of their little friends are going to love that. And I’m going to love it when Si and Jace end up being the center of a few crushes too.

And there are several young boys here, Clare-bare. You and Iz are hot stuff. At least, Si tells me my sister is hot. And Jace says you are too. So get ready to be crush worthy yourself.” He said,
“You’re a jerk, you know that?” She asked, grinding her teeth.

“Hey? What are big brothers for?” He asked, tossing his second empty water bottle in the trash. “Your going to look really cute in a frilly dress, Clare-bear. And there will be pictures. I’ll see to that.” He said, grinning as he walked towards the door. “Get some rest. Tomorrow’s going to be another busy day.” He called as he walked out into the night, not giving a damn about anyone who whispered or stared on his way home. As usual, his Clare-bear had made him feel better.

“Please don’t. It might get confusing.” He said, savoring the feel of being in his alpha’s arms. “Can we just stick with me calling you ‘alpha’ and you calling me ‘angel’?” He asked. “Because I really don’t feel like an ‘alpha’, and I’m defiantly not sure that I want to be called one.” He said softly.
“But you are.” Magnus said gently. “Rather you believe it or not yet, I do.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead.

“Why?” Alec asked.

“Because I know in my heart that it’s true.” He said, taking Alec’s hand and leading him to the table. “I’ve known since the night I pulled you off that bridge that you were special. So very special. And you are, in so many ways.” He said, pulling out Alec’s chair. “And now I know just one more reason why.” He said as Alec sat. “You truly are a one of a kind.” He said, taking his own seat.

“I don’t want to be. I’ve never wanted to be.” He said softly.

“I know, love. But that doesn’t change it any.” Magnus said, snapping his fingers.

Alec sighed, relieved. One of his favorite high protein, low carb meals appeared on the plate in front of him.

“Comfort food.” Magnus said when he saw his Shadowhunter smile. “You’re a one of a kind, sweetheart. In more ways than one. At least to me.” He said, smiling at his one true love.

“So are you.” Alec said, reaching for his alpha’s hand across the table. “So you really believe it? Shay’s riddle?” He asked.

“Yes, love. I do.” Magnus said, squeezing Alec’s hand. “I spoke with Arthur. He said that ‘riddle’ came to Shay a couple of years ago. He carries around her ‘journal’ so that he can right things down for her. He said that he thought it odd when she had asked him to write it and read it back to her. And when she had said that it was really important, but she didn’t know why.

Then she told him after we got here, after you killed the moloch demon that she wanted to meet you. She told me today that she thought then that you were who it was meant for, but she wasn’t sure. Not until she touched you. Then she knew in her heart that it was. That’s when she showed me the others.” He said, watching his young warrior closely.
“Clary said it was in braille. You read braille?” Alec asked.

“Yes, angel. Read and write.” Magnus said, eyebrows raised. “You don’t?”

“No. Why would I?” He asked.

Magnus shook his head, chuckling.

“What’s funny?” He asked.

“You can read and write more than thirty languages, some demonic, and you don’t know braille.” Magnus said, incredulous. “I take it there are no blind Shadowhunters?” He asked.

“There are. Only those that lost their sight due to an injury.” He said, brows furrowed. “After that they just made do.”

“They just ‘made do’.” Magnus repeated. “Wow. With all of the nephilim technology, most of it far more advanced than what is used in the mundane world according to Catarina, and no braille.” He said, dumbfounded. “Braille has been around for a very long time. But no worries. We have plenty of time for me to teach it to you. And a few more languages if you’d like. Please eat.” He said.

Alec had forgotten about the food in front of him. Picking up the fork beside his plate he took a bite. His alpha was right. It was ‘comfort food’.

“So Shay showed you the other things that had ‘come to her’?” He asked.

“She did. And I knew the moment I read them who and what they were referring to.” Magnus said, taking a bite of his own meal. “Our family is special, angel. Gifted. Biscuit has her runes. Isabelle has her skill forging weapons. Jace has his skill with swords and Simon his skill in combat. From what you say, he’s the very best. And then there’s you who has more gifts than I think anyone has ever tried to count.

You were all blessed by your Angel, love. I truly believe that. Just as I believe that you were
always meant to be together. That Isabelle showing up outside your door that day was meant to happen, along with everything that came after. The forming of your team. The team that became our family.

I believe that you were all destined to be the best. The best Shadowhunters, the best Shadowhunter team to ever live. And I don’t mean just because of what you can do, love, but because of who you are. Your morals, your values. Morals and values that Shadowhunters of the past have lacked. The kind of Shadowhunters that my Belle feared and that I have loathed for centuries. You are shining examples of what Shadowhunters should be. And you will be. Forever.”

Alec didn’t know what to say. His alpha’s words had rocked him to his core. He had been told that he and his family were the best. They had heard it too. But they had never wanted to be, tried to be. It had just happened. But hearing his alpha put it this way…

“Alpha, I…” He started.

“It’s okay, sweetheart. You don’t have to say anything.” Magnus said, gently cutting him off. “That’s just what I believe, and I thought you should know it. You should all know it. Because you all are going to be around for a very long time. The Shadow World is going to need you. Our world is going to change, and the five of you are going to be the ones who change it.”

“The six of us.” Alec said, reaching across the table to take his warlock’s hand. “It will be the six of us. Seven if we can talk Cat into pitching in.” He said, squeezing his alpha’s hand.

Magnus couldn’t help but smile. His Shadowhunter hadn’t even hesitated in including him in their destined journey to rebuild the Shadow World, something that warmed his heart, but also to include his oldest and dearest friend. He knew then that together they could do great things. That they would do great things. There was just one thing that worried him; something he wasn’t sure he should tell his young warrior about. At least not yet.

“What’s wrong?” Alec asked. He had seen his warlock’s smile drop, and his frown.

“Nothing, angel. Just thinking.” Magnus said, trying and failing to shake the image of his oldest and dearest friend kissing his sweet omega’s father from his mind.

He knew that it was something that he wasn’t meant to see, but he had. And he didn’t know just yet what to make of it.
“Okay.” Alec said, unsure. He could feel in his belly that his alpha was keeping something from him, but he wouldn’t push him.

He had to believe that he would tell him when he was ready, in his own time. They had promised each other months ago that there would be no more secrets, so he couldn’t think of whatever was troubling his warlock as one. It would have to be just something he wasn’t ready to talk about yet.

“You should finish eating, sweetheart. It’s been a long day and I’m sure you’ll want a hot shower before bed.” Magnus said, squeezing Alec’s hand.

Alec shook his head yes.

“Will you join me?” He asked, a mischievous glint in his eye.

“Of course.” Magnus said with a rueful smile. He knew what his Shadowhunter was after, and he was more than willing to give it to him.

Heals clicked on stone as someone took the twists and turns of a spiral staircase, the path lit by flickering torches. Directly across from the bottom step stood a large golden ornate door, a door engraved with the Clave sigil. The heals clicked across the marble floor to the door. Imogen Herondale reached out, expertly turning the dials on the intricate locks until each tumbler clicked into place.

The door opened. Inside were rows and rows of books on stacks three stories high. Some were ancient, some old, some newer. Her heals clicked across the marble floor as she approached an elegantly crafted mahogany pedestal. On it sat a large, thick, red leather bound book with the sigil of the Clave embossed on the cover. An obviously ancient book. Blood dripped from its bottom, running down the pedestal, adding to a large puddle on the floor.

Oblivious of the blood she carefully opened the book, gently turning the brittle pages, and pages that grew newer and newer as she gingerly made her way through them. At a fresh page she stopped. Two things were written on the page.
Picking up and elegant quill she dipped it in the ink, expertly tapping off the excess. Carefully putting the quill to the paper she wrote in an elegant script:

‘Aline Patrice Penhallow’

Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a vote. Also feel free to follow me on Twitter @ BrandyB17922482, Tumblr @ BouncerGirl, or friend me on FaceBook @ www.facebook.com/brandy.bailey.142035
Chapter 23 - True Love

Chapter 23

True Love

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Magnus closed the soft blue curtains over the small kitchen window. He didn’t want the predawn sunlight waking his sweet omega. Well, his alpha and sweet omega. While he believed whole heartedly that Shay’s ‘riddle’ was pure truth and that his Alexander was what she said he was, he was still working on fully wrapping his head around it. His Shadowhunter truly was one of a kind. Two races had never been heard of.

He had been prepared to stop his young warrior from setting out early for his 4 am solo training. The day before had been long and draining in more ways than one so it surprised him when his love’s internal clock hadn’t woken him. Watching his angel as he slept now, he hoped that he would sleep until the 7:30 alarm went off, the mark of what he was hoping would become a normal day. If his Alexander did, he would have a couple of hours to do what he was wanting to do.

Listening to his young warrior’s soft little snores he couldn’t help but smile. His Shadowhunter looked so adorable when he slept. He looked like an angel, the angel that he truly was. He cherished the thought of waking up with that angel in his arms every morning for the rest of eternity. ‘Two more weeks.’ He thought.

He had spent the night holding his love in his arms, watching him as he slept. He had spent a great deal of time thinking as he had watched over his sweet omega about a lot of things. But mostly about one. One that he had only ever dreamed of. He was hoping with everything that he was that his Shadowhunter would make his wildest dream come true.

With one last look at his young warrior he tucked the satin duvet around him before he slipped as quietly as he could out of their small cottage.

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Layer by layer Magnus lifted the enchantments on the box that contained his most precious possessions. It was easy enough to portal out of Haven to The Manor. With the final layer of protective magic gone he quickly undid the intricate lock on the ancient box with trembling fingers. The box itself was as precious as what it held, and he had kept it safe for centuries. His mother had given it to him more than 800 years ago, ‘to keep his treasures’ she had said.
He smiled as he looked over and touched everything the box contained, but he was really just looking for one thing. And there it was. Tucking it in his pocket he closed the box and resealed it, adding layer after layer of protective magic around it. Once satisfied that it was safe and secure from anything and everything he placed it carefully back in his safe, closing and sealing it as well. It didn’t take him long to add the protective layers that he used to keep it safe and hidden. With butterfly’s in his belly he opened the portal that would take him back to Haven and to the man that could truly give him everything he had only ever dreamed of.

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A soft knock at the door pulled Izabella from sleep. Glancing at the clock she wondered who could possibly be knocking at her door at such an early hour. Climbing from her warm bed she quickly wrapped her robe around her tying it secure as she made her way through her small cottage.

“Uncle Mags?” She asked, surprised when she pulled the door open. “Is everything alright?”

“Everything’s fine. I’m sorry I woke you.” He said, hating that he had pulled one of the people he held most dear from sleep at such an early hour. He had been hoping that someone else would answer the door. “I know it’s early, but I need to speak with Robert.”

“This early?” She asked. “Can’t it wait?”

“It’s waited long enough I think.” He said, thinking back over how many centuries he had waited for this.

“Okay.” She said, unsure. “I’ll get him.” She said, disappearing back inside. She was back in an instant. “He’s not here.” She said, panicked. “Uncle Mags, where could he be?”

It struck Magnus then. Thinking back to what he had seen the night before he thought he might know where Robert was, but he couldn’t tell her. Not yet. Not until he was sure. Maybe not even then. It wouldn’t be his place.

“Oh how stupid of me.” He said. “I’m so sorry, Izabella. I woke you for nothing. I forgot that he had said last night that he was going to work in the forge this morning. I should have checked there first. I knew he wanted to get an early start; I just didn’t think it would be this early.”
“The forge?” She asked, confused. “At this hour?”

“Isabelle has decided that she trusts him enough with her new molds that he can work with them unsupervised. I’m sure he’s there having a blast creating her new blades.” He said, chuckling and shaking his head. “I think he loves forging just as much as she does. Go on back to bed. It’s early. I’ll see you in a few hours.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to her cheek.

“Okay.” She said, relieved. She knew that her son had been spending time in her granddaughter’s forge, that he enjoyed crafting new weapons. “I’ll see you later then.” She said, turning back into her cottage, shutting the door softly behind her.

Magnus hated that he had just lied to her. He had known her her entire life and had never once been dishonest with her. But if Robert was where he thought he was he had no right to tell his mother.

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Cat pulled the door open at the soft knock.

“Magnus.” She said, surprised as she tied her robe. “What are you doing here? Is everything alright? Is Alec…?” She started.

“Alexander is fine.” He said, cutting her off. “He’s still asleep.” He said. He was unsure how he felt about what he thought he was about to find out, but he needed to see him. “Is Robert here?” He asked.

“Robert?” She asked. “Why would Robert…?” She started.

“Please don’t lie to me, Catarina.” He said, softly cutting her off. “I know you too well.” He said. He could see it in her eyes. He had seen how they had lit up when she had said his name.

Cat sighed. She knew that she was busted. She couldn’t hide anything from him, he knew her too well.
“Come in.” She said, opening the door to let him in.

Stepping into Cat’s cottage he found what he had been expecting. Robert Lightwood sat on his oldest and dearest friends small couch, a cup of coffee in hand.

“Magnus…” Cat started.

“It’s alright, Catarina.” Magnus said, again gently cutting her off. Her business was her business. “Your business is your business.”

“How did you know I’d be here?” Robert asked.

“I suspected it when you weren’t at home.” He said, meeting Robert’s eyes.

“My mother…” Robert started.

“Doesn’t know.” He said, cutting him off. “I did something I’ve never done before. I lied to her.” He said softly. “She thinks you’re at the forge.”

Robert nodded yes.

“Thank you for that. I know how hard that must have been.” He said.

“No, you really don’t.” Magnus said, and unshed tear gleaming in his eye.

“Magnus…” He started.

“Please don’t hurt her.” Magnus said, cutting him off. “Whatever it is between you two, that’s your business. But please don’t hurt her.” He said softly.
“Magnus, there’s something you should know.” Cat said, taking a seat beside Robert, taking his hand in her own. Looking at him, he nodded yes. “Robert’s my mate.”

Magnus’ heart constricted with both joy and heartbreak for his oldest and dearest friend. She had finally found the man that she had been waiting over 400 years for, but he was mortal. She was immortal.

“Your…” Magnus trailed off, not sure what to say.

“My mate.” She said, squeezing Roberts hand. She had known that he would take it the hardest.

They had been friends for over 400 years. He was her oldest and dearest friend and had always wanted what was best for her. Happiness. Joy. He had always wanted her to have it all, especially love. And she knew what he was thinking now.

“I know what you’re thinking.” She said softly.

Magnus nodded yes.

“Your happiness means everything to me, Catarina.” He said softly.

“I know it does.” She said, giving him a small smile.

A heavy silence hung in the air.

“Robert.” He finally said.

“Yes, Magnus?” Robert asked, a ball of lead sitting solidly in his belly. He knew that his precious Catarina had been dreading his son’s mate finding out and understood why. Setting his coffee aside he gave her hand a light squeeze.

“Treat her right, Robert. Do right by her. Show her how much you love her every day. Tell her every chance you get. Because she is precious. She will always bring you joy; she will always
make you proud, and she will always make you smile even when she doesn’t know it.” He said, repeating the words Robert had said to him the day his Shadowhunter had told him that they were mates.

“You have my word, Magnus.” Robert said, his own words from weeks before echoing in his ears.

“Um.” Cat said, clearing her throat. “You said you needed to see him, Magnus?” Cat asked.

“Is Alexander alright?” Robert asked, instantly alarmed. He didn’t realize that he had instinctively squeezed Cat’s hand, hard.

“He’s fine. He’s still asleep.” Magnus said, truly glad that his sweet omega had his father in his life after all these years. His father had so much love for him, love he had had to hide his angel’s entire life.

“Thank the Angel.” Robert breathed, relief coursing through him.

“I um…” Magnus started, the butterfly’s in his belly flapping around like bats. “I wanted to ask for your blessing. I know that today’s generation… doesn’t particularly follow the customs of the past, but I would like to ask Alexander to marry me.”

“Oh.” He said, a bit shocked. He had assumed that it was a given that they would marry one day. They were fated mates. He had just hoped that he would be around to see it. “Of course. You have it. You have my blessing, Magnus.”

“Thank you.” Magnus said, letting out the breath he hadn’t realized he had been holding.

“Oh, Magnus!” Cat cried, leaping off the couch and into his arms. She couldn’t have been happier for her best friend. She knew how long he had been waiting for Alec. She knew that he had believed that he would never find his mate, the one he was meant to love. But he had and now he was going to marry him. Another precious dream come true for him. His wildest dream. “That’s wonderful. When are you going to propose?” She asked, still holding him tight in her arms.

“As soon as he opens his eyes if I can.” He said, holding her just as tightly as she was holding him.
“I am so happy for you.” She said, a tear sliding down her cheek.

“I know. I’m happy for you too. Please know that.” He said softly.

“I do.” She said, giving him one last squeeze before letting him go.

“Magnus.” Robert said beside them.

Neither had seen him get up. Magnus looked down, seeing Robert’s extended hand. He didn’t hesitate to take it hand in his own, gripping it tightly. Robert didn’t think before he pulled Magnus into his arms, holding him tight.

“Take care of him.” He whispered in Magnus’ ear.

“Always.” Magnus said softly, returning the embrace.

“So, speaking of ‘I do’s’, I have a wedding to plan.” Cat giggled, overflowing with happiness as she rubbed her hands together in glee. She had her mate and her best friend was going to marry his. The one that would make precious another dream come true, the one that would give him children.

“It shouldn’t take too long.” Magnus said, releasing his angel’s father. “But he has to say yes first.” He chuckled.

“Don’t be silly. Of course he’s going to say yes.” She said, rolling her eyes. “Do you have a ring? We’ll have to get a ring.” She said, a list of things to do already forming in her mind.

“I have a ring. Let me get my groom and we’ll start planning.” He said, trying not to laugh.

“‘We’ll’? What in Lilith’s name are you talking about? You’ve waited eight centuries for this, Magnus. You’re not planning a thing.” She said, her tone brooking no arguments.

“But…” He started, shocked.
‘But’ nothing. This is going to be one of the biggest things that ever happens to you. You only get married once. I know you love a good party, Magnus. And planning them.” She said. “But this one, na—ah. You’re not touching it. There are more than fifty warlocks here who have been waiting for this too who are going to love help plan this. I think we can handle it. You just go on and get your groom.”

“Okay.” He said, relenting. He knew by her tone that she wouldn’t budge. “Can I at least pick my tux?” He asked.

“Shadowhunters marry in white.” Robert said softly. He didn’t want to remind his son’s hopefully soon to be fiancé that he was a downworlder. A downworlder wanting to marry a nephilim, but nephilims had traditions.

“Then white it will be.” Magnus said, nonplussed. “Whatever makes Alexander happy. But please. Both of you keep this to yourselves until I’ve had a chance to ask him.”

“Of course. We won’t say a word.” Cat said, her smile beaming.

“Thank you.” He said, turning towards the door.

“Magnus.” Robert said, stopping him.

“Yes?” He asked, turning back to his angel’s father.

“Who will marry you?” He asked.

Magnus lost his breath. He hadn’t thought about that. As The High Warlock he was able to preside over any downworld marriage, but only a Silent Brother or Clave official could marry a nephilim. Neither of which were an option. ‘Will it matter to him?’ He thought.

“Tradition is important to him, Magnus. It always has been.” Robert said. He hated that he had caused the look of heartbreak in his future son in laws eyes. “Having said that if you and Alexander are agreeable, I have no problem presiding over the ceremony.”
Magnus’ eyes lit up, but he was confused.

“How…?” He started.

“There aren’t many who know this, but an Institute Head can preside over a nephilim marriage.” Robert said. “Well, as long as there’s at least a nephilim getting married.” He said, trying to hide his smile.

“I think Alexander would like that. As would I.” Magnus said, unable to hide his own smile.

“Well then, now that that’s settled you better get back to your would-be groom.” Cat said, nudging Magnus back towards the door. “But let me know as soon as he says yes so I can get started on the planning.”

Magnus nodded yes. Before he could open the door, someone pounded on it. Hard.

“Mr. Magnus! Ms. Cat!” Nathan shouted through the wood.

Magnus pulled the door open, a breathless Nathan gasping for breath on the other side.

“Nathan? What’s wrong?” Magnus asked, alarmed.

“It’s Mr. Alec, sir. He’s had a vision. Ms. Clary said to get you both.” Nathan panted. He had run hard to get there.

Magnus didn’t wait to hear more. He was out the door in an instant.

“I’m fine, Iz. Please let me up.” Alec said. His sister was standing in his way. She had him trapped.
“Sorry, big brother. Not a chance.” Izzy said. “You’re staying put until Cat says your good to get up.” She said, her tone brooking no arguments.

Alec sighed, falling back on the bed. Both his sister and his parabatai had been hovering since the moment he had opened his eyes and his fear had hit Clary through their bond. How they had gotten there so fast he didn’t know. But he had to get up. He had to move. He had to help Aline.

“Alexander!” Magnus said, flying through the door. With the speed of a demon he was at Alec’s side. Well, technically he was half demon. “Are you alright?” He asked, pulling Alec into his arms. He looked him over quickly. He was a little paler than his normal porcelain pale complexion allowed for but otherwise seemed alright.

“Yes. I’m fine. I would be better if my sister would let me up.” Alec said, resting his head on his warlock’s shoulder.

“Alec? Are you alright?” Cat asked, Robert closing the door behind them.

“I’m fine, Cat.” He said, pulling from his alpha’s arms. “Dad, I have a question.”

“Anything.” Robert said, looking his son over. ‘He look’s pale.’ He thought.

“Is Aline’s middle name Patrice?” He asked.

“I believe so. Her grandmothers name was Patrice. Why?” Robert asked, confused.

“Then they are predictions.” Alec said softly.

“What are, love?” Magnus asked.

“That dream I kept having. I had it again. Only this time I saw all of it.” He said, squeezing the bridge of his nose. His head had suddenly started pounding.
“Alec?” Cat asked. “Look at me, sweetie.” She said, stepping closer to him. People only unconsciously applied pressure to the bridge of the nose when there was pain.

“Okay.” He said, unsure. But he looked up at her anyway.

“Itsabelle, cut the lights.” She said as she leaned in closer, taking in Alec’s blown and unfocused pupils. Very few things could cause that, one of which being severe neurological pain.

Neither Izzy or Clary hesitated to do as she asked, flipping off every light in the cottage.

“Sweetie, how much pain are you in? Tell me honestly.” She said softly. Too much light or sound would only cause more pain.

“I’m fine, Cat. It’s just a headache.” He said, his head starting to spin. “Aline.”

“What about Aline?” Robert asked.

“Not now Robert.” Cat said, keeping her voice low. “Magnus, help me lay him down.” She said. She could see his distress even if no one else could. She had been practicing medicine for over 400 years.

“I said I’m fine.” Alec protested.

“Come on, sweetheart. Let’s just do as Catarina says.” Magnus said softly, picking up the cue from his best friend. He trusted her with his sweet omega’s life.

With a weak frustrated sigh Alec let Cat and Magnus settle him back into bed, his head throbbing more and more by the second with the movements, his stomach starting to churn.

“Are you nauseous, sweetie?” Cat asked softly, anticipating that he would be. Nausea almost always came with severe neurological pain.

“A bit.” He breathed, rolling onto his side. He winced as the sudden movement sent a stabbing
pain through his skull.

“Slow movements, sweetie.” She said, waving her hand. Her black medical bag appeared at her side. “Magnus, you know what to do.”

Magnus didn’t hesitate. Within seconds Alec felt soft pillows behind his back.

“I have to tell you.” He breathed, his vision starting to blur.

“Whatever it is Alexander, it can wait.” Robert said gently, watching as his mate filled a syringe.

“No. The dreams…they are predictions. The Angel is showing me who’s going to present as omegas.” He murmured.

Robert was taken back by his son’s soft words. They had been wondering about this. He wanted to ask him more, but he knew now wasn’t the time. His boy’s wellbeing was far more important.

“Alec, I’m going to give you some medicine to calm your tummy. I’ll make you a little sleepy,” Cat soothed, quickly and efficiently sanitizing Alec’s skin. “It may feel a little warm. Big stick.” She said, quickly piercing his skin with the needle and pressing the plunger before he had a chance to protest.

It took Alec’s foggy brain a second to register her words through the pain and the churning of his stomach. He couldn’t get the words out in time. He winced when the needle pierced his skin, a sudden rush of warmth spreading through him.

“Please, don’t do that.” He pleaded; seconds too late.

“Shh. It’s alright, love. Let Catarina take care of you.” Magnus said, tucking his angel in. He knew that his Shadowhunter would be asleep very soon. Catarina’s mundane drugs always made him sleep.

Izzy and Clary both watched in silence, their hearts breaking. They knew the toll Alec’s visions were taking on him.
Looking at Clary Izzy mouthed ‘Are you okay?’ She wasn’t sure what Clary would be feeling through their bond. Clary was pale and looked unsteady on her feet. Clary swayed before she could answer. With the speed and stealth of a well-trained Shadowhunter Izzy gracefully and silently leapt, catching her before she could fall, the move unheard but still visible. Robert had Clary out of his daughter’s arms and in his own in a second, her head falling to rest on his shoulder.

Magnus and Cat both looked up, the sudden movements having caught their attention.

“Clary.” Alec mumbled, his words starting to slur.

“She’s fine, son. I’ve got her.” Robert said softly. He looked around, unsure what to do.

Magnus snapped his fingers, a small bed appearing beside the dining room table. Robert quickly carried his sons parabatai to it, laying her down gently. His daughter him tuck her in. Clary’s eyes fluttered closed as her head rested against the soft pillow.

“Do you think you can sleep, sweetie? Or do you need something for the pain?” Cat asked Alec gently, looking over at a sleeping Clary. She couldn’t help but smile at her mate. He had acted quickly. Clary and Simon may not know of his love for them, but she did. She had seen it in his eyes more than once.

“No.” Alec breathed, not realizing that he had been asked two questions.

“Please give him something, Catarina.” Magnus said softly, gently brushing a lock of hair out of Alec’s sleepy eyes. He didn’t want his young love to be in any unnecessary pain.

“No.” Alec breathed, trying to force himself to move. Excruciating pain split his skull in two, stealing his breath.

“Lie still, sweetheart.” Magnus crooned, gently dabbing at the blood in Alec’s nose, watching as Cat quickly filled a second syringe.

“Don’t want it.” He mumbled, struggling to force the words out through the pain.
“Another bit stick, sweetie.” Cat soothed, quickly sanitizing his skin a second time before piercing it with the needle, pressing the plunger on the syringe that would push the medication that he didn’t want into him, the medicine that would take away the pain but force him into sleep. “There now. Close your eyes and sleep.”

Before her words had a chance to register his eyes fluttered closed. They all watched as the two parabatai slept, Alec’s words filling their thoughts. ‘The Angel’s showing me who’s going to present as omegas.’

‘By The Angel’. Robert thought. ‘Aline’.

Magnus and Robert had watched over Alec as he had slept, neither of them having left his side. Shortly after they had activated Clary’s intimacy rune she had woken up, feeling only peace from her parabatai. He was resting comfortably without pain.

When he had woken up hours later, he still ‘had the dregs of a headache’. While the aftereffects of the vision hadn’t hit him immediately and had left him in excruciating pain it hadn’t been life threatening whereas most of the others had been. They weren’t sure if that meant that the visions were starting to get easier as Gideon Lightwood had said they would in his letter or not. Personally, Alec didn’t really think that feeling like his head had been split open and being knocked on his ass for hours was it them getting ‘easier’.

Cat and his alpha had both agreed that it would be best if he stayed in bed for their ‘vision’ meeting as they had come to call them instead of going to the small council hall, so everyone had piled into their small cottage. While resting in the comfort of his warlock’s arms he had relayed how he had seen Imogen Herondale descend the steps into what he had come to call ‘the vault room’ and unlock the intricate lock on the gold ornate door and what he had seen inside.

They all pretty much come to the same conclusion regarding the old red leather book on the pedestal. It must be the Claves records of The Purge and The Great Purge. Why else would it be dripping blood?

They all had agreed that it must represent the blood of all of the innocent lives that the Clave had taken on their horrific quest to rid their world of omega’s and so, so many more. Why else would Alec notice it and the growing puddle on the floor when Imogen obviously didn’t? The symbol
was for him, not her.

In Alec’s mind there was no question that The Angel was showing him who was going to present as new omegas. Aline Penhallow’s name being entered into that book was proof enough for him that that was the case. Her name was the second name he had been given and he had no reason to doubt that there would be more to come.

They had all been hoping that Jia Penhallow, the last Council member for the Clave might just be their one ally in all of this. So far nothing seemed to indicate that she was in any way involved with Imogen or her trio of psycho groupies or their anti-omega campaign. Rather that was true or not was something that as of yet they had been unable to confirm. But they would have to soon.

“Well, if Jia wasn’t on team omega before, I’m betting she will be now.” Izzy said, layering another blanket over her brother’s legs.

“I don’t think she’s ever been a threat, Isabelle.” Robert said softly, watching his exhausted son. “I just wasn’t willing to risk Alexander’s safety to find out. We’ve been needing to know just who it is your brother’s been overhearing and we’ve been wanting it to be her because let’s face it, she’s all that’s left that could still be good within the Clave. Now I think it’s time to figure out if she is who we think she is and for me to find out if she’s the good friend I have always believed her to be.”

“If it is her she must be terrified, Robert.” Izabella said. “If she is the one overhearing these things and is keeping her presence hidden it’s for a reason. She can’t possibly feel safe.”

“You’re right, grandma. She can’t feel safe. But how do we approach her? None of us can exactly just walk into the Counsil Hall in Alicante for a sit down with her without being noticed. And what reason exactly does she have to trust us? We’ve all been missing for months. We could be up to anything.

Honestly, why should she trust anyone right now if she is really the one trapped in that nest of vipers? Who could she possibly feel like she could trust?” Alec asked, weary.

“You.” Simon said.

“What?” Alec asked, surprised.
“You. You are the one person I think that can approach her because everything she has overheard has centered around you. Of all people she has no reason not to trust you. She’s been telling your father for months to keep you hidden and in that last message she apologized for not stopping the search for you sooner because there are people within the Clave that want to hurt you. How else would she know that if she wasn’t the one who has been hearing these things?

Can you just take a stroll through Idris into Alicante for lunch with her? No. But that doesn’t mean that we can’t try and set up some sort of meeting somewhere between here and Idris. We just have to figure out a way to get word to her that you need to see her.”

“A fire message?” Gideon asked.

“Too risky.” Robert said, shaking his head. “It could be intercepted or wind up in the wrong hands. Or get lost in transit. I learned that years ago when Hodge’s message about Alexander’s fall went to my desk instead of coming to me directly.”

“Why can’t I?” Alec asked, brows furrowed.

“Why can’t you what, sweetheart?” Magnus asked.

“Well, why can’t we? Go to Alicante? Imogen is going to try and play off our disappearances as kidnappings by you and the other downworlders. That will be hard to do if we make a public appearance in the heart of the Shadowhunter Worlds most sacred city safe and well. And Jia is going to want to see us for sure.” Alec said, the plan forming in his mind.

“No, love.” Magnus said firmly. “It’s too dangerous. You’re a walking target there. We don’t know how many of the Shadowhunters you might come across that are a threat.”

“Not all Shadowhunters are bad, Magnus.” Robert said.

“Two months ago, I would have disagreed with you. Now I know better. There are a few good ones out there.” He said, nodding towards his family. “But it was Shadowhunters that killed Ragnor. And not just killed. Tortured and murdered. And laid in wait for me. They were prepared to kill the leader of the downworld for no, as far as we can tell, reason sanctioned by the Clave.
We have no way of knowing who is and isn’t a friend to him anymore. His presentation made that clear, did it not? How many of the Shadowhunters that he trained, that he considered friends turned on him?” He asked.

“There’s a difference between being a racist and a murderer, alpha.” Alec said softly.

“I know that, love. I do. Just as I know that the time will come that we will have to go to Alicante. That we will have to go face to face with the Clave. But today is not that day.” Magnus said gently. “Right now, we need to find out if Jia Penhallow is someone who can be trusted because I have a feeling that we’re going to need her. And that she’s going to need us.

You were the first Shadowhunter omega to publicly present in almost a hundred years, angel. And from your visions more are going to present just as they did before. Right now, the Shadowhunter World doesn’t know that. The Clave doesn’t know that. Your presentation has been seen as an oddity. Before we reveal anything, anything at all, including that you all are still alive we need to figure out what to do about them. We need to have a plan in place because we don’t know what’s going to happen when Lydia Branwell presents. It might be then that the Shadowhunter World needs to know that you all are still alive because you may very well have to do what you all do best. You may have to go and fight to save her.”

“He’s right, bro.” Jace said. “If we just show up questions are going to be asked. Questions that we don’t have good answers for. At least not answers that we can give. And I don’t think ‘I don’t know’ is going to cut it when those questions start getting asked. For now we need to lay low. Bide our time and plan. We’ll figure out some way to get in touch with Jia. That’s the first step. I don’t think that we can make any other move until we do.”

“We have to reach out to Jia. That’s a given. So what are our options? A fire message is out. A face to face in Alicante is out. So what does that leave us? A phone call maybe? Dad, do you have a number for her?” Izzy asked.

“I do. I have her cell number.” Robert said.

“How did you get that?” Jace asked.

“I’ve been The Head of The New York Institute for more than twenty years. Why wouldn’t I have it?” He asked.
“There’s no phone service here. There never has been.” Izabella said.

“So we go outside the words.” He said. “Long enough to make the call.”

“I don’t think that’s wise.” Magnus said. “I have my cell, but I doubt she’d answer a call from an unknown number. And assuming yours is still active Robert I’m fairly certain that they have a trace on it, and have it tapped.”

“Tapped?” Alec asked.

“It’s mundane technology. A way to listen in on a person’s phone calls. Their government uses it to spy and their authorities use it to catch criminals.” Simon said.

“Oh. Then we really don’t have a way to reach her.” He said softly.

“Don’t worry, sweetheart. We’ll think of something.” Magnus said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead. “And to be honest, I’m sure that brilliant mind of yours will think of something long before the rest of us. But right now, I think you need to rest.”

“We need to get back to training.” He said, looking at the clock. “If we hurry we can make our afternoon lessons.”

“No, bro. The rest of us need to get back to training. You need a day off.” Jace said.

“I can’t. People need to see me.” He said, trying to push himself up.

“He’s right, angel.” Magnus said, pulling him back into his arms.

Alec didn’t have the strength to resist. ‘I hate this.’ He thought. ‘What kind of Shadowhunter am I if I can’t even get out of bed?’

“We need to go, big brother. Stay here and get some rest.” Izzy said, climbing from her seat. “Dad can cover your afternoon archery can’t you dad?” She asked.
“Of course.” Robert said.

“See? No worries.” She said, leaning down to press a soft kiss to her big brother’s forehead.

“There right, sweetie. I don’t think it’s wise for you to try and train today.” Cat said. “Maybe you can go out later and let people see you. I’m sure they all know by now that you’ve had a vision. I don’t think anyone will blame you for missing a few lessons.”

“I’m not letting you out of my arms, love.” Magnus said.

“Fine.” Alec sighed, relenting. He knew that there was no use arguing. This battle was one he just wasn’t going to win. “You guys go on then. You can fill me in later on their progress.” He said, squeezing the bridge of his nose.

Cat bit her tongue but looked over at Clary. She was rubbing her temples.

“Not a problem.” Simon said, climbing from his seat. “Just take it easy. We’ve got this.”

Alec nodded yes. They all filed out, Clary bringing up the rear. Cat caught her gently by the arm, whispering something in her ear. Something only Clary could hear. She nodded yes before she walked out the door, closing it behind her.

“What was that about?” Alec asked. It was just him, his alpha, and Cat now.

“How much pain are you in, sweetie?” Cat asked, keeping her voice low.

“I’m okay. Just a bit of a headache.” He said.

Cat sighed, sitting down on the bed beside him.

“Please don’t lie to me, Alec. It’s important that you be straight with me. You have to tell me how
you’re really feeling.” She said, brushing a lock of hair out of his eyes. “If I can’t trust you to be honest with me now how am I going to be able to trust you when you’re pregnant?” She asked gently.

“What do you mean?” He asked.

“I’ve been practicing medicine for more than 400 years, sweetie. I can tell when someone’s in distress and you’re in distress.” She said. So I’m going to ask you again. How much pain are you in?”

Magnus looked at his Shadowhunter. Really looked. He could see what Catarina was talking about. His angel’s eyes looked as they had that morning, his pupils blown and unfocused.

“A lot.” Alec whispered.

He knew that she was right. He hadn’t been being honest. He hadn’t wanted his family to know how bad it was. But he did need to be honest with her. Always. Because he did need her to trust him when he was pregnant. He would always be honest then, but he wasn’t sure that she would always believe him if he wasn’t honest with her now.

“And your tummy?” She asked.

“Unhappy.” He said, unable to meet her eyes.

“I can make you feel better.” She said.

“I don’t like the drugs.” He said. “I don’t want them.” He said firmly.

“I know you don’t like them, sweetie. But sometimes they can really help.” She said. “How about this? How about I calm your tummy the warlock way and ease the pain the mundane way?” She asked. “I can give you something mild that might make you drowsy, but it won’t put you to sleep.”

Alec deliberated. He didn’t want her mundane drugs. Never. Ever again. But his head was
pounding, making it hard to think.

“Okay.” He said softly, relenting.

Cat smiled, glad that they had reached a compromise. While the pain medication would only make him drowsy, he was exhausted enough that he would fall asleep on his own. His fatigue was plain as day. Pressing her hand firmly to his flat belly she pushed soft magic into him, calming it. He sighed with relief.

“Better?” She asked.

“Much. Thank you.” He said.

“Let’s get you settled in, love.” Magnus said, climbing up and gently laying Alec back against his pillows. Alec immediately rolled onto his side, his favorite comfy position while Cat filled a syringe.

“This shouldn’t take long to kick in, sweetie. I want you to just relax and try to rest.” She said, sanitizing Alec’s skin. “Big stick.” She said, piercing his skin with the needle and pressing the plunger.

Alec winced, but the rush of warmth that came with her mundane drugs quickly distracted him. He could feel the pain start to ease as soft pillows were tucked behind his back. He turned, looking up at his warlock.

“It’s just in case you feel sick again, angel.” Magnus said.

Alec nodded yes before snuggling into his pillows. The soft satin sheet felt wonderful against his skin as it and the duvet were tucked around his shoulders.

“Just relax, love. Don’t worry about a thing.” Magnus said softly.

Alec nodded yes. He was starting to feel sleepy. A nap for once didn’t seem like such a bad idea.
“Mm-kay.” He mumbled.

Magnus brushed a lock of hair out of his sweet omega’s sleepy eyes, pressing a soft kiss to his forehead. He knew he would be out within minutes. As he straightened up something fell from his pocket.

Cat bent down, picking up the small wooden box. She smiled as she studied the intricate roses carved into the wood. She knew exactly what it was. Handing it back to Magnus she could see the love for his mate in his eyes. Taking it from her outstretched hand he tucked it securely back in his pocket.

Looking back at his Shadowhunter he smiled. His sweet omega was sound asleep.

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Clary sat in the main training room of The New York Institute, a sketchbook in her lap. Slowly she flipped through the pages studying her favorite charcoal sketches, each line and curve perfect. She had drawn them enough times. Izzy, Simon, Jace, and per parabatai. Alec. She would never forget that morning. They had had their parabatai ceremony. It had been perfect. She could still feel his strong hand holding hers. The words that they had recited still echoed in her ears.

‘Entreat not to leave thee,
Or return from following after thee –
For whither thou goest, I will go,
And where thou lodgest, I will lodge.
Thy people shall be my people,
And thy God my God.
Where thou diest, I will die,
And there I will be buried.
The Angel do so to me, and more also,
If aught but death part thee and me.
Flipping to the next page she saw her first rune. And with each page she flipped she saw more. She knew in her heart that they were runes, she just didn’t know what they meant. Not until they had needed them. Then she *knew*. Once she realized that was how it worked, she knew exactly what they meant the second they appeared before her eyes.

Her *parabatai* was always telling her that each time a new rune came to her that it was a gift from The Angel. He always said the same thing. ‘You have a gift, Clare-bear. A gift from The Angel. Cherish it because it’s a part of you.’

“A penny for your thoughts?” Alec asked, standing in the open doorway leaning casually on the doorframe.

Her head snapped up at the sound of his voice. His smile warmed her heart. His smiles were so rare.

“Just flipping through old stuff.” She said.

“Oh, yeah? What stuff?” He asked, crossing the room to her. He had been walking on air all day. His Clare-bear was his *parabatai*. With that bond in place he would always know when she was in trouble. He would be able to watch over her. Protect her. Keep her safe. Always. “Can I see?” He asked.

“You know you can.” She said, extending the book out to him.

Slowly he flipped through the pages he smiled at the sketches of his family. ‘She has so much talent.’ He thought, studying the perfect image of his little sister, his best friend, his brother, and then himself. He couldn’t help but shake his head at the image she had drawn of him. She had made him look so strong. So much stronger than he was.

Flipping to the next page he saw her first rune and smiled. Flipping through the pages he saw more. He knew every rune in The Grey Book and none of them came even remotely close to the power of the runes he was studying now. He stopped to study a page.

“This’s ones my favorite, I think. It saved our asses the other night.” He said, handing the book back.
“Yeah it did.” She said, studying the image he had stopped at. ‘It really did.’ She thought.

“Jia Penhallow just portaled in.” He said, smirking.

“Oh yeah?” She asked. “Another inspection?”

“I don’t know. She’s in my father’s office now. But I’m thinking not. She brought Aline with her.” He said, watching as her beautiful emerald green eyes lit up. ‘She has the prettiest green eyes.’ He thought. The words they had recited that morning at their parabatai ceremony were still echoing in his ears. Her dress had matched her eyes. ‘She’s looking for you and Iz. I think she’s wanting a little girl time.”

“Then I guess I better go find Iz and give it to her.” She said, her smile beaming.

She loved when Jia brought Aline. There weren’t many girls Aline’s age at The Idris Institute. And there few that were there were afraid to be friends with her because her mother was a Counsil member. They were all afraid that being friends with her would bring scrutiny down on their family.

“I think manicures are in order. Want one?” She asked grinning, already knowing the answer. He was a guy after all. Gay or not he was a guy.

“I think I’ll pass.” He said, amused by her silliness. Something else he loved about her. She was brave and smart and talented in so many ways, but she could be silly and girly and giggly when she wanted to be. ‘Oh how I love her smiles and giggles.’ He thought. “I think I’m going to train for a while.”

“Of course you are.” She said, shaking her head. ‘Always training.’ She thought. “Well, I’m going to go track down Iz and find Aline. Who knows how much time we have.” She said closing the book.

“Just make sure you put that away first.” He said, knowing full well that she wouldn’t risk anyone outside the family seeing it.
“Will do, sir.” She said, saluting him. She knew just how much he hated it when people did that.

“Geez, Clary. Don’t do that.” He said, doing his best not to smile. He knew she knew how much he hated it when people did that and that she did it to annoy him. Even his little sister couldn’t get away with doing it. Only his Clare-bear could. His _parabatai_.

“Don’t stay in here all day.” She said, climbing to her feet. “You train enough already.” She said, pressing a soft kiss to his cheek.

“Okay.” He said, knowing that she knew that he didn’t mean it. ‘There is no training enough.’ He thought. ‘Not for me.’ “Go have some fun.”

“I plan to.” She said crossing to the door. “You know, it wouldn’t kill you to have a little fun yourself. I think Simon and Jace are playing video games.”

He couldn’t help but roll his eyes. ‘Si and his video games.’ He thought, the image of his best friend playing whatever new game he had managed to get his hands on clear in his mind. He was constantly nagging him to play with him and his little brother.

“Not a chance. Go on. Get out of here before Jia portals them out. She’ll hang around if Aline is having ‘girl time’. She knows how little she gets of it.” He said. She nodded yes and walked out. Studying the weapons on the rack he shook his head. ‘No. These won’t do.’ He thought. Crossing to his own weapons rack he pulled it open, almost instantly finding what he was looking for. One of his sister’s custom blades. Smiling he made his choice. ‘They’re both so talented.’ He thought studying the beautiful blade. ‘Gifted by The Angel.’

Alec’s eyes snapped open. In that instant it clicked. In that moment he knew. He knew the answer to a question that they had been racking their brains over. He knew how to reach Jia Penhallow.

Magnus held Alec close in the soft light of the rising sun, their forehead pressed close together. Their ‘Omega Army’ stood watching them at a distance. Only the family were close enough to
“I don’t like this plan, angel. It’s too risky.” Magnus said softly.

“It has to be done, alpha. It’s the only way. We need Jia, and Jia needs us. We agreed that I’m the only one that she would trust enough to talk to. Please trust me.” Alec said just as softly.

“I do trust you, love. But this is dangerous. It’s never been done before.” Magnus said.

“How many times have I done what ‘has never been done’? He asked. “That’s kinda what I do.” He smirked.

“I know, sweetheart. I know. But we don’t even know that it can be done.” Magnus said, pulling his Shadowhunter as close as he could. He didn’t want his sweet omega to leave the safety of Haven, to go to Jia Penhallow in Alicante. “Your talking about portaling into a Counsil members office in the Counsil Hall in Alicante undetected. The wards around Alicante are stronger than any other wards in the world. I should know. I placed them myself.”

“And didn’t you say that you placed wards almost as strong around The Institute because it housed three Lightwoods?” He asked.

“I did.” Magnus admitted.

“If it works there, it will work here. The Angel only knows how many times we’ve used it over the years. The Shadow World says that I’m the best Shadowhunter in the Shadow World, the best to ever live. Let me prove it.” He said softly, pressing a soft kiss to his warlock’s lips.

Magnus smiled. His Shadowhunter had come so far. Not too long ago he had given him his first public kiss. Now he was kissing him in front of an entire army, an army of almost five hundred people. He savored the taste on his young warrior’s lips as he kissed him back. As always, his angel tasted divine.

“You have proved it, love. More times than anyone can count. You’re sure your father go?” He asked.
“Yes, alpha. I’m sure. I have to do this. This army needs to see that I can do this. That we have the power to do this.” Alec said.

“I know.” Magnus said, knowing in his heart that his sweet omega was right. “But that doesn’t mean that I have to like it.” He said softly. He wanted to cast a protective shield around his Shadowhunter. But they weren’t sure that he could do what his sweet omega was wanting to do if he did. His angel was on his own.

“Relax, alpha. I’ve got this.” Alec said, pressing one last kiss to his warlock’s lips. Pulling out of their embrace he turned to his family.

“You’re sure you know where you’re going?” Robert asked.

“Yes, dad. I’ve been there before.” He said.

“See you soon, big brother.” Izzy said, smiling. There wasn’t a doubt in her mind that her big brother could pull this off. He was after all Rockstar.

“We’ll see you soon.” Jace said, grinning at his brother.

There wasn’t a single member of his team that doubted that he could do what he was about to do. They knew him too well.

“Have fun.” Clary said, smiling.

“And hurry back.” Simon side, unable to hide his smirk. As usual his best friend was going to do the impossible.

Izabella, once again, thought that her grandson had lost his mind. But she had seen him do so much. She was trying with everything that she had to believe that he could pull this off.

“You’re crazy. You know that, right?” Gideon asked.
“Shut up you old windbag.” Robert said, not bothering to so much as look at his brother. If he did he might punch him again.

“I’ll be back soon.” Alec said, rolling his eyes at his pessimistic uncle. ‘He’ll never change.’ He thought.

“Please be careful, Alec.” Madzie said, holding tight to her father. Unshed tears shone brightly in her crystal blue eyes.

“I will, Madz. You just finish planning that tea party while I’m gone. I’ll be back before your done.” He said smiling at his young cousin. She was afraid of Shadowhunters and had every right to be. “I have to go, or I won’t make it in time.” He said pulling out his stele. He quickly activated his vision, audio, soundless, and stealth runes. “I’ll be back soon.” He said facing them all.

Turning from them he used his stele to draw Clary’s portal rune into the air in front of him. The rune shone gold as he drew it then faded as the golden portal opened. He turned, looking back at his warlock.

“I’ll be back soon.” He said before stepping through the open portal.

Magnus watched as the golden portal closed behind the man that he loved with every fiber of his being, the man that he loved more than anything else in this world, the man that was his everything. Fighting back tears he slid his hand into his pocket, tightly gripping the ornate rose carved wood box that rested there.

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Jia Penhallow stepped into her office, stopping in the open doorway. She frowned, flipping on the light that should be on before closing the door. Walking to a beautifully carved ornate desk she sat down her bag.

“Good morning, Jia.” Alec said behind her.

Jia spun as fast and as gracefully as any Shadowhunter. Her eyes went wide.
“Alec.” She breathed. “What are you doing here?” She asked, voice a hushed whisper as she glanced around. “How did you get in here?”

“That doesn’t matter right now. What does matter is that I needed to see you and you needed to see me. You just don’t know all the reasons why yet.”

“You can’t be here, Alec. You’re not safe here.” She said, glancing around again. “Imogen…” She started.

“And my mother I know.” Alec said, cutting her off. “And Aldertree and Malachi.”

“How did you…” She started.

“I know a lot of things.” He said, cutting her off again. “I’ve heard things. Just like you have.”

“Yes. I’ve heard things.” She said, swallowing hard. “How have you…?” She started.

“You wouldn’t believe me if I told you. Not yet.” He said, cutting her off yet again.

“By The Angel, Alec. Would you let me finish a sentence?” She asked, annoyed.

“Sorry. I just don’t have much time. I have to get back.” He said, sheepish.

“Get back? Get back where?” She asked.

“To a place I can’t tell you about yet.” He said, wishing desperately that he could. He had seen in her eyes when he had said that he had ‘heard things’ that she was the one he had been overhearing, and that she was the one who was keeping herself hidden.

She was confused. A man that she hadn’t known if he was alive or dead for months was standing in her office, safe and sound. An office that he shouldn’t have been able to get into. ‘But this is
Alec Lightwood.” She thought. ‘What can’t he do?’

“Your father? Is he safe?” She asked.

“Yes.” He said, her questing warming his heart. She had thought to ask about his father.

“And your team?” She asked.

“I can’t talk about them right now.” He said, wishing desperately that he could.

“Okay.” She said, inclining her head. “You said you needed to see me.”

“Bad things are going to happen, Jia.” He said softly.

“Things you can’t tell me?” She asked, annoyed. She didn’t like being in the dark.

“Some of them I can. I may have been the first omega to publicly present in almost a century, but I won’t be the last.” He said.

“That’s not true, Alec. You know the history. There hasn’t been another omega Shadowhunter in almost two hundred years.” She said.

“That’s not true. There have been others before me. Some of them Lightwood’s. Gideon Lightwood was not the last omega Lightwood.” He said, knowing by the look in her eyes that she thought he had lost his mind. But he didn’t have time to dwell on that. “I know you don’t believe me and that’s fine. But I’m going to tell you where you can find proof. There’s a vault beneath the guard.”

“The old archives of the Clave.” She said, surprised. ‘How could he possibly know about that?’ She thought. ‘No one’s been able to open it for centuries.”

“That’s not true either. Imogen can open it. And I’m going to tell you how. Once you have maybe you’ll believe me.” He said. “What Imogen is trying to do; she isn’t the first. The Clave has been
hunting down and murdering omega’s for centuries. And not just omegas but their mates and children as well. There are records of that in that vault. I may be the first omega to publicly present in a long time, Jia, but there will be more.”

“What do you mean ‘publicly present’?” She asked. He had her full attention now.

“There is so much that you don’t know. So much that I didn’t know. So much has been kept from us. We were raised to believe lies. We need your help, Jia. And you need ours.” He said, glancing at the clock on the wall. He didn’t have much time left. Not much at all.

“I don’t know what I can do for you.” She said softly.

“I know that you’re a good person, Jia. I know in my heart that you’re not involved in what Imogen is planning to do, the same things the Clave has done in the past.

I told you that there were some things that I can tell you. I know that you don’t believe me. Not yet. That’s why I told you where to get proof you need, and how to get it. Maybe once you have it you will believe me. But I have to tell you, Aline is going to present as an omega.” He said glancing at the clock again.

“You can’t possibly know that.” She said, shaking her head. ‘He’s lost his mind.’ She thought.

“I can. And I’ll tell you more, just not right now.” He said quickly. “She won’t be the next, but she will present as an omega. Rather you believe me or not please make sure that she is out of Idris on her presentation day or they will kill her.

It won’t just be Imogen and her trio of psycho groupies for much longer. If you don’t help me every omega to publicly present from this day forward will die just as they did in the past. If I don’t hear from you, I’ll know that I’ve made a wasted trip.

Now I’m going tell you how to get into the vault. I’ve seen Imogen open it enough times now to know how. Once inside you will find an ancient red leather-bound book with the Clave sigil embossed on the cover on a pedestal. It holds the Clave’s records of the atrocities they committed in the past.”

“Seen?” She asked, cutting him off.
“Please let me finish, Jia. I only have minutes left. On a fresh page at the end of the old records you will find a page with my name written on it. Imogen put it there just as she will put down the name of every new omega that presents after me. Once you’ve read the book, and please don’t get caught, you will believe me. When you do, there is something we need from you. The Shadowhunter Registry.

We can help the Shadowhunters that are going to present. The who we’ll know. The when we won’t. Not without it. Once you’ve read the book in the vault message me and we’ll arrange a safe place to meet. It’s imperative that you bring me The Registry. I’ll explain everything there is to know then.” He said grabbing a piece of paper off her desk, quickly scribbling out directions. “This is how you can open the vault. It’s the combination.” He said, extending the paper out to her.

Unsure she took it from his outstretched hand. ‘My daughter.’ She thought. She knew in her heart that Alec Lightwood was always one that could be trusted. ‘Why should that be different now?’

“Okay. If I find what you say I’ll find, I’ll message you.” She said, thinking only of her daughter. ‘Aline.’

“Please, Jia. Whatever you do be careful. Don’t draw any unnecessary attention to yourself and don’t get caught. I can only pray to The Angel that you find what you need to trust me. Should you decide that you can’t or won’t at least get Aline out of Idris on her presentation day. I know that you’ll believe me then.

If I don’t hear from you before then message me and someone will come for her to get her to safety. You already know that they want me dead. What’s to stop them from wanting her dead too? And like I said, she’s not the next one to present. She comes after another, so you’ll see firsthand what fate awaits Aline.

I’m sorry but I’m out of time. I have to go. I wish I could tell you more but until I know that you believe me, I just can’t.” He said, pulling his stele from his pocket.

Turning he used his stele to draw Clary’s portal rune into the air in front of him. The rune shone gold as he drew it, then faded as the golden portal opened. He turned, looking back at a stunned Jia. She was seeing something that almost every Shadowhunter in the world would say was impossible. Almost.
“Message me when you find what you need to know that I’m telling you the truth. And please, please be careful.” He said before stepping through the open portal. Jia watched as the golden portal closed behind the best Shadowhunter in the Shadow World, the best Shadowhunter to ever live, not believing what she had just seen. Something impossible. ‘He’s always doing the impossible.’ She thought, looking down at the ‘directions’ in her hand.

Magnus paced before the spot his Alexander portaled out from. He was late. He should have been back already.

“Please try and relax, Magnus.” Clary said softly, laying a comforting hand on his shoulder. “He’s fine. I know he is. I can feel it.”

Magnus smiled weakly at her. His Biscuit was right. If his angel was in trouble, she would know.

“He’s late.” He said softly.

“Not by much.” She said gently.

“From what I hear, he’s never late.” He said as a swirling gold portal started to open before them.

“See. There he is now.” She said as they stepped back, allowing room for Alec to pass through. Within seconds he was standing before them.

“Thank Lilith.” Magnus breathed. “What took you so long?” He asked, pulling Alec into his arms.

He was oblivious to the cheers that were coming from their army. They had just witnessed their leader doing something else that should have been impossible. Their commander had portaled into Alicante and made it safely back. Their Shadowhunters were able to do things that no one else could.

“Your late.” He breathed, taking in the sweet scent of fresh peaches, strawberries, and cream.
'Sorry. She was late getting to work.” Alec said.

“Please don’t scare me like that again.” He pleaded.

“I wish I could make that promise, alpha.” Alec said, holding his warlock close. “I’m not sure that she believed me. I’m not sure that I would have believed me. But I did the only thing that I could. I showed her where to get proof.”

“You told her how to get into the vault?” He asked.

“It was the only way.” Alec murmured softly, pulling out of his warlock’s embrace.

Turning his head, he saw his family beaming at him. His uncle stood with his mouth hanging open and his grandmother was wide-eyed.

“Alec, your back!” Madzie squealed, wiggling out of her father’s arms. Alec caught her easily when she leapt into his. “Izzy is right. You are Rockstar. You went to the big Shadowhunter place where the bad people are and came back. They didn’t hurt you.” She said, noisily planting a wet kiss on his cheek.

“Nope. They didn’t. Do you know what a Rockstar is, Madz?” He asked, laughing.

“No.” She said, shrugging her small shoulders.

“Well, ask Izzy to explain it to you.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to her forehead.

“Did you talk to the important lady?” She asked. She had been raised to believe that the Shadowhunters outside of Haven were bad.

“I did.” He said, settling her on his hip.
“Is she going to help us?” She asked softly.

“I don’t know yet to be honest. But we’ll find out soon enough.” He said, scanning the still assembled crowd. “Do you now why everyone is still here?”

“Uncle Magnus asked them to stay. He said that he wanted them to see something ‘portant.’” She said, wiggling out of his arms.

“Alpha?” He asked, turning back to his warlock. “You asked them to stay?”

“Yes, sweetheart. I did. There was something I wanted them to see.” Magnus said, smiling at his Shadowhunter. Seeing him with Madzie and Shay always made him smile. ‘He’s going to make a great father.’ He thought, not for the first time.

“What? Me making it back?” He asked.

“That. And something else.” Magnus said, pulling the wood box from his pocket. “I wanted to ask you something.” He said, flipping the lid of the intricately rose carved box. A brilliant ruby red diamond ring glinted in the sunlight. The entire band was formed into intricately carved roses. “This was Belle’s. I created it for Robert when he asked me for her hand. I’ve already asked your father for yours.” He said, dropping to one knee.

Alec’s breath stopped short. ‘This can’t be happening.’ He thought. ‘I don’t get this. I don’t get to have this.’

“We are fated to spend eternity together, angel. We are fated to live and love together. To make and raise children together. But before we do, I want us to be as one. I’ve waited over 800 years for you, for this, and I don’t want to wait another second. Alexander Gideon Lightwood, will you marry me?” He asked.

A whirlwind of emotions crashed down on Alec, all of them beautiful. Joy, love, happiness, hope.

“Yes.” He breathed.
Magnus let out the breathed that he hadn’t realized he had been holding. The love of his life, the man he loved most in this world, the one he had waited centuries for had just made his wildest dream come true. Nodding yes, he pulled the beautiful band from the box, sliding it with trembling fingers on Alec’s left ring finger.

Alec could only stare at the precious ring glinting in the sunlight. His great, great, great grandmother had worn this ring.

Their army cheered as Magnus rose to his feet, taking Alec’s hand in his.

“You’ve kept this all this time.” He said, unshed tears shining in his crystal blue eyes.

“I’ve been saving it for the right person. A person I never thought I would find. As it turns out I did find him, and he’s a Lightwood. So it’s only right that he wear the Lightwood ring. A Lightwood that will wear it forever.” Magnus said, pulling Alec in for a fierce kiss.

Happiness and joy swelled within each member of their family. Clary and Izzy shared the same thought, ‘finally’.

Robert couldn’t help the tears that ran down his cheeks. ‘He’s finally happy. Truly happy. Thank The Angel, he’s happy.’ He thought.

Cat couldn’t be happier for her oldest and dearest friend. She knew how long he had hoped for this, dreamt of this. She knew how long he had wanted it, waited for it, and feared that he would never have it. She knew that her smile was beaming. She felt her heart swelling with unadulterated joy for the man that had loved and watched over her for 400 years like a big brother. ‘He’s finally happy. Truly happy. Thank Lilith, he’s happy.’ She thought.

“But wait.” Alec said, breaking the kiss. “I don’t have a ring for you.”

“I don’t need a ring, angel. Not as long as I have you.” Magnus said, his smile and happiness lighting up his eyes.

“No, you need a ring. I want you to have a ring.” He said, having no idea what to do.
“I think I can help with that.” Cat said at their side. “Join hands.”

Magnus wasn’t sure what his oldest and dearest friend was up to, but he did as she asked. He would take any opportunity to hold his Alexander’s hand. With their fingers intertwined Cat closed her eyes, wrapping her hands around there’s. They both felt the soft magic she pushed into their hands and a warm brush across their skin.

“There. That should do it.” She said, opening her eyes. Releasing their hands Magnus lost his breath at the sight of the brilliant crystal blue diamond ring glinting in the sunlight. The entire band was formed into intricately carved crystal blue roses.

“Catarina.” He breathed.

“You only get married once, Magnus. I reinforced them both. Their unbreakable.” She said, her smile lighting up her eyes.

“It’s perfect, Cat. Thank you.” Alec said, mesmerized by the way the sunlight glinted off the matching rose bands.

“Now all you need is your wedding bands.” She said grinning.

“Wedding? When?” He asked.

“As soon as possible, love.” Magnus said, tearing his gaze from the mesmerizing bands to look at the man he loved with all he had. His breathtakingly beautiful Shadowhunter. “I would like us to be wed before your heat. Should you fall pregnant I want us to be as one when you do.”

“Tomorrow sound okay?” Cat asked.

Alec gaped at her. It took months to put a wedding together.

“No worries, sweetie.” Cat said, unable to stop her laugh at the look on his face. “I have more than fifty warlocks who can put this together in no time. So how about it, guys? Does tomorrow sound good?” She asked.
“Yes.” Alec and Magnus said as one.

Clary could feel her parabatai’s happiness through their bond. His complete and utter joy, his unadulterated love for his mate. His fated mate. She couldn’t stop the tears running down her cheeks, tears of happiness.

Izzy didn’t think that she had ever been happier. Her big brother had not only found love, something she knew that he had thought he would never have, he had not only found a mate, something else she knew that he had thought he would never have, but he had found a husband. A husband that would make him a father. Just over two months ago she knew that he thought that he would spend his life alone. Now she knew that he knew with all that he was that he would have all of those things. Forever.

Jace couldn’t have been happier for his older brother. Neither could his best friend. Simon had prayed to the Angel every night for years that this day would come, that his best friend would have this love, this happiness. And the Angel had answered his prayers.

“What now?” Alec asked, unsure what to do.

“Well, I guess you two should get on with your day. I’m sure someone can find something to keep Magnus occupied while we’re busy with the wedding planning. Just don’t work too late. You’ll want to be well rested for your big day.” Cat said.

“Ms. Catarina.” Madzie said, pulling on Cat’s shirt.

“Yes, sweetie?” She asked.

“Can I have a blue dress to match my eyes? A silky one?” Madzie asked.

Alec couldn’t help but laugh.

“Of course you can, Madz.” He said. “And maybe Cat will let you toss blue rose petals down the aisle.”
“Consider it done.” Cat said, smiling.

After Cat had grilled him for what he wanted for his wedding Alec was finally able to get to work. He had barely made it to his morning archery lesson on time, but he made it. Overall, he was amazed at how well his archers were doing. They were picking up the necessary skills quickly, hitting targets at longer distances and hitting close to home.

While they did have everyone try their hand at archery over the first couple of days, he had weeded out those that he thought showed the most potential. The same had been done with his sister’s specialty blades and small blades training, Jace’s sword training, Clary’s short sword training, and Simon’s hand to hand. Yes, every soldier in their army would know how to wield either a short sword or a long sword, and know basic hand to hand, but they were teaching those who excelled in each technique advanced maneuvers.

So far it was those who had fought in The Dark War that were doing the best, but they all had previous combat experience.

The Seelies, as most of them were Seelie Knights, knew how to fight with their own weapons but were picking up learning to use other weapons rather quickly, swords, short swords, and small blades. They had decided after everyone had tried their hand using one of his sister’s custom blades that those would be reserved for the family as they had to be wielded carefully. It took extensive time and training to master using her blades without injury, time they just didn’t think they had when their soldiers could spend that time working to master something else.

The vampires were excelling in hand to hand. Once they knew the moves their speed would give them a great advantage. But it had surprised them that Simon could move just as fast as they could. He was The Warrior for a reason. He was the best mortal in hand to hand combat that anyone had ever seen. The vampires would be a great asset during night battles, but for anything that happened during the day, there wasn’t much they could do. Several of them were doing well enough with archery, which his father was overseeing at night, so they could possibly be an asset during daylight battles as long as they had sufficient cover.

The werewolves were picking up hand to hand quickly as well, and small weapons. It wasn’t uncommon for any downworlder to have to defend themselves in some way on the streets in the cities where they lived. They didn’t have the speed of the vampires or the preexisting training of the Seelie Knights, but they were familiar with handheld weapons as a means of defense without transforming. Their ability to transform would also give them a great advantage. As for other
weapons some of them were excelling in archery, especially during the night lessons. They had excellent vision during both the day and nighttime hours. Thus far he had archers of all species in his advanced training.

The nephilims and half nephilims were doing well now that they had learned which runes to use when. As they were all ‘children of The Angel’ as they called themselves when in his or his family’s presence, the nephilim born had started calling themselves true bloods and the half nephilims half-bloods. That was something that he was going to have to put a stop to. Discrimination would not in any way be allowed. If you had so much as a drop of angel blood, in his eyes you were a nephilim.

They all had the same abilities that all Shadowhunters did. They were born with the same gifts. They had advanced strength, speed, agility, stamina, balance, the list goes on and on. There were several that would be later trained with seraph blades and seraph daggers, but today was not that day. They had to master the titanium blades first.

For the short amount that they had been training, their army was making great progress. Could they take on a demon tomorrow and defeat it? No. Could they take on a Shadowhunter squad tomorrow? No. But they would be able to do both soon.

He had issued an order that if there was a demon that penetrated the wards, he and his family would handle it. His alpha had explained that he couldn’t stop demons from entering. If he did, anyone with demon blood wouldn’t be able to enter either. There was no way to differentiate between the two.

So far his grandmothers ‘warriors’ were picking things up faster than any of the other nephilims. They had been trained by the ‘Shadowhunter Elders’ so they knew some moves.

And they were making time for anyone who wanted or needed one on one training that might be struggling or wanted a little extra help to gain an edge. He admired those who wanted to give their training a little more effort. Giving more was something he had done his entire life.

Walking behind his row of archers as they notched their arrows and sighted their targets he stopped where he needed to to corrected stances, positioning, and anything else he saw before reaching the end of the platform. Right now, he was training on one level despite the fact that the archery range had two. But he couldn’t be in two places at once.

Before he started using both levels, he had to know that they could do what he needed them to do without him having to walk behind them for each shot to correct any stances or positioning. He
needed them to know that they could do that on their own because they would have to during battle. Once they were ready, he would alternate them out between the two levels so they could grow accustomed to firing from different positions before moving on to moving targets. It would also allow him to train more at one time.

“Release!” He said, using his commander voice. He watched as just over forty arrows left their bows and flew towards the targets a hundred feet away. Every arrow hit the target, but most hit the yellow with only about half hitting the outer edge of the red. He sighed.

“Is that the best you’ve got?” He asked, watching as they all lowered their bows. Those who were unable to fight but wanted to help helped out by pulling the wooden practice arrows from the targets and bringing them back to the platform to be reused. Once they became unusable his warlock created more.

“Because if that’s the best you can do, you may hit your enemies’ shoulder. A solider wound can be healed with an iratze. The Shadowhunters you’re going to be fighting against won’t hesitate to pull out an arrow and keep fighting. The Shadowhunters you’re going to be fighting against want you dead, so you need to do better than a shoulder or a leg wound! Reload!” He ordered, growing frustrated. It had been like this all lesson.

Magnus had watched his Shadowhunters archers as his Shadowhunter had walked behind them, correcting their stances and positioning. He could see that his young warrior was growing frustrated. His morning lesson usually did better than this which is why he was assuming that that was the source of his angel’s frustration. There were only a few minutes left in the lesson so he had come wanting to take his sweet omega, his fiancé, home for a quiet lunch during the break between lessons. He thought that perhaps his young love might need a break from the stares and whispers. He knew he certainly he did.

He watched as his love walked behind his row of archers again, again correcting stances and positioning before reaching the end of the row.

“Release!” Alec said, again using his commander voice.

As of yet he had not issued an alpha command since his first demonstration while addressing their army. He knew that he didn’t want to command anyone to do anything, not if there was a way around it and then only if he absolutely had to.

From what Magnus had heard from their family, his sweet omega almost never issued an ‘alpha’ command. They had all always wondered how he was able to command, and resist commands, but
since they didn’t know they just ‘went with it’. It had always been a mystery, to everyone. Now they knew. He was a born alpha, something else never heard of.

From what he had heard from everyone else he had spoken with no one had ever met an alpha as powerful as his angel, or anyone who had been able to resist commands the way he could. After a few years every downworlder in New York knew had come to know that his young warrior had the ability to resist alpha commands, so they no longer tried.

He still wondered why his love only responded to certain commands, and he had a theory. He thought that his Shadowhunter only yielded to commands when he was vulnerable, which troubled him. He didn’t want to command his future husband to do anything. He had come to realize that it only ever happened when they were in bed. Yes, most of the commands he had given were for his angel’s own safety, to keep him from hurting himself. But some of the others, if he recalled correctly, weren’t. And in commanding him, he was taking away his Shadowhunters free will. And the thought of that was eating him up inside.

Alec knew that his warlock was watching them and had been for the last fifteen minutes. Having glanced at his watch when he had arrived, he knew that it was almost lunch time. He was hoping that they could avoid as many people as possible today when they went for lunch. The stares and whispers were starting to get under his skin.

“Release! He said, using his commander voice. Again he watched as just over forty arrows left their bows and flew towards the targets a hundred feet away. He dropped his head as every arrow hit the yellow and blue, not a single one even remotely close to the red that lived in the center of the target. Finally, he lifted his head and spoke.

“I’m going to assume that you all are just having an off day. That tomorrow will be better. I know that each and every one of you can do better than this. I’ve seen you do better than this. This mornings lesson is over. Anyone who wants to stay and keep practicing before the afternoon archers arrive for the afternoon lesson is welcome to.

And as always you are welcome to join either of the night lessons. You all have superior eyesight, but It will give the nephilims amongst you the opportunity to practice using their night vision runes, and all of you the opportunity to practice in the dark. I can guarantee you that not every battle will be in the daylight. Dismissed.”

He didn’t bother to wait around to see what any of them would do, if they would stay or go, and in that moment he really didn’t care. All that he wanted was to feel his alpha’s, his ‘fiancé’s’, arms around him. He practically ran down the stairs from the top platform to his warlock and into his open arms.
“Bad lesson, angel?” Magnus asked, pulling his Shadowhunter close.

“It was awful.” Alec mumbled; his face buried in his alpha’s shoulder. The soothing sent of coffee, vanilla, chocolate and musk wrapped itself around him, soothing him. “It was like they weren’t even trying.” He said, pulling back to look at the man that he loved with all he was.

“Well, maybe next lesson will be better.” Magnus said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s lips. “Are you hungry?”

“Not really but I know that it doesn’t really matter.” He said, pouting.

Magnus sighed. He knew that his Shadowhunter generally didn’t eat much and eating three meals a day was a new thing for him. In the past there were several days that he hadn’t eaten at all.

“It does matter, love. I know it’s an adjustment changing your eating habits. You don’t have to overeat. Or even eat a full meal. That will come with time. But putting something small in your belly on a regular basis is a start.” He said, pressing another soft kiss to Alec’s lips. “How about we head home? Get away from anyone for a while?”

“Sounds perfect.” Alec said, taking his alpha’s hand in his. ‘Should I ask him now?’ He thought.

Magnus chewed his bottom lip as they walked back towards their cottage from the archery range. He knew that he had to speak to his sweet omega, he just didn’t know how.

“Is everything okay?” Alec asked. He had seen his warlock biting his bottom lip, something he only did when he was nervous or unsure about something.

“To be honest I’m not sure.” He said, stopping and wrapping his arms around Alec’s waist.

“What is it?” Alec asked, concerned.

“I’ve been thinking about something and I’m not quite sure how to get it out.” He said.
“Just say it.” Alec said. “Sometimes just spitting it out is the best way.”

“Okay.” Magnus said, thinking about how we wanted to ‘spit it out’. “It’s been known for a long time that you don’t yield to commands. And that you can give powerful ones.”

“Yes. Go on.” Alec said.

“I’ve come to realize that there are times that you do yield to an alpha’s command.” He said softly.

“When?” Alec asked, his brows furrowed.

‘He doesn’t even know it.’ Magnus thought, unsure how to continue.

“Just tell me, Magnus.” Alec said, a ball of lead sitting solidly in his belly.

Magnus sighed. His Shadowhunter rarely called him by his name. He had to tell him straight out.

“There have been times when we’ve made love that I’ve given an alpha command. Mostly to stop you from hurting yourself, to slow you down. But there have also been a few times where that wasn’t the case.” He said, swallowing hard.

“In those times I’ve taken your free will without even realizing it, taking away your ability to choose what you wanted or what you wanted to do. Taking away your ability to stop me if I was doing something that you didn’t want.” He said softly. “Something that’s morally wrong. I think you only yield to alpha commands when your vulnerable, and I’ve taken advantage of your vulnerability.”

Alec fell silent, thinking over his alpha’s words and how to respond.

“Alexander?” Magnus asked. “Please say something.”
“You’ve never taken away my ability to choose, alpha. Not once. When someone issues an alpha command, I feel it. It brushes across my skin. Even yours when we’re in bed. I feel your commands, and I choose which ones to yield to.” Alec said softly, cupping Magnus’ cheek.

“I know when you’re trying to protect me, deep down, which is why I yield to the command. It’s because I want to. Because I trust you. As for the others, I know that you wouldn’t command me to do something that I wouldn’t want, that I wouldn’t enjoy, so I don’t fight it. Please trust me when I tell you that you have never commanded me to do something because I was ‘vulnerable.’” He said, gently stroking Magnus’ cheek. “I don’t yield to your commands because have to. I yield to them because I choose to, even if I don’t always consciously know it at the time.”

“Are you sure, love?” Magnus asked, unshed tears in his eyes.

“One hundred percent.” He said softly. “I wondered after the first time, during my heat why I yielded. It was because I trusted you to guide me when I didn’t know what to do. When I didn’t know what I needed. After the second time I knew. I knew that I yielded by choice, not force.”

“Do you swear?” Magnus asked.

“I swear on The Angel.” He said. Crystal blue eyes locked on chocolate brown. Magnus could see it in his angel’s breathtaking crystal blue eyes. He could see the truth of his Shadowhunters words. In that moment he took his first easy breath since his earlier thoughts had started eating him up inside.

“Can we make a promise to each other?” Magnus asked.

“What?” Alec asked.

“That we’ll never command each other. On anything. That we’ll never take away the others free will?” He asked.

“Yes. We can make that promise. Once this war is over.” Alec said, choosing his words carefully. “There will be times in battle that I give a command that everyone will need to follow. Even you. But I can promise that when it’s just you and me, I will never command you.”

Magnus fell silent, thinking over his sweet omega’s words. His mate. His fated mates’ words.
They made sense. Until this war was over, his *commander* needed to be able to give commands to everyone fighting, and he would be fighting. But a promise that they would never command each other when it was just the two of them, that he could do. For now.

“I swear on your Angel. I will never try and command you when it’s just you and me.” He said, gazing into the beautiful crystal blue eyes he loved so much, the eyes that matched the ring he wore.

“I swear on The Angel that I will never try and command you when it’s just you and me, alpha.” Alec said, pressing a soft kiss to his warlock’s lips.

“Are you ready for lunch now?” He asked, relief coursing through him.

“Actually, there was something I wanted to talk to you about.” Alec said, butterfly’s filling his belly. “Well, ask you.”

Magnus could hear the nerves in his sweet omegas voice and could only wonder what could possibly put them there.

“You know you can, angel. You can ask me anything. Always.” He said, raising Alec’s hand to his lips for a soft kiss. The ruby red diamond ring glinted in the sunlight.

“I’ve been wanting to ask for a while.” Alec said, biting his bottom lip as he looked around. No one was in sight.

“What, sweetheart?” He asked when Alec didn’t continue.

“I was wondering…when you’d let me make love to you.” Alec said. He watched as his warlock paled, and a small piece of his heart broke.

“Alexander.” He said softly, unsure what to say.

“You don’t want me to, do you?” Alec asked, barely loud enough to be heard. Pulling his hand from his alpha’s he turned away. He didn’t want his mate, his fated mate to see him cry.
They were destined to be together forever. To live and love together. And the man that he loved most in this world, the future father of their children, didn’t want to let him feel his love.

Magnus’ heart broke when his Shadowhunter pulled away. He knew that he had hurt him.

“Sweetheart…” He started.

“It’s okay.” Alec sniffled. “You don’ have to say anything.”

“But I do, love.” He said, laying a hand on Alec’s shoulder. His heart broke even more when his young warrior flinched. “You caught me off guard, Alexander. I haven’t done what you’re asking in more than 700 years.”

Alec turned back to his alpha; the questions clear in his crystal blue eyes. Magnus could see that it wouldn’t take much for the unshed tears he saw to fall.

“Why?” He asked.

Magnus sighed. He knew that he should tell his Shadowhunter, he just didn’t know how.

“Because I haven’t wanted to.” He said softly.

“When were together, I know just how much you love me. Because you show me. I know you tell me every day, and I know it every time I wake up in your arms, and when you kiss me. But when we’re together, I feel it. With everything that I am, I feel it. That’s all I want. I want you to be able to feel just how much I love you.” Alec said, a tear sliding down his cheek.

“I know how much you love me, angel. You show me every day.” Magnus said, gently wiping the tear from Alec’s cheek. It’s just…the last person…he broke my heart.” He said, taking Alec’s hand in his own. He couldn’t let him run away. He wouldn’t. “I know with every fiber of my being that what you’re asking will be magical. It will be perfect in every way.”
‘Will be.’ Alec thought, a weight that he hadn’t known he had been carrying lifted from his shoulders. His warlock ‘will’ let him make love to him.

“We fit together perfectly, love. I just…I need to tell you everything. I just need a little time to figure out in my head everything there is I need to say. Can you give me that?” Magnus asked softly.

Alec nodded yes. He could give his alpha the time he needed. He would give his alpha the time the he needed. But he had to be sure.

“So it’s not because you don’t want to?” He asked.

Magnus wrapped his arm around his sweet omega’s waist, pulling them flush together.

“No, sweetheart. It’s not. I swear on your angel.” He said softly, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s lips.

“So you’ll tell me when your ready?” Alec asked.

“Yes, angel. I will.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead. “I just hope that it doesn’t hurt you when I do.” He said softly.

“Why would it…” Alec started.

“You’ll understand when I tell you, sweetheart.” He said, gently cutting him off.

Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a vote. Also feel free to follow me on Twitter @ BrandyB17922482, Tumblr @ BouncerGirl, or friend me on FaceBook @ www.facebook.com/brandy.bailey.142035
Magnus paced the length of the cottage. He had never been so nervous in his life, his very, very long life. He was waiting for his precious Alexander to get home so that they could have conversation that he never wanted to have. He didn’t want to think about this particular part of his past, but he was going to have to. They were meant to be together forever. They were fated to be. His Shadowhunter had a right to know.

He knew all that there was to know about his sweet omega, so it was only right that over time his angel come know all that there was about him. He could only pray to his Shadowhunters Angel that the man that he wanted to marry with all his heart and soul would still want to marry him in the morning.

His angel had asked him for something that he hadn’t been expecting, but he should have. He knew how much his Alexander loved to show him his affection and love. And give him pleasure in bed. But he hadn’t realized that his Shadowhunter viewed lovemaking as a way of ‘feeling his love’. Of feeling the love that he had for him. So of course his angel would want him to feel his love.

“Hi.” Alec said softly.

Magnus nearly jumped out of his skin at the sound of his young warrior’s voice. He had been so lost in his thoughts that he hadn’t heard him come him.

“Sorry. I didn’t mean to startle you.” Alec said, closing the door behind him. “You seem nervous. I’ve never seen you so nervous. Is it that bad?”

“I’m not sure that ‘bad’ is the right word, sweetheart. It more like ‘hard’.” Magnus said, crossing the room to Alec. “Come sit down.” He said, taking his sweet omega’s hand and leading him to their bad.

Alec sat down with his heart in his throat. He had been nothing but nerves all afternoon. His alpha’s words ‘I just hope that it doesn’t hurt you when I do’ had been echoing in his ears. He had asked his warlock a simple question and had been expecting a simple answer. He didn’t
understand why it should be complicated.

Magnus sat beside his young love, still holding his hand. Raising it to his lips he pressed a soft kiss to it. He swallowed hard. He had thought about how to word what he wanted to say, he just hoped that it was the right way.

“Alexander, you asked me a question that I wasn’t expecting. But I should have. You asked me for something that no one has asked me for in a very long time. And the few times that it has been asked, if I would let someone make love to me, it was always ‘no’.”

“Why?” Alec asked softly. He knew that his alpha had had other lovers before him. That he had been intimate before. He didn’t know the details of his warlock’s past love life, and he wasn’t sure that he wanted to now. But he needed to know this.

“A long time ago when I was very young, I had my first intimate encounter. I wasn’t much older than you are now.” Magnus said, squeezing Alec’s hand. “It was one of the worst experiences of my life.”

“So you regret it.” Alec stated.

“Yes, angel. I do. And a great many encounters after. For the first eighty years of my life intimacy brought me nothing but pain. Physical and emotional. The lovers that I had, and I use that term loosely, had no regard for me or how they used my body.

Things always started out well. They were always kind and treated me right. Until the relationship moved to the next level.” He said, hating the memories that flashed before his eyes.

“The sex level?” Alec asked.

“Yes. You remember the care that I showed you your first time?” He asked.

“Yes. It was one of the best nights of my life.” Alec said with a soft smile. It was a memory that he cherished and would cherish for the rest of his days. But his alpha didn’t have that, and it broke his heart.
“Every encounter I had was painful. So very painful. The people that I thought cared about me, cared about me enough to show me tenderness and love didn’t. Every time they left, and they always left after, the pain was so bad that I cried myself to sleep. There were even times when the pain was so bad that I cried for days as my body healed. So after eighty years of nothing but pain I decided that I hated sex. Because that’s what it was. It wasn’t lovemaking. It was just painful sex and I had reached a point where I never wanted to do it again.” He said softly.

“I’m sorry.” Alec said, squeezing his alpha’s hand.

“It wasn’t long after I had decided that I never wanted to be in any sort of relationship ever again that Ragnor took me in as a student. For twenty years he mentored me. He taught me so much, and in a way, I grew to love him. The way you would love a father. He was the father that I never had.” He said, smiling at the fond memories. “My own disappeared after my mother told him she was pregnant.”

Alec understood then why it had been so important that his alpha find Ragnor Fell when he didn’t show up in Haven. He wasn’t just his warlock’s mentor. He wasn’t just one of his warlock’s, or even just a dear friend. He was something far more special, something that he himself had only just recently come to understand and have himself. He had needed to find his father.

“One day after we had finished in his workshop, he asked me why I never went out. Why I never went into town and socialized. It was hard, but I told him. I told him of my past experiences and why I never wanted to be in another relationship. And I told him that if I went into town there might be somebody that drew me in.

He told me that what I had experienced in the past was not the way intimacy was supposed to be. It wasn’t meant to be rough or painful. It was supposed to be pleasurable and wonderful for both people. He told me that the people of my past that had treated me so horribly were deplorable, that they were cruel and heartless monsters that just used and abused my body.

He told me that I shouldn’t give up on trying to find love, or at the very least affection. Maybe some friends. So that night with his encouragement I went into the small village that wasn’t far from his Manor.

I went to the pub and sat at the bar. I sat there for a few hours nursing an ale that I didn’t like at all when a hansom young man came up to me. He asked if he could sit next to me and buy me a decent drink. He knew what I was, and I knew what he was. He was a Shadowhunter.” He said softly.
Alec’s heart stopped in his chest. His warlock had been with a Shadowhunter before him.

Magnus saw his angel pale and hated himself for being the one that caused it. But he had to tell his sweet omega everything.

“His name was Will, and he wasn’t much older than you.” He said, barely loud enough to be heard.

Alec nodded, yes. He didn’t want to hear anymore, but he knew that he had to. ‘Is this why he started hating Shadowhunters?’ He thought.

“Back then Shadowhunter and downworlder relationships weren’t yet banned by the Clave. They were frowned upon, but they weren’t forbidden.

It didn’t take long for Will to sweep me off my feet. He was quite charming. We saw each other several times after that night and eventually our relationship progressed to that ‘level’. Or at least Will wanted it to. The first time he asked to take me to bed I told him no.” He said, watching his Shadowhunter closely.

Alec nodded, yes. That was all he seemed to be able to do.

“Will and I saw each other several more times after that before he asked me again. By that time, I had given it a great deal of thought and had come to realize that I had strong feelings for him and that I was ready to try being intimate again. But I was afraid. Afraid that everything Will and I had would fall apart if we went there.

But before I was able to tell him of my decision, he asked me why I was so hesitant, so against it. He asked me if it was because of him. I told him that of course it wasn’t, but I knew I had to tell him why. And I did.

He was shocked and appalled, just as Ragnor had been. He told me that he understood why I didn’t want to be intimate and that he wouldn’t push me. That if the time came that I wanted to be intimate with him to let him know and that he would take care of me.

His words were so sincere. Just hearing them took away my fear. So I told him that he could take me to bed.
Obviously he couldn’t take me to his Institute and I couldn’t take him to Ragnor’s, so he found a place for us to meet. And the next night I met him there.

We didn’t start off with sex, we worked up to it. And when it happened it was everything that Ragnor had said that it should be. And I fell in love with him. Well, what I thought was love. Now, loving you I know that it was just puppy love. You are my true love, my real first love. My first and my last.” He said, raising Alec’s hand again for another soft kiss.

“What happened?” Alec asked.

“Our relationship continued for almost a year after that. Every night when he wasn’t on patrol we would meet there and spend time together. We didn’t go to bed every night we met. Most nights we just enjoyed each other’s company. We talked and laughed and just had fun. Even though we were lovers, he had become my best friend. The first real friend outside of Ragnor that I had ever had.

One night though when I went to meet him, he never came. It was unlike him. He always sent word if he couldn’t come. I was terrified. I thought that something had happened to him. That he had been hurt or maybe even killed.

Being a downworlder I couldn’t just go up to his Institute and ask, so I did the only thing that I could do. I prayed that he was alright and that he would come back to me.

Every night for two weeks I went to our meeting place, waiting for him to come. But he didn’t. I was sure that something bad had happened and was ready to give up, my heart breaking more and more each day. So one night I decided that I would go one last time and that if he didn’t come I would never go back. And that was the night he came.

I was thrilled to see him, relieved that he was alive. I expected him to tell me that he had been injured and had been unable to come to me. I wasn’t expecting him to tell me what he did.” He said, unshed tears in his eyes.

Alec’s heart was breaking for his alpha. He could see the pain talking about his past was causing him and hated himself for being the cause of it. Had he never asked his alpha wouldn’t he be thinking of these painful memories. But he couldn’t stop himself from asking. The words just came out.
“What did he say?”

Magnus looked his Shadowhunter in the eyes, the breathtaking beautiful crystal blue eyes that he loved so much.

“He told me that he had found his mate and that we couldn’t be together anymore.” He said softly, barely more than a whisper. In that moment he felt his heart breaking all over again.

“I am so sorry.” Alec said, gently wiping the tear from his alpha’s cheek.

“He broke my heart. I gave it to him, I thought I loved him, and he shattered it.” He said. “I swore to myself then that I would never let myself fall in love again. I knew that I could be intimate, but that I couldn’t fall in love. And for two centuries I took many lovers. Men. Women. And during that time, I learned a lot about lovemaking. Both giving and receiving pleasure. But eventually that wasn’t enough. Being intimate just left me feeling hollow inside. And I didn’t know why. But Ragnor did.

He told me that I was feeling that emptiness because I was seeking something that I swore I would never allow myself to feel again. I was seeking love. Real love. True love. And it didn’t take me long to realize that he was right. That was when he told me that I needed to find my mate.

I travelled the world more than once looking for someone I didn’t know. The one person that would complete me. But after what felt like an eternity of searching, I gave up. I gave up on finding my mate. But I had found friends. Great friends. But not love.

A little over a century later Belle came into my life. I had love then. Not romantic love. Not the love of a mate. But the love of a father.

I never once in my wildest dreams thought that I would find my mate, my fated mate, in her great, great, great grandson. The man that I love with all that I am. The one who is my everything.” He said, cupping Alec’s cheek. “And it rocks me to my core every day that he is the most beautiful, talented, brilliant, kind, loving, compassionate Shadowhunter that this world has ever seen.

I didn’t know that when I went in search of you that night and found you on that bridge that you would be the one that I had spent my entire life searching for until I took you in my arms and caught your wonderful scent. When I pulled you back with my magic and looked at you as you
slept, I thought that you were the most breathtakingly beautiful thing I had ever seen. But it wasn’t until I had you in my arms that I knew that you were the one. My one and only.

Will Herondale, a Shadowhunter, was the first man that I thought I loved. And he broke my heart. He was the first and last person that I let show me romantic love and take me to bed, angel. So when you asked me today when you could take me to bed it truly caught me off guard. It shouldn’t have. I should have expected it. We’re mates. Fated mates. Destined to spend eternity together. It was bound to come up sometime.” He said, stroking Alec’s cheek. “You are my everything, Alexander. My heart. My soul. The very breath in my lungs. Without you I am nothing. Without you I have nothing. And I want to feel your love.”

A thousand emotions here cascading through Alec. Heartbreak for his alpha for all of his pain. Anger at those who had hurt him, those who had used and abused him. And absolute love for the man that he was destined to be with forever.

Why his warlock had thought that this knowledge would hurt him he didn’t know. He had tried to wrap his head around being with the man he loved most in this world for an eternity and not being able to let him feel his love all afternoon, and he hadn’t been able to.

But now, knowing everything that there was to know, knowing what he had been through he knew that if his mate, his fated mate, the future father of their children couldn’t do what he had asked, he knew that he would be okay with it. He loved him too much not to be. His alpha was his everything. He was his heart, his soul. The very breath in his lungs. He knew that without him he was nothing. That he had nothing. But he had to be sure. He had to be sure that taking this step was truly what he wanted.

“Don’t do this because of me, alpha. If I take you to bed it has to be because you want it. Not because I do.” He said softly.

“I do want it, angel. I want to feel your love. I want us to be equals in everything. For months you have felt my love. For an eternity I want to feel yours. Our lovemaking shouldn’t be one way. I don’t want it to be. I love making love to you. And I know with everything that I am that I am going to love you making love to me.” Magnus said, his sincerity shining in his breathtakingly beautiful eyes.

“Okay.” Alec breathed. “Why did you think that knowing this would hurt me?” He asked, gazing into the chocolate brown eyes that he loved so much.

“I guess because Will was a Shadowhunter. And because I know you well enough to know that
hearing of my early years, of what things were like for me that you would feel my pain. But mostly because of what Will was. And that he was one of your brother’s ancestors. I didn’t know how you would take it. Which, thinking back on it, it seems really stupid now.” He said, sheepish.

“Silly, warlock.” Alec said, softly cupping Magnus’ cheeks. “There’s not a thing in this world that you could tell me that would change how much I love you. Will things hurt sometimes? Yes. But no matter what we have to face, be it the past, the present, or the future it’s you and me. Together forever.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to Magnus’ lips.

Magnus melted into the soft kiss, relief coursing through him. His Shadowhunter was right. No matter what they had to face, be it the past, the present, or the future, they were in it together. Together forever.

“What’s puppy love?” Alec asked when the soft kiss broke.

“I’ll tell you later, angel. How about you take me to bed now?” Magnus asked.

Alec smiled, pulling his warlock in for a gentle kiss. His heart swelled with for love for his alpha.

A pounding knock on the door pulled them apart.

“Magnus! Alec! You in there?” Cat called through the wood.

“Lilith, she has the worst possible timing.” Magnus muttered. Climbing up he crossed to the door, almost yanking it off the hinges when he opened it.

“What do you want, Catarina?” He asked, his irritation obvious in his tone.

Cat raised her brows at her oldest and dearest friend. She hadn’t heard that tone in his voice in a very, very long time. A little over 400 years to be exact, when she had accidentally blown up his workshop.

“Um...” She started.
“Spit it out.” He snapped.

“Alpha.” Alec said softly. “Be nice.” He said, crossing to the door. He smoothly wrapped his arms around Magnus’ waist, pressing a soft kiss to his neck. “It’s not her fault that she has horrible timing. She’s a warlock, not a mind reader.”

Magnus took a deep breath in, letting it out slowly.

“Yes, Catarina?” He asked, sugar sweet.

Cat smiled, biting her cheek. ‘Only Alec.’ She thought. In all her 400 years she had never seen anyone else brave enough to brave Magnus’ wrath, must less calm him down. And fake sweetness or not he was calmer. ‘Always doing the impossible.’

“Izabella has made a big dinner. She wanted to celebrate her Uncle Mags and her grandson’s engagement. The entire family is there.” She said, carefully. She didn’t have Alec’s ability. “And we need to decide who’s crashing where.”

“Who’s crashing where?” Alec asked, confused.

Magnus sighed. He should have known. He gets engaged and doesn’t even get to spend the night with his fiancé.

“It’s a wedding tradition, angel. The bride and the groom aren’t supposed to be together the night before the wedding. Well, in this case ‘grooms.’”

“But…” Alec started.

“Catarina, that really is an outdated custom. Alexander’s generation doesn’t really remember it, much less follow it.” Magnus said, cutting Alec off.

“So is asking for one’s hand. Didn’t you say just this morning something about today’s generation
not following the customs of the past?” She said, eyebrows raised.

He had her there and he knew it.

“It’s the eve of our engagement.” He said softly.

Cat understood perfectly. They were raised to believe that you only get married once and should enjoy the engagement. But tradition was tradition. And her Robert had said that Alec was big on tradition.

“I know. We could push the wedding back a day.” She said, only half teasing.

“No!” Alec and Magnus said as one.

That’s what she thought. And she probably would have killed them both had they agreed to push back the wedding. The warlocks were pulling double duty making sure that everything was just perfect for her boys. Herself included.

“I thought you might say that. Which is why I spoke with the family and we agreed that you should have an extra night on your honeymoon to make up for it.” She said, all smiles.

“Honeymoon?” Alec asked.

“Yes, sweetheart. That’s tradition too. I’m sure you’ve heard of that one.” Magnus said, chuckling.

“Three days at The Manor, just the two of you.” Cat said, her eyes softening for innocent Alec.

“But…but…” He started, unsure how to finish. He desperately wanted his honeymoon, but he wasn’t sure how it was going to work. They couldn’t leave Haven, there was just too much to do. And until that moment he hadn’t even thought about it.

“Everything will be fine here, Alec. Besides, it will give you a chance to start winding down
before your two week rest period. A chance to ease into it so to speak. It’s what? Twenty days until your next heat?” She asked, knowing that he was internally freaking out.

“Rest period?” He asked, panic setting in. He wasn’t sure how he was going to manage the two week rest period that was fast approaching. Adding another three days…

“I think it’s a wonderful idea, Catarina. Thank you for suggesting it. Alexander has been overworking himself immensely and will most defiantly need the extra time to prepare. I take it a suitable adjusted schedule for him will be worked out for when we return?” Magnus asked.

“The team is already working on it.” She said, tongue in cheek. “Now get your asses in gear. Dinner’s almost ready.” She said, turning to leave. “Oh, and Magnus. you may want to reinforce those hinges before you two head out. And decide who’s sleeping where. One of you can stay here, and one of you with either me or Izabella. But I think the team really wants Alec to crash with them, his last night being a bachelor and all. They even asked me to add an extra bedroom.” She said, smirking.

She knew that they had asked Alec to stay there more than once under various other unpleasant circumstances. They really wanted him there for a good one. And to celebrate.

“And there is also the bachelor parties to consider. Who better to give him his than the family he grew up with?”

Magnus couldn’t stop his soft sigh. He didn’t want to deny his Shadowhunter anything, much less any precious moment or memory. She was right, you did only get married once. It was only right that he have every experience that came with it. Well, except a night with his fiancé. He snapped his fingers.

“What did you just do?” Alec asked, suspicious.

“Sent you a bag to your family’s cottage. You’ll be spending the night there, love.” He said, turning to pull Alec into his arms. “This is the eve before our wedding. You’re supposed to party and have fun. Now, having no idea how the five of you are going to party when I doubt that any of you even know what partying really is, I don’t know. But you’re going to have it.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead.

“Trust me, they know how to party. There’s this club in New York they would always go to when
“we had nights off.” He said. “Pandemonium I think.” He said, unsure of the name.

“Pandemonium? The downworlder club? How on earth did they get in? And why didn’t you go?” Cat asked.

“Well, in case you haven’t noticed Clary can draw incredibly strong runes. Including a glamour powerful enough to hide our runes. And the scent of our nephilim blood.” Alec said.

“Pandemonium? My club?” Magnus asked, dumbfounded. “Why didn’t you ever go? We could have met before we did.”

“I did once. Didn’t really care for it. It was too loud and even though it was my night off I felt like I was on patrol.” He shrugged. “Wait, you own that place?”

“Of course. It’s the hottest club in New York. Who else would own it?” Magnus asked.

“Enough about the club, guys. Times ticking away. Dinner with the family. Remember? Then bachelor parties.” Cat said, trying not to laugh at her boys.

“Alright, Catarina.” Magnus said.

“Oh, and Gideon’s bringing Madzie and Caroline so be nice to Gideon. Both of you. Even if you do want to clock him for some reason or the other. To be honest, I think he may be using them as a shield.” She said, rolling her eyes.

“And we’re sure he’s a Lightwood?” Magnus asked.

“Madzie is.” Alec protested, protective of his little cousin. “Even if her father is an asshat.”

“Did you just curse, Alec? Really?” Cat asked, unable to stop her belly laugh. “Do you even know what an asshat is?”

“Yes, Cat. I do.” He said, annoyed. “I may not use foul language as frequently as the rest of my
family, but that doesn’t mean that I don’t know it. I’m the oldest. I’m supposed to set an example.” He huffed.

“And you have, love. Several wonderful examples. Most of which have kept them alive.” Magnus said, lifting his sweet omega’s chin to press a soft kiss to his pouting lips. “Now, no pouting. Go get changed and we’ll head on over.”

“Alright.” He sighed. “Do we at least have time for a shower first?”

“No. You don’t.” Cat said, raising her brows. “Everyone’s already waiting.”

“But lessons…” Alec started.

“Ended over an hour ago.” She said, cutting him off. “I don’t know what you two have been doing in here but you’ve obviously lost track of time. Now shoo. Go get changed. I’ll let everyone know you’ll be there in ten minutes.”

“Ten minutes?” Magnus asked, incredulous. “How am I supposed to dress in ten minutes?”

“You’ve dressed yourself in a finger nap thousands of times. Now go on. Everyone’s waiting.” She said as sternly as she could. Her boys were cracking her up tonight.

“Alright, alright. We’ll be there in ten.” He said before shutting the door in her face.

Alec laughed.

‘Lilith, that’s a beautiful sound.’ Magnus thought, watching his Shadowhunter. The joke Madzie had told wasn’t particularly funny, but his sweet omega had laughed anyway. The little girl had climbed into his lap the moment they had all sat down. His young warrior was as in love with his little cousin as she was with him and he thought that it was absolutely adorable. ‘He’s going to make a great father.’ He thought, not for the first time.
“What’s a bachelor party?” Madzie asked Alec.

“Um…” Alec started, unsure how to answer that question. “Well Madz, it’s a party the night before the wedding where each groom gets together with their closest friends and celebrate the grooms last night being a bachelor.”

“Is being a bachelor a bad thing?” She asked.

“Well, no. But once you’re married, you’re married forever. So you’ll never be a bachelor again. To be honest it’s not something I really understand myself.”

“A bachelor party is just a tradition that goes back a long time, Madzie.” Robert said, watching his son with his niece. “It’s really just a party to celebrate that the groom is getting married the next day with his closest friends.” He said, smiling.

“Oh. Can I come?” She asked.

“I’m sorry sweet pea, but no.” Alec said. It broke his heart when her lip started to quiver, tears welling in her beautiful blue eyes. “Bachelor parties last long past your bedtime. But it’s okay. There will be a really big party tomorrow after the wedding and you can party as late as your daddy will let you.” He said, trying to stop any tears. “Did you get your silky dress yet?” He asked, hoping to cheer her up.

“Mm-hmm.” She mumbled, sniffing.

Alec looked at Magnus for help. Magnus shrugged. He was on his own.

“You know what? I bet all the girls want to get together for a little party of their own before the bachelor parties start to celebrate their favorite guys getting married. I’m sure Clary and Iz and grandma and Cat would love to have you there.” Alec said, throwing his family under the bus.

“Really?” She asked, excitement quickly replacing the tears that wanted to fall.

“Really.” Clary said, picking up the que from her parabatai. “It starts right after dinner.”
Cat quietly snapped her fingers under the table.

“That’s right, sweetie. It’s all set up at my cottage. It’s a bachelorette party.” She said, all smiles.

Gideon couldn’t help but smile. He hadn’t expected his new soon to be family to be so accommodating to his baby girl. He wasn’t particularly sure how he felt about his brother’s children, for Robert had expressed to him more than once that his nephews’ team were all his children, but at that moment he liked them.

“I can’t believe my Uncle Mags is finally getting married.” Izabella said with a fond smile. She was glad that she was there to see it happen. There had been plenty of Lightwood women who had come before her that would have loved to see him marry the man of his dreams.

“I still can’t believe that Alec’s getting married.” Jace said, shaking his head.

Clary kicked him under the table, hard. She was sure she heard his shinbone crack. She had seen the hurt flash in Alec’s eyes and felt the stab of pain.

“She’s right, you know. It’s not allowed in our world.” 

“I mean, in our world marriage between two men isn’t allowed. Another silly law made by the Clave.” He said, quickly recovering, wishing he could activate his iratze. His mate had kicked him hard.

“It is true that in the Shadowhunter World the Clave doesn’t believe that men should marry men or that women should marry women, so they made a law against it. Like the silly law that Shadowhunters can’t marry downworlders.” Izzy said, trying to erase the pain she had seen on her big brothers face. She had heard Clary kick her little brother under the table and sincerely hoped that the crack she had heard after was the sound of bone breaking.

“Why? What happens if they do?” Madzie asked.

The table fell silent. They couldn’t tell the sweet little girl that downworld/nephilim marriages were punishable by death.

“Well Madz, the Clave likes it when men and women Shadowhunters get married and make more
Shadowhunter babies.” Alec said, answering the first question, trying to avoid the second.

“But what about the boy omegas?” She asked. She did know that boy omegas liked boys.

“Our world doesn’t know about omegas or that boy omegas can have babies too.” He said, carefully.

“Why?” She asked, seemingly unable to let the subject go.

“Because the Clave has been telling Shadowhunters for a very long time that there hasn’t been a Shadowhunter omega in ages. We’re never taught about omegas. Only that they were a race that wasn’t around anymore.

They’ve been telling us lies all our entire lives so when Alec presented as an omega it was a big surprise to everyone.” Simon said, hoping to close the subject once and for all. For all their sakes.

“I don’t like the Clave.” She said, adamantly.

“Neither do we, sweet pea.” Alec said, glad that his best friend had seemed to distract his little cousin from her second question. In her world it was perfectly acceptable for downworlders and nephilims to get married.

“Is it normal for the people in your world to get married the day after they get engaged? ‘Cause it’s not here.” She said, honestly curious.

“No Madzie, it’s not.” Robert said. “But Uncle Magnus and Alec want to get married before Alec’s next heat comes in case they make babies. They want to be married before then. And his next heat isn’t very far away.”

“How does having a high fever make babies?” She asked, confused.

In that moment Robert wanted nothing more than to beat his brother senseless. Well, more senseless than he already was. His niece lived in a world with hundreds of omegas, yet she didn’t know that omega babies were conceived during the omega’s heat.
“Gideon, why don’t you answer that one.” He said, as sweetly as he could manage, itching to knock his little brother’s teeth out.

“Mommy and I will explain it later, baby.” Gideon said. He had been hoping that they would be able to avoid this subject for a few more years. In that moment he wanted nothing more than to beat his brother senseless for bringing the ‘how omega babies are made’ question up early.

“You know what?” Alec asked, desperately wanting to diffuse the tension radiating in the air. “I think now is a good time to give dad his surprise, don’t you Iz?” He asked, raising his brows at his little sister.

“Yes!” She said, jumping at the opportunity to get away from the topic at hand.

“Surprise?” Robert asked. “What surprise?”

“Well, since we missed your birthday, we thought we’d give you a little late birthday present.” Clary said, beaming at him.

She had learned so much about Robert Lightwood since they had come to Haven. So much about a man that they had once thought was cold and uncaring when he was anything but.

“My birthday?” He asked, confused. ‘How do they know my birthday?’ He thought.

“Yes, dad. Your birthday. The one you didn’t tell us about.” Izzy said, pulling a large white box from under the table. “Grandma mentioned that she hated that you didn’t make it here in time for her to make a birthday cake for both her boys.” She said as Izabella made room on the table in front of him for the big box.

Her love for her father had grown so much that she didn’t know what to think of it. She had spent so long hating him, hating him for hurting her brother. But now, now she had come to love him dearly. And to understand. She had also finally come to see his love for them. Not just for her and her brother. But for all of them. He showed it every day rather he realized it or not.

Robert was shocked when his little badass sat the big box down in front of him. He hadn’t gotten a
birthday present from his children since they were very little. He still had the hand drawn crayon pictures and birthday cards they had made him over the first few years of their lives when they had heard adult Shadowhunters wish The Head of The Institute a happy birthday, which only happened for the first few years before everyone had forgotten it. Even his wife.

He hadn’t been surprised that they had forgotten it or been hurt by it. They had been little and Shadowhunters didn’t celebrate birthdays. They just didn’t have the time. They were either training, out on missions and patrols, or they were just too busy to remember them.

The only Shadowhunters that he knew who did celebrate birthdays were his children. He knew that it was his son who always made sure that birthdays were celebrated amongst their family. They celebrated each other’s birthdays by exchanging gifts. He had overheard his boy tell his family more than once that ‘we’re giving you gifts to celebrate you because you are a gift’.

While he had always made sure that he was at least at The Institute on their birthdays, and that their favorite meals were being served in the dining hall that day, desert included, he was rarely there on his own.

“We know, dad.” Alec said, softly. “Looking back, we know. We know that you were always home on our birthdays.”

“And that our favorite meals and deserts were being served in the dining hall.” Simon said, unsure what to think anymore about his best friend’s father.

“Only The Head of The Institute could make that happen four times a year, every year. Once a year, two great meals in one day.” Jace said, smiling at the knowledge that his adopted father had made that happen for them.

“Well go on. Open it.” Alec said, excitement humming beneath his skin. They had all put a lot of work into the gifts and hoped that he would like them.

“Um…okay.” Robert said, unsure what else to say. Untying the big red bow on the box he lifted the lid and lost his breath.

“Cat got us the measurements from when she took them for your tux.” Izzy said, biting her bottom lip.
“You did this in a day?” He breathed, carefully examining each item in the box. “How?”

“It took a little time, but we managed.” Clary said, biting her own lip. ‘Please let him like it.’ She thought.

“Do you like it?” Alec asked, speaking his family’s thoughts.

“I love it.” Robert said, tears welling in his eyes. He couldn’t take his eyes off of what his children had given him, made for him.

New gear, lightweight like their own. Thigh and ankle holsters. A custom belt. And blades. Throwing knives and stars. Daggers of different sizes and metals. A few of his daughter’s safer custom blades, all engraved with angelic script, one word. ‘Dad’. And the angelic rune. He knew that the gear designs were his sons. And that the standard blades were crafted by all of his children. They had all spent time in the forge that day. The custom blades were his daughters work, and the engraving was most defiantly Clary’s handywork. He could feel the power radiating off the angelic runes. These blades would seriously damage any demon, anytime, anywhere. The angelic runes alone would see to that.

“Well? What is it?” Gideon asked. He had never seen the look on his brothers face that he was seeing now, and he wondered what could have put it there.

“Come see.” Robert said, unable to form anything else.

Cat smiled at her mate as Gideon climbed from his seat, rounding the table. She knew that her precious Robert would be awed by his gifts, and the knowledge that came with them. She knew how much he wanted his children to know how much he loved them and was hoping that one day they would love him back. Now he knew that they did.

“By the Angel.” Gideon breathed, not knowing what else to say. He could see that everything the large white box contained was precious and understood why his brother was so captivated by it.

“There’s also a holster for the blade I gave you at The Manor.” Izzy said, smirking. Her father loved his gifts. She could see it in his eyes.

“Momma, you have to come see this.” Gideon said.
“I already have, baby. I helped back the box.” Izabella said, her smile beaming as she rested her hand on her oldest boy’s shoulder. She knew how much he loved his ‘children’. It had come across plain as day in his letters. Both his love for them, and his pride.

“Everything should fit. If not, it can easily be adjusted.” Alec said, smiling at his father. The father that he had come to love dearly. The father that he now knew had always loved him. And their family.

His head snapped up, his senses instantly focusing.

“Alexander? What is it?” Magnus asked. He had seen his Shadowhunter tense.

“Demons. Inside the wards.” Alec said, closing his eyes, his brows furrowed in concentration. “And out. What happens if a demon passes through the wards from the outside and is seen?” He asked.

“What do you mean ‘seen’?” Magnus asked, cautious.

“Shadowhunters. I’m guessing from Idris. What happens if they see a demon pass through the wards?” He asked, climbing to his feet, sitting a trembling Madzie on her own.

“They disappear.” Magnus said softly, the ramifications sinking in. If Shadowhunters saw a demon disappear into thin air they would know that they had passed through wards.

“What are they, Alec?” Simon asked, climbing to his feet.

“Three shax and a raum inside the wards, a moloch and a hunger outside.” He said. “Madzie, I need you and your momma to go tell everyone to get inside the bunkers. Can you do that for me?” He asked, gently.

Madzie nodded yes, tears welling in her crystal blue eyes.
“Hey, there’s no need for tears. We’re going to go take care of the monsters. Don’t worry. Okay, sweet pea?” He asked.

She nodded yes, gripping her mother’s hand tight.

“Alpha, we need our gear and weapons.” He said, turning to Magnus.

Magnus snapped his fingers, clearing the table and replacing it with his family’s gear and weapons. Plus some.

“Grandma, I need you and the other Shadowhunter Elders a hundred yards outside the residential perimeters. Your warriors stationed just outside the village.

It has to be stressed that we will handle this. The army is not ready to take on a demon, and they certainly don’t need to be seen by the incoming Shadowhunters.” He said, strapping on his weapons belt and holsters as his family did the same.

“Okay.” Izabella said, quickly activating runes.

“Dad, you’re with Jace, Iz, and Simon inside the wards on the shax and raum, three hundred yards due east. Clary and I will take the moloch and the hunger. We’ll try and draw them away from the wards before we take them out.

Alpha, is there a place where we can cross through without being seen? The Shadowhunters are coming from the east, we need to hit the demons from the west before they get there. And I need my bow and arrows. All of them.”

Robert didn’t hesitate. He was on his feet and gearing up with his children.

Magnus snapped his fingers, Alec’s bow and loaded quiver appearing on the table.

“Madzie, you and momma go on. Get everyone inside the bunkers. Especially anybody carrying babies.” Gideon said, activating his own runes. “It’ll be okay, sweetie. We have the best Shadowhunters in the world to take care of the monsters and send the bad Shadowhunters away.
Don’t cry.” He said, gently wiping a tear from her cheek.

“Magnus, can you place new wards around the residential perimeter? If it’s not nephilim, it doesn’t get through.” Izzy said, activating a dozen runes.

“Yes. I can do that.” Magnus said.

“Can you scan the outlying area first? To make sure that there aren’t any downworlders out that won’t be able to get back through? They can’t be seen.” Simon asked, activating his own runes.

“Yes.” He said, fear a ball of lead sitting solidly in his belly. His Shadowhunter was about to take on two hell demons with his Biscuit and could very well be seen by other Shadowhunters. ‘He could be found.’ He thought.

“And Magnus and I can station warlocks beside the Shadowhunter Elders and the village warriors.” Cat said, climbing to her feet as Magnus did.

“Are you sure that you and Biscuit can take out two hell demons yourselves while not being seen by the other Shadowhunters?” Magnus asked, watching his angel as he activated his runes. All of them.

“They’re deadly together in battle, Magnus. The most lethal pair in the world. Don’t worry. They’ll be fine.” Robert said, activating runes, both new and old. He had absolute faith in his children.

“But what about being seen?” Izabella asked, choosing her weapons from the extra that her Uncle Mags had spread out on the table.

“We’ll do our best to take them out before the Shadowhunters from Idris get there, but I can’t make any promises. They’re not that far out. The Shadowhunter World may just find out tonight that we’re alive and well. At least two of us anyway.

Remember, you and the other Shadowhunter Elders a hundred yards outside the residential perimeter. Your warriors stationed just outside the village. Warlocks will be at your sides.” Alec said, the team ready to walk out the door. “Alpha, where’s the best place to cross through? Can you portal us there? It will be faster.”
“There’s a bank of trees to the west. I can put you right inside it. It’s only a hundred yards or so to the wards.” Magnus said, swirling his arms to open a portal. Hold my hand and don’t let go.” He said, taking Alec’s hand in his, Clary holding her parabatai’s.

“Hey Alec!” Jace called. “Go enjoy the kickoff of your bachelor party.” He said, smirking.

“You’re an asshat, Jace.” Clary said before stepping through the portal with Alec and Magnus.

“We have our orders. Dad? Are you ready?” Izzy asked.

“Readier than I’ve been in a long time, princess. I forgot how much I missed battle.” Robert said, smiling at his little badass.

“Everyone stay sharp and watch yourselves. And each other.” Simon said as the new Shadowhunters of Haven walked out the cottage door. This was their home now and they were going to protect it.

“There going to come back, right momma?” Madzie asked, watching her daddy and grandma walk out the door with the rest of her new family.

“Of course, baby.” Caroline said, lifting Madzie into her arms. “Like daddy said, we have the best Shadowhunters in the world to take care of the monsters and send the bad Shadowhunters away.” She said, carrying her daughter out the door to carry out their orders.

Magnus stepped through the open portal, Alec and Clary coming through behind him in a small bank of trees.

“If you go straight ahead about a hundred yards you’ll pass through the wards. Can you tell how far out the demons are?” Magnus asked.

The roar of the moloch demon not too far off answered his question.
“We may be able to knock ’em out in time. The Shadowhunters from Idris are a few hundred yards away.” Alec said, pulling his warlock close. “It’s going to be alright. We’ve got this.”

“I know.” Magnus said softly, trying to battle back the fear that wanted to consume him. But his angel was the best. He was the best for a reason. And so was their family. “Biscuit, take care of him for me. We’re getting married tomorrow.”

“I will.” Clary said, smiling. Her parabatai and his warlock were so in love it filled her heart.

“Go on. Get back and set up those wards.” Alec said, pressing a soft kiss to his warlock’s lips.


Alec nodded, yes. With one last look at this alpha he followed Clary through the trees towards the roaring demons.

It didn’t take Alec and Clary long to come out through the tree line. The two demons were no more than fifty yards away.

“Alec? You want to start us off?” Clary asked.

“Sure. Why not.” Alec said with a shrug as he pulled an arrow out of his quiver. It was his new favorite. His sister’s custom ignition arrow. Notching the arrow he let it fly.

Clary smiled when it hit it’s mark. She knew he wouldn’t miss. The roar of the moloch demon as the arrow connected solidly with its head, instantly engulfing it in angelic fire as it folded in on itself and died was a beautiful but gory sight. As usual her parabatai had found the best way to take down a moloch demon. A hell demon. With one shot. Thankfully they were far enough way that they avoided the ichor and poisonous venom it spewed in it’s final throws of agony as it turned into a molten black pool of sludge on the main road into Idris.
“Remember, the hunger demon has four hearts. One under the throat, one in the belly, and one on each side of the chest.” Alec said as they sprinted towards the demon.

“Yeah, yeah. I know.” She said sarcastically. With their audio runes activated they barely had to whisper to be heard.

Pulling another arrow from his quiver on the fly Alec notched it before he released it. The standard issue angelic arrow landed perfectly between the demon’s thorns, piercing the first heart in its belly.

“The next one’s yours.” He said as they came up on the demon.

Already knowing what she would do he made a basket with his hands as she drew one of her short swords, her foot landing perfectly in his hands as he tossed her into the air, just as they had practiced hundreds of times.

Tossing her well above the demon’s head she smoothly flipped above it, plunging her sword perfectly between the thorns protruding from its skull with enough force to plunge down it’s throat and through its second heart, landing easily on her feet two feet away on its other side.

The both looked up as the demon roared in agony at the sound of movement up the road. The Shadowhunters from Idris had reached them. They were no more than a hundred yards away.

“Clary, get to cover.” He said.

“What about you?” She asked as a golden rune flashed before her eyes. “Never mind.” She said, pulling her stele from her pocket. Quickly she drew the rune on her palm, facing it out towards the approaching Shadowhunters.

A powerful shockwave emanated from her hand, tossing the approaching Shadowhunters back with enough force to lift them off their feet only to land hard on the ground. The six foot drop onto the concrete rendered the squad unconscious, presumably from head wounds when they hit the ground.

“What was that?” He asked.
“I think I’m going to call it ‘shockwave’.” She said, pocketing her stele. Hearing the whirl of the wind coming at her she ducked just in time as the hunger demon’s thorny arm came flying at her. Smoothly pulling her second short sword she swung out, cutting deep into the demon’s side with enough force to cut through the thorns into its side and through the third heart.

Alec didn’t have to ask her if she was alright. Not because he felt it through their parabatai bond but because he saw the flash of her sword and heard the demon scream as her blade cut it almost in two.

“Pull back!” He called, louder than necessary as he pulled a seraph blade from his hip.

It lit up instantly in his hand as he swung it through the air, slicing through the thorns on the demon’s other side, cutting through it’s fourth heart and meeting her blade in the middle. The demon didn’t have time to scream or roar as it was split in half. Clary fell back just in time for the upper half of the demon’s body to fall backwards, landing with a sickening thud at her feet, spattering her with ichor.

“Damn it! This was my favorite shirt.” She muttered. Looking back to the unconscious Shadowhunter squad she turned to look over the lower half of the demon at Alec. “Do you think they saw us?”

“If they did, which I doubt, they weren’t close enough to make us out. They only have standard night vision runes. The most they could have seen was two Shadowhunters.” He said, his attention focused on them instead of the slaughtered demon at his feet.

He heard one stir, a soft groan escaping her as she pushed herself up. His vision was good enough that he recognized her instantly.

“Lydia.” He said softly, watching the teen climb to her feet, her blond ponytail recognizable even from the distance.

“Alec, no!” Clary cried, quickly pulling their weapons from the demon’s corpse. They couldn’t leave anything behind. One look at their weapons would tell the Clave exactly who had killed the demons.

Alec couldn’t stop himself. An image of Imogen writing Lydia’s name in her elegant script in what they had come to call “The Book of The Red” flashed before his eyes. The image had him
moving towards her without thinking.

“Alec?” Lydia asked as the distance closed between them. “Alec!” She cried as he came closer into view.

He could see her smile from the distance that still separated them. He didn’t realize how fast he was moving towards her. ‘She’s safe. We can save her.’ He thought and she threw herself into his arms.

“Thank the Angel you’re alright.” She said, her arms wrapped tightly around him. “We all thought you were dead. Or captured.”

He didn’t miss the change in her tone as she said ‘captured’. His senses were just that good. He felt her arm move a fraction of an inch from his waist and knew what she was about to do. Pushing her back he saw her pull the dagger from her thigh holster, thinking she was fast enough to best him.

He caught her wrist smoothly, his heart breaking in his chest. He didn’t have to think before he grabbed the arm holding the dagger she had aimed at his heart or before flicking his wrist, snapping it cleanly in two. She screamed as the dagger hit the ground.

“Damn you, you filthy omega…” She started, unable to finish when his right hook came up and connected perfectly with her jaw, effectively shattering the bones.

She staggered back, but not far enough. His heart dropped to his knees when his left arm came up, the left hook connecting with her temple, knocking her unconscious and fracturing her skull.

His heart shattered completely. Not because a girl that he had known half his life had tried to kill him. Not because she had turned on him like all the rest. But because for the first time in his life he had struck a woman outside of training. He caught her limp form before she hit the ground.

“Alec!” Clary cried a dozen feet behind him, their used weapons held carefully in her hands, including his used arrows. “Are you alright?”

“No.” He breathed, cradling the unconscious girl that had once had a crush on him in his arms.
Clary saw the tears in his eyes as he turned, Lydia Branwell held as closely to his chest as a small girl would a precious porcelain doll. But she had felt the pain and sense of heartbreak and betrayal before she saw the tears. She had felt everything.

The fraction of a second of hurt as he saw the blade coming at him, the guilt he felt the moment her wrist snapped in his hand, the sting of the words she never got to finish, and his heartbreak as he smoothly shattered her jaw then fractured her skull. And his shame.

His heart was breaking for the once good friend that he had been so desperate to save knowing that she would present as an omega, and now knowing exactly how much she hated them. She hated them enough to kill. She hated then enough to kill him. And what she hated was something that she herself would soon become.

“I’m so sorry.” Clary said softly. She knew that he felt her sincerity and her anger. Given the chance she would have killed Lydia Branwell for what she had just tried to do, and he knew it. She was his parabatai and would protect him at all costs. But with the fractured skull she might just die anyway, and it was eating him up inside.

“Did you get everything?” He asked, barely loud enough to be heard.

“Yes. Your arrows, my swords, and your seraph blade. Their covered in demon poison and ichor, but I have them.” She said, unsure what else she could say.

Glancing back to the Shadowhunter squad fifty yards away she saw the rise and fell of seven chests, but no movement. With the slow rate of the heartbeats echoing in her ears from her audio rune she knew that they were all unconscious. From a hundred yard distance she knew that he was right. There was no way that they could identify them.

“What do you want to do with her?” She asked.

“She saw us. We have to take her back.” He said, adjusting Lydia’s weight in his arms. The tears were quickly drying on his cheeks. She could feel that he was trying to let the pain go, but it was a battle he was losing. “Magnus needs to wipe her memory before we bring her back to be found.” He said, listening to the slow but steady beat of her heart. “She needs medical attention, but we can’t just leave her.
We don’t know if she will remember seeing us or not and he’s the only one powerful enough to wipe her memory without it being detected by the Silent Brothers. I was stupid, Clary.” He said softly as she followed him back towards the wards that would take them back to Haven. “I never should have approached her.”

“There’s no way you could have known, Alec. You weren’t stupid. It’s not stupid to want to protect a friend.” She said as they reached the tree line they had come out of. They were moving quickly.

“But she wasn’t a friend.” He said, barely audible.

“I know.” She said, just as softly. “I’ll portal us back. Do you know where we should go?”

“Yes. Just open the portal and hold on to me.” He said, trying and failing to sound like his normal self.

She nodded, yes. Once inside the trees she pulled out her stele, drawing her portal rune in the air in front of them. They watched as a swirling gold portal opened. Holding tight to the back of his arm they stepped through, the murderous Lydia Branwell held securely in his arms.

Izabella paced beside her Uncle Mags. He stood to her left, staring out into the night, Cat stood to her right. Each of her seven Shadowhunter Elders had a warlock on either side. It had been quiet. Far too quiet for her liking.

“What’s taking them so long?” She asked, fear a ball of lead in her belly. Her eldest child and her grandchildren were out there. Six demons. Between them all, they were facing six demons.

“It’s alright, momma. Here they come now.” Gideon said, pointing out into the dark. His new night vision rune was beyond anything he had ever dreamed. He could clearly see his big brother and his children walking towards them in the distance. Three of his children.

“Thank the Angel.” She breathed, relief coursing through her.
“What took you so long?” Magnus asked, a ball of lead sitting solidly in his belly. He knew full well that with Clary’s audio runes that they could hear him even at the distance that separated them. But his Shadowhunter and Biscuit weren’t back yet.

“Four demons.” Robert said as they approached. His children were as clean as a whistle. He on the other hand was covered in ichor. He defiantly needed more training sessions with his son.

Cat was in his arms in an instant, uncaring of the ichor that covered him.

“Don’t ever scare me like that again. Do you hear me?” She breathed, her arms wrapped tight around him, tears of relief streaming down her cheeks.

“I’m sorry, my sweet.” He murmured softly, pressing a soft kiss to the top of her head. “I didn’t mean to frighten you.” He said, wrapping her securely in his arms. Word had spread of their ‘relationship’.

Izzy didn’t know what to think seeing her father embracing a woman. She had never seen it happen before. Yes, she had heard that he was seeing Cat. She had been unsure how she felt about it. But seeing the happiness on his face, and Cat’s, she found peace with it. ‘Their happy.’ She thought, both happiness and heartache waging war inside her. Just like the rest of them, she knew. He was mortal. She wasn’t.

Jace wasn’t sure how he felt about seeing his father with Cat. Sure, he deserved happiness. ‘But at what cost?’ He thought. The man that had taken him in as a child had spent more than twenty years in a miserable marriage, but he couldn’t help but wonder how much pain he was going to feel in the end. Or Cat. She would live forever, and with the pain of losing him one day.

Simon still didn’t know what to think about Robert and Cat’s relationship. ‘I just hope they don’t end up heartbroken.’ He thought.

“Is Alec and Clary back yet?” Izzy asked, watching her father pull out of his ‘girlfriends’ arms.

“No.” Magnus said still staring out into the night, watching for the man he loved most in this world. The man he was supposed to marry the next day.
A swirling gold portal opened before them, a teary eyed Alec and Clary stepping through. Relief coursed through Magnus at the sight. His angel was obviously upset but seemed physically unharmed. But fear quickly retook his hold at what he saw in his young warrior’s arms.

“Lydia?” Robert asked, quickly crossing to his son as Alec gently lowered her to the grass.

“She was with the squad of Shadowhunters that showed up. We weren’t able to finish before they got there.” Alec said softly.

“Where are the rest of them? Were you seen?” Izabella asked, fear coursing through her. If her grandson and parabatai were seen, well, she couldn’t think about the consequences now.

“No. The most they could have seen was two Shadowhunters and a couple of demons.” Clary said, dropping down beside her parabatai. She couldn’t stop herself from rubbing a comforting hand across his back.

“What happened, Alexander?” Magnus asked, dropping down beside his Shadowhunter in front of the unconscious girl. Robert had called her ‘Lydia’. He could only assume that it was Lydia Branwell.

“Um...When we saw them coming, I told Clary to fall back. But a rune came to her and it...blasted them back. They hit the ground pretty hard about a hundred yards out.

We were able to finish the demons, but Lydia came to. I was stupid, alpha. I went to her as she was coming to me.” Alec said, his voice trembling.

“She tried to kill him.” Clary said calmly. “She must have forgotten how fast he is. He snapped her wrist before the dagger even got close. She didn’t get a chance to finish her words before he had no choice but to defend himself.”

“Cat, please look at her. I know I shattered her jaw and fractured her skull. But please tell me that I didn’t kill her.” Alec pleaded, fresh tears for the girl that he had hoped was still a friend sliding down his cheeks.

“Alright, sweetie.” Cat said gently, her heart breaking as she dropped to her knees in front of the unconscious girl that had tried to kill her mate’s son. Gently pressing her fingers to Lydia’s
temples, she pushed her magic out, assessing the damage. “Her skull is fractured, and she has a concussion. But she’ll live. Do you want me to heal her?” She asked.

“No.” Alec said softly, remembering the pain of his own head injuries. “The Clave needs to believe that she was injured the same way as the rest of her squad. But she will recover?” He asked.

“Yes, sweetie. It will take some time, but she will.” She said.

“Why did you bring her back, Alec?” Jace asked, unsure what his brother had been thinking.

“She saw us. We need to make sure that she doesn’t remember that.” Alec said, looking up at his brother, meeting his eyes.

Jace nodded, yes.

“Alpha, you can erase her memory, right? You’re powerful enough that the Silent Brother’s won’t be able to detect it?” He asked.

“I can, angel.” Magnus said, hesitant. “But with a memory wipe, there’s no telling for certain how much she’ll lose. It could be a day, a week, a month, or years.” He said softly.

“Whatever she loses she loses. I won’t risk Haven for her.” Alec said firmly.

“Then what, son?” Robert asked, staring down at the girl who had had such a big crush on his boy. The girl that had turned on him and tried to kill him. It was taking every ounce of self-control that he had not to kill her then and there.

“I take her back. To where the squad is. Or was. They may be gone by the time I get there. If there not, I’ll wait inside the wards until they leave and lay her in the grass. They should just think that they overlooked her in the dark. Another squad will come back looking for her and the demons.” Alec said, looking up at his father. He saw the anger there and thought maybe it was for him. For being weak.
Gazing into his son’s beautiful blue eyes he saw the heartache, and his anger diffused. His boy was hurting.

“You know that people are going to die in this war don’t you, Alec?” Simon asked. He didn’t want to make things worse for his best friend, but if he couldn’t accept that fact, they wouldn’t win this war.

“I know that, Si. But it doesn’t have to be today. And she doesn’t have to be the first. The Shadowhunter World needs to see her present if for anything for Aline.

Without Lydia, Aline will be the next to present. And the signature on her death warrant will be mine.” He said softly.

“You don’t know that. Jia knows about Aline.” Simon said softly. “She’ll get her out of Idris.”

“We don’t know that and I’m not willing to risk it.” Alec said, shaking his head no. “Lydia is a murderer. Aline’s not. I know it. In my heart I know it.” He said, looking up into his best friend’s eyes.

Simon gazed into his best friend’s eyes and saw that he truly did believe his words. And he did have a valid point. Lydia had shown her true colors. With her presentation, Aline had a better chance.

“Okay.” He said softly.

“Alpha?” Alec asked, gazing into the chocolate brown eyes he loved so much. Crystal blue locked on chocolate brown.

Magnus could see how badly his sweet omega needed this in his beautiful crystal blue eyes. He couldn’t deny him this, not when he could do it so easily.

“Okay, sweetheart.” He said, gently pressing his fingertips to Lydia’s temples. Closing his eyes soft green magic emanated from his hands, sinking into Lydia beneath his touch. After a few seconds he pulled his hands away. “That should do it. I tried not to go back too far, but tonight is gone.” He said, cupping Alec’s cheek.
“Thank you.” Alec said softly, laying his hand over his warlock’s.

“What now, sweetheart?” He asked.

“I take her back. Let the next squad find her.” Alec said, looking down at Lydia. Not Lydia the friend, but Lydia the murderer. The girl who hated what she herself was going to become.

“No.” Jace said firmly. “We take her back. We’re a team. A family. We do this together.” He said firmly.

Looking up Alec saw it, in his brother’s eyes, his sister’s, his best friends, and his parabatai’s. They were with him, just like they always had been.

“I’m sorry.” He said softly, gazing back down at the unconscious girl.

“Don’t be, son. You wanted to help her. She wanted to hurt you.” Robert said, gently laying a comforting hand on his shoulder.

“I thought you were angry.” He said, unable to look up at the father he had come to love, to meet his eyes. Not after the anger he had seen there.

“At her, son. Not you.” Robert said softly, lifting Alec’s chin to meet his eyes. “We we’re all hoping that she was still your friend. You’ve already lost so many. And you wanted to save her. We all did. But you can’t. And I know that hurts.”

Alec nodded, yes.

“Well, we need to get her back before the next patrol comes.” He said, reaching beneath his once friend and lifting her carefully into his arms. He didn’t want to make her injuries any worse than they already were.

“I’ll open a portal. Take us back.” Clary said, climbing to her feet. Their used weapons lay on the
ground at her feet.

“I’ll come with you.” Magnus said, climbing up himself. “I can dispose of the demon remains. Send them back to Edom. There won’t be anything left behind. They can’t question who killed the demons if there are no demons.”

Alec nodded, yes. He hadn’t thought of that.

“I’ll come with you. Two warlocks are faster than one.” Cat said, climbing up beside her oldest and dearest friend.

“Alec.” Izabella called.

Alec looked at his grandmother, dread filling his belly for what he might see. He had carried a Shadowhunter for the Clave into Haven.

“You did the right thing.” She said. “In bringing her here to Uncle Mags you protected us all. And Aline. I just hope that she’s the friend that you hoped Lydia would be.” She said, compassion for her grandson shining in her eyes. She too could see his pain and understood it. She had lost more friends than she cared to count when she had presented. “We’ll wait here. You go do want you need to do.”

Alec nodded yes as Clary drew her portal rune, the swirling gold portal starting to open.

“I’ll guide us Alec, but I need to hold on to you to get you there. Everyone else form a chain.” She said, looking back at her family.

“Do you want me to carry her, son?” Robert asked.

Alec looked up, surprised.

“I’ve got her.” He said softly. ‘It’s my weight to carry.’ He thought.
Robert nodded, yes.

“I’m right behind you then.” He said, meeting his son’s crystal blue eyes. He could still see the pain there, and the regret.

Alec wasn’t sure what to think. His father had never come with them on a mission before. And that’s what this was. His mission.

“We’ve got to go, guys.” Clary said as the portal fully opened, a firm hand on Alec’s arm and a chain formed by her family holding her other hand.

One by one Izabella watched her son and grandchildren disappear, along with her Uncle Mag’s and Cat. She sighed as the portal closed behind them.

From the cover of the trees Alec surveyed the road. The seven Shadowhunters they had left behind were gone, but the demon corpses remained.

“Alpha, can you see if anyone’s around? I just want to be sure no one’s waiting for us.” Alec said.

“Of course, angel.” Magnus said. Closing his eyes, he pushed his magic out. Searching. “There’s not a soul for miles.” He said, opening his eyes.

“Okay. Let’s get this done and get back.” He said, stepping out of the trees.

He moved quickly, crossing the distance from the tree line to where the Shadowhunters Clary’s ‘shockwave’ rune had landed more than a hundred yards away, his family right behind him. He could see drops and small splatters of blood on the ground where the wounded Shadowhunters had landed. ‘I hope they come back for her.’ He thought. He surveyed the landscape before moving a few feet further from the road before lowering her gently onto the grass half a dozen feet away.

They all watched as their brother gently lowered their once friend to the soft grass, their own hearts
breaking just a little. Not just for his pain, or for what she had done, but for the loss of yet another friendship. They all knew then in their hearts that they were going to lose a lot of ‘friends’ in this war, something that was finally for the first time truly sinking in. But they also knew that there was no other way.

Alec couldn’t help but stare down at Lydia’s unconscious form. None of them could. She hadn’t just betrayed him; she had betrayed them too.

“We need to go, Alexander. Before a patrol comes back for her.” Robert said. He had given his children as long as he thought he safely could. He knew The Idris Institute well. He had spent enough time in Idris, in Alicante to know. They would send someone back for a missing Shadowhunter quickly. There were so few Shadowhunters left after the war that they wouldn’t risk losing one. And there would be even less after this war.

“Okay.” Alec said, forcing himself to look away from the one he had wanted so desperately to save, to protect. She had tried to kill him for what he was, hated him for it. He just wondered what she would think of herself when her time came. But he knew in his heart that he couldn’t help her then. Or protect her. ‘She’s on her own.’ He thought.

Turning away he saw his warlock’s watching them. The ground where the demons had lain was spotless, no trace of them or the battle left behind. The Shadowhunter patrol that had come across him and his parabatai would all be called into question about the ‘Shadowhunters’ they will claim to have seen. Why would there have been two Shadowhunters when there was no evidence of demons?

Rather or not the Silent Brother’s would be able to confirm their story or if they would be subjected to The Soul Sword, he didn’t know. Or particularly care. All that mattered was that they couldn’t be identified.

Quickly crossing the distance to his warlock he wasn’t surprised when he pulled him into his arms, holding him close.

“It’s going to be alright, sweetheart.” Magnus murmured softly in his ear.

“Is it?” Alec asked. “How many of the omega’s that are going to present hate omega’s? How many of them will we be able to help?” He asked, resting his head on his warlock’s shoulder.
“That, angel, I don’t know. All we can do is try to help them one at a time. But right now we need to get back. There’s movement headed this way about two miles out.” Magnus said softly, releasing his Shadowhunter but holding his hand tightly in his own.

“Okay.” He said, squeezing his alpha’s hand. “Is everyone ready?” He called. “We’ve got movement two miles out. We need to head back.”

“Ready when you are, bro.” Jace said, their family circling their brother. Their leader, their commander.

“How did you find us, Alec?” Cat asked. “When you portaled into Haven?”

“I just…followed Magnus.” Alec said, shrugging his shoulders. “I felt him. Through our bond, I guess. So I followed it to where he was.”

No one knew what to say to that. Magnus had said the same thing weeks before when he had followed Alec through a portal the night Alec had killed the moloch demon. What they both had now described was unheard of. You had to know where you were going when you went through a portal or you could get lost in limbo.

“Okay.” She said, unsure what to think about that.

“If you don’t mind Biscuit, I’ll take us home.” Magnus said.

“Be my guest.” Clary said, taking Alec’s hand on one side, Jace’s in the other. Once again their family formed a chain.

Magnus swirled his arms, a portal opening before him.

“Everybody hold on tight and don’t let go!” He called over the roar of the open portal. Taking Alec’s hand in his again they stepped through one by one, disappearing into the night when the portal closed behind them.
Magnus held a silent Alec in his arms on their bed, wanting desperately to comfort him. His young warrior had barely spoken since they had arrived back in Haven almost two hours earlier. His Shadowhunter had looked their family over thoroughly for injuries, asked that Catarina do the same, then told them to go get cleaned up. He wouldn’t talk about what had happened with them, or with him. Then he had stood under the spray of a scalding shower for almost an hour.

He could tell that his sweet omega was hurting, that Lydia Branwell had broken his heart in a way that it had never been broken before. More than anything his angel had wanted to save the girl that he once had been able to call a friend, a girl who is going to present as an omega. Something that she apparently hates. But his Alexander’s silence as he lay in his arms was killing him.

“Sweetheart. We have to talk about this.” He said softly.

It took Alec a minute to answer, but he finally did.

“What is there to talk about? Lydia hates omegas. She’s going to present as an one. And after tonight…after tonight I can’t help her. She’s going to present, probably hate herself, then will have to deal with the Clave on her own.” He said softly.

“Don’t you mean we can’t help her, love?” Magnus asked gently. “Saving the omega’s that your Angel is showing you doesn’t fall just on you, sweetheart. We’re a team. A family. We’re in this together.”

“I know. It’s just…she’s like me. I didn’t know that I was going to present until it happened, just like she won’t.” He said, barely loud enough to be heard.

“So you identified with her.” Magnus said, understanding.

“She’s going to die, alpha. The Clave is going to kill her because we had to send her back. Because I had to send her back. Because I let her see me.

We couldn’t bring her here after what she did. She wouldn’t have believed us if we had let Cat heal her and told her what was going to happen, and she probably would have run back to the Clave. Risking everyone here.
If I hadn’t let her see me, maybe we could have gotten to her after she presented when she would have needed and maybe accepted help. When she wouldn’t have been so filled with hate.” He said, a tear sliding down his cheek. “It’s my fault. I told Clary to fall back. I should have done the same. But I didn’t. I didn’t think.”

“All you could think about was your friend.” Magnus said softly.

Alec nodded, yes.

“I was stupid.”

“You weren’t stupid, love. Not stupid at all. It’s not stupid to want to help someone. I know that you had been holding out hope that she was still your friend. You had no way of knowing.” Magnus said, gently wiping the tear away.

“I shouldn’t have risked it.” He said, shaking his head. “It’s my job to think things through. To not rush in. I didn’t do my job and now she’s going to pay the price.”

“I think you’re laying too much of the blade here on yourself, sweetheart. She has some blade in this too. Most of it actually. And I’m honestly not sure that all of her hatred and anger had anything to do with you being an omega.” Magnus said, cautiously.

“What do you mean?” Alec asked, sitting up to face his warlock.

“Biscuit said that she hugged you first. That she seemed genuinely relieved that you were alright. Before…” Magnus started… “And it wasn’t a secret that she had a big crush on you.” He said, stroking Alec’s cheek. “For a long time from what I hear. I’m wagering that she was probably hoping that one day she might have had a shot with you. That maybe one day you might see that she liked you and like her back.

Back then, before you presented, she probably flirted with you. Made advances. It’s been my experience over the years that that’s how it works. And they were all advances that you didn’t notice. You were too tied up in your training and training others, on top of your other responsibilities.
It wouldn’t surprise me if she thought that maybe you were just playing hard to get. I’ve seen it couldn’t times in my life.” He said, watching Alec’s brows furrow in concentration. He knew that he was thinking back, trying to remember. “You wouldn’t have noticed, angel. Not for any of those reasons at least.”

“Why not?” Alec asked, confused.

Magnus smiled at his Alexander. ‘He’s still so innocent.’ He thought.

“Because you don’t like girls, love. You wouldn’t have noticed because you weren’t the least bit interested, and never would be. And I think that might have been a big part of what fueled her anger tonight.”

“I don’t…” Alec started.

“Think about it, angel.” Magnus said, gently cutting him off. “Biscuit said that Lydia’s had a crush on you for years. That means that she spent a lot of time hoping for something between you. And just like everyone else, she had no idea that you were gay. Not until you presented.

Then she knew. Then she knew that she had never had a chance. That she had spent all that time wishing and dreaming about something that was never going to happen. And I’m thinking that maybe that made her a little angry.

There’s an expression, love. ‘Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned’. I wouldn’t be surprised if she thought that you had somehow done her wrong, when it all actuality you did nothing of the sort.”

“So you don’t think it was just because I’m an omega?” Alec asked.

“No, angel. I don’t.” He said, sitting up to cup Alec’s cheek. “I know that you hated what you had to do, that you had to send her back. But you were right. We couldn’t have brought her here because she wouldn’t have believed us.

She wouldn’t have believed that you knew that she is going to present as an omega because you saw it in a vision from your Angel, and probably would have run back to the Clave thinking that you were insane. Risking us all, just like you said.
And I know that it hurts you to know that she’s all alone now because things happened the way they did when you yourself felt so alone in the beginning. But that’s not your fault. It’s not your fault that she was on that squad, or that she woke up when the others didn’t.

But I don’t blame you for approaching her. No one does. Because we all agree that if we had been in your place that we would have done the same thing. So please stop blaming yourself. Stop blaming yourself for doing what you thought was right when I think that there is far more to this than what you first thought.” He said softly.

Alec nodded, yes. As he thought about it, he knew that his alpha’s words made sense. And were probably right. Had he been in Lydia’s position, he might have felt the way his warlock had said. He couldn’t imagine having a big crush on his alpha for a long time, for years, hoping that one day he would maybe have a chance to be with him only to find out that he never would. He thought that maybe he would have been angry too.

Magnus could see that his sweet omega was working it through in his head and starting to understand. He could see as some of the tension drained out of his Shadowhunter that he was starting to let some of the blame go. But he also knew his young love well enough to know that the remaining tension in his shoulders and by the way he was biting his bottom lip that something else was bothering him.

“Something else is on your mind, sweetheart. Something that’s bothering you. Want to tell me what it is?”

Alec turned away, unable to meet his warlock’s eyes. He was too ashamed.

“Angel? Talk to me.” Magnus said softly.

Alec wasn’t sure how to form the words. How to admit to his alpha what he had done.

“Alexander.” Magnus said, tilting Alec’s chin to meet his eyes, worry a ball of led in his belly. Some else was really bothering his Shadowhunter. “Whatever it is, you can tell me. You can tell me anything.” He said softly.

“I don’t know that I can. It’s too bad.” Alec said, barely loud enough to be heard.
“Silly Shadowhunter.” Magnus said, smiling. “There not a thing in this world that you could tell me that would change how much I love you. Together forever. Remember?” He said, quoting Alec’s earlier words.

Alec swallowed hard. He knew that his alpha was right. He could tell him anything.

“I did something tonight. Something really bad. Something I’ve never done before. At least, not on purpose.”

“What, love?” Magnus asked gently.

“I hit a woman. Even as a child when my mother beat me bloody, I never hit her. I could have easily defended myself, but I didn’t. It didn’t matter that she was hurting me. I just…I couldn’t hit her.” He said, another tear sliding down his cheek.

“Oh, sweetheart.” Magnus said, pulling his sweet omega into his arms. ‘He has such high moral values.’ He thought. “What you did tonight, you had no choice. You were defending yourself against a woman who was trying to kill you.” He said softly, Alec’s head resting on his shoulder.

“But I did.” Alec said, barely more than a whisper. “I didn’t have to hit her. There are other ways. I could have spun her and choked her out. I could have taken her down and restrained her. I didn’t have to hit her.”

“Are you sure about that?” Magnus asked, softly stroking Alec’s back. “Are you sure that you could have spun her? Without giving her time to draw another weapon? Without giving her another chance to hurt you?”

I think you know, deep down, that there wasn’t another option. Your instincts are just that good. You’re just that good.

I think you knew that there was no other way. I think you knew that regardless of what you did, she was going to get hurt, rather you ‘choked her out’ or ‘took her down and restrained her’. I think you knew that she was going to get hurt no matter what you did. So you did what your instincts told you to. You neutralized a threat as quickly and as painlessly as possible.”
“Painlessly? I shattered her jaw and fractured her skull.” He sobbed, gripping his warlock’s shirt.

“I know. But a shattered jaw can be healed with an irazte. I’ve seen it done myself. The day we got here when you healed your fathers.

As for the rest? How many of her bones would have been broken in the process of taking her down and restraining her? And getting her here so I could wipe her memory? Something that you already knew that you had to do, to protect hundreds of people.

How else would you have been able to send her back, something I know you also knew that you were going to have to do? How else were you going to do that without an injury that wouldn’t raise suspicion with the Clave after Biscuit used that rune on her squad?” He asked, pulling back from his young warrior to meet his eyes. Crystal blue locked on chocolate brown.

“Sweetheart, you have a brilliant mind when it comes to combat. I think you analyze information far more quickly that you realize. Faster than anyone realizes. I think you knew the moment she drew that dagger everything that was going to have to happen before any of it did.

I also know that ‘hitting a woman’ goes against everything that you stand for. You have such high, wonderful values and moral standards. Values and morals that our world is always going to need. But this is war. And sometimes in war we have to do things that we wouldn’t normally do.”

“I can’t let this war change me, alpha. I can’t let this war change who I am. I just can’t.” Alec said softly.

“And it won’t. Doing what has to be done won’t change who you are. In doing one thing that pains you, you saved over 600 lives. And we’re going to save countless more. If not in today’s age of Shadowhunters, in countless ages to come.

What’s throwing two punches compared to saving countless lives throughout eternity? And not just omega lives, lives like Madzie’s, but the lives of hundreds of mixed species families. Families and children that if we don’t change things will be slaughtered by the Clave for no other reason than because of who they love. Because of who their mates are?”

“You’re right.” Alec said softly, having heard his warlock’s words. They made sense. They all made sense. Had it hurt hitting Lydia? Yes. But it had also been necessary. He knew it now. In his heart, mind, body, and soul.
“The fact that this has troubled you so much Alexander just goes to show what a beautiful person you are, inside. And tomorrow, I have the honor of marrying the most beautiful man in the world. Inside and out.” He said, softly caressing Alec’s cheek.

Alec could see the truth of his alpha’s words, and that he truly believed them. Even though it had only been a few hours, he took his first real breath in what felt like ages. He felt like himself. Not the monster that he thought that he had become.

Magnus could see the acceptance of his words in his angel’s beautiful crystal blue eyes, and that he was okay. Leaning in he pressed a soft kiss to his Shadowhunters lips.

Alec melted into the soft kiss, a soft sigh escaping him. He gladly granted his warlock entrance when he licked his bottom lip, savoring the taste of him on his tongue.

“Magnus! Alec!” Cat called through the wood of the door.

“Lilith, she has the worst possible timing.” Magnus muttered when the kiss broke for the second time that day.

“Ignore it.” Alec said.

“We can’t. I’ve known her for over 400 years. She won’t go away.”

“Alexander Gideon Lightwood! You better open this door or I’m going to kick it in.” Clary shouted through the wood.

Alec sighed.

“She’ll do it too.” He said softly, pressing his forehead to his alpha’s. With another deep sigh he climbed up, crossing to the door.

“What do you want?” He asked when he opened it.
They had waited outside until she had felt that Alec was okay before they had knocked on the door.

“You two to get your asses in gear.” Clary said. “Chop, chop. You’ve got a bachelor party to attend.”

“What?” Magnus asked, smoothly wrapping his arms around Alec’s waist.

“A bachelor party.” She said. “Let’s go. It’s all set up in the dining hall. Instead of each of you having one were doing a two for one special.”

“Clary…” Alec started.

“No arguments. This isn’t up for discussion. You need a little fun and you’re going to have it.” She said sternly.

“I can give him fun.” Magnus said, pressing a soft kiss to the back of Alec’s neck.

“And you will, starting tomorrow night. You can give him three days of it. Tonight? Tonight, we’re having a rocking bachelor party and your groom is crashing elsewhere. We’ve been over this. It’s tradition. So like the parabati said, chop, chop.” Cat said, unable to hide her smirk at the annoyance she saw in her oldest and dearest friends’ eyes.

“Come on, Alec.” Clary pouted. “It’ll be fun.”

“That is so not fair, Clare-bear.” Alec chastised.

Cat bit her cheek, trying not to smile. This time she had brought backup. Shadowhunter backup. She knew better than to come at Magnus twice in one day and that Alec wouldn’t be able to deny his parabati. He loved her too much.

“Please? For me?” Clary asked, giving him her most innocent look.
“Fine.” He said, relenting. He couldn’t deny her pouts or her innocent look, even though he knew that she was far from innocent. “But I’m so kicking your ass in training when I get back from my honeymoon.”

“Okay.” She said, all smiled. She already knew that he wouldn’t. He wouldn’t have the time. Not while he scrambled to get things done before his ‘rest period’. “We’ll see you in the dining hall in….” She trailed off, looking at her watch. “Fifteen minutes.”

Magnus sighed. He didn’t want to go, but he remembered his earlier thoughts. He didn’t want to deny his Shadowhunter any experience or precious memory.

“If he doesn’t kick your ass Biscuit, I will. Just on principle. I don’t have a two week rest period coming up.” He said, already knowing her thoughts from the gleam in her eye.

“You can try.” She said, chuckling. “One warlock against five Shadowhunters. Good luck. Dad’s with us on this one. Fifteen minutes.” She said before she turned away, her blonde hair swinging behind her with the movement.

“Catarina, you’re going to pay for this. I’ve known you long enough to know why you brought her. But it won’t be when we get back from our honeymoon. It will be when you least expect it. Now get out of here so we can change.” Magnus said before slamming the door in her face.

Cat smiled. ‘Yeah right.’ She thought. ‘He’ll be thanking me before the nights over. Especially with what we’ve got planned.’

Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a vote. Feel free to follow me on Twitter @ BrandyB17922482, Tumblr @ BouncerGirl, or friend me on FaceBook @ www.facebook.com/brandy.bailey.142035
Magnus gave Alec’s hand a gentle squeeze.

“Relax, sweetheart.” He said. He could feel his young warrior’s nerves coming off him in waves. “It’s going to be fine.”

“Relax? How am I supposed to relax?” Alec asked, butterfly’s flapping around like bats in his belly.

Magnus chuckled.

“What’s funny?” Alec asked.

“You. You’re what’s funny. You can take out hundreds of demons in a war zone, do quadruple backflips on a three inch beam thirty feet in the air and jump sixty feet out of a tree landing perfectly on your feet without so much as batting an eye but going to a party wigs you out.” Magnus said, unable to hide his smile.

“Wigs?” He asked, confused.

“It means ‘freaking out’, angel.” Magnus said, raising Alec’s hand to hips lips for a soft kiss, ruby red diamonds sparkling in the moonlight.

“You don’t understand, alpha. Those things I know how to do.” He said softly.

“There’s no reason to stress, love. It’ll be fun.” Magnus said, pressing another soft kiss to Alec’s hand.
“That’s what my family said before my last party.” He said, barely more than a whisper.

In that instant Magnus knew. He knew why his Shadowhunter was so tied up in knots. His last party. His presentation. Tugging on Alec’s hand he pulled him to a stop. Turning to face him he gently cupped his cheek.

“We don’t have to go, angel. Not if you don’t want to.” He said, gazing into the crystal blue eyes that he loved so much.

“But they’re expecting us.” Alec said softly.

“They’ll get over it. If you don’t want to go, we won’t go.” He said, stroking Alec’s cheek.

“No. We can go. But that doesn’t mean that I can’t be a little nervous about it. Besides, it’ll be good practice for tomorrow, right?” Alec asked, gazing into the chocolate brown eyes he loved so much. He saw his warlock’s sincerity there. He meant it when he said that they didn’t have to go.

But they would go. His alpha was right. He had faced hundreds of demons in a war zone, he could do quadruple backflips on a three inch beam thirty feet in the air, and he could jump sixty feet out of a tree while landing perfectly on his feet without so much as batting an eye. So he could do this. He would do this. Because he was going to live forever with his warlock, and he was sure there were going to be other parties.

“Are you sure, love? Because we don’t have to.” Magnus said, already seeing the answer to his question in his young love’s eyes. The determination he saw there was one that he imagined that he would see right before his sweet omega went into battle outnumbered ten to one by hell demons.

“I’m sure. Just stay close, okay?” He asked, squeezing his warlock’s hand.

“I won’t let go if you won’t.” Magnus said, intertwining their fingers, ruby red and crystal blue diamonds sparking side by side in the moonlight.

“Hey! Are you guys coming or what?” Jace called, jogging towards them.
“We’re coming.” Alec said, giving his alpha’s hand one last squeeze.

“Good.” Jace said, coming to a stop beside them. “Because I really didn’t want to die tonight. Clary and Cat sent me to get you two and said not to come back without you. So I figure it was either die at the hands of the most powerful warlock and best Shadowhunter to ever live for rushing them, or the parabatai, who happens to be my mate, and said warlock’s second in command for coming back empty handed.”

“Clary wouldn’t have killed you, Jace. You know that. Made you sleep on the couch for a month? Probably. Kicked your ass in training for six months, defiantly.” Alec said, smirking at his little brother. His parabatai was not one to be reckoned with. “But she wouldn’t have killed you.”

“Catarina wouldn’t have given it a second thought.” Magnus shrugged. “You’d have been dead in a finger snap just for causing her the trouble of coming to see what was holding us up herself.”

“Good to know.” Jace said, nodding. “Anyway, are you two ready? Because everyone’s waiting.”

“Define everyone. And please don’t say everyone.” Alec pleaded.

“Sorry, bro. Anybody who’s anybody is already there. Rumor is even the Seelie Queen might make an appearance.” He shrugged.

“But this is a bachelor party. Isn’t it supposed to be guys only?” Alec asked.

“From what I’m told, yes. But apparently you two are the exception. You get it all. So come on, let’s go before our sisters whip wraps around my throat and yanks us back.” He said, unconsciously rubbing his throat. The mental image was just too clear.

“Where in the angels name are they?” Izzy huffed; her hands planted firmly on her hips.
Get your panties out of a bunch. We’re here.” Alec said, behind her.

She spun, ready to rip him a new one for being late and stopped in her tracks, eyes going wide.

“Wow, Alec. If running late means you dress like that you can run late to any event.” She said, smiling as she looked him over from head to toe.

Alec’s cheeks turned crimson as his sister’s eyes swept over him. As Cat had said, his alpha was dressed and ready in a finger snap. He however, it took almost a half hour for his warlock to find something suitable for him to wear. His alpha had rejected everything in his closet saying again and again ‘no, that won’t do’. Finally, his warlock had just started summoning clothes for him to try on. By the eighth outfit he had said ‘no more’ and just picked colors that he liked at random.

The black long sleeved dress shirt rolled up his forearms showed off his muscles and runes beautifully. The slate grey dress pants, according to his warlock ‘made his ass look great’, and the black leather Gucci loafers he had to admit were comfortable.

“Is that Gucci?” She asked.

“Yep.” Magnus said, not bothering to hide his smirk. “From head to toe. Cleans up pretty, well doesn’t he?”

“I’ll say. You look great, big brother. But then again nobody can rock a pair of cargo’s like you do.” She said, unable to believe what was before her eyes. Her cargo pants and t-shirt loving big brother was decked out in designer clothes with his hair styled, something she had been sure she would never have lived see.

“She’s right, Alexander. You look like you could run an Institute in that. You do look great.” Robert said, coming up behind his daughter. He had to agree with his son’s alpha. His boy did clean up well.

“Thanks, dad.” Alec said, cheeks still pink. He knew that he would get a surprised reaction from his family, but not this much of one.

“Well, I think you look gorgeous. You better watch out, Magnus. Somebody just might try and take off with your groom.” Clary said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s cheek. She had snagged her
mates hand as they reached the door.

“Only if they have a death wish.” Magnus said, wrapping his arms around Alec’s waist. “He’s mine. And by this time tomorrow I will have the honor of calling him ‘my husband’.”

“I will string them up with you, Magnus.” Simon said, smiling at his best friend. He was used to seeing his leader is cargo pants and t-shirts. But Gucci? He never would have imagined. “So, are you guys ready for your bachelor party?”

“It depends. What all’s involved?” Alec asked, leery.

Jace laughed.

“Fun, big brother. Fun. Come on.” Jace said, leading the group into the already crowded dining hall.

What was earlier that day a simple dining hall with rows of tables and chairs now had tables circling the walls covered in dark purple cloths, a large dance floor sat in the middle, and the food line was well decorated and held trays of finger foods ranging from the simple to the gourmet. A DJ booth sat at the far end and a large bar sat beside it.

“Wow. Who would have thought that people ate lunch here just a few hours ago?” Alec asked, taking it all in.

“I know, right? Cat brought in the DJ equipment for Si. Iz insisted that we needed a dance floor. Clary picked the food with Cat and Cat picked the booze. Don’t know what most of it is but I guess we’ll find out.” He said.

“You are not getting drunk on the eve of your brother’s wedding, Jonathan.” Robert said firmly.

“Catarina better have stocked some champagne. I want to toast my groom.” Magnus said.

“Of course I did. How could I not?” Cat asked, wrapping her oldest and dearest friend in a tight hug. He had waited so long for this. For his mate. His future husband. And they were going to
Scanning the crowd Alec saw clan leaders of every pack now residing in Haven. He recognized Raphael Santiago, Lucian Garroway, Camille Belcourt, and dozens more. He saw all of the Seelie Knights. He also saw all of his alpha’s warlocks, most of which he had met. He had come to know Tessa, Sebastian, Dot, and Max fairly well. He also knew that it was only a matter of time before he knew them all. He would have an eternity to get to know them after all.

His eyes finally fell to rest on his grandmother, uncle, and his aunt Caroline seated at a large table in front of the dance floor, Madzie perched in her lap. His eyes met hers as hers met his.

“Alec!” Madzie cried, leaping from her mother’s lap. She was across the room in a flash and in Alec’s arms before anyone had time to blink.

“Hey, Madz. What are you doing here? Isn’t it past your bedtime?” Alec asked, brushing raven black hair of out her crystal blue eyes.

“Momma said that I could come stay for a little while ’til you got here and could have a dance with you and Uncle Magnus.” She said, wrapping her arms securely around his neck.

“Well you’ll get the first dance, sweet pea. How’s that sound?” He asked, watching her eyes light up.

“Really?” She squealed.

“Really.” He said, chuckling.

Magnus watched his soon to be husband with his little cousin and smiled. ‘They look so cute together.’ He thought. ‘One day he’s going to be holding our little girl like that.’

“When are we going to have our tea party?” She asked, mock pouting.

“Soon.” Alec said, chuckling. “I know, I know. I keep saying soon. But I’ve been really busy, Madz. But in about a week I won’t be as busy and we can have that tea party. You just talk to
Magnus about the when and the where and I’ll be there. Okay?” He asked, having no problem whatsoever throwing his alpha under the bus.

He had heard the same things everyone else in Haven had heard. His alpha was going all out for this tea party. He had already promised his Clare-bear a frilly dress and would kill to have pictures of his sister in one too. And his brothers in tights, which was apparently a thing once upon a time. If he was going to have to suffer through this two week rest period, so where they.

“Promise?” She asked.

“Promise.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to her cheek.

“I thought the first dance was mine.” Magnus said, half teasing. He wouldn’t take this away from his sweet omega and his cousin. They had grown too close. And they would have their tea party. He knew that his Shadowhunter had thrown him under the bus and didn’t care. He could have tea parties every day of his two week rest period if he wanted to if that meant he would slow down and take a breath.

“Nope. All mine.” Madzie said, wrapping her arms tighter around Alec’s neck. “You get him forever. I get him tonight.”

Magnus saw it then. The Lightwood stubbornness shone brightly in her crystal blue eyes. He couldn’t help but smile. He had a feeling that he was going to be seeing that a lot throughout eternity with his daughters. ‘Raven hair and crystal blue cat eyes.’ He thought for the millionth time. He had wondered countless times if all of their children would be like their daddy. He hoped with everything in him that they would be.


Madzie furrowed her brow. She wanted to dance with Alec tomorrow too. But her momma had told her that it was Alec’s and her Uncle Magnus’ special day, so they got whatever they wanted.

“Deal.” She said.

“So…um…since none of us have ever been to a bachelor party before who wants to clue us in as to
“What happens next?” Simon asked.

“Well, there will be a little mingling because all of the clan leaders are here, a little food, some music which is on you Simon, and some dancing.” Cat sat, smiling at the teen. ‘They’re so innocent to have done so much.’ She thought.

“What’s that pole for Ms. Catarina?” Madzie asked, pointing to a stripper pole on a stage in the middle of the dance floor.

“That’s for dancing, Madz. But you’ll already be in bed for that.” Magnus said, not missing a beat. He wasn’t sure why his oldest and dearest friend had put in a stripper pole, but he was going to find out. Discreetly.

Alec looked at his warlock, confused. He had been to Pandemonium once and had seen girls dancing on poles like that and wondered why it was there. Magnus shrugged, all innocence.

“How about you and Alec go get a snack, sweetie. Before the mingling starts. Then you can have your dance.” Cat said, all smiles for the little girl. ‘He’ll be holding his little girl like that one day.’ She thought, watching how Alec securely held the small girl in his arms, her legs wrapped around his trim waist. A waist that may soon be growing as his children did.

Alec wasn’t particularly hungry, but he knew that his fiancé would insist that he eat so he might as well do it now with his favorite little Lightwood.

“Come on, Madz. Let’s go see what yummy treats Clary and Cat picked out for us.” He said, adjusting her on his hip.

“Okay.” Madzie said, laying her head on his shoulder. It was obvious to all that she was getting sleepy.

“Then we’ll have that dance.” He said softly, pressing a gentle kiss to the top of her head.

“Okay.” She said, yawning.
Turning towards the food line he stopped mid step as he remembered, looking back at his warlock.

“Alpha?” He asked.

“Yes, sweetheart?” Magnus asked, accepting a flute of champagne from Sebastian.

“For our tea party, Iz needs a frilly dress too. A pink one, I think. And we’ll need pictures. Right, Madz?” He asked.

“Right. Frilly dresses for everybody.” She said, wide awake and giddy again.

“A pink frilly dress for Isabelle and pictures. Got it. It will most certainly be a photo worthy occasion.” Magnus said, grinning as Izzy paled, listening as Biscuit laughed at her.

Robert bit his cheek, trying and failing to hide his smile. His princess in a pink frilly dress. It would be a sight to behold, and he wanted pictures of his own. His two girls, his daughters, dressed up in eighteenth century frilly dresses for a tea party. ‘Whoever would have thought that the two most lethal women Shadowhunters to ever live would be wearing frilly dresses at a tea party?’ He thought.

“A penny for your thoughts?” Cat asked, handing him a champagne flute.

“Isabelle and Clarissa in frilly dresses at a tea party.” He said, pulling her to him for a soft kiss.

“Isabelle and Clarissa in frilly dresses at a tea party.” He said, pulling her to him for a soft kiss.

“Yes, that will be a sight. Now what would really be fun would be watching them train in them.” She said, laughing as he spit out his champagne mid sip.

“Yes, that really would.” He said, chuckling. He could see it clearly in his mind. His two girls wielding seraph blades and doing backflips in frilly dresses. “I might have to get the boys to dare them to do it.” He said, watching his oldest child and niece make their way to the food line. He was glad that they were having this party. His son deserved it. Lydia Branwell’s betrayal had hurt him. He knew his boy well enough to know that. “How did you and Clary manage to get Alexander here tonight?” He asked. He knew that she had gone with his son’s parabati to fetch him.
“A firm foot down from Clary and a few pouts.” She said, smiling as she sipped her own champagne.

“Aah. Pouts. That explains it.” He said, shaking his head. “He’s never been able to resist her pouts, or her innocent look.”

“There was some of that too. They’re quite the pair.” She said, watching Clary and Izzy whisper in the corner. She was unsure why the two teens had requested the stripper pole, but she was interested to find out.

“They are. They always have been. I think it started the first time her father hit her. At least, that any of us know about. Clary showed up at training one morning with a black eye. They had just started their official training.

I was in a meeting, so I didn’t find out about it until after morning training was over. When I did, I was livid. I knew how she had gotten it, and who had given it to her. But when I got to their quarters to confront him and show him what would happen should he ever raise his hand to her again I found that Alexander had beaten me to the punch. Literally.

Valentine was on the floor with Alexander’s foot planted firmly against his windpipe. Valentine was sporting black eyes of his own and what looked like a broken nose. I heard Alexander tell him that if he ever put his ‘pathetic paws on Clary again that for each bruise she had, he’d have broken bones to match’. And when he asked her father if he understood Valentine could barely get out a reply.

Later that afternoon I found Alexander and Clary in the training room for ‘a little one on one training’. I overheard him tell her that her father was never going to touch her again because he was going to show her how to stop him. I had been proud of Alexander for years before that. So very proud. But that day, in that room, that was the day he earned my respect. And he’s had it ever since.

Not just for what he did standing up to Valentine. Not just for calling her in for that extra training. Or for every extra training session after. But because from that day forward he’s watched over her, looked after her, and always, always made sure that she was safe.”

“Alec took on Valentine Morgenstern one on one at nine years old a beat him?” She asked, incredulous. She knew who Valentine Morgenstern was. Every downworlder in the world did.
He had tried to murder them all. He was a psychotic monster hellbent on death and destruction. A monster who had first been put in his place by a little boy, then put down for good by the same young man.

“He did. Never again did Clary show up anywhere with so much as a hair out of place. But Valentine, I caught him healing a few bruises and bones here and there with his iratze over the years. Bruises that Alexander didn’t have to deliver. Bones he didn’t have to break. Because Clary had done the damage herself. Because he had shown her how.” He said, unable to hide his pride, either for his son or his parabati.

Cat didn’t know what to say. She knew that Alec and Clary were parabati. She knew that they were extremely close. She just didn’t know how close, or why. She knew then that Alec wasn’t just Clary’s parabati. He was more than that. The bond they shared went deeper than that. He was, in every way her big brother.

Robert smiled. He knew that he had caught his mate off guard. There were only a handful of people in the world who knew what he had just told her, all six of them being in that one room, himself included. He had never told another soul, but he was certain that his son’s family knew. And now so did she.

“So tell me, my love. Why is there a stripper pole in the middle of the dance floor?” He asked.

“You’ll have to ask Clary and Isabelle about that one. They planned all this. All I did was deliver.” She said, watching as his eyes shot up to the two girls huddled in the corner.

"Isabelle? Have you seen Alexander?” Magnus asked, scanning the crowded dining hall for his fiancé.

“No in a while. Why? What’s up?” Izzy asked, scanning the room herself.

“I can’t find him.” He said, growing concerned. His Shadowhunter hadn’t really wanted to come to this party. It had been a rough night for him. For all of his Shadowhunters. Lydia Branwell’s betrayal had hurt them all, even if they hadn’t said it out loud.
“What’s wrong, guys?” Clary asked, behind him.

“Have you seen Alexander?” He asked, quickly turning to his angel’s parabatai.

“I think he went to the bathroom. But…that was a while ago.” She said, frowning. “I’ll get Jace. He has to be around here somewhere.”

“Don’t worry, Magnus. We’ll find him.” Izzy said.

“Find who?” Alec asked.

Magnus sighed, relieved.

“You, sweetheart. Where did you go?” He asked, pulling Alec into his arms.

“I just walked Madzie and Caroline out. It took a promise of a hundred dances and dozen pieces of wedding cake to get her to go to bed but she finally relented.” He said, a small smile tugging his lips. His little cousin was just too adorable. And most defiantly had the Lightwood stubbornness.

“Well if she’s getting all of those dances when am I going to get mine?” Magnus asked.

“How about one right now?” Clary asked, winking at Izzy.

“Okay…” Magnus said, wondering what she was up to.

“What give’s, Clary?” Alec asked, not bothering to wonder. He knew his parabatai well enough to know when she was up to something.

“What? Now’s a good time for a dance.” She said as Izzy slipped away, back behind the DJ booth to Simon.
Watching his sister slip away Alec knew that it was more than just his parabatai who was up to something. They all were.

“Clary?” He asked, eyebrows raised.

“Simon has a special song for you. Iz just went to tell him it was time.” She said with a shrug. She had followed his gaze as his sister had walked away.

“A special song?” Magnus asked.

“Mm-hmm. Just wait.” She said, smiling as Izzy gave her a thumbs up.

The song playing cut short, Simon coming clearly over the microphone.

“I’m sorry to interrupt everyone but as of yet our grooms have yet to share a dance this evening.” He said as everyone stopped and turned to him at the DJ stand, Jace joining him behind a keyboard. “Five and a half months ago Alec’s life changed in a very big and unexpected way. In the world we come from the omega nephilim race died out centuries ago. We were raised to believe that there hadn’t been an omega nephilim in over two hundred years and that one would either present as either an alpha or a beta.

Growing up everyone thought that Alec would present as a strong alpha. And why shouldn’t they? He was giving commands as a child. And resisting alpha commands, which I will admit made training interesting at times. Our trainer didn’t really know what to do the first time Alec commanded him in the training room.” He said, chuckling with the crowd.

“But in all seriousness. Alec’s presentation as an omega didn’t shock just us, or our Institute, but the entire Shadowhunter World.

The Shadowhunter World. Everyone in this room is familiar with the Shadow World. We’re all a part of it. But the Shadowhunter World? That’s a very different thing.

For eighteen years we lived in a world where we were raised and trained to fight. To fight together. As equals. And we were. Alec was. Until he presented. Then everything changed. Within hours friends, people he had known his entire life were no longer friends. Shadowhunters he had led in The Dark War, Shadowhunters who had trusted him with their lives turned their backs on him.
Shadowhunters from Institutes around the world that he had trained both before and after the war wanted nothing to do with him. They became cruel. Hateful. Because he presented as an omega. And being an omega, in their eyes he was no longer their equal.

And they were right. Alec wasn’t their equal. He never had been. Because he’d always been… more. So much more. He had always been better.

The song I am about to perform I wrote about six weeks after his presentation. When I sat down and wrote it, I was thinking about what I thought he might be feeling. He’s my best friend and he was hurting. We could see it. Our family could see it. But he wouldn’t talk about it. And I wanted to find a way to put it into words, the way he wouldn’t. Maybe it was because he couldn’t.

I didn’t think I’d ever let him hear it but tonight, on the eve of his wedding, I want him to. We want him to. Because what applied then, by this time tomorrow there isn’t a single word that will apply anymore, and for that I will thank every angel in the Heaven’s every day for the rest of my days.

Tomorrow you’ll take the first step in what is going to a magnificent destiny, Alec. You are going to do so many great and wonderful things, just like you always have. Only the great and wonderful things you’ll do now, you’ll be doing forever. We love you brother and hope that with this, the past will fully be the past. And that you never look back.”

Magnus watched his Shadowhunter closely. He could see the tears welling in his beautiful crystal blue eyes at Simon’s words. Taking him by the hand he led him out onto the dancefloor and pulled him into the safety of his arms.

Alec didn’t know what to think listening to his best friend. The friend he had always seen as a brother. He tried not to think about those days at the Institute. To not remember the pain and the sense of betrayal. Betrayal he saw every day and heard with every snide word or cruel comment. With every whisper behind his back. With every fight he had when another Shadowhunter taunted him for being what he was and challenged him. Not once did he back away from their challenges.

Each and every time he broke a nose, he had wondered why there were never any consequences. The Lightwood’s had a saying. ‘We break noses and accept the consequences.’ Now he knew. Now he knew that his father had understood why he had done it and allowed it. He had let him stand up for himself and show each and every Shadowhunter that thought that he was weak, that they were better than him because he was an omega, that they were wrong.

He didn’t resist when his alpha took his hand and pulled him onto the dance floor. He went gladly
into the safety of his arms, comforted when those arms wrapped around him. He was fighting the
tears that wanted to fall. Not because his brother had hurt him. But because he knew something
now that he hadn’t known then. His family had seen the pain that he had been trying to hide.
They just hadn’t known what to do about it.

“Are you alright, sweetheart?” Magnus asked softly as music started to play.

“I don’t know what to say.” He said softly.

“You don’t have to say anything, love. Just hold onto me and hear his words. I have a feeling that
they are going to have great meaning.”

Alec nodded yes, laying his head on his warlock’s shoulder.

“I don’t know how to dance.” He whispered.

“That’s okay, angel. Just follow my lead.” Magnus said, pulling his young warrior closer as
Simon started to sing.

Robert’s heart broke listening to Simon’s words. He was unsure how much of his eldest child’s
pain his other children had seen. He knew then that they had seen it all. Pain he did nothing to
shield his son from. Pain he had endured because he had let him down. Because he had done
nothing.

Cat saw the tears welling in her mate’s eyes and wanted to comfort him. She knew what he was
thinking. She had been in those meetings Alec’s first few days in Haven and knew how much the
man she loved hated himself for not doing anything to help Alec. She had seen it then just as she
was seeing it now. But it was a hatred that he needed to let go. Self-blame that he couldn’t hold on
to anymore. Something he shouldn’t hold on to anymore. If his son could forgive him, he should
forgive himself.

“Come on, my sweet.” Cat said, pulling Robert to his feet and onto the dancefloor. He went easily
into her arms as Simon started to sing.

‘Got a drop in my throat
A chill in my bones
When no one's around
See a light in a flare, but nobody's there
They don't hear a sound
All the burden that I face inside every night

I'm a stranger when I wake, wake up in their eyes

When the world I've come to know
Is a replica of the old
Forever alone

With the refuge that I take
My spirit never breaks
But I'm hiding away

It's a fragile world, fragile world, fragile world
It's a fragile world, fragile world, fragile world

Cause I've come too far, under the stars
The uneasy days
Mysterious ways
I'll never reveal
All the burden that I face inside every night

I'm a stranger when I wake, wake up in their eyes

When the world I've come to know
Is a replica of the old
Forever alone

With the refuge that I take

My spirit never breaks

But I'm hiding away

It's a fragile world, fragile world, fragile world
It's a fragile world, fragile world, fragile world
It's a fragile world, fragile world, fragile world
It's a fragile world, fragile world, fragile world

Izabella watched as her son’s girlfriend pulled him to his feet and onto the dancefloor. She had seen the tears in his eyes and the pain. Simon’s words hadn’t just broken his heart, they had broken hers. She thought she knew the pain that her grandson had felt after his presentation and understood it. But she had been wrong. She hadn’t had a clue. And hearing the words of Simon’s song she hoped with everything that she had that having it out there they would all finally find peace.
Magnus felt Simon’s words wash over him as he sang. As he held his angel in his arms as he
guided them as they danced, he mentally kicked himself for what felt like the hundred millionth
time. Because he hadn’t been there for his young love at a time when he had needed him the
most. He had failed him. And in that moment he prayed that in hearing his best friend’s words
that his sweet omega would finally be able to truly let the past go. What he didn’t know was that
his Shadowhunter already had. He just had.

“It’s okay, alpha.” Alec said softly. “Let it go.”

Magnus closed his eyes, fighting back his own tears. His Shadowhunter’s soft words were a
soothing balm to his soul. Holding his sweet omega tighter in his arms they danced, both knowing
that the past was now the past, and that it couldn’t hurt them anymore. That it wouldn’t.

A dozen dances later Alec finally made his way off the dance floor. He had danced most of them
with his alpha, then one each with his sister, his parabati, his grandmother, and Cat. He had seen
his warlock watching him and wanted to get back to him. As much as he had enjoyed dancing with
his family, he wanted to dance with his warlock. With the man that by this time tomorrow he
would have the honor of calling ‘his husband’.

“You look a little worn out, angel.” Magnus said, extending a champagne flute out to him. “I
didn’t think that was possible.” He said with a wink.

“Dancing isn’t really my thing.” Alec said, shaking his head no at the champagne and blushing at
the wink. They both knew the only time he got ‘worn out’.

“Come on, Alec. You have to toast your groom.” Cat said, taking the flute from Magnus and
putting it in Alec’s hand herself, oblivious to the blush.

“I don’t like alcohol, Cat.” He said, taking the flute with no intention of drinking from it.

“There’s a difference between alcohol and champagne, Alexander. Especially good champagne.
Cat made excellent selections.” Robert said, taking another flute off a tray for himself.

“Come on, sweetheart. Give it a try. If you don’t like that one there are plenty more you can try.
Besides, we need to know what to have tomorrow for our wedding toast.” Magnus said, encouraging.

Alec sighed. He knew that his warlock was right. And he remembered his earlier thought. He was sure that there were going to be other parties throughout eternity. Taking a small sip he grimaced.

“Okay. So not that one.” Magnus said, taking the flute from Alec’s hand.

“Here, try mine.” Cat said, extending hers out to Alec.

With a frown he took the flute from her hand, taking another small sip. This one he couldn’t swallow; he spit it back in the glass.

Robert laughed. He couldn’t help himself. The look on his son’s face before he spit the champagne back into his mate’s glass was just too good. And the spitting it back into her glass just made it that much better.

“That’s not funny, Robert.” Cat chastised. “Now you have to get me a new drink.”

“Here, sweetheart. This one I think you might like.” Magnus said, snapping his fingers. A flute of pink champagne appeared on the table beside them.

“What makes you think that?” Alec asked, leery.

“Just call it a hunch.” He said, smirking. He knew his Shadowhunter well. If he hadn’t liked his champagne, or Catarina’s, knowing what they both tasted like he thought he might have an idea on what would hit the spot for his young love. “Give it a try.” He encouraged.

With a heavy sigh Alec picked up the flute, sniffing the contents.

“Hmm. Doesn’t smell bad. That’s something.” He said before taking a small sip. This one he didn’t grimace at or spit out. Just to make sure he took another bigger sip. It was delicious. It was sweet and bubbly and tasted nothing like the others or the alcohol he had smelled and tasted in the
past on the rare occasions that he had tasted it.

“Well?” Magnus asked, already knowing the answer to his question. He could read his angel like a book and knew when he enjoyed something.

“It’s good. I like it.” Alec said, downing the rest.

“Woah. Slow down, Alexander. You’re not a drinker. Too much too fast will get you drunk or sick and I don’t think you want a hangover on your wedding day.” Robert said, taking the empty flute from Alec’s hand.

“Well, well. It looks like someone has a taste for the high dollar stuff.” Cat said, smiling.

“Will you be able to get that stocked for tomorrow, Catarina?” Magnus asked, glad that his Shadowhunter how found something that he liked. Something that he was going to enjoy toasting with.

“Of course. I already have several cases here already. It won’t take but a finger snap to get more. But I do recommend that you start stocking more of it in your collection.” She said, grabbing another flute off a tray and passing it to Alec. “A little slower this time, sweetie.”

“Okay.” Alec said, blushing. He hadn’t expected to like the pink champagne, but he did. And his father was right. He could easily overindulge with it.

“Ah, a little liquid courage I see.” Izzy said, beaming at her brother as she found him in the crowd. She had never seen him drink. Everything they had ever tried to give him he had hated. She had hoped that he would find something he could tolerate to toast with on his wedding day.

“Liquid courage?” He asked, confused.

“Yep. You’ll probably want to down that before long.” She said, smirking.

“Isabelle? What are you up to?” Magnus asked, wrapping his arms around Alec’s waist.
“Nothing much. We’re just about to enter the next part of your evening.” She said, all innocence as Clary made her way through the crowd to them.

“The next part of our evening?” Alec asked. He didn’t like the sound of that.

“You told them without me?!” Clary huffed, punching Izzy in the arm.

“No, brat.” Izzy said, rubbing her arm. “I was waiting for you. That hurt by the way.”

“You’re a Shadowhunter. Suck it up.” Clary said, nonplussed. “So, the next part of the evening.” She said, rubbing her hands together with glee.

“What in the angel’s name are you two up to?” Alec asked, growing concerned by the joyful, gleeful look shining in their eyes. ‘They are up to something big this time.’ He thought. “Is this something that I’m going to have to hurt you both for?”

“Probably.” Jace said, behind him. “I want it on the record that this was not my idea. I did not endorse or encourage it in any way, but I will laugh my ass off before it’s done.”

“May the Angel help us.” Robert muttered, rolling his eyes. For that sort of comment from his son he knew that whatever they were up to would all get their asses kicked in training. He was sincerely hoping that he would be immune. He had been training with his son for the past few weeks. “Since we’re going on the record, Alexander, please know that I have no idea what they’ve done or what they’re up to. I am completely innocent.” He said, hoping that might solidify his immunity.

“Okay, now I’m scared.” Alec said, staring at his sister and parabati. “What have you two nit wits done? And how long is your punishment going to last? Fess up. I know you already know.”

“Relax, big brother. By the time you’re done you will be thanking us. No punishments will be necessary.” Izzy said, pressing a soft kiss to his cheek. “Hopefully.” She amended. “Clary?”

“Right. Be right back.” Clary said, disappearing back into the crowd.
Alec watched as his parabati made her way through the crowd and up to Simon at the DJ booth. His vision was good enough that he saw his best friend’s smirk when she whispered in his ear. ‘He’s in on this too.’ He thought, already planning punishments in his head.

“Iz?” He asked, eyebrows raised.

“Just wait.” She said, all innocence and smiles.

For the second time that night the song playing cut short.

“Good evening, everyone.” Clary said clearly over the microphone. “Sorry to interrupt but um… it’s time for the entertainment portion of the evening.” She said as everyone stopped and turned to her to her at the DJ booth. “I have to say that my family and I don’t know much about bachelor parties, but from the intel we received during our interviews earlier today we think we gleaned a little insight. We kept hearing some of the same things over and over. One of which was that male bachelor parties always have strippers.”

Magnus and Robert spit out their champagne mid sip. Alec paled, glancing back at the stripper pole in the center of the dance floor.

“No obviously strippers aren’t an option. And we all agreed that my parabati’s fiancé wouldn’t allow it even if it were, so we decided on something else.” She said as the crowd chuckled. “Alec, finish that drink. You’re probably going to need it for this next part.” She said as Izzy stepped up beside her. No one had seen her disappear.

“We’ve heard from several of you that Magnus is just as competitive as our brother is.” Izzy said, having taken the microphone from Clary. “So we thought a little competition was in order. The best Shadowhunter in the world against the most powerful warlock.” She said, a spotlight lighting up the stripper pole in the center of the dance floor. “Just because we can’t have dancers in the ‘traditional’ sense doesn’t mean that we can’t have ‘dancers’. So here’s the deal.” She said, handing the microphone back to Clary.

“Alec and Magnus have to dance the pole against each other. Whoever does the better job at working it wins.” Clary said.

“Wins what?” Raphael Santiago called, the crowd laughing.
“They have to be joking.” Alec breathed, mortified.

“Just the kudos and bragging rights, Raphael.” Clary said, giggling. “These two are going to be competing against each other throughout eternity. So we see no reason why they shouldn’t start now.”

“As for the rules.” Izzy said, taking the microphone back from Clary. “Anything goes except for two things. No runes and no magic. Our boys have to win on their own with no angelic or magical help.” She said, grinning from ear to ear. She couldn’t wait to see her brother work a stripper pole.

“How was I supposed to know?” Cat asked, shocked but thrilled at the same time. She was kinda wishing that she had thought of it. Before she remembered Alec’s shyness and innocence. Then her stomach dropped to the floor.

“Each guy gets the song of their choice. You all decide who wins.” Izzy said. “And before my brother protests, this is an official challenge. Not once in his life has he backed away from a challenge.” She said, meeting his gaze across the room. She saw murder in his crystal blue eyes.

“I’m going to kill her. Kill them both. Sorry, dad. You can plan the rite of mourning’s for the day after tomorrow.” Alec said, fuming.

“We’ll push back our honeymoon a day to attend.” Magnus said, grinding his teeth. While he had no problem working the pole, he had done it hundreds of times throughout his long life, his Shadowhunter hadn’t and was still incredibly shy. Yes, he had an eternity before him to overcome such inhibitions as working a pole, but he wasn’t there yet. Nowhere near there. He had just recently started kissing in public.

“Understood. Rite of mourning’s the day after tomorrow. It’s on my calendar.” Robert said softly, utterly shocked at what his daughters had cooked up.

“Again, I want my innocence on the record.” Jace said, hands held up in surrender.
“You’re guilty by association.” Alec snapped, throwing back his champagne. “And for lack of warning.”

His sister was right. He had never backed away from a challenge a day in this life and he wasn’t about to start now. How he was going to pull this off when he didn’t even know how to dance, he didn’t know. The one thing that he did know was that he would be an only child come morning.

Gideon laughed behind them.

“Let’s see Mr. Perfect pull this off.” He said to Izabella, chuckling.

Robert spun faster than anyone could blink, his fist connecting smoothly with his brother’s jaw. He didn’t know where his little brother had come from and didn’t really care. He was a fast, well skilled Shadowhunter fueled by the anger of his daughters’ little stunt, one that they knew would mortify and humiliate his oldest child. His brother’s words ‘Mr. Perfect’ also hadn’t helped, they were ringing in his ears.

“Robert, no!” Cat and Izabella cried as one.

It took Alec, Jace, Magnus, and two vampires to hold Robert back from beating his brother to death.

“Stop.” Cat said softly, a hand pressed firmly to his chest. He was breathing hard and seething as Clary and Izzy got there. They had moved at lightning speed through the crowd when they heard Robert’s fist connect with Gideon’s jaw.

“What in the Angel’s name happened?” Clary asked, staring down at a dazed Gideon on the floor. Half the room had heard his head hit the tile.

“What in the Angel’s name were you thinking?” Alec asked, voice laced with anger and venom. He couldn’t care less about his bleeding uncle at his feet, but he had yet to let go of his father.

“Your uncle was running his mouth, again.” Cat said, ignoring Alec as she dropped to her knees beside Gideon.
“Don’t you dare heal him.” Robert seethed, anger still burning brightly in his eyes.

“I’m not going to, my sweet. But I do need to make sure that blow won’t kill him.” She said softly, her hands raised above Gideon’s head as her soft white magic eased into him, assessing the damage.

“Why?” Izzy spat. She was beyond tired of her uncle ‘running his mouth’ about her brother.

“Isabelle.” Magnus chastised, barely containing his own fury.

One look at his black eyes had Clary taking a step back but Izzy stood her ground.

“What? I’m tired of him running his mouth.” She said, outraged. “Cat, is he going to live?” She asked, annoyed.

“Yes.” Cat said, pushing to her feet. Putting her fingers in her mouth she whistled, loud. All remaining eyes turned to her. Most of the crowd was already watching. “As second in command to The High Warlock I hereby issue a decree. From this point forward no warlock is to give Gideon Lightwood any magical aid or healing outside of injuries sustained in hard training or combat.” She practically shouted.

“Yes, ma’am.” Every warlock in the room chorused. No one defied a direct decree from The High Warlock or his second in command.

“From here on out he gets to heal from injuries he brings upon himself on his own. I’m tired of healing the brother’s Lightwood. However, seeing as Robert is my mate you may heal him.” She said before she could stop herself.

The room fell silent at her words.

“Your what?” Alec asked, stunned.
Cat paled.

“I’m sorry, my love. I didn’t mean to tell them this way.” She said softly. “I know that it was for you.”

Robert relaxed in the arms that were restraining him. His *mate* was distressed.

“It’s alright, my sweet.” He said, pulling free of the arms that held him and pulling her into his own. “They were going to find out eventually.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to the top of her head.

Izabella was speechless. Her Robert had finally found his mate. Her heart swelled with joy that she had found her, then broke in her chest. His mate was *immortal*.

“Dad?” Izzy asked. The room had fallen so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

“Catarina is my mate.” Robert said, loud and clear. “I’m sorry, Alexander. I know that this is yours and Magnus’ night.” He said softly, gazing into his boy’s beautiful crystal blue eyes. He saw the joy, and the heartbreak shining in them. “It’s okay, son. We know what it means. And we’re content to take whatever we can get.” He said, pressing another soft kiss to the top of Cat’s head.

“Robert…” Izabella started, unsure how to finish.

“We can talk about this later.” Alec said, loud and clear. “A challenge has been issued and must be met.” He said, turning from his father and towards the crowd. He didn’t want his father to see him cry. ‘He’s finally found her, and she’s perfect.’ He thought.

A war of emotions was raging within the Lightwood family. *All of them.* Even those who didn’t know that they were *Lightwood’s.* Anger at Gideon. Happiness and joy for Robert and Cat. And heartbreak. Cat had waited centuries for her mate. And he was mortal. Robert had waited a lifetime for his, and she was immortal.

“We’ll deal with that later.” Alec said softly, knowing full well that his family could hear him. Robert and Cat looked at him, confused. “You knew, didn’t you?” He asked Magnus, just loud enough for him to hear.
“Yes, angel. I did.” Magnus said softly, only for his Shadowhunter’s ears.

“You didn’t tell me.” He said.

“It wasn’t my place. I told them when I found out that I wouldn’t lie to you, but it wasn’t my secret to tell.” Magnus said, hoping that his young warrior would understand.

Alec nodded, yes. He understood his warlock’s words. He was right. It wasn’t his secret to tell.

“Okay.” Alec said, easing into his alpha’s arms. Arms that wrapped securely around him, holding him close.

“Okay. Moving on!” Jace called. “As Alec has acknowledged a challenge has been issued. In this family we down back down from a challenge.” He said to the silent crowd. “If someone would kindly drag Gideon up off the floor and prop him in a chair we can get back to the party.”

Izzy laughed at her brother’s words; all anger forgotten. Alec groaned in his warlock’s arms.

“You are going to pay for this. All of you. I have a few hours before my wedding to kill when I can’t see my groom. I might as well use those hours to kill you.” He said, his head falling on his alpha’s chest.

“You don’t have to do this, sweetheart. It’s a silly challenge issued by two silly girls.” Magnus said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead.

“Yes, I do.” Alec said softly. “A challenge has been issued. But you’re going first.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to his warlock’s lips.

Magnus sighed. He knew his Shadowhunter well enough to know that he wouldn’t let this go. He wouldn’t back down from a direct challenge. It wasn’t in his nature.

“If you’re sure. But you can change your mind at any time.” He said, pressing another soft kiss to
“You know I won’t.” Alec said, smiling. “But I have a challenge of my own to issue.” He said before turning to the crowd. “I hereby issue a challenge to my family.” He said, using his command voice. It would be a challenge, not a command. But he needed to be heard. “My brothers and sisters must train for two hours in the open wearing their eighteenth century tea party wear. My sisters will be in frilly dresses, my brothers in tights. This is an official challenge.” He said, smirking as the crowd laughed.

He didn’t see the two Seelie Knights peel his uncle off the floor or dump him in a chair. Or his grandmother fussing over him. He only saw the pole looming before him.

“Magnus, put a stop to this.” Cat pleaded.

“I can’t, Catarina.” Magnus said softly. “He won’t stand for it.” He said, wishing desperately that he could stop it.

“He’s right, my sweet. It’s not in Alexander’s nature to back down from a challenge. Especially a public one such as this. He’ll do this and suffer the consequences.” Robert said, glaring at his daughters.

Both Izzy and Clary swallowed hard. Exchanging glances, they both thought ‘maybe we went too far’. They hadn’t thought about the ‘consequences.’

“Alec, sweetie, it’s really alright. You really don’t have to do this.” Cat pleaded.

“But I do.” Alec said, sighing. He saw the compassion and lack of judgement in her eyes and it warmed his heart. “But like I said, he goes first. No holding back.” He said, poking his warlock in the chest. “And those two come with me.” He said, glaring at Clary and Izzy.

“Okay.” She said softly. She knew then that her men were right, he wasn’t going to back down. It wasn’t in his nature. She just hoped that he would be able to live it down. Tomorrow was his wedding day, and he was the commander of an army of over 600 people. How he would face them after this, she didn’t know.

“How could our children do this?” She asked, leaning into Robert’s chest. “How could our girls
“do this to our son?”

Alec and Izzy both whipped around at her words, the words ‘our children’ ringing in their ears. Exchanging glances, they unconsciously gripped each other’s hands, gripping the others tight. ‘Our children’. In that moment they knew. The knew that their father hadn’t just found his mate, he had also found their mother. The mother they had never had but had always desperately wanted.

Jace’s jaw dropped. ‘Our children’. He thought. He had been accepted as a Lightwood years ago. At least by his brother and sister. And Robert had made it clear through his actions over the past few weeks that he considered him his own. He just wondered if Cat did too.

Clary lost her breath. ‘Our girls’. That’s all that she could think.

Simon didn’t know what to say. His best friend’s and Clary had a mother, the mother they had so desperately needed and wanted their entire lives. He couldn’t help the spark of envy that flared inside him but his happiness for his family far outweighed that. He couldn’t help but smile.

Magnus knew what his Shadowhunter was thinking, and his sister, his twin. It was clear on their faces and in their eyes, tears threatening to fall in the beautiful crystal blue and the soft brown. And in that moment, he knew. He knew that his oldest and dearest friend finally had the children she had always wanted, and he couldn’t be happier for her. Wrapping his arm around his young warrior he pulled him close.

“I’ll start on it in the morning. But it has to be you.” He whispered softly in Alec’s ear. He knew that his angel had seen the small nods from their family, just as he had. They all agreed.

Alec nodded, yes. His mom had waited over 400 years for their father. The mother that he had just realized that he had loved dearly for some time, he just hadn’t known it. In his head he now knew what his heart already had.

His father had waited a lifetime for her. They wouldn’t sit back and watch as their father grew old, they wouldn’t sit back and watch as he watched the woman that they all loved as she watched him grow old only to have her heart shattered when mortality claimed him. They wouldn’t sit back and watch the woman that they all loved suffer the loss of her mate for eternity. Their parents wouldn’t be denied their happiness, happiness they had both waited so long for. Nothing would stand in their way. Not even a mortal death.
The guests had all settled at tables around the room. The dance floor was empty. Magnus held Alec in his arms at the foot of the stage, their foreheads pressed together.

“Alexander, please let this go. You don’t have to do this.” Magnus pleaded, hoping with everything that he had that his young warrior would listen, knowing in his heart that he wouldn’t.

“I can’t, alpha.” Alec said, just as softly. “Maybe if they had given me a choice, before. But not now. I can’t back down in front of everyone here. Please understand that.”

Magnus did understand. His sister and parabatai had put his Shadowhunter in a heartless and cruel position. They knew how shy he was. They knew how inexperienced he was, in so many ways. But they had done this anyway.

They had challenged their leader, their commander in front of every warlock and clan leader in the downworld. His entire army would know of this by morning. If he backed down, he would be seen as a coward. And if he did it and failed...he couldn’t think about that now.

“I do, love. I do.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead.

“No holding back. Promise me.” Alec said.

Magnus sighed. He couldn’t deny his Shadowhunter anything. In that moment he wished that he could. He wished that he could throw the competition, but he knew that he couldn’t. His young warrior would know, and it would hurt him. It would show a lack of faith.

“Okay. Have you picked your song?” He asked.

“Simon picked something that he thinks is suitable.” Alec said, trying and failing to smile at his warlock. Shadowhunters weren’t supposed to fear anything. But he was afraid. “Go on. You better get up there. They’re waiting.”

Magnus nodded, yes. Pressing one last kiss to Alec’s forehead he climbed up on the small stage.
“Alec.” Clary said, behind him.

Alec turned, facing his parabatai. He was still angry.

“We can rescind the challenge. We weren’t thinking when he planned it. I’m sorry.” She said softly. She knew what would happen if he got up on that stage and failed. He would be a laughingstock. Humiliated. And it would be her fault. So many times after his presentation he had been laughed at and mocked. And she had been angry at those who had done it. Now it would be her fault.

“I’m sorry doesn’t quite cover it.” He said.

“I know. If you won’t let us rescind it at least remember what we said. You’re the best Shadowhunter in the world. You can move like no one else. I really think you can do this.” She said.

“No, you don’t. You can’t lie to me, Clary. I know you too well.” He said. Turning from her he walked away, taking a seat beside his mother and father.

Clary’s heart broke in her chest. Her parabatai had never walked away from her before. But she didn’t blame him. He was right. She didn’t think that he could do this. His shyness wouldn’t let him. She knew then that she would never forgive herself for what was about to happen.

She couldn’t meet Magnus’ gaze before she walked away from the small stage. She couldn’t stop the tears that we’re welling in her eyes as she sat beside Jace, gripping his hand tight.

“It’ll be alright, baby.” Jace whispered softly. “Have a little faith.” He said, trying and failing to smile. He wanted to comfort her, but he knew the same thing that she did. His brother didn’t have a chance.

Magnus looked over at Simon at the DJ booth, giving a small nod. Music started to play as he gripped the pole.

‘Kelly won't kiss my friend, Cassandra
Jessica won't play ball
Mandy won't share her friend, Miranda
Doesn't anybody live at all?

Amanda won't leave me empty handed
Got her number from a bathroom stall
Brandy just got way too much baggage
And that shit just gets old

But I got a girl who can put on a show
The dollar decides how far you can go

She wraps those hands around that pole
She licks those lips and off we go
She takes it off nice and slow
Cuz that's porn star dancin'

She don't play nice, she makes me beg
She drops that dress around her legs
And I'm sittin' right by the stage for this
Porn star dancin'

Your body's lightin' up the room
I want a naughty girl like you

Stacy's gonna save herself for marriage
But that's just not my style
She's got a pair that's nice to stare at
But I want girls gone wild

But I know a place where there's always a show
The dollar decides how far you can go

She wraps those hands around that pole
She licks those lips and off we go
She takes it off nice and slow
Cuz that's porn star dancin'

She don't play nice, she makes me beg
She drops that dress around her legs
And I'm sittin' right by the stage for this
Porn star dancin'

Your body's lightin' up the room
I want a naughty girl like you
Let's throw a party just for two
You know those normal girls won't do

She wraps those hands around that pole
She licks those lips and off we go
She takes it off nice and slow
Cuz that's porn star dancin'
She don’t play nice, she makes me beg
She drops that dress around her legs
And I’m sittin right by the stage for this
Porn star dancin’

Alec watched as his warlock moved, his movements beautiful and graceful. His hips gyrated in time with the music, a song he had never heard before. With each rotation around the pole his alpha’s grace and flexibility showed. As his warlock’s legs wrapped around the pole as he spun, sliding smoothly towards the floor he couldn’t help but get hard watching him. His alpha was sexy as hell.

Magnus couldn’t look at his Shadowhunter as he danced. He had promised him that he wouldn’t hold back, and he knew that if he did, he wouldn’t be able to keep that promise. His hips moved smoothly as he circled the pole to a song he knew well. He gyrated when necessary, wrapping his legs around the cool metal easily as he spun.

With each move around the pole his movements became more provocative, his muscles coming to good use. He felt his young warrior’s eyes on him as he rolled his hips as his back slid down the pole and the song ended.

He closed his eyes at the round of applause that rang out throughout the room and the catcalls. He didn’t want them. For the first time in his very long life he didn’t want this attention, or praise.

As the applause died down he opened his eyes, meeting his angel’s gaze across the room. He couldn’t help but smile at the lust he saw in the beautiful crystal blue eyes he loved so much. Pushing himself to his feet he climbed off the stage, meeting his young love on the dance floor beneath it.

“That was beautiful.” Alec said, wrapping his arms around his warlock’s waist, pressing a soft kiss to his lips. “I think I’m going to need a minute before it’s my turn.” He said, blushing.

Magnus chucked in his Shadowhunter’s arms. He could feel his erection pressed against him.
“Take as long as you need, sweetheart.” He said, fighting for breath. Working a pole always left him sweaty and breathless from the dance.

“I don’t think I have long.” Alec said as a chant of ‘Alec’ started throughout the room.

“It’s going to be okay. You’ve got this, love.” Magnus said, cupping Alec’s cheek. Seeing the determination in his sweet omega’s eyes he knew that he could do it. That he would do it. It was how he was made. He would find a way.

Alec nodded, yes.

Magnus pressed a steamy kiss to Alec’s lips before he let him go, slapping him on the ass as he turned towards the stage. Alec looked back, shocked.

“What? You have a great ass.” Magnus said, nonplussed.

Alec rolled his eyes, climbing up on the stage. The metal of the pole was cool against his skin as he gripped it. He watched as his alpha took a seat before turning, nodding to Simon at the DJ booth. He listened to his best friend’s words with butterfly’s fluttering in his belly.

“This next one is for all of the omega haters out there…and Gideon.” Simon said, coming clearly over the microphone.

Gideon’s head snapped up. He had an icepack held to the back of his head. His iratze had healed his broken jaw, but it hadn’t fixed his splitting headache. Robert turned in his seat, glaring at his brother.

Alec closed his eyes as the music started to play, as it washed over his skin. He didn’t hear the words as he started to move, the beat was all he needed.

‘Target on my back lone survivalist
They got me in their sights
No surrender no
Trigger fingers go
Living the dangerous life

Hey, hey, hey every day when I wake
I'm trying to get up,
they're knocking me down
Chewing me up,
spitting me out

Hey, hey, hey when I need to be saved
You're making me strong,
you're making me stand
Never will fall,
ever will end

Shot like a rocket up into the sky
Nothing will stop me tonight

You make me feel invincible
Earthquake, powerful
Just like a tidal wave
You make me brave
You're my titanium

Fight song, raising up
Like a roar of victory in a stadium

Who can touch me 'cause I'm made of fire?
Who can stop me tonight 'cause I'm hard wired?
You make me feel invincible

I feel, I feel it - Invincible
I feel, I feel it - Invincible

Here we go again,
I will not give in
I've got a reason to fight

Every day we choose
We might win or lose
This is the dangerous life

Hey, hey, hey every day when I wake
They say that I'm gone; they say that they've won
The bell has been rung, it's over and done

Hey, hey, hey when I need to be saved
They’re counting me out, but this is my round

You in the corner look at me now

Shot like a rocket up into the sky
Nothing will stop me tonight

You make me feel invincible
Earthquake, powerful
Just like a tidal wave
You make me brave
You're my titanium

Fight song, raising up
Like a roar of victory in a stadium
Who can touch me 'cause I'm made of fire?
Who can stop me tonight 'cause I'm hard wired?
You make me feel invincible

I feel, I feel it - Invincible
I feel, I feel it - Invincible
You make me feel invincible

Shot like a rocket up into the sky
Not gonna stop, invincible
You make me feel invincible

Earthquake, powerful
Just like a tidal wave
You make me brave
You're my titanium
Fight song, raising up
Like a roar of victory in a stadium
You make me feel invincible

Earthquake, powerful
Just like a tidal wave
You make me brave
You're my titanium
Fight song, raising up
Like a roar of victory in a stadium
Who can touch me ’cause I'm made of fire?
Who can stop me tonight ‘cause I'm hard wired?
You make me feel invincible

I feel, I feel it - Invincible
I feel, I feel it – Invincible’

Gripping the pole he spun smoothly around it, his hips moving in perfect sync with the music. It took only seconds for him to slip into that special place, that place he went when he solo trained. He didn’t think as he moved, as his legs left the floor, easily flipping himself around the pole. He had done it countless times in battle. Sometimes all you had was a streetlamp to gain momentum.

His hips rolled on their own as he slid down the pole, landing solidly on his feet. He didn’t feel himself kick up, or the upside down slide with nothing but the cool metal to guide his decent, or his flip forward before he reached the bottom.

With each spin around the pole he picked up speed just as he always did when he trained. His movements were fluid, graceful. He moved easily; his body having taken over. He didn’t know how many times he had flipped or slid down the pole, both upside down or right side up. On the final spin as his brain registered that the song was ending he let go, moving into a graceful roundoff before a double flip, landing perfectly on his feet.

The roar of applause, whistles, and catcalls snapped him out of his daze. Looking up at his warlock he saw his dropped jaw and lust filled eyes. He saw his sister reach over and push his chin up, closing his mouth as she laughed.

“That’s it, sweetie!” Cat called, whistling at him. He blushed crimson. His mom was whistling at him.

He stepped off the small stage and into his warlock’s waiting arms. How he had gotten there so fast, he didn’t know.

“Was that okay?” He asked.
“That was…” Magnus started. “Magnificent. You are most defiantly doing that again with far less clothes.” He said, pulling Alec in for a fierce kiss.

Alec didn’t hesitate when his alpha licked his bottom lip, demanding entrance. Fireworks went off in his head as their tongues touched, the ferocity of the kiss almost stealing his breath. He didn’t hear the crowd chanting his name. All he knew was that he was in his warlock’s arms. But he did feel his erection pressing into him.

“That was brilliant!” Izzy shouted, snapping them both back into the here and now, breaking the kiss. “Look at you! As always you’re not even winded.” She said, beaming.

“So I did okay?” He asked, unsure.

“That was…magnificent, Alexander.” Robert said, clapping him on the back. “I didn’t think you could dance.”

“I can’t.” He said, brows furrowed.

“And I’m a cupcake.” Clary said, pressing a soft kiss to his cheek. Where she had come from, he didn’t know. He was surrounded and he wasn’t sure how it had happened.

“No.” Magnus said. “You’re a Biscuit.” He said, wrapping his arms around Alec’s waist. “And he’s brilliant.”

Alec blushed. He didn’t know what all the fuss was about.

“Where did you learn to move like that?” Jace asked, utterly awed. He was hard to hear over all the noise.

“And I think we have a winner!” Simon called over the microphone.

“But…I didn’t do anything.” Alec protested.
“You most certainly did, love. You worked that pole like you owned it.” Magnus said, shaking his head at his silly Shadowhunter. He had moved with the beauty and grace of an angel and he wasn’t even aware of it.

Alec’s brain finally registered the ongoing applause. Looking out at the crowd he saw their guests on their feet. Even his grandmother was on hers, clapping. Gideon’s jaw had dropped to the floor.

“Can someone make them stop clapping?” He asked, cheeks blushing crimson again. He didn’t know what he had done but apparently it was a success.

“It’ll die down. Come on, angel. Let’s get you a drink.” Magnus said, pulling Alec by his hand towards the bar. “I am so getting you alone before this night is over, Catarina be damned.” He said softly, handing Alec a flute of his favored champagne.

“But I thought it was tradition.” Alec said, sipping his drink. It tasted wonderful.

“After a show like that I think we can break tradition. Besides, it’s not like anything else about tonight has been traditional.” Magnus said, chugging a bottle of water. He had barely caught his breath before he’d lost it again watching his young warrior dance. It had been the most exotic, erotic, sexy thing he had ever seen. And he had seen a lot of things throughout his 800 years.

“You did it, sweetie.” Cat said, wrapping her arms around him in a tight hug.

“I’m not sure how.” Alec said, sheepish.

“You did it just by being you.” Magnus said, brushing a lock of hair out of Alec’s eyes. ‘He truly is magnificent.’ He thought. ‘And he’s all mine.’

“So….still mad at us?” Izzy asked, hesitant as she approached, Clary by her side.

Alec thought for a moment. He apparently didn’t humiliate himself as he had been expecting, but they both still hadn’t used their heads. This could have turned out much differently. And it would have had a negative impact on a lot of things.
“Well, you’re not going to die if that’s what you mean. But I’m still going to kill you in training. All of you.” He said as Jace and Simon came up behind their girls.

“But…but…” Jace started, to protest.

“Guilty by association.” He said, cutting him off. “I told you that. You too, Si. I know you knew about this.”

“I did. I’m sorry. We weren’t thinking.” Simon said, truly contrite.

“Well, your sincerity gets you points. But not enough. Training. Ten a.m.” He said, throwing back his champagne.

Magnus couldn’t help but smile. His sweet omega was going to make his family suffer, and they deserved it. But he couldn’t help but think about Simon’s song choice, or his words before it started. They song’s lyrics pretty much hit home for every omega there had ever been, past, present, but hopefully not the future.

Magnus held Alec in his arms beside the door as their guests filed out. Their bachelor party was winding down.

“After that little performance, Alexander, I would love to take you home and have my way with you.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead.

“Please do.” Alec giggled.

“Sorry, love. Not tonight. Not while you’re drunk.” He said, smirking. His Shadowhunter was drunk. ‘At least he’s finally relaxed.’ He thought.

“Am I?” Alec asked, brows furrowed.

“Oh yes, sweetheart. Very. You need to let our family take you home and sleep it off.” He said,
unable to hide his smile as his sweet omega pouted.

“Don’t want to.” Alec mumbled, resting his head on his warlock’s shoulder.

“Too bad, big brother.” Izzy said, unable to hide her grin. For the first time in his life her big brother was drunk.

After dozens of pats on the back and more praise than Alec cared for he had drunk a few too many glasses of his now favorite champagne. It hadn’t taken a whole lot to get him tipsy, then drunk, but he was there.

“Where did you come from?” He asked, turning to find his family at his side.

“Wow, he really is toasted.” Jace said, smirking.

“I fully expect you all to take care of your brother tonight.” Robert said as sternly as he could. It was hard to manage when all he wanted to do was laugh at his precious boy. ‘At least he had a little fun.’ He thought.

“We will.” Clary said, gently rubbing Alec’s back.

“Here, give him two of these before you put him to bed.” Cat said, handing Clary a small pill bottle.

“Don’t want it.” Alec protested, snuggling into his alpha’s arms. He was suddenly sleepy.

“It’s alright, sweetheart. It’s just aspirin.” Magnus said, pressing one last kiss to his young warrior’s forehead before easing him into Simon’s arms. “Get him there safely, Simon. I would hate to have to kill you.”

“Don’t worry, Magnus. We’ll get him home and into bed.” Simon said, grinning at his best friend. He thought they may very well have to carry Alec back to the cottage.
“Goodnight, angel. Sleep well.” He said, gently caressing Alec’s cheek. “I’ll see you tomorrow at the altar.”

“Can’t wait.” Alec breathed, wide awake again. He was getting married tomorrow. Today. ‘Later today.’ His muddled mind thought. It was well into the wee hours of morning.

“Go on, sweetie. Go get some sleep.” Cat said, pressing a soft kiss to his cheek. She knew by the look of him that he wouldn’t be on his feet much longer, much less awake.

“Okay, mom.” He said, grinning. ‘I have a mom.’ He thought.

“Come on, Alec. Let’s get you out of here.” Simon said, Jace helping him lead Alec out the door.

“Come on, Alec. Not much further to go.” Jace encouraged as Simon helped him lead their brother through the doorway of the bedroom Cat had added.

“Come sit him down before he falls.” Clary said, quickly stepping away from the bed she had just turned down.

With great care Simon and Jace sat Alec on the soft mattress.

“That was a fun party.” Alec said, watching his parabati pull off his shoes. “I’m still going to get you back in training, but that’ll be fun too.”

“Maybe for you.” Izzy said, holding out a glass of water and two pills.

Alec frowned at her. He hated taking medicine.

“Come on. Be a big boy. This will ward off the headache you’ll have in the morning without it.” She said, smiling at her big brother. ‘He’s such a baby sometimes.’ She thought.
“Don’t want it.” He said as Jace and Simon slipped out, as Clary started unbuttoning his shirt. They didn’t have magic to undress him with for bed.

“Tough. Take it, Alec.” Clary said firmly.

“So bossy.” He said with a heavy sigh. He took both the pills and the water from his sister. Or tried to. He almost dropped the water before she caught his hand.

“I’ve got it.” Izzy soothed, holding the glass securely as Alec popped the pills and swallowed a sip. ‘At least he’s fun when he’s drunk.’ She thought.

“Come on, my parabatai. Lie back.” Clary said, easing Alec back and towards the pillows.

“Okay.” Alec breathed as his sister and parabatai guided him onto his back on the soft pillows, his eyes drooping.

“Let us get you undressed first.” Izzy said, trying not to laugh at her brother. If they didn’t move fast it would be a challenge to get him undressed before he fell asleep. She couldn’t help but remember the last time she had tucked him into bed. The night he had killed the moloch demon on his own.

“Okay.” He said softly. He didn’t notice his parabati strip him of his pants or his sister tuck the soft sheet and quilt around him. He was out in seconds.

“Isn’t he cute when he sleeps?” Clary asked, gazing down at her sleeping parabatai. She knew that he was going to put them through their paces training, hard, but they deserved it.

“He is.” Izzy agreed, watching as her Rockstar slept. “This time tomorrow he’ll be a married man.” She said, utter joy filling her. She didn’t care what repercussions they would face later that day. She would take her punishment gladly knowing that once it was over she would get to watch her brother marry the man of his dreams. Leaning down she pressed a soft kiss to his forehead. “Sweet dreams, big brother.” She whispered, stroking his cheek.

Comments and feedback are always welcome! If you enjoyed this chapter, please give it a vote. Feel free to follow me on Twitter @ BrandyB17922482, Tumblr @ BouncerGirl, or friend me on FaceBook @ www.facebook.com/brandy.bailey.142035
Bright sunlight filtered through the yellow curtains casting rays of sunshine on the bed. Alec stirred, his eyes fluttering open. Unsure where he was he bolted up. He heard Clary giggle and his Jace laugh and relaxed. He remembered. He had spent the night at their cottage. He just wasn’t sure how he had gotten there.

Looking at the clock on the beside table he couldn’t help but smile. The note ‘Take Me’ in his parabatai’s swirly, girly script beside two aspirin and a glass of water caught his eye. As did the note ‘Puke Here’ written in his little brother’s hand taped to a small trashcan. He couldn’t help but roll his eyes.

Taking his parabatai’s advice he scooped up the two pills, aspirin wasn’t so bad after all, and downed them with a sip of the still cold water. He didn’t have a bad headache, but he didn’t want it to turn into one. Not today. He was getting married today.

Setting the water glass aside a white garment bag hanging beside a full length mirror caught his eye. His tux. He had yet to see it. ‘This is real.’ He thought, excitement humming beneath his skin. ‘By the Angel, please don’t let me mess it up.’

“Alec! Are you up?” Izzy yelled, knocking softly on the door.

He couldn’t help but smile at his little sister. ‘Why knock softly and yell loudly?’ He thought.

“Yes, Iz. I’m up.” He said, pushing the soft quilt back as the door opened.

“Good morning, big brother.” Izzy said, smiling at her sleep tousled brother. His hair was a mess. She was looking forward to dressing her Rockstar up today for his wedding.

“Good morning.” He said, taking another look around at the room their mom had added to the
cottage for him. ‘Mom.’ He thought. ‘We have a mom.’ ‘We have a mom, Iz.’ He said, unable to filter his thoughts, or hide his smile.

“I know.” She said, her eyes softening at her brother’s soft smile. He had so rarely smiled in the past. Now he smiled every day. “Pretty cool, huh?” She asked as he climbed to his feet. He didn’t have to reach for her for her to step into his waiting arms.

“Yeah. Pretty cool.” He said softly, wrapping her comfortably in his arms. She always fit perfectly there. “Pretty cool.” He said again, pressing a soft kiss to the top of her head.

Izzy clung tight to her brother. She had always wanted a mom. So much had changed. Her big brother had a mate, a soon to be husband. He was happy. They had their dad back. Memories of their younger years with him had surfaced a bit, triggered by small things like the sound of his laugh. They had a grandmother who they were both growing quite fond of and an uncle not so much. And now a mom. Her daddy finally had his mate, the love he’d always deserved, and they had a mom.

“Is Magnus working on it?” She asked softly.

He didn’t have to asked her what she meant. He already knew. She was asking about the immortality potion for their father. They all wanted him to be happy, to be with them, and their mom forever.

“He’s starting it today.” He said, just as softly.

“Do you want to see it?” She asked, glancing over at the white garment bag. “Clary and I helped Cat…mom put it together.” She said, mentally shaking herself. Having a mom was going to take some getting used to.

Alec couldn’t help but smile at his little sister. He knew this was going to be a big adjustment, having a mom. For all of them.

“Do you have your dress?” He asked.

“I do. And before you ask, no. You don’t get to see it. Or Clary’s. Not until just before the wedding.” She said, smirking at him. They had all decided that they wanted the wedding theme
“Why?” He asked, frowning.

“Because it’s a surprise, silly. And you’re not allowed to go out back. Mom doesn’t want either you or Magnus to see the venue until it’s time. I will say that it’s perfect though. Now, do you want to see it?” She asked, crossing over to the hanging garment bag.

“So there is actually something I get to see.” He said, rolling his eyes. “Sure. Let’s see it.”

With butterfly’s in her belly she unzipped the garment bag. She was hoping with everything she had that he would love it. Not like it but love it. Pulling the silk white tux from the bag she hung it on the garment rack.

He watched as she unzipped the garment bag, butterfly’s in his belly. He was about to see his tux. His wedding tux. He had been to plenty of weddings but had never thought that he would be having his own. He had been sure that he would never have a mate, that he would always be alone. He lost his breath at the sight of the silky white tux she pulled from it, hanging it on the rack. It was perfect.

“Oh, Iz…” He started, unable to finish.

“So you like it?” She asked, biting her bottom lip.

“Like isn’t a good enough word.” He said, taking the few steps towards it. He gently ran his fingers over the silky material, surprised to find that it was actual silk. It was Shadowhunter white with black slacks and a bowtie. A Shadowhunter tradition. Shadowhunters married in white.

“Mom said that she’ll be by later so you can try it on, see if she needs to make any size adjustments. But it should fit. I gave her your gear measurements.” She said, nothing bothering to hide her smile. The look in his eyes said it all. It was perfect.

He nodded, yes. He couldn’t form words to tell her how perfect it was. Mentally shaking himself he looked over at her.
“Will you at least tell me what color your dress is?” He asked, dying to know. He wanted her dress to be just as perfect as his tux.

“Nope. You’ll just have to wait and see. But don’t worry. You’re going to love it.” She said. “Are you hungry? Mom brought breakfast. She didn’t want you eating Si’s burnt toast on your wedding day.”

“It’s not pancakes is it?” He asked. He was starving but he didn’t think he could handle pancakes.

“No. It’s not.” She said, taking and pulling him by the hand. “We have found that they are good though, if you only eat one at a time. Any more than that is just too heavy on the stomach.” She said, pulling him from the room.

“There he is.” Jace said as Izzy pulled Alec into the dining room. “The groom has joined us for breakfast.” He said, pulling out a chair at the table for Alec.

“One of them anyway.” Simon said, smiling as he sat an almost overflowingly full platter of food in the center of the table. “We have strict orders. No sneaking off to see him or going out back. You have to wait until tonight. We have permission to tackle you if you try.” He said as they all sat down.

“As if you could.” Alec said, smirking. “But I’ll have a nice distraction. I do owe you all an ass kicking after all.” He said as Clary piled food onto his plate.

“We we’re kinda hoping you’d forget that.” Clary said, dumping far more than he could possibly eat on his plate.

“Not a chance. I wasn’t that drunk.” He said, his eyes softening for his parabatai. He knew that she felt bad about what they had done. He could feel it through their bond. “But don’t worry. You’ll still have plenty of time to get all girlified before the wedding.” He said, watching as she smiled. ‘That’s better.’ He thought as the knot of guilt he felt through their bond ease. “Just don’t do anything like that again. Please?” He asked softly.
“Never.” She said, cupping his cheek before pressing a soft kiss to his forehead.

“Payback aside, I still love you. I always will, Clare-bear.” He said softly, pressing a soft kiss to her cheek.

“I know.” She said.

She couldn’t help but smile as she took her seat at the table. She could feel through their bond that he upset or angry anymore. Yes, they had messed up. And they would mess up again. They were all human after all. But they were family. They would always love and forgive each other.

“So, are you going to tell me about your dress?” He asked.

“Not a chance.” She said, grinning. “You have to wait to see it.”

“Why is it all such a secret?” He asked. “It is my wedding. Why am I being kept in the dark?”

“Because we all want it to be a surprise.” Simon said, forking eggs into his mouth. “Magnus doesn’t know anything either. You only get your tux’s.”

“But what if I don’t like something? Did anyone think of that?” He asked.

“We did, actually. And you’re going to love everything about it. So no worries, okay?. Just enjoy the day.” Jace said.

“Can I assume that I’m going to at least have my two best men at my side? I have no details here. I don’t know what to expect.” He said, a little hurt that his family was keeping him in the absolute dark.

“Maybe we should tell him a little.” Clary said. She could feel his hurt and didn’t want him to be upset. Not today. His wedding day was supposed to be perfect.

“If you must know.” Izzy said, taking pity on her big brother. She could see the hurt in his eyes
“Cat will be standing as Magnus’ maid of honor. And everyone who’s anyone will be there.” Simon said. “Now please eat something.”

“How many people are we talking?” Alec asked, picking up his fork.

“Don’t know.” Jace said, glad that Alec had finally taken a bite of something.

“And Madzie is the flower girl?” He asked, his mouth full.

The table fell quiet.

“What?” He asked, barely able to swallow the bite of egg in his mouth. The sudden silence had filled his belly with a ball of lead.

“Um…we’re not sure.” Clary said carefully. “Gideon is a little upset after last night. He may not let her come to the wedding.” She said softly.

Alec’s appetite vanished.

“So he’s going to take his anger out on her? An innocent little girl?” He asked, voice barely a whisper.

“We don’t know.” Izzy said. “Grandma is trying to talk to him.”

“Does Madzie know? She’ll be crushed. She was so excited about getting to wear her silky blue dress.” He said, fighting back the tears that want to fall for his favorite little Lightwood.
“We don’t know.” Simon said, his heart breaking for his best friend, his brother. He could see the pain in his eyes. Pain he shouldn’t be feeling today. He had grown so close to his little cousin. And she to him. But there was a real possibility that they would both be hurt.

“If you’ll excuse me.” He said, pushing back from the table.

“You have to eat, Alec.” Clary said, reaching for his hand.

“I’m not hungry. I’ll see you in training in an hour.” He said, squeezing her hand before letting go.

Before they could stop him he was out the front door, closing it softly behind him.

“I was afraid of that.” Izzy said. “I guess we shouldn’t have told him anything.”

“It’s better that he finds out now rather than right before the ceremony if grandma can’t work this out.” Jace said, pushing his own plate back. “If Gideon does decide to be an asshole, I’m telling you now he’s getting another ass kicking. Alec is an adult. Yes, he’ll be hurt. But Madzie is a little girl. He’s right. She’ll be crushed.”

Alec threw another hard punch at the heavy bag, sighing in frustration when it busted. He had already busted the other four. His hurt had turned quickly into anger and he was running out of stuff to take it out on.

“I thought I might find you here.” Izabella said from the doorway. “It looks like you could use an iratze.” She said, nodding towards his bleeding hands.

“I don’t want one.” He said, turning to his grandmother. “Iz said that you were going to talk to Gideon.”

“I did. He’s being stubborn. Your father has gone to talk to him now. I’m not sure how much
good it will do.” She said, crossing the room to him. Taking his hands in her own she studied the bloody wrappings. “You know some of these are broken, right?” She asked, pressing gently on his knuckles.

“He’s only going to hurt her. Because he hate’s me. Why does he hate me so much?” He asked, ignoring her question.

“He doesn’t hate you, Alec. It’s just…” She started, unsure how to finish.

“Just what?” He asked, needing to know. He needed to know what his uncle had against him.

“He thought that Madzie would carry on the Lightwood legacy here.” She said, gently unwrapping the bloody wrappings.

“And then we showed up.” He said, starting to understand. “He never expected to see us. He never expected my dad to find a way back. Or for us to come.”

“No, honey. He didn’t.” She said, studying his bruised and broken knuckles. His broken hands and fingers. “He knew who you were and that you were a big deal. That your team was a big deal through your father’s letters.

But that was in New York. A place that was worlds away. You were the cream of the crop in the Shadowhunter World. In the Shadow World. A world he hasn’t been a part of in a long time. A world that didn’t exist here.” She said.

“And now it does. Because we brought it with us.” He said softly.

“Yes. But we need you here. We need you to end this war. Not just for your sake but for Madzie’s. And everyone like her. He resents you for that. For being able to do that. He wanted to be her protector. Be her hero. Always.

He thought that as long as she was here safe behind Uncle Mags’ wards that the Clave would never know about her, about us. And now they will. He thought that we would be safe from them. And to be honest, sweetie, we would have been.
But this war needs to end. For good. Madzie shouldn’t have to spend her life in hiding the way I have. She deserves freedom, just like everyone else in Haven does. There are hundreds of people here, omegas, and nephilims who have downworlder mates and children that are half downworlder from those unions. They deserve freedom too. They deserve to live. All of them. Not the death sentence they would receive if they stepped out of the shadows and into the light by the Clave.”

She said, gazing into his crystal blue eyes. Eyes that matched her own.

“He doesn’t want her to have that?” He asked. “Freedom?”

“He does. He does want her to have that now that he knows it’s possible. But he hates that you’re going to be the one to give her that freedom. It’s not because of anything you’ve done. It’s because of your father.” She said, sighing.

“My father?” He asked, confused.

“For more than twenty years Gideon has been the only one of my boys here in Haven, the Lightwood heir. Your father was a ghost, a memory. In our world when he married Mayrse he was gone. No one thought he would ever come back.” She said softly.

“And then he did.” He said.

“Yes, he did. And if I’m being totally honest, Alec, Gideon’s always resented the fact that even when he was a Shadowhunter, a part of your world, he was always in your father’s shadow. As good as he was your father was better. A better Shadowhunter. The one that was chosen to lead. To run an Institute. He was jealous of that. And now he is again. But this time he’s not just in your father’s shadow. He’s in yours. So he’s been looking for reasons not to like you, to not like your family.

I’ve always wondered if getting out from under your father’s shadow was the real reason that he left the Shadowhunter World in the first place. The real reason that he came back home. Having been a Shadowhunter, here he was a big deal. And always has been. Now he’s not such a big deal anymore.” She said.

“So what am I supposed to do? Just go home? Go back to The Manor? Hide away and ignore it the way Gideon Lightwood did?” He asked.

“No, honey. You’re not. You’re right where you’re supposed to be. The Angel chose you. He
gifted you in so many ways. Both you and your team. He gave you all wonderful gifts.

For centuries omega’s and omega families have prayed to Raziel for help, waited for it. And now it’s come. He sent five wonderful people. Strong, smart, talented, people. Warrior’s. You are exactly where you’re supposed to be. Where you’re meant to be. Where you’re needed. You’re going to change everything, Alec. And Gideon, he knows that. He wants the change that you’re going to bring.

Like I said, he just doesn’t like to be in anyone’s shadow. It pains me that he’s spent the last twenty years living in the shadows because he didn’t want to live in anyone else’s. But I’m glad he came home. His coming home gave us Madzie.

I wish I had a solution. Hopefully your father will be able to get through to him. If for anything for her. Can I heal these now?” She asked.

He nodded, yes.

Pulling her stele from her pocket she activated his iratze, watching as his bleeding and broken hands healed.

“There. That’s better. Uncle Mags would have had a fit if you showed up at the altar with broken hands and fingers.” She said, sliding her stele back in her pocket.

“Izabella? Magnus is looking for you.” Sebastian said from the doorway.

“I’ll be right there.” She said. “It’s going to be alright, honey. Gideon may be stubborn, and an ass at times, but he wouldn’t do anything to hurt Madzie. He’ll change his mind.” She said, cupping his cheek. She was hoping with everything that she had that she was right.

“I hope so.” Alec said softly.

“I’m sure Uncle Mags has heard so I better go talk to him before he does something that he can’t undo.” She said. “You’re good for him you know. You make him happy. In all my life I’ve never seen him this happy. I’m glad that I’m still around to see it.” She said. With a soft smile she turned and walked out.
“It looks like you could use a little help with cleanup.” Sebastian said, eyeing the busted heavy bags.

“Yeah, a bit.” Alec said, looking around at the damage.

“I’m guessing with you and your team this isn’t a new thing?” He asked, smirking.

“No. It’s really not. Dad was replacing them all the time at The Institute.” Alec said, sheepish.

“Well, at least there’s no need for that.” He said, waving his hand. The bags were repaired, and the sand was gone as fast as Magnus could snap his fingers.

“Can I ask you a question?” Alec asked.

“Sure.” He said.

“Why is it my alpha and Cat snap their fingers to do things and everyone else does something different?” Alec asked, honestly wanting to know.

“Probably because Magnus trained Catarina. That’s how Ragnor taught him, and how he taught her. It’s what he knew. You should ask him about the time she accidentally blew up his workshop.” He said, grinning. “Your team is out here. I think they were afraid to come in.”

“No. They were just giving me space.” Alec said, a small smile ghosting his lips for his family.

“So I can tell them it’s safe to come in.” He asked.

Alec nodded, yes.

“Okay. I’ll see you later, Alec. Try not to fret. It’ll be alright.” He said, his sincerity clear in his tone. “Gideon may be an ass, but he can be reasoned with.” He said. Everyone in Haven knew
just how close Alec and Madzie had become and come hell or high water she was going to be at the wedding. The warlocks had a plan.

“Thanks.” Alec said before Sebastian nodded and walked out.

With a heavy sigh he scooped up the bloody wrappings and dropped them in the trash on his way out to meet his family for training. Training that he hoped would give him a solid distraction while things were being ‘worked out’.

Magnus paced the length of the cottage, seething. His anger was palpable in the air. It hadn’t taken long for word of Gideon’s decision about Madzie to reach him, and it hadn’t been pretty when it had. He was glad that it was only a few trees, trees that they could use as low targets that he had blown up in his fit of rage.

He knew that his sweet omega had been hurt when he had found out. Their family had told him as much, and that the precious little cousin he had fallen so in love with had been in tears. He had wanted nothing more in that moment than to rip Gideon Lightwood’s spine out and shove it down his throat.

Catarina had already told him that Izabella had gone to speak with her youngest son, to try and convince him to change his mind. He was hoping that when she arrived that she would have good news. A soft knock at the door jerked him out of his thoughts on how to end Gideon Lightwood should his mother fail.

“Come in.” He called.

The door slowly opened, Izabella stepping in, closing the door behind her.

“Well?” He asked.

“I didn’t have much luck.” She said, sighing. She saw the anger flash in his eyes before they turned black. She knew that he was upset that her grandson and granddaughter were hurting. “Robert is talking to him now. I promise, Uncle Mags, we’ll get this worked out.”
“How can you make that promise, Izabella? Gideon hates Alexander and doesn’t give a damn if he hurts him. And apparently he doesn’t give a damn about his daughter.” He snapped.

“He doesn’t hate Alec, Uncle Mags. I just spent the last fifteen minutes trying to tell him that. As for Madzie, I have to have faith that Gideon will put her best interest first. And keeping her from the wedding isn’t in her best interest.” She said, wanting to lay a comforting hand on his shoulder but knowing that she couldn’t. Not when he was like this.

Magnus sighed, dropping his head into his hands.

“They’re going to be crushed.” He said softly. “Both of them.”

“It won’t come to that. Have a little faith.” She said, her eyes softening for the man who had been there for her her entire life. The man who had been there when her boys were born.

“In Gideon? Not a chance.” He said, shaking his head no.

“In Robert then. With the state he was in when I last saw him, Gideon will change his mind. I really don’t think that he wants any more broken bones.” She said, unshed tears shining in her crystal blue eyes. “My boys shouldn’t be fighting each other at every turn.”

Magnus’ head snapped up, the anger that was starting to diffuse returning in full force. ‘Surely she’s not going to defend him.’ He thought.

“Don’t get me wrong, he’s deserved every blow Robert has given him. But as a mother it still pains me.” She said, a tear sliding down her cheek. “They’re my babies. Twins. They used to be so close. And now…” She started, unable to finish.

His anger vanished. A woman that he had loved dearly her entire life was hurting. She didn’t hesitate to step into his arms when he opened them for her, wrapping her in a tight hug.

“I don’t know when things changed. They weren’t here so I don’t know.” She whispered, tears streaming down her cheeks. “For more than twenty years I’ve ached for Robert. My sweet, strong, brave baby boy. The day he left here to marry Mayrse I thought that I’d never see him
again. Much less meet my other grandchildren. And now he’s home and his babies are here, and it’s like…” She trailed off, again unable to finish.

“Shh, Izabella. Whatever is going on between Gideon and Robert, it will get worked out. Robert will move heaven and earth to make that happen. For you, for Alexander, and for Madzie.” He soothed.

“I hope you’re right.” She said, sniffing as she stepped back, pulling herself together.

“How was Alexander?” He asked. He had to know how his angel was.

“Angry. Busted a few heavy bags, but calmer when I left him. His team were waiting outside for him for their ass kicking.” She said, trying not to smile.

It had already become crystal clear to her that her grandchildren were not one’s to be reckoned with. Especially Alec. She had only expecting to meet two when they came, at most three with Jace.

The other two were just a bonus. She remembered clearly when she had wanted to throttle Clary in the beginning for hurting her baby. She had long since come to see that she had misjudged the girl.

“Isabelle was right. The Clave did pick the wrong person to pick a fight with when they put a target on Alec’s back. They don’t stand a chance against those kids.” She said.

“No. They really don’t.” He said softly, gently wiping the rest of her tears away. “Alexander is a force of nature. As are the rest of the family. He taught them well.” He said, smiling at the thought of the family he had grown to love so dearly. Shadowhunters. Something he hadn’t thought was possible. “How’s Madzie?” He asked.

“Hurt. But Robert will fix it. I know he will. After last night I honestly think that Gideon is afraid of him. And his children.” She said, trying to hide her smile. It really wasn’t funny. But now she knew why they were the ‘cream of the crop’ in the Shadowhunter World.

The Lightwood children didn’t just break noses and accept the consequences. They kicked asses and took names. And the mere thought of that made her smile. It looked like today’s generation of
Lightwood’s took no shit from anyone and that made her so incredibly proud.

“Well, if Robert can’t get through to him…” He started.

“He will.” She said, gently cutting him off. As much as she loved her Uncle Mags, she couldn’t let him go after her boy. She needed to find a way to distract him. “Did you look at your tux?”

“Not yet. I’ve been a bit distracted.” He said, knowing full well that she was trying to change the subject. To distract him. And for both their sakes he was going to let her. “Has Alexander seen his?” He asked as she crossed the room to the white garment bag.

“I believe so. I think he saw it this morning.” She said, unzipping the white bag. “Here. Tell me what you think.” She said, holding the black silk tux out to him.

He had been to plenty of weddings but had never thought that he would be having his own. He had given up on finding his mate, that he would always be alone. He nearly lost his breath at the sight of the tux that he was getting married in. ‘I’m getting married today.’ He thought.

“It’s perfect.” He breathed, tears welling in his eyes. He shouldn’t have been surprised. Catarina had done a perfect job as always. His oldest and dearest friend knew him well. “And Alexander’s?” He asked.

“I’ve been forbidden to say.” She said, smiling at the dopey look on his face. “Cat will be here later today to see if she needs to make any size adjustments.”

“She won’t. She knows me too well.” He said, unable to filter his thoughts.

“You’re also not allowed out back. The other warlock’s have permission to tackle you if you try.” She said, laughing at her Uncle Mags.

“As if they could.” He said, unable to help but smile. “Why all the secrecy?”

“Cat wants it to be a surprise. But don’t worry. You’re going to love it.” She said, holding out the tux to him.
Taking it from her he ran his fingers over the black silk. ‘It’s silk.’ He thought. ‘I hope Alexander’s is the same. He loves satins and fine silks.’

“I heard you were in your workshop early this morning. Working on something new?” She asked.

“Sort of. It’s a bit of a surprise.” He said, not wanting to tell her anything more.

“Well then I won’t ask you to tell me and spoil it.” She said as a soft knock sounded at the door.

“Come in.” He called.

The door opened, Robert stepping in. He closed it softly behind him.

“Well?” Magnus asked, butterfly’s flapping around like bat’s in his belly.

“Gideon will not be in attendance but Madzie will be attending with Caroline. Madzie is to meet up with Isabelle and Clary this afternoon to get all girlified.” Robert said, relief still coursing through him.

He hadn’t been sure that he would be able to convince his little brother to do the right thing. He was glad that he wasn’t going to have to kill him for hurting his boy and niece. When his brother had become such a selfish asshole he didn’t know.

“Does Alexander know?” Magnus asked.

“Yes. I just told him. Training is going a lot smoother now that he’s not quite so distracted.” He said, unable to hide his smile. He had found his son coaching his children through complicated triple basket flips on uneven ground. He hadn’t wanted to do any of his own for fear of injury in his distracted state. “I heard he busted up a few heavy bags this morning. Thanks for healing him up, momma.”

“Healing him up?” Magnus asked, alarmed.
“No worries, Magnus. It’s not uncommon for the kids to hurt their hands while training. It was nothing an iratze couldn’t fix.” He said, chuckling. “When they throw punches, they throw hard ones. I can’t tell you how many heavy bags I’ve had to replace over the years. I finally started buying them in bulk and storing them in the Institute’s basement.”

Magnus visibly relaxed. His Shadowhunter hadn’t seriously injured himself.

“The kids had their own set in the training room. Everyone else used the ones on the other side of the room. Never had to replace any of those though. At least not after I gave the kids their own. Even put their names on them.” Robert said, still amazed at what his children could do. He was always amazed.

“Their names on them.” Magnus said, shaking his head. His family never ceased to amaze him.

“They’re a force of nature, Magnus. They don’t just break noses and accept the consequences. They kick asses and take names. I pity anyone the Clave throws in their path. Clary’s ‘shockwave’ rune doesn’t even come close to the damage they can do up close and personal.” He said, both proud at what his children could do, but sad that they would have to do it.

He knew that this war was going to be hard on his children, as necessary as it was. They were going to be fighting their own kind, Shadowhunters they had once thought were friends. But they would do it because they had to. They would do it not just for their brother and everyone like him, but for everyone else who needed them to. Not just those with them today, but for countless generations to come.

“I’ve long since picked up on that.” Magnus said, unable to hide his smile. His family would be kicking asses and taking names for eternity, watching over the new Shadow World they would build. But Robert and Izabella didn’t know that yet. But Robert would. Soon. As would his oldest and dearest friend.

He had started the immortality potion that morning. It would take seven days to cure, and his sweet omega’s blood. The final ingredient. The potion required the blood of a mortal nephilim, and his young warrior was the only one that could give it. They couldn’t ask anyone else. And he knew that they wouldn’t even if they could.

His oldest and dearest friend wouldn’t suffer the loss of her mate for eternity. Not if he could help it, which he could. And Robert, a man he had grown to not only trust, to like, he wouldn’t be
denied the chance to watch his grandchildren grow up. And his great grandchildren, and every
generation of Lightwood’s that came after. Be it Lightwood-Bane’s, Lightwood-Lewis’, or
Morgenstern-Herondale’s. They would all be Lightwood’s in every way that mattered.

“Do you have your tux for the wedding?” He asked.

“I do. And momma her dress. She’s going to be getting all girlified too.” Robert said, smirking.
He watched as his mother paled. She had never used cosmetics or so much as seen a curling iron.

“It’s only a little makeup, Izabella.” He said, unable to stop his laugh. The look on Izabella’s face
was priceless. “And a few hair accessories.”

“Well, I better get back. I want to make sure that Alexander doesn’t push himself too hard. He
doesn’t want to be worn out for his wedding I’m sure.” Robert said.

“Please do. Or at least make sure he gets a nap in.” He said, worried that his sweet omega might
actually push himself too hard. He was bad about doing that.

“Will do.” Robert said, turning towards the door. Now that things were settled, he wanted to
check on his son and find his mate. Now that things were out in the open, he wanted to hold her
where everyone could see it.

“I better go too. Remember, no going out back. We have guards surrounding the perimeter of the
venue so please don’t push the issue by trying to sneak a peek.” Izabella said.

“You do know that I can just portal past them, right?” Magnus asked.

“We’re asking that you don’t. We want it to be a surprise for both you and Alexander. Cat and
your warlocks have done an amazing job. Trust that everything will be perfect. They’ve been
waiting a long time for this day, Magnus. To see you marry your mate. They know how much this
means to you. To you and Alexander both.” Robert said, hoping that his son’s alpha would listen.

“Alright.” He said, sighing. “I won’t ‘sneak a peek.”
“I need to go too. If I’m going to be subjected to being ‘girlified’ I need to mentally prepare myself. I also want to check on Madzie.” Izabella said.

“Okay. But what am I supposed to do?” He asked.

“Whatever warlocks do to kill time I guess.” Robert said, shrugging his shoulders. “Create a potion or something.” He said before walking out the door, Izabella following him.

Magnus sighed as it closed behind them. ‘If he only knew.’ He thought. Turning back to the garment rack he carefully hung his tux beside the full length mirror.

“Okay. Now switch.” Alec said, watching as his sister and parabati came down from the triple flips. Their flips had been flawless, but he could see that they needed a break from it. The uneven ground was making solid landings more difficult, as was the strain of the repeated motions. And it was his brother’ turn.

“Are you going to go up?” Clary asked.

“Before we’re done.” He said.

“You’ll do no such thing.” Izabella said. She had been standing beneath a tree watching not too far away. She was sure that her grandson had known that she was there, but she had wanted to see firsthand the ‘basket tosses’ that she had heard about after leaving her Uncle Mag’ cottage. They didn’t do those in her day.

What she had seen had taken her breath away. Watching as the boys had tossed the girls high into the air and their graceful triple flips before they came back down was beyond anything she had ever dreamed possible. But that was becoming commonplace.

Her son had told her Uncle Mags that he would check on Alec, but she had wanted to come. To see for herself what the best Shadowhunter team in the world did in their ‘downtime’.
“What? Why?” He asked, turning to his grandmother. He had known that she had been watching for the past half hour. He imagined seeing their basket flips was a new thing for her. He doubted they had done them in her day. And if he was totally honest, basket tosses weren’t a part of ‘traditional’ Shadowhunter training. There weren’t many who could do them in his day. Only he could, and his family.

“You’re not supposed to push yourself too hard, wear yourself out before the wedding.” She said, crossing the short distance between them. “Coaching is fine I think but you’ve already used up quite a bit of energy this morning on those heavy bags.”

“That was nothing.” He said, shaking his head.

“Maybe in the moment. But it’ll catch up with you in the long run, Alec. You have a bad habit of overdoing it and today isn’t the day for that. You should be enjoying yourself.” She said, unable to hide her concern. “Besides, you’re supposed to be kicking their asses.”

She had come to see just how hard her grandson worked, how much he put into who and what he was. And how much he put into training his team. But he did tend to overdo it without even realizing it. And today wasn’t the day for that.

“She’s right, Alec. Today isn’t the day for training. You should be enjoying yourself.” Jace said, rolling the ache from his shoulders. He had lost count of the number of tosses they had done at least two dozen ago.

“If you cut us a break we might just be able to help you with that whole ‘enjoying yourself’ part.” Simon said, rolling his own shoulders.

“Not a chance, Si.” Alec said, shaking his head no. “Besides, I am enjoying myself.” He said, smirking. He had promised his family payback, and he was giving it. Basket tosses on even ground was one thing, uneven ground was an entirely different matter. It took greater concentration, more precise movements during the flips with hip and body rotation and focus on landing to maintain balance.

“Come on, Alec. Surely there is something more fun you could be doing. And it’s not like you can’t pick up your revenge when you get back from your honeymoon and are on restricted duty.” Clary said, slapping her hand over her mouth at the slip-up. He didn’t yet know about his ‘reduced schedule’ for his two week rest period.
“My what?” He asked, raising his brows.

“I mean your lighter schedule.” She said, biting her bottom lip.

“And what does this ‘restricted’, excuse me, ‘lighter schedule’ consist of exactly?” He asked. No one had discussed his ‘two week rest period’ with him yet.

“Um…” She started, unsure what to say, to tell him.

“Mostly coaching. Archery. Training supervision.” Izzy said. They had planned on not telling him the details of his rest period until he got back from his honeymoon. They knew that he wouldn’t take it well. But she wasn’t going to hide it from him since he had asked outright. And she wasn’t going to lie about it. “And shorter days.”

“Jeez, Iz. Are you trying to get us all killed?” Jace asked.

“Excuse me?” Alec asked.

“It’s necessary, honey.” Izabella said, picking up on the edge in her grandson’s tone. “This is only your second heat you’re coming up on. They’re quite strenuous. Trust me. I know. You need to take care of yourself leading up to it.”

Seething he turned to look at her, anger shining brightly in his crystal blue eyes. He had an army to train. He couldn’t just sit around and talk his troops through their training or sit out on his training sessions.

“Don’t give me that look.” She said, all grandmother. “And you owe Madzie at Shay a tea party. An extravagant one. One you’ll have time for.”

“Who made this ‘restricted schedule’?” He asked, sugar sweet as he turned back to his family.

“Um…we did.” Simon said, sheepish. He didn’t like the look he saw in his best friend’s eyes. “And Magnus. Oh, and your father. He helped.” He said, having no problem yanking best friend’s alpha and father under the bus with them.
“I see. And I suppose I get no say in the matter?” He asked.

“Nope.” Izzy said. She was willing to go toe to toe with her big brother if it prevented a repeat of the fallout of his last heat. “We won’t stand by and watch you run yourself into the ground again or what it did to you.”

“This heat will be harder, Alec. This time you’ll be able to mate. Your heat cycles will come more frequently.” Izabella said. “This rest period is important. Most omega’s stop all strenuous activity leading up to their heat.”

“Yeah, well I’m not most omegas.” Alec snapped.

“Alec, please be reasonable.” Clary pleaded.

“You’re dismissed!” He snapped again. “Go do whatever it is that you actually want to be doing. You certainly don’t want to be training with me. It’s too strenuous for me.” He said, anger radiating off him in waves.

Clary paled. She could feel his anger through their bond, and he was furious. Her parabatai was not one to be reckoned with under the best of circumstances. He was especially not when he was furious.

“What are you going to do?” She asked softly.

“That’s my business. You made going behind my back yours.” He said, turning back towards the village, not bothering to so much as look back.

“That went well.” Jace said sarcastically.

“Where do you think he’s going?” Simon asked.

“I don’t know.” Izzy said, wishing that she had kept her mouth shut. That they all had just kept
their mouths shut.

“Should we try and stop him? Calm him down?” Clary asked.

“Do you really think we could?” Jace asked, defeated.

This was his brother's wedding day. He had already been through one upsetting ordeal with Madzie. He shouldn’t be feeling the way he was sure that he was now. Angry, upset, and knowing Alec, hurt. They had gone behind his back. Knowing his brother, it wouldn’t take much to set off his temper in this state and they all knew it. Wherever he was going, whatever he was going to do, he just hoped that no one got in his way.

Magnus flipped through his notes. He had been spending as much free time as he could working on potions for his Shadowhunter. Since he developed an immunity to things so quickly, he wanted to have a variety on hand to be able to rotate his potions out. He knew how much his young love hated his mother’s ‘mundane drugs’ and had been trying to find a way around using them whenever possible.

“Magnus!” Clary shouted, pounding on the door. Her usually soft voice was panicked and echoed throughout the cottage.

He was on his feet and at the door in a flash, almost ripping the door off its hinges in his haste to open it. Something was wrong.

“Biscuit? What is it? What’s wrong?” He asked, fear a ball of lead sitting solidly in his belly. He had never seen the look she had in her eyes before. The fear. “Is Alexander alright?”

“We messed up, Magnus. I messed up. I let slip about his restricted schedule during his rest period.” She said, tears welling in her eyes for her parabatai. She could feel his burning anger and his hurt throbbing through their bond. She could feel the sense of betrayal and heartbreak. In not talking to him about what they thought he might need during his rest period, in going behind his back and forming a plan for him, he felt that they had betrayed him. All of them. “He didn’t take it well.”
Magnus sighed, closing his eyes. He knew that his sweet omega wouldn’t take it well when he found out what they had planned for him. He knew that it would be bad. That he would be angry and hurt that they hadn’t talked to him first.

But they had felt as if they couldn’t. That he would resist. They hadn’t wanted to give him *time* for that. They had planned to wait until they got back from their honeymoon to tell him about the restricted schedule and the plans that had been made, telling him the day *before* his rest period was to start. He had hoped that he would be able to talk to his young love when that time came, to calm his anger and ease his hurt before he transitioned into his rest period.

“Where is he now?” He asked.

“We don’t know. He dismissed us from training and…just walked away. He’s not at the archery range or in the training area.” She said, a tear sliding down her cheek. “It’s bad, Magnus. I can feel it. I’ve felt him hurt and angry before. I’ve felt him feel betrayed before. But not like this. I guess this time it’s different because it was *us* who betrayed him.”

Magnus’ heart constricted hearing her words. He had come to learn just how much his Shadowhunter had been through after his presentation. The sense of betrayal by everyone around him. Everyone except his *team*. His *family*.

“You didn’t betray him, Biscuit. We were just trying to do what we thought was best for him.” He said, hoping to make her feel better. He didn’t think it would, but he had to try.

“That’s the problem. It’s what *we* thought was best for him. We didn’t talk to him, Magnus. We didn’t give him any choices or say in any of it and he knows that now. In the state he’s in, I don’t know what he’ll do.” She said, her hand sliding to the throbbing parabatai rune on her side.

“Okay. Well the first thing is to find him. Haven’s big, but it’s not that big. He has to be here somewhere. Somebody has to have seen him. Which direction he was going, something. We just need to spread out.” He said, trying to form a plan in his mind. A plan that just wouldn’t come to him. His worry and fear were standing in its way. “Get everyone together. Your father, Catarina, Izabella. We’ll spread out and find him. Maybe he just went somewhere to solo train, to cool off.”

“Okay.” She said, a spark of determination shining in her bright green eyes. She was going to find her parabatai. She was going to do whatever she could to ease his hurt. Like he had done for more times than she could count.
“It’s going to be alright, Biscuit. We’ll find him.” He said, hoping with all that he was that they would find his angel before he did anything rash.

“Coming!” Cat called, crossing to the door. The persistent pounding had pulled her from her final review of the wedding plans for that evening. Pulling the door open she was surprised to see a very angry Alec on the other side.

“Alec, sweetie, what’s wrong?” She asked, instantly concerned.

“Did you know?” He asked, hoping with everything in him that his mom hadn’t known what his family had done. What his father and alpha had done.

“Know what?” She asked, a ball of lead sitting solidly in her belly. She was honestly afraid of his answer.

“Did you know about the ‘restricted schedule’ the people I trusted most planned for me?” He asked.

‘Trusted.’ She thought, her heart constricting in her chest.

Alec nodded, yes. He could tell by the look in her eyes that she had known. He didn’t need to hear her answer.

“Did you just know about it or did you help them?” He asked, fighting back the tears that wanted to fall.

“We worked on it together, sweetie.” She said gently.

“So it was all of you. It wasn’t just my team and my father and my alpha. It was you too.” He said, unable to stop the tear that slid down his cheek. The stab of heartache that he felt was foreign to him. He had never had a mom before or felt a real mother’s love before her. So this pain was
His father had hurt him before. His alpha had hurt him before. His team? Not until today. And the woman he had only hours before come to realize that he loved like a mother...yes, this was new.

“Sweetie, come inside. We can talk about this.” She said, reaching for his hand.

He instinctively jerked back. He didn’t want to be touched. Not by her, not by anyone.

“If you wanted to talk it should have been before now. It should have been all of us making this ‘restricted’ schedule. All of us, so it’s a bit late for talking now.” He said, unwelcome tears streaming down his cheeks.

“We we’re just trying to do what was best for you, sweetie. It wasn’t our goal to hurt you.” She said, wanting desperately to comfort him. To comfort her son.

“It never is.” He said softly. Before she could say anything else he turned and ran.

“Alec, wait!” She called after him, but he was too fast. He was around the bend in the trees and out of sight in what felt like an instant.

Alec ran his hand up the polished banister as he walked up the stairs. Taking the curve at the top of the stairs he ran his finger across the centuries old cloth wallpaper as he made his way down the hallway, finally stopping at a closed door. Turning the knob he pushed it open, staring in at his bedroom. At the soft blue walls, the white gauzy curtains, and the vase of red roses on the table in the corner. The roses that always sat on the table in the corner.

He was supposed to come here tonight on his honeymoon. He’s was supposed to be coming here with his alpha, his husband.
He had walked every inch of the grounds at The Manor. He had sat at his great, great
grandmothers grave, and those of the two children that she had lost in childbirth. He had walked
through her small cottage, the perfectly preserved cottage where she had died.

He had touched countless roses, roses that stemmed from blooms that she had planted. He stood
now in her childhood home. His home. He had been through the house. He had been through his
training room and his sisters forge. He had seen the rooms his brothers and sisters had slept in.
The room his mom had slept in. And in that moment, it didn’t feel like home.

He knew in his heart that his family loved him and that they always had. He kept telling himself
that, over and over again but it didn’t seem to matter how many times he repeated it to himself. It
did nothing to ease the ache in his heart or soul.

He knew that they had thought that they were doing what was best for him. He had tried telling
himself that too. But still it hurt.

He had cried until his head throbbed, until his stomach clenched and he vomited until there was
nothing left.

Yes, his father had hurt him in the past. His alpha had hurt him in the past, but he knew and
understood the reasons for that now. He understood all the reasons why he had felt that pain. But
as hard as he tried, he just couldn’t make himself understand this one. It wasn’t one person who
had hurt him. It wasn’t an Institute of people who had hurt him. It was everyone he held most
dear.

He knew that his parabatai was hurting, that guilt and fear were eating her up inside. But he
couldn’t go to her. He couldn’t seem to make himself. He couldn’t comfort her, not the way that
she needed to be comforted.

He wasn’t sure when they would find him. His alpha had sensed him before and had followed the
bond between them through a portal before. Rather or not he would be able to do that again, he
didn’t know.

He had thought about going back to New York. To where it all had started. Clary’s glamour rune
was strong enough that no one would have seen him. But if he was outside a protective ward his
warlock could easily track him, assuming he couldn’t track him anyway, and he wasn’t willing to
put him in the danger of going somewhere unprotected.
“Sweetheart.” Magnus said behind him.

Alec swallowed hard, closing his eyes.

“How did you find me?” He asked, honestly curious. Had he sensed him through their bond? Had he tracked him through the wards?

“I knew the moment you portaled in that you were here.” Magnus said softly.

He had watched his Shadowhunter as he had walked the grounds of their home. As he had sat at his daughter’s grave and those of his lost grandchildren. He had watched as he had walked through her small cottage. He had watched as his young love had touched her roses and as he had walked through the house. He had watched as his angel had wept until he’d made himself sick.

He had wanted to go to him the moment he had arrived, to talk to him, to try and comfort him. But something deep inside had told him to keep his distance. That his young love needed the time and the space. The fact that his sweet omega hadn’t sensed him or known that he was there just went to show just how caught up in his emotions he was, in his thoughts. But seeing him now, watching him as he looked into their bedroom, looking so lost, he couldn’t keep his presence from him anymore.

“Sweetheart?” He asked again.

Alec couldn’t turn around. He couldn’t look at the man that he loved with all that he was. He couldn’t gaze into the chocolate brown eyes that he loved so much. He just couldn’t. As much as he wanted to, he just couldn’t. He knew that if he did his heart would shatter completely, and he didn’t know why.

“So you’ve been watching me?” He asked.

“Yes, angel. I have.” Magnus said, taking a step towards his precious Alexander.

“Don’t.” He said. Now that he knew that his warlock was there his senses were on high alert. He could hear his alpha’s heart racing in his chest. “Please don’t.” He said softly.
Magnus’ heart broke a little more. Every minute of his time watching his young love it had broken little bits of his heart one piece at a time. He had told their family where his young angel was the moment he had breached the wards at The Manor so they all knew that he was safe. But he had asked them to stay away. He had known with all that he was that he was the one that needed to go to his Shadowhunter.

“Everyone’s worried.” He said gently.

“I know.” Alec said softly.

“You do know that we all love you, don’t you?” He asked, certain that his angel knew that they did. And that was why this had hurt him so much. Because the ones who loved him, the ones that he loved, the one’s that he trusted with all that he was had been the cause of his pain.

“Yes.” Alec said, a whisper of breath. “I’ve been telling myself that over and over and over again hoping that it would take the pain away, but it hasn’t. And I don’t know why.” He said, finally turning to face his alpha, a tear streaming down his cheek. “I just don’t know why.” He said softly.

“I know why, angel.” Magnus said, just as softly. He wanted nothing more in that moment than to take his Shadowhunter in his arms, to hold him and comfort him.

“Why?” He asked, not understanding how his mate, his fated mate could know what he didn’t.

“When the ones you love most hurt you it doesn’t matter how much they love you or how much you love them. It’s that complete and utter love between you that makes it hurt so much. Because it’s a pain you never expect to feel. A pain that you thought you would never feel. So when it happens it hurts more than anything else in the world.” He said gently.

Alec nodded, yes. His alpha’s words made sense.

“No one meant to hurt you, sweetheart. That wasn’t our goal.” He said, unknowingly repeating his sweet omega’s mother’s words.

“So I’ve heard.” Alec said, barely a whisper. “Why…” He started, unable to finish.
“Why what, love?” He asked.

“Why does everyone believe that I should have no say in what happens in my life? That I can’t take care of myself or make my own decisions?” Alec asked. “Why is it that everyone else gets to decide things for me without even talking to me about it? I mean…am I that stupid? Is that’s what I’ve become to them? Just a stupid omega who can’t take care of himself?”

Magnus’ heart constricted in his chest at his angel’s question. Not because he had asked it but because he knew then that his young love actually believed it. He believed that they thought that he was stupid. That he couldn’t take care of himself.

“Listen to me, angel. You are not stupid. You are actually the most brilliant person I’ve ever known.

Everyone knows that you can take care of yourself, sweetheart. And that you are more than capable of making important decisions.

We made a mistake in not talking to you about this. We assumed that in doing things the way we did that we were doing what was best for you. I guess it’s because we know how you are…. He started.

“And how is that?” Alec snapped, cutting him off. “Unreasonable?” He asked, Clary’s earlier request that he ‘be reasonable’ echoing in his head. “Irresponsible?”

“No, sweetheart. No.” He said, unable to hold back any longer. Taking the last few steps that separated them he pulled his Shadowhunter into his arms. “You’re none of those things.”

“Then why?” Alec asked, tears streaming down his cheeks. “Just…why?”

“I guess because you’re always so busy taking care of everyone else, of everyone else’s needs that you sometimes forget to take care of your own.” He said softly, Alec’s head falling to rest on his shoulder. “I know that it’s an old habit that you were forced into at a young age. But it’s a habit that you’re going to have to break, love. Because heats are a part of your life now. Of our lives now.

We were wrong to try and force you to break a habit that’s been ingrained in you, that’s second
nature, and that just doesn’t work. It’s something that you have to learn to do. You’re going to have to learn how to take some down time from time to time because of your heats and because one day you’re going to be carrying our children. That’s just a fact. We were just trying to make transitioning into that downtime easier.” He said.

“I thought we were going to sit down and talk about it. That’s what you said when you first told me about this whole rest period thing.” Alec said.

“I know, angel.” He said, remembering the words the had said to his sweet omega weeks before.

“We’re supposed to be married today.” Alec said softly. “I thought that meant an equal partnership. Isn’t that what you said? You wanted us to be equals? In everything?” He asked.

“Sweetheart…” He started.

“I thought that meant that we’re supposed to make decisions together, not for one another.” Alec said, cutting him off, pulling back to face him. “And this? Going behind my back with our family? To gang up on me? How is that us being equals? How is that us making decisions together?”

“I do want us to be equal partners. In everything. You’re right. That’s what a marriage is supposed to be. Its just…I’ve never had a partner before, so this is all new for me too. And I’m going to need you to be a little patient with me. I have habits to learn to break myself. Old ones, like making all the decisions.

It wasn’t my goal to go behind your back or for us to ‘gang up’ on you. I just wanted to know all that you do in a day, which I will admit was more than I realized, to make sure that everything got covered so you wouldn’t have to worry about anything when the time came. Not ‘who’s going to handle this or ‘who’s’ going to handle that.’ I wanted you to be able to just…relax and breathe for a change. To not carry the weight of worlds on your shoulders the way that you have for so long.

I know that this hurt you, that in doing things this way that we hurt you and I’m sorry. I never want to hurt you, angel. Not ever. I should have come to you. We should have sat down together and discussed this just like I said we would. Discussed it not just as partners but as equals too.

Because we are going to be partners for a really long time. We both just have a bit of a learning curve to get past. So what do you say? Do you think you can forgive me? Forgive us?” He
asked, gazing into the beautiful crystal blue eyes he loved so much.

Alec nodded, yes. He didn’t want to be angry with his alpha anymore, or his family. He couldn’t stand it. They were family. They would always love and forgive each other. And his warlock was right, he didn’t put his own needs first. Ever. And that was something that he was going to have to learn how to do. Not just to get through his heats, but to get through his pregnancies. And his future husband was right about something else. This was new to them both and they both did have a learning curve.

“Thank you, love.” Magnus said, pressing a soft kiss to Alec’s forehead. “Let’s forget this for now, okay? We can sit down and work it all out when we get back from our honeymoon. We can make a new rest period schedule. Or adjust whatever needs adjusting to what’s already in place. Alright?” He asked.

“What about the wedding?” He asked softly.

“There’s always tomorrow, sweetheart. Or the next day. We can postpone it. Assuming that you still want to marry me.” Magnus teased, smiling at his Shadowhunter’s soft smile. “That’s better.” He said as Alec rested his head back on his shoulder.

Magnus finally felt himself draw an easy breath when he felt his angel relax in his arms. He felt as if he had been drowning since the moment his Biscuit had knocked on his door. But he was concerned by the exhaustion he felt from young warrior. Then he remembered.

The day before had been a hard one. Lydia Branwell had betrayed the friendship that he had thought hoped they still had, then broken his heart when he had caused her pain and injury in defending himself. He had wanted so much to save her, to protect her when she presented as an omega. And now he couldn’t.

Then there was the strain and drain of their bachelor party which had ended very, very early that morning. A morning that hadn’t exactly been a happy one. And then more gut wrenching pain with all that had had happened after.

“Sweetheart?” He asked.

“Hmm?” Alec mumbled.
“What time did you get up this morning?” He asked.

“’Bout seven thirty.” Alec breathed, his head still throbbing from his earlier tears.

“You’re exhausted, love. How about we lay down for a while? We can postpone the wedding.” He said. His sweet omega was running on less than five hours of sleep in more than twenty four hours, with a lot of strains in between. He needed to sleep, badly. And he was probably in pain.

“I don’t want to. I don’t want to postpone the wedding. But how do I go back? How do I face them? I’m not ready yet.” Alec said, barely more than a whisper. He didn’t want to go back yet. He truly wasn’t ready to face them. He might not still be mad, but their betrayal still hurt. But he still wanted to marry his alpha.

“They’re sorry, love. So very sorry. They love you. They love you so much that it’s breaking their hearts that they hurt you. They need your forgiveness. They need it more than anything. And they need you. Just like they always have. You are their world, angel. I know that you’re still hurting but do you think that you can give him the forgiveness that they need?” He asked.

Alec knew with everything that he had that what his warlock said was right. He knew that his family loved him. And he loved them. More than anything.

“Yes.” He said softly, the heartache and pain fading away. They were his family. His Clare-bear, his Izzy-diz, Si, and Jace. They would always love and forgive each other. Yes, they had messed up. And they would mess up again. Just as he would. They were all human after all.

“You need to sleep, love.” Magnus said.

“Can’t. The wedding.” He murmured.

“There’s plenty of time. And it’s not like they’re going to start without us. You need to rest. You don’t want to crash on our honeymoon, right?” Magnus asked.

“No.” He breathed.
“Then it’s into bed for you.” Magnus said.

“Will you lay down with me?” He asked. It was getting harder and harder to hold his eyes open, despite the pounding in his head. It had been strange waking up without his alpha. He was so used to waking up in his arms that he had ached for them the moment he had opened his eyes.

“Of course, angel.” Magnus said softly. Snapping his fingers he turned their bed down. “Hold on to me, sweetheart.” He said.

Alec wrapped his arms around his warlock’s neck, unsurprised when he reached beneath his knees and lifted him easily into his arms.

“Just hold on tight.” Magnus soothed, walking the short distance between them and their bed.

It had been hard to sleep not having his precious Alexander with him. He had woken up aching to have his young love in his arms. He would cherish resting with him now, savoring the feel of his angel being right where he was meant to be. Gently he laid his Shadowhunter on their bed. Snapping his fingers he changed Alec out of his training clothes into his favorite comfy sleep clothes.

“Does your head hurt?” He asked. By the look in his sweet omega’s eyes he was certain that it did. Hard crying always left one with a bad headache.

“Yes.” Alec said softly.

“Okay. I’ll fix it.” He said. Pressing his fingers gently to his angel’s temples he pushed out soft, soothing magic. Magic that would push back the pain. He wasn’t the best healer, but he could do some things. Healing was Catarina’s specialty. But he could do this. He could give his Shadowhunter this.

Alec drew a deep breath in as his warlock’s magic seeped into him, as the comforting warmth of it washed the pain away.

“Better?” Magnus asked when he heard his young love’s sigh of relief.
“Much. Thank you.” He said softly.

“Good. Sleep now, angel.” Magnus soothed, running his fingers gently through his sweet omega’s hair, watching as he relaxed, then brushing a lock of it out of his sleepy eyes.

“Okay.” He murmured, rolling onto his side. The side he slept on.

Bending down Magnus pressed a soft kiss to his love’s forehead, watching his young warrior’s eyes flutter closed. He waited for his favorite sound. He didn’t have to wait long. He smiled when he heard it. His angel’s adorable soft little snores always made him smile.

Snapping his fingers a pad of paper and pen appeared in his hand. Scribbling out a quick note to Catarina he told her that they would be back in a few hours. His Alexander needed to sleep. He folded it, snapping his fingers beneath it. Green sparks shot up into the paper and it vanished. Setting the pen and paper aside he lifted the soft quilt, gently tucking his young love in before toeing off his shoes and climbing in bed beside him.

Wrapping his Shadowhunter in his arms he fell into an exhausted sleep of his own, but not before sending up a prayer thanking every angel in the heavens that his love was safe, and that in just a few hours one of his most precious dreams would come true.

Clary paced anxiously, chewing her bottom lip. Her parabatai would be there any minute. She ached to see him.

“Stop that.” Jace said gently, cupping her cheek. “It’s going to be fine. You know it.”

She nodded, yes. They were all waiting in the field outside the village. Her mate, her parabatai’s sister, his best friend, his grandmother, his father and Cat were waiting with her. His father was holding Cat in his arms.

Magnus had sent a fire message an hour ago saying that they would be portaling back from The
Manor. They wanted to be there to meet him. All of them. Little Madzie had wanted to come but
they had gently told her no. She had cried when they told her that she couldn’t be there when he
got back, but that she would see her favorite Lightwood in just few hours.

A swirling portal began to open before them. It was time. Her parabatai was coming home. They
watched as the portal opened, Magnus and Alec stepping through.

Alec looked at his family, unsure what to do. Not until his parabatai, his Clare-bear leapt into his
arms. He held her tight, just as tight as she held him. His love for her washed over him, the final
piece and the peace that he had so desperately needed.

“I am so sorry.” Clary said, tears streaming down her cheeks.

“It’s okay, Clare-bear.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to the top of her head. Pulling back he wiped
the tears from her cheeks. “Please don’t cry.”

She nodded, yes. She could feel through their bond that it really was okay. Her parabatai was no
longer hurt or angry. He was her Alec, the Alec that she had fallen in love with years ago. Not
romantic love, but every other kind of love that there was.

“Hey parabatai. Give me my brother.” Izzy said behind her.

She didn’t want to let go but she knew that she had to. Izzy quickly took her place, wrapping her
arms around her big brother. Her Rockstar.

“I’m sorry. I am so, so sorry. I didn’t mean to hurt you. We just wanted to help.” Izzy hiccupped;
a sob caught in her chest.

“Shh. It’s okay, Iz. It really is. I know that you were just trying to help.” Alec said softly, giving
her a tight squeeze. “No more tears okay?” He asked, pressing a soft kiss to the top of her head,
just as he had done his parabatai’s.

“I…” She started.
“It’s fine.” He said gently, cutting her off. “Just don’t do it again okay?” He asked.

“Oh.” She said, nodding yes.

“Good.” He said as she stepped back, wiping the tears from her cheeks.

Jace held out a hand, hoping that his brother would take it. His heart had shattered when he had realized just how much they had hurt their brother.

“Are we good?” He asked, tears welling in his eyes.

“We’re good.” Alec said, taking Jace’s hand and pulling him into a hug. “We’re good.” He said softly, patting his little brother on the back.

Jace nodded, yes.

“What about us?” Simon asked beside Jace, butterfly’s flapping around like bat’s in his belly. He was terrified of losing his best friend, his brother, because they had been stupid. He had been stupid. He should have known that they were going about things the wrong way.

“We’re good, Si.” Alec said, pulling his best friend into a hug. He wanted to hold every member of his family. To comfort them. He smiled when he felt Simon’s shoulders relax.

“Alexander.” Robert said behind Simon.

Alec looked up into his father’s pained brown eyes. His sister’s eye’s. Simon moved quickly, knowing that his best friend and his father needed this.

“I don’t...” Robert started.

“It’s okay, dad.” He said, cutting him off.
“It’s not. Please let me say what I need to say?” Robert asked, his need for it shining in his eyes.

He nodded, yes.

“I wasn’t there for you when your first heat hit. I messed up. I’ve known what omega heats are like and how they work my entire life. I should have been prepared and I wasn’t. I have regretting my mistakes since the day you presented. So when I was given the chance to help you now, before your next heat I jumped on it. Trying to make things right, I guess. And all I did was mess up again.” Robert said.

Hearing Robert’s words pained Magnus. Robert hadn’t been the only one who had messed up, who hadn’t been there for his sweet omega. He had messed up too. But he remembered his precious Alexander’s request that he let it go.

“Dad…what happened before is the past. Please let it go. I have. This…I know that you were just trying to help. All of you.” Alec said, looking his father straight in the eye. He needed his father to know that the past truly was the past.

Robert nodded, yes. He could see the truth of his son’s words in his beautiful crystal blue eyes. A weight that he had been carrying for months, since his son’s presentation lifted from his shoulders. His boy truly had forgiven him. Instinctively he pulled Alec in for a hug. He had missed hugging his children. He had been craving those hugs since the day he had stopped being ‘daddy’ all those years ago.

“Can I have a hug too, sweetie?” Cat asked at his father’s side.

Alec smiled a soft smile for her as his father stepped away.

“Always, mom.” He said, pulling her into his arms. “Always.” He said softly.

“Thank you, sweetie.” She said, stepping back to press a soft kiss to his cheek. It was a struggle fighting back the tears that wanted to fall. She had been terrified that she would lose the child she had so recently realized that she finally had.

“And don’t say ‘I’m sorry’.” He said. “There’s been enough of that.”
“Then I won’t.” Izabella said beside Cat.

How people were appearing so quickly he didn’t know, but he was happy for it. Cat stepped aside, Izabella pressing a soft kiss to his cheek.

“Thank you.” He said, wrapping his grandmother in his arms. The grandmother he hadn’t known he had until just a few months ago.

He had now held every member of his family. He didn’t know what else to do to comfort him. He could only hope that it was enough. “So are you ladies going to start getting all girlified soon?” He asked.

Izabella pulled back, surprised.

“So the wedding’s still on?” Clary asked.

“It is.” He said. “And you only have a few hours to do all of your girly stuff. But I need to see Madzie before you all start doling her up.”

He could see the happiness in his family’s eyes and in their smiles.

“Then I guess we’ll all start getting ‘girlified’. Izabella said, a pained looked on her face.

Alec couldn’t help but laugh. He realized then that she truly was unnerved about it.

“Don’t worry, grandma. You’re going to love it. And Iz and Clary are the best with all that girl crap.” He said.

“It’s not ‘crap’.” Izzy protested.

Izabella nodded yes, ignoring her granddaughter.
“You’re right. Madzie needs to see you. She’s been upset.” She said gently.

“I know. Is she home?” He asked.

“She’s at my place. We didn’t want you to have to go to Gideon’s. But she’s chomping at the bit to see her favorite Lightwood.” She said.

Alec nodded, yes. He wanted to see his favorite little Lightwood too.

She had just found out that afternoon that her grandson had been calling her granddaughter his ‘favorite little Lightwood’.

When that had started, she didn’t know. But she was glad that they had developed such a strong bond. She knew in her heart that her grandson would teach her granddaughter so much as she grew up. He would stand by her side her entire life, teaching and protecting her.

She hoped that her granddaughter would grow into as strong a young woman as her other granddaughters. A strong, brave, capable woman that would take no shit from anybody. A woman who would kick asses and take names. A woman who would be a part of the new Lightwood legacy. The Lightwood’s would no longer just ‘break noses and accept the consequences’. They would do more. The Lightwood saying had changed. Her grandchildren had changed it. They would break noses. They would kick asses and take names. Then accept the consequences.

“Alec!” Madzie cried as she leapt into his arms.

Alec had barely made it through the door of his grandmother’s cottage before he caught the flying little girl.

“There she is.” He said, holding her tight. ‘She’s already so fast.’ He thought. ‘She’ll make a great Shadowhunter.’
“You went away.” Madzie said, sniffling in his arms, her arms wrapped tight around his neck.

“I know. I just needed a little time to myself.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to her cheek. “People need that sometimes.”

“You scared me.” She said softly, gazing into his crystal blue eyes, eyes that matched her own.

“I’m sorry, sweet pea. I didn’t mean to.” He said.

“Promise you won’t leave again?” She asked.

“I won’t unless I have to.” He said carefully, hoping that she would understand. That she was old enough to understand that sometimes the war that was coming would take him away from Haven, and away from her.

She nodded, yes. She thought she knew what he meant. She had overheard her momma and daddy talking about a war. She wasn’t sure what a war was, but she knew it was fighting. She knew that her Alec was the best at fighting, and she had heard them say that he was going to lead them. Make the Clave stop being bad.

“So are you ready to get all fancy for the wedding?” He asked, smiling as her eyes lit up.

“So we’re still having a wedding today?” She asked, her excitement more than clear in her tone.

“Yes.” He said. “And Clary and Iz are going to do your hair and your makeup. With all that girly stuff and your silky blue dress, you’re going to be even prettier than you already are. How that’s possible I don’t know but you’re going to love it and have lots of fun. Did Cat get your blue rose petals?” He asked.

“Yes. A whole bunch of them. I get to throw them from a basket.” She said, all excitement.

“Good.” He said, pressing another soft kiss to her cheek. “I guess you girls better get started then.
Doing all that girl stuff takes time. It always takes Iz and Clary forever just to do themselves up. I think it’s going to take a little longer doing two more people.”

“Two?” She asked, confused.

“Yep. Grandma’s getting all girlified too. She’s going to get her hair and makeup done just like you. So I think you should go with them now.” He said.

“But I don’t want to leave you.” She said, resting her head on his shoulder.

“It’s okay, sweet pea. I won’t be far away. I have to start getting ready myself soon. And so does Uncle Mags.” He said. “Do you know what color their dresses are?” He asked, a whisper in her ear, hoping to change the subject.

She nodded, yes.

“Will you tell me?” He asked, just as softly.

“Nope.” She said. “It’s a surprise.” She said, smiling. She knew that it was a secret.

“Et to brute?” He asked, mock shocked.

“What’s that?” She asked, frowning.


“Oh.” She said, giggling. “Will you teach me Latin, Alec?”

“I’ll teach you as many languages as you want. But Uncle Mags knows a bunch that I don’t that I’m sure he would love to teach you.” He said, delighted that his favorite little Lightwood wanted to learn. He would teach her everything he knew. And what he didn’t, he would learn.
“Don’t be so modest, sweetheart.” Magnus said, chuckling. “Alexander knows more than thirty languages, Madzie. He can teach you plenty. But if he misses any I guess I can help. Do I get a hug?” He asked.

She nodded yes, reaching for him. She moved easily from Alec’s arms to Magnus’.

“Caroline.” Alec said politely, nodding at Madzie’s mother.

“Caroline.” Caroline side, unable to fake a smile.

He nodded, yes. ‘So it’s both of them.’ He thought. It wasn’t just Gideon who hated him, it was his wife too. He just hoped that they didn’t drag Madzie into it all.

“Go on, sweetheart.” Magnus said, rubbing Alec’s back with his free hand. The tension in the air was palpable. Madzie’s tighter grip around his neck told him that she felt it too. “Head on over to the family’s and get cleaned up. And please eat something?” He asked.

“Okay. You too.” He said, pressing a soft kiss to his alpha’s cheek. That’s all he could reach around his favorite little Lightwood.

Without another word Alec walked out the door, closing it behind him.

“Please don’t.” He said softly to Caroline. He couldn’t say the words. ‘Please don’t drag Madzie into this.’

“I’ll do my best.” Caroline said sincerely. She didn’t want to see her daughter hurt. Her little girl had grown very close to her cousin and despite the differences her husband had with his father she didn’t want them to stand in the way of her baby’s happiness. And her nephew could teach her angel so much. He could teach her how to defend herself. To protect herself against any threat that came her way.

It was something that she knew that her husband had always wanted to do but he wasn’t young anymore. His skills as a Shadowhunter weren’t as sharp. And by the time they’re baby was old enough to start learning what her father had always wanted to teach her he wouldn’t be anywhere near as capable as her nephew. Her nephew would be young and strong forever once he was claimed. He would always be the best Shadowhunter in the world and there was no one better to
teach her precious Madzie all that there was about protecting herself. He would teach her all that there was to know. And she wouldn’t deny her angel baby that, not if she could help it.

“Mom!” Alec called, jogging towards Cat standing outside the clinic. He almost stopped but didn’t. She was talking to a very pregnant male omega.

“Just a minute, sweetie.” Cat said as he came to a stop beside her, not even winded.

“The Braxton Hicks contractions are normal. But let me know if they don’t stop in a few hours or if anything changes. Okay?” She asked the pregnant man.

“Okay.” He said, rubbing his swollen belly with one hand and holding what must have been an aching back with the other.

“Do you feel up to meeting Alec?” She asked, hoping that he would be. Alec hadn’t met a pregnant male omega yet.

“I’d love to.” He said, smiling.

“Alec, this is Andrew. Andrew, this is Alec.” She said as Andrew extended the hand he had been rubbing his belly with.

Half dazed Alec took Andrew’s hand, shaking it. He hadn’t met a pregnant male omega before.

“A little bit of a shock isn’t it?” Andrew asked. He could tell by the look on Alec’s face that seeing him, a pregnant male omega was a first.

“A little bit.” Alec said, nodding yes. “I’m mean…I’ve never…” He started, unsure how to finish.
“It’s alright. We all know that in the world you came here from there were no male omegas. There are actually a few of us right now in different stages of pregnancy. We were going to ask Cat to ask if you might want to meet us. We thought you might have a few…questions.” He said.

“That would be great.” Alec said, unsure what else to say. He was still trying to wrap his mind around seeing a pregnant man even knowing that he could be one himself soon. “My Institute restricted all information on male omegas after my presentation so…I don’t know anything.” He said, sheepish.

“That doesn’t surprise me.” He said. “But I know that you have a lot going on right now, especially today.” He said, grinning. “Maybe we can set something up during your rest period. It’s coming up, right?”

“Yes, it is. A couple of days after my honeymoon.” Alec said, not missing a beat. As far as he knew no one outside the family knew about his reaction to his family’s attempt to ‘help him’. “Um…mom will probably know my schedule before I do so I guess maybe she can get with you and set it up?” He asked, looking at Cat.

“Sure.” Cat said, smiling. They had kept her son’s reaction to his rest period schedule within the family so to her knowledge no one else knew about it.

“Great. I’ll let the guys know. It was nice meeting you, Alec.” Andrew said, still smiling. Word had spread like wildfire throughout Haven about Cat and Robert being mates and how his children had instantly become hers. “I’m going to head on home. My back’s killing me. I’ll see you later, Cat.” He said, waving as he walked away.

“What’s up, sweetie?” She asked, watching as Alec watched Andrew walk away.

“Um…is that…” He started, unsure how to finish.

“Something to expect?” She asked, unable to hide her smile. “Yes, sweetie. It is. But not until later into one’s pregnancy. I do think it would be good for you to get with the other guys though. I think that they can probably give you some good insight as to what to expect. And see some of the different stages firsthand. Is that what you needed?” She asked as his eyes came back to her, certain that it wasn’t.

“Um…no actually.” He said, mentally shaking himself. Meeting Andrew wasn’t what he hadn’t
been expecting when he had gone in search of her. “I was wondering, do you know to dance?” He asked, a light blush coloring his cheeks.

“Dance? What kind of dance?” She asked, amused by his blush. ‘They are so adorable when they blush.’ She thought.

“Any kind. I don’t know how to dance, and I’m supposed to dance at the wedding.” He said.

“Ah.” She said, understanding. Magnus had been dancing for centuries and knew just about every dance there was. He loved dancing and excelled at it. Alec however had never danced a day in his life short of his pole dance the night before.

“There’s a little time before the wedding. I was hoping that maybe you could show me a few things if you’re free?” He asked, sheepish.

“Of course. I don’t think I’ll need to show you much. You seem to be able to see something once and be able to do it yourself. But I can walk you through a few things before I have to go get all girlified.” She said, amused by the word. ‘Girlified.’ She thought. Only a man would think of such a term.

“Thank you.” He breathed, relieved.

“No problem, sweetie. That’s what moms are for.” She said, taking his hand and pulling him towards the training area.

Alec stepped out of the bathroom, towel drying his hair. He stopped in front of the full length mirror and his tux in his bedroom at his family’s cottage. ‘I’m getting married.’ He thought, running his fingers over the fine white silk, excitement humming beneath his skin. ‘This really is real.’

He looked up at the soft knock at the door.
“Come in.” He called.

The door opened, Robert stepping in.

“Is that it?” Robert asked, nodding towards his son’s pristine white tux as he shut the door.

“Mm-hmm.” He said, tossing his towel on the back of a chair. “You haven’t seen it?”

“No. I told your mom the colors, but I hadn’t seen it yet.” Robert said, crossing the room to stand beside his boy to study it. “Shadowhunter white. What do you think?” He asked, hoping that precious Alexander would like it. It wasn’t too late to change it with more than fifty warlocks on hand, but he was hoping that his Catarina had gotten it perfect for their boy.

“It’s perfect.” He said, unable to hide his dopey smile. “I guess you’re not going to tell me about yours?” He asked, meeting his father’s eyes in the mirror.

Robert gazed into his little trooper’s beautiful crystal blue eyes in the glass. They looked so happy. A kind of happy he had never seen in them before despite the happiness he had already found with his alpha. A happiness his son so desperately deserved. He had had so little in his life.

He knew then in his heart that he couldn’t deny his son this tiny bit of information. His boy was getting married. His wedding had already been shrouded in so much secrecy. So no, he couldn’t deny him this. He wouldn’t.

“Shadowhunter white.” He said, smiling when his son smiled. “We are Shadowhunters after all.”

“We are.” Alec said softly. “Thank you.”

“For what?” He asked, confused.

“For telling me. I’m glad it’s white. It should be.” Alec said. “Like you said, we are Shadowhunters after all.”
“I take it you haven’t tried it on?” He asked.

“Not yet. I wanted to get cleaned up first. I didn’t want to get it dirty. Have you seen Iz or Clary? Are their dresses nice?” Alec asked, already knowing that they would be. If his tux was this perfect, he was sure that their dresses would be too.

“No, I haven’t. Last I heard they were still getting all girlified. Or at least my mother was.” He said, unable to hide his smirk. “I did hear that earlier she was refusing the curling iron though. Rather or not that’s changed I don’t know. But Madzie looks absolutely precious.”

“That’s because she is.” Alec said, unable to hide his smile for his favorite little Lightwood.

“She really is.” He said, unable to hide his own smile for his niece. He had spent a great deal of time that morning wondering how someone so precious had come from someone as miserable as who his brother had become. “Are you nervous?”

“No.” Alec said, completely and utterly confident in his words.

“No, I suppose you’re not. You’ve never been one to get nervous. About anything. I wanted to tell you…” He started, trailing off.

“What?” Alec asked, meeting his father’s eyes in the mirror again.

“That I’m happy for you. I’ve always wanted you to be happy. You deserve it. You’ve always deserved it. And now you have it.” He said, tears welling in his eyes.

Alec wasn’t sure what to say. He had never seen this kind of emotion from his father before. He had never seen this look in his eyes. The bond that they were forging was growing stronger and stronger every day and would grow stronger still. But so much was still so new.

“Thank you.” He said softly.

“Well.” Robert said, sniffing. He had never been an overly emotional man. Only when it came to his children, and his eldest child was getting married. “You better try this on. If your mother
needs to make any adjustments she needs to know sooner rather than later.”

“She won’t. It’ll fit perfectly.” He said. He was certain of it.

“You’re right. It will. But it’s best that you wait until after I finish your hair before you put it on.” Izzy said behind them.

Robert and Alec turned as one at the sound of her voice, Alec smiling like the cat who ate the canary at the sight of her and Robert looking like he had been punched in the gut.

“Please tell me that there’s more to that dress.” Robert said, a pained look on his face.

“Sorry, dad. This is it.” Izzy said, laughing at her father.

“You look stunning, Iz.” Alec said, still taking in the sight of his little sister.

The ruby red silk dress she wore molded perfectly to her curves. Its thin diamond spaghetti straps led to a deep plunge between her breasts, a thin white gold chain with a ruby and diamond charm sat nestled between them. The slit from the top of her thigh to the hem at her ankle had him biting his cheek, and his eyes softening when he saw the princess cut ruby earrings he had given her on their birthday.

“Would you like to see the back?” She asked.

“By the Angel, no.” Robert begged, truly afraid of what he might see.

Ignoring her father Izzy spun a slow circle.

“Wow, Iz. I’m assuming that Si’s already said you look hot in that?” Alec asked, trying not to laugh at the look on his father’s face. The thin straps on her shoulders ran all the way down her back, coming together to form a V of silk barely above her ass. Loose ringlets of long raven black curls fell halfway down her back, the dress and her hair perfectly showing of several runes. The four inch silk ruby red stilettos with diamond ankle straps only topped off the look. The dress matched who and what she was perfectly. A stunningly beautiful young woman comfortable with
her body, a confident Shadowhunter.

“She’s dead.” Robert breathed. “I’m going to kill her. I’m going to kill your mother.”

“Sit down, dad. Before you have a stroke.” Alec said, laughing as he pushed their father down on his bed.

“You’re sure there isn’t more to that dress?” Robert asked, half begging, half pleading. He already knew the answer. That was all there was.

“It’s okay, daddy. It’s just a dress.” Izzy said, gently cupping her father’s cheek. “It’s just a dress.” She said, gazing into the soft brown eyes that matched her own.

“Not much of one.” Alec said, unable to hold back any longer.

“Oh hush, you.” She said, swatting playfully at him. She was glad that he was having fun even if it was at her expense.

“If it helps any, I like the dress.” He said, looking her over again. Had he been straight, and she wasn’t his sister he would be drooling.

“What about mine?” Clary asked from the doorway.

Robert slammed his eyes shut. He couldn’t look. But Alec did.

“Wow, Clare-bear. You look beautiful.” He said, taking in the sight of his parabatai. “You can look, dad. It’s much more modest.”

With a sigh of relief Robert looked up, looking over his youngest daughter. The emerald green silk dress matched her eyes perfectly. His son was right, it was much more modest. But still not enough for his liking.

The dress molded perfectly to her curves, and the thin diamond spaghetti straps came down far less
low. Her breasts were well accentuated but were considerably more covered than her sister’s. The slit from her mid-thigh down to the hem at her ankle showed far less skin.

“I thought you said it was modest.” Robert huffed, annoyed at his son.

“By comparison it is.” He said, smirking.

“So what do you think? Do you want to see the back?” Clary asked.

“I don’t think so.” Robert said, dropping his head into his hands.

“I would.” Alec said, taking in the sight of his tiny pixie of a parabatai as she spun a slow circle.

With a deep sigh Robert looked up as she turned. The thin straps on her shoulders crisscrossed down her back, coming together to form a V a few inches above her ass. Tighter ringlets of short blonde curls fell just past her shoulders. As with her older sisters the dress and her hair perfectly showed off several runes. The two inch silk emerald green heels with diamond ankle straps only topped off the look.

The dress matched who and what she was perfectly. A stunningly beautiful pixie of a young woman, more modest than her sister, yet still comfortable enough with her body to show it off. She was like the rest of his children, a confident Shadowhunter.

“Jace was drooling.” Izzy said. “There’s a couple of puddles.

“Yep. I’m going to kill her.” Robert said softly. The dresses his girls wore showed far more skin than he cared for and that was his mates doing. Did they look beautiful? Yes, they did. But they were his baby girls.

“I don’t doubt it. Just let me know if you get cold though, Clare-bear. I’m sure Magnus can summon up a cute little sweater to match.” Alec said.

“Will do, sir.” Clary said, saluting him. She couldn’t help but laugh at the murderous look he gave her. She knew how much he hated it when she did that.
“You know, maybe I should send someone to get him. I’m not so sure that he’s going to care to much for his ‘Biscuit’ being so exposed.” He said, smirking as her smile dropped.

“You forgot your finishing touches.” Jace said, stepping in behind the girls, holding a black velvet box. His Shadowhunter white silk suit jacket and black tie went perfectly with his black slacks. “Okay, why do they have murder in their eyes?” He asked, eyeing his father and brother.

“Dad’s going to murder mom.” Alec said, all smiles for his brother and his unusually pale parabatai. “He thinks there’s not enough silk to go with those dresses.”

“Ah.” He said, handing Clary the velvet box. “I expected as much.”

“Well, at least one of you is dressed.” Robert said, sighing.

“And why is my girl so pale?” He asked.

“She saluted Alec.” Izzy said, smirking.

“Do you have a death wish?” He asked Clary, opening the box in her hand.

“Apparently.” Clary said as he pulled out the diamond and emerald green choker, lifting her hair so he could fasten it around her neck.

“Awe, I didn’t get a bracelet.” Izzy pouted, eyeing the matching bracelet and emerald stud earrings in the box.

“Relax, babe. I have yours here.” Simon said, squeezing in beside his brother, handing his alpha a diamond and ruby bracelet.

Alec watched as his sister’s eyes lit up, unable to hide his smile. She loved sparkly things.
“At least your dressed too. Dad’s only going to commit three murders.” He said, taking in the sight of his now officially brother’s Shadowhunter white silk suit jacket and black tie with perfectly matching black slacks. His best men matched.

“Why?” Simon asked, eyeing his ashen father. The father he now knew that he had always had, one who had always loved him.

“He doesn’t think those dresses have enough silk.” Jace said.

“Well, then he isn’t going to like what he see’s next.” He said.

“What do you mean?” Robert asked, unsure that he could take any more.

“You haven’t seen me yet.” Cat said as the boys stepped out of her way.

Robert lost his breath at the sight of his mate. Her shimmering silver silk dress was as low cut as Izzy’s, accentuating her breasts perfectly. The slits that ran down from both thighs to the hem at her ankles to her four inch silk silver stilettos with diamond ankle straps revealed far more than all the rest.

“Okay.” He breathed. “You get to live.”

“Beg pardon?” She asked, arching a perfect brow at him.

“Thirty seconds ago you had been sentenced to death for a lack of silk on his baby girls.” Alec said, not liking how exposed his mom was. “Now I’m not so sure that sentence has been lifted.” He sulked.

Cat couldn’t help but laugh at the look on her eldest son’s face.

“It’s not funny.” He pouted.

“Sure it is, sweetie.” She said, handing Robert a black velvet box. “Care to help me with these,
“Not at all.” Robert said, climbing to his feet. Flipping the lid open he pulled out a white diamond necklace, waiting while she pulled her silky brown hair with soft curls at the ends out of the way and fastening it around her neck. His head was already in the gutter. He had already come up with a dozen ways to get her out of her dress.

“Head out of the gutter please.” She said, recognizing the lustful look in his eyes as she slid on the diamond bracelet that matched her necklace and earrings.

“Yes. Please do.” Alec said, dropping down on his bed.

“What’s the matter, sweetie?” She asked, concerned. She didn’t like how pale he was, far more pale than his porcelain pale complexion allowed for.

“My mom is half naked and my dad’s drooling over her.” He said, dropping his head into his hands.

“Oh.” She said softly. She hadn’t expected this reaction. But she’d also never had a son before, one who was obviously already protective. “I can change it if you’d like.”

“Please don’t.” Robert said. “I like it. He’ll get over it.”

“Robert, please. He’s upset.” She said, more concerned for her son than for her mate’s request.

“No. I guess it’s fine. Until one of you pop out of those scraps of silk.” Alec said, softly.

“We won’t.” Izzy said, trying not to laugh at her big brother. “They’re held magically in place. Besides, she looks hot.”

“Apparently you have a death wish too.” Jace said, smirking at the murderous look his big brother was giving their sister.
Giving up Alec fell back on his bed with a groan.

“Please tell me grandma isn’t half naked.” He begged.

“Please do.” Robert asked, alarmed.

“Don’t worry, baby. I’m covered.” Izabella said as a path was made for her.

“You look beautiful, momma.” Robert said, smiling. His eyes softened as he took in the sight of the wonderful woman who had brought him into the world. Her silk sapphire blue dress fit her perfectly. She had always been a trim and attractive woman, which the dress showed. But she was covered. The high cut sleeveless dress gave way to a full length gown with sensible matching silk ballet flats. Diamonds and sapphires sparkled at her ears, throat, and wrists. Her raven black hair was pulled up, soft curls accentuating her facial features and her light makeup highlighting her crystal blue eyes.

“I think you got mom’s silk.” Alec said, looking his grandmother over. He couldn’t deny that she looked beautiful, or that she had gotten past her fear of the curling iron and makeup. “But you do look beautiful.” He said, unable to filter his thoughts.

“Thank you. I will admit that I thought that there would be…more to their dresses. But they assured me that they were quite acceptable in New York.” Izabella said.

“Well there not. And we’re not in New York. Are you three really okay with all of this? The men of Haven are going to break their necks trying to look at your women.” He asked his brothers and father, finally sitting up.

“Only if they want to lose their eyeballs.” Jace said. “I’m perfectly prepared to carve them out.”

“With spoons.” Simon said, pulling two silver spoons from his back pocket, handing one to Jace and one to Robert.

“Alec’s a bit distressed about my dress.” Cat said, still worried about her son. It was his wedding and if he didn’t like their dresses, she would change them.
“Or lack thereof.” Simon said, starting to question his new mother’s dress himself.

“Do you want me to change it, sweetie?” She asked Alec.

“No.” Alec sighed. “Not if it makes you happy.”

“It’s your wedding, Alec. It’s not about what makes us happy.” Clary said. She could feel her parabatai’s distress through their bond. She knew that her dress was fine, and that their sisters was too. But his mom’s, not so much.

“She’s right, sweetie.” Cat said. Snapping her fingers the slits running down her thighs changed. One disappeared, the other now started just above her knee. “Better?” She asked.

“Much.” Alec sighed, somewhat comforted. The dress was still low cut, but her legs were far less bare. “Thank you.”

“No problem.” She said, happy that he seemed to feel better. “You had better get ready yourself. There isn’t much time left. You don’t want to leave your groom waiting at the altar, do you?”

“She’s right.” Izzy said, glancing at the clock on the bedside table. “We need to get your hair done and you need to get dressed. Everybody clear out.” She demanded. “Clary, you can stay and help me.”

Everyone but Alec nodded, yes. One by one they filed out the door, Robert pulling it shut behind them.

“I’ll change it back for you later, my sweet.” Cat whispered in his ear, forgetting for a moment that she was surrounded by Shadowhunters that could hear her perfectly.

“Is that a promise?” He asked, knowing his mother and children were listening. He just simply didn’t care.

“Yep.” She said, pressing a soft kiss to his cheek.
Izabella rolled her eyes. The last thing she wanted to know about was her son’s sex life.

“Come on, everyone. Let’s leave the girls to tend to the groom.” She said, turning and walking away from her family, not bothering to look back.

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