Oblivion

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by MBL2307

Summary

Post s03e19.
What if Asmodeus didn’t make it in time to stop Magnus, and he ended up erasing his memories of Alec?

Starting at the end of episode 19 - Asmodeus was late, and Magnus erases his memories of Alec. Asmodeus finds him and decides to take advantage of the situation, he helps Magnus remember, but what he makes him remember, never actually happened.

Notes

So this idea just came to me, and suddenly I found myself writing and writing and writing. I know that I was curious as to what would have happened if Magnus actually did erase his memories. and what if things just got even more complicated with Asmodeus' manipulations? I hope you are curious too, and want to find out with me what happens. Enjoy and let me know what you think!
Anger boiled in his blood, at himself for letting someone in and shatter him once again, at his ex-boyfriend for coming in and shattering, for breaking and abandoning him at his worst.

Pain in every one of his bones and muscles, surging through his veins, aching in a way he has never felt before. He could feel himself falling apart, every organ inside him detached and vibrating with uncomfortable nerves.

Absolute loneliness, nowhere to go, no one who cared. A love that was supposed to be unconditional, has revealed itself as dependent on condition.

And then he was numb.

Pacing through the darkness of the roof, his hands clutching his head, small strings of magic coming through his finger tips, reaching in and clinging on to every single memory of the shadowhunter who no longer loved him.

In one quick and hard maneuver, the strings pulled them out and spread them across the night sky, becoming the only source of light. Magnus stood and watched his memories of Alec flashing and playing in front of him, they all seemed so distant now, so foreign, as if they belonged to someone else

He looked up and watched, how Alec had told him that he was terrified when he hadn’t known if he was alive or dead, how he told him he loved him, he wanted to move in with him. Feeling so much anger, pain and sadness that he could no longer feel at all.

But what angered him the most was when he told him that he couldn’t lose him, he begged him to give up lorenzo’s magic, and Magnus had given it up, for him. He felt the anger surge through him as a red ball of magic flared up in his palm.

How could Alec just abandon him like that? He had given up his magic to save Jace, his parabatai, so Alec would not lose a part of himself. He did it full heartedly, and until this moment had not regretted it, not even for a moment, despite how terrible and difficult it had been to lose a part of himself.

You don’t just leave a person you love like that, just because they are going through a rough time, especially if they are in that position to begin with, because of you. He literally left him without anything, nowhere to live, nowhere to go.

“Goodbye Alexander.” Magnus whispered, and lifted up his hand, his palm now with a full grown red ball of magic, and surged it forward with all the force he had. He watched as the ball hit the screen of his memories, how they slowly faded and evaporated into oblivion. One by one he watched as each memory faded away, as if it had never been there to begin with.

“I know you feel what I feel, Alec”
“You have no idea what I feel.”

“What do you want from me?” Alec shouted, his voice fading at the end.
“At the moment? Nothing.” Magnus walked away from Alec as the scene faded into nothing.
“I hear that relationships, they um, take effort.” Alec said softly, his voice sounding far away.
“I’m all for effort.” Magnus replied, his voice too, sounding muffled.

“I worry that if we rush into things, that I may lose you…”
“What? Why would you think that?”
“Look, you’re not the only one…” the memory had faded and vanished away before Magnus had finished his sentence.

“You’re coming back, you hear me?”
“Why wouldn’t I? Look what I have waiting for me.” They kissed, Magnus stepped into the pentagram and as he was consumed by flames, this memory too, had begun to fade.

Just like the spell he had cast on Clary for many years, he could feel them slip his mind as he watched them fade away and evaporate in front of him, as if the night sky had sucked in his memories and turned them into faint clouds, barely visible in the dark night sky.

Magnus stood there, tears streaming down his cheeks, as he could feel his mind and heart slowly letting go, leaving blank holes.

“On every mission I’ve ever been on… Not knowing if you were alive or dead… Magnus I love you”

“I love you, and I know something’s wrong. I’m sorry, but I’m not leaving until…”

“If I’m lucky, maybe one of my arrow heads ends up…”

“I’m one lucky man…”
“Not as lucky as I am…”

Magnus heard the words spoken, watched the kisses, the touches, the hugs, how they held onto each other, the looks in their eyes, the tenderness, all the whirlwind of feelings. He began to feel he no longer understood what was going on, who and what he was watching. His recognition slipped in and out, one moment he could still feel a glimpse of the love, could still remember, the next he was just confused and struggled to understand.

“There is nothing ugly about you…”

He watched as Alec hugged him with care and unconditional love, and for a moment he was attacked with a feeling of gut wrenching terror. ‘Oh no…” he thought, ‘what am I doing… no, no please no…” he tried to will the few memories that were not yet erased, to return to him, but in vein.

“I got you something.”

He was down to his last, final memory. “No… Not that one.” he found himself whispering, “I want to keep that one, just that one.”

“Me?”
“Yes, You… open it.”

’What have I done? God, no, no no, I want them back!’ he fell to the ground on his knees, as the tears streamed down his face and as the last of his memories faded away.

“It’s supposed to bring you luck and protection.”

He buried his face in the palms of his hands, which were sparkling with small sparks of magic, trying to contain the remainings of Alec in his mind.
“Thank you, Alexander…”

“let me keep it, I want to keep it…” but nevertheless, it was too late.

“You continue to surprise me.”
“In good ways I hope…”

With those last words, the last of his memories of Alec evaporated away into thin air, the sky turning dark again, the only source of light now gone. Magnus remained in his place - bent on his knees, for another moment, before lifting his head and looking around him, examining his surroundings with confusion.

He could no longer remember exactly where he was, and how or why he had gone there. He touched his hands to his cheeks, wiped away the tears and wondered what happened. He tried to remember what had made him cry, but it was as if he had been possessed for the passed couple of hours and had no control over his actions.

As he stood up, a hand found its way onto his shoulder, causing him to jump slightly. When he turned to find Asmodeus watching him with his cat eyes, he took a step back, freeing himself from his father's grip.

“You.” he sneered at him, “what did you do to me?”
“I did nothing.” his father insisted, “actually, I came here to try and stop you from doing something stupid, but seems like I was too late.” his voice muffled slightly at the end.
“What are you talking about?” Magnus snapped in anger, he was confused enough as it is.
“Nothing my dear son.” Asmodeus smiled, which sent shivers down Magnus’s spine, he took another step back.

“What are you still doing here?” he demanded, “I told you to leave me alone.”
“And I told you that I wasn't going to.” Asmodeus took a stepped towards his son, and once again placed his had on his shoulder. “Come with me my dear boy, take your rightful place on the throne beside me.”

Magnus watched his father as he spoke, then looked down at his hand on his shoulder, but did not pull away. He was not sure why, but he felt like there was a huge hole in his chest, he felt hollow, as if something vital was missing, but was not sure what.

Suddenly, he felt extremely lonely, as if he had no else but his father in the world. “How about we get you some rest.” His father suggests. “Let’s go to your loft.”
“I no longer have my loft…” Magnus says slowly, trying to remember why he had given it up. “Lorenzo, the new high warlock, I gave it to him as payment for the magic he gave me.”

It was strange, Magnus could remember going to Edom, he remembered giving up his magic but couldn't remember why. He also remembered Lorenzo giving him his magic back, getting very ill and losing his magic a second time. He remembered wandering the streets until Asmodeus found him and returned his magic.

It was as if his memories were a series of events that have happened, but huge chunks of time were missing, and he could no longer link these events together. Perhaps he had hit his head at some point?

“I don’t remember…” he began to say, not sure how to finish his sentence. Asmodeus pulled him into a hug, Magnus stiffened, but his whole body was exhausted and weak, he felt like he needed the comfort. So he relaxed and gave into his father's arms, wrapping his own arms around his father.
Suddenly he found himself crying once more, tears streaming down his face for no apparent reason. He buried his face into his father's shoulders, completely letting go. “Shhh…” his father tried to comfort him, “don’t worry, we will find out what happened, I promise.”
Let Me Show You...

Chapter Summary

Post s03e19.  
What if Asmodeus didn’t make it in time to stop Magnus, and he ended up erasing his memories of Alec?  
Starting at the end of episode 19 - Asmodeus was late, and Magnus erases his memories of Alec. Asmodeus finds him and decides to take advantage of the situation, he helps Magnus remember, but what he makes him remember, never actually happened.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Magnus sat on a bar stool alone in the Hunter’s Moon, staring into the liquid of his cocktail glass. He had sent his father away once again, asked him to give him some time to sort through his thoughts, figure things out. Although, even at his worst, he would never trust his demon father, who always put a price for anything he did.

He swirled around the cocktail and then took another long sip, trying desperately to understand what was going on with him, trying to figure out how he could have lost such huge chunks of time and information, and he just couldn’t shake the feeling that something was missing.

With a sigh he finished the last sip of his drink, just as Maia came up to him behind the bar and smiled, “How about another cocktail?” she offered, Magnus smile back at her faintly, but kept his gaze on the empty glass, contemplating for a moment, but then told her he had enough for one night, and placed a 50 dollar bill on the bar counter.

“Thanks” she smiled at him again and took his empty glass, “So where is Alec tonight?” she asked. Magnus finally looked at her, confused, “Who?”

Maia gave him a strange look before laughing lightly, “I guess maybe you really shouldn’t have another drink.” Magnus, still confused, opened his mouth to ask her what she was talking about, that he had no idea who Alec was, but then someone called her from the other side of the bar.

Maia kept her gaze on Magnus, waiting to see what he wanted to say before she left, but he just shrugged it off and told her she should go before she loses her tip.

Perhaps he should have asked her, he didn’t know her well, but he knew she was honest, and maybe she could have provided him with some of the answers he was seeking. But it was late, and he had a long day, all he wanted was to go find a bed to rest in. besides, in his state, he trusted no one.

Magnus sighed, thinking Maia was probably confused anyway, so there was no point in asking her, what could she possibly know? As he headed towards the door, he almost bumped into a tall blonde shadowhunter, who seemed to recognise him.

“Magnus, hi, how are you?” the shadowhunter asked, clearly feeling very awkward. Confused,
Magnus looked him up and down, trying to figure out where he knew him from,

“Hello… I’m good thank you.” He replied slowly, thinking that too much was getting too confusing, too fast.

“Good, I just thought, with losing your magic and all…” the blonde guy said, smiling faintly. “I also haven’t seen you around the institute the past couple of days.”

This was getting stranger and stranger, Magnus thought, why in the world would he see him around the institute? Sure, he used to go there for work as high warlock, but not that often. He thought maybe he could ask this guy, but how could he know who to trust with his burning questions, when he could barely remember anything?

“Yes, I’ve been busy.” Magnus decided to play along, wanting this conversation to end as soon as possible, without having to get into his confusing state with a complete stranger.

“Good, I thought maybe it had something to do with Alec.” the stranger, who seemed to know him, said. Again with this Alec? Magnus needed to get out of there, this was getting too much.

“Sorry, I have to go.” He said and rushed off. As he stepped outside into the ally he had a brief flash of memory, he heard a stranger's voice tell him that he was sorry, that he couldn’t live without him. Magnus looked around, but there was no one in sight.

Suddenly feeling light headed, he leaned against the alley wall and rubbed his eyes. A sudden pressure on his chest, he could no longer breathe properly. Magnus tried to take a few deep breaths, but ended up choking and coughing on the cold air.

Falling to his knees, he bent his back forwards, and let out a low gasp, a cry of pain. His chest heaving, tears pouring down his face and a tingling sensation, that began at the edges of his fingers and the tip of his nose, slowly spreading throughout his muscles.

As he leaned back on the wall behind him, a small red charm fell out of the pocket of his trousers. He picked it up and held it at eye level, something inside him began to relax, ever so slightly.

He clutched the red charm to his chest, right over his heart, and slowly felt his throat give way for the air to enter his lungs. The tension that had built up in his Muscles, began to relax, the sharp pain in his chest easing, and the tingling slowly disappearing.

“Is everything ok son?” he heard his father’s voice come up beside him. Magnus looked up at him and immediately stood up, stumbling slightly.

“I’m fine.” he mumbled and began walking away. Despite having his own magic back, and feeling it’s intensity spread throughout his whole being, the warlock still felt... weak. He had decided not to make it worse by letting his father near him again, knowing very well what he was capable of.

“Where are you going?” Asmodeus called after him.

“I need to sleep, I’m going to check in to a hotel room.” Magnus said, as his father began to walk after him. There was no point in telling him that he did not want him around, that never stopped him before, if anything, it just made more adamant on staying, which was extremely annoying.

“There is no need for that.” Asmodeus stopped his son by holding on to his bicep, he spoke with a suspicious smile, and pulled out a key from his pocket. “I got you your apartment back.” Magnus stopped in his tracks, pulling his arm out of his father’s grasp as he glared up at him.
“What did you do?” he questioned suspiciously, not yet taking the key his father held out to him. This new… weakness that he felt was causing the temptation to rise up. No apartment was worth the price of having his father around, but he could not ignore the emptiness, the need for something that was his, something familiar, a place where he would not feel like a stranger. And boy did that apartment hold many, many memories.

“Lets just say that Lorenzo will no longer be a problem.”

“What did you do to him?” Magnus asked forcefully.

“Nothing that you should worry about,” Asmodeus said in a tone that made Magnus worry even more, “Just take the key.”

Magnus looked from his father to his key, he definitely was exhausted and could use a good night sleep in his own bed, in his own apartment. He just wanted this confusing and strange day to end. Finally, he sighed and took the key out of his father's hand, ignoring the weight of all the strings attached to it.

Before he could stop himself, he looked back up at his father and asked, “Who's Alec?”

“Alec?” the name seemed to trigger something in his father's eyes, he smiled (if you could even call it that), clearly amused, as if they were about to play a game that he just knew he was going to win, and enjoy the process of doing so.

“Yes, people keep asking me about him, but I don’t know who he is.” Magnus knew he was probably making a huge mistake, he was definitely asking the wrong person. But he needed to know, and there was no one else.

Asmodeus sighed before replying, “I think it might be for the best you don’t remember.” He said, trying to reach out to his son, who once again stepped away from his touch. The need to touch him, was disturbing to say the least, and his determination to keep trying, was even more annoying.

“I want to know.” Magnus was determined, driven by the hate for the way he felt, so small and helpless, desperate for the feeling of being in control again, being powerful.

“I came here to save you from the pain you were caused, I was actually quite relieved that you did not remember anything.” his words were definitely amusing, but in no way were they even remotely believable.

“Tell me.”

Asmodeus sighed and took a step forward, “If you insist, I can show you.” he said and tried to place his hands on his son’s head, but Magnus was quick to step away.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?”

“I can restore the memories you lost.”

“Oh, I think I’ll pass.”

“I thought you wanted to know who Alec was.” his tone was of a mocking one, as if Magnus were weak for wanting to know.

“I wanted you to tell me, that way I could decide for myself whether to believe you or not.” Magnus told him, ignoring the tone in which he was spoken to, “But there is no way I am letting you
anywhere near my mind, I know what you are capable of, even with your own son, I would never be stupid enough to trust you to restore my memories.”

Asmodeus faked a pained, insulted look. Then it changed back into amusement, “Oh, how cute.” he said, edging closer, “You really believe you stand a chance against me?” his voice was fierce and his moves were fast and unexpected.

Before Magnus could react or stop him, thumbs were pressed to his temples and the rest of his fathers fingers were on the back of his head “let me show you.” Asmodeus said forcefully, his grip was strong as sparks of magic came out of his fingertips and surged through Magnus, who’s hands immediately shot up, clutching, pulling, trying desperately to get free of his fathers hold, but was rendered helpless against the prince of hell.

The sparks of magic penetrated Magnus’ mind, despite his efforts to fight them off, they spread out every which way, taking over every curve and corner, consuming every part of him. Slowly Magnus felt himself losing control over his mind and thoughts.

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Magnus was pacing inside a cell, he was locked up in the New York Institute. He had been there for a few days, being forced to help them with his magic. All because of a drunken night, in which he became friendly with a certain shadowhunter.

After that, they began hanging out, as friends. Little did he know, Alec had an agenda, and was planning to lock him up. He stopped pacing and tried to conjure up his magic, tried to blast himself out of there, but in vain.

“That won’t work in there.” an amused voice told him. Magnus looked up to see Alec watching him, leaning on one of the pillars, his arms folded.

Magnus glared at him and began to bang on the glass wall, “Let me out of here!” he shouted.

“That won’t work either.” Alec said, letting out a small laugh and pushed himself off the pillar.

“What do you want from me?”

“Oh, it’s quite simple really…” Alec began, moving closer to the cell. “You will go to your father in Edom and have him give you enough power to save Jace.”

“And why in the world would I do that?” Magnus spat at him. A twisted smile crept it’s way to Alec’s lips, as he gestured to a shadowhunter standing off to the side of the cell, which suddenly filled with a terrible buzzing sound, Magnus felt as if his blood was boiling and his head was about to explode.

He let out a loud scream and fell to the ground, clutching his head. Alec, who had made his way closer and was now right outside the cell, bent down near where Magnus lay and laughed, “Because I asked very nicely.” he said and walked off.

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Magnus was once again in the cell, he was laying on the ground, his whole body weak. He tried to sit up, but could only manage to bring himself up on his elbows. From down the hall, he could hear faint sounds. People walking and talking. He tried to hear what they were saying.

“I will take my magic back.” He made out, the voices coming closer, “But I hope you know this
changes nothing. I am keeping the apartment.” three figures walked into view, Magnus looked up at them, his brain trying hard to focus, understand what was going on.

“You can keep the apartment,” Jace said, “We really don’t care.”

“If you don’t care, why have me take the magic and save his life?” Lorenzo asked.

“Because we would get in a lot of trouble.” Alec said, walking forward and looking down at Magnus, “If we let him die, it will start a war with all the downworlders.”

“Plus, it’s against the accords.” Jace added, “Not too sure the clave would like that either.”

“Whatever.” Lorenzo sighed as they opened the cell for him, and he walked in.

“Lorenzo please…” Magnus begged.

But Lorenzo ignored his pleading, and took back his magic. Magnus fell back down to the ground with a thud.

“Thank you Lorenzo.” Jace said, as he and Alec also walked into the cell.

“No one can find out about any of this, and he…” Alec began and then continued as he stood over Magnus and pointed at him, “Can’t remember a thing.”

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Magnus’s legs gave out from under him and fell to his knees, he placed his palms on the ground in front of him and leaned forward, no longer able to bare his own weight.

“I’m so sorry, my boy,” he heard his father say, “They just left you there on the roof, with no magic or memories, but I felt your pain and had to come find you.”

Magnus finally managed to lift his head and look at his father, “how could he do that to me?” he managed to say, his voice weak. “He was my friend.”

“Don’t worry, we will avenge your pain.” his father kneeled down next to him, “We will make him pay for what he did to you.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you again for reading! Hope you enjoyed...

Coming next - Maryse tries to understand what is going on...

Chapter three will be out on Monday :)
You're Whole Again...

Chapter Summary

Maryse tries to understand what is going on, and pays Magnus a visit... little does she know, he is not alone.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I should never have asked for this in the first place.” Fighting back tears, Alec place the Lightwood family ring into his mother's hand and walked off, before she could refuse or question him further. His throat grew tighter, preventing the air he breathed from reaching his lungs.

He couldn’t break down, he couldn’t allow himself to even think about it. Clary and Jace needed him, this wasn't the time to dwell on his pain, and yet he couldn’t keep Magnus out of his mind, his thoughts automatically trailed to his former lover, wondering how he was doing, hoping that he got his magic back from Asmodeus, that he was whole again.

Surely he would be happier now, would be able to cope with the breakup, move on easily now that he had this vital part of him returned and restored. A part of him that was taken away because of him to begin with.

Alec was just another lover in a long chain of people, Magnus would get over it.

_But what about you? Can you recover?_

Izzy’s words echoed in his mind. To be honest, he probably won’t recover, or at least not for a very long time, but the thought of Magnus whole again, it gave him a small sense of comfort. It didn’t matter how he felt, or how much he hurt, as long as he knew that Magnus was going to be ok.

And yet, he could not get the look in Magnus’ eyes out of his head. Alec knew that he would be blindsided by this sudden breakup, but seeing it dawn on his now ex-boyfriend, was terribly heart wrenching. Nothing could have prepared him for the reaction he would get, for the amount of willpower it would take to go through with it, especially when Magnus had begged him to stay and kissed him.

It was near impossible to resist, and it had taken every ounce of strength he had to walk away. Alec had felt as if he had weights in his pockets, as if an invisible rope was trying to pull him back, but he did not give in, he _couldn’t_ allow himself to give in.

He walked into his office and sank into his chair behind his desk, he put his head into his hands and tried to force himself to focus on the task at hand. He had to pull himself together and hold on, at least until this was all over and they got Clary back.

He lifted his head back up when he heard a soft knock on his office door, “yes?” he called out and Izzy walked in, she gave him a soft smile, a knowing look. “I saw you talking to mom, are you OK?” he shook his head, not being able to speak, the lump in his throat has become overwhelming,
and with Izzy there, he could no longer hold it in.

She closed the door, rushed to his side, and embraced him. With Jace he held himself together, even when he asked him about Magnus earlier, he had enough to worry about with Clary, and did not want to add on more than he needed, he couldn’t burden him with this right now, couldn’t show him that he was barely hanging on.

But with Izzy it was easier, especially since she already knew about the deal he had made with Asmodeus. “I miss him Izz, I miss him so much already.” he choked out, barely above a whisper, no longer able to control himself, tears streaming down his face.

Izzy held onto him tightly, rubbed his back as he leaned his head on her shoulder. “I know, I’m here for you.” she said softly, “we’ll get through this together, I promise.”

“I can’t let Jace see me like this, he can’t know.” Alec said, straightening up. “I need to help him find Clary, get her back.”

“Maybe you should stay here and relax a bit,” Izzy suggested, “I’m not sure it’s a good idea that you come with us to the seelie court.”

“No, I’m not staying, I want to come and help.” Alec insisted, wiping away the tears, finding his strength once again. “I need to be there, I can’t let this break me.”

“Alec, are you sure?” Izzy asked, “Jace would understand.”

“I’m sure,” Alec said, standing up decisively, Izzy got up as well, “and please don’t tell him about this, not yet.” Izzy gave him one last hug and agreed.

“Whatever you need, big brother.” she said softly.

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They had been sitting at the Hunter’s Moon, at the same table they had been sitting at the past three times they had come. They were already on their third drink, working their way impressively fast to the forth. It has been quite a while since Magnus had enjoyed the company of a shadowhunter, especially a Lightwood, which was definitely unexpected.

The first time they met, was at the Pandemonium, when Alec had been demon hunting, or something of the sort. Alec had saved Magnus’ life and he insisted of repaying with a drink, it was the least he could do.

Little did he know, one drink would turn in to four, and even five, once a week for three weeks. He had not expected it, but they seemed to have a great connection, and it was all just a pleasant surprise.

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Magnus had taken a shower and gone straight to bed, but despite the exhaustion, he found that he could not sleep. He felt this emptiness inside of him, this pressure in his chest that wouldn’t let him rest or calm down.

The memories his father had restored to him would not leave his mind, everytime he closed his eyes that was all he could see. They felt blurry and distant, as if he was watching them through a lense that couldn’t focus, no matter how hard he tried. It was as if he was an outsider looking into someone else’s memories, through their eyes.
And yet, they felt real, undeniably, painfully real. So despite the feel of detachment that came with them, despite the fact that he could not remember it in small details, he felt them to his core, and so could not deny the authenticity of those memories, and had no other choice but to believe them to be true.

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On that same night, of their third meeting, Alec had insisted on walking him home. He never had before, but Magnus was not going to refuse, he grew to really like Alec, and by then had considered him a friend. If he was being completely honest, a part of him may have also been hoping for more, but he did not want to push it, and decided to take it slow and see where it goes.

So when they stood outside his apartment, Magnus was almost sure that maybe he wasn’t wrong, perhaps the shadowhunter also felt the spark between them.

He was so foolishly distracted, he had all of his guards down, expecting nothing bad. Before he even registered what was going on, Alec was pushing him up against the wall, but not for the reasons he was hoping.

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Anger burned up inside of him, how could he have been so weak? How could he have let that young shadowhunter fool him like that? Magnus lost everything, gave up everything because of him.

He should have never let his guard down, definitely not with a Nephilim, he should have never broken his own rule against allowing himself to get too close to a shadowhunter, let alone developing a crush on one.

He could now remember trusting him, just to be humiliated and betrayed. He will not let him get away with this, his father was right, he needed to make Alec suffer, just as he did to him.

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Alec pulled out a pair of iron handcuffs and with shadowhunter speed, placed them on Magnus’ wrists, as Isabelle appeared out of nowhere. She helped her brother drag him away, as he struggled and tried to get out of their hold on him.

Magnus tried to blast the handcuffs with his magic, but it seemed that they had prevented him from using it. “What are you doing?” he shouted as they shoved him down the hall. “Alec, what’s going on?”

“Shut up Warlock!” Alec growled at him, his gaze on him cruel and disgusted. How had he changed so drastically, so suddenly. Had he been getting closer to him all this time, just so he could corner him when he least expected it? Three weeks he had been acting, playing this game, just to be trusted enough to make kidnapping Magnus easy for him?

He had not seen it coming, if he had, no one would have been able to kidnap him. It’s near impossible to kidnap a warlock, especially a powerful one with good instincts.

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Magnus tossed and turned for a long time, trying to forget, trying to ease his mind for at least a little while. Finally he fell into a restless sleep, and woke up sometime mid-morning to a knock on the door.
He lifted himself up off his bed, his head still pounding from last night. He grabbed his robe and headed towards the door. His father was sitting in the lounge with a glass of whisky, “Good morning, my dear boy,” he said, as Magnus just waved a hand at him, still feeling weak. “Whoever that is, get rid of them.” Asmodeus voice trailed after him as he headed to the door.

It was a strange and unnatural to have him there, hanging out at is apartment, as if he belongs, as if he was always there. When he took the key from him, Magnus didn’t actually believe that his father would come with him. But he knew that his help was never free and definitely not cheap, so he braced himself, and stayed alert, so when the time comes and Asmodeus demands payment, he would be ready, or at least prepared.

Opening the front door, he was still keeping half an eye on his father. And when Magnus turned his gaze to his guest, he was surprised to find Maryse Lightwood, of all people, standing in his doorway.

“What the hell do you want?” Magnus spat at her, she looked shocked and hurt at his words. How dare she?

“Magnus, what are you doing here?” she asked, deciding to ignore the vicious tone in which he spoke to her.

“This is my apartment, and you are definitely not wanted here,” the warlock replied coldly, trying to close the door, but she sent her hand forward and stopped him.

“Wait, I came here looking for Lorenzo, I was hoping he would know where to find you.” her voice was low and desperate, as if she was working under a strict time limit.

“Well, you found me, you can leave now.” Magnus tried to close the door again, but she stopped him once more.

“Wait Magnus, I need to talk to you.” she insisted, Magnus sighed and looked back towards his father before stepping outside and closing the door after him with the snap of his fingers.

Maryse starred in surprise, “You got your magic back.” she stated, and it seemed that something clicked in her mind, as if she finally understood a riddle she was trying hard to solve, “You’re whole again.” she whispered.

“I’m glad to hear you thought I was lesser without my magic.” Magnus said, impatiently folding his arms. “Is that what you came here for? To add insult to the injuries your son caused?”

“No, of course not! Look, I know he hurt you, and I understand your upset but-” she began to say, but Magnus raised his hand and cut her off.

“Of course I’m upset, your son tricked me into trusting him, he made a fool out of me.” he said, “and frankly I don’t really care what you have to say in the matter, so if that is what you came for, I’m sorry you wasted your time.”

“Wait, what? You don’t understand, I think he-“ but Maryse was once again cut off, this time by the front door opening, they both looked back to find Asmodeus standing there.

“Maryse Lightwood.” He said in a cold voice, “I think your family has done enough to hurt my son, how dare you show up at his home and try to make things worse?”

Maryse looked from Magnus to Asmodeus, she was clearly shocked and was struggling to find her words. “Asmodeus.” She finally muttered, glaring at him. “What the hell are you doing her?”
“I should be asking you the same.” Asmodeus replied, his voice calm and his eyes fixated on Maryse, as if trying to scare her with his gaze. “I am here because my son needs me.”

“Oh, I highly doubt that you actually care about his well being.” Maryse spat back, “Your presence in his life has never had a good influence.”

“My presence in his life has been needed due to your son.” Asmudeus took a step forward, his tone becoming more threatening, “he was the one who’s influence had broken Magnus, and I will make sure he pays.”

“You will not go near my son, I will not let you touch him!” Maryse shouted, her voice threatening and unwavering, but her eyes filled with fear.

Asmudeus let out a bone chilling laugh, he looked her up and down before he spoke, “and you are planning on doing that how exactly?” he asked in a mocking and degrading tone. “Even as a shadowhunter you could never beat me, so as the pathetic Mundane you are now?”

“Father, that is enough!” Magnus, who had been at a loss for words, finally spoke up, his voice, more forceful than he expected it would be. His gaze had been following Maryse and Asmudeus as they spoke, he tried to interject a few times, but it seemed they had been sucked into a bubble and forgot he was even there, spitting at each other so quick, he hadn’t had a chance to cut in.

They both stared at each other with hate for one more moment before turning to him, “Maryse, you should not be here, please leave.” Magnus said in a stern voice, his eyes fixated on Maryse.

Shaking off her dispute with Asmudeus, Maryse focused again on the real reason she was there. She knew something had been wrong, and now that she knew Asmudeus was with Magnus, she was certain that she couldn’t just let this go, it was imperative that she find out what the hell was going on. “I came here to try and understand what is going on.” She finally managed. “Magnus, please you have to listen to me.”

Magnus opened his mouth to reply, but before he could say anything, Asmudeus stepped forward and stood between his son and Maryse, “he does not have to do anything you ask of him, and we don’t care why you came.” He said, his voice rising. “Now leave, before I make you.”

Maryse gave Magnus another look, she was begging him with her eyes to let her talk to him, but Magnus just shifted his head to the side, avoiding any eye contact. “Just go.” He said.

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Chapter End Notes

Sooo I kinda had a lot of fun writing this... the interaction between Asmudeus and Maryse was supposed to be much shorter, but I just couldn't resist... I've always wondered what would happen if they met... and I really hope you enjoyed reading it!

coming next - Izzy and Maryse try to get Alec to check up on Magnus...
As soon as they returned to the institute, Alec went straight to his office. He was glad they saved Clary, but he needed some time for himself, before they got word on where Jonathan was and left to catch him. They had all went their separate ways, most of them to gear up. But Alec thought that could wait.

Luckily, he had managed to keep himself composed, focused on the task they had in hand. There was so much going on, he had even forgotten about his own mess for a moment there. He had so many years of shutting off his emotions, that even after allowing himself to express them and open up with Magnus the past few months, he had not managed to completely rid himself of the ability to lock everything up, and shove it deep inside, as if it were never there.

But he did not like it, he even hated going back to a version of himself that was so cold, and disconnected. Now that he was back at the safety of his home, he found himself flooded once again. Alec no longer wanted to be that terrified person that always felt the need to hide behind a mask, even if the cost was tremendously painful, on the verge of unbearable.

When he got to his office he found his mother pacing frantically, she sighed with relief when she saw him walk in. “Oh thank god, Alec,” she breathed, rushing to his side, “We need to talk, it’s about Magnus.”

Although he did not enjoy the return of cold and distant Alec, he could not allow himself to completely come undone just yet. He still needed to stay put together, at least until they found and captured Jonathan, and talking again about Magnus, was definitely not a good idea, in fact, it was probably even a terrible idea.

“Look, I don’t have time for this, I already told you everything you need to know.” Alec said, trying to brush off his mother. “Please just let it go.”

“No Alec, you don’t understand,” she protested, “I went to see him “

“You did what?” Alec said, sounding upset, “why in the world would you do that?” he loved his mother dearly, and he never thought he would miss the old version of her, but at that moment, he
couldn’t help but want to go back to the time where she completely disregarded the existence of his personal life.

“Because I knew something was up, I needed to understand.” Maryse explained, “And you were never going to tell me.” there was a good reason why he didn’t tell her, and the fact that he didn’t, should have been a very big fat clue for her, that he did not want her to go to his ex-boyfriend.

And yet, Alec looked at her and something seemed to soften inside of him, despite it all, he couldn’t stop himself, “how is he?” He asked, his voice sad and concerned. Maryse gave him a soft sad smile and walked over to him, she placed a comforting hand on his shoulder, and shook her head slightly. He knew without her needing to say, he’s not ok. “Did he get his magic back?”

“Yes, he did.”

“Good, that’s good. At least that.” Alec sighed, “I should get back to work.” that was all he needed and wanted to know, anything more would not be helpful, it would just be even more of a distraction.

“Alec, there’s something you need to know.” Maryse said as he began to walk to his desk. God, when had she become such a… mother?

“Not right now, I can’t deal with this.” He mumbled as he continued to walked off, but his mother's next words stopped him dead in his tracks.

“Asmodeus is with him!” she called after him, Alec spun around to look at his mother, she continued, “I feel like there’s something very wrong happening with them.” Alec took a step forward, contemplating with himself whether he should tell her about the deal he made.

“He wasn’t supposed to stay…” he muttered under his breath, before he could stop himself. “He was supposed to give him his magic back and leave. I don’t want him to corrupt Magnus.” Alec walked back towards his mother.

“I have a feeling it might be too late for that.” Maryse said, Alec raised his eyebrows and gave her a questioning look, “he seemed very cold and angry, Magnus, he didn’t seem like himself.” She explained.

“Yes, because I pretty much abandoned him at his worst, of course he’s angry.” Alec said loudly, taking his anger out on his mother. He didn’t mean to take it out on her, he shouldn’t have… but she was there, and she had chosen to get involved.

“No, this was much more than that.” Maryse insisted, “I don’t know, I think you need to go talk to him.”

“He probably wants nothing to do with me,” Alec said, “and I can’t blame him for that.”

“But you can’t just leave him like that under his father's influence, for all we know he has been brainwashing him.” Maryse insisted, looking very worried, it made Alec worry even more about his ex-boyfriend.

He had trusted Asmodeus to keep his end of the bargain, he didn’t really think anything could go wrong. He never imagined he would actually stay. Maybe his mother was right, maybe he should check up on him? “I don’t know Mom, if I go and Asmodeus is there, he might get upset if he sees me, he could take Magnus’ magic away again.” Alec rubbed at his temples, his brain hurting from not know what to do.
Maryse looked at him worriedly, “Alec, what exactly have you done?” she asked, dreading to hear the answer, but needing to know. He sighed and fell onto one of the armchairs, his mother sat on the second one.

“I made a deal with Asmodeus,” he finally told her, “He said that he would restore Magnus’ magic only if I broke up with him, and that Magnus could never find out.”

“Oh no, Alec.” his mother’s eyes grew wide and if possible - even more worried, as she placed a hand on her forehead.

“Magnus is strong, I’m sure he won’t let his father corrupt him.” Alec wasn’t sure if it was his mother he was trying to convince or himself, but it’s what he needed to believe. “He hasn’t let him before, despite all his efforts to.”

“Alec, you don’t understand… Asmodeus, he wants to hurt you.” She was having a hard time keeping herself calm, she didn’t want to cause Alec to stress even more, but she needed to make him understand and fully comprehend the gravity of it all. “He said he was going to make you pay for the pain you caused Magnus.”

But Alec seemed unphased, he had so much trust in Magnus, that even Asmodeus’ threats couldn’t scare him, “I trust Magnus.” He told her with every ounce of confidence he could muster, “He would never allow his father to harm me, even if I did cause him pain.”

Maryse was about to reply, when there was a knock on the door and Izzy walked in. she smiled at her mother, “Hey Mom,” she said walking up to her, as both Maryse and Alec stood. Izzy walked in to her mother's arms and hugged her.

“Hello my sweet girl.” Maryse said, kissing her daughter's forehead.

When they let go Izzy turned to Alec, “No sign of Jonathan yet,” she said, “but the monitors are scanning for him, and we also sent shadowhunters out to streets looking for him.”

“Good job Izz, thanks.” Alec put a hand on his sisters shoulder and smiled at her.

“I think you should go rest a bit.” Izzy told him.

“No, I can’t rest while everyone is out risking their lives.” Alec protested, “I need to be out there with the rest.” Izzy sighed, knowing very well that she could not argue with her big brother, especially considering that she would feel and do the same.

“Fine, I understand.” she told him, obviously there was no point in arguing with him, it was a battle that she was clearly going to lose.

Alec smiled at her faintly and sighed, then looked at her with concern. “Besides, you should probably be the one resting.” he said.

He was so caught up with everything happening with Magnus, that he almost forgot about her, she was hurt pretty bad when Glorious exploded. “I’m fine.” She assured him.

“Are you sure? Maybe we should get the silent brothers to take a look at-”

“No, Alec, I’m fine.” Izzy cut him off, “I got all the shards of the sword out, and the cuts are healing fine.”

Alec was about to respond, but Maryse, who up to that point let the two talk without interfering, cut in before he could say anything, “By the Angel, Izzy! That sounds extremely dangerous!” she said
with concern.

“We’re shadowhunters, when are we not in danger?” Izzy said as if it were the most normal and trivial thing in the world, as if they were being crazy. Then she continued before either of them could argue any further, “Mom, Alec, I promise you I’m fine, so stop worrying.”

“OK, fine. but please don’t over do it.” Alec said reluctantly, knowing, as Izzy knew with him, that there was no point in trying to stop her.

“I would never.” she smiled innocently, and he raised an eyebrow at her, with a doubtful look - they were born and bred out of the same blood, after all.

“You want to come with me to patrol?” he asked. “That way I can watch your back.”

“Yes, but first I need to talk with mom.” she said, after noticing the look Maryse was giving her. “Go, I will join you.” Alec gave his mom one last hug before grabbing his jacket and walking out of the office “I’ll be at the ops center.” her called over his shoulder.

When he left and the door was closed shut after him, Maryse waited a moment to make sure he wasn’t coming back and then turned to her daughter with a concerned look. “How much do you know about what happened with Alec and Magnus?” she asked her.

“Pretty much everything, why?” Izzy replied, concerned from the look in her mother's eyes, and from the tone in her voice. Maryse sighed and brushed her fingers through her hair.

“I went over to Magnus’ apartment today, he was there with Asmodeus.” she told Izzy, who’s eyes widened upon hearing this information.

“When did he get his apartment back?” Izzy asked, and when her mother gave her a sharp look she added, “sorry, what the hell is Asmodeus still doing with him? Alec said he would just restore his magic.”

“That’s what he thought as well, but he stayed nonetheless.” Maryse said, “and I’m really worried, Magnus didn’t seem like himself, he was angry and hurt and I’m afraid that with him so vulnerable right now, Asmodeus would be able to influence him.”

“Does Alec know? He should go talk to Magnus before something bad happens.” Izzy said.

“I told him, but he’s afraid that if he goes, and Asmodeus sees him, it won’t end well.” Maryse explained, “I thought maybe you could convince him to go, or if maybe you could go, maybe Magnus would be willing to talk to you…”

Izzy took a moment to think about it, then replied, “I’ll go talk to Alec, see what I can do.” she grabbed her jacket, gave her mom a hug and left.

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“You were looking for me?”

“Yes, I heard you were in New York, and I think we should join forces.”

“You do, do you? Want makes you think I would ever join forces with you”

“We both have the same interest.”

Cat eyes met green eyes, in a half sceptic, half amused look. How could a greater demon, a powerful prince of hell, allow himself to be told what he desires, by a newly reborn brat demon, especially one that came straight from his arch enemy. He probably should have just flicked his fingers, and
banished him then and there back to his mother. But he couldn’t deny it - he was… intrigued.

“Is that so?” Asmodeus raised his eyebrow and stepped forward, his voice calm, his expression remaining neutral, almost bored “and what might that interest be?”

“We both want Lilith dead.” Jonathan said with a twisted smile, he also stepped forward, coming closer to Asmodeus, who seemed surprised by that information.

“And how do you plan on doing so?” the greater demon asked.

“I am planning to go to Idris, open up a rift to Edom, let all hell break loose and destroy those god forsaken Nephilim.” Jonathan explained, “I need you to go to Edom and kill her while she is still weak, so I can continue to destroy the Shadowhunter’s, one institute at a time.”

“Well, it just so happens that I have reinforcement.” Asmodeus said and Jonathan raised his eyebrow, “My son, he will help me.”

“Isn’t your son a shadowhunter lover?” Jonathan asked with disgust.

“He was, until I made that stupid Nephilim break his heart.” Asmodeus said, amused. “Oh, and I may have planted some fake memories in my son’s head, to make him even more angry.” Jonathan gave a slight, bone chilling laugh at that.

“You greater demons are quite cruel.” He said, “but definitely a genius.”

“Yes, and now he has more incentive to join me and avenge his honor.” Asmodeus said, smiling. “He was a fool to let that shadowhunter weaken him, turn him into his pet, but lucky for him I am here now to save him, and when I take him to Edom, he will just get stronger.”

“Well, when I open the rift with the sword you can take him there, and after enough damage is done, you can close it and lock him there forever. Just make sure my mother doesn’t escape while it’s open.” Jonathan said, showing off his new sword, “and bonus points if you kill some shadowhunters on the way.”

Chapter End Notes

thanks again for reading! I really hope you enjoyed...

coming next - Alec and Izzy patrol some dark alleys...

see you Monday :)}
Izzy tries to convince Alec, who just can't take it anymore.

“I really think you should go check up on him.” Izzy insisted, as she and Alec patrolled the streets, both of them keeping their eyes alert and scanning the area as they spoke, both of them with their weapons at the ready. Alec rolled his eyes, losing his patients.

“I think, I should have never left you alone with mom.” Alec said, as they walked down a dark alley, both of them still alert to their surroundings. “I already told her, it will just make things worse.”

not to mention, that Alec was trying to get over him, unsuccessfully so far, and it was only getting more difficult with everyone talking to him about Magnus all the time, trying to get him to go check on him. Going to Magnus, would definitely just make the whole thing even worse. It would be unbearable to see him, knowing he is no longer his, and never will be again. Beside the fact that even if he wanted to go, it would mean breaking the deal, and god only knows what Asmodeus would do to then.

“You need to talk to Magnus.” Izzy clearly wasn’t going to let it go, even though she knew how much pain Alec was in, how hard it was for him to keep talking about it. “You need to go fix this.”

“There is nothing to fix, and I don’t want to talk to him.” Alec snapped coldly, causing Izzy to look at him with a combined expression of concern and hurt, “sorry, I didn’t mean to snap, I just really can’t handle this right now. I want to forget him and move on.”

Izzy was studying his features, trying to figure out his mindset, unsure what the right approach was anymore. She was about to say something, when suddenly there was a sound coming from behind them, they immediately spun around, searching the alley. “Did you hear that?” Izzy asked, sounding worried.

“Sounded like footsteps.” Alec said, as they continued to scan the area. When they couldn’t find anything or hear more sounds, they continued walking in silence, making their way back to the institute.

When they arrived at the institute and began walking up to the entrance, Izzy finally broke the silence, “I know you’re hurting, and you want to move on, but I just think that he really needs you.” she said as they walked through the front doors, “I think it’s really dangerous leaving him alone with Asmodeus.”

“Magnus might be vulnerable and hurt right now, but he is not weak.” Alec told her in a harsh tone, as they walked into the ops center. “I trust him to not give in to his father, he hasn’t before.” Alec
began searching and scanning the screens, just as Underhill walked up to them, looking worried.

“I’ve heard back from a few of the teams,” he said, “none of them found any sign of Jonathan, but they’re still searching.”

“OK, thanks for the update.” Alec sighed, this was not good. What was that saying about the spider? Seeing a spider isn’t a problem, it becomes a problem when it disappears. No Jonathan meant they couldn’t capture or fight him, they definitely couldn’t stop him from causing more damage if they had no idea where he was, doing god knows what. Nothing good, that was sure. Building an army probably.

“I’ll go find Jace and Clary,” Izzy announced, “See if they’ve made any progress.” Izzy walked off while Underhill stayed, Alec could see from the corner of his eye that he was giving him a worried look.

“What is it?” Alec asked, without taking his eyes off the screen.

“Look, I know it’s none of my business, and it would probably be out of line for me to say something…” Underhill began, now having Alec’s full attention. “But Is everything OK with Magnus?” Alec sighed and rolled his eyes, redirecting his attention back to the screen. Was there anyone who wasn’t going to intervene and give their unwanted opinion on the matter?

“You’re right, it is out of line.” He said coldly, he didn’t want to be so authoritative and strict, but quite frankly, he was sick of people talking to him about Magnus, and telling him what they think he should or shouldn’t do.

“I know, but the thing is…” Underhill continued, even though Alec clearly didn’t want to know. “I saw him last night, at the Hunter’s Moon.” at that, Underhill had his full attention, but Alec didn’t turn to him or take his eyes off the screen. He found himself wanting to know more, hear how he is doing, but he was adamant on not showing it.

Alec contemplated for a moment if he should ask, or just shrug it off, but he was too curious. “How did he seem to you?” He finally asked, although he was dreading the answer.

Underhill took a moment before replying, finally he sighed and said, “I’m not sure, he seemed very… detached.” Alec expected his answer, but it was still as if he was hit with a ton of bricks. “It was as if he was very confused, I felt like he didn’t even recognize me.”

“Maybe he was just drunk.” Alec suggested, trying to find any reasonable excuse for Magnus’ strange behavior, anything but being brainwashed by his father.

Underhill pulled his shoulders, “That’s what I thought as well.” He said, “I’m sure he’ll be fine, you both will.” Alec just smiled at him faintly, he did not want to tell him about Asmodeus being in New York, with Magnus.

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Magnus was sitting on his balcony, holding a glass of whisky. He was turning and spinning the liquid in the glass. His father had left for some kind of meeting or something like that, he wasn’t sure who in the world he would be meeting up with, but at that moment he couldn’t care less, as long as it gave him some time to himself.

He felt as if his brain was working over time, playing and replaying the memories of everything that happened with Alec. They were all still quite blurry, but more and more of the memories kept flooding him, and along with excruciating pain that they brought on, it was becoming too much,
causing the fear to rise up again.

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If he was going to be taken in handcuffs against his will - he was at least going to make it as difficult as possible, even without his magic. He was shoving and kicking, using every ounce of force he had to try and resist.

But despite all of his resistance, they had managed to drag him to the New York Institute and take him down to their underground cell. Alec shoved him into the glass cage, his expression remaining too calm and too unmoved or affected. Completely cold and heartless.

“Why are you doing this?” Magnus asked, as Alec walked out of the cell and locked it behind him. He looked down at the warlock, who was still laying on the ground, his face still blank.

“Shut up will you?” the shadowhunter spat, “You will find out soon enough.”

“You’re just like your pathetic parents.” Magnus spat at him, unwilling to show the weakness he was feeling, unwilling to go down without a fight. He stood up, holding himself as straight as he could. “Following your unjustified prejudices blindly.”

“I said shut up!” Alec shouted at him, his eyes wide and filled with hate.

But Magnus refused to be scared, refused to allow the shadowhunter to shut him up. “I thought you might be better, I thought - “ he began, but was cut off by an electric shock that caused his whole body to collapse in pain, and a sharp buzzing sound in his head.

Magnus let out a grunt through his gritted teeth, trying desperately to will the pain away. When the electric shock stopped, he took a deep breath and forced himself to continue speaking, “I thought you might have learned from their mistakes, but you’re just as a coward, just as weak.”

Another electric shock hit him, and then another one, and another one. With each shock, he was rendered of his energy and ability to fight back. “What? No more clever remarks?” he heard Alec’s amused voice, right before he passed out.

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Eventually all that silence was too loud for him, he felt like he couldn’t control his thoughts and needed to get out of there, go somewhere, anywhere but there. So he deserted his glass, put on a jacket and walked out of the apartment, he had no idea where he was going, he just wandered the streets.

Magnus had no idea how far he had gone, or how long he had been walking. He was just about to turn and walk down a dark alley when he heard voices. He took a small and quiet step forward, bending his back forward so he can peek down the alley.

Frozen in his place as he saw Alec walking up the alley, with Isabell, he tried to hear what they were talking about. “You need to talk to Magnus.” she said, he could hear and feel his heart pounding, he could barely breathe. “You need to go fix this.”

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When he woke up, he was alone. Magnus tried to stand up, but he could barely lift himself to his knees. His whole body was aching, his head felt like it was about to explode into a million little pieces.
He collapsed back onto the ground, laying on his side. He had no idea what time it was, or how much time had passed.

How did he get himself into this horrible mess?

“I was wondering if you were ever going to wake up.” he heard a voice, which caused him to wince and finally sit up. Alec was standing by the cell holding a cup of water and a plate with a sandwich on it. “Can’t have you dying on us just yet.”

Magnus watched as the shadowhunter walked into the cell and placed the plate and cup inside, before locking the door again. Alec glanced at him for a moment longer and then turned to walk away, but stopped when he heard Magnus speak, “I thought you were my friend.”

Alec turned around and smirked at him, “that was the point.” he said, his voice lacking remorse or any sign of affection.

As Magnus watched him walk away, he couldn’t help but feel extremely pathetic. Not because he was stupid enough to trust and befriend a shadowhunter, not even because he was too slow and distracted to prevent being kidnapped, or being tortured and feeling weak.

He felt pathetic, because a part of him still liked Alec, his body still longed to be near him.

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As they got closer, he could see and hear them more clearly, “There is nothing to fix, and I don’t want to talk to him.” Alec snapped, his voice filled with hatred, clearly he wanted nothing to do with him, and definitely didn’t care about the pain he caused him. Magnus could feel his own anger burn inside him, both at Alec for betraying and hurting him, and at himself for trusting the shadowhunter in the first place, and even more so for still having feelings for him, despite all the terrible things he has done.

Magnus could feel his magic begin to tingle at the tips of his fingers, with a sudden urge to attack. But he was still frozen in his spot, no matter how much he was angry and wanted revenge, to hurt him. Something was holding him back. ‘Such a coward.’ he thought to himself.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to snap, I just really can’t handle this right now. I want to forget him and move on.” Magnus needed to get away from there, he didn’t want to hear this, it hurt too much, more than he would like to admit. He spun on his heels and began to run, and he didn’t stop until he was far enough away.

Magnus couldn’t catch his breath, he tried desperately, but no air was reaching his lungs. He bent over the ledge, looking out to the east river. There was a lurch in his stomach and he began to gag, but nothing came out.

He bent down, his hands still holding on to the railing. Magnus thought he would feel hatred, he thought that once he finally saw Alec again, all he would want to do is attack him, cause him pain. But when he saw him, something snapped inside of him, feeling like he couldn’t hurt him, deep inside, he didn’t want to hurt him.

Why did he have this affect on him? After all he has done, all the pain he caused him, why did magnus’ body react this way? Still not managing to steady his breathe, Magnus quickly pulled out the red charm from his pocket, and once again held it tight to his chest, pushing it into his skin as hard as he could.
Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading. I really hope you enjoyed.
I would also like to thank you all for the comments and Kudos, it makes me really happy!

coming next - Idris is under attack...
“My dear boy!” Asmodeus called out to Magnus, as he walked into his apartment, his voice a little too cheerful, it was actually quite creepy how cheerful he was.

Magnus stood staring down at a Lizard in a glass cage, that seemed to appear out of nowhere. He was contemplating whether or not to ask his father how and when he had acquired a reptile, but did not want to engage with him in any unnecessary conversations.

“Father.” he muttered bitterly, not even bothering to look up at him. Magnus was disappointed he had come back, even though he knew very well that he would. There must be a way to get rid of his father, and he was going to find it.

“Come on now dear boy, cheer up, we are going out on a mission together.” this was not something he could get used to, even if he wanted to (which he most definitely did not), Asmodeus hanging around, trying to cheer him up, planing “father and son” missions, it felt twisted and wrong on oh so many levels.

“A mission? What mission?” Magnus asked, pouring himself a drink. He tried to sound bored and uninterested, so his father wouldn’t take his curiosity as him agreeing to anything, especially not to going on a mission with him, which Magnus knew, there was no possible way it could ever end well.

“We are going to Alicate, Jonathan Morgenstern is there, we will be joining him in destroying the city and all the shadowhunters in it.” his Father explained, way too excited.

In all of his 400 years, Magnuns had never been fond of the shadowhunters. In fact, Alec had been the first one he had actually let into his heart, the only one he truly befriended, and that had proven to be the biggest and worst mistake of his long life. But despite his hatred and his need for venges, Magnus felt sick to his stomach at his father’s words.

Magnus Bane was many things, and a murdurer was definitely not one of them, especially when it came to the murder of innocent people, even those that came from a long line of prejudice hate and
discrimination, passed on for generations.

Magnus stared at him expressionless and sank into an armchair, “Can’t it wait until tomorrow? I’m tired.” he said, still trying to avoid his father’s gaze.

“Magnus, you are a royal, and it is about time you start acting like one,” Asmodeus insisted, “Royals do not bury themselves in sorrow or self pity, nor do they sit back and allow others to make fools out of them.”

Magnus finally looked up and met his father’s gaze, he stared at him for a moment, considering his options. He knew very well that his father would try and drag him to Edom with him, but despite how alone and betrayed he felt, there was no chance he would ever go with him willingly, nor did he plan on killing innocent shadowhunters.

But as gave it more thought, he started to think that perhaps he could find a way to get the revenge he wanted, without falling into his father’s trap. He knew that Alec would probably be there, and that it would be a good chance to make him suffer, just as the shadowhunter had done to him. Like a pathetic fool, he had missed his chance in the alley, he would not allow himself to miss a chance like that again.

So Magnus put down his glass and stood up, “Fine, and how do you plan on getting there?” he asked, still making sure to not sound enthusiastic about it in any way.

“You are going to portal us there.” his father said, he seemed pleased that his son was playing along with him.

“Portal? We can’t portal into Idris, it won’t work.”

“Oh, yes it will.” Asmodeus insisted, “Jonathan took care of that.” Magnus looked at him suspiciously, but opened up a portal nonetheless, and they both stepped through it.

As soon as they exited the portal on the other side, in Idris, Magnus scanned his surroundings in horror. The whole city was in complete chaos, people frantically running to find safe ground, trying desperately to escape the demons shooting fireballs in every direction, destroying anything and everything they could.

The cannons were firing, trying in vain to kill off the demons, and only the bravest of shadowhunters pulled out their weapons and tried to fight them off. But the demons were strong and hard to get rid of, and even those few that were successfully killed, were quickly replaced by more demons, that just kept flying out from the huge rift in the sky. It was hopeless, Magnus was sure of it.

“Come along my boy, no time to waste.” he heard his father’s voice, pulling him out if his state of shock. Magnus walked alongside his father, it seemed that the demons sensed them, as if they knew who they were, and did not harm them.

Asmodeus was walking calmly, as panic stricken shadowhunters ran and stumbled in the opposite direction. Magnus wasn’t sure what his father’s plan was, but he knew what he wanted to do. He needed to find Alec, prove that he wasn’t a coward.

Finally, he found him on the steps of the entrance to the main Clave quarters. He ran in Alec’s direction without a second glance at his father, losing him in the frantic crowd. Alec and Isabell stood with their weapons ready to attack, as a group of flying demons gained in on them.
They had no chance against them, there were too many demons. Magnus came up behind them, he felt a sudden surge of fear rushing through him, and instinctively attacked the demons and killed them.

*Shit.* that was definitely not part of his plan.

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Alec spun around quickly, and immediately his breath caught in his chest. Standing behind him, with his arm still outstretched, was the last person he expected to see. “Magnus…” he whispered, taking a step towards him. But Magnus, breaking out of the state of shock he seemed to be in, took a quick step back, a look of terror in his eyes. “Don’t.” he said in an angry sharp tone, it hit Alec like a sharp blade. “Don’t you dare come near me.”

Izzy looked over at Alec, she seemed just as confused as he was. “We have to get out of here.” Izzy shouted over the sounds of more attacks and screams of panicked people. As they both ran up the steps towards the entrance to the building, Alec grabbed Magnus’ arm and pulled him in with them, despite his resistance.

As they entered and settled into a large room, Magnus pulled his arm back forcefully, “Let go of me, shadowhunter.” He shouted, both Izzy and Alec taken aback. His mom was right, Magnus was acting strange, he definitely wasn’t himself.

The warlock took a few steps back, creating even more distance between himself and the shadowhunter. For a moment they all stood frozen, as if there wasn’t a war going on outside.

The few feet separating the two ex-lovers, charged with an endless amount of emotions, due to explode at any minute. Either of them could have closed the gap with just a few steps, but it was apparent that it wasn’t the only thing separating them.

Alec had just begun to realize how much damage had been done, it did not matter how close they were in proximity, because there was a rift between them, bigger than the one in the sky. A rift that was rooted so deep, as if they were not standing in the very same room.

“Magnus, why…?” Alec began to ask, but wasn’t sure how to phrase his question. He wanted desperately for Magnus to look at him, so he could see for himself the regret and love in the way he looked at him, but his warlock did not lift his eyes.

“‘You really have to ask?’ Magnus spat, avoiding any eye-contact. “after what you’ve done to me?” Was this all really because of the breakup? Alec knew it would hurt him, but he never imagined that Magnus would react this way. “I’m sorry I hurt you, but-”

“I don’t want to hear it.” Magnus shouted, cutting him off. “I don’t need your lame excuses.”

“I want you to suffer, the way you made me suffer.” he said, stepping forward, magic sparkling in his fingers.

All that anger, it was overwhelming, it couldn’t be all because of the breakup, it had to be Asmodeus’ doing. Alec wanted to get to the bottom of this, but it couldn't be there, in the middle of a war. “Listen, I know I hurt you, but I can explain.” Alec began, “please, I just need to take care of
“I don’t care what you have to say.” Magnus cut him off, shooting a ball of magic, that missed Alec by a hair.

The hell with his stupid deal, Magnus had to know, he couldn’t let Asmodeus influence him like that, especially not at the cost of an entire city. “Look, there’s something you need to know.” Aled said, “the reason I—”

“Shut. the. Hell. up.” Magnus shouted again, slamming another ball of magic, which hit Izzy’s arm, sending her flying back. Alec rushed to her side, helping her up.

“I’m fine.” she mumbled, as he pulled her to her feet.

Once he made sure Izzy was OK, Alec stepped towards Magus, “What the hell was that?” he shouted at him.

“Oh, so only you’re allowed to do the hurting?” Magnus asked, his tone cold and filled with the need to cause pain.

“What happened to you?” Alec asked, his voice weak.

“Seriously? You’re actually going to ask that?” Magnus shouted, shooting another ball of fire.

Alec ducked just in time, and it hit the pillar behind him. “Magnus, stop!” he shouted, looking up at Magnus as he straightened back up.

Magnus was breathing heavily, his whole body shaking uncontrollably. It looked like he was in pain, like his whole body was aching and he was barely holding himself upright. He could feel his body trying to fight itself, as if a part of him wanted to protect the man standing in front of him, as the other part of him attacked him, feared him.

Alec felt his heart melting, “Magnus, please let me explain.” he said softly, taking a slow step forward, careful not to startle him or make him mad again. When Magnus didn’t move or say anything, he continued, “You need to understand why I did what I did.”

“Stop it, stop lying.” Magnus was shouting again, all the while, trying to control his own battle which caused his head to ache, and his whole insides to shake with uncomfortable nerves.

“Stop it, stop lying.” Magnus was shouting again, all the while, trying to control his own battle which caused his head to ache, and his whole insides to shake with uncomfortable nerves.
“It’s true.” Alec said softly, taking another step forwards, Magnus didn’t move, so he took one more. “I wanted you to be whole again.”

“Whole again?” Magnus repeated, barely above a whisper, filled with confusion. Their eyes met for the first time, and they just stood staring for a long moment, only a couple of steps separating them now. This was not the Alec from his memories.

Alec poured all the unspoken words and emotions into their gaze as he continued to speak, “So I made a deal with-” he was cut off by the steps behind them, he looked back to see who was coming, “Asmodeus.”

“Hello Alexander,” Asmodeus hissed, walking forward to stand by his son, “I would be careful of what you say.” he gave Alec a death glare, then turned to his son, “We need to go, before it is too late.” he grabbed Magnus by the arm and pulled him towards the balcony, “Don’t worry,” he told Alec and Izzy, “We will make sure to close the rift.”

Alec looked from Asmodeus to Magnus, his gaze lingering on Magnus, catching his eyes and silently pleading with him, but Magnus seemed to be completely lost in his own world. “But there will never be another way out of there.” Asmodeus added before pulling his son roughly and magically sending them both through the rift.

Alec stood frozen, his eyes glued to the sport where Magnus had been just a few moments ago, refusing to believe that he was now gone. The last image of him, right before his father pulled him into the rift, was burned into Alec’s brain, not being able to forget the sudden look of terror in his eyes.

He could hear voices behind him, he was vaguely aware of Jace and Clary appearing at some point, even the loud bombing and screams were not enough to pull him out of his daze. How could he let this happen? He should've stopped him, he never should have let Asmodeus take Magnus, deal or no deal.

Alec couldn’t help but feeling extremely guilty, remembering again that look in Magnus’ eyes, as if he was pleading with him to not let him be taken away by his father. It was clear, that no matter how upset and hurt he had been, Magnus definitely did not want to go to Edom and spend eternity with the prince of hell. He should have done something, should have reacted quicker, he should have saved him.

Instead, he just watched. He just stood there and watched as Magnus was being taken away against his will, doing absolutely nothing.

His gaze fixed to the sky, Alec took a few steps forward, watching the rift, hoping that there was still a chance that Magnus had managed to get away from his father, to come back to him.

He was watching the rift as if Magnus would re-emerge at any minute, but he didn’t. Alec felt his knees give away as he dropped to the ground, his eyes never leaving the rift, as tears began to stream from them. “Magnus…” He whispered as a hand was placed on his shoulder, another on his arm.

Jace kneeled beside him and Clary and Izzy stood behind him, all staring up at the rift which slowly began to close, sucking back all the remaining demons. And with one last glow, the rift was sealed and gone.

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Chapter End Notes

OK, so there it is... they FINALLY met!
hope you enjoyed it, please let me know what you thought!

Coming next - Alec tries to find a way to save Magnus...
Alec was pacing back and forth, books sprawled out on every surface, as he examined them one by one, thoroughly searching for a way, any way to get Magnus back to him. All the while, the final terrified look on the warlocks face, never leaving his mind.

Alec has been at Magnus’ apartment for two days now, desperately trying to find the answer he was looking for. His mother walked in, a bag of food in her hand, she stood for a moment in the doorway as she watched her frantic son, looking worried and broken. “Have you eaten anything?” she finally asked.

He barely looked up at her before shaking his head, “I’m not hungry.” he stated flatly, continuing his search. He had already let Magnus down once, he was not going to again. And food was only going to slow him down.

Maryse put down the bag on one of the chairs and walked up to her son, placing a comforting hand on his arm, “Alec, you have to take care of yourself, eat something.” she said softly, he just shrugged her off.

“I need to find him mom.” he insisted firmly, finally looking up at his mother “I can’t keep standing by while he suffers, I’ve done enough of that already.”

“You were doing the best you could.” Maryse told him.

“No, I didn’t.” Alec was shaking his head, unable to rid the sick feeling in the pit of his stomach, and sharp ache in his chest. “You told me, you tried to warn me that something was going on, and I didn’t listen.”

“You couldn’t have known.” Maryse said softly, placing her hand on his arm once more.

“I should’ve known, I shouldn’t have been so trusting and naive.” Alec was shaking with anger, “I
saw him in Idris, you were right, there was something seriously wrong, he wasn’t himself. I don’t know what Asmodeus did to him, but I have to stop him before it’s too late.” they fell silent for a moment, Alec rubbed his eyes and sighed. “I never should have been so stupid as to trust Asmodeus.”

“Alec, you can’t blame yourself.” his mother insisted, “You were trying to do the right thing, and had no way of knowing.”

“This is Asmodeus we’re talking about.” Alec said angrily, “I should have known, and I should’ve listened to you, to my gut.” they stood there for a moment in silence, neither of them really knowing what to say, there was nothing really that could be said.

“That’s why I have to find him, I need to save him, to make it up to him.” Alec finally spoke up, turning back to the book he was holding.

Later that day, Alec heard a strange noise coming from somewhere in the apartment, looking around and searching the various rooms, he finally found the source. A green lizard was in a cage, ‘help’ scratched into the glass.

Alec immediately called Catharina, but had to leave before she arrived, he had received a fire message saying that something was wrong with Izzy.

When he arrived at the institute, he found her sitting in the infirmary, on the edge of one of the beds. She was smiling and looked fairly well, so Alec managed to calm down a bit. He embraced her in his arms, “Izz, I’m so sorry, are you OK?” He asked her,

“I’m fine, don’t worry about it.” Izzy insisted, “Brother Zachariah even checked me out to make sure I was ok.”

“Brother Zachariah?” Alec questioned in surprise, just as Brother Zachariah seemed to appear out of nowhere.

“Hello Alec.” He said softly, his voice echoing in his mind. “I’m glad you’re here, I would like to speak to you.” Alec nodded softly, curious as to what it is he could possibly need to talk to him about alone. He turned his eyes back to Izzy, running his gaze up and down, examining her thoroughly.

Izzy laughed and gave him a small shove, “Go, I’ll be fine.” she told him. Alec gave her one last piercing look, before following Zacharia out of the room.

“Is this about Izzy? Is she going to be OK?” he immediately asked as they stepped outside the door of the infirmary.

“No, this is not about your sister, it is about Magnus.” Brother Zachariah said, Alec swallowed hard, his heartbeat quickening.

“You know how I can get him back from Edom?” Alec asked, hopeful.

But Brother Zachariah did not know, “I’m sorry my friend, I do not.” he said, “but I have been talking to Isabell, and she was telling me how strange Magnus was acting when you saw him, and I think I might know why.” Alec stared at Brother Zachariah, waiting for him to continue, wanting and needing to know. “He came to me shortly after your… breakup.”

“Oh.” was all Alec could manage.
“He asked me to erase his memories of you.” Alec froze for a moment, as he heard Zacharia’s words echoed in his mind. He had been bracing himself for the worst, but that definitely was not what he was expecting.

“You erased his memories?” Alec almost yelled, clearly upset.

“No, I did not.” Brother Zachariah said immediately, not phased at all by Alec’s sudden outburst. “I refused him, I told him that I couldn’t help him make that mistake, that he would regret it.”

“But?”

“But he was suffering, and he insisted that it was the only way, so I told him that if he really wanted to, he could erase them himself.”

“Oh, god.” Alec breathed out, “So he did?”

It all felt so surreal, this could not be happening. How did everything go so wrong so quickly? Alec never would have predicted this outcome to his harsh decisions. He wasn't sure what he expected, or how exactly he imagined Magnus will react to the breakup, but this sure wasn’t it.

“I am not certain.” Brother Zachariah said, “I never believed he would come to do it, but from what I have heard about the way he has been acting, then I would presume he did. And I know that telling you this now, conflict with his reasoning to do this, and I hate to break his trust, but I just thought you should know. Especially now that he is in Edom.”

Alec breathed in sharply as Brother Zachariah spoke, not sure what to say or how to react to this information. But something was really bugging him, something still didn’t make sense, “But… he knew me, when I saw him in Idris, he knew who I was.” Alec said, remembering the painful moment, “he was extremely pissed at me, and acting quite strange, as if he was afraid of me, but he knew who I was.”

“It could very well be that something went wrong, while he was sending his memories into oblivion.” Brother Zachariah suggested, “Or perhaps, someone has been tampering with his mind and memories.”

“Asmodeus…” Alec muttered.

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He could feel it. It was surging through him, his whole body absorbing up all the power and energy he could get from his surroundings. His father was right, Edom really did make him much stronger.

He could feel his magic growing more powerful, in his blood and in his veins, all over. Magnus sat on his father’s throne, feeling more powerful than ever. Finally, he began to feel like he could think a little more clearly, for the first time since his father found him on the roof.

Alec’s last words to him kept echoing in his mind, ‘I made a deal with…’ with who? And what kind of deal? Was it a deal to try and help him, or just cause him more pain? Or maybe, he was just making it all up...

But there was something different about him, as if he were a completely different person, and not the Alec from his memories, the one who glared at him with hate and disgust, the one who caused him unbearable pain and fear. There was no trace of any of that.

Quite the contrary in fact, Alec looked at him with so much compassion, love even. As if he hated to
see him suffer. As if Magnus was his favorite person in the world. Surely he had just imagined it, right?

Perhaps that was part of his plan, try and trick him again, like he did when they first met - maybe he was trying to make Magnus like him again, just so Alec could continue to take advantage of him, especially now that he had his own magic back.

*His magic was back. Asmodeus gave him his magic back.*

And he had yet to ask for anything in return, which was definitely suspicious, no matter how much Asmodeus insisted it was out of “love” and “care” for his son.

Conveniently enough, his Father somehow found his way back just in time, at the perfect moment. In fact, he showed up right when Magnus “needed” him the most, when he was at his lowest and most vulnerable.

Magnus did not know what to believe anymore, but he was desperate to find out. He was sick of being played, being the victim. It was time to put an end to it.

“You look good up there.” he heard Asmodeus’ voice from the doorway, if you could even call it that. “Royal suits you.” as he looked at his father, at how so very pleased he seemed that he finally got Magnus to join him there in Edom, something clicked. *Of course.*

Magnus didn’t know for sure, but he knew his father, he had been so hurt and vulnerable that he just followed him blindly, trusted him because he had no one else. But he should have known, that no matter what and how trustworthy he seemed, he could never really believe anything he said.

“Did you really think I would never find out?” he finally asked, his voice calm and steady, trying to ignore the nerves he felt, as all his insides were flipping.

Asmodeus raised an eyebrow, smirking slightly and looking quite amused, “How did you know?” he asked, coming closer.

“I didn’t.” Magnus said, “But you did just confirmed it.”

“And what exactly is it that you think I have just confirmed?” Asmodeus asked, not looking in the least worried that he had just been busted.

“You made a deal with him, didn’t you? With Alec?” Magnus asked, watching his father's every move, his expression giving nothing away. “He asked you to restore my magic?” he asked when Asmodeus didn’t reply.

“Yes, he did.”

“And my memories? The ones you showed me, were those real?” Anger boiling in the pit of his stomach as he finally began to piece everything together, he did not need to hear the answers out loud to know the truth. “And my actual memories? You took them away, didn’t you?” Magnus was now standing, walking closer to his father.

“No, that you did to yourself.” Asmodeus finally spoke.

“Just shut up, I don’t believe you anyway.” Magnus shouted, opening up a portal and quickly tying up his father with magic ropes.

“Be careful, I’m the only thing keeping that rift closed.” His father warned, but Magnus just
tightly around the ropes. “Once it re-opens, your precious shadowhunters will be attacked again.”

“I can seal it myself.” he said, “I have had enough of your manipulations.”

“You can never get rid of me.” Asmodeus laughed, “don’t you get it? I will always find my back to
you.”

“Not if you’re stuck in limbo.” Magnus hissed, before making his father pass out and shoving him
to the opened portal, closing it up behind him.

Magnus sat back on his father’s throne, he may as well get used to it, this was his new home, whether he liked it or not. He couldn’t leave, if he did, the rift that he was now holding closed, would re-open and all hell would break loose in Idris once more.

Despite the pain, and the need for revenge that he still felt, Magnus couldn’t ignore the fact that it
was all due to his father’s manipulation. If it wasn’t for Asmodeus, he wouldn’t hate Alec, wouldn’t
feel the need to cause him pain, like he thought Alec caused him.

Magnus still couldn’t remember anything else, besides the memories that Asmodeus planted in him,
he still wasn’t sure what he and Alec were to each other before he lost his memories. But now, he
may never find out, as he may be stuck in Edom forever.

“You look good up there.” he heard a voice from the entrance tell him.

“So I’ve heard.” He looked up and caught Lilith’s gaze as she came forward out of the shadows.
“What do you want?”

“I came to welcome my new neighbour.” she smiled at him.

“Of course you did.” Magnus spat at her. “So where is the pie?”

Lillith looks at him, amused, “After all, you finally got rid of Asmodeus, I’ve been waiting a long
time for that.” she said, stepping even closer to Magnus. “I was hoping you would let me through
that rift you’re holding closed.”

“And why the hell would I ever do that?” Magnus looked at her amused.

“Because I need to kill my son.”

“Up for mother of the year award, are you?”

“I have created a monstrous and dangerous creature, someone has to stop him.” Lilith explained, she
wasn’t wrong, but despite how destructive her son may be, letting her leave Edom, can cause even
more destruction, and Magnus did not want a hand in that.

“Yes, you have caused a very big mess.” Magnus agreed, “However, I cannot let you leave.”

“I will find a way.” She insisted.

“The answer is no.” Lilith conjured up a ball of magic and threw it towards Magnus, but he was
quick and strong enough to stop it with his own magic, sending her flying and landing with a thud on
the ground. “Soaking up all the power Edom has to offer, I see.” Lilith said, struggling to stand up.
“You’re lucky I’m still weak from your friends mark of Cain, but I will get stronger and I will
destroy you.”

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Chapter End Notes

OK, there it is... hopefully it's just in my head and you actually did enjoy it. please let me know your thoughts.

thanks again for reading, and all your comments and kudos.
next chapter will probably be up by Friday (usually I do Thursday, but my best friend is getting married so...)

coming next - A dangerous rescue mission.
Alec is frantic, trying to find a way to save Magnus, while anything that can go wrong, seems to go wrong.

So sorry this is a bit late (well, I guess that also depends on your time zone... :p)
I didn't have a lot of time to edit this chapter, but I really hope you enjoy it anyway.

Alec stormed off, feeling like no one else was taking this seriously. He walked into his office and slammed the door behind him, on the verge of explosion. He wanted to break something, smash it against the wall.

Magnus was in Edom, under his father’s vicious manipulation, he was stuck there probably feeling helpless, like no one cared. Alec was determined to save him, with or without the help of everyone else.

Izzy was the only one who showed any interest to help, she had wanted to go to Edom on her own, seeing as she was the only one that could actually stand to be there, because of the Heavenly Fire in her cells. But Alec could not allow his little sister to go on her own, it was too dangerous and he could not - would not risk it.

Jace walked in a few minutes after him, closing the door softly and talking a few steps forward, but still keeping some distance between them. “Alec, are you okay?” he asked, knowing it was probably a stupid question, because clearly, he was not..

“No, I’m not okay Jace.” Alec spat at him, not caring anymore about anything else. Jace, who was just about to place his hand on his Parabatai’s shoulder, froze mid-way, taken aback and had no idea how to react.

“Well you could’ve fooled me.” Alec spat at him, not caring anymore about anything else. Jace, who was just about to place his hand on his Parabatai’s shoulder, froze mid-way, taken aback and had no idea how to react.

“When Clary showed up, everyone just jumped up to help her blindly, but now, when I want to save
Magnus, no one gives a damn.” Alec continued, clearly letting down all filters.

Jace looked at him for a moment, trying to calm himself down quickly, he did not want to react on impulse, he knew Alec was upset and worried and scared. “Alec, we’re talking about Edom here, we just want to be cautious.” he said, letting his outstretched arm fall to his side. “It’s very dangerous, so we need to be very cautious”

“I don’t care how dangerous it is, this is Magnus we’re talking about,” Alec yelled, “He’s always been there for all of us, always helped us when we needed it, no matter the danger.”

“I know, and I promise you that we will find a way.” Jace insisted, “But we also can’t risk everyone’s life so carelessly.”

“You owe him your life!” Alec shouted, losing all control over his anger.

“Excuse me?” Jace took a step back, also starting to lose his calm. He was trying to be understanding, but it was becoming more difficult with the accusation Alec had thrown at him.

“You’re the reason he lost his magic to begin with.” Alec spat, pointing a finger, “He did it to save your life, you owe him as much.”

Ouch.

There it was.

They both stood frozen for a moment, their eyes locked in a deep and painful glare. The tension was thick and suffocating, neither of them knowing how to react. It was too much, too loaded.

“Look, I know you’re hurting and I can only imagine how difficult this is for you, but don’t take your shit out on me.” Jace spoke, fighting himself not to explode and lose control at the hurtful words thrown at him. He knew that Alec did not mean them, he was speaking out of desperation and the deep helpless pain he was feeling.

“But it’s true.” Alec insisted, his voice showing no sign of remorse at his words, as if it were truly what he believed.

“Alec, you don’t mean that.” Jace’s voice was shaking from the struggle to keep calm, he was about to lose control as well, despite all his efforts not to, “I understand you’re angry, and you suffering, but-

“Don’t tell me how I feel or what I do or do not mean,” Alec cut him off, “You have no clue what I feel, how hard it is for me to know that the man I loved lost his very essence to save my parabatai.”

“No, that’s where you’re wrong,” Jace began to fight back, no longer able to hold off. “He may have technically saved my life, but the only reason he did it was for you.”

“If that’s what you want to tell yourself, fine.” Alec said, turning away from his parabatai.

“It’s the truth, he did it because he knew if I died you would lose part of yourself.” Jace said firmly, “he did it so you would stay whole, whether you would like to admit that or not.”

Alec turned back around, and stood staring at him for a moment, he knew Jace was right, he was saying exactly what he’s been blaming himself with, he couldn’t deny it. He fell into his chair behind his desk and buried his face in his hands. “God, I destroyed him.” he mumbled into his hands, “Jace I just ruined his life.”
Despite his anger, Jace made his way to his brother and kneeled down next to him, “You’re being hard on yourself, this is not your fault.” He said and placed a hand on Alec’s shoulder. “He was the one to make that decision, you did not force him or even ask him to.”

“I abandoned him Jace, I just left him alone with nothing and nowhere to go. And now he is stuck with Asmodeus.” Alec finally managed to lock eyes with Jace, his gaze was heartbreaking.

“We will find him, I promise you, we will do anything we can.” Jace promised.

“He erased his memories of me.”

“What?”

“Brother Zachariah told me, it’s why he’s been acting so strange.” Alec said, still finding it hard to believe, “he was that hurt. I broke him that much, that he needed to erase his memories.”

Jace was about to reply when Clary stormed in without knocking, “Meliorn is her.” she announced, frantically, “He told us that Izzy came to him, she asked him to let her through to Edom, so she can go save Magnus.”

“Shit.” Alec exclaimed as he stood up abruptly, almost knocking Jace over, who was still kneeling beside him. Alec reached out quickly and help him balance and then stand up as well.

After that, he began to pace, angry at himself that he was too preoccupied to pay enough attention and notice what Izzy planned to do, he should have seen it coming, he should have known that’s what she would do. He felt helpless, no matter what he did or how hard he tried, things just seemed to go wrong and got worse. “I can’t believe she did that.”

“I can.” Jace said, considering who they were talking about. And when Alec stopped pacing and gave him a death glare, he raised his hands defensively, “This is Izzy we’re talking about, of course she listened to no one and went on her own.”

Alec sighed and silently agreed with his Parabatai, “Well, this just means we have no choice but to find a way to Edom as well.”

“That’s not the only thing Meliorn told us.” Clary told them, regret in her voice, she did not want to be the one to give the bad news.

Of course there was more, of course that wasn’t the worst of it - it was never ending. “What is it?” Jace asked.

Taking a deep breath, Clary spoke, “Meliorn also said that at the dimensional doorway to Edom, they got word that Lilith is building an army against Magnus.”

“What? What about Asmodeus?” Alec questioned, exasperated by how everything just kept derailing and worsening by the minute.

“It wasn’t clear, but we figured that Magnus somehow got rid of him.” Meliorn spoke up from the entrance to the office, they all spun around to look at him, surprised. None of them had noticed him showing up.

“Can you let us go through?” Alec was the first one to come out of the shock.

“I can’t, the queen closed all our borders and doorways.” Meliorn explained, “But even if I could, none of you would survive in Edom.”
They all stayed silent for a long moment, all out of answers. If it were even possible, Alec grew even more frustrated as they hit yet another dead end.

“I have an idea,” Clary finally spoke up, breaking the silence. “What if I could create some kind of alliance rune, that will bind downworlders to shadowhunter, we could share all of our powers and immunities.”

“Like a temporary Parabatai rune?” Jace suggested.

“Exactly.”

“Okay, but even if you could do that, and it actually works, how will we get to Edom?” Alec asked, folding his arms on his chest.

“We could speak to Lorenzo,” Clary said, “we can ask him to draw a pentagram that will take us there.”

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Magnus was pacing around aimlessly, he was hoping that ridding of his father was going to rid whatever dark hold he had on him, but he still felt what his father wanted him to feel, he still didn’t have whatever real memories he used to have, he still remembered the false memories as if they were real.

He noticed now how distant they felt, they were blurred and strange, all of them as if he was just someone observing from the side, but still they felt very much real, he could remember the way he felt in those fake moments, he could feel the pain that wasn’t actually caused to him.

It was as if someone had actually punched a hole in his heart, there was an ache in his chest that he couldn’t ignore, an emptiness in the pit of his stomach, and being there all alone in Edom was not helping. Magnus felt consumed by it all, it was out of his control, taking over his whole being.

“Ready to give up yet?” Lillith asked, walking once again through the entrance, showing up unannounced and uninvited.

Magnus looked up at her and rolled his eyes, he tried to shove away all the doubts he had about his memories, and focus on staying strong and unbreakable, and sounding threatening. “Seems like I’m not the only one not willing to give up.” He said coldly, “was I not clear enough last time?”

“You were clear.” She said, taking a step forward, “I just refuse to accept it.”

“Well, you said it yourself - you are not strong enough to fight me.” Magnus reminded her, also taking a step forward, his back straight, stretching to his full height.

Lillith laughed, a disturbing sound which Magnus did not like, but kept the same expression, remaining unaffected in her eyes. “That is where you are wrong.” She told him, just as a herd of demons began flying in circles over head. “I may not be at my strongest at the moment, but I have many friends to help me, and it seems you have none.”

Magnus looked up at the sky, as more and more demons joined in and began to shoot in every direction, causing pillars to collapse and walls to shake. But he managed to remain calm, refusing to show any weakness, he was about to reply when a stream of white and gold light shot down some of the demons.

“That is where you are wrong,” A voice spoke from behind Lillith, who spun around to face
Isabelle, “Magnus is not alone.”

Magnus was just as shocked as Lillith was, to see her standing there, speaking to the queen of hell without an ounce of fear or hesitation. “Oh how cute, you think you can fight me and my demons?” Lillith laughed again, as more demons came flying in.

Instead of replying, Izzy just thrust her arms in Lillith direction, and another stream of heavenly fire shot out of her palms. A deafening, inhuman shriek escaped Lillith mouth, as she was hit and thrown off her feet.

As Izzy fell to her knees, and the heavenly fire ceased, Lillith flew up into the air in her demonic form and exploded. Magnus, who was rooted to his spot until that moment, and tried to make sense of what was happening, ran to Izzy’s side and placed a hand on her back, surprising even himself with how worried he was about her.

“Are you okay?” he asked her.

Izzy smiled at him, “Yes, I’m just exhausted from the heavenly fire.” she told him.

“ Heavenly fire?”

“It’s a long story.”

“What are you even doing here?” Magnus asked as they both stood up.

“I came here to save you, get you out of here.” Izzy explained.

“Oh.” Magnus seemed surprised, “But I can’t leave, because of the rift.” he pointed to the sky and they both fell silent for a moment.

“Look, Magnus… about Alec…” Izzy began to speak, she wanted to take advantage of this moment to help her brother, try and soften Magnus up.

“Yeah I know.” He told her, “Asmodeus told me.”

“What did he tell you?”

“Enough to make me trap him in limbo.” Magnus explained, “but I just don’t know anymore what to believe.”

“I know, and you and Alec need to talk about it properly, but I just want to make sure you know he really does care about you.” Izzy told him.

“Well, I don’t exac-” Magnus began, but was cut off when Izzy suddenly fell forward in pain. At first she fell to her knees as her whole body went up in flames, then she collapsed to the ground completely, laying on her back.

Magnus rushed to her side once again, but he had no idea what was going on and how to help her. “Isabelle, what is happening?” He asked, “What can I do to help you?”

“It’s the heavenly fire.” Izzy managed to tell him, as she struggled, “Not sure there’s much to do.”

“Iszy! Magnus!” A voice called to them, Magnus looked up but saw no one. “Magnus!” the voice called again, sounding closer. It was Alec. Magnus looked down at Isabelle who was still struggling on the ground, and then took a few steps back and stood by a pillar, so he was not in direct line of sight.
“Oh my God, Izzy!” Simon shouted and ran to her side, “What happened to her?” Alec and Jace Kneeled beside him as they tried to help Izzy.

“The heavenly fire.” She managed, but had no energy to explain any further.

“Magnus!” Clary called, she was the first to notice him by the pillar. Everyone else looked up, Alec stood and took a step toward him.

“I tried to help Her,” Magnus said almost immediately, as if he were being accused. “I didn’t know what to do.”

“How did this happen?” Jace asked him.

“She just showed up and shot the Heavenly Fire energy at Lillith, it destroyed her, but it seems that Isabelle’s body did not react well.” Magnus explained, finally stepping toward them.

“Are you okay?” Alec asked him, his voice quiet and filled with concern, as he braved another step toward him. Magnus looked at him, he did not step away when Alec got closer.

“I’m fine.” Magnus whispered.

Alec closed the gap between them, and despite it all, he pulled Magnus close to him and wrapped his arms around him. “I don’t know what exactly Asmodeus did to you, but I know you’re confused and I promise you that we will figure it all out.” he whispered in his warlocks ear.

“What if I draw the rune on her?” Clary suggested, “We could absorb some of her pain and the energy from the Heavenly Fire.”

Alec let go of Magnus, and looked between him and Izzy, as if not sure who needed him more, “Go to her.” Magnus told him, “I will be fine.”

Alec gave him one last look and squeezed his hand before going to his sister, “Let’s do it.” he told Clary.

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Chapter End Notes

thank you very much for reading! please let me know what you thought!

coming next - Can things just fall back to the way they were?
Where Do We Go From Here?

Chapter Summary

Magnus and Alec try to figure some things out, but is there too much between them?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

They stepped out of the portal and into Magnus’ apartment, after briefly stopping by the Institute to drop the rest off there. Alec insisted on coming with him, not wanting Magnus to be alone, even though he insisted that he was fine.

It was weird and awkward, as if they were strangers locked together in an elevator, and couldn’t speak the same language. The tension was thick and bulky, and very hard to ignore. For a moment they just stood there, in the middle of Magnus’ lounge, staring into space trying to figure out what to do next, what to say.

How could they mend all the broken pieces between them? Where do they go from here? Was there a way back?

“You really don’t have to stay.” Magnus finally broke the silence, trying to avoid eye contact at any cost, he was looking around the apartment as if it was his first time there.

Alec looked up at him, just as Magnus’ eyes scanned past him, and for the first time since they arrived at the apartment, they locked eyes. Alec had never seen Magnus so frightened and vulnerable, even when he got sick from Lorenzo’s magic.

It was a strange thing seeing him that way, with that child’s look in his eyes, after being so used to his always strong demeanor, as if no one and nothing in the world could break him, the great Magnus Bane.

“I want to.” Alec finally said, barely above a whisper. He stepped forward carefully, trying not to startle him, he slowly wrapped his arms around Magnus’ frame. “I want to be here for you.” he added in a soft caring tone.

But Magnus went rigid in his arms, Alec could feel the warlock’s breath hitch in his chest, he could practically hear his heart banging against his ribcage, so he stepped away, trying to hide his pain. “I... I'm sorry, it’s just...” Magnus stammered, not knowing exactly what to say.

Alec raised his hand and smiled faintly, “It’s OK.” he said, even though deep inside he knew he wasn’t, “I understand.” but he didn’t.

Alec could only imagine what was going on in Magnus’ mind, how he must feel and what he was thinking. Who did he think Alec was? “I guess we have a lot to talk about...” He said, trying to catch Magnus’ eyes again, but in vain.

Magnus walked over to his drinks station and poured himself a glass of whiskey, he offered one
silently to Alec, who just shook his head. “Yes, I suppose we do.” Magnus agreed, “Although, I could use a nice bath and a good night’s sleep first.”

If the situation weren’t so complicated and grim, Alec would smile, maybe even laughed, because for a moment there he sounded like the Magnus he remembered, his Magnus. But he just nodded and ran his fingers through his already messy hair, “I know.” He said quietly, “It’s just… If you don’t mind I - I think maybe there are a few things… we should probably - I mean, I would like to clear up.”

Alec wanted to hit his head against the wall, it was way beyond frustrating, and he had no idea what he could say to fix things, or even where to begin. He just knew he needed to start somewhere, so they don’t get to a point where they are beyond repair, if they weren’t already.

“What do you want to know?” Magnus asked him, taking a seat on one of the arm chairs.

Alec took a step closer, and watched him as he sat down, he could tell that Magnus was watching him as well, from the corner of his eye, probably monitoring his movements to make sure he doesn’t get too close.

“What do you want to know?” Magnus asked him, taking a seat on one of the arm chairs.

Alec took a deep breath and looked down into his glass as he spoke, “He planted false memories in my mind.”

Magnus took a deep breath and looked down into his glass as he spoke, “He also erased my real memories…” Magnus added after another moment of awkward silence.

Alec winced, he knew he had to tell Magnus the truth, at least part of it, “He wasn’t the one who erased your memories.” he told him, keeping his eyes on him, hoping he will look up at him.

Magnus eventually did looked up at him, confused. “What? But he- Then who…?” Magnus’ voice dimmed at the end as Alec gave him a sad look, and he began to understand without being told. “Did I…?”

Alec took a deep breath and released it in a heavy sigh, “Yes, Brother Zachariah told me that you came to him for help, you wanted him to erase your memories, but he refused.” he explained the best he could, leaving out a few key details, unsure of the timing, “So you did it yourself.”

Alec took a deep breath and released it in a heavy sigh, “Yes, Brother Zachariah told me that you came to him for help, you wanted him to erase your memories, but he refused.” he explained the best he could, leaving out a few key details, unsure of the timing, “So you did it yourself.”

“Why?” Magnus’ expression was gut wrenching and almost impossible to look at without breaking down. Alec knew that it must be difficult for him to cope with the loss of his memories, essentially losing yet another part of himself, and even worse, having those memories replaced with false ones,
walking around not knowing what was real and what was fake. And all the while, knowing that he himself is partly to blame, it must be even more devastating.

The look in his eyes, broke Alec’s heart all over again. He wanted to tell him, he wanted to explain everything that had happened, and help him make at least a bit of sense of everything going on, but he could see how exhausted and weak he was, Brother Zachariah also warned him in advance, not to overwhelm him with too much information, that it could do more damage than good.

“I think that’s enough information for now, maybe it’s best to just rest and talk about it when you regain some strength.” Alec told him, thinking to himself that he wasn’t ready just yet to tell him that he was the reason behind his actions. He knew that it was unfair towards Magnus, who was surely hating himself for taking such extreme measures, when really, Alec might be more to blame.

But how can he open up now without pushing him even further away? There was so much separating them already, Magnus was keeping a safe distance between them as it was. Alec just knew it would not do any good for either of them, if anything, it would just tear them apart even more.

Magnus nodded slowly, not arguing, but Alec could tell he was desperate, he wanted to know, he was sick of being confused and in the dark about his own life.

“Were we…?” Magnus asked, not knowing how to phrase the rest of the question.

Alec looked at him with a soft smile, and nodded lightly, “Yes, we were,” he replied.

“Oh.” Magnus shifted uncomfortably in his place, “Asmodeus made me hate you, with the fake memories.”

“Yeah, I figured as much.” Alec shifted slightly in his place on the couch, he desperately wanted to feel close to him again. Asmodeus was gone, the deal was off, Magnus had his magic back, he wanted to just be with him, he didn’t want this feeling that Magnus barely knew who he was, and was even a bit scared of him. “So you don’t remember anything?” he finally asked, “from before?”

“No, sorry.” Magnus shook his head, as he stood up to refill his glass. “But every so often I get this feeling, it’s hard to explain. Like when I saw you in Idris, under attack, my first instinct was to protect you.”

Alec froze for a moment and then stood as well, he watched Magnus intently, trying to figure out his body language, searching for any sign of him letting his guard down. “I don’t know, it’s like deep down I feel like I want to be around you.” Magnus added, as he turned back around.

Perhaps his memories were erased, but his feeling remained in tact. Just because he couldn’t remember him, doesn’t necessarily mean that his feelings just disappeared. Alec could no longer hold himself together, he stepped closer, and before he realized what he was doing, he cupped Magnus’ face gently, as to not startle him.

They stared into each others eyes, as Alec began to stroke Magnus’ cheek bones with his thumbs. For a moment, Magnus seemed to melt into the touch just like him, and when Alec slowly began to lean in, eager to close the small gap remaining between them, Magnus didn’t pull away.

Their lips were mere centimeters away, their breath mixing together as one between them. Alec had already closed his eyes, he could feel the ghost of a touch of Magnus’ lips, when he was abruptly pushed away.

Magnus dropped his glass of whiskey to the ground, the gold liquid spilling into a puddle on the
parquet floor, and the glass shattering with a loud crack, smashed into a thousand glittering fragments around them, as he ran to the corner of the room, curled up on the floor, and hugged his knees up to his chest.

“Oh god, I’m so sorry.” Alec said, trying to come near him, he wanted to comfort him.

But Magnus flinched, “Stay away from me.” he shouted. Alec froze in his spot, feeling desperate and helpless, he couldn’t just stand there and watch him breakdown, he wanted to hold him, kiss him, tell him everything was going to be alright. But he couldn’t. So he just watched from the side, while Magnus rocked back and forth, as he began to hyperventilate, pulling something out of his pocket and clutch it to his chest, slowly calming down.

Alec caught a glimpse of the omamori charm he had given Magnus, and his heart skipped a beat. Unconsciously he took a few steps closer and knelt down in front of him, as Magnus looked up, he didn’t push him away when Alec pointed at the charm, “I gave that to you.” he told him.

Magnus looked down at the charm, then back up at Alec, “Oh.” he choked out, “I- I don’t… I can’t… remember.” he said, his words like knives in Alec’s heart.

“I know.” the Shadowhunter whispered.

Slowly, Magnus stood, careful not to touch Alec, he moved away, walking towards his bedroom, on the way he stopped and spoke without turning to look at Alec, “You should go.” he said softly.

“I don’t want to.” Alec told him, truthfully.

“I don’t want you here.”

And with those last words, he walked into his bedroom and locked the door behind him. Alec sat back on the couch, and heard in the distance, the water in the bathtub turn on, he tried hard to fight back the tears, but could no longer hold them in.

He knew he couldn’t be angry at Magnus, he definitely couldn’t blame him, if anything Alec was the one to blame, but he couldn’t stop the anger that bubbled up inside the pit of his stomach.

Alec stood up decisively and walked into the linen closet, pulled out an extra pillow and blanket, then walked back to the lounge and set up the couch for himself, Magnus could try and push him away, but he wasn’t leaving, he had to prove to him that he wasn’t going to abandon him again.

Even though he couldn’t even remember the first time he abandoned him, he wanted to show him that he cared. So when Magnus walked out of the bedroom in his pyjamas and froze when he saw he was still there, Alec just lay on the couch and told him that he wasn’t going anywhere.

Magnus woke up the following morning and stretched his body in every direction on the bed, enjoying every inch of space he had to himself. He let out a large yawn and rubbed his eyes, as he slowly pulled out of his sleepy daze, and woke to full consciousness.

The Warlock lay on his back and opened his eyes, he stared at the ceiling for a long slow moment, as he felt his brain separate his dreams from reality, and piece together all that was forgotten in the comfort of his deep sleep.

Oh. Right.
In the background he could hear the sounds of pots and pans, and could smell breakfast cooking. He slowly straightened up in bed and cringed, fully remembering the events of last night. He sighed heavily and forced himself out of bed. After washing his face and brushing his teeth he finally made his way into the kitchen, where Alec was standing over the stove.

He stood in the doorway for a moment, watching the Shadowhunter’s back as he moved and not yet noticed him. He contemplated with himself for a moment, whether he should at least try and give whatever is going on a chance, but as Alec turned and finally saw him there, he couldn’t stop himself, Magnus just found himself trying to keep as much distance between them as he could.

“Good morning, how are you feeling?” Alec greeted him, with a smile on his face. Magnus returned a faint smile, all he wanted was a cup of hot coffee and a quiet moment to himself.

“I’m fine.” Magnus replied dryly, he needed some time not only to wake up and start his morning peacefully, but also time to process everything, try and make some sense of it all and figure out what the hell he wanted and needed.

So Magnus quietly made his way to his coffee machine and poured himself a mug of coffee that has already been brewed, probably by Alec. He was about to make his way to the balcony, to drink his coffee, when Alec’s voice stopped him in his tracks. “I made breakfast,” he said, “come and eat with me.”

Magnus just wanted to be alone, he wanted a moment to himself, he didn’t want to have small talk in the morning, especially not with a man he barely knew and had bad memories of. But he reluctantly turned around, and sat down across Alec, who placed a plate of french toast in front of him.

Magnus did not touch his breakfast, just sat there sipping his coffee, and hoped Alec would let him have his quiet moment. “You’re not hungry?” Alec asked, oblivious to Magnus’ needs, “You used to love my french toast.”

Magnus looked at him for a moment, and fought the urge to say ‘yeah, used to.’ He was feeling suffocated, hating the presence of another in his personal space, in his home. His home, where he just wanted to be alone. “I’m not hungry.” He stated dryly, not caring how rude he was. He wasn’t the one invading, he wasn’t the one who was staying, even though he was specifically told not to.

“I’m sorry if this is all overwhelming for you,” Alec continued, “it will probably take some getting used to,” was he serious? Alec was behaving as if they were just supposed to go back to normal, thinking that maybe, if he acted as if nothing has changed, everything will just fall into place.

Alec must have noticed that Magnus was feeling weirded out, because he smiled at him softly, “Sorry, I don’t mean to come off too strong here.” He said, “I’m just trying to show you that I care.” Alec absentmindedly tried placing his hand on Magnus’, who immediately winced and pulled away, leaving Alec with his hand hanging in the air for a moment.

Magnus shut his eyes, and took a deep breath, trying to will away the painful memories, but he couldn’t help it, all he saw was the pain caused to him by Alec. all he could feel was Alec being here against his will and suffocating him, hovering around him.

“I didn't mean to…” Alec began, but had no idea how to end the sentence.

Magnus looked up at him, “I know, I’m sorry.” he said, “It’s just… I keep seeing you… the memories Asmodeus put in my mind.”

“But they aren’t real.” Alec snaped, a little too forceful.
“I know, but I can’t help it, I keep seeing it in my mind.” Magnus said, “I know they didn’t happen, but to me they feel so real, I can still feel the pain you caused me.”

“I didn't cause you that pain.” Alec knew he shouldn’t be taking it out on him, but he just couldn’t hold it in anymore, “this isn’t fair.”

“I know, I'm trying but-” Magnus began, but Alec cut him off.

“Then try harder!” he shouted, immediately regretting the words. His eyes widened, “I’m so sorry I didn’t mean-” this time it was Magnus who cut him off.

“I think you should go,” he said, trying to keep calm, while the dread and panic grew inside him.

“Magnus, please…”

“I want you to leave.”

But Alec couldn’t just leave, he tried to touch Magnus’ hand again, but he just pulled away, wincing again, this time also jumping out of his seat and standing up, “Don’t you understand that you’re scaring me?” Magnus shouted, taking a few steps back and bumping into the countertop “I can barely be in the same room as you.”

Alec just stared, shocked and hurt. Magnus looked away, shifting uncomfortably on his feet. Alec finally stood and left without saying another word.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sooo sorry! I can't help it... I love drama!
please let me know what you thought of the chapter!

coming next - Magnus and Alec spen some time apart...
Chapter Summary

Magnus and Alec spend some time apart, and Izzy is the voice of reason (yet again)

Chapter Notes

So so sorry this is late, I wanted a chance to edit the chapter properly before I posted it. I really hope you enjoy it!

thanks again for all your comments and Kudos! It's always so exciting to hear what you think!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 10 - Guess Who’s Back

Pulling the arrow back on his bow, using the edge of his mouth as an anchor point, he aimed to nowhere in particular. Once he was ready, he releases the arrow to some unknown target in the distance, and then repeats. Again and then again. One arrow after the other, slowly catching onto a rhythm. He tries not to think, he just pull, aims and releases, letting his brain rest for just a moment.

Alec is standing on the Institute roof, a little too close to the edge, as below him, new-yorkers and tourists go about their day, push and pull their way through the busy streets. He could only barely hear the sound of distant honking, people yelling and music playing from several different locations, each a different genre, mixing together in a jumble.

He had stormed off from Magnus’ apartment feeling pissed. It wasn’t anyone's fault, not his and definitely not Magnus’, which just made him even more frustrated. He couldn’t blame him for being scared, for pushing him away, if anything, this was probably even more difficult for him.

Magnus was the one who lost everything, he was the one without memories, he was the one who was brainwashed by Asmodeus and taken to hell against his will. And yet... Alec also lost something. He lost Magnus.

He couldn’t help but feel a small resentment towards him, as if he should really be trying harder, because Alec was just being nice to him, taking care of him, he wasn’t threatening him or doing anything remotely scary that should push him away.

“That bad, huh?” A familiar voice spoke behind him. If Alec was surprised or startled, it didn’t show. He did not turn to look, did not stop releasing his arrows into the sky. Pull, aim and release.

“What is that supposed to mean?” he asked, reaching back to grab another arrow from his quiver. The last one. Shit.

Izzy walked closer to him, and stood leaning forward on the ledge. She took him in for a moment,
trying to assess his state as quick as she could, “Usually you wait until it’s dark at least.” She told him, as he released his final arrow.

Alec lowered his bow, took a deep breath and finally turned his gaze to his sister, “I got so caught up in getting him out of Edom, that I just never stopped to think about what will happen once we get him back.” He explained, wiping drops of sweat off his forehead with his sleeve.

“Oh no Alec, what happened?” Izzy asked, watching her brother as he sighed and rubbed his face in frustration. He jumped down off the step he was standing on, and sat down, setting his bow and quiver down beside him.

“It’s bad Izzy… I don’t know what Asmodeus planted in his mind, but whatever it is, it’s really bad.” The archer spoke, the pain very evident in his words. Izzy placed a comforting hand on his shoulder and waited patiently for him to continue. “He’s really scared of me Izzy, even though I’m really trying to be careful and gentle with him.”

Alec continued to by telling his sister about Magnus’ panic attack the night before, and their argument in the morning. Which led him there, to the roof, shooting arrows in broad daylight.

“Do you want me to tell you what I really think or what you want to hear?” Izzy asked once Alec was done. He looked at her for a moment, knowing very well that it would be ridiculous to have her tell him what he wanted to hear, if it was not genuine, there really was no point and it definitely didn’t make any sense to lie to him just so he could feel better and keep avoiding what he did not want to hear.

But at that moment it was very tempting, he hated being wrong or being told that his feelings and anger were not 100% justified. The only reason he told her to begin with, was because he needed to let out steam, he needed to tell someone he trusted and get it off his chest before he exploded.

But he sighed and prepared himself mentally for the hard cold truth, “Tell me what you really think.” he finally said, even though it wasn’t really what he wanted to hear.

Izzy listened patiently as he was ranting, taking into consideration both sides. He had already told her about the deal with Asmodeus, she had seen the way Magnus had been both in Alicante and in Edom, she knew the whole background story, and Alec trusted her more than anyone at the moment, she has always been the easiest to talk to about these kind of stuff, so it just made sense to share with her, he knew she would know what to advise, how to react to him accordingly.

Izzy gave a small sigh, leaned forward and reached out for his hand which was hanging in the air, as his forearms rested against his knees. She placed her hand on his and smiled softly at him, taking a moment to consider her words before she spoke.

“Look, there is no easy way to say it, and I can’t lie to you and try make things seem better than they are, because the truth is, this is a difficult situation for both of you, and I definitely don’t have all the answers,” she said in a caring and gentle tone, “I know that to you, he’s the same Magnus, you still feel the same love. I know that it’s hard not to hope and build up expectations that things will go back to the way they were, especially now that Asmodeus is gone, but he can’t remember what you can, in his mind, not only were you never in love, you used him and caused him pain. And even though he knows it’s not real, I imagine that he can still feel it as if it were real. He probably has a huge mess in his mind and everything must be so confusing and difficult to cope with. And if that’s not enough, he’s also literally been to hell and back. You need to give him some time to process it all, and hovering over him will only make him more frustrated and reluctant.”

She gave Alec a moment to take in all that she had said, and it all did make a lot of sense. He was so
blinded by his feelings and what he needed, that he had barely taken the time to see things from his perspective. “I know, you’re right.” he agreed, “But I can’t just stay away, I’m afraid that if I give him too much time or space, he’ll think I don’t care or he’ll just move on and forget about me, about us completely.”

“You can be there for him, you just have to be more understanding and gentle about it.” Izzy said, “do it at his pace, even if that means going back to square one.”

Alec sighed, he knew he couldn’t argue with that, but he was terrified, he could feel Magnus slipping away through his fingers. He was about to reply when his phone began to ring.

“Jace, what’s going on?” He answered his parabatai, remembering that he had gone out looking for Jonathan with Clary. Yet another thing he had forgotten in this whole saga.

“The Los Angeles Institute, it was attacked!” Jace told him frantically, his voice filled with terror.

***

Magnus watched Alec storm off and out of his apartment, slamming the door behind him. He flinched when he heard the door close with a loud bang, that echoed through his apartment. He remained in his spot in the kitchen, rooted to his seat, and tried to make some sense of everything that had just transpired.

He couldn’t help the sigh of relief that escaped his lips, at the feeling of finally, finally being alone. No Asmodeus, no Alec and no Lillith, No Edom. Just himself and his coffee, in his own apartment, no annoying disturbances by unwanted and overbearing guests.

Looking down at the french toast on the plate in front of him, he shrugged his shoulders and picked up the fork and knife, taking a small bite. “Hmm... “ not bad. so the Shadowhunter can cook.

Magnus picked up the plate and his mug of coffee, and walked out to his balcony, finally able to start his day the way he wanted to - alone and silent. He indulged in the soft heat of the winter morning sun, as he looked out at the Brooklyn view.

For the first time in days, he felt relaxed, a bit more like himself, and now all he wanted was to make that feeling last. He wanted to leave all of the terrible things that have happened behind, and move on with his life.

The decision to get back to normal and the thought of having his life back on track, lifted his spirits even more. Once he finished his coffee and french toast, he took a nice long bubble bath and then got dressed.

After that, he made his way over to his apothecary, which was still in quite a disarray, since he had moved out and then back in again. So he packed up in a large box all that was not his, assuming it belonged to Lorenzo, and set it aside for him.

When he was done with that, he went over his inventory of all the different ingredients and supplies he had and needed, and rearranged them all on the shelves in correct order, pulling out many of his things out of the boxes he assumed Lorenzo had packed for him.

Once everything was cleaned and arranged properly, he made a list of all his clients and all the overdue potions and spells they had requested and began to prepare them. As he was working, he called his clients and set dates and times for them to pick up their purchases.

“Oh Magnus, it was so lovely to finally see you again.” Aliana, one of his fairy clients, had told him
later that day when she came over to pick up the potion he had made her. “I can’t even remember the last time I saw you.”

“Yes, it has definitely been a while.” he agreed with her as he walked her out.

“We barely get to see you anymore, ever since you started spending your time with the Nephilim.” She continued, as they stood by the doorway, “Trust me my dear, Shadowhunter ain’t a good look on you.”

Magnus smiled at her politely, but did not reply. He had managed to go the whole day without speaking of the shadowhunter, and he rather liked it and wanted to keep it that way. So he hoped she would not dig any further on the matter.

“Remember all those wonderful parties you used to host?” she asked him, luckily changing the subject.

Magnus’ mind was a mess, there were many things he could not remember, and was not sure anymore what was real and what was not. But he could definitely remember the parties, and how much fun they had been. How much fun he used to have.

“Well, spread the word!” he told her decisively, “tonight at the Pandemonium, I will be Hosting a party, for old times sake.” the more he thought about it, the more he just knew it was exactly what he wanted and needed to clear and clean his mind.

“Yes, he’s back!” Aliana announced in excitement.

“Yes.” He agreed, “I am.” and in that moment, he truly felt like himself again.

***

By the end of the day, it had felt like a whole week or two had passed since his argument with Magnus, and the conversation with Izzy on the roof of the Institute. After Jace called him with the terrible news, they had spoken with his father and Max, Jonathan had kept them alive so they could pass on his message to Clary.

He wasn’t going to stop until she saw the last of the shadow world destroyed, he wanted her to suffer, he wanted everyone to suffer. So Clary had made the brave decision to portal to Toronto and face him once and for all, to put an end to it before it got worse, because she was, after all, the only one who could stop him. He couldn’t believe it, it had not yet felt real, it was all finally over.

It was nearing ten pm (although it felt much later) when Alec was sitting with Izzy in his office, filling out the long and never ending reports, although it was extremely difficult to focus, with his thoughts constantly finding their way to Magnus, and how wrong it felt being away from him at a time when he wanted to be with him more than ever.

Izzy came in to check on him and see if he wanted to finish the conversation from earlier. “Thanks, I think I just need time to process it all, now that everything has calmed down.” He told her, keeping to himself his strong desire to stop everything and go to him, “but I think I will take your advice and give him some space.”

“Good, I really do think it’s for the best.” she said, just as her phone buzzed, she turned her attention to it, noticing some messages she had missed, during the mess they had been dealing with.

Alec went back to filling out his reports, but turned his attention back to her, when her expression turned to a concerned one. “What it is it?” he asked her, she looked up at him but did not reply, it
seemed she was contemplating whether to tell him or not. “Tell me.” he told her firmly.

“You know how I have some contacts in the downworld?” she finally spoke.

“Yes…” Alec said in a weary voice, not liking at all where this was going.

“Well, they always keep me posted when something interesting is going on,” she told him, taking a deep breath, “and apparently Magnus is throwing a party at the Pandemonium.” of course Izzy was updated on everything in the downworld, and all the cool parties they were throwing.

Alec immediately stood and grabbed his jacket, turning to make his way out of the office, again blinded by his worries and feelings. But Izzy stood just as quickly and grabbed his arm, giving him a piercing, warning look..

“Alec, where do you think you’re going?” she asked firmly, trying to hold her ground against his strength.

“He shouldn’t be throwing a party now.” Alec decided, “It’s clearly a cry for help.”

“Says who?” Alec opened his mouth to reply, but found that he did not know what to say, so he just said nothing, trying to release himself from her grip, but she held on.

“No Alec, he clearly needs this, and you need to respect his wishes.” she insisted, “let him have his time.”

“You’ve been to the Pandemonium parties, you know what they’re like,” Alec said.

“Yeah, so?”

“Izz, I… He’s vulnerable right now, I just… I need to make sure he’s OK.” Alec finally managed to get out of her grip, put on his jacket and walk to the door.

He didn’t want to tell her that the thought of Magnus surrounded by half naked dancing bodies, scared him more than fighting demons. The warlock had always had many admirers (and who could blame them?), and Alec had always trusted him, because they loved each other and were not interested in anyone else, but apparently, that was no longer the case.

“Alec, please don’t.” Izzy pleaded, walking after him.

“Isabelle, I need to go to Magnus.” Alec insisted.

“At least calm down first, you can’t go see him like this” Izzy continued to plead with him, “You’re just going to make it worse.”

But her words fell on deaf ears, Alec was insistent on what he had decided to do, the consequences be damned. Luckily, Jace and Clary had showed up just as he opened the door, “Hey, what’s going on?” Jace asked, picking up on the mood.

“Alec wants to go find Magnus at the Pandemonium.” Izzy told them, Jace winced. He did not know the whole story, but he put together the bits and pieces he did know, and could figure just with half the information, that his Parabatai was walking blindly.

“Oh, we're going to a party?” Clary asked excitedly, clearly oblivious to the whole situation, “aren’t you gonna change first?” she pointed to Alec’s outfit, he just rolled his eyes and tried to push past them.
“We’re not going to a party, I’m going alone.” He insisted, but Jace stopped him.

“That’s actually not a bad idea,” he told him, “We could all use a good party to let off some steam.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading, hope you enjoyed this chapter... please let me know what you thought!

coming next - Pandemonium.
Pandemonium

Chapter Summary

Pandemonium. need I say more?

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for your wonderful and thoughtful comments. I love reading them and hearing what you think.
Hopefully you enjoy this chapter too.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Fire messages were sent out right after Aliana had left his apartment. Mganus sent them to everyone and anyone he could possibly think of - sillies, werewolves and vampires alike. He wanted the party to be about reuniting, about celebrating the downworld and bringing everyone together.

But not the Nephilim. He definitely did not want any shadowhunters at his party, and he doubted that any of his downworlder friends wanted them there either. He has had a complete overdose of the half angels, and needed some time to cleanse, clear his mind with some dancing, alcohol and music.

Of course, he knew that Alec meant well, he understood that the memories his father planted in his head were fake, but everything was just so overwhelming, and he was feeling suffocated and confused. If Alec truly loved him and cared about him, he would certainly give Magnus some time to digest and clear his mind.

Magnus stood in front of the large mirror in his walk-in closet, it was the fourth outfit he had tried on, and was still not feeling like it was the right one. He sighed in frustration and looked over his entire collections of clothes once again.

On one side he had all of his trousers and jeans hanging next to a wide variety of coats and jackets. On the other side he had all his shirts, waistcoats and sweaters. At the far end wall he had all his shoes and boots organized on shelves, and beside them was a wall of accessories - belts, suspenders, chains etc. Next to the entrance to the walk-in closet he had his dressing table, with a small mirror and all his jewelry, make-up and glitter.

Eventually he settled on black slim-fitted trousers, a black collarless button-down shirt, with silver buttons closed up all the way, and a burgundy velvet jacket. He put on his snake ear-cuff and the usual rings, but no necklaces. His hair was styled up and slightly falling over the right side of his forehead, with a few pink strikes. He put on black eye-liner around his eyes and silver eyeshadow.

It wasn’t the most festive outfit, and definitely less flashy than usual. But as he looked at himself in the mirror, it just felt right. He couldn’t explain it, but suddenly he felt this strange instinct and without even realising it, he had picked out the outfit he was wearing.
As he collected his scattered clothes off the different surfaces in the walk-in closet, and began to organize everything back in place, he noticed a glimmer of red on the floor, under a pair of trousers. He picked up the trousers, and the Omamori charm that was peaking out its pocket, fell to the floor.

Magnus bent down and picked it up, then stared at it, flipping it over in his hands as he contemplated what to do with it. He was about to put the charm in his pocket, but then changed his mind and placed it on his dressing table and walked out his walk-in closet.

Right before he was about to open a portal that would take him to Pandemonium, Magnus walked back into his walk-in closet, picked up the Omamori charm and put it in his pocket. Then he portalled himself to the club.

He sat on the balcony bar, overlooking the dance floor. The music was blaring loud, and bodies were dancing close together, grinding and swaying to the beat. And as he watched friends that he had known for many years, some of them even hundreds of years, all of them having fun without a care in the world, he could finally breathe.

Magnus took a deep breath - in from the nose, and out from the mouth, releasing the air with a smile, because this… this feels real, it feels like home. For the first time in days, the warlock can finally feel like his brain isn’t working over time. He can finally live and feel alive.

Taking a sip from his martini, he got up from his seat and decided to make some rounds, people have already been gesturing for him to come over, some have even came over to him and tried to usher him out of his hiding place.

But through it all, no one had expected him to be anyone other than what he is and who he wants to be. No one demanded any extra attention, or had forced him into anything he didn’t want to do, they just let him enjoy his evening. In fact, they all had tried to help him enjoy it, by getting him drinks, making him laugh, or dancing with him.

He knew he couldn’t ignore the whole memory situation, or just completely forget about the shadowhunter and move on. Magnus wasn’t planning on running away from it, but he needed this moment to unwind, he needed it to help him get some energy to deal with it all.

The rest can wait one more night.

***

Alec kept checking his watch nervously as they walked, it was already so late and god only knows what Magnus could have gotten himself up to by now. But Izzy insisted that until they finally get to go out to a party all together, they had to do it properly. Apparently that meant taking another hour to get ready.

They were all making their way to Pandemonium, he and Jace were walking ahead, as Izzy and Clary walked in snail pace behind them. Alec looked over his shoulder a couple of times and then finally called out to them, “Can you please pick up the pace? We’re already late.”

“Calm down big brother,” Izzy called back to him, smiling, “Don’t you know that all the cool kids show up late?”

Alec rolled his eyes, and decided not to even justify that with an answer, he just sighed, feeling extremely frustrated and turned to look straight ahead. He couldn’t help the thought that maybe they were walking so slow because they didn’t want him to get to the club.
“Don’t worry buddy,” Jace told him, placing a hand on his shoulder and squeezing lightly, “I’m sure everything will be fine, you and Magnus always seem to work things out.”

Alec looked at his Parabatai and gave him a sad smile, “Yeah, maybe… it’s just really bad this time,” he told him, shoving his hands in his jeans pockets and shrugging his shoulders, “On the one hand I want to be there with him, but that just pushes him away even more. But I’m afraid that on the other hand, if I give him space, he’ll just forget about me completely.”

Jace looked at his brother as they walked, he took a moment to process Alec’s line of thought and then looked ahead. “I know it must be really difficult. I don’t know exactly what you’re feeling, but when Clary was with Jonathan I felt the same frustration, or a similar one anyway.” Jace said eventually, “You can’t over think it, that will just drive you even more crazy, and make you do even more stupid things.”

“Like going after him in his party at Pandemonium?” Alec suggested and they both laughed.

“Yeah, exactly.”

“I don’t plan on ambushing him again.” Alec promised, “I just need to make sure he’s okay.”

They walked in silence for a few more minutes, and then Alec looked over to Jace and took in a deep breath. “About our argument…” He began to say, but Jace quickly cut him off.

“Forget about it, it was in the heat of the moment, we both said some things…” Jace told him, “You were in a bad place, let’s just move on, okay?”

“I just need you to know that I didn’t mean to take it out on you.” Alec insisted, “I said some really fucked up shit.”

“Well, That’s what brothers are for.” Jace told him, then took a deep breath, “look if it really bothers you, we can talk about it later, but right now we have a warlock to protect.” they stopped at the entrance to the club, waited for the girls and Simon who had apparently joined them at some point, and walked in.

They all grabbed a drink and sat down at a table in the corner of the club, Alec’s eyes were constantly scanning the crowd, in search of his beautiful warlock. But there were too many people, and the place was way too big.

“He’ll turn up eventually.” Izzy told him, “Just try and have fun for a change.”

“I’m not here to have fun.” Alec insisted, taking a swig of his bear.

Izzy rolled her eyes and stood, pulling Simon up after her, “Well, if we're already here, I’m going to have fun.” then she turned to Simon and smiled, “Let’s go dance.”

Alec watched as they walked off to the dance floor and disappeared into the crowd. He took in a deep breath and let it out in a loud sigh, that couldn’t be heard over the music.

Despite the loud music, he could still hear Clary and Jace beside him. Clary wanted to go dance, but Jace was afraid to leave Alec alone. So he just rolled his eyes and turned to them and said, “Just go dance will you.”

“Are you sure, because we can - “ Jace began to argue, but Alec cut him off (Much to Clary’s
delight).

“Just go!”

“Okay, just don’t do anything stupid.”

As they walked out into the dancefloor, Alec finished his beer with another swig and got up from his seat. He walked up to the balcony and leaned on the railing, searching through the dancing mass of people.

Finally he saw him.

He could already hear Izzy’s voice in his head, telling him to stay away, give him space. It will just push him further away. And Alec knew that, of course he understood what she meant, but at that moment, watching Magnus, voice of reason could no longer reach him.

His warlock was like a magnet.

And watching him dancing, was hypnotizing. Alec just stood for a moment and watched, he couldn’t keep his eyes off of him. Magnus moved with such grace and elegance, in beat with the music, as if he could feel it in his veins.

He was dancing in the center of the dance-floor, the spotlight basically only on him. He was smiling, and laughing. He looked really genuinely happy. And that’s exactly what Alec wanted, wasn’t it? For his warlock to be happy, with or without him, right? He tried to take a few deep breaths and calm his nerves, it helped a bit, but he still felt on edge.

How could he ruin that? How can he spoil his night by showing up, after seeing him so miserable the other day. He was going to give that to him, the night to just have fun. He was going to suck it up and walk away. He really was going to. He even began to turn away, despite how difficult it was to tear his gaze away from him.

But then Magnus began moving closer to a guy dancing in front of him, and they started moving together to the music, way too close. The few nerves he had managed to calm, were now back at full on rage. Alec clenched his jaw and his fists at his sides.

Without a second thought, he found himself making his way to Magnus just as the guy he was dancing with placed his hands on Magnus’ hips and pulled him even closer. Alec reached them and shoved the guy away, “Get you hands off him!” He shouted, his back to Magnus.

“What the hell are you doing?” Magnus shouted as Alec turned to him.

“I should be asking you the same question.” Alec told him, with too much anger.

“I’m not the one shoving people around.” Magnus said, clearly pissed. “I was finally having a good time.” his words were like swords, stabbing at Alec’s heart.

“Oh, sorry, I didn’t realise that your idea of a good time, was grinding up to random men.” Alec regretted the words as soon as they escaped his lips, and saw the pain in Magnus’ eyes. They were silent for a long moment before Magnus turned his back and stormed off, pushing his way through the crowd.

Alec immediately went after him, trying to call his name, but it was too loud for him to hear. When they walked outside the club, Alec finally managed to catch up to him. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to hurt you.” He said, Magnus’ back was to him.
“But you meant what you said.” Magnus said, his voice filled with pain and anger. Alec wanted to deny it, but Magnus beat him to it, “I was finally feeling a little normal.” he shouted, turning around, “Why won’t you just leave me alone?”

“Because I love you.” Alec told him, his voice weak. “I love you, and I can’t just leave you.”

“Well, I don’t love you so…” Magnus said, crossing his hands, shrugging his right shoulder as his voice trailed.

Alec took a deep breath, trying desperately not to let those words get to him, reminding himself that Magnus was not himself. “But you did,” he insisted, stepping closer, “and I know that if you try, you can feel it again.” he took hold of Magnus’ shoulders, “Please, just try.”

“I don’t want to.” Magnus’ shouted, trying to push away from him, “I hate you, I hate you.” Magnus kept trying to get out of his hold, but Alec just held on to him.

“No you don’t, I know you don’t” Alec insisted, backing Magnus up against the alley wall gently.

“Don’t tell me how I feel.” Magnus said, but stopped fighting his grip, when Alec gave him a small push against the wall, and forced him to look him in the eyes. They stared for a moment, both panting.

“You look incredible, by the way.” The shadowhunter told him, with a small smile. Magnus was taken aback by the sudden compliment, and looked at him confused, when he didn’t reply, Alec smiled and spoke again, “I wish you could remember the last time you were dressed in this outfit.”

Magnus suddenly squirmed under his touch, and with a quick strong shove, pushed Alec off him. “Get off me!” he shouted. “Stop trying to force who I was on me, I can’t remember… I don’t want to remember!”

Alec took a step back and raised his hands as if to surrender, “I’m sorry, I know that this is all much for you.” he said calmly, “I know that coming on too strong.”

“You think?” Magnus spat at him, crossing his arms again.

“But it’s just so hard for me to just let you go, I can’t.” Alec continued, ignoring Magnus’ remark, “I promise I will try to give you more space, but can you please try?” Magnus looked at him, something in his eyes softened, but his expression remained neutral.

After a moment he spoke, “I just don’t know what to do,” he said, “I’ve been trying, but it’s like a battlefield in my head, my whole body actually.”

“You could go speak to Brother Zachariah, maybe he could help you.” Alec suggested.

“I don’t know.” Magnus sighed, “I just need some time, and I need you to give me space.”

“Please Magnus…” Alec tried, but Magnus just gave him an apologetic and defeated look, then walked back inside the club.

Once back in the club, Magnus found the guy he was dancing with before Alec interrupted. He couldn’t remember his name, or who he was exactly, but at that moment he was a great distraction. The mystery man was happy to welcome him back, wrapping his arms around Magnus’ waist once again.
“Was that your boyfriend?” Mystery man asked, leaning close to speak into his ear. And when Magnus told him he wasn’t, he added, “Good.” and then leaned in to kiss him. It was rough and hungry, the guy was grabbing and touching Magnus like a thirsty man in the desert.

There was too much of everything, but that was not what bothered him. To his surprise, what bothered Magnus the most was the feeling that he was doing something wrong. Like somehow he was cheating, being unfaithful by kissing this random man. Even though, despite what Alec might think, he was in fact single, and could be with whoever he wanted.

He tried to convince himself that this was okay, that he was allowed to hook up with someone if he wanted to, but he still felt... guilty. So as the mystery man began to kiss down his neck, Magnus tried to pull away, but the guy just moved forward as he pulled back. When he tried to pull way again, the man just clutched onto him harder.

“Let go of me!” Magnus shouted and shoved the man away, using all the force he could muster. He wasn’t going to allow anyone to force him into something against his will ever again. His mystery man looked shocked and hurt, but Magnus couldn’t care less. As soon as he got out of his hold, he just ran off out of the club.

He opened a few of his shirts buttons as he stepped outside, trying to breathe in the cold air. “God not again.” He gasped, as the all too familiar burning in the pit of his stomach and the distress in his chest raised up once again. He leaned against the wall and slid to the ground, trying to take in deep breaths.

Magnus reached his hand into his pocket, but it came out empty. “Shit.” he shouted, as he searched through the rest of his pockets. “No, no, no.” he could feel his heart beat stronger, and his chest rise and fall faster and faster. “No, this isn’t happening.”

He managed to stand up and stumble back into the club, people tried grabbing him to the dance floor, but he managed to make his way passed them. Lucky they were all drunk, and weren’t strong enough at their state. “God, where is it?” he mumbled to himself, trying to stay focused.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sooo sorry!
I kinda sorta like some drama... and I know it's hard to see our Malec like that, but we all know there is always a happy ending, right?

coming next - Alec attempts to give Magnus the space he needs.
His fingers moved as slowly and precisely as they possibly could, every bone and muscle in his body focused on their movement. Gentle strikes of his blue magic flowed out of his fingertips, slowly threading back together the torn red fabric.

He tried to ignore his thudding heartbeat, the lump in his throat that made it hard to breathe and the overwhelming panic that vibrated through his nerves. It was actually quite stupid, if you really think about it, there was no rational way to explain his exaggerated reaction. It was just a… what?

A piece of fabric? A cheap charm he could probably easily replace? Anything he wanted was just a portal away.

No.

It was more than that. He couldn’t explain how or why, but it wasn’t just a charm.

One of his fingers flinched from the effort, and his magic’s flow jolted, causing the small threads to tangle slightly. “Damn it!” he shouted and threw the charm across the room.

Magnus was sitting on the floor in his walk-in closet, he kicked the lamp that was on the floor next to him, and as it smashed to pieces, the light from its bulb went off. He leaned back against the wall behind him, and shut his eyes.

He could see Alec.

They were standing in a battle field, bombs and sirens going off, demons were flying overhead causing mayhem, screams and panic all around them. And yet, Alec was looking at him as if they were the only two people in the world. As if there was nothing else that mattered in that moment. Their home country was under attack, but all he cared about was the warlock standing in front of him, seeking revenge.

He could see Alec.
Who came to Edom to save him, the consequences be damned. He put himself in harm's way just to make sure the warlock didn’t spend eternity in hell.

But then he could also see a different Alec.

The one who locked him up and tortured him, the one who used him for his magic and then abandoned him, threw him away and left him with nothing.

It was all mixing together, intertwining to a point where he could no longer differentiate between them. There was too much noise, and he could no longer bear it. Perhaps Alec was right, maybe it was time to get some help.

***

“Hello, my dear friend.” Brother Zachariah smiled, “I’m assuming you’re here about your memories?”

Magnus sat down on the bench beside him, he almost didn’t come, and he was still contemplating whether to get up and leave. After pacing around for hours in his house, trying to distract himself in any way possible, he had finally decided to reach out to the silent brother.

But even after Zachariah agreed to meet with him, he kept changing his mind. Eventually, the need to end the chaos in his mind, had him up and out of the house. “Yes, Alec told me that you were the one who told me how to get rid of them.” Magnus finally said, his fight with Alec still fresh in his mind, and none of the mixed feeling he had, had worn off since then.

“Yes, that is true.” Brother Zachariah confirmed, “Although, I did not encourage it, I actually tried to convince you against it.”

“So why did I do it?”

“That, is something you are going to need to ask Alec.”

“Oh, okay.” they sat silently for a moment, before Magnus spoke up again, “I was hoping you could tell me how I can get them back.”

“You sent them into oblivion, I’m not sure if there is a way to get them back.” Brother Zachariah said honestly, “but let me look.” he placed his thumbs on Magnus’ temples and closed his eyes. “Interesting…” he mumbled once he opened his eyes.

“What? What did you see?” Magnus couldn’t help but feel hopeful.

“It seems, my dear friend, that you had seconds thoughts.” the silent brother explained.

“So what does that mean?”

“You tried to stop it, at the last minute.” Brother Zachariah told him, “It didn’t help, the memories were already gone.”

“Oh.” Magnus sighed in disappointment.

“However, it looks like your subconscious mind managed to latch on to one memory, It’s probably why you still felt something for Alec, even though you have the false memories that make you scared of him.” Brother Zachariah told him, making Magnus hopeful again.

“And can you help me retrieve this memory?” He asked.
“I can try.”

***

His leg was bouncing, shaking the chair he was sitting on, and he couldn’t stop himself from checking his phone every few minutes. But everytime he was stupidly disappointed, as if there would actually be a message or a phone call. And when there wasn’t he had to fight the urge to call or send a message himself.

No.

He was going to stay away this time. He had already made the same mistake too many times, and all it did was push him further away. So he had decided that he was going to give him the time and space he needed, and hope, pray, that he comes back to him.

Alec was sitting at the bar of the Hunter’s Moon, he tried to avoid seeing or speaking to anyone, he just stared down at his bottle and peeled off the label. He was halfway through his third beer when he finally looked up and round the room, he noticed Underhill playing pool by himself.

Before Underhill could notice, Alec looked back down at his drink and continued peeling the label. After a moment he looked back up, at the direction of the pool table and sighed. He took another sip and stood up.

Taking his beer with him, Alec walked over to Underhill. “Need someone to play with?” He asked, leaning against the table. Underhill, who was just about to hit the ball, looked up and smiled at Alec before straightening his back and placing the tip of the cue stick on the floor, slightly leaning on it.

He smiled at the head of his Institute and gestured towards the table, “You’re on.” he said. They set up the pool table for a new game, and started to play.

Halfway through the game, Alec, already on his fourth beer, looked up at Underhill, “I hope you don’t… I mean, I’m…” He stuttered, struggling to find the right words, “It’s just, this is not the first time we’ve bumped into each other here, and also the last time I was drunk… I don’t want you to think-”

“Don’t worry, sir,” Underhill cut him off.

“Alec.”

“Don’t worry Alec, I don’t think any less of you.” Alec smiled at him and walked closer, until they were inches apart. “You’re gay.” Alec stated, Underhill laughed.

“Yes I am,” he said.

“You’re also a shadowhunter.” Alec added.

“True.”

“And, we get along very well.”

“Yes, we do.”

“This would make more sense.” Alec said, gesturing from himself to Underhill and taking another step forward. Before Underhill could respond or say anything, Alec closed the gap between them and placed a kiss on his lips. For a short moment, Underhill kissed him back, but when it dawned on
him what was going on, he pulled away.

They both looked extremely shocked, wide eyed, neither knew how to respond to what just happened. “I am so sorry!” Alec finally exclaimed, “I should not have done that.”

“Are you and Magnus…?” Underhill began to ask, not sure how to finish his question.

Alec shook his head and folded his arms, “I don’t know… It’s very complicated right now.” he said finally, looking at Underhill, who was giving him a sympathetic and understanding look, “I’m trying to give him his space, but I miss him, I miss him so much.” he added, feeling like he could trust Underhill. “I just can’t… I mean, I don’t know what to do.” he bowed his head as a few tears escaped his eyes. “seeing that scared look in his eyes every time he looks at me… it’s just… I hate it.”

Underhill stepped towards him and placed a hand on his shoulder. “I’m betting you two will manage to work it out.” Alec just smiled at him faintly, deciding not to voice the doubt he felt at those words.

“Sorry again about the kiss, I didn’t-” he began to say, but underhill cut him off, “what kiss?” he asked, smiling.

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He walked into the pub, receiving a few smiles and waves from different people. Not wanting to talk or make any interaction with any of them, Magnus searched the room for the only person he wanted to see.

It wasn’t very difficult to pick out his shadowhunter in the crowd, he spotted Alec easily, but unfortunately he was not alone. He was standing by the pool table, kissing the blonde guy Magnus saw there the other night.

He froze in his spot, not able to look away. He couldn’t help the small sliver of hope, that perhaps what he was seeing was an illusion, or maybe it was a different shadowhunter. But despite the wishful thinking, his eyes were not deceiving him. And it just felt wrong on so many levels.

He was too late.

It was as if he were being stabbed over and over, again and again all over his body. Almost immediately he felt a huge lump in his throat, the one he had been getting too used to lately. It was accompanied by the same sharp ache in his chest, and an overwhelming feeling that took over his whole being.

A new feeling, one that made him want to march over to them and rip the blonde guys head off, because he was taking what was Magnus’. He wanted to pull Alec away from the stranger and shout at him not to touch his shadowhunter.

But when he finally managed to tear his eyes away and move his legs again, he did not make his way over to the two shadowhunters, he found himself turning around and rushing out of the pub, as fast as he possibly could.

When he got out to the alley, he leaned on the wall and tried to catch his breath, he felt like he was choking, none of the air that he was trying to breathe in reached his lungs, he could no longer hold himself up and his legs gave in from under him.

Magnus sat against the wall with his head between his legs, but he still could not breathe. He leaned
his head back against the wall and opened a few of the buttons of his shirt, then pulled the collar away from his neck and chest.

He closed his eyes as tears started streaming down his face, releasing some of the tension in his throat. Magnus pulled out the charm, and once again pressed it against his chest. It was still torn and a little dirty, but he didn’t care, he kept holding it tight.

Yet another image he could not get out of his mind. He did not have the strength to open his eyes, even though he desperately wanted to, because all he could see in the darkness behind his eyelids, was the kiss.

“Magnus?” He heard a soft voice call his name. His eyes shot opened, still struggling to breathe. “Magnus, are you ok?” before he could move or say anything she was at his side, a concerned look in her eyes. “Magnus, we were all so worried about you.” Izzy said, placing her hand on his shoulder, her touch was soft and comforting.

I doubt that,” he managed to say, his voice barely above a whisper. Magnus quickly wiped his tears away and stood up, her hand fell off his shoulder. She stood up next to him, watching him intently. “I’m fine.” he added, noticing her look.

But she didn’t seem to believe him, “are you sure? You don’t seem-” she began to say but he cut her off.

“I’m sure.” Magnus Snapped and began to walk away, she walked after him.

“Please wait, I want to help you,” she called after him.

He turned to her impatiently, “I don’t want your help.” he said and tried to walk off again. He was getting sick of people trying to help him all the time, sick of feeling like he didn’t know who he could trust.

Everyone seemed to feel like they had the right to an opinion on this whole thing, as if it were any of their business. All these shadowhunters were constantly trying to meddle in his life, and they kept asking for his trust, claiming to want to help him, but it felt like he was the only one getting hurt time after time.

Isabelle was quick, and had managed to grab his arm, pull him and turn him around. She was also very strong. “Well, too bad, because I’m not letting you go like this.” she insisted, and when he didn’t resist, she added “I know my brother is going about it the wrong way, but you need to know that he means well.” Magnus glared at her and snatched his arm away forcefully.

“I really couldn’t care less what that cheaters means or doesn’t mean.” he snapped at her, taking a slow step towards her, a dark look in his eyes. “There is absolutely nothing you could say that would excuse his actions.”

“Wait what? Cheater? What are you-” she began but he cut her off.

“Don’t.” he said, holding his hand up, and after another moment, turned to walk away.

“He loves you!” she called after him again, desperately. “Alec, he loves you.”

Magnus stopped walking, “No,” he said, turning his head to her, “He does not.”

“Yes, he misses you like hell.” She insisted.
Magnus turned his whole body to her, a painful look in his eyes, “Well, Maybe you should go inside,” he said, gesturing towards the Hunter's Moon, “You can see for yourself that he most certainly does not miss me.” and with that he opened up a portal and disappeared into it, before she had a chance to reply.

***

Isabelle rushed into the Hunter’s Moon, scanning the room quickly, trying to find Alec in the crowd. Finally she spotted him by the pool table with Underhill, ‘oh no’ she thought, maybe Magnus saw them and thought… she hurried over to them and quickly pulled Alec aside.

He seemed taken aback, but let her drag him away, almost as if he was glad to be saved. “Izzy what’s up?” he asked, giggling.

“Are you drunk?” she asked eyeing him, he smiled at her and giggled foolishly again. If this were any other day, under any other circumstances, she would actually be glad to see her big brother like that, letting loose and not so uptight. But in this specific situation she was actually quite horrified and worried.

“I saw Magnus.” she said, and immediately upon hearing his name, Alec’s eyes lit up and he looked around the room.

“You saw him? Where? Is he okay?” he asked both excited and the prospect of seeing Magnus, and frantically worried.

“He’s not here.” Izzy told him, he looked disappointed. “I saw him outside, he was a mess.”

“My poor Magnus, this is all my fault.” Alec murmured. Izzy looked at Underhill, who had returned to playing pool and then back at her brother, “Alec, I think he saw you in here with Underhill. He may have thought something was going on between you two.”

Alec’s eyes widened in horror, “oh no.” he said, “I need to go look for him.” Alec rushed out of the Hunter’s Moon.

“You did what?” She shouted, earning a few weird looks from the people around them.

“Ow!” Alec rubbed his shoulder, his sister was much stronger than she looked. “It was a mistake, I was feeling crappy and I miss Magnus, and it just happened.”

“Well, from what he said when I spoke to him outside, I’m assuming he saw you.” Izzy sighed.

“I have to go find him.” suddenly feeling completely sobered up, Alec rushed out of the Hunter’s Moon.
Please don't hate me!
I know, I know there's too much angst, but I promise that it will get better soon, just bare
with me a tiny bit more!

coming next - Alec goes looking for Magnus.
“Magnus!” Alec was practically banging now on his front door, cursing himself for not bringing his key, “Magnus! Please open up!” He has been searching for him everywhere, he had to be here he just had to, otherwise… where else could he be?

He knocked a few more times, called out to what was clearly an empty apartment, and eventually took a step back and let his hands fall to his sides.

Alec sighed and rubbed his knuckles that were beginning to hurt from all the banging. He sat down on the floor and leaned his back against the wall, Magnus would have to come home eventually, and he couldn’t risk letting him go the whole night without a proper explanation.

Even if he hadn’t seen the kiss, he definitely saw him with Underhill and probably came to the wrong conclusion, which was understandable. Alec couldn’t blame him for making assumptions, he could only blame himself for being so foolish. The only moment he had let his guard down, and Magnus was there to see it.

He waited a while longer, contemplating whether or not he should stay and wait for Magnus to return home. It could be hours before that happened, and even if and when he did come home, who was to say that he actually wanted to see him? Maybe he needed this time to cool off, maybe if he stayed, it would just make things even worse.

Let’s face it, in the past few days, any time he tried to fix things by just showing up, it always went terribly wrong and just pushed his warlock further away. So if that was something to go by, sitting and waiting at his doorstep was probably not the best idea in the world. Scratch that, it was definitely the worst idea in the world.

But what if this time Magnus actually does need him? Or worse, what if he’s out there now, and is lost or hurt and in need of Alec’s help? Sitting around and waiting won’t be any use. Maybe he was just looking for an excuse to go looking for him some more. Maybe it’s time to learn from his mistakes and he should just wait for Magnus to come to him when he’s ready.

*But what if he came looking for him tonight at the Hunter’s Moon?*

The thought hit him like a ton of bricks. He knew that there was a very good chance that was just wishful thinking, but on the off chance it was actually true, then he really did screw up tonight.

God, when will all of this stop being so fucking confusing? When will it all stop being so overly complicated? No matter what he did, it seemed to be the wrong thing, seemed to just make everything worse.
Alec sighed again, running his hand through his messy hair. It was time to go home, Magnus probably won’t want to find him sitting on his doorstep. So He left wandering the streets, back to the Institute, silently hoping he would find him somewhere on the way.

Alec was walking across the Brooklyn Bridge when he finally saw him, Magnus was sitting on the railing of the bridge, his legs hanging off the ledge. He stopped to look at him, standing a few steps away, he could see Magnus was playing with the Omamori charm in his hands.

Alec couldn’t help but smile at what he saw, the man he was so desperately and completely in love with, looking so damn good, his eyes shining in the moonlight. He took a deep sharp breath, the cold winter air stinging in his lungs, and tried to mentally prepare himself for what was to come next.

“I remember now.”

Alec was just about to step closer to him, when he heard the beautiful voice of the man on the railing. He froze mid-step, startled, the shadowhunter did not realize that Magnus had noticed he was there, he definitely did not expect him to speak, definitely not the words that actually came through his lips.

When he finally managed to compose himself and regain brain function, he walked closer to him, trying not to get his hopes too high too fast, just in case he heard wrong. “You do?” he asked, unable to hide the hopeful tone in his voice. Magnus glanced sideways at him, as Alec leaned forward with his arms on the railing.

“Well, not everything.” Alec could easily detect the sadness in his voice as he spoke, Magnus did not sound happy at all that he actually remembered something real. Alec watched him as he looked back down at the charm, he could see now from up close that it was a little torn and dirty. He wanted to ask about that, but there were more important things to discuss at that moment.

“What do you remember?” Alec mustered up the courage to ask, his voice was more hesitant than he wanted it to be.

“I remembered you, giving me this charm.” Magnus told him, with a small smile, the look in his eyes still seemed sad, even though what he remembered was a real and good memory. Alec was actually expecting it to be much worse than that. “No one had given me a gift in a very long time.” he added, voice barely above a whisper.

“I spent so much time trying to push you away when we first met, denying the feelings I had for you, and I wanted to show you that I wasn’t going anywhere.” Alec told him, smiling at the memory of that day, “I wanted to show you how much you mean to me, how much I cared.”

“I felt it.” despite all of his confusion and doubts it the past few days, Magnus spoke with such certainty, that he even surprised himself. “I can’t be certain, but from what I can gather, it was the first time in a very long time that I have ever felt like that, I remember being so happy.”

They looked at each other for a long moment, and for the first time in days, they just stared into each others eyes, without a hint of fear or tension. Alec allowed himself to get lost in that feeling, stretching it out for as long as he could.

“How did you remember?” Alec asked, finally breaking the silence and daring to move a bit closer to him, Magnus let him, he did not flinch or move away.

“I went to see Brother Zachariah, he found the memory deep in my subconscious,” Magnus
explained, breaking their eye contact, as if he were ashamed, “Apparently I had second thoughts in
the last minute, and tried to hold on to the memories.”

“Oh…” Alec swallowed, his throat was dry. There was something heartbreaking about that, the
thought of Magnus hurting himself and trying to stop it, but not being able to. And it was even more
heart wrenching that Magnus could barely look at him when he told him, as if Alec would be turned
off by it.

He hated that and wanted to get rid of it as fast as he could, so he placed his and over Magnus’ on
the railing, it was a comforting and reassuring touch. Magnus looked down at their hands, and
flinched ever so slightly, it was barely visible, but either way, he did not pull away.

“And umm… what about the rest of your memories?” Alec finally asked, smiling softly, as their eyes
locked once again.

“He couldn’t retrieve them, he wasn’t sure if I’ll ever get them back.” Magnus said, his voice sad
again, “But he said that maybe if I tried to trigger them in different ways, then they might come back
to me.”

“At least you can finally remember something real, a good memory.” Alec tried to comfort him, then
took another deep breath, bracing himself for what he was about to ask, “What about the fake
memories that Asmodeus planted in your mind?” Alec asked, his voice was calm, but all of his
insides were burning, his nerves were on edge.

He wasn’t sure how much Magnus wanted to talk about and how much he should push for, but he
knew he needed to know at least what he was up against.

Fortunately, Magnus remained calm as well and seemed fine with the questions, or at least he seemed
to understand why they needed to be asked and answered, “They’re still there.” he told him with
regret, “I’m not sure if there is a way to get rid of them, but I’m really trying not to let them control
my mind. It helps that I have at least one real memory back.”

“Okay, good.” Alec decided not to press any further, there was much to talk about, but he didn’t
want to over do it. They didn’t have to solve it all in one night.

They looked at each other silently for another long moment, before Magnus turned around on the
railing, now sitting facing Alec, he reached his hand out slowly, in a slightly hesitant move. He
placed his palm on Alec’s chest, stroking him gently, watching his own moves, then he looked up at
Alec, who was already watching him.

Alec was holding his breath, a little scared to make any movement, and hoping that Magnus never
stopped touching him. And yet, he tried to force himself to stay composed and to not let his thoughts
go wild and start hoping for things.

Magnus curled up his hand on Alec’s shirt and pulled him closer gently, so he was standing between
his legs. They were now inches apart, staring into each other's eyes, breathing in the same air. Alec
was completely aware of all his limbs and their locations in the space between them, careful as to not
scare Magnus with any suddenness.

“I don’t remember anything except for that one memory, but I do know that I spent more than a
century closing off my heart and building up walls, and if what I felt and thought about you in that
moment is anything to go by, you must have been something really special for me to just let go of a
century worth of work, and let you in.” Magnus spoke softly and honestly, his voice barely above a
whisper.
Magnus’ gaze pierced through him, his words made Alec’s skin tingle. He could feel his heart practically beating out of his chest, and it took all he had not to reach out and touch him, pull him in even closer.

He stayed silent because he had no idea how to respond to that, he was scared that anything he said would just ruin the moment, because no words that he could stammer together would ever live up to that.

“I… I want you to help me remember more.” Magnus said finally, his voice barely above a whisper. “Kiss me.” he barely finished speaking, and Alec was already placing his hands on Magnus’ hips and closing the small gap between them.

All he wanted was to attack him, kiss him with every fiber of his being, touch him everywhere and anywhere he could. He wanted to kiss him deeply, in a way that would satisfy the hunger he felt, but he held himself together and kissed him as gently as he could.

Their lips came together in a soft and tender kiss, Alec was melting into it, his whole body sighing in relief. Their lips moved in slow and desperate movements, the tension around them only growing thicker and stronger. It was the kind of kiss that reminded Alec of the kiss they shared in Magnus’ apartment, after their first date.

Alec was so lost in this tiniest of kisses, he hadn’t noticed his grip tightening on the other man’s hips until Magnus pulled away and winced. He immediately pulled his hand away, raising them up in the air as if to surrender, “Oh my god, I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to… did I hurt you?” he asked, his voice slightly panicked, he didn’t want to scare him off again, not now.

“I’m fine… I- I want more.” Magnus said, placing his hands on Alec’s shoulders, and pulled him in for another soft kiss. Alec stepped forward and placed his hands back on his hips, letting them roam up Magnus’ waist and back, and then finally cupping his face and allowing himself to deepen the kiss.

Magnus let one of his hands move from Alec’s shoulder to the nape of his neck, his fingers rubbing and slightly pulling at his hair. Alec was so far gone, lost in the moment, that he was taken aback and found himself chasing his lips when Magnus suddenly pulled away.

They were both slightly out of breath, trying to regain composer and come out of the shock from what had just transpired between them. “So who’s a better kisser?” Magnus finally managed to ask.

Alec looked at him, taken aback, he had almost forgotten about that completely. “About that… I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to… it was just a drunken mistake, I don’t know what came over me…” Alec was rambling, and Magnus smiled at him softly.

“It’s fine, you don’t owe me any explanation.” he said, Alec immediately shook his head.

“Yes I do, you didn’t deserve that and I’m so sorry.” He said, pulling Magnus’ forehead to his, “You’re the only guy I want to kiss. God I’ve missed you so much.” He could no longer hold himself together, Alec pulled him into another kiss, this one slightly deeper and longer, his hand on the back of Magnus’ neck. He didn’t pull away or flinch.

“For the record, there is absolutely no one who could ever kiss better than you.” Alec admitted slightly dazed, completely enamoured by Magnus and the kisses they shared, “and I’m never going to make you doubt that ever again.”

Magnus chuckled lightly and wrapped his arms around Alec’s waist, burying his head in his chest as
Alec wrapped his arms around his shoulders and kissed the top of his head, then closed his eyes as he breathing in his scent. The warlock took in a deep breath, it felt like the first one that actually reached his lungs in days, then he slowly pulled away and looked up at the other man.

“Why did I do it?” Magnus asked after another short moment of silence, Alec was still inches away from him, his eyes still closed.

“What?”

“Why did I erase my memories of you?” Alec’s eyes shot opened, and swallowed hard, unsure of how to answer that question. When he didn’t reply, Magnus continued “I asked Brother Zachariah, but he wouldn’t tell me, he said I should ask you.” Alec looked at him, and just couldn’t bring himself to say the words out loud. “Please tell me.”

“I don’t want to.”

They had finally taken a step forward, they were finally making progress, and Alec just couldn’t bring himself to ruin that. Obviously Magnus deserved the truth, but what if the truth re-opened the rift between them, what if Magnus pushed him away again?

“I know you made a deal with Asmodeus.” Magnus said, “Does it have anything to do with that?”

“How do you know?” Alec was surprised.

“Please, just tell me… I need to know.” They stood silently for another moment before Alec sighed and took a small step back. Where do you even begin?

“You lost your magic because of me, and you were miserable without it.” He began to explain, his eyes on the ground as Magnus kept his eyes on him, “I couldn’t just watch you suffer like that, so I went to Asmodeus, asked him to restore your magic.” Alec took a deep breath before lifting his gaze to meet Magnus’, “He agreed, only if I broke up with you.”

“Oh…”

“I didn’t want to.” Alec took a step forward, placing his hands on Magnus’ knees, “I swear it was the most difficult thing I had to do, ever. But I wanted you to feel whole again, I wanted you to have your magic back, so you wouldn’t resent me for the rest of our lives.”

Magnus looked away, his hands playing with the Omamori charm in his hands. When he said nothing, Alec continued, “He wasn’t supposed to take you to Edom, that wasn’t part of the deal.”

“It’s ok, It’s not your fault I guess.” Magnus finally spoke after another long pause.

“No, I should’ve fought harder.” Alec said, cupping Magnus’ cheeks in his hands.

“I don’t think there’s much you could’ve done against Asmodeus.”

“But I should’ve at least tried.”

Magnus grabbed his wrists and removed them from his cheeks slowly and gently, then he stood up, Alec took a step back as he did so. “Let’s just forget about it, OK?” Magnus said, “I just want to go home.”

“I really am sorry, I never wanted you to hurt like this.” Alec said desperately.

“I know.” with a flick of the wrist, Magnus opened a portal and stepped towards it, but when Alec
didn’t move, he turned back slightly, “Are you coming?”

Chapter End Notes

So hopefully you enjoyed this chapter, things are finally looking up. Please let me know what you think!

Coming next - Magnus and Alec still have a lot to talk about
Half A Stranger

Chapter Summary

Alec and Magnus try to figure out how to act around each other now, and realize that they have a lot to figure out.

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry I didn't upload a chapter on Thursday like I usually do, I went on holiday with my family and didn't have a chance to. hopefully this chapter makes up for it, I made sure to even make it slightly longer than usual...

As they stepped out of the portal and into Magnus’ living room, Magnus went straight to his drinks stations and made them two glasses of martini, then handed one to Alec who had been following him with his eyes fondly, but also a bit weary, as if he was a ticking time bomb that could explode at any moment.

Alec smiled softly as he accepted the martini, “Thank you.” he spoke in a low voice, and when he realised he had no idea what else to say or how they were supposed to act now around each other, he took a slow and lingering sip from his drink, buying himself some time.

Magnus seemed to be struggling with the same contemplations, as he watched Alec, his body swaying slightly, as if he was not sure if he should step closer to the other man, or step further away. His lips parted, leaving a small gap between them, as if about to speak, but then - just like Alec, it seemed to dawn on him that he had no idea how to fill the awkward silence, so instead, Magnus used his parted lips to take a sip from his drink as well.

They continued to just stand there like two idiots for another moment, that practically stretched out for forever. They tried not to look directly into the others eyes, but when their line of sight crossed, and they ended up doing just that, both men began to ramble random words at the same time, neither of them making any sense.

Luckily they managed to stop themselves, then laughed awkwardly, then took another sip, then tried again to speak at the same time.

“You first.” Alec told him, as if he was being a gentleman, but actually just trying to avoid speaking first, since he didn’t really know what to say yet. He actually felt kind of bad, because if you think about it, he was actually being the complete opposite of a gentleman, basically throwing Magnus under the bus.

It seemed that Magnus also caught on the same thought, because he rolled his eyes dramatically and let out a soft snort. Then he shook his head and looked down at his drink, trying to sort out his
thoughts and decide what he was supposed to say next.

After another short moment, Magnus tried to respond, but found himself yet again at a loss, so he sighed heavily then let out a small laugh at the ridiculousness of the whole situation. He rubbed his hand over his face as he sat down on the couch. Alec watched him, then moved to sit down on the same couch beside Magnus.

“I guess there is just so much to talk about, but I just don’t know where or how to begin.” Magnus told him, as his fingers turned the glass in his hands, his eyes watching the liquid swirl. “I just have so many questions and I…” Magnus looked up at Alec and met his gaze, he cut himself off, not sure how to continue.

“I’m sure, You must be so confused.” Alec said sympathetically, his body turning more towards Magnus, “But we will get there, it can’t all be solved in one night.”

“I know, It’s just really overwhelming.” Magnus told him and paused to take another sip, then turned to face Alec as well, “I thought that once I remembered something, that it will make this all easier, and it does help, but I feel like the mess in my head just got way more… messier.” Magnus snorted lightly and shook his head as he finished off his Martini.

“I promise to do my best to try and help you clean up that mess.” Alec told him, placing his half drunk martini glass on the coffee table, then watched as Magnus looked down at his own empty glass, then placed it down on the coffee table as well. Magnus tucked his legs together onto the couch and ran a hand through his hair.

He looked up at Alec who was surprised to see the longing in his gaze, he hadn’t seen Magnus look at him like that in too long. He was sure that he had the same look in his eyes, as he stared back at the beautiful brown eyes that were slowly inching closer.

Magnus scooted closer on the couch and his hands reached out for Alec, one landing on his thigh, the other at the nape of his neck. His movements were uncharacteristically hesitant, and filled with self doubt. Alec tried to encourage him by putting his own hands on Magnus’ hips and squeezing them softly. They continued to look into each others eyes, as once again, the silence took over, this time a little less awkward.

Alec could see Magnus leaning in but then quickly pulling away, his movements were gentle and barely noticeable, but Alec could tell that Magnus did not pull away because he really wanted to. So Alec smiled fondly, completely charmed and enamoured by this new side of Magnus. He had never gotten to see him like that, the shadowhunter had always been the hesitant one, the one who needed encouragement.

So as he leaned in, one of his hands left Magnus’ hip and found its way to the back of his neck, pulling him closer, closing the gap between them. At first, their lips joined together slowly, each taking in a sharp breath through the nose as they began to find a rhythm, that slowly picked up its pace.

Alec’s hand moved once again to cup Magnus’ cheek, as he pressed harder and deeper, unconsciously letting out a soft moan as Magnus’ fingers began to roam up from his nape to the top of his head, tugging and pulling on his hair, his other hand now on Alec’s chest, fisting the fabric of his shirt.

Alec moved his hand back to its original place on Magnus’ hip and began to pull him closer, as their kiss grew hungrier, their lips parting only slightly for half a second at a time to catch some air. Magnus lifted one of his legs and allowed Alec to pull him onto his lap, his knees on either side of
Alec’s hand now started to roam up and down Magnus’ back and sides, as Magnus’ hands roamed his chest and shoulders. And as he slipped his tongue into the other man's mouth and began to explore, Alec placed his hands on Magnus’ hips once again and pulled him closer into his lap, causing them both to moan from the friction.

The next time their crotches pressed together, Magnus did not wait for Alec’s hands to pull him in, as he rolled his hips down and forward, chasing the same friction as both members grew harder.

But as Alec grabbed the back of his head, an unpleasant memory flashed through his mind. He knew it didn’t actually happen, but he couldn’t help how real it felt. And as he pulled back abruptly and looked into Alec’s eyes, he didn’t see the gaze filled with a whirlwind of emotions and feelings he was actually receiving. He didn’t see the love, or longing, he also didn’t see the disappointment from the lack of lips on lips.

All Magnus could see was the pure disgust and hate, as the same strong hands held him up against the wall, causing pain and not pleasure. He could see the shadowhunter that betrayed him, and used him without any care or remorse.

Alec watched him in confusion as he pulled away, and then jumped up and off him as if he was burnt by an imaginary fire. He tried to grab him and stop him from getting far, but Magnus was too quick and put as much distance as he could between them as he pulled his knees against his chest at the other edge of the couch.

Magnus knew right away how screwed up it all was, he didn’t need a moment to realise where he was and what had happened, what was real and what was not; because this time, he could also feel how much he wanted Alec close. This time he could actually remember something from their real relationship, and it just made the battle in his head all the more difficult.

“I’m so sorry.” He whispered, putting his head between his knees as his hands pulled at his hair on the back of his head. He didn’t need to look up to see how confused Alec was, or to know that he had no idea what to do. He could feel Alec’s hesitation before he reached out and pulled him closer. Magnus could feel the relief as their bodies reconnected, but he could also feel the slight panic, and he fought the urge to pull away again.

He let the tears flow down his cheeks as he buried his face in Alec’s chest, “I’m so sorry Alec.” He whispered again between sobs.

Alec pulled him even closer into his embrace and rubbed his back soothingly, “It’s okay.” he told him, but deep in his heart he knew it wasn’t. It hurt, it was really difficult to watch the man he loved pull away from him in complete terror, as if expecting him to attack.

It wasn’t the first time it happened, but it was almost worse than the last time, on the night they came back from Edom. Because they were in a better place now, because Magnus actually remembered something real from their relationship, and because it was while they were being intimate.

How long until he could kiss his own boyfriend without the fear of him breaking apart like that again?

The worst part for him wasn’t getting hurt himself, it wasn’t his own feelings that concerned him most at that moment. The worst part was seeing the man he loved crumble, after getting so used to him being the strongest man he knew, it was near impossible to watch him struggling and battle the demons in his head. And all the while, feeling there was not much he could do to make it better, not
as instantly as he would like anyway.

Once Magnus managed to calm down, they had decided that he should probably get some rest, as he had enough to deal with for one day. But when they stood up from the couch, Magnus found that he was not ready for Alec to leave, but he knew it was probably not the best idea for them to sleep together, because he didn’t want a repeat of what just happened in the middle of the night. Or ever for that matter.

Alec could read him just as well as always, and could tell his internal conflict almost immediately. “If you want me to stay, I don’t mind sleeping in the guest room.” it was far from the truth, Alec wanted nothing more than to curl up together under the warm blanket on Magnus’ bed, but he knew that was not a good idea. So he decided to suppress his own feelings for the sake of Magnus’, he owed him that much and probably even more.

All the comfort they had managed to build up, all the intimacy they had just experienced, it had all disappeared as if it were never there to begin with. They stood at the splitting of the hallway, between Magnus’ room and the guest room, the air between them tense and awkward once again.

Neither of them knew how they were supposed to act now, what they were supposed to do. Alec wanted nothing more than to pull Magnus into his arms and hug him close, he wanted to kiss him goodnight, but was now so unsure of anything, because he had no way of knowing how Magnus would react.

So they just whispered their goodnights to each other and went into their separate bedrooms, and Alec couldn’t help but feel like a stranger, like Magnus was a stranger he could not recognise.

He hated that thought, because Magnus was anything but a stranger.

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When Magnus woke up the following morning, he stretched out on his large bed like he did every morning. But this time, he could feel the emptiness in the pit of his stomach, suddenly he didn’t like having all that space to himself. Suddenly, he felt so alone, and he just knew that something was missing. No, actually, **someone** was missing.

Then he remembered that that **someone** was sleeping in his guest room.

He jumped up, and after brushing his teeth and washing his face, he put on his robe and walked out of his room. Magnus stopped at the opened door of the guest room, it was empty and showed no sign of anyone sleeping in it, but he could smell the scent of french toast in the air, and that made him smile as he made his way into the kitchen.

This time, he didn’t want to have his own quiet morning, he didn’t want to be left alone with his mug of coffee. And as he walked into the kitchen, he stood for a moment at the entryway, enjoying the sight of the shadowhunter by the stove, his back turned to him. When Alec turned around, probably feeling the eyes burning into his back, Magnus could see Alec’s hesitation in his eyes.

But Alec’s fears seemed to subside when he saw the smile on Magnus’ face, and completely disappeared when he came up to him and embraced him in a hug. “Good morning.” Alec greeted him, “How did you sleep?”

“Good morning,” Magnus replied, as he let go of Alec and poured himself a mug of coffee, “I slept well, and you?” Alec turned back to his frying pan and laughed at their politeness.

“Fine,” Alec replied as he took the french toast out of the pan and put them on the plates he laid out
on the counter, “although it was quite strange sleeping in your guest room.”

“I’m sorry.” Magnus spoke in a sad tone which Alec wanted to dispose of immediately, so he spun around and smiled at his warlock as warmly as possible.

“Don’t be.” He said, “I completely understand, and I know it won’t be easy, but I’m sure we will figure everything out.” he wasn’t as certain as he let Magnus think he was, but he knew that he needed to be the strong one this time. Magnus just smiled at him and whispered a small thank you when Alec placed both plates on the table.

“Hopefully you eat it this time.” Alec said, making sure to smile so Magnus knew it was a joke and meant to be taken lightly.

Magnus smiled back and picked up his knife and fork, “Oh, I ate it last time.” He said teasingly, “It was actually very good.” Alec laughed lightly and shook his head as he picked up his own knife and fork.

“So I guess we still have a lot to talk about.” Magnus said after they were done eating.

“Yes, but it doesn’t have to be right now.” Alec replied, standing up and putting the dishes in the sink, “I also need to get back to the institute.”

“Oh okay.” Magnus looked disappointed at that, so Alec quickly assured him that he will be back in the evening and they could talk about everything when he got back, or at least part of it.

Magnus walked him to the door, where they both lingered for a long moment, unsure of how they were supposed to say their goodbyes. Alec eventually opened the door, not because he wanted to leave, but because he really needed to get back to the institute. Then they both opened their mouths to speak and ended up laughing at their awkwardness.

They stepped closer slowly as their laughter subsided, and Magnus found himself stepping up on his toes and wrapping his hands around the other man’s neck and pulled him in. Alec pushed Magnus up against the door frame as he deepened the kiss, but as his hands trailed Magnus’ shoulders and arms, he pulled away, with the thought of the night before still fresh in his mind.

“Is something wrong?” Magnus asked as Alec took a step back. Alec watched the concerned look in his eyes, then his eyes couldn’t help but notice that Magnus’ robe had fallen open and revealed his chest and stomach.

“Yes,” Alec found himself replying as he pointed at Magnus’ open robe, “That is completely unfair.” it wasn’t the whole truth, yes the revealed skin made it more difficult, but what was really wrong, was that he no longer felt that he was able to lose himself in his boyfriend, he had to keep some self control and awareness in case he broke again.

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When he returned later that night, Alec found himself standing outside Magnus’ door for longer than he should. He was holding his key in his hand, contemplating whether he should use it or just knock on the door. Magnus had given it to him, because he wanted him to feel at home and comfortable enough to come and go as he pleased. But Magnus couldn’t remember giving it to him at the moment, so maybe he wouldn’t want him to use it now, or even worse, what if he scared him if he just walked in.
Eventually the door opened before he could make a decision. He had no idea how long he had been standing there when Magnus came into sight at the other side of the threshold. Magnus had an amused smile on his face, as if he could hear what had been going on in Alec’s mind the whole time. Alec smiled sheepishly at him before taking a step forward and pecking Magnus on the lips.

“You can use that next time, if you would like,” Magnus told him, pointing at the key in Alec’s hand. Alec walked further into the apartment as Magnus closed the door and walked up beside him.

“I wasn’t sure.” Alec told him, “How did you know I was here?”

Magnus raised an eyebrow at him, as if it were obvious. “Darling, I always know when someone walks through my wards,” he told him, “I wanted to give you the time you needed to decide whether you wanted to come in or not, but you took so long, and I just thought I’d make the decision for you.”

Alec laughed awkwardly and rubbed the back of his head, “I wasn’t contemplating whether I should come in or not, just if I should use the key or knock.” he corrected, making sure Magnus didn’t think he didn’t want to be there.

“Yes, I see that now.” Magnus replied and smiled softly. Then they both walked to the living room and sat down on the couch. “Would you like something to drink?” Magnus asked, already standing up again and making his way to the drinks station.

“Sure.”

This time Magnus poured them both a glass of whiskey and added ice to each, when he turned around he made his way to the couch and sat down close to Alec, trying to show him that he wanted him to feel comfortable, that he was okay with the closeness. “How are you feeling?” Alec asked him, as he accepted his drink.

Magnus smiled at him, and replied after taking a sip of his drink, “I’m fine, trying to get back on track with all my clients. I just want to get back to normal and forget about everything that happened.”

“I wish there was something I could do or say that would make it all go away.” Alec told him honestly and Magnus smiled at him.

“I know, but I guess with time…” Magnus gestured with his hand in the air, as if it was the answer to the problem and then took another sip of his drink. “But I also know we can’t just ignore it all and move on.”

“We should talk about it.” Alec agreed as they stared into each others eyes, both bodies turning to face each other, their knees touching as they turned. But neither initiated any further conversation, only slow movements as their bodies inched closer together.

They had no idea who made the first move, but suddenly they found their lips smashing together, their cups discarded somewhere on the floor as they completely skipping slow and soft, and advanced straight to hungry and rough, on the verge of painful. Alec grabbed Magnus’ face and he tilted his own head to the side to deepen the kiss, “I’ve wanted to do this all day long.” he confessed between kisses.

But just as sudden and quickly as it had begun, it also came to an abrupt end when Magnus shoved Alec away again. He sat back straight on the couch and grabbed his head at the sides, as he leaned his elbows on his knees. “Shit.” he shouted angrily, then turned to Alec more calmly, “God I… Alec,
I’m sorry.” he tried to reach out to his shadowhunter, but the latter instinctively pulled away before Magnus could even touch him.

And with a sudden shock it dawned on him like a ton of bricks, Magnus could feel how Alec must feel every time he pulls away, how he feels every time he winces from his touch.

A flash of hurt shone in Magnus’ eyes at the realisation that Alec was now scared to touch him, but he could not blame him. He was not angry with him in the slightest, he was actually angry at himself. And the hurt switched to horror at the thought that he was becoming his own worst enemy, ruining any progress him and Alec had managed to make.

Magnus stood up abruptly and tried to walk away when Alec managed to pull himself together and stood up as well, reaching out quickly to grab Magnus and embrace him as close as he possibly could. “No no no, I’m sorry.” Alec told him, “I’m so sorry.”

When they let go of each other, Magnus sank back into the couch and leaned his head back. Alec sat beside him and placed his hand on Magnus’ sigh, to make sure he knew he was there and he wasn’t afraid to touch him. “I just wish I could get it out of my head.” Magnus told him, lifting his head back up to look at Alec, “I want to get rid of those stupid memories.”

“Is there a way to get rid of them?” Alec asked, and mentally kicked himself because it was a stupid question. If there was a way, Magnus probably would have done it already.

But Magnus didn’t look at him like it was a stupid question, and replied seriously, “I’m not sure, but Brother Zacharia said that even if there is, it is very risky.” Magnus explained.

“You said that he told you that you could trigger your memories back.” Alec said after a moment of thought, “perhaps if we trigger back your memories, they will over power the fake ones and make it all easier to deal with.”

Magnus shook his head and looked at him sadly, “I don’t know, it’s not as if I gave them away to a memory demon, I destroyed them… sent them into oblivion.” he said, “I thought that night on the bridge, that when we kissed perhaps it would trigger something, but it didn’t.”

“What if I take you to some places where we had special moments,” Alec suggested, “Maybe that will help?”

“I mean we can try.” Magnus gave it some thought, “Brother Zacharia said that I may not remember you, but I can remember certain moments and events where you were present but in my memories you were erased from them, so perhaps there might be some remnants somewhere deep inside.”

“What if you came with me to the institute tomorrow?” Alec suggested, “Maybe being there and seeing the others will trigger something.”

“Sure.” Magnus smiled, but it didn't reach his eyes, Alec could tell that he was slowly losing hope, and that broke his heart even more. Magnus stood and picked up their cups off the floor and took them into the kitchen, all the while avoiding any contact with Alec. When he came back, Alec could tell that he was trying to keep his distance, and it hurt like hell, but he could also understand why.

Magnus had one memory out of their whole relationship, and it was strong and it brought back his affection and attraction, but it clearly wasn’t enough against all of the fake and horrible memories Asmodeus had planted in his brain.

Alec also couldn’t help but think that it wasn’t the best memory to help Magnus put up a good fight against the fake one memories, because as much as it was a great and beautiful moment, and a
significant one in their time together, it wasn’t enough. It was so early in their relationship, before they had sex and before he had told Magnus that he loves him.

In a way, he was still half a stranger to Magnus. He had tried not to think about it in their moment of bliss, he knew he had been in denial because he didn’t want to lose the little progress they had made, but he couldn't keep shoving it away, it won’t make it disappear, he needed to attack it head on.

He looked back at Magnus who looked just as helpless as he felt, probably more. He decided at that moment that he will do anything to get rid of it, he will do anything to make sure that Magnus didn’t feel like a stranger anymore.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter, it wasn't planned and I added it because I felt like it was just missing.
so please let me know what you think, I always enjoy your comments!

Next chapter - things get complicated during the night.
Chapter Summary

Magnus and Alec have a rough night, and Magnus decides to take extreme measure to fix things

Chapter Notes

Okay, I know there's a lot of drama and angst but... if it was all good all the time it'd be boring so... hopefully you enjoy it anyway. please let me know what you think.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alec was tossing and turning in the bed of the guest room, he couldn’t bare the thought that Magnus was just a few feet away, curled up in the bed that they used to share, and he couldn’t go to him, he couldn’t cuddle him or even just lay next to him without the fear of causing him to breakdown again. His whole body was aching for him, he hadn’t realized just how much until last night, when they finally kissed.

But everything was just too complicated, besides the fact that Magnus wasn’t ready for that yet, he wanted to take things slow, needed time, and Alec learned from his mistakes, and was willing to give him as much as he needed. At least he was trying, even though it was extremely difficult for him, for both of them.

Thoughts of Magnus kept racing through his mind, although he couldn’t remember everything they had, Alec did remember, he was completely and utterly in love with Magnus, he needed him in his life, just a few days ago he was planning on proposing to him. And now it just seemed like a distant memory that was quickly fading away.

All he wanted was to be close to him again, hold him in his arms, and know he was his. Alec looked down at his phone, it was already 3am, surely Magnus was already fast asleep. He put his phone back down and got up off the bed, he made his way to Magnus’ bedroom, the same room in which they had spent so many nights together. Nights that have suddenly become painful and distant memories.

He stood in the doorway, and watched from afar, as the love of his life tossed over in his bed, sleeping on the side that Alec usually slept in. it took all he had in him not to sprint to the bed and hold him in his arms.

Suddenly, Magnus bolted up into a sitting position in the bed and stared at him with fear in his eyes. “I’m sorry, it’s only me.” Alec told him in a calm voice, “I didn’t mean to scare you.”

“Have you been watching me?” Magnus asked, his voice slightly raspy from sleep, and his gaze turning from fear to somewhere between amusement and calmness.
“Just a couple of minutes, wanted to make sure you’re okay.”

“Oh, thanks… I’m fine.” Magnus rubbed his eyes slightly as he spoke, “I just want to go back to sleep,” he lay back down in the bed as Alec shifted a bit, the pit of his stomach was burning, and he could no longer stop himself.

“Can I stay with you?” he dared to ask, his heart pounding, hoping.

“I don’t know… I’m just not…” Magnus’ voice trailed off, he wanted him to stay, he had a craving for him deep inside that he couldn’t explain, a craving that only grew since he got that memory back, and could now feel a sliver of what he used to. It was as if his body still remembered Alec, even though his mind was still scared of him.

He hated having to push him away everytime those fears got the better of him, and hated even more the pain in Alec’s eyes every time it happened. It was like a dark cloud hanging over them, that waited for the most intimate moments - after they had finally managed to rebuild the bridge between them, to rain down on them, causing the already wobbly bridge to crumble down. Taking them back to square one.

And he was so terrified of scaring Alec away, because who wants to be with someone who can shove you away at any moment? Who wants to be with someone who may be far beyond repair? Magnus could not allow himself to be too naive as to believe for even a moment, that his mind may ever be the same again, forever caught in between real and fake memories.

His feelings were indeed in a huge chaotic mess, he had yet to remember the love he felt for Alec in the past, but he had grown to like the shadowhunter despite the constant worries that were caused by his fake memories. And although there were many holes and gaps in his mind, he still knew his history, he knew how easily and how fast he can fall. He could also remember and feel the way he had on that evening that Alec gave him the charm, he remembers also then, thinking of how easy it would be for that boy in front of him to break his heart.

“It’s fine, don’t worry about it.” Alec said quietly, trying to fight the lump in his throat, “I’ll be in the guest room if you need me.”

Magnus sat up slightly and leaned on his elbows as he watched Alec turn to leave the room, he knew how difficult this must be for him, to have the man you love treat you like a stranger, and even worse, be scared of you. But despite all that, he wasn’t giving up, he was still here and he still cared.

“Alexander,” he called after him, his voice soft. Alec froze for a moment at the doorway before turning to look at Magnus, who had a small smile on his lips. His hair was an adorable mess, and he was shirtless, with his necklaces laying on his bare skin.

Alec let out a deep breath, relieving his burning lungs in the process, then made his way to the bed in rushed moves, laying himself on top of Magnus, leaning on his elbows so he wouldn’t crush him with his weight, “Oh Magnus,” the Archer whispered, and brushed their lips together, no longer able to control himself. “I’ve missed you so much.” in hungry rapid moves, he kissed him again on the lips, then his jawline and his neck, he kissed along his collarbone and down his chest and stomach, then came back up again, marking the same trail in reverse.

Magnus looked at him in shock, unsure of how to react. He was caught off guard, somewhere between pleasure and want, even need, to fear and vulnerability. “I’m so sorry,” Alec said, realizing what he has done. He climbed off of Magnus and sat on the bed beside him.

Magnus wasn’t sure when it happened, but at some point Alec’s presence had begun to be more
comforting and reassuring than threatening and scary. “Stop apologizing so much.” he told him, “It’s find, you just… surprised me a bit there.”

Alec laughed lightly, more out of relief than anything, “Are you okay?” he asked gently.

“I think so.”

“Do you want me to go?”

“No.”

Alec couldn’t help but think that perhaps it would have been a better idea for him to stay in the guest room. Laying in bed, with a half naked Magnus, looking sexy as hell, was extremely difficult. What made it even more difficult, was the fact that it had been so long since the last time they had sex, with Magnus being sick, then having his breakdown and after that they broke up, and then… all of the other mess.

Magnus couldn’t remember, what Alec couldn’t stop thinking about at that moment - they had incredible sex. Not that he had much to compare it to, but he was convinced that he didn’t need to compare to know.

He couldn’t stop his mind from wandering, remembering all the wonderful nights they spent together in the same bed they lay in now. He remembered the way Magnus’ back arched, how his hips would buck, the way he clutched and scratched. And he could never forget how utterly divine it was when he caused Magnus’ toes to curl and moan in pleasure.

God how he loved those moans, and knowing he was the cause of them.

And Magnus could be loud. Very loud.

And he loved that too.

Alec lay on his back, staring at the ceiling, trying desperately to ignore the aching yearning of his body for the man laying right there next to him. Magnus lay just a few inches away from him, and even though he was close enough to feel his body heat, it still felt like too far away. It was the most space they ever had between them while sharing a bed.

Alec almost jumped out of his skin when he felt a warm and soft touch on his chest, his head spun sideways just as Magnus scooted closer to him and lay his head on his shoulder, his eyes wide open.

“Magnus…” he breathed out, closing his eyes, his whole body burning as Magnus’ fingers trailed over his body, leaving goosebumps everywhere he touched. “Please don’t… I- I can barely control myself as it is.”

“What if I don’t want you to have to control yourself?” Magnus whispered, without stopping his wandering fingers.

Alec’s eyes shot open and stared deep into Magnus’. “What?” he choked.

“My mind may not remember everything, but my whole body… it’s like it has a mind of its own.” Magnus explained, “Having you here next to me, so close, it’s like my body is just drawn to you, especially since I got that memory of you back.”
For a moment they just lay there, staring into each other's eyes. “I want you.” Magnus whispered, his voice sounding as desperate as Alec felt. Within seconds, Alec climbed on top of Magnus, their lips crashing together into a passionate kiss, Magnus’ fingers clawing into Alec’s back.

Alec was touching him everywhere and anywhere his hands could reach, along his shoulders and arms, down his waist and hips, then up his stomach and chest. Then he was rolling his hips down into Magnus. They were both panting and moaning, their lips kissing as if their lives depended on it.

Alec began kissing down Magnus’ neck, biting and sucking at his skin, when he was suddenly pushed away violently, “Get off me!” Magnus shouted as he pushed himself away and hugged his knees to his chest.

Alec stared at him in shock for a short moment, hating the way Magnus trembled. Then tried to reach out to him, but Magnus flinched and moved away even further, almost falling off the bed “Don’t touch me!” he shouted.

Alec had to fight the urge to reach out again to stop Magnus from stumbling, instead he stood up, fighting back tears, and watched once again as the man he loved most in the world looked at him in terror. Somehow it just got worse, because last time Magnus knew right away, but this time he seemed a million miles away from coming back to him.

After another moment of heaving and rocking back and forth, that seemed to last forever, the look in Magnus’ eyes slowly changed from fear to shock, and then to regret, his gaze softened as he looked at Alec. Then he grabbed his head, his fingers clutching at his hair, as he buried his head between his knees. “God, I’m sorry, I’m so sorry.” he whispered, his voice breaking. “I’m sorry, Alexander, I know this must be so difficult for you, I didn’t mean to… I just… I’m not…”

Alec was frozen in place, completely confused, he had no idea what he should do. Magnus slowly lifted up his head and looked at him, tears streaming down his cheeks. Alec’s heart shattered, it was unbearable seeing Magnus like that, especially knowing he had no way of fixing it. “My mind, It’s like one minute all I want is to be as close to you as possible, and the next I… I just can’t get the image out of my mind, of you hurting me, it just takes over and I…”

“What do you see in those Images?” Alec asked, his voice weak. He was terrified of the answer, but needed to know.

“What?”

“What did I do to you, in those memories?” Magnus stared at him hesitantly for a moment, he opened his mouth to speak, but couldn’t bring himself to say it. “Tell me.” Alec’s words were more forceful than he intended.

“You befriended me, caused me to trust you. Then you kidnapped me, and locked me up, in the institute’s cell. You forced me to go to Edom to get my father’s help, to save Jace. You tortured me with some kind of… of electrical wave.” Magnus finally spoke, a look of pain in his eyes as he recalled the events. “You had Lorenzo-“

“No.” Alec cut him off, his voice sharp and angry, “I can’t. I can’t hear anymore of this.”

“I’m sorry, I know it didn’t happen, I know now that you would never hurt me like that.” Magnus stood up and walked closer to him, wiping away his tears, “you need to know that I’m doing everything I can to push those memories out of my mind, but sometimes it just… I can’t control them.”
Alec watched him for a moment, “I need to get out of here.” he said, before turning away and making his way to the door.

“Alexander, wait.” Magnus called out to him, and as Alec turned around, Magnus made his way over to him and hugged him, “I want you to stay.”

Alec pushed him away gently and took a step back. “I love you so much, and I want to be with you so bad, it hurts.” Alec said as calmly as he could, trying to cover up how bitter he felt, “But having you push me away like that in fear, you have no idea how terrible it is for me, and I just don’t know if I can handle it if it happens again.”

“I know, I’m sorry.” Magnus was shaking slightly, feeling uncomfortable in his own skin. His hands were unconsciously rubbing at the skin on his arms, pinching his flesh, trying to fight the overwhelming need to rip out of it.

Alec fought the urge to embrace him, “You don’t need to apologize, this isn’t your fault.” he said, running his hand through his hair and sighing heavily, as if the weight of the whole world was on his shoulders.

“Please don’t go.” Magnus pleaded, his voice breaking.

“Shit Magnus, I’m so sorry.” Alec forced himself out of the self pity he was feeling, and made his way to his warlock that needed him now more than ever. He wrapped his arms around Magnus’ shoulders, forcing them to stop shaking with the strength of his embrace. Magnus snaked his arms around his waist and buried his face in his chest, breathing in Alec’s scent, that somehow managed to calm him down.

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“Is there any way to get rid of the memories my father gave me?” Magnus asked, after Brother Zachariah helped him pull the memory of Alec out of his subconscious.

“You might be able to send them to oblivion, like you did with the rest of your memories, but it is extremely risky.” Brother Zachariah told him, “Especially since they are false memories, and were given to you by a greater demon.”

“I’m willing to try,” Magnus said desperately, “I’ll do anything to get rid of them.”

“You don’t understand, in order to remove memories from your mind, they have to be clear and vivid, and because they are not real, you will not be able to see them in extreme details.” Brother Zachariah explained, “and because your mind has been tampered with quite a lot, it can do a lot of harm if you try.”

“So I just have to live with them?” Magnus asked, “I don’t want to fear Alec like that for the rest of my life. He doesn’t deserve that.”

“I know, but you can do irreversible damage if you try to erase them.”

Magnus was searching through every spell and potion book he had, as he remembered his conversation with Brother Zachariah, who had convinced him not to try and erase his false memories, but after what happened with Alec the night before, he felt like he had no other choice but to try. He just had to focus on those memories, to make them as clear as possible.
He was searching through every memory spell he had, when an idea popped into his mind.

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“Oh god Alec, I’m so sorry.” Izzy said in concern, they were sitting at his desk in his office, and he had just told her about what happened with Magnus the night before, “I wish there was something I could do to help.”

“Thanks Izz,” Alec smiled at his sister, taking a sip of his coffee which he made extra strong, “But just talking about it helps a bit.”

“Good, I’m always here if you need me.” She told him, placing a hand on his arm. “And I’m sure you two will work it out, you always do.”

“That’s what everyone keeps telling me, but it just seems to be getting worse.” Alec sighed and ran his fingers through his already messy hair, “shit Izzy, you should have seen him last night, he was such a mess. I can’t believe I almost walked out on him.”

“But you didn’t.” his sister reminded him, “and I’m sure he understands how difficult it is for you and appreciates your effort.”

“Yeah, I hope you’re right.” he finished off his coffee just as Jace and Clary walked in, holding the report from their night patrol, which Jace lay on the desk in front of Alec, who couldn’t hide his surprise, “Wow, you actually filled out a report?”

When Jace smirked at him, he knew it was too good to be true, so he looked down and read the one sentence that was written on it, “Seriously, Jace?” He asked, raising an eyebrow, “we fought demons and killed them all?” Alec tried to sound authoritative and upset at the lack of seriousness, but even he couldn’t stop the small grin that crept its way onto his lips, as he shook his head and rolled his eyes.

Jace shrugged his shoulders as Clary laughed besides him, Izzy joining her soon after. “Hey, where’s Magnus?” Jace asked suddenly, after scanning the office with his eyes.

Alec looked back up at him confused, “Magnus? Why?” he asked.

“Yeah, we saw him coming into the institute when we came back from patrol.” Jace explained, “He said he was here to visit you.”

“He did? Where is he then?” Alec asked, now becoming quite concerned. Magnus may have lost his memories, but he still should know where his office was. It was also quite strange that he just showed up at the institute, even when he did have his memories he never just showed up without warning.

“I don’t know, that’s why I asked you.” Jace replied, looking in the direction of the door, as if expecting him to walk in at any minute.

Alec quickly unlocked his tablet and searched through the institutes security cameras, Jace was now standing over his shoulder, trying to help him search the footage. When they spotted him, they both gasped at the sight - Magnus was standing by the institutes holding cell.

“Shit.” Alec muttered before running out of his office.
Magnus stepped closer to the glass cell, his eyes scanning everything in it, trying to imagine himself there, trying to surface the false memories Asmodeus planted in his mind. The more he focused on all the details of the cell in front of him, and tried to imagine it all happening right now, the more the images in his mind became clearer.

He was so focused, he was completely unaware of his surroundings, and hadn’t noticed when Alec walked into the room. Magnus did not hear Alec call his name, all he heard were the voices in his false memories. He closed his eyes and placed his hand on his head, sending sparks of his magic out his fingers, willing them to latch onto the memories.

Magnus! What are you doing?” Alec shouted, he tried to come closer, but as Magnus pulled his hands back, his false memories spread out in front of him with a force that sent Alec flying back.

Magnus watched for a moment as his false memories flashed before him, preparing a ball of magic in his palm. Alec watched in horror as a fake him tortured Magnus, looked at him with eyes filled with hate, forced Magnus to go to Edom, caused him pain. Seeing it all in front of him, in that moment, he had more of an understanding of what Magnus had to endure that whole time.

“Magnus, please stop, it’s dangerous.” Alec pleaded, forcing himself to look away from the memories, it was too painful to watch. But Magnus was in his own world, he lifted his hand and thrusted the magic ball at the screen of memories. Alec rushed to his side as the memories vanished into oblivion, he reached Magnus just as he began to collapse, and caught him right before he could hit the floor.

please don't kill me, I promise that next chapter will have much less angst...

Next chapter - the only way now is up.
Every Version of you

Chapter Summary

"I will love you no matter what..."

Chapter Notes

Once again I'm sorry for uploading only once this week, I got stuck a bit with this chapter and life. I wanted to take the time to edit this chapter properly, because I wanted it to come out as best it can. Hopefully it worked and you enjoy reading it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Magnus opened his eyes slowly, trying to adjust them to the light in the room. He turned his head towards a soft voice that spoke to him, "Hey," Alec said, smiling with relief.

Magnus looked at him for a moment and blinked his eyes a few times, then leaned in to Alec’s touch when he caressed his cheek. "Who are you?" the warlock asked in a low voice, confused.

Alec furrowed his brows and eyed him suspiciously, observing the look in Magnus’ eyes intently and then began to shake his head. "Nope. no. You’re not doing that, don’t you dare.” the archer told him, retracting his hand from Magnus’ cheek to point at him, “it’s not even funny.”

Magnus couldn’t help but laugh, but Alec did not look amused, as he gave the other man a scowl. "Oh come on, it was a little funny.” Magnus insisted and moaned in protest when Alec stood and took a step back, then gave him the best puppy face he could muster. "Don’t you dare give me that face!” Alec warned him, pointing his finger again, trying to fight the smile that was threatening to overtake his face, even though he already knew he did not stand a chance.

"Oh, you know you want to.” Magnus teased him with a cheeky smile and laughed out loud, then reached out for his hand and pulled him closer. Alec immediately softened, smiling at his warlock, and forgot that he tried to trick him, because it’s been too long since he’s heard that laugh.

"God, I’ve missed that laugh.” Alec breathed out, allowing Magnus to pull him closer. He sat back down and stroked the hair on the side of Magnuis’ head, but then got serious again, and when he spoke, his voice remained soft. “But seriously, you can’t keep doing this to me.”

“What?” Magnus closed his eyes, enjoying his shadowhunter’s touch.

"Getting sick, erasing your memory, stupid things like that.” Alec tried to sound stern, even though he was melting inside and overcome with relief, “I can’t see you like this again.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to worry you.” Magnus said, opening his eyes and turning to lay on his
side, facing Alec. “I just wanted to fix things.”

“And, do you… I mean, did it work?” Alec was now rubbing his hands nervously.

“Did what work?”

“Wait, you don’t remember doing it?”

“Remember doing what?”

“Magnus!”

“Yes.”

“Stop trying to fool me, answer me seriously.” Alec definitely did not seem amused, he may not ever be able to truly be mad at Magnus, but Magnus was frustrating him, and he was nervous of the answer and wasn’t sure anymore which Magnus he was talking to.

Because he was calm and relaxed, even flirtatious at the moment, but he couldn’t allow himself to forget that he has to be careful how he acts around him, that he could explode at any moment.

“I did answer you.” Magnus smiled mischievously, “I said yes.”

Alec rolled his eyes and sighed, “Yes what?” he asked impatiently.

“Yes, it worked, and yes, I remember doing it.” Magnus sat up and patted the bed next to him, Alec stood and sat by his bent feet.

“And do you remember anything about us?” Alec asked nervously, and Magnus smiled, placing his palm gently on his shadowhunters cheek.

“Only the one memory of you giving me the Omamori charm,” he said gently, “but without the feeling of hate and pain, caused by the fake memories, I feel like it's enough for now.”

“Are you sure?” Alec sounded hesitant, “Because I don’t know if I could handle it, if you flipped on me again.”

Magnus smiled at him and moved closer, all the while caressing his cheek softly. “I know it was terrible for you, and I'm sorry you had to go through it.” he told him, “and unfortunately, I can’t make any promises, because I have no idea what could happen, but I promise you that I’m going to do whatever I can for it to not happen again.”

“Are you sure?” Alec was hesitant. Magnus smiled, and instead of replying, he pulled his shadowhunter into a warm and gentle and soft kiss. “God, I’ve missed you.” Alec breathed out, leaning their foreheads together.

“Alexander?”

“Yeah?”

“Take me home.”

“Oh no you don’t!” Cat almost shrieked when she saw Magnus out of bed, as Alec helped him get dressed. Magnus instinctively tried to cover himself up and Cat just laughed, “Oh, honey, that’s quite
pointless, I’ve already seen it all.” she told him amused.

He gave her a questioning look, as if trying to remember, but then once he recalled what she was talking about he smiled and nodded in nostalgia, as Alec gave them both a strange look, clearly out of the loop. “I don’t even wanna know.” He said, after a moment's thought, and waved his hand at Magnus when he opened his mouth, probably to begin his explanation.

Alec then turned to Catarina, “I was just about to take him home.” he told her, as Magnus continued to get dressed, still looking quite amused.

“Fine, but you have to keep a close eye on him,” Cat warned him, a stricken look in her eyes, “make sure he’s okay and doesn’t do anymore stupid things.”

“Don’t worry, I will make sure he stays out of trouble.” Alec assures her.

“That means watch his own actions, because he seems to be the trouble.” Cat said with a smile and they both laughed.

“I’m right here, you know.” Magnus said, annoyed and looking displeased.

Cat turned to him with a serious look and crossed her arms, “I love and care for you dearly,” she began to tell him, “but you, my stupid friend, need to stop messing with you memories.”

“I know, I went a little overboard.”

“Overboard? Magnus, you erased your memories of Alec, then Asmodeus planted those fake one, after that Zacharia pulled a memory out of your subconscious, and now this.” Cat spoke with a serious tone, but still managed to remain compassionate. “That is a lot of strain to put on your mind in such a short time, you can’t put any more strain on yourself, or it will cause irreversible damage.”

“But I still need to get my memories back.” Magnus insisted. “I can’t just give up on that.” he looked desperately between Cat and Alec, who came closer to him and draped his arm over his shoulder.

“You don’t really have a choice, not right now anyway.” Cat told him, as she placed her hand under his chin gently. “If you try in any way to get your memories back, with spells, potions or any other kind of magic - I’m afraid you might not survive the next time.”

“What if they come back naturally?” Magnus asked, sounding worried, even scared. Not only because he could seriously hurt himself, but also because he was afraid he would never get his memories of Alec back. “Brother Zacharia said that they could be triggered by places or people.”

“Honestly? I’m not sure.”

***

Magnus walked out of the bathroom wearing just a towel around his waist, his hair was wet from the shower and was dripping and sliding onto his shoulders, down his chest and back.

Alec, who was sitting on the bed, couldn’t help but watch him as he moved towards his walk-in closet. Alec got up from where he was sitting on the bed and followed him, he stopped at the entrance of the walk-in closet and leaned on the door way.

Magnus was pulling out a pair of boxers from one of the draws, when he noticed him looking, he blushed slightly and smiled shyly. “Have I ever told you how god damn sexy you are?” Alec asked him, taking a few steps towards him.
“Probably,” Magnus replied, “but I can’t really remember.” they both laughed and as Magnus was about to pull on his boxers, Alec walked over and stopped him.

“Oh no you don’t.” he said, as he grabbed his warlock by the waist and pulled him closer. “I can’t let you do that.” he added before kissing him along his jawline and then down his neck, slowly and softly, all the while caressing his sides with his hands.

“You also taste so good.” Alec whispered between kisses, as Magnus moaned quietly and shivered under the touch of his hands and lips, his boxers long forgotten. Then their lips met in a soft and tender kiss, and magnus wrapped his arms around Alec’s neck, allowing Allec to circle him around the waist with his arms.

“Wait, Alec… don’t you think… I mean… “ Magnus said between kisses, “I- I’m worried.”

“What? why?” Alec asked, pulling away slightly, keeping their lips too close to think properly, “There are no fake memories in our way anymore.”.

“I know, it’s not that. I’m worried that if we rush into anything, that it will ruin this.” Magnus told him, and Alec couldn’t help but smile and laugh lightly. “What’s so funny?” Magnus dropped his hands and took a step back.

But Alec followed him and held his grip on him, “It’s just, we’ve already had a similar conversation.”

“Oh, well I can’t remember.” Magnus said, turning his face away from Alec, feeling frustrated.

“What happened?” Alec asked, noticing the change in his boyfriend’s expression, trying to catch his eye again.

“I just hate that there are all these things that I can’t remember.”

“I know, I’m sorry.” Alec placed his hands on Magnus’ cheeks, trying to get him to turn to him again.

“It’s not your fault.” Magnus sighed, finally looking back into Alec’s eyes. “Have we already… had sex?”

“Oh yeah.” Alec lowered his hands as he spoke, caressing magnus’ sides and hips, then he slowly removed the towel from around his waist, looked Magnus up and down with desire. Magnus watched as he did so, then pulled him into a passionate kiss.

Alec’s hands roamed down Magnus’ back, slowly making their way to his ass cheeks and then settled for a moment beneath them, before tugging them upwards. Magnus jumped up with the pull and wraps his legs around Alec’s waist and his hands around his neck. They both chuckled lightly against each others lips, then they parted just enough to share a soft gaze before diving back in.

Alec takes a few steps forward and pushes Magnus’ back up against the nearest wall. Their lips move together in perfect rhythm, pushing, pulling, rubbing with so much sense of familiarity, as if they were created solely for that purpose. Lips tugging, opening and parting, allowing tongues to dance together in thirst.

Using the wall and their legs for support, so their hands could be free to explore, rediscover skin and muscles, and the warmth radiating beneath their fingertips, growing and intensifying from the friction of body-heat. Caressing, grabbing and clutching wherever they could, any part that was within reach, both giving and taking generously.
Just as suddenly as it began, they both pulled back, as if some magnetic force had taken over. They stared into each other with dilated pupils, each mirroring the others need and want and desperate longing to consume. Both panting, lungs burning, breathing in their woven breaths.

“Bed?” Alec asked.

“Bed.” Magnus replied.

They tighten their holds on each other and Alec pulls them away from the wall carefully. Their lips meet in clumsy kisses as they stumble on the way out of the walk-in closet and into the bedroom.

Alec gently sets Magnus on the edge of the bed, leaning over him with his hands pressed into the mattress on either side of Magnus’ thighs, their lips never more than a centimeter apart.

“You okay?” Alec asked gently, looking into Magnus’ eyes, needing to see for himself that they are not pushing it, that he isn’t pushing him.

Magnus nods, just once, and takes a deep breath, “Yeah, I’m fine.” he says, hating the way his voice trembled and sounded anything but fine. Not because he doesn’t want it, but because he feels like he has to live up to expectations, which he himself has set. It was as if he was competing against a different version of himself - one that could remember all that he and Alec shared, one that could feel their love and not just unexplainable feelings that have yet to meet their full potential.

Magnus is now but a fragment of what he used to be, cracked at the edges and scraped all over, and who is to say if the damage can be reversed and fixed. And even if it can be repaired, it probably won’t be without scars. And who in their right mind can really love all of his broken parts?

A small cry escaped his lips, barely audible, when he realises that he is bound to lose. The fight against himself and Alec.

“Relax.” Alec breaths out with a small smile, and the look in his eyes of pure joy and love, shove away the ill thoughts and close them off behind a steel gate, locked up in chains.

For now.

Ales arm wraps around Magnus’ back and grabs onto his hip, their lips pressed together, as he helps him scoot further into the bed. Magnus’ head hits the pillow as his back lays flat on the mattress, Alec hovering over him his arms bracketing Magnus’ head.

Magnus’ fingers nervously play with the hem of Alec’s shirt, clearly over thinking and second guessing himself. So Alec comes to his rescue and straightens his back, sitting on his heels as he pulls his shirt up and over his head.

Magnus leans on his elbows and watches in awe as Alec discards his shirt and tosses it to the floor. Then, before he can even register what he is doing, he sits up and traces Alec’s chest and abs with his fingers, and the look of disbelief doesn’t escape by Alec. he looks up at his shadowhunter with a look that resembles one of a child, asking for permission to eat some candy.

*Is this really all mine? I can have this?* Alec can sea the questions in his warlocks eyes, too scary to be asked out loud, and he finds himself falling in love with him all over again, all of him - Memories or not.

“I’m here, I’m yours and I’m not going anywhere.” He replied to the unspoken questions, because he knows that Magnus needs that reassurance, he knows he needs to hear it.
Alec takes his time exploring, after so long of being deprived of Magnus’ body, he reacquainted with his touch - mapping out all of his favorite parts of caramel skin, and the ones he knows Magnus enjoys the most.

He relishes the taste on his lips and on his tongue, the sounds of gasps and moans, the uncontrollable tremor and shivers, and savors it all, every beat - feeling no rush.

They both pant and heave and groan.

Four hands roam, clutch and claw at skin and sheets.

Toes curl and spines arch.

Their bodies move and come together with so much ease, fit together like they always had.

“Has it already been that good?” Magnus asked, his voice low and shy, as they lay tangled in each other under the sheets.

Alec turns his head to look at Magnus, who is laying his head on his chest, and smiles “It’s always been good. But somehow it still get better every time.” he tells his warlock, and Magnus, who had already been flushed with red cheeks, turned a shade darker.

Magnus buries his face in Alec’s shoulder, then kisses him there before looking back up at his shadowhunter, “I wish I could remember…” he says, his voice honest and filled with regret.

Alec strokes a few strands of Magnus’ hair and sweeps them off his forehead, then kisses the revealed skin, “We’ll just have to make more memories.” he tells him, making sure to look him in the eyes as he did so, “Besides, I believe we can find a way to get your memories back. You’ll be back to your old self soon enough.”

Alec gives him a chaste kiss on the lips, then settles back down on the pillow, closes his eyes and hugs Magnus closer to him, a content smile spread across his lips. But Magnus remains apprehensive, unable to rid the concern rooted in the pit of his stomach, “And what if I’m not?”

“Not what?” Alec asks, his eyes still closed, lips still smiling.

“Back to my old self? What if I never remember?”

Alec opens his eyes and turns his whole body and attention to the man in his arms, he caresses his cheeks softly and looks deep into his beautiful brown eyes. He holds his gaze for a moment, making sure Magnus is completely with him at that moment.

“Oh, Magnus.” he says softly, “I will love you no matter what.”

“But I’m so broken.” Magnus insists, praying his voice does not break, “You remember me a certain way that I cannot, and I’m not sure I will ever be that version of me again.”

“It doesn’t matter, I don’t care.” Alec also insists, never breaking contact, “Yes I loved that version of you, but I love this one no less, and I will love any other version of you that you can come up with.”
Chapter End Notes

I cannot believe that you actually thought I would kill Magnus! I would never!!

well, I tried to give you a chapter with more fluff and less angst, and I really hope you enjoyed the outcome.
Please let me know your thoughts!

Next Chapter - chasing memories
Swear It All Over Again

Chapter Summary

Magnus and Alec go chasing after triggers for Magnus' memories.

Chapter Notes

soooo it took me a while to get this one out. I wont lie, I have been struggling a bit with these last few chapters, and I probably won't be able to upload more than once a week for the remaining chapters. But hopefully you enjoy this one, I have been trying to give you more fluff after all the angst I put you through.

so without further ado...

There is a short moment when one begins his wake in the morning - or any other time of day when one might wake from sleep for that matter - where your conscious mind had yet to fully grasp it’s surrounding and its place within it.

Coming out of either a dreamless sleep or one filled with them, ranging from vague and distant, to vivid and veritable - either way, it is a moment of pure oblivion, in which one is still dazed from sleep and not yet aware of oneself and his whereabouts in the universe.

Slowly growing conscious of existence and the world that had been momentarily forgotten in the bliss of sleep, all the days worries and fears set aside for ones tomorrow to deal with.

Questions like, “Who am I?”, “Where am I?” and “What do I need to do today?” or “Where do I need to be?” - being answered one by one, and with each answer, the flood of worries and fears left behind by ones yesterday, come rushing in.

It is the first morning in quite a few days, where Magnus wakes and does not feel flooded. As his mind slowly stirred awake, becoming aware of the sunlight pouring in through the open curtains, of his bedroom window. For the first time in days, he had a good sense of who he is, and the familiarity of where he is - and they allow him to bask in this moment, dreading the moment it ends, because finally, finally he felt content again.

His awareness continued to grow, as wandering hands hugged him from behind, pulling him closer to the comforting heat coming from another body. They slowly roamed up and down, along the curves of his waist, hips and thighs, as if assessing and verifying. Magnus found himself pushing further back into the warmth and solidness, feeling protected and satisfied.

A warm nose nuzzled into the nape of his neck, generating a satisfied moan which made its way from the deepest corner of his stomach, up through his chest and out of his mouth. Then soft cushion
lips found their way up his neck to the base of his ear. “Good morning,” they murmured fondly against his skin.

“Morning,” he breathed out in a raspy voice.

“I’ve missed waking up next to you.” Alec whispered as he leaned over him and placed another long kiss on his temple, then he traced his hair line with more small kisses.

Magnus turned over and snuggled in close, nuzzling his face into Alec’s bare chest. Alec chuckled and wrapped his arms around him, pulling him closer. Magnus didn’t really know how to reply to that, so he stayed silent and hums half in substitute of an answer and half in an outlet for his pure satisfaction.

“When do you need to go back to the institute?” Magnus eventually broke the comfortable silence that had fallen between them. This time it is Alec that hums in content and tightened his hold on his warlock, as if he has no intentions of leaving the bed or his arms any time soon.

“I don’t,” He replied with his eyes closed, placing a kiss on the top of Magnus’ head, “I left Jace and Izzy incharge, so we can spend the day together.”

“Did you have anything special in mind?” Magnus asked in a sweet and curious tone, peeking up at his shadowhunter.

“Yes actually,” Alec loosened his grip on Magnus slightly so he can look at him properly, “what do you say about portaling us to Tokyo?”

“Isn’t it nearing midnight in Tokyo right now?” Magnus raised his eyebrow in confusion.

“Yeah, but we can go later on, tour the city a bit, get dinner… well, lunch according to their time zone.” Alec suggested with a warm smile.

“Okay, but why Tokyo?”

“Well, you said you wanted to revisit places we’ve been together,” Alec explained, “and well, Tokyo was a great day.”

“Tokyo it is then.” Magnus agreed with a small smile, content that Alec was actually coming through on his promise to take him to places that may trigger his memories. “So what would you like to do until then?”

“For starters I was thinking we could get some breakfast,” Alec looked at Magnus with a sudden glint in his eyes, as they both lay on their sides facing each other, “Maybe you could conjure up those waffles from that place in brussels we both love.”

Magnus chuckled at Alec’s boyish excitement, and relished in the feeling of that simple but meaningful moment, before replying, “Maison Dandoy?” he asked in a proper french accent, to which Alec rolled his eyes, although his smile did not cease.

They sat at the kitchen table as Magnus snapped his fingers a few times, and a spread of delicious foods and drinks appear on the table. Alec closed his eyes and breathed in the wonderful scents that filled the kitchen.
“Okay, so black coffee two suger for you, Mocha-latte for me,” Magnus announced as he handed Alec his coffee and then a plate of waffles, “Strawberry and chocolate for you, and white-chocolate and raspberry for me.” Magnus smiled warmly at Alec and lifted his cup to his lips, but stops short when he noticed the baffled look on Alec’s face.

Alec had been watching wide-eyed as Magnus handed him his drink and waffles, feeling his breath hitch as he monitored Magnus’ movements, and the complete natural ease in which he did so, “What? What is it?” Magnus asked in concern, “I thought it’s what you wanted.”

“Yes, but how did you know?” Alec asked suspiciously, raising one eyebrow.

“What do you mean?” Magnus asked slowly, completely confused, replaying their previous conversation in his head, “You told me when we were in bed you wanted waffles from Maison Dandoy, all I did different was added in their coffee as well because it’s so good.”

“No, Magnus, how-” Alec raises his hand and gestured to his food and drink, “how did you know what I like? I never told you. I mean I did, you used to know obviously, but...” Alec’s voice trailed off as his words seemed to sink in and Magnus understood what he meant.

“Oh.”

Suddenly a smile erupted on Alec’s face as Magnus watched him in shock and confusion, “You remembered something?” he asked in excitement.

“No I- I just… I instinctively knew I guess,” Magnus said, putting down his cup and rubbing his face, before looking back up at Alec who was still smiling. “Why are you smiling? I didn’t remember anything special.” Magnus then dropped his gaze and watched his hands as they rubbed at each other.

Alec got up off his seat and kneeled down in front of Magnus, He place his hands on his knees and rubbed circles with his thumbs as he smiled up at him, “I know you didn’t remember anything Major, but to me it doesn’t matter.” Alec told him, his voice filled with tenderness, “Because it’s those small things that really show your care. And the fact that you can remember that without your memories, just proves it even more. It goes to show that our love is special, and strong.”

Magnus raised his eyes to look at Alec as he listened to him speak, and a small smile appeared on his lips. When Alec put his hand on his cheek, he leaned into the touch, “How do you always know the right things to say?” He asked, his voice quiet and tender.

“It’s easy,” Alec says, his smile growing, “because it’s you.”

***

Alec was pulling a confused Magnus along, with a sense of deja-vu, in hopes that this special moment they had once shared together, would trigger something deep in his lover’s heart. Now more than ever, Alec felt hope that they could recover all the memories that had been lost.

Magnus may have sent his memories to oblivion, but after breakfast it had become clear that there is still something there, deep down inside him, that held onto them. Neither knew exactly what it was, or how big and significant. But it was there, and with it came the inevitable expectations and optimism, that there was still something that could be done, a way to salvage.
“Where are we going?” Magnus asked, looking slightly concerned, but nonetheless allowing Alec to pull him along by his wrist. “You’re being too vague for my liking.”

Alec looked back at his warlock and smiled, both from excitement and from the nostalgia. “I told you,” He said with a mischievous smile, “It’s a surprise.”

“I don’t like surprises.” Magnus insisted, and Alec couldn’t help the chuckle that escaped his lips as Magnus paused his steps and looked at him with apprehension.

“Yeah, yeah, you’ve told me that before,” Alec told him, his smile exhibiting that he was enjoying the whole thing, a little too much for Magnus’ liking. “But then you always say how I never ceases to amaze you, and I know you love that.”

“Don’t pretend like you know me better than I do myself,” Magnus gave him a mock-angry and annoyed look, which Alec found terribly adorable, which was probably not what Magnus was going for. “And stop smiling at me like that, this isn’t funny. And why is this taking so long?”

Alec closed the gap between them, let go of Magnus’ wrist and cupped his boyfriends cheeks, urging him to stop frowning, “If you would just shut up and let me take you to your surprise already, you wouldn’t have to wait so long.” Alec told him before leaning down and kissing him softly on the lips, “Patience has never been your strong suit.”

“Shut up and take me to my surprise.” Magnus got out of his hold and began walking in the direction they were walking towards before.

Alec chuckled again and shook his head, then began walking after his stubborn warlock, “and besides, I do know you very well.” he called after him, “even if you can’t remember that.”

Magnus stopped dead in his tracks again and froze in his spot, because it was true. Magnus couldn’t remember them, and it made the whole thing feel very new to him, and that made him forget sometimes that it wasn’t new for Alec, that Alec could still remember everything. Which meant that Alec did know him very well, and he definitely knew him way better than Magnus knew Alec.

“Shit, I’m sorry.” Alec said, walking up to face him, “I didn’t mean it like that.”

“No, I know, it’s not that.” Magnus said, looking up at his shadowhunter, feeling a whirlwind of feelings and emotions that he had no idea how to contain or deal with.

“Then what is it?” Alec asked gently, with the same tenderness and concern that he always reserved for his lover.

“It’s just, you know me so well, but I can’t remember anything.” Magnus told him, “I don’t really know as much about you.”

“But just this morning.” Alec began but Magnus cut him off before he could finish his sentence.

“I’m not talking about your coffee or waffles preferences.” Magnus snapped a little more harshly than he intended. He took a deep breath and sighed loudly has he pinched the bridge of his nose, “I’m talking about deeper things, like your mannerisms, or your deep wants and needs, secrets that probably once only I knew. Or all the stories and experiences that you shared with me, about your life and your family and—”

“Magnus.” this time Alec had cut him off, he cupped his face once again, “I don’t care that you can’t remember. Sure, it’s not ideal, but what’s important is that we’re here, and that we’re both trying. And if you never remember, than I will just tell you again, and again, as many times as needed.”
Magnus smiled at him softly before putting his hand on the back of Alec’s neck and pulling him into a kiss. “How about you show me that surprise of yours now.” He said once their lips parted.

They walked up to the big lock covered LOVE, and stood before the big heart. “You want us to put a lock on it together?” Magnus asked with a sweet smile, looking at Alec who was surveying the locks.

“No, we already have one.” He said, smiling at Magnus before looking back at the locks, becoming more frantic when he couldn’t spot it. “I swear it was here.” he added as he moved some of the locks around.

Magnus reached his hand out as well, skimming his fingers softly through the locks. His movements were gentle and slow.

“Shit, I don't understand.” Alec sounded extremely frustrated, “It was here, I swear it was here.” He took a step back and scanned the whole heart once again.

Magnus looked sympathetically at Alec and then turned his attention back to the locks, something was consuming his attention. He focused on the stream of energy he suddenly felt, and when it became too much he snatched his hand back and gasped. There was a strong jolt of energy, remnants of his own magic.

“What is it?” Alec asked him with concern, standing closer to him and placing his hand softly on his shoulder.

Magnus turned his attention back to Alec and opened and closed his mouth a few times before he could find the words, “I think I destroyed it.” he said, looking mortified.

“What? Why would you say that?” Alec asked, sounding a bit hurt.

“I can feel remnants of my magic,” Magnus explained, bowing his head, “and I- I can um, I can sense it somehow, I don’t know. Like with breakfast this morning, I just have this strong instinct that I did it.”

“Oh.” was all Alec could manage, not sure how to process the information. He dropped his hand that was still on Magnus’ shoulder and used it to run through his hair as he sighed. “Shit.”

They both looked at each other, not knowing exactly how to react to the new found information. It seemed they were both trying to make some sort of sense out of it all. It was a never ending stream of curve balls that just wouldn’t let them get past the whole ordeal.

“This was not how I planned this, this is the opposite of what I wanted,” Alec finally said, sounding extremely frustrated, “this was supposed to bring back good memories, not bad ones that affirm just how much I hurt you.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean for this to happen.” Magnus said, bowing his head again, feeling ashamed, “I can’t really remember doing it, but I just know I did, and it makes me feel so stupid, destroying it was-”

“It is a testament to how much I hurt you.” Alec cut him off, placing a hand under his chin and lifting his head, forcing their eyes to meet, “and I’m the one who is sorry, because I’m the reason you did it.”
“No.” Magnus insisted, shaking his head, “let’s not do this anymore, let’s not dwell on the pain we both caused, and no more apologies.”

Alec smiled and pulled Magnus into a warm and strong embrace, “You’re right.” he agreed, “we should just focus on making this better and moving forward.”

“So how about we put on a new lock and swear to never let anything or anyone come between us again?” Magnus suggested as he pulled back slightly to look up at his boyfriend, “let’s swear our eternal love again, and this time we work even harder on not destroying it.”

“Yes, that sounds amazing.” Alec agreed.

Magnus took a step back and used his magic to conjure up a new lock, he smiled up at Alec, pecked him on his lips and walked towards the big heart. “Wait,” Alec stopped him, placing his hand on Magnus’. “Last time you umm, you wrote ‘I love you’ on it,” Alec explained sheepishly, “In Indonesian.”

Magnus smiled at him and used his magic one more time to add the same words to the lock, as Alec watched with amazement.

‘Aku Cinta Kamu’ appeared in gold cursive writing on the silver lock.

***

Magnus and Alec spent the rest of the afternoon and evening walking around the city, hitting spots that had special meaning to them. Magnus couldn’t remember any of them, and none of them triggered his memories back, but Alec enjoyed telling him all about them, revelling in the feeling of reliving it all.

They walked around for hours, stopping every so often for a drink or something to eat. And when the time zone was more or less right, they portaled to Tokyo and strolled the streets there. They walked through the different markets and Nakamise shopping street, where Alec showed Magnus the shop where he bought the Omamori charm.

Alec told stories of his family and his childhood, stories that Magnus had already known once, but Alec did not mind telling him again. Magnus smiled and laughed, he asked questions about different things he wanted to know, or when he wanted Alec to elaborate on something that particularly peaked his curiosity.

They spent hours talking and telling stories, Alec couldn’t remember the last time he spoke so much, but didn’t mind one bit, when he saw how happy it made Magnus, how interested and adamant Magnus was on knowing everything, discovering and revealing all he could in the time they had.

Magnus also told his own stories, and shared moments from his own life that most of them Alec had already heard, but did not say anything, he did not stop Magnus once to tell him he already knew, because he loved hearing it all over again, and he didn’t want Magnus to feel like he was overbearing, or that he was the only one that needed to reacquaint. Because Alec may have known the stories, but he felt like he was getting to know Magnus all over again, in a new and fresh light.

They stepped out into the terrace of the palace hotel, after having dinner at the Wadakura Japanese restaurant, one of the many restaurants in the hotel, but the only one that held so much significant to
their relationship.

“It’s beautiful up here,” Magnus said as they looked out at the city view, it was early afternoon in Tokyo, which meant the middle of the night for them, which meant they had spent hours walking and talking, but neither of them minded. “Thank you for today, it was amazing.”

“I’m sorry none of it triggered anything.” Alec said wrapping his arm around Magnus’ shoulder.

“But it did,” Magnus insisted, “maybe not my old memories, but it triggered all these wonderful stories that we shared with each other, and truly that is enough for me now.”

“For me too.” Alec agreed, turning Magnus in his arms and wrapping his arms around the other man’s waist, “I want to share with you something else we shared last time we were here.”

Magnus wrapped his own arms around Alec’s neck and looked up at him with curiosity. Alec just smirked and then leaned down and closed the small gap between them, bringing their lips together in what began as a slow and soft kiss, but then grew into a heated and deeper kiss.

“Let’s go home.” Magnus said between kisses.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoy this chapter... It took me a while to write, but I did enjoy the process.
also, disclaimer - I have never been to Tokyo and never ate waffles from Brussels, so hopefully I didn't get it too wrong.

please let me know what you thought and thank you again for reading and all your comments and kudos!

Next chapter - re-visiting Maryse at her shop - aka the place where they broke up.
Okay, Magnus could definitely get used to this.

It was way better than any alarm clock he had ever had. Granted, it was still much earlier than he would have normally woken up, but it was also a much more pleasurable way to wake up than normal.

“Magnus?” a soft warm voice whispered in his ear, as wandering hands roamed his half naked body, “Magnus, are you awake?” still somewhere in between - not yet completely aware of anything happening outside his sleepy mind, Magnus kept his eyes shut and just hummed softly.

At first he thought he was dreaming, it took him a short moment to register what was going on, but once he realised that the heat he was feeling along the whole back side of his body was very much real, he leaned into it further. He couldn’t stop the soft moans that escaped his lips when he felt wet soft kisses along his neck and jaw, given to him by that oh so addictive mouth he just couldn't get enough of.

As he trailed kisses back down Magnus’ neck and then his shoulder, Alec caressed up and down his waist and hip, every so often squeezing his flesh.

“Good morning gorgeous.” Alec whispered against his skin, and he rolled his hips against Magnus’ ass.

“Morning…” Magnus breathed out, groaning when he felt how hard Alec was against him, and tilting his head to give Alec better access to his neck, his eyes remaining closed. “Don’t you need to get to the institute?”

“I still have an hour.” Alec replied after kissing behind his ear, then stuck his fingers under the waistband of Magnus’ silk pyjama pants, “May I?”

“Oh, yes.” Magnus pushed back against Alec, then lifted his hip to help him remove his pants and boxers. He kicked them off the bed, then reached back behind him to start removing Alec’s boxers,
but the angle was too awkward and he only managed to push down one side over his hip.

Alec chuckled at his failed attempt, then removed his own boxers and threw them off the bed, before reaching into the night stand for the bottle of lube.

“God, I just can’t get enough of you.” Alec said between kisses and bites on Magnus’ shoulder, as he slowly buried his finger inside of him, beginning to stretch him out.

“Good, because I also can’t seem to get enough.” Magnus said between breaths and moans, rocking his hips onto Alec’s finger, matching his thrusts.

Alec added a second finger and then a third, enjoying the feel of Magnus loosening around him. Magnus’ breathing was heavy from the pleasure, as he continued to roll his hips back onto Alec’s fingers.

Magnus cried out loud when Alec’s thrusts became harder and faster, hitting his spot dead on. He reached back to grab hold of Alec’s hard cock and tugged on it, “I want you, I’m ready.” he almost pleaded.

Alec removed his fingers out of Magnus’ ass and place his hand on his hip, then lined his cock up with his hole after lubing it up, then slowly began pushing in, letting out a sigh of relief, overwhelmed by the immense bliss of being wrapped in Magnus’ tight heat.

When he was all the way in, Alec mustered all the self control he had, and paused his movements to let Magnus adjust, then he wrapped Magnus up in his arms, pressing his chest to Magnus’ back. “You okay?” he asked softly in his ear.

“Yeah.” Magnus whispered, moaning loudly when Alec gave a few shallow thrusts, as he sucked on the skin of Magnus’ neck, “Fuck you’re big.”

Alec chuckled against his skin, then bit on it gently before he pulled out and gave his first proper thrust, both of them moaning from the friction, “God, I love that dick of yours.” Magnus breathed out, his voice raspy from desire. He was soon crying out in pleasure when Alec slammed into him hard, hitting his prostate.

“And my dick loves that tight ass of yours.” Alec replied, his hand grabbing Magnus’ jaw and twisting his head around to give him a wet and sloppy kiss on the lips.

Magnus held onto Alec’s arms that were crossed over his chest, as Alec began to thrust into him in a steady rhythm, starting off slow and steady, gradually picking up the pace and becoming for frantic. They were both clutching onto each other, desperate for skin contact, trying to get as close as possible.

The sound of skin slapping against skin, and their loud moans and grunts filled the quiet room as they both rolled their hips against each other.

Magnus pulled away from Alec, pushed him onto his back and then climbed on top of him, sinking onto his cock in one swift move. Alec groaned loudly and grabbed his hips, helping him hop up and down, and every so often thrusting his own hips up into Magnus.

Alec then sat up and wrapped his arms around Magnus’ back, one hand holding onto his side, and the other one at the nape of his neck. Magnus clutched at Alec’s shoulders and buried his face at the base of his neck, as he continued to roll his hips, back and forth, up and down.

Magnus was losing any coherent thought, chanting out Alec’s name over and over, as his cock hit
his prostate again and again, both of them nearing their release. “Al- Alex- ander,” Magnus stuttered out, clawing at Alec’s skin, “I’m- I’m go-gonna…” he couldn’t even finish his sentence, as he was too consumed by the mind-boggling pleasure, breathing heavy and panting out.

“Cum for me, my love.” Alec urged him, between heavy breaths, moaning as Magnus pulled at his hair. Magnus pulled back slightly to press his forehead against Alec’s capturing his lips in open mouth kisses in between moans. “Yes, my beautiful warlock, cum for me.”

A thousand little electrical sparks spread all over his body, as Magnus cried out, his toes curling when he erupted between their bodies, covering them both in his cum. A few thrusts after, Alec joined him, and came deep in his body.

Magnus dropped his forehead on to Alec’s shoulder as he tried to calm his breathing, his whole body still tingling, as a light tremor ran through him. Alec collapses back onto the bed and wrapped him in his arms, pulling him close.

“Not bad, Shadowhunter.” Magnus said, after he managed to regain some brain cells, then kiss Alec’s shoulder.

“Not bad?” Alec asked, poking Magnus’ sides, causing him to jump and yelp in surprise, “says the guy who was just screaming my name like a prayer.”

“I was kind of loud, wasn’t I?” Magnus chuckled as he leaned over Alec, looking down at him.

“You were so loud!” Alec replied, causing Magnus to blush and bury his face in the crook of Alec’s neck. “But I love it, and I love it that I’m the one that makes you loud.” Alec pressed a kiss to his temple, then pulled his head up so he could kiss his lips.

“Okay, so maybe you were a little better than not bad.” Magnus continued teasing Alec, then turned his head to kiss his cheek.

“You may not remember, but you once told me that I am the best sex you ever had,” Alec told him matter of factly, “better than any woman or man you’ve been with before me.”

Magnus squinted his eyes, watching him suspiciously, then laughed out loud, “don’t you dare start using this situation to your advantage,” he warned, as Alec laughed, “You can’t just make things up, just because I can’t remember.”

“Okay, so maybe it wasn’t exactly in those words…” Alec conceded, “but it was definitely implied.”

“Maybe I meant that your the best Shadowhunter I’ve been with.” Magnus suggested innocently with a cheeky grin, and Alec raised his eyebrow at him.

“I’m the only shadowhunter you’ve been with.” Alec muttered.

“Oh shit, is that what I told you?” Magnus winced jokingly as he spoke, “well, I guess you would have found out eventually.”

“Oh, shut up.” Alec began tickling him, causing Magnus to roll over in laughter.

“Oh okay, I give up, just please stop.” Magnus pleaded in between laughs, “I hate being tickled!”

“Really? Are you sure?” Alec asked in mock disbelief, watching Magnus suspiciously, “because you once told me you loved it.”
“I did no such thing.”

“Of course you did, you used to beg me to tickle you.” Alec said, keeping his tone as serious as he could, “I never got it, but hey, we all have our weird ticks.”

Magnus poked him on the side and pouted at him, “Stop teasing me.” he said in a cute whiny tone.

“Okay, okay.” Alec surrendered, pulling Magnus close to him, “come here you adorable warlock.” Magnus rolled onto his side and lay his head on Alec’s shoulder.

“Stupid shadowhunter.” Magnus muttered jokingly.

Alec laughed then sighed lightly, as they both fell into a comfortable silence.

“My mum asked to have dinner with us tonight,” Alec said after a few moments. “So I was thinking we can meet her at her shop and go from there.”

“Okay, I like that idea.”

“I should get ready.” Alec said another moment later, after peaking at the clock on the bedside table.

Magnus whined in protest when Alec made to get up off the bed, he pulled at his arm and pouted, “no, stay with me.” he asked with the most sweet voice he could muster.

Alec looked down at him and laughed, “don’t do that to me.” he pleaded, “You know I can’t resist you, and I really do have to show my face at the institute.”

“Fiine.” Magnus conceded and let go of Alec, who leaned down and gave him a chaste kiss on the lips before disappearing into the bathroom.

Magnus looked down at himself, still covered in sweat and cum, he was about to click his fingers to clean himself, when he heard the shower turn on. He smirked to himself before running into the bathroom to join Alec.

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Alec held his boyfriend's hand as they walked into his mother’s shop, the bell above the door ringing. “Mum!” Alec called out, when they didn’t see her, “Mum, we’re here!” they looked around but didn’t see her, “She’s probably in the back office, let me go get her.” Alec let go of Magnus’ hand and walked to the back of the shop, as Magnus started to look around, noticing that some of the items looked familiar to him.

Magnus heard faint voices behind him, as he examined the shop around him, beginning to feel a wave of recognition come over him, sort of like with the lock, he could feel the energy in the air, but this time it was also slowly seeping into him, causing his head to hurt and making him feel dizzy.

“That’s what I came here to talk about.” he heard Alec speak from behind him, his voice echoing in the room, so he spun around to see Alec and his Mum smiling.

“Did you say something?” Magnus asked, feeling his breath getting stuck in his throat, he was also trying hard not to sway and keep himself up right as the dizziness got stronger.

“Nothing, Magnus are you okay?” Alec asked looking concerned, taking a step towards him.
“I’ve been feeling a little bit overwhelmed, and to be honest, I need a break.” Alec’s voice echoed again, as Magnus’ head pulsed causing him to grunt in pain. Alec rushed to his side and held onto him.

“Magnus, are you okay? What happened?” Alec asked, scanning Magnus for any injuries with his eyes and hands.

“That’s a wonderful idea…” he could hear his own voice echo around him, “ahh where do you want to go? Hawaii? Jamaica? I’ve never been on a plane before, but let’s avoid coach cuz-”

At first they were grainy and fuzzy, he could barely make out what he was seeing, but as the images transformed themselves from large chunky pixels into a million tiny pixels that came together, he could see it - as if it was happening right in front of him.

It felt like he was watching a movie, a glimpse into someone else's life, but as they dived deeper into him, he began to feel more and more a part of them.

Magnus clutched his head and fell to his knees as images started to swarm him head, he could feel them merging into his brain, becoming clearer and clearer until they were part of him once more, suddenly consuming him with the feelings and sensations that accompanied them.

“No Magnus, I need a break from us.”

And just like that, all the pain and fear came washing over him like a tidal wave he couldn’t control, pulling him under as he lost all awareness to everything going on. He could no longer see the real Alec beside him, or hear him calling out to him with worry. He couldn’t feel Alec’s hand on him, as he fell to his knees with him.

“Is this about last night? Because I’m going to quit drinking.”

“This isn’t about your drinking, it’s about what you said, that without your magic you could never be happy.”

A rush of feelings, good and bad, enveloped him almost causing him to faint from the sensory overload. He could feel the immense love he had for Alec, wash over his entire being with warmth and comfort, but just as quickly, he felt it shatter along with his heart, as he heard Alec’s words demolish his entire world.

And just like that, all at once, everything came crashing to an abrupt halt, as he became aware of his surroundings again, this time with the addition of his new-old memory. He looked up at Alec, and jumped back, pushing him away, wiping his wet cheeks. He couldn’t remember when he began to cry.

“Magnus? What happened, are you okay?” Alec rushed back to his side, and Magnus looked at him again with the most painful and heart-shattering look in his eyes.

“You said there was no fixing it.” Magnus said, his voice weak and broken, feeling like he had just re-lived the whole break up.

“What?” Alec asked, dreading the answer, feeling the fear seep into him.

“You broke up with me.” Magnus stated, “and you said that I lost the spark inside of me that you fell in love with.” with every word, Magnus felt the ach and anger throb and bubble stronger.

“Magnus, you already knew what happened, I told you.” Alec said, panic in his voice, “Did you just
remember the break up? Is that what happened?"

“Yes, I remembered.”

“Shit.” Alec muttered, pinching the bridge of his nose, “Seriously? Out of everything you could have remembered?” he didn’t mean for his words to sound accusatory, but he couldn’t stop the bitterness and pain that filled him, “Why that memory?”

Magnus backed away from him again and stood up, “You’re actually mad at me? You are the one that broke up with me.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to get angry.” Alec sighed heavily, wiping his face with his hand, as he also stood up, “It’s just frustrating that out of everything, that is what you remembered. That’s the last thing I want you to remember.”

“You say that as if I chose to remember it.” Magnus spat back, unable to prevent the venom in his voice, “believe me when I tell you, no one would want to remember that pain, I just realised how much of a blessing it actually was to forget it.”

“You say that as if I hurt you on purpose, I didn’t want to break up with you!” Alec yelled back, frustrated.

“But what you said… those words they- they really stung.” Magnus choked out, hating how winded up they both were, feeling like there is no good way out of it. “You didn’t have to say all of those things.”

Alec was so caught up in his own pain and anger, that he ignored the need to hug Magnus and comfort him, make his pain go away. Instead he just snapped back, “I didn’t mean any of it, I said what needed to be said, so you would accept the break-up. I needed it to be over, you know that, you know why I broke up with you.”

“Yes, so I could get my magic back,” Magnus spoke, the words burning in his stomach, pushing themselves out of his mouth, out of his control, “my magic, that I lost for you.”

Alec looked at him in disbelief, opened and closed his mouth a few times, trying to figure out what to say, but his brain was short-circuiting. He took a deep breath and shook his head, trying to calm himself down so he doesn’t say something he will regret, “I never asked you to do that, that was your decision.”

Fuck, what an idiot. Alec internally cursed himself. Wishing he had been able to suppress his anger, and express how much more he loved Magnus for what he had done, how much he appreciated it and cherish the beautiful gesture. Instead, he allowed the anger and frustration to engulf him.

Magnus pursed his lips and nodded slowly, and Alec could see the impact of his words in his eyes. Magnus swallowed hard, his adam's apple bobbed, then he cleared his throat, trying to get rid of the lump that grew there, “Okay.” was the only thing he managed to say, there was not much he could say to that.

Maryse, who had been standing off to the side, trying to give them their space and privacy, came forward and tried to save the situation, “boys, please don’t fight about this, you’re both hurt.” she said softly, looking between them, “but you love each other, and you will work past this.”

They both looked at her, but said nothing. “Look, how about we go out for dinner like we planned, enjoy our evening?” she suggested when they stayed silent.
“I lost my appetite.” Magnus said weakly, trying to regain himself, “I think I’m going to go back to my apartment.” he looked lost, feeling detached and out of place, needing to just get away. He looked up at Alec who was looking back at him, feeling just as lost and just as hurt, “I think it’s best if you stay at the institute tonight.”

Alec took a deep breath and nodded slowly, “Fine.” was the only thing he managed to say, and even just that one word came out as a snap, he hated himself for the way he was reacting and the way he could see it was hurting Magnus, but he couldn’t control or stop himself.

“Fine.” Magnus replied, his voice sounding jaded and sad.

Alec and Maryse watched as he left the shop, Alec winced when the door shut closed behind him.

They both stood silent for a long moment, mother and son, trying to digest and comprehend what had just happened.

“Shit, I should go talk to him.” Alec finally said, “I can’t let him leave like that.”

“I think you both need time to cool off,” Maryse told him, “maybe I can go talk to him, he might be more open to listen to me right now.”

“Yeah, okay.” Alec said, then sighed heavily, “I should get back to the institute, sorry about all this and for ruining dinner.”

“It’s okay, I know your both hurting.” Maryse stepped closer to her son as she spoke and embraced him in her arms, hugging him close.

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Magnus was feeling numb.

He had already gone through every emotion humanly possible, from anger to pain and even a bit of happiness, because although the memory hurt and was filled with agony, he also felt optimistic that the whole thing meant he could get the rest of his memories back. And not just that, part of remembering the breakup and how difficult it was, was also remembering how in love he had been in that moment. He might not remember everything they had been through, but he could remember how it felt in that moment, how it felt to lose the love of his life.

The love of his life.

But after all those emotions had consumed him and boiled over, he just felt numb.

He was sitting on the floor in the lounge, leaning against the couch with a glass of whiskey in his hand, but he couldn’t bring himself to actually drink it, so the glass remained full. Remembering the break-up and the suffering that came along with it, had emptied him completely, making him feel sick.

He couldn’t remember exactly what he meant, but it had something to do with his drinking, and somehow it just felt wrong, he felt guilty and stupid, and couldn’t ignore the worry and dread that grew in the pit of his stomach. He just felt everything, all at once, and it was becoming too much.

A knock on the door brought him out of his thoughts, and he couldn’t stop the sudden hope that overtook him.
But it wasn’t Akec at the door, it was Maryse who immediately pulled him into her arms for a hug, and he just found himself melting into her, only just realising how much he needed it.

“He really loves you, so much,” she told him, her voice gentle and caring, not only for her son, but for him as well, “you know that, right?”

Magnus pulled back slightly and nodded, “Yeah, I know.” he said weakly, “but it just hurts.”

“I know, but you will work through this,” she assured him, “You always do.”

“You know, I can’t remember your reaction to our relationship, but from what I can remember of you, I would never have guessed that you would be okay with this, with us,” Magnus told her after the thought suddenly popped into his head, of how strange it was that she was just so accepting and encouraging of them.

“You’re right, I was quite upset at first,” she told him, “But I grew to accept it, especially when I saw how much you love and care for my boy.”

Magnus nodded and wiped his eyes, “I do.” he said weakly, “But I’m just so scared that he won’t ever love me the same, because no matter how much he says he does, I can’t help but think that once he realises I’m no longer the Magnus he used to love, that I may never be again…” Magnus’ voice trailed off, he couldn’t bring himself to finish his train of thought.

“Alec will love you no matter what, none of us have even seen him as happy as he is with you,” Maryse said as she pulled out a ring from her pocket and showed it to Magnus.

“Is the Lightwood family ring supposed to mean something to me?” Magnus asked, looking at her confused.

“It would have,” Maryse replied, “If he had given it to you when he planned to.”

Magnus reached out and took the ring from her hand, inspecting it, “He was going to propose?” he asked, stunned.

Maryse nodded and smiled at him, “Yes, he was.” she said, “he loves you that much.”

“Then why didn’t he propose?”

“I don’t know the whole story, but apparently it was the wrong timing, and then he made that deal with Asmodeus.” Maryse explained, “but that doesn’t matter, it doesn’t change his love for you, if anything it only makes it stronger.”

Magnus nodded and looked down at the ring, “can I keep it?” he asked after a moment of silence.

She gave him a knowing smile and nodded, “Of course.”

“But I think we still need some time to cool off separately,” he told her, “I will go to him tomorrow.”

Maryse nodded and hugged him once again, “Have a good night Magnus.” she told him and turned to leave.

“Maryse?” he called after her, then spoke again when she turned back around, “Thank you.”
sorry, please don't kill me! It's really hard for me to go too long without some drama, but I promise to fix it next chapter!

please let me know your thoughts! comments and kudos are always welcome!

coming next - Magnus and Alec try to fix the mess they made.
Chapter Summary

Malec spent a night apart after their fight, and now need to talk it through

Chapter Notes

Okay, hopefully you're still with me.

so so sorry this has taken so long, I had a couple of exams and couldn't find the time to work on this chapter.
I'm not completely whole with it, but hopefully it's okay and you enjoy it.

please let me know your thoughts!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alec had been tossing and turning the whole night, his mind over working and over thinking his fight with Magnus. Playing and replaying it in his mind, trying to remember and go over every single word said, all the words that had not been said and should have, the horrible and terribly wrong ways he reacted - all the excruciating details of it all.

He knew that he was being unfair, he cringed at the thought of all the horrible things he had said to Magnus, he hated himself for hurting him yet again. But on the other hand, he was also hurt and despite his tendency to put everyone else’s feelings ahead of himself, this once, he thought only of his own pain.

He was the one who had to feel guilty about Magnus losing his magic for him, he was the one who had to watch his downwards spiral as the pain of losing his magic consumed him - twice, and he was the one who had to make a deal with Asmodeus, and lose the love of his life, then watch him hate him and treat him like he was causing him harm.

Yes, Alec is well aware of how petty and pathetic he sounds as all those thoughts run wild and free in the confines his mind, he knew he needed to get over himself and fix things.

But it's easier said than done.

He had gotten up a few times during the night, got dressed and even walked as far as the Institutes main doors once, with the full intention of going to see Magnus, bang on his door despite the late - or early, depending on how you look at it (and on which one of the times he was going to go) - hour.

Yet he could not bring himself to go through with it, he knew it would do no good, probably just make it worse. They both needed to cool down a bit, and ruining Magnus’ beauty sleep - which is super important to him - will do no one any favors.
And god how he missed him, and how he hated sleeping without him. Going back to sleeping on his own after their couple of reunited nights together, was extremely difficult. And that’s beside the face that Magnus’ bed was way more comfortable than the one he had in his room at the institute.

And damn those heavenly soft silk sheets.

When had he become so spoiled, he actually felt like he needed silk sheets for a proper night’s sleep.

So Alec tried to sneak out in the morning, intending on having breakfast with Magnus and fixing everything. But walking the halls of the institute as it’s head, is like trying to swim in shark infested waters with an open bleeding wound.

He got stopped several times, and ended up burning so much time, he didn’t only not get to eat breakfast with Magnus, he didn’t get to eat breakfast at all, as he needed to hurry to his morning meetings.

He spent those meetings planning in his head how he was going to try and sneak out again for lunch, but once the time came, all his plans went flying out the window yet again.

Alec sighed in frustration and pinched the bridge of his nose when he heard a knock on his office door. He waited a long moment to see if whoever it was would go away, but when another knock came, he had no choice but to call in whoever it was, already bidding goodbye to his plans of seeing Magnus.

Underhill hesitantly opened the door and took a step towards Alec, who was sitting behind his desk, “Sir, I’m sorry to bother you during your lunch break,” he began, careful with his words due to the annoyed look on his boss’ face, “but I have a few security reports that I need you to go over, and they’re kind of urgent.”

Alec sighed and took it as a sign, he waved his head of security further into his office, and silently motioned for him to take a seat at his desk, across from him.

Underhill handed over the reports and pointed out a few mistakes that were made, and needed to be fixed before they were sent off to the clave.

After going over them together and making the appropriate adjustments and changes, Underhill made to get up and take his leave.

“Underhill, wait,” Alec said, as he motioned for him to sit back down, “I wanted to apologise again for the other night - “

“Already forgotten.” Underhill assured him with a smile.

“I still feel really bad, it was extremely unprofessional of me, and it should not have happened.” Alec insisted, “So again, I am very sorry, it was impulsive and selfish, I should not have done that, it was unfair to you.”

“Sir, please, it is fine.” Underhill insisted, keeping up his smile, “It’s not as if I suffered, it was actually very flattering.”

“Oh, okay.” was all Alec could think to say, he definitely did not know how to respond to that, and was even more confused and concerned about the significance and meaning behind his words.
Magnus was the only man he had ever been with, in every sense of the word and in every way, it was strange and unnerving to have that conversation with someone else, to think that Magnus was no longer the only man he kissed. That there was now another man, who was in someway showing some kind of interest.

It made him sick to his stomach.

Alec had never even considered the idea, or the all possibilities that were outside, he had never wanted anyone else, let alone be without Magnus, especially being without Magnus.

And that wasn’t going to change. Ever.

“Magnus is a lucky man, I hope he knows that.” Underhill told him, his tone becoming more nervous, but when he saw the expression on Alec's face he quickly added, rambling, “Oh god no! No, sorry, that came out wrong, and completely inappropriate, so sorry, definitely not trying to steal you away from Magnus, or insinuate that he doesn’t appreciate you.”

Alec let out a nervous laugh and waved the whole thing away, desperate to get out of the awkward situation, end the conversation and move on as if it never happened, “Don’t worry about it, let’s call it even.”

The tension was thick in the air between them, as Underhill smiled at him appreciatively, and Alec forced himself to smile back, as sincere as he could muster, then just at that moment - out of all moments possible, Magnus walked through the office door, without knocking.

He froze a few steps into the office, and the small smile he wore when he entered, completely vanished.

“Oh.” Magnus’ voice just on that one syllable was laden with disappointment and regret, “sorry, I thought you were on your lunch break, I didn’t -” Magnus pointed behind him at the door, “I didn’t mean to barge in, I’m sorry, I um - I should have called, or texted, I should…” Magnus stammered, his voice slowly lowering to a whisper, then trailing off.

Alec never thought he would see the day where Magnus would be a babbling mess, so completely lacking in his usual over the top confidence. It was terribly gut-wrenching to watch, and he hated it, and he hated that he was mostly at fault for it.

He hated the look in his warlocks eyes even more - so uncomfortable and out of place, and all Alec wanted to do was wrap him tight in his arms and assure him, that as long as Alec was there, he belongs just as much as any shadowhunter at the institute.

Alec stood quickly, and smiled warmly at him, trying to show him that he wasn’t intruding in any way, in fact, it was even quite a welcome disruption, but Magnus was already backing up and waving for him to sit back down, “don’t, it’s okay, I should um - I’ll just… go.”

With that, he spun on his heels, and left the office, pinching his right brow, with a small force, on the verge of painful. He bit his bottom lip and took deep breaths, willing the lump in his throat to ease off.

At least until he left the building and got far enough away.

God, he felt so stupid, and even more foolish for taking it so hard. Why did it feel so personal, like a stab in the gut? Maybe because he expected Alec to make some time to see him after their fight,
maybe he expected him to seem a little sadder, not smiling and laughing with the hot blonde guy.

Did it not bother Alec that they fought? That they were not okay… that Magnus was hurting. It was the worst night he had ever since the whole mess had begun, he couldn’t sleep without the warm shadowhunter beside him, without knowing that everything will be okay.

That they will be okay.

He kept reenacting their fight in his mind, playing around with different scenarios and ways he could have, and should have reacted. It was the worst kind of ‘what if’ game there was, torturing his mind into madness.

But seeing Alec so calm and relaxed, going about his day as usual, as if nothing, it was like a stab to his gut.

But maybe he was the one who was being unreasonable, maybe he was over thinking it all, exaggerating and blowing it up bigger than it was, or at least more than Alec apparently was.

Maybe Alec just came to the realisation that he was not worth it, not his time and not the stress and pain that came with these kind of arguments. After all, he has been known to be a burden on past relationships, either by overbearing and just being his usual exaggerated self, or by just not being enough, despite it all.

Or just not worth it.

And the worst part of it all, was that he could not remember what they had before he lost his memories, he did not know what they were like and what things have been like between them. Maybe before he had been suppressing himself, and that was the only reason Alec stayed with him. Perhaps now he is seeing the real him, and not liking what Magnus has to give.

Perhaps the version of himself that Alec was now getting was not what he wanted. He had told Magnus that he loved every version of him, but maybe he was just lying so he didn’t hurt his feelings, or he did feel that way but not anymore.

They say every lie we tell incurs a debt to the truth. So if Alec had “lied” and told him that he lost his spark, perhaps it was less of a lie than either of them thought.

Perhaps there was more truth behind it than he wanted to believe.

“Magnus, wait up!” Alec’s voice arose behind him, he could also hear his quick steps, his feet almost jogging to catch up to him, but Magnus’ pace did not falter, despite being initially startled.

“Hey, please, wait.” Alec called again, picking up his pace.

Magnus stopped abruptly and took a deep breath bracing himself. Alec was not expecting him to stop so suddenly, and bumped into him, almost knocking him off his feet.

“Oh god, I’m so sorry Magnus.” Alec said in a worried tone, managing to catch him before he fell, he grabbed onto his shoulders, scanning him to make sure he was okay.

Magnus kept his head bowed, despite knowing that Alec was trying to catch his eyes. He stepped back and out of Alec’s hold, “Don’t worry about it. You should get back to your… I should let you get back to work.” Magnus mumbled, trying hard to keep his voice steady, “I’m just gonna - I’ll go
now.”

Alec’s hands quickly reached Magnus as he began to turn, and stopped him in his tracks, “Hey, Magnus, please don’t go.” he said softly, as his hand lifted Magnus’ head by his chin.

“But you’re busy, it’s fine.”

“No, I’m not, I want you to stay.” Alec insisted, his hand sliding down Magnus’ shoulder and arm, then held onto his hand, and stroked the back of it with his thumb, “I know we had a fight, and we said some things, but that never means I am too busy to make time for you.”

“Well, it looked like I was intruding, so…” Magnus’ voice trailed off as the bitterness grew in his stomach.

“Magnus, you could never - “ Alec began but was quickly cut off by Magnus.

“Oh, I beg to differ.” Magnus snapped, his voice lacking any emotion, or perhaps over loaded with them, and it was too difficult to decipher between them, “I mean, the tension was clear, and it seemed that you were enjoying his company. After all, you did kiss him, so it makes perfect sense.”

Alec’s eyes grew wide and he quickly opened his mouth to respond, but his mind went blank, or maybe there were too many things he needed to say, too many to make sense of. He was completely astonished to even think that Magnus would ever believe such a thing, and even more disturbed by the thought that he could ever choose Underhill over him.

“Magnus, no, I don’t - I would never even... “ Alec stammered, finding it too difficult to put together a string of words, “Look, can we please go back to my office and talk about this away from the prying eyes and ears around us?”

Magnus just shrugged and followed him silently, as Alec lead them to his office, which Underhill had thankfully vacated.

“Alec, it’s fine, you don’t have to explain, I understand.” Magnus spoke as soon as they entered the office, trying to keep a brave face, as Alec closed the door behind them.

Alec turned to him and raised his eyebrows, he took a few steps forward and then crossed his arms, “and what is it exactly you think you understand?” he questioned, allowing Magnus to voice his ridiculous notion.

“I understand why you would prefer to be with him, I mean, it would be so much easier.” Magnus explained, speaking slowly, because it's the only pace the lump in his throat allowed him without making him choke. “You’re life would be so much easier.”

It was a strange and disturbing feeling, one neither of them wanted to feel - having Magnus try and convince Alec why Underhill was the safer and better choice for him, it was wrong on every level imaginable.

Magnus was clearly trying to be the voice of reason, but that reason was definitely not wanted or needed.

“Are you crazy? How could you ever think I would want that?” Alec asked, but spoke again without waiting for Magnus’ response, “Magnus, I don’t care how much easier it would be, I don’t want to be with him. In fact, I don’t want to be with anyone who isn’t you.”

Alec slowly made his way closer to Magnus, and when they were just a step away he cautiously
placed his hand on the back of his neck, then began to stroke the soft skin under his ear with his thumb.

Magnus took a deep breath and closed his eyes, he leaned into Alec’s touch, losing himself for a moment. But then he shook his head abruptly, trying to shake up his emotions, refusing to get lost in Alec. he took a step back, out of Alec’s reach and looked down at the floor.

“But what you said, that I lost my spark, that can’t be nothing,” Magnus stubbornly insisted, “You said that it wasn’t fixable, I wasn’t enough without my magic.” Magnus’ voice finally betrayed him, and broke at his last few words, becoming weak.

Alec watched him and tried to adjust quickly to the change of subject, and slowly realised that in Magnus’ mind it all connected together, and perhaps to him there was no change of subject, it was merely another reason and proof to his previous argument.

“Magnus, no, I told you why I said those things, it wasn’t true.” Alec spoke softly, trying again to come closer to Magnus, but the warlock just stepped away from him again.

Magnus cleared his throat, and when he spoke, his voice had become steadier, “There is always some truth behind every lie.”

“There was absolutely no truth behind it,” Alec insisted, his voice strict and stern, then it became softer as he continued, “I’m so sorry I said those things, maybe I should have used other words, but there was no good way to do what had to be done, I need you to believe me when I tell you that the last thing I wanted to do was break your heart.”

“I lost my magic for you, and you left me because of it,” Magnus spoke as if he had not heard Alec’s word, too stuck in his own head, “last night, you said that you never asked me to give it up, so you clearly don’t care.”

Alec took a deep breath and shut his eyes as he rubbed them with his hand, then he dropped his hand to his side and looked at Magnus with piercing eyes, the determination clear, “I was upset and caught up in my anger last night, and I never should have said that.” he spoke slowly, keeping his eyes on Magnus, making sure he was listening.

“What I should have said, was that was the kindest and most courageous thing anyone has ever done for me, and I will forever be grateful for it, it was selfless and I would have never have asked you to do that, because I would never want you to lose a part of yourself for me.” Alec stepped closer yet again and placed both his hands on either side of Magnus’ neck, looking deep into his watering eyes.

“Magnus, you’re the best thing that has ever happened to me, magic or not, and I will spend as much time as needed reminding you of that, and proving it to you, showing you just how much I love you and care about you.”

Alec paused for a moment and just watched Magnus, who silently gazed back at him, his tears now spilling down his cheeks, his walls slowly coming back down.

Alec brushed away the tears with his thumbs, then pulled him to sit on the couch, before he continued to speak.

“The night before I went to Asmodeus, I prepared dinner for us on the institutes balcony. You showed up drunk and you just completely broke down, you were devastated without your magic, and I hated seeing you that way, and even more that I was the cause of it,” Alec spoke gently as he held onto Magnus’ hand, “and if I’m really honest, I also felt like I wasn’t enough for you, that the
The only way for you to be whole again, to be truly happy, was to get you your magic back.”

“Alec I—” Magnus began, not sure what he was supposed to say, but Alec cut him off, raising his other hand that wasn’t holding his.

“Wait, let me finish,” Alec insisted gently, “I wanted to fix it, I was willing to do anything for you, so when I took the deal, I really believed that you would be able to get over me, that as long as you had your magic, you would be fine, you would move on and forget about me.”

“That’s not true,” Magnus spoke with certainty that surprised them both, “I would never choose my magic over you, and clearly I could not move on from you. I don’t remember much, but I remember how painful the break up was for me.”

“I knew it would hurt, but I was sure it would eventually go away.” Alec insisted, bowing his head slightly.

“Alexander, part of remembering the pain of the breakup, also brought back what I felt in that moment, how much I loved you,” Magnus smiled faintly as he spoke, finally allowing himself to fall back into Alec, “and even though my memories are still gone, I can now feel that love that I felt in that moment, an all consuming love, etched in every fiber of my being. There was no way it was going away.”

Alec’s head snapped back up at Magnus’ words, he had not heard Magnus tell him he loved him in a long time, he was definitely not expecting for that feeling to come back so soon. “Wait, you remember how you felt about me?” he asked, his voice hopeful and excited.

“How I feel, yes.”

Alec’s grin grew impossibly wide before he pulled Magnus in closer and smashed their lips together, he kissed him with all the excitement that he felt, but then suddenly pulled away, “wait, is it okay? Is this okay?” he asked, scared that he overstepped.

But Magnus just chuckled and pulled him back in for a kiss. They were both smiling goofily, their teeth clicking together, but neither could care less.

Magnus pulled away a moment later, but remained close as his hand stroke Alecs cheek, “I’m sorry I ever made you feel that way,” he spoke softly, “that you weren’t enough.”

Alec shook his head and leaned their foreheads together, “No, let’s not think about the past anymore, let’s start fresh.”

“I like that.” Magnus agreed, “but there is one more thing I think we need to talk about.”

Alec raised a questioning eyebrow and Magnus reached into his pocket, pulling out the Lightwood family ring, “did my mother give that to you?”

“That night on the balcony,” Magnus said, ignoring his question, “You were going to propose?” it was phrased as a question, but was more a statement than anything.

Alec nodded, smiling sheepishly.

“I’m sorry I ruined that night for you.” Magnus said, “I’m sorry I ruined this for us.”

“It’s okay, you were hurting.” Alec said, brushing it off, needing to move forwards, “perhaps it was for the best.”
“Perhaps it was.” Magnus looked down at the ring in his palm, then took Alecs hand and placed it in his, “You should have this back, I think that for now it’s best that we focus on rebuilding us without that added pressure.”

Alec nodded, silently agreeing.

Then a curious thought came to his mind, and he found himself speaking before he could stop the words from escaping his mouth, “Do you think you would have said yes?”

Magnus smiled fondly at him, and cocked his head to the side thoughtfully, “I’m not sure, but I don’t think we should dwell on that too much,” he spoke as a small pang of regret hit his gut, finding himself also yearning for what could have been, for what they had missed out on, all the time they had lost, “And I guess none of that matters right now, all we can do is just work back up to that.”

“And we’re not there yet?” Alec knew the answer, but he had to ask anyway, because despite how rocky their relationship was at the moment, despite all of their fights, he still knew what he wanted.

“Alexander, I may feel the love we have, but I cannot jump straight into that as if so much time hasn’t been erased.” Magnus said, trying to keep his words and voice as kind and gentle as possible, “I don’t want to rush the future, when I can barely remember our past.”

“Yeah, I get it.” Alec nodded in agreement, he knew he couldn’t push or rush things, even though for him nothing was erased. Neither could he hold it against Magnus, because despite everything he had gone through, he was still willing to try.

There was nothing Alec was certain of more, he knew without a shadow of a doubt how he felt about Magnus and wanted nothing more than to spend the rest of his life with him, however long that may be. But if Magnus was not ready for that just yet, he was willing to wait for as much time as he needed, as long as he got to spend that time with Magnus, in any way he was ready for.

“I’m not going anywhere, and there is absolutely no rush.” Alec assured his beautiful boyfriend, “we can take it slow.”

“Thank you.” Magnus smiled softly at him, leaning in to Alecs open arms, allowing the shadowhunter to pull him close and embrace him.

“How about a first date?” Alec asked against his skin, after kissing Magnus’ temple, his lips lingering there for a long moment.

Magnus laughed lightly and looked up at him, remaining close, his head leaning against Alecs shoulder, “I didn’t mean that slow.” he said placing a kiss on Alecs shoulder, “we don’t have to go back as far as a first date, perhaps… a fourth date?”

Alec laughed out loud and wrapped his arms tighter around his warlock, enjoying the pleased moan he elicited for him. “Fourth date it is.”

#
thank you so much for reading, I really hope you enjoyed this long overdue chapter.

comments and kudos are always welcome, I love hearing your thoughts!

coming next - fourth first date.
Centuries old, has lived through most major events in the history of mankind, has perceived and experienced every emotion imaginable, so basically he had seen, tried and felt it all, and yet… one Alexander Lightwood had managed to surprise him time and time again.

It was still baffling, and also a little frightening, how easily the young shadowhunter had torn down all of his impeccably built walls, ones impenetrable to anyone else.

Nonetheless, It was also a delightful discovery, not only because it proved how much his beautiful and sexy boyfriend loved and cared about him, but also because he had almost given up on believing that anything or anyone would ever excite - let alone surprise him, ever again.

By the time Alec had burst through his barriers, he had come to believe that he would live with them forever - had come to terms with his locked up heart.

Somehow, the young shadowhunter had managed to do what many others before him failed to - he made Magnus feel young again, like he was starting over on a blank page (and it had nothing to do with his lost memories) and was able to re-discover the world.

And the night of their “fourth” date, wasn’t any different. Standing before him at the front door (because Alec was nothing if not a traditionalist, and had insisted on getting ready separately and then come pick him up), was his gorgeous shadowhunter boyfriend, with a huge bouquet of flowers.

It had been almost a week since they had decided to go on their fourth date, they had not intended to wait so long, but as per usual in the shadow and downworld - things usually didn’t go exactly as planned (as a matter of fact, they rarely did), so they had to reschedule several times just in that short week.

Though they did spend almost every night together… and during those nights, they had already
managed to begin their path to healing and mending their fractured relationship.

Both the shadowhunter and the warlock had made great efforts to put their all into it, and prevent any further unnecessary arguments. They did their best to refrain from overreacting, or harsh words, and instead, focused on listening, supporting and comforting each other.

It wasn’t perfect, and they still had a ways to go, but they were both there, and they were both willing and determined, and that was all that mattered.

Magnus stood, frozen and dumbfounded in his spot, as his boyfriend greeted him with a smile, “these are for you.” the archer announced proudly with a smile, that Magnus had come to know as the one he wore when he was up to something.

“That is a lot of purple.” Magnus pointed out, as he gestured towards the bouquet. He was well aware of his poor choice of words, and how stupid he sounded, but that was the best his brain could do in its state of shock and awe it was in.

Luckily for him, Alec actually seemed to find it endearing, he chuckled lightly and handed him his bouquet, “Yeah, well, I know it’s your favorite colour.” Alec explained, his excitement radiating off him in waves, “plus, purple is the colour for royalty, and seeing as you are literally royalty…” he shrugged one shoulder, and sported his iconic crooked smile, before adding, “it seemed fitting.”

Magnus was touched deeply, so much so, that no words would suffice. So naturally he just kept standing there like an idiot, probably making a fool out of himself. He used to be so good with words, so graceful and eloquent. When had he become such a blubbering mess?

It appears that at some point, the tables had turned, because while Magnus struggled, Alec was at the top of his game, yet again ready and sharp with his words.

“I put these together, because they each have a different meaning, or symbolize something special, which I wanted to convey… to you.” Alec continued to dazzle him, making it even more difficult to prevent his brain from turning to mush.

“Oh wow, that’s… that is really… something else.” Was Magnus’ stupid stuttering response when he finally managed to put together something resembling a sentence, at least he finally reached out to accept the bouquet, “and well, I’m hardly royalty… but thank you regardless, they are truly beautiful.”

Alec just smiled at him and leaned in for a sweet chates kiss, but Magnus, who could not find the words to convey how touched and moved he was by the gesture, placed a hand on the nape of Alec’s neck (while the other still held the bouquet) and pulled him closer, he held him there by the back of his neck, deepening the kiss, trying to use his lips and tongue to show just how much he felt at that moment.

Alec responded eagerly, wrapping both his arms around Magnus’ waist, holding him flush against his chest, as he tilted his head to deepen the kiss.

Eventually though, they did need to come up for air.

“So, what are the meaning of the flowers?” Magnus asked, still dazed from the kiss, and still pressed up against Alec, “I mean, I recognize some of them, but I’ve never put much thought into their meanings.”
“Now where’s the fun in that?” Alec asked cheekily, with the same up-to-something smile, “I can’t just tell you, that’s boring.”

“Someone is feeling quite adventurous.” Magnus said, as he winked at him, his brain finally, finally catching up and returning to its usual self.

“Well, I have learned from the best.” Alec told him, with a pointed look, to which Magnus smiled innocently, “how about a game?”

“Sounds like fun, what kind of game?” Manus asked, eagerness building deep within him and spreading everywhere.

“Well, I was thinking, you know how despite not remembering, you still knew things about me? Like how I take my coffee and waffles? Or how you trusted and felt drawn to me even when you were scared?” Alec asked, and when Magnus slowly nodded he continued, “so it seems to me that your instincts are still intact, even though your memories are not, and I was thinking that if we try to encourage those, it might help bring back some memories.”

“That’s… actually not a bad idea.” the warlock said, after he thought about it for a short moment. “And the flowers?”

“I was thinking that perhaps it could be a good incentive, to make the whole thing more exciting and stimulating.” Alec told him, as Magnus stared at him in awe, “so for each time you get something right, or remember something, small as it may be, you get an explanation about a flower.”

Magnus examined the bouquet of flowers in his hands, there was a feeling of warmth and excitement spreading out from his core, overtaking every muscle and causing a tingling feeling under his skin, as if his blood was filled with little tiny fireworks.

He looked up at his shadowhunter with an admiring smile on his face, “Well, not to ruin your plans, but I know this one is an Iris.” Magnus said, pointing out the flower.

“Yes, your favorite.” Alec smiles proudly for knowing, “and I chose them, not only because of that, but also because they stand for royalty, wisdom and respect, all of which coincide in my mind with you.”

“Wow, you really did put a lot of thought into it, didn’t you?” Magnus asked, trying to control his emotions, that had suddenly washed over him in a strong wave. He was unable to believe that the young shadowhunter had actually taken the time out of his busy day at the institute to make a plan to get his memories back.

“Magnus please don’t.” Alec spoke with a soft and loving tone, when he recognized the look on Magnus’ face, he already knew what was going through his head, “please don’t do that, I put a lot of thought into it because I care about you, and I love you. I know I have been quite terrible at showing that to you lately, but I promise you that there is nothing that is more important to me right now than to make you feel good, and help you in any way I can.”

Magnus continued with his method of conveying how he felt non-verbally, as he launched himself yet again at Alec, and pressed their lips together into a heated kiss.

“I love you too.” He said, in between lip locks.

Magnus scanned over the dark shabby bar with a raised eyebrow, then looked back with curiosity at
his boyfriend, who stood beside him. “The Hunter’s Moon?” he asked, feeling no need to elaborate
his question.

Alec just stupidly smiled at him, looking quite pleased with himself. “Yeah.” was his short and
simple reply.

So Magnus sighed and rolled his eyes, then elaborated, “why the Hunter’s Moon?”

“Because it’s where we had our first date.” Alec explained.

“Alec Gideon Lightwood, are you recycling on me?”

“No, I just thought that it might trigger some memories, plus, it could be nice to make new one’s
here,” Alec told him as he wrapped an arm around his warlock.

“So it was a good first date?” Magnus inquired.

Alec hesitated for a moment, “It had its ups and downs.” he finally said, assuming it was the most
accurate way to describe it.

“That doesn’t sound too promising.”

“Would you rather go elsewhere?”

“No, this is good.” Magnus said dismissively, with a shrug of his shoulder, “As long as you don’t go
kissing random blonde guys, I’m fine.” he added mischievously as he began to walk towards the bar,
glancing suggestively over his shoulder.

Alec was now the one stuck frozen and dumbfounded to his spot. He rubbed the back of his neck,
then shook his head with a small incredulous laugh.

“Touche.” he finally managed and joined Magnus at a table in the far corner.

“So what would you like to eat?” Alec asked, as he scanned his own menu.

“I was thinking of getting the fish and chips.” Magnus told him, his eyes remaining on his menu,
“you?”

“Hmm… I was actually thinking of getting the seafood stir-fry.” Alec said, looking at his warlock
over the menu, watching as he hummed softly in response, then slowly, he furrowed his eyebrows
and looked up at him, and Alec mustered up all his self control to not smile.

“Wait, but you… You hate seafood, don’t you?” he asked, his head adorably cocking to the side.
Then when Alec nodded, and let his pleased grin spread across his face, Magnus gasped in mock
horror, placing his hand over his heart, “Alexander, did you just set me up?”

“So what if I did?” Alec shrugged, “It worked didn’t it?”

“You…” Magnus began, shaking his head, his voice trailed off as he had no idea how to continue
his sentence. But then he remembered the flowers and asked, “so do I get an explanation for a flower
now?”

Alec smiled fondly at him and nodded, “Sure you do.” He said, then pulled out his phone and
showed him a picture of a purple, yellow and white flowers. Oh, he is good. He had come prepared
and everything.

“These are Pansies, and they stand for thoughtfulness and remembrance.” Alec explained, as Magnus watched him yet again in awe, “I thought it was fitting, and I was hoping it could symbolise our journey to recover your memories and create new and old ones, as well.”

When Magnus shook himself out of his state of shock, which was apparently going to be a constant that evening, he managed to speak, “and this whole plan of yours, to get my memories back, and the game with the flowers, and actually putting the time in creating such a meaningful bouquet, is definitely thoughtful.”

“I just feel like I’ve been doing everything wrong lately, and I wanted to change that.” Alec told him truthfully, “I’m just glad to have the opportunity to make right by you.”

“Well, I believe we both made some mistakes, and spoke some harsh words.” Magnus reached out to place his hand over Alec’s as he spoke, “and I’m also glad we have this opportunity, and I am definitely not going to waste it.”

“Neither am I.”

“How about I go get us a round of drinks before we eat?” Magnus suggested, and when Alec smiled and nodded in agreement, he stood, and after gifting Alec with a kiss on his lips, he made his way to the bar.

When Magnus returned, with a martini in one hand and Alec’s drink in the other, behind his back, so Alec couldn’t see, he received a raised eyebrow and a questioning look.

“Ready to tell me about flower number two?” Magnus said cheekily with a smirk, barely containing his excitement, then added thoughtfully, cocking his head to the side for a second, “well, three actually, if you count the iris.”

“Someone seems overly confident.” Alec stated, looking up at his boyfriend who was still standing in front of him.

In lieu of a reply, Magnus placed a burgundy glass on the table, it was filled with a clear liquid, and had a slice of lime on its rim.

“Gin and tonic?” Alec questioned as the edge of his lips slightly curved upwards on one side.

“Gin and tonic.” Magnus nodded enthusiastically, watching Alec intently as he sat back down.

“Did you ask Maia?” Alec questioned skeptically, leaning forwards over the table with a suspicious stare.

Magnus looked offended as he placed his hand over his heart and gasped dramatically, “I did no such thing, I never cheat.” he announced, “But if you would like, you can confirm that with her.”

Alec eyed him for just one more short moment, then smiled and told him, “I believe you.” looking impressed, he continued, “How did you know?”

“I just had a feeling.” Magnus told him, then took a sip of his martini, “now flower!”

Alec chuckled and pulled out his phone yet again, this time he showed Magnus a picture of a flower with many pink petals that were white at the edges, “this flower is called Chrysanthemum, it signifies honesty.” he explained, “which is fitting, because after everything we’ve been through, I just want us
to be honest with each other. Because only with honesty can this really work.”

“I love that.” Magnus told him with a soft smile, leaning closer, “and I can honestly say that I really want this to work, too.”

Alec smiled back at him and closed the small distance between their lips, capturing Magnus in a slow and languorous kiss.

Their food arrived and they engaged in a light and comfortable conversation, as they shared their food with each other.

When they were done with their food, and already on their third round of drinks, Alec was telling Magnus about the troubles Izzy and Jace would get him into, when they were younger, and they were both laughing at the absurdity of the situations they managed to get into.

“I don’t think mum even knows it wasn’t me,” Alec spoke between laughter, his stomach already aching, “Not that I mind taking the blame for them.”

When he managed to calm his laughter, Magnus found the words blurted out of him without thinking, “Oh, she knows.”

Alec raised an eyebrow, a doubtful expression taking over his face, “how do you know?” he asked, leaning back in his seat and crossing his arms.

“She told me.” Magnus insists, with mock-hurt in his tone for not being believed.

“What? When?” as Magnus still had a playful glint in his eyes, Alec suddenly watched him very seriously, waiting attentively for his response.

“A couple of weeks ago,” Magnus began as if it were obvious, but then realisation dawned on him, and his voice slowed as he continued, “when I was helping her at her shop, she...” his voice trailed off.

“Magnus.” Alec smiled at him and pulled him in for a chaste kiss, “this is incredible.”

“Ooh, flower flower!” Magnus suddenly chanted excitedly, causing Alec to chuckle, even more impossibly in love, and pull him in for one more kiss.

“Okay,” Alec pulled out his phone yet again, scrolled through his photo album until he found the picture he was searching for. He showed Magnus a photo of yellow flowers, “these are Daffodils, they represent new beginnings, and I chose them because, well, I guess it is pretty obvious.”

“Because we are essentially at a new beginning.” Magnus said, “starting over, fresh and new.”

“Exactly.” Alec agrees.

A little while later, Magnus pretended to go use the toilets, when he secretly ordered them a cheesecake for dessert, which earned him another flower, because he was completely going on a hunch that it was Alec’s favorite dessert, he even knew to choose the berries topping over the chocolate one.

Alec’s eyes shone in a way Magnus had not yet seen, or at least not that he could remember. His smile was youthful and excited as his eyes followed the waitress coming their way with the cake.
Magnus watched him with his own excitement, and a hint of pride, as the cake was placed in front of them.

“My favorite.” Alec exclaimed, as if it were not yet obvious.

“I know.” Magnus chuckled and fed him a bite.

“Mmm so good.” Alec closed his eyes as the cheese melted into his taste buds, “how did you know?”

“I just saw it on the menu, and had a feeling.” Magnus told him, taking a bite as well. “Looks like I’m on a roll tonight.”

Alec silently agreed with a nod and a smile, “That was sneaky.” he said, then took another bite on his own, “well played.”

“Yeah yeah,” Magnus waved him off impatiently, but not unkindly, “Flower please.”

Alec chuckled, and after taking another generous bite, he reached out for his phone, showing Magnus a photo of purple and white flowers, “these are Lilacs, they symbolize love and passion -”

“- oooh, because we share a great amount of love and passion.” Magnus cuts him off with a playful smile, “don’t we?”

Alec smiles fondly and nodded, then leaned in to capture Magnus’ lips, to prove just how much passion and love they have.

Their lips drag together ever so slowly, basking in the heat and softness of each other. Alec managed to scoot closer without breaking the kiss, then pulled Magnus up and out of his seat, and into Alec’s lap.

Magnus wrapped his arms around Alec’s neck, as the strong shadowhunter held him steady, his hands laying on his warlocks hips.

“How about a game of pool?” Magnus suggested when they pulled apart.

“Yeah.”

“We’ve played before haven’t we.” Magnus said as they approached the pool table.

“Yes, of course.” Alec replied as he chose a cue stick.

“I beat you didn’t I?” Magnus asked with a mischievous smile on his face.

Alec snorted, “not all the time.”

“Whatever, I think I deserve a flower.” Magnus took the cue stick Alec offered him and smiled.

“Thank you.”

“Why? That was a complete guess.” Alec said as he lined up the balls for the breaking shot.

“Oh, come on, that was a hunch and you know it.”

Alec looked at him over his shoulder and rolled his eyes, “yeah, no… you could do better than that.”
he said, looking back at the table.

Magnus huffed, playing hurt, “how dare you?” he spoke in mock-shock, “that was nothing but genuine.”

Alec was about to take the breaking shot when Magnus stood behind him and leaned close to his ear, “or perhaps I need to try another way?”

Alec smiled and straightened as he looked over his shoulder at Magnus again, “are you trying to hustle me?”

“Why?” Magnus asked innocently, grabbing Alec’s arm and turning him, then stepped closer, so their faces were inches apart, “Is it working?” he gently rubbed their noses together, then placed a feather light kiss to the shadowhunters lips.

“Shit, you’re good at this.” Alec said breathlessly, “god, yes it is working.”

Magnus smiled triumphantly and made grabby hands at Alec, “floweeeer.”

Alec shook his head and made a sound between a laugh and a growl, “You’re gonna be the death of me.” he said, placing his hands on either side of Magnus’ head, then pulled him in for a long hard kiss.

When they pulled apart, Alec yet again reached for his phone and pulled up a picture of yet another set of purple flowers, with hints of white, “these are Purple-Hyacinth which basically ask for forgiveness.” Alec told him, “and I think we both know I have a lot to be forgiven for.”

Magnus looked down at the flowers then back up at his boyfriend, “oh, rest assured that you are totally forgiven.” he said, pulling Alec close, pressing a teasing kiss to the corner of his lips.

After that, they play three matches of pool, of which Magnus won two out of three, and insisted on getting another flower, because he had said to begin with that he was better, but Alec did not agree. Yet, Magnus had proved him wrong.

And Magnus was just so adorable, that Alec found himself automatically doing what his boyfriend requested, his limbs working on their own accord to show Magnus a picture of another flower, after muttering under his breath, “shit, I just can’t say no to you.”.

“Those are Violet’s.” Magnus recognised on his own, after seeing the flowers.

“Yes,” Alec confirmed with a smile, “they express loyalty, devotion and faithfulness.”

And naturally the only response to that is yet another kiss, because… well, no words.

“So how many do I still have left?” Magnus asked once words returned to him.

“Just two more.” Alec said with regret.

“Shame, this is fun.”

They both walked back to Magnus apartment hand in hand, enjoying the silence of the night. Every so often, they exchanged light hearted comments and thoughts that popped up.
“I had a wonderful time.” Magnus said as they stopped outside his building. “Thank you.”

“No need to thank me.” Alec said, leaning close and wrapping his arms around Magnus’ hips, “I had a great time too.”

“Are you coming up with me?”

“I’m not sure if that is a great idea.” Alec replied, although there was nothing he wanted more in that moment then to go up with Magnus.

“Trying to be a gentleman? Or perhaps playing hard to get?” Magnus asked, and before Alec could respond, he continued, “either way, I believe that ship has sailed long ago, seeing as we spent the whole week together, and this is our fourth date, so that rule applies only for less than three dates.”

Alec laughed and leaned in even more, “god, I love you so much.”

“I love you too.” Magnus said right before Alec brushed their lips together, then when they pulled apart, both dazed, he added in a whisper against his ear, “and I want to thank you for tonight by fucking you stupid.”

Alec almost choked at that, and when he regained himself, he grabbed Magnus’ hand and pulled him through the building entrance.

***

In Alec’s mind, there was nothing more delightful than to walk into his office after a long and excruciating morning, to find the most beautiful man in the world (completely objective and unbiased of course) sitting in his desk chair.

Alec almost sighed in relief when he saw Magnus, he closed the door to his office and left behind it the chaos and the burden that had been nagging him since early morning.

“Aren’t you a sight for sore eyes?” Alec closed the gap between them as he spoke, and leaned down to peck his boyfriend lips.

“I brought lunch.” Magnus announced proudly, with the most adorable smile, which of course earned him another kiss. The warlock smiled against Alec’s lips, “someone is a bit eager.”

“I’ve had the worst morning,” Alec straightened up and rubbed his eyes, then looked back at Magnus with an adoring gaze, “and I missed you.”

“You just saw me this morning.” Magnus pointed out, pulling Alec closer by his belt loops.

Alec leaned closer, so their lips almost brushed as he spoke, “So? I still missed you?” He whispered as if it were an important secret, “I missed you the moment I walked out the door.”

Magnus’ hands gripped at Alec’s hips, as Alec cupped his face, caressing his cheek. “You are so corny.” The warlock whispered back.

“I prefer sentimental.” Alec smiled at him, “besides, you love it.”

Magnus’ hand slid up Alec’s stomach and chest, then fist the fabric of his shirt, “Yes, I most
certainly do.” he agreed, before pulling Alec into a heated kiss.

“Best lunch ever.” Alec spoke in between kisses.

Magnus chuckled before gently trying to push his shadowhunter back, but Alec refused to part their lips, tightening his grip on the back of Magnus’ neck, which caused Magnus to laugh again, but he didn’t try to pull away again until their burning lungs begged them to.

“I’ve always enjoyed having dessert first.” Alec spoke as they both tried to catch their breath.

“Yes, you are so very sentimental.” Magnus laughed and pushed him away again, this time Alec didn’t resist, just pouted. “Don’t look at me like that, you need to eat something.”

“Fine.” Alec conceded, then moved to take a seat on the other side of the desk, allowing Magnus to remain in his chair.

The warlock straightened his back and lay his arms on the arm rests, “I feel so powerful in this chair.” He announced, making his best impression of Alec’s serious shadowhunter-mode face.

“You are the most powerful warlock in New York, and yet, my chair makes you feel powerful?” Alec asked with a raised eyebrow.

“What can I say, it’s like sitting on your throne,” Magnus shrugged with a proud smile, “Where all the important decisions are made, and all the action happens.”

“I would hardly call it action, that usually happens on the streets,” Alec counteracted, taking his burger out of the paper bag Magnus handed him, “this is more like the place where all the boring paperwork happens.”

“Well, feels important and powerful to me nonetheless.” Magnus told him, taking out his own burger.

Alec rolled his eyes and took a bite out of his burger, then closed his eyes and moaned in appreciation as he chewed. Magnus watched him with an amused gaze as he bit into his own burger, “You approve?” he asked after swallowing the food in his mouth.

“You know I do, bacon burger from the east village is my favorite.” Alec said without thinking, then froze, his mind panicking at his choice of words, “well, I presume you don’t know, but it was a good guess.” shut up Alec, you’re making it worse.

But Magnus just watched him in amusement, and complete adoration.

“Sorry, that came out wrong, I didn’t mean - I… you…” Alec continued to stammer, unable to stop himself, he then looked up at Magnus with helpless eyes, but as his eyes landed on his warlock, a frown appeared on his face.

Magnus was pushing his fist against his mouth, trying not to laugh.

“Magnus!” Alec exclaimed in annoyance upon realising that Magnus had just let him go on and mumble like a babbling idiot for his own entertainment.

“I am sorry, you were just so adorable.” Magnus defended himself.

“I am not adorable.” Alec retorted with a serious face, pointing his finger at Magnus who by then was already laughing openly.
Magnus took deep breaths and tried to compose himself, as Alec continued to eat, still frowning, it didn’t help Magnus to calm his laughter.

“Sorry, my big, strong and badass shadowhunter.” Magnus finally managed in between choked laughs.

“Yeah, you know what, I think I prefer the old Magnus after all.” Alec retaliated with a triumphant smirk. It was a nice feeling, to finally have the air between them easy again, to be able to tease without fear of saying the wrong thing, or being taken the wrong way.

“Alec!” Magnus exclaimed, wide eyed, but not offended.

“Too soon?”

“I don’t know, you can let me know yourself tonight when you sleep on the couch.” Magnus spoke innocently, as he took another bite.

“Yeah, that probably wouldn’t last.” Alec decided confidently, after swallowing his mouthful, “You would definitely break first.”

“Perhaps the old Magnus would have broken first, not me.” Magnus countered, with one raised eyebrow and a cheeky grin.

“Oh, the old Magnus wouldn’t have let me sleep on the couch.”

“Touche.” Magnus conceded, completely impressed, then remembered, “Oooh flower!”

Alec laughed and pulled out his phone, showing Magnus a photo of a beautiful set of small purple flowers, with white surrounding the center, “these are Heliotrope which represent -” Alec begins, but is cut off by Magnus.

“Eternal love.” Magnus said in wonderment, looking just as dazed as Alec felt.

Just then, with his famous perfect timing, Jace walked into the office without knocking, “Please Jace, come on in.” Alec told him, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

“Yeah, thanks.” Jace spoke, completely oblivious, “everyone is re -” but he cut himself short when he saw where Magnus was sitting, he huffed incredulously, pointed a finger and opened his mouth in disbelief, as his head snapped between them.

“I can’t believe this,” Jace heaved out, “How come he gets to sit in your chair?”

Alec was about respond after rolling his eyes dramatically, but Magnus beat him to it, “Well, it is probably because of what I did to him last night in bed.” he said with mischief in his voice and eyes.

Both shadowhunters nearly choked at his words.

“Magnus!” Alec snapped, not unkindly, piercing his eyes into him.

Magnus smiled back innocently, then said, “well it is the truth.”

Jace clutched at his head and let out a small yelp, “Shit I did not need to know that!” he exclaimed dramatically, “I don’t want that mental image in my head.”

Magnus just chuckled and continued to eat his burger.
“What did you need Jace?” Alec asked, trying to move past the awkwardness.

“Oh, yeah, everyone is ready for you at the briefing room, whenever you’re ready for the briefing.” Jace told him.

Alec looked down sadly at his burger, “I will be back for you.” he whispered fondly, then looked up at Magnus, “Do you want to come with or wait here?”

“I’ll come with, I like seeing you in your shadowhunter-mode.” Magnus spoke with suggestive eyes, which Alec did his best not to melt under right before he needed to stand in front of the entire institute.

Magnus watched as Alec stood tall, full of charisma and confidence, the perfect epitome of a strong and influential leader. He had lost track of what the head of the institute was saying very soon after he began to speak to his shadowhunters, that watched him in admiration, hanging on every one of his words.

The warlock was sure that he must have seen his shadowhunter like this before, but seeing as he could not remember, it was as if it was the first time, at least as far as he was concerned.

And he absolutely loved it. He could not take his eyes off of him, and he loved the mix of feelings that were boiling and stirring inside him as he did so.

God, he was so lucky.

When Alec was done speaking and dismissed his shadowhunters, he turned to Magnus and almost immediately his whole demeanor changed, softened. He looked at Magnus with a gaze filled with love and affection, that was reserved only for him.

They walked silently back to Alec’s office, and the whole way Magnus couldn’t get those images out of his head, of his shadowhunter in his serious leader role.

Oh, how it did things to him.

Alec walked in first and went straight to the couch, completely unaware of the storm that was about to erupt out of Magnus, who walked in slower and watched him, his gaze filled with desire.

“What is it?” Alec asked once he noticed the look he was receiving.

Magnus lips spread into a small mischievous smirk, then he with a snap of his finger he closed and locked the door. Then he marched quickly towards his shadowhunter and straddled his lap, grabbing his face and locking their lips in a deep and heated kiss.

Alec was caught off guard for a short moment, but recovered quickly, and his hands flew to his warlocks hips, pulling him even closer.

“I loved seeing you so authoritative.” Magnus’ voice was deep and husky when he spoke in between kisses, “you’re so sexy in your shadowhunter-mode.”

Alec just laughed, humbled, then in response, tilted his head and deepened the kiss, using his tongue to explore and dance with Magnus’ tongue.

Magnus suddenly pulled away, earning a pout and a protesting moan. But then his latched his lips
onto Alec’s neck and trailed down towards his collarbone and chest with opened-mouth wet kisses, and Alec was definitely on board with that.

After opening up a couple of buttons on Alec’s shirt, Magnus pulled it aside and kissed along his shoulder as well. Then he got up off his lap, and settled on his knees, on the floor in between Alec’s legs.

Magnus made quick work on opening up the button and zipper on Alec’s jeans, and as soon as they were opened, the shadowhunter helpfully lifted his hips. Magnus impatiently pulled down his jeans and boxers in one go.

Alec’s cock sprung free and hard and Magnus expertly went to work.

Magnus was always good at that, Alec remembered that he enjoyed his blowjobs from the start of their relationship. But as their relationship progressed, Magnus had managed to learn him and what he likes, and his blowjobs had become personalized and custom made especially for Alec.

And that day, that blowjob, was no different. Alec had received one of those carefully and efficiently customized, especially for him, Magnus blowjobs.

“Are you with me?” Magnus asked with a chuckle, a few minutes after he was done, when Alec was still coming down from his high.

“I need another minute.” Alec said breathlessly.

“Take your time, darling.”

“’That was… incredible.” Alec looked at Magnus, his blood finally flowing upwards, “I missed those blowjobs so much.”

“You must be exaggerating.”

Then Alec explained to him why he most definitely was not exaggerating.

And of course that lead Magnus to pull out Alec’s phone eagerly, and hand it to him in excitement, “My final flower!” he announced.

Alec allowed himself to pull up his boxers and jeans first, before showing Magnus a picture of beautiful purple-blue flowers, with white and yellow in their center.

Magnus smirked and gave Alec a knowing look, before his shadowhunter even uttered the words, “forget-me-not’s.”

Then they both burst out laughing.

Chapter End Notes

Sooooo what did you think? hopefully the fluff in this chapter was worth all the angst I
put you through.
please let me know in the comments, I always enjoy hearing your thoughts.

just one more chapter left!!

also, my brain has been conjuring up so many more Malec story idea's lately, so much so that I'm having a hard time focusing on one at a time, but I'm really hoping that when I post the last chapter for this story, I will already be able to announce the next one!

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