Hanging by a thread

by BiancaD90

Summary

Magnus lives in a world where some people can see their red strings of fate and follow them to meet their soulmates. Some believe and some don't but even if the warlock is a believer his red string never led him anywhere along his many decades of life. Until one day when he feels a tug at it and decides to follow it once more only for him to be faced with the New York institute where Maryse Lightwood just gave birth to a baby boy.

Notes

Hi lovelies, I'm back with yet another OS because I can't write multi chaptered fanfiction for shit.

Feel free to let me know your thoughts about this one in the comments down below or use the #HangingByAThreadFic on twitter.

Enjoy ❤❤

September 12th 1989

Magnus jolted awake and he could've sworn he heard someone whispering his name.

He quickly looked around, confused by his surroundings for a minute, wiping at his eyes then
remembering he still had makeup on when he saw his fingers coated in black makeup product. Oh well, it's not like there was someone in there to see him, right?

Magnus was all alone in the office situated on the second floor of his club and when he laughed to himself deciding the voice he thought he heard was just a figment of his imagination or a dream, it happened again.

_Magnus_

His head whipped around so fast it made him dizzy and his eyes narrowed, slitted pupils scrutinizing the room in search for an intruder but he couldn't locate anyone. His wards were up and functioning perfectly, there was no other living being in that room, or the rest of his property for that matter, except for him.

Am I going insane? Magnus thought as he whirled around, managing to tangle himself in the red string tied to his pinky. He scoffed at it like it personally offended him and proceeded to free himself from the trap he created but he jumped like a scaredy cat when he felt buzzing coming from inside it along with that baritone, definitely male voice.

The thread he was born with and that linked him to his soulmate visible for his eyes only ever since he was old enough to understand a thing or two about how the universe worked has been limp, lifeless and lead nowhere for so long Magnus was used to the idea that he was just going to carry it around for eternity, get tangled in it, trip over it and having to untie the knots he accidentally made all the time, that his soulmate didn't exist or maybe they just died.

_Come to me Magnus_, the voice was gentle but urgent, throaty and appealing. _Find me_, it whispered and the warlock suddenly felt like he was in some sort of trance.

Until his red string started vibrating with life and Magnus blinked once, twice, three times, giving it a firm tug and finding the resistance that wasn't there up until that very moment.

So he decided to follow it and see where it would take him for the first time in almost 300 years.

He grabbed the thin scarlet thread and started walking, gently ghosting his fingers along it. He got out of his loft and into the streets of New York, passed the 89th police precinct with no direction whatsoever, the only thing that kept him moving was this nasty little nagging feeling called hope.

And hope got him in front of the New York Institute where Maryse Lightwood just gave birth to a beautiful baby boy who was crying and tugging like crazy on this fragile cord wrapped around his tiny finger, pulling Magnus towards him like a scrap of metal towards a magnet.

There you are. I found you.

March 29th 1993

"I appreciate that you could make it with such short notice, mister Bane", Maryse Lightwood said while they walked down the hall towards the exit.

Magnus smiled, forever the diplomat while thinking about what a bitch fate was. His soulmate was a shadowhunter. And a Lightwood above all else. The woman beside him was the epitome of professionalism but the truth was she hated his guts.

They met before when she was just a student at the academy, a shadowhunter in training and let's
just say it didn't end well. Magnus wasn't the type to hold grudges but the raven haired woman with eyes that could pierce your soul and cut it into slices most definitely was.

My future mother in law, Magnus thought and almost snickered at the preposterous thought when Maryse stopped abruptly and placed her right palm against the wall for support, her left one going over her swollen belly.

"I'm sorry", she breathed out the words and Magnus stopped too. "She's been restless today"

"She's probably just eager to come out", the warlock replied and gave her the best smile he could muster given the circumstances. Making small talk with the pregnant woman was definitely not on his list.

"Ma'am, you need to sign these reports from last night's...", a blonde shadowhunter approached them, giving Magnus a side look then proceeding to talk really fast and the warlock instantly shut her babbling off, focusing on the weird painting on the wall and praying he won't get a migraine. Shadowhunters were definitely a handful.

That's when he felt tiny fingers probing his hand and the red string sizzled.

Magnus looked down and was met with a pair of big, beautiful hazel eyes staring up at him and his heart picked up speed. Cause there he was. A four year old with chubby cheeks and an angelic face, his eyebrows comically knitted together and fingers now wrapped around his pinky. His soulmate.

"Excuse me mister", he addressed Magnus on a sweet but determined tone and Magnus' heart soared.

He couldn't resist and went down on one knee to be at the same height with the adorable dark haired child and gave him a smile, this time a warm genuine one.

"Hello little shadowhunter", the warlock said and the boy grinned at him for a second then put his serious face back on, crossing his little arms in front of his chest and taking a step back.

"That's my red string", he said in an accusatory voice, pointing at Magnus' hand. Then he bent and started to grab handfuls of the cord, scooping it up and shoving it in the pocket of his pants.

Magnus laughed and that's what caught Maryse's attention and reminded him she was still there.

"Alec, go away, mister Bane and I have important things to discuss", she said to the child. Then she looked back at Magnus. "Kids his age normally have an imaginary friend. He has an imaginary string", she said and Alec stomped his foot.

"It's not imanigary!" He shouted then he looked at Magnus. "You can see it too, right? Right?"

Maryse sighed, squeezing the bridge of her nose in between her fingers then she gave Magnus another one of her fake smiles.

"I trust you can see yourself out, mister Bane. Thank you for your services, you'll receive your payment as soon as possible. Now if you'll excuse me, I must tend to my duties", she gave him a curt nod and then turned on her heels and started walking in the opposite direction.

Magnus looked back down at Alec who was sniffling and wiping his nose with the sleeve of his sweater and picked him up in his arms, softly running the back of his hand across his cheeks until there were no tears left.
"I'm going to tell you a secret but you have to promise me you won't tell anyone" Magnus whispered and Alec quickly nodded, his hair falling in his eyes. He pushed it back and away from his face and blinked expectantly at the warlock, his eyes puffy and a bit red but full of a fierce determination.

"I can see it too"

**July 6th 2005**

"Come on dude, it's going to be F U N", Jace said for the umpteenth time in the past 30 minutes and Alec rolled his eyes but continued to ignore him, reading his book.

"That's probably the only word you know how to spell", Alec retorted then gingerly flipped to the next page making Isabelle snort inelegantly. He cocked his eyebrow at her but made no comment on it.

"That's totally not true. I can also spell the ABC's. With my tongue", Jace commented and Alec scrunched his nose up.

"You're disgusting", the dark haired boy concluded but the other shadowhunter just grinned proudly at him.

"Behave big brother", Isabelle chastised, throwing her long black hair over her shoulder and approached Alec, grabbing the book out of his hands, pulling a protest out of the older boy.

"You go", Alec responded shortly and reached out to snag his book back.

Isabelle let him be and returned to the table she was sitting at, grabbing the bottle of red nail varnish and started painting her nails.

"But I want you to come with me, don't leave me alone on my birthday", Jace whined from where he was leaning against the wall and Alec lowered his book to glare at his soon to be parabatai.

"Your birthday was in January", he deadpanned.

"Ok fine", Jace breathed out and started walking towards the couch Alec was currently lounging across.

The raven haired shadowhunter got into a sitting position and placed his book on his knees because he knew Jace was about to use his persuasive charms on him and he sighed as the blond plopped down on the couch.

"Listen", Jace started, his different colored eyes big and puppy-like and Alec pursed his lips.

"It will be quick. We'll go in, have a drink or 7, dance a bit and get out. I'm going insane in here, Alec, I feel the walls closing in" he said and grabbed at the front of the other boy's shirt.

"Just do this for me, brother", he finished his plead and wiped an imaginary tear from his cheek making Alec roll his eyes at him. Again.

"First of all", Alec started and grabbed at Jace's wrist, peeling his hand off of his shirt. "Personal space", he motioned with both hands in front of him and Jace scooted backwards.

"Second of all, you're stepping on my string"

"Is this you saying yes?" Jace said, his grin wide and eyes full of hope and Alec sighed, giving him
an almost imperceptible nod.

"But", Alec pointed out, his voice catching a bit at the end and capturing Jace's attention, stopping his stupid victory dance. "If you try to hook up with someone, I'm out"

Jace blinked once then did a military salute.

"I'm all yours"

If that only were the truth, Alec thought while heading out of the room to go and get changed.

He knew it was stupid and he knew it won't happen but he hoped this infatuation he felt towards Jace will go away once they became parabatai.

Just wait for a little longer, Alec told himself while buttoning his denim shirt, checking how it fit his shoulders in the mirror. His eyes then went to the red string tied to his finger and he smiled.

Just wait. He's somewhere out there. Waiting for you.

"This is so not my scene", Alec complained once they got inside the club and noticed how fitting the name was. Cause there was no better word for describing it other than pandemonium.

"F U N", Jace spelled again and started making his way through the crowd, Alec following him obediently.

"How about just F U?" The dark haired boy muttered but he stopped dead in his tracks when he felt a tug at his pinky and the red cord thrummed, making Alec hyper aware of the people around him.

A flash of yellow eyes with slitted pupils, the same eyes Alec sometimes dreamed about danced around in his mind and a smooth voice penetrated his senses, drowning everything else out.

_Alexander_

Alec gulped at the sound of his name being called with such fervor and desperation. The only person using his full name was his mother and that meant only one thing. That he was in trouble.

This voice on the other hand made him feel the opposite of trouble. It made him feel needed. It made him feel at home.

_Come to me, Alexander_, the voice whispered again and Alec shuddered when he physically felt the man's breath ghosting across the skin of his neck.

But the spell was broken when he felt a hand grab at his bicep and his eyes refocused on Jace's panicked face.

"I don't think it's such a good idea for us to be here", the blond guy said, totally taking Alec by surprise. Then Jace looked over his shoulder and when his eyes landed back on Alec, the latter caught on to it.

"How many of the girls from your exclusive bookclub are here?" The boy asked amused, putting air quotes around the word bookclub.

"Too many", Jace muttered and started walking towards the exit. "Let's get out of here. Izzy texted about a nest of Shax demons nearby"
"You do realize there is over a month left until Christmas", Catarina said matter of factly while Magnus practically glued his face to a glass case, his eyes sparkling.

"I. Want. That. Outfit", Magnus whispered, punctuating every word and Catarina sighed.

"You already bought like 10 outfits, can we go now? I have to wake up at 4am to do my rounds"

"One more", Magnus pleaded and something on Catarina's face gave him the green light cause he sprinted inside the shop.

An hour later Magnus was stepping through a portal and inside his loft with 5 shopping bags and at least a dozen more waiting for him in his living room where he sent them earlier because he needed his arms free. You have to be practical when it comes to buying clothes and gifts, Magnus always said.

He threw the bags on the floor with the others then he went for the drinking cart to fix himself a martini while humming some random song under his breath.

He woke up in a good mood and intended to go to bed the same way so he popped two olives in his drink and turned around on his heels to head for the couch.

That's when he felt it. The string wrapped around his finger that was usually taut and buzzing with life became limp and started pulsing, going from the solid crimson color to transparent and back to solid.

"Nooo, nonononono", Magnus said out loud while the martini glass slipped through his fingers but he didn't hear the glass shatter when it hit the floor cause all sounds became muted around him, the only thing the warlock was being aware of was the frantic pulsing of the red thread and his own heart beating in tandem.

This could only mean one thing. Alec was badly injured or... no. Magnus will not even think about it.

"It had to be a shadowhunter", Magnus muttered to himself. Out of all people, it had to be someone who puts themselves in danger on a daily basis. Shadowhunters perished young and unexpectedly cause it was in their nature to risk their lives for the well being of mundanes.

Magnus started feeling sudden jolts being sent through his connection with his angel blooded soulmate around five years ago and he knew Alec would be on the field all the time by now because shadowhunters usually send their offsprings into battle from a young age.

He wanted to keep an eye on him but decided against it cause he didn't want Alec to feel pressured by anything, that when they finally meet Alec should be the one to take the final step towards him.

Magnus felt it in his core that Alec was his other half, he knew it from the moment he saw those piercing hazel eyes staring back at him for the first time when Alec was just a toddler but what if the shadowhunter didn't feel the same? What if they haven't met yet because Alec didn't want to look for him?

The warlock pushed all those questions aside now because Alec was in danger. And he had to do something to help him before it was too late.

He snapped his fingers, a portal materializing in the middle of the living room and he closed his eyes
wrapping the red thread around his fist, placing it on top of his heart.

"Please", Magnus whispered. "Take me to him"

And he stepped through the portal.

In a few seconds Magnus found himself in a dark alley and was instantly aware of the quiet sobs echoing through the narrow street.

A few feet ahead, there was a dark haired girl sitting on the dirty concrete with a boy resting his head in her lap. His hair was the same color as the girl's and made a disturbing contrast with his too pale to be healthy skin.

Alexander, Magnus thought as he started walking fast towards them and once he got there he fell to his knees by the girl's side.

"What happened?" Magnus asked the girl whom he assumed was Alec's younger sister because they had the same striking features, dark hair, big eyes and high cheekbones and the girl gave him a confused look.

"Who are you?" She asked between hiccups, trying to keep her tears at bay but it was no use. As they both tore their eyes off each other and looked down, they saw Alec's skin slowly turning grey.

"Listen to me", the warlock commanded. "We don't have time for pleasantries right now. I need to know what happened so I can save his life, can you help me with that information?"

"Ravener", the girl whispered and Magnus knew what to do. He snapped his fingers and directed the blue magic pouring out of his hands towards Alec's body starting to extract the poison out of it.

The dark liquid rose from inside Alec's injuries and as more of it left his system, his skin started going back to its natural color.

"It's done. There's no trace of poison left in his body", Magnus announced after a few minutes and slumped against the wall behind them, his magic dangerously close to depletion.

But when Alec's lips twitched and he took a deep breath, the warlock released one of his own and he knew his shadowhunter was going to be fine.

The thread went back to its solid red color and Alec slowly opened his eyes, long, thick lashes fluttering and a lazy smile stretched across his full lips.

Magnus' heart skipped a beat when he realized that smile was directed at him and when Alec's left hand rose and the back of it gently stroked the warlock's cheek, he leaned into it and closed his eyes.

"You found me", Alec whispered, the sound of his crooked voice making Magnus almost burst into tears of happiness cause he finally felt like he was at home.

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