months down the road when they’ve moved into together, his brother asks when Alec started snoring, without glancing up from his work, Alec points at his boyfriend— who, if you’re curious, has gone completely red.

“I am so unbelievably sorry,” Magnus mumbles across from the chair, unable to meet Alec’s eyes, “I can’t believe I did this.”

Alec glances away from the cotton swabs he’d been staring at, meeting Magnus gaze, “It’s fine. If anything I think it’s funny.”

“You think it’s funny?” Magnus gawks, “I broke your nose in the mosh pit of a goddamn Five Seconds of Summer concert, how are you not outraged?”

Alec snorts, wincing at the pain it brings to his septum, “Because it’s something I would do. And besides, you’re really cool about it. You could’ve been a complete dick about it and been like ‘your nose hurt my knuckle’.”

Alec shrugs, groaning as he stands to reach for another tissue, “And anyways, we don’t know my
nose is broken. It could just be like bruised or something.”

“What did you say you’re going to school for?” Magnus queries, having a hard time believing he’s a med student for *multiple* reasons.

“Medical Doctor. Why?” Alec responds, artfully shifting the tissues out and in place under his nose.

“Because you seem unsure,” Magnus gestures vaguely to Alec’s bleeding appendage, “Of your... diagnosis. And I’ve never seen you around campus.

Alec nods, tossing the tissue in the trash, soon after he returns his bottom to the paper covered examination table, “I’ve played soccer for basically my entire life, some rugby in high school so I’m essentially immune to pain. People are mean in Division I, y’know?”

The boy murmurs it so casually that Magnus can’t fight the eye roll that overtakes him. When his gaze reverts to Alec, the man is smiling.

“What?” Magnus deadpans, suddenly self conscious—which he finds odd and honestly, rather unsettling.

“Nothing, you’re just cute when you’re annoyed,” He simpers, voice casual but his grin one of *epic* shit eating proportions.

“Alexander,” Magnus gasps indigently, “Are you flirting with the man who broke your nose?”

“Yeah,” Alec blurts, gesticulating around the room, “I thought that was obvious.”

He watches Alec for a moment in silence, trying to settle his thoughts in his head prior to speaking. His companion, on the other hand, switches tissues once more—soon coming to the conclusion that his nose has stopped bleeding.

Magnus can’t help but think that perhaps Alex is correct—his nose doesn’t seem to be broken, just badly assaulted.

“Well,” Magnus articulates, blinking at the man’s full appearance in absence of the hand blocking a gorgeous face, “I think we can arrange something.”

Alec smiles, this time genuine and beaming, “Good. I’d really like that.”

They sit in silence for a moment before the raven haired boy declares, “Never thought I’d thank someone for breaking my nose”

“You said it wasn’t broken!” Magnus squawks, eyes narrowing on Alec.

“You looked guilty, I didn’t like it,” Alec mumbles bashfully, “But it is *definitely* broken, I don’t know what to tell you.”

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