“Hello, Magnus,” Ragnor says, and he sounds queer, which only makes Magnus worry more. “Your soulmate is in my parlour, would you like to come over?”

Magnus trips over his coffee table.

“What?” he demands, breathless, voice so quiet that he’s not sure it got picked up by the spell, which he immediately abandons to open a portal through Ragnor’s wards.

Hey lawsofchaos, remember that comment you left us on Machiavellian saying you’d kill for Magnus's POV? Enjoy. No murder necessary, even.

When the communication spell opens up in his living room, Magnus isn’t sure what to expect. Ragnor hardly ever contacts him outside of emergencies, so he’s, understandably, alarmed.

“Rognor?” he asks, already raising a hand to summon a portal in case his friend needs him immediately, “is everything alright?”

“Hello, Magnus,” Ragnor says, and he sounds queer, which only makes Magnus worry more.
“Your soulmate is in my parlour, would you like to come over?”

Magnus trips over his coffee table.

“What?” he demands, breathless, voice so quiet that he’s not sure it got picked up by the spell, which he immediately abandons to open a portal through Ragnor’s wards.

There’s a beautiful shadowhunter boy standing on the other side of the room, near Ragnor. Magnus can’t help the low little noise in his throat.

He’s eighteen, maybe — he doesn’t have any of the harsh lines that come so early to shadowhunters — and utterly delectable. The sharp black line of the rune on his throat makes his mouth water.

“Hi,” he says, dumbly, too distracted with taking in his soulmate — his soulmate — to come up with anything witty. He’s never going to live down the shame, he thinks to himself morosely. And he doesn’t even care.

Alexander takes a single, small step toward him, seemingly without realising it.

“Hi,” Alexander says back, “You’re way hotter than pictures in your Clave file made you seem, and I didn’t think that was possible.”

Magnus makes another noise, this one louder. He feels like he’s been punched in the chest, because his breath is gone. Oh no. Oh no, his soulmate is adorable. What on earth had Magnus done to deserve him?

No take backs, he thinks viciously in the direction of Raziel.

“Magnus,” Ragnor says, and Magnus wishes his friend would go away, actually, now that he thinks about it. But before he can open his mouth to ask for privacy, Ragnor continues with “Ask Lightwood how he ended up in my house, asking me if you were interested in meeting your soulmate.”

Well. That is something Magnus is interested in hearing about. He supposes he can take a moment to indulge Ragnor before kicking him out of his own room.

“How did you end up in Ragnor’s house to find out if I was interested in meeting you, Alexander?” Magnus asks, with a little thrill in his heart at being able to voice his soulmate’s name for the first time.

Alexander has managed to get a bit closer, in the time Magnus was distracted by Ragnor. It’s… Magnus isn’t sure Alexander realises what he’s doing. Magnus would be doing the same if it wasn’t so damn adorable, watching Alexander come over to him as if drawn by a magnet.

“I summoned your father to ask him to translate your name on my arm so I could find you,” Alexander starts, and Magnus’s brain stalls, “but your Clave file said you didn’t like shadowhunters. So I came here to ask your friend if your father was telling the truth about you looking for me.”

Magnus blinks rapidly. He’s not sure he heard all that right, but he can’t bring himself to disbelieve Alexander. He’s not sure he’s capable of doing anything but accepting anything his soulmate says at face value.

And then Alexander keeps talking.
“He was really nice, actually. I’m pretty sure he’s going to be a better in-law than my mother,” he says, like it’s perfectly normal to summon a Greater Demon — a fallen angel — and come away from the encounter with the impression that said demon was nice.

_Nice_ is not how Magnus would ever choose to describe his father. He and Asmodeus had a good relationship — better than most warlocks and their demonic parents — but Magnus has never for a moment forgotten that his father is just that, a _demon_, and while he trusts his father to not harm him purposefully, his father has his own ideas of what’s good for Magnus, ones that Magnus doesn’t always agree with.

Well. Then again, Asmodeus has long made peace with the fact that Magnus is soulmates with a shadowhunter. Magnus supposes that in the interests of, say, not pissing Magnus off to the point that Magnus decided he was interested in patricide, he’d be at least civil to Magnus’s soulmate.

“You… summoned my father in the middle of New York and didn’t set off any alarms,” Magnus repeats slowly, too overwhelmed to work through how he feels about his soulmate’s impression of his father right now. “Because the only Lightwoods I know are Robert and Maryse and their children, and they’re based in New York.”

“I’m good at planning,” Alexander says, and he looks… enraptured. Magnus feels the same, at the moment, and it’s gratifying to know he’s not alone in it. He’s glad to know that his soulmate is already as _invested_ in Magnus as Magnus is in him. Glad to know they’re in this _together_.

“I suddenly have so many regrets about not keeping track of what your parents named their children,” Magnus realises, voice blank. Alexander has managed to cross half the distance between them. Magnus resists the urge to close the remaining distance. He’s not going to be able to finish this conversation if he gets his hands on his soulmate, and he thinks he needs to.

“Tell him why you summoned Asmodeus to ask for Magnus’s name instead of trusting the Angel to bring you together, Lightwood,” Ragnor says, and Magnus starts, because he’d quite forgotten Ragnor was there.

That _is_ a good question, though—

“I got impatient,” Alexander says, slinking closer.

“I’m sorry, you what?” Magnus asks, faintly, only half a question. He _feels_ faint. _Impatient?_ Of everything Magnus might have been expecting, this hadn’t even crossed his mind as possible reason.

“I got impatient,” Alexander repeats, confirming Magnus heard that right.

He got… impatient.

Magnus can’t wrap his mind around it. How had — he’d had Magnus’s name for four years, maybe, and after those maybe four years had been so impatient to meet Magnus that he’d risked _summoning a greater demon to find him?_

_I adore you_, Magnus thinks, helplessly.

“How old are you?” Magnus asks, because he needs to _know—_

“I’m seventeen,” Alexander answers, easy.

Magnus feels… he doesn’t know what he feels, other than _thrilled_, maybe, because Alexander’s
words send a thrill through him. Alexander hadn’t even lasted three years before deciding he didn’t want to wait to know Magnus anymore.

Magnus has spent most of his long life with Alexander’s name on his arm. He’s been wanting and waiting desperately to meet him for all that time. As patiently as he possibly could, keeping an eye on the Lightwood family, checking in every few decades, hoping that this time, he’d finally find the man he’s been waiting so long to find.

Alexander, on the other hand, had known… less information than Magnus, because his true name was on Alexander’s arm, and Alexander hadn’t know that Magnus, who had chosen his own name, like all warlocks, was the Malphas he was looking for.

Magnus is… more overwhelmed. If it wasn’t for the fact that the alternative would break him, he’d wonder if today was real.

Alexander is almost within touching distance, Magnus realises.

“I adore you,” Magnus informs him, voice unsteady, before leaning forward to close what little distance is left between them. The press of Alexander’s lips against his is heavenly, and only gets more so when Alexander parts his lips immediately with a breathless little moan, fingers coming up to clutch tight in Magnus’s shirt. Magnus would normally be upset someone is ruining the line of his clothes but he cannot even imagine being upset with Alexander.

He hears the sound of a camera shutter, but that’s less important than this kiss.

“Please do not make out in my parlour,” he hears from Ragnor. He can’t quite stifle his flare of annoyance. “I don’t need to see this.”

“Please leave your parlour, then,” Magnus says, pointedly polite, but feels himself soften when he gets a look at Alexander, who is flushed and panting, lips slick and red.

He dismisses Ragnor’s presence as unimportant in the face of that and instead wraps one hand in Alexander’s shirt and curls the other around his neck, holding him still so Magnus can lick into his mouth.

Alexander moans, and Magnus repeats the action, more interested in hearing that noise than anything else, absently noting the sounds of Ragnor vacating the room as he backs Alexander up to the wall and pins him to it.

Magnus swallows the noise Alexander makes — desperate and interested — with the delicate press of their mouths together before pulling back.

He pulls back, unable to stop the little grin on his face when Alexander chases after him with a soft whine.

“Why were you worried I wouldn’t want you, Alexander?” Magnus has to ask. “You can’t possibly think that you would be included in any negative feelings I might have for your race.”

Alexander, instead of answering, looks anxious. Magnus presses a soft kiss to his mouth, coaxes Alexander’s lips open with his tongue, keeps him pinned like that by Magnus’s hands and body and his mouth until he feels Alexander relax.

“Darling,” he says, voice low and rough. “You have to know I’ve been waiting for you.”

“I…” Alexander says, pausing for a moment before saying, “I didn’t think… I know you were…
“There, for the Uprising.” His voice is soft and hesitant and Magnus feels like he’s been run through.

“Oh, darling,” he breathes out, unable to keep the ache out of his voice. He can’t believe Alexander had worried about this — except, he can, because Magnus does the same. Always wonders, thinks about what ifs.

But the fact that his soulmate had been worried Magnus wouldn’t want him? Magnus can’t even imagine not wanting him. Alexander’s name has been on his skin for the better part of 400 years and Magnus has missed him like a fucking limb for every one of those.

“I’ve wanted to meet you my whole life,” Magnus says, and watches his pretty little soulmate shiver at his words. “I’ve been waiting to meet you my whole life.”

Alexander bites his lip, arms tightening around Magnus’s neck for a moment before he sways forward to press a sweet kiss to Magnus’s lips. Magnus is overcome with the urge to pull away so he can peel off the bracer he can feel covering Alexander’s right arm from elbow to wrist off of him, so that his name on Alexander’s arm will be pressed against his skin. Before he can take that thought any further than impulse, he’s distracted with keeping himself from deepening the kiss. Slow, he thinks, not wanting to push Alexander while he seeks reassurance. He can’t do either of those things right now, this is not the appropriate time, he reminds himself. Don’t push—

And then Alexander pulls away and Magnus lets him.

“I’ve missed you,” Alexander says, even though this is the first time they’ve ever met, voice shy. Like he thinks Magnus will take exception to his words.

How is Alexander so perfect? Magnus doesn’t deserve him. He doesn’t know why or how he has this beautiful boy in his arms but Magnus is not going to let him go, not now that he has him. He can’t go back to life without his soulmate. He won’t.

“I’ve missed you too, darling,” Magnus returns, because he finally feels whole and knows Alexander feels the same.

Magnus brushes his thumb over Alexander’s lips before pressing another kiss to them, letting Alexander hesitantly take control of the kiss when Magnus doesn’t press, parts his lips at the tentative swipe of Alexander’s tongue.

He keeps the kiss unhurried, quieting Alexander when he tries to surge forward and deepen the kiss. His boy really is impatient when it comes to Magnus, even if he’s proven he isn’t with everything else. Magnus is the furthest thing from upset with that — after all, he’s got enough patience for the both of them.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!