"Heartbreak, eh? Tough one that is. I do sympathize you, love. But I think that you wouldn’t like that. So, instead of me being the I’m-really-sorry-you-clearly-deserve-someone-better type of company, I suggest that you let me be either a temporary replacement for the absence of your previous lover, or a British friend you can rant to or spend time with. How’s that, Alec?"

Notes

Dear Lord!! It's been awhile since I've last written something. So, this is my late New Year celebration gift to myself and Midlife_Fan, who had requested this about a week ago. So, this is for you!

I first thought that I should write this when I finish the Bad Blood Inspired Fics series, but then I thought that I should just add this as part of the series. So, this is somewhat connected
to Matters Of The Heart, but it can still stand alone.

I got Nathaniel's last name in the Shadowhunter's Codex, and it is not because of Hodge or Harry Potter. I added this because my friends said that I got the idea from those two, but not really.

This is inspired by Bad Blood by Bastille. So, I hope you enjoy.

I might also add more tags, because I might've forgotten things and my mind is like not processing properly.

I apologize for the mistakes because I have not taken into the power of sleep. I will update this when I wake up. Thank you for your patience.

See the end of the work for more notes.

Alec was sitting inside a bar, drinking all his sorrows away. He just wanted to forget for even just one night. He didn't care whether if Jace or Izzy were looking for him. They might not even notice that he was gone. Even though they show concern for him or do things for his sake, he just knew them all too well. They're probably too busy with their significant others to even notice that their big brother was gone. But even if it had hurt, he got used to it all; to being forgotten; to being left out; to being unnoticed; to being alone. He didn't mind that he was left in the shadows. Though all of those things changed the moment he had met him.

As he took a sip of his drink, his thoughts wandered to a handsome glittery man with dazzling cat-like eyes. A man he had loved, whom he still loves with all his heart. The same man who had broken said heart and ran away to God knows where. He knew he was pathetic. Of course I am. That's the only thing that you can describe him; a man who's still hoping to get back together with someone who's trying to forget that something has happened between the two of you.

He has downed about five glasses and he was getting even more drunk with every passing minute he spends in the bar. He was running his index finger on the rim of his glass, his mind in a daze with dozens of colors of different shades, glitter and a pair of cat-like eyes, when he felt a hand brush up his side.

"What's a pretty thing like you doing all alone in an old bar like this one?" A man with a British accent whispered in his ear.

Alec visibly tensed at the touch. He turned around to look at the stranger, and he was stunned to silence at the man's beauty; he had dark brown hair that is neatly tousled over in what seems to be the bed-head look; he had striking gray eyes with specks of blue at the pupils; a sensual smirk was playing on his lips along with a cocked up eyebrow; he was wearing a white v-neck under a black leather jacket that showed off his magnificent physique and dark skinny jeans that hugged his legs gloriously. But what caught the Shadowhunter's eyes more were the thick black lines that were visible to him. He immediately knew what they were and what the stranger actually is.

"You're a Shadowhunter." Alec breathed out loud.

The man in front of him chuckled. "As you are, love. Nice seeing another Shadowhunter in a mundane bar. A sexy one, if I may add."
A blush crept up on the blue eyed Shadowhunter's cheeks at the compliment. The smirk on the man in front of him disappeared and was replaced with a bright smile, all pearly white teeth. He pulled his hand back from the other's side and put it in front of the two of them.

"Name's Nathaniel by the way. Nathaniel Starkwater from the London Institute."

Alec accepted the offered hand and shook it tentatively. A small smile gracing his features at the warmth he can feel radiating from Nathaniel.


By the Angel, even now? Why am I making a fool of myself? He ran a hand through his hair, frustrated with himself. The man laughed, letting go of the hand in his. The embarrassment was evident on the other's face. After his laughter died, he then moved himself to sit beside him.

"Alas, a man who's both sexy and adorable. What a catch I have come across."

"Hmm... What a catch, indeed."

Alec had said it before he had taken a sip from his drink. His voice was dripped with sarcasm and disapproval. Nathaniel cocked his head to the side in question at the statement, brows scrunch ed in confusion. The only reply he got was a small shrug. For him, that wasn't enough.

"Are you doubting me, Alec?"

"Yes, Nathaniel. I am doubting you,"

Alec didn't know why, but something inside of him just snapped. By the look on the other's face, Nathaniel already regretted speaking. He was about to apologize, but Alec was having none of it.

"And I have a lot of reasons why too. First of all, what you have said is a lie because I am none of those things. I am not sexy nor adorable. And I am not a catch. I am broken, pathetic and not worth your time. If you want someone worthwhile, I know a number of people who are. But me including in that list is impossible. I am not even near good-looking, let alone handsome or sexy or adorable. So, can you just leave me here with my broken heart?"

Maybe it was from having too much alcohol in his system that he had overreacted like that. But there was no turning back now. He had already said it. And to a complete stranger! He faced the bar, head burrying in his hands. He let out a sigh. He must think I'm a complete psycho by now.

"Heartbreak, eh? Tough one that is. I do sympathize you, love. But I think that you wouldn't like that. So, instead of me being the I'm-really-sorry-you-clearly-deserve-someone-better type of company, I suggest that you let me be either a temporary replacement for the absence of your previous lover, or a British friend you can rant to or spend time with. How's that, Alec?"

Alec turned back to Nathaniel, seeing that he was completely serious. He was dumbfounded to say the least. He never knew that someone like Nathaniel would be there for him. That he would give his time for his sake. He didn't know why, but he laughed; maybe because of what Nathaniel said; maybe because he was overreacting; maybe because he was being an idiot in front of an extremely hot guy; maybe because he just wanted to laugh. Alec has no clue at all.

"I'm not sure yet. How long will you be here to know my reply?"

"A while. But I don't care how long though. I can stay longer if needed. I just need to know."
Alec nodded and stood up. He took out the amount he owed the bartender and placed it on top of the countertop. He then made his way towards the door.

"You already leaving me?" Nathaniel asked, feigning hurt in his expression.

"Don't worry. You can still see me at the Institute. You can continue your flirting with me there. I promise that I won't bite. Unless you want me to," Alec said, adding a wink at the end.

Alec didn't regret the events that happened inside; he didn't regret drinking six glasses of alcohol; he didn't regret the outburst he just had; he didn't regret that he had just flirted; he didn't regret that he had momentarily forgotten a certain glittery warlock; he didn't regret that he met Nathaniel Starkwater. He even enjoyed his company, even though it all started with a much more intimate reason. Maybe this was how Alec will be pieced back together. Maybe Nathaniel will fix his broken heart.

End Notes

Kudos, comments, requests, suggestions and etc. is highly appreciated.

I apologize that I have written a lot of things at the note at the beginning.

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