If everything's a Dream, please wake me up.

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Summary

Spoilers for CoLS and CoHF.

Set after the break-up, where Alec and Magnus both struggle to survive their grief, but is sadness the only real threat to their lives? Will they manage to overcome everything and be together again, where they belong?

Notes

The story begins just after Alec's dialogue with Maureen in the books, and from there on, it's "AU". (since it doesn't follow what really happened)

Note: The POV is 3rd personish, but usually centers on someone. In that case, there will be a name at the beginning of the paragraph to avoid confusion.
Note #2: It isn't completely clear (I think), but in the books, the break up probably takes place at late morning, or noon. However, because I messed up, and forgot to check the timeline until it was too late, let's just assume it was afternoon, and the “I'll be out all day” that Magnus said, refers to the next day. Sorry!
Left Behind

Alec.

Day 1. Evening.

“So there is nothing left for me…” he whispered to himself and turned his back on her. The mad child ignored him completely, not that he cared. If she had attacked him then, he couldn't have found it in him to fight back to save his life… He felt his soul cracking, the pieces that broke at Magnus' words, falling apart at last after the numbness caused by the shock subsided, and the desire for revenge abandoned him. He could only go as far as the last place he saw him. “I will not cry…” he muttered, his voice brittle, while unbidden images filled his mind…

His father, preaching that Shadowhunters must be strong, put duty above all and never get affected by their feelings… He had done the exact opposite. Not only had he allowed his feelings to rule him, but he would have readily abandoned his duty, and even his marks for the sake of the Warlock. He still would… But that didn't matter now… Nothing did…

Jace, with his “to-love-is-to-destroy” drama… He laughed mirthlessly. 'How right he was after all…' Even if Jace himself had escaped his grim “prophecy” in the end, Alec hadn't. He had loved Magnus more that he thought possible and now was paying for it.

Magnus… “Not that it changes anything…” “But… if you really loved me, it would.” he whispered in a broken voice “Wouldn't it change everything?” ‘He doesn't.’ a cruel voice echoed in his head. 'Look at yourself. You actually believed, someone as perfect as him would love you? You were trivial at best. Just a footnote. And a disappointment at that.' a sob fell from his lips and he collapsed on his knees hiding his face in his hands.

'All I've even done is let everyone down…'

His witchlight left his trembling hands once more, but this time, no one picked it up. Registering that, everything hit him like a wave, hard enough to knock the breath out of him. He gasped and his defences collapsed, as he burst into uncontrollable convulsive sobs that stole the breath from his lungs.

'I disappoint everyone, every minute, just by existing… My father believes I'm an abomination, my little brother is dead because of me, and I hurt the one person I loved more than everything, more than my own life… Everyone would be so much better if I had never existed… Angel, I wish I'd never been born…'

~0~

Day 1. Night.

At some point he fainted because of the lightheadedness caused by oxygen deprivation and fell into darkness. Hours later he opened his eyes disorientated. “What happened?” he whispered hoarsely. His voice was ragged and his head was throbbing from sobbing and fighting for breath, and he could see nothing through the darkness surrounding him. “Where am I? Was that… a dream?” he dared think. Searching around for a light, his hand found his witchlight, discarded on the floor beside him. His hopes shattered. “It wasn't a Dream…” he felt the lump to his throat return, choking him, as the sobs threatened to overcome him again. He was about to surrender to his grief,
'What is the point of resisting? Of fighting anymore? Everything is over...' but then, his phone rang, startling him and snapping him out of his bitter thoughts. He looked at the screen through blurry eyes, his tears never stopping, and in utter horror saw his sister was calling him. ‘Izzy...’

'No.' He couldn't possibly talk to her. She'd know immediately that something was wrong. He shut the call down, and praying she hadn't called Magnus-

'Magnus...’ even thinking of his name brought more tears to the surface, and fresh sobs wracked his body. ‘I have to pull it together... just for a minute...’

He typed a message to Isabelle, saying Magnus had whisked him away to celebrate Jace's return. He added, ‘Can't talk right now' at the end, to ensure she wouldn't call him again, and sent it, praying it'd be enough. While his control lasted, he realised he should send Magnus a message too, to beg him not to tell Izzy otherwise. He tried to, but even at the thought, broke down again unable to repress his sobs. When he regained his composure, he found himself sitting up, hugging his knees to his chest. Breathing slowly he tried to empty his mind and calm down. He had to ask him to do this. Shaking he took out his phone and began typing, breathing slowly to keep the tears from turning into sobs again.
Agony

Chapter Notes

There are some parallels from here on, thus the existence of the “time stamps”. (I'm sorry if they are too vague. If the time description is identical the time is too, or just minutes apart. You can tell by the context, so I think it will be okay.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Magnus

Day 1. Evening.

Magnus let his tears fall once he turned his back on Alec. Not only his heart and soul, but his whole body, hurt from what he had just done. He walked to his apartment not bothering to place a glamour on himself, endless tears smudging his make-up. Once inside, he collapsed shaking to the floor against the door and started sobbing. The Chairman run to him alarmed and meowed sadly. “Oh sweetheart…” he whispered, hugging the cat “What have I done? I never wanted to hurt him...he must hate me now… But… But… it seems he never really loved me… I was just a toy for him too, like I was for everyone else...Plotting with Camille of all people, behind my back… I thought… I really thought he loved me... That he… was the one...” Long agonising sobs wracked his body causing a sharp pain to the wound in his chest but he didn't care. He wasn't going to die from something so trivial and he felt that the wounds in his heart hurt far more than this puny distraction of well deserved pain… “Not him too… Why does no one love me? Am I really so hateful? So impossible to love?” he asked the tiny kitten who only looked at him with sympathy and licked his hand to prove he did, as Magnus broke down in heart-wrenching tearful sobs.

Day 1. Night.

Hours later, the phone rang. He ignored it and the answering machine got it. It was Isabelle. Very cheerful. 'Why is she so cheerful?' he thought absently through his tears.

“Hey Magnus! Just wanted to thank you for all your help with Jace, and while I'm at it, for always taking care of my big brother for me! You guys have fun!!” The message felt like another stab, directly at his heart. “Thanks for always taking care of my big brother” “have fun!”

First came regret, followed by fresh tears and sobs for letting Alec go, and hurting him. “My Angel…” 'No, not your Angel... he was never yours... he never loved you.' A heartless voice in his head corrected. But then, worry hit him. Where was Alec? What had he done? Why wasn't he home yet? Why was Isabelle not worried in the least, but totally sure they were together? “No... I have no right to worry about him... not after everything...” He pushed the thoughts aside, but couldn't help the gnawing worry at his heart, which added to the pain. Hiding his face in his hands he slumped lower and let the sobs take over his body, barely allowing him to breathe.
Day 1. Later that Night

After another eternity of pain, coupled with more tearful sobs, a sound broke him out of his tear-stained haze. His mobile phone was ringing. And not just any sound, he realised with a start; his ringtone. Trembling he reached for it and checked the screen with blurry cat-eyes. 'New Message' it read. “I’ll never hear his voice again…” he whimpered, opening the text.

“Warlock.” It began, and he gasped. Even if he didn't hear him say the actual word, he could feel the contempt in it. “No way…” he whispered in a wobbly voice, “Alec would never… Say that…” As he kept reading, against his better judgment, he realised he would, and also that, this was the least painful thing he was going to say. The message read:

"I wanted to warn you to stay away from my family. But that's not all. I wanted to thank you. For giving me a reason to stop pretending at last. I'm relieved. The only reason I was with you was so we could use your powers for free. Someone had to do it and I was the unlucky one, chosen to. “Send the gay one to do it, he won't care.” they said. Well I did. I hated every second of it. I thought you should know. I hate you. I always did, from the very first time we met. How could I not? How could anyone not? Disgusting. Everything about you. Oh God, I hate you so much. I'm so glad it's over.

Ah... I forgot. Really? You thought this was about your immortality? If I wanted to kill you, I could have done so easily. No, I just used you as an excuse to see Camille more. She was the most beautiful person I'd ever seen. A Goddess... I wish you had died instead, not her. Anyway. That's all. Enjoy your immortality alone."

Magnus was frozen in shock, silent tears falling from his eyes. He couldn't believe it. Dropping the phone, he hugged himself, eyes staring unseeing in front of him. “No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no…” he chanted breathing rapid shallow breaths trying to calm down in vain 'It can't be true...' a sob left his lips, and he started weeping “Please no…” he whispered between ragged breaths “Not you too…” 'It can't be true...' ‘No…” 'It can't be real...' “Please…” 'Let it be a lie…'

He woke up with a start, breathing heavily. “It was a dream... Just a dream... Thank God...” he whispered still crying, but feeling a little calmer, relieved beyond measure. And then he heard it again. Alec's ringtone. His breath hitched and he reached for it trembling, his breathing quickening. His eyes widened as he checked the screen. 'New Message.'

Chapter End Notes

I really hate myself for writing that stuff about disgusting Bitchmille, BLEH.
Restlessness

Magnus.

Day 1. Later that Night.

“No, no, no, it wasn't real, it was just a dream, why?” he kept mumbling, hugging himself as he felt his heart tearing again thinking of the horrible dream, seeing it repeated. *It was just a dream… Just read it and see…* said a voice in his head, but he shook it off, too scared that if he did, his worst fears would really come true.

The Chairman, still snuggled to his chest, looked up at him, worried as non-stop tears kept falling from the Warlock's eyes. Worried. But mostly annoyed. *Stupid humans…* he thought and climbing higher, scratched Magnus' face, meowing loudly. *Just Read It!!!!* he wanted to convey, but Magnus didn't understand.

He gasped, blood falling from his cheek, “Even you hate me now?” He whispered in a broken voice.

The kitty looked at him guiltily and licked his face purring to prove that was not the case, then nudged his hand holding the phone to make his point.

“Oh… I just annoy you…” he said getting it, feeling a little better for a second, seeing he wasn't completely alone. But then his eyes fell to his phone again, and he realised just how alone and scared he was. “I can't… If… If he's really writing those things, I'm going to die… I… I can't take it…” he said burying his face in his hands, dropping the phone, which rang once more, a second message arriving.

“MEOWR!” screamed Chairman head-butting him.

Breathing deeply, and steeling himself he prayed to be wrong and reached for the phone. His hands were trembling again, as he opened the latest sms and started reading.

“I know you probably weren't reading the last one, to the end at least. I'll go as far as to annoy you one last time. I am sorry. Again. I will forever be. I know I have no right. I know you told me you never wanted to see or hear from me or the others again, but this last act of selfishness on my part isn't something you will be against, so I will dare ask this of you. Please, if my sister calls or texts you ignore her. (Even though you probably would do that anyway.) I will say it once more. It will never be enough. I am sorry. Truly sorry. And thank you for everything.”

“What have I done?” he whispered abandoning himself to despair, forgetting to read the other message that arrived earlier. He was infinitely relieved his nightmare didn't come true, but still nothing was okay… Or would be, anytime soon. However, something else bothered him… What was the deal with Isabelle? What was Alec doing? “I'm the one who has no right…” he started, but a voice in his head screamed at him *Screw that! Who Cares?! If anything happens to him…* “But I can't turn back now… We… we can't be together, I only cause him pain…” he confined to the kitty on his lap. “But I need him so much…” he whimpered, sobbing.

Still, even above his sorrow, he was deathly worried about the Nephilim… So, he decided. He'd leave, as he said he would, and if by the end of tomorrow, Alec hadn't come to…
Another sob broke through his chest at the reminder

…leave his key, he would check on him. Just to make sure he's safe… *If he intended to do something drastic, he wouldn't ask for what he did, right?* he thought, trying to ease the worry gnawing at his shattered heart. *Nonsense.* a cruel voice whispered in his head *There is no need to worry. He's fine. He doesn't care enough to do anything. He never really loved you…* he bit back a sob and wiped his tears, which were immediately replaced by new silent ones “I have to go…”
The other message

Alec.

Day 1. Earlier that Night.

“Magnus…”

'Breathe, breathe, calm down!' he ordered himself.

“I know I…”

'Breathe!!'

“…do not deserve another second of your time…”

a sob escaped his lips and he started crying harder. 'Calm down, breathe…'

“…and I know you rightfully hate me now”

Another sob. 'Breathe!' He ordered himself. 'Weakling. Everyone was right…'

“I never deserved you… I… I never had any right to even gaze at someone as radiant as you, to fly so close to the sun that you were… I never… Never…”

He struggled to pull it together, hardly restraining his sobs.

“But my wings, like everything else on me, were shabby and flimsy, and couldn't take your radiance. I should have known something as lowly as I, shouldn't even try touching someone like you. I shouldn't have had the nerve, and I, and…”

He managed to piece out in a fit of determination but then collapsed on himself, muttering in a voice broken by sobs “He'll never forgive me… He must hate me so much… I'll only bother him… I shouldn't… But… I have to… Tell… him…” So he went on.

“… It doesn't matter anymore. I deserve far worse than what you did. You should have killed me…You had every right. You… No. Actually… This is good. It is worse than Death, so much worse, and I deserve every second and more. You used to say I was an Angel, and you a Demon. You couldn't have been more wrong. You were an Angel who brought light in the darkness that was my life… I was the petty Demon, who destroyed everything by breaking your trust and hurting you.”

With that, Alec lost it again, a flood of tears and half-controlled sobs overtaking him.'Breathe! You have to get through this!' he ordered himself 'I can break down later…'

“I know you probably won’t even read this. You are right not to. I wasted enough of your time which I never deserved in the first place and I keep bothering you still. What I wanted to say is I am sorry. I know it is by far, not sufficient and I will not ask for your forgiveness because I know I do not deserve it…"
By this point, he was just crying silently, having accepted that he was lucky in the first place to even get close to the Warlock. He really believed he shouldn't have tried to touch someone so divine. That was where he really belonged. Down here in the Darkness. Cold and alone with his grief. It was rightful punishment. “But it hurts…” he whimpered leaving the phone aside for a moment “It hurts so much…”

After a while he managed to regain his composure. ‘I have to get this over with… I… Just a bit more…’

“I am sorry. More sorry than you could ever imagine. I just wanted you to know that. I am sorry for everything. For daring to even look at you. For the crime of hurting you… Heck. I am sorry for existing. I am sorry. I am sorry. So sorry…”

He sent the message and then realised that in his haze, he forgot to write what he originally intended to, about Isabelle. He hadn't even told the Warlock the real reason he went to see Camille… 'It doesn't matter…I don't deserve his forgiveness…' he thought, resigned, and started writing a second, shorter message.

“I know you probably weren't reading the last one, to the end at least. I'll go as far as to annoy you one last time. I am sorry. Again. I will forever be. I know I have no right. I know you told me you never wanted to see or hear from me or the others again, but this last act of selfishness on my part isn't something you will be against, so I will dare ask this of you. Please, if my sister calls or texts you ignore her. (Even though you probably would do that anyway.) I will say it once more. It will never be enough. I am sorry. Truly sorry. And thank you for everything.”

Sent. Meanwhile Izzy had replied: “Okay big brother!! Have fun!!!!!!! :D ^_^”

“She bought it…” he sighed, “Thank the Angel…” He felt a little guilty for lying to her, but there was no other way. “It is done… Everything I needed to do… Now I can break down…” He wrapped up into a ball and let his hardly kept control break completely. His sobs consumed him, stealing the breath from his lungs again, and he fainted.
Darkness

Alec, Day 2. Early Noon.

Alec stood by the kitchen in Magnus' apartment. Suddenly the front door opened, revealing the Warlock. He looked stunning and the boy caught himself staring at him, mesmerised, forgetting for a blissful moment the reason he was there in the first place. He wore a plain (compared to his usual clothes) black t-shirt adorned with sequins spelling the word “Magic” and a pair of black tight fitting jeans that complimented his tall, slender frame. His hair was down, no glitter or hair gel on it, just the way the boy liked it the most.

Magnus looked calm, but when he turned his gaze to meet Alec’s, his eyes narrowed. “What are you still doing here?” he hissed. “I told you to take your things, leave the key and disappear.”

“Magnus, let me explain, please!” begged the Nephilim, despair lacing his voice which was already thick with tears “I…”

“Too late.” the Warlock cut him off coldly “I don't want to hear anything you have to say.”

“Please Magnus! I love you!”

“Well then, you have a grant way of showing it!!!” he screamed, and Alec took an involuntary step back, stifling a sob. “Do I need to spell it out for you?” he went on mercilessly “I. Hate. You. Even if you disappeared it would be fine with me.”

The boy gasped, tears falling from his cerulean eyes. “You… No… You can't… mean that…”

“No? Let's see…” Magnus said in a dangerous voice, raising his hands, blue sparks flying from the edge of his fingers, and uttered something in a language the Nephilim didn't understand. All Alec saw was a flash of blue. Then he felt a searing pain and everything went dark.

'Darkness… I can see nothing… I can't breathe… There's only pain… My life is over… I hadn't realised how insignificant, how dark, everything was until the light you brought in my life went out… Darkness. Only Darkness, but no Oblivion. Sweet Oblivion…’

He could feel nothing, but pain.

'He really hates me… Please make it stop… I can't breathe… I can't move… It hurts… Let it be over… Please… Please… Help me…'

The darkness dispersed and a pair of beautiful green-gold cat-eyes appeared in front of him, looking at him with cold hate, and he woke up with a jolt, in a coughing fit, unable to breathe through sobs once more.

'He hates me…No… It was a dream… But still… He… Must hate me… After what I did…'

The pain only got worse as time passed, his sobs intensifying, making breathing nearly impossible. 'Just let go…' a tempting voice whispered 'What else is there to live for?' He couldn't help but agree. 'I should die and let everything end…' His hand moved towards the knives in his belt and he took one out, balancing it in his fingers. 'No… It's not over yet… I still have to…' his whole body shook as he still struggled to breathe. With a swift, decisive motion, he stabbed his left hand.
The shock and the pain sent another jolt in him making him gasp and restoring his breathing temporarily. 'Breathe!' he ordered once more, 'Dammit Breathe!' He gritted his teeth, breathing deeply, grateful for the distraction. This pain was nothing.

The 'calm' didn't last long though… His thoughts soon inevitably brought him back to the cruel reality. 'I can't stay here… I have to go… He… He told me to… pack my stuff…' a sob escaped his lips 'I don't care about those, but I have to… return… his key… I have to go… he said he'd be out… he said… he…' even his thoughts weren't coherent anymore.

Shaking, he took his phone out again and checked the time. It was early noon, next day. He'd been sitting in the cold, crying his eyes out, for half a day already, and he felt awful. His whole body hurt, he had a splitting headache and his tears were far from spent. He could only have these moments of clarity and not drown in all his grief, because of his extreme self-control, and even then, he still had to try hard and ignore the triggering thoughts… But now, it was already noon… He couldn't run away from the things he didn't want to face anymore.

'I won't make it… I have to hurry…' He tried getting up but collapsed. He was frozen over and his feet wouldn't hold him after all those hours lying in the cold. 'I can't fail him again… Not even on this small thing…' he hated to, since he would prefer to keep the pain, and have it serve as a distraction and as rightful punishment for what he did, but there was no choice. He drew an iratze to restore his body, because he had to get up, and gathered his self-control to hold his pieces together. Hold the pieces… At least until his home. Then, he had no illusion. He wasn't gonna make it out in one piece… Seeing that place again, after everything that happened, was going to shatter him…

Magnus, Day 1. Late night.

Unsteadily he got to his feet. It was almost morning, but he couldn't bear to stay in his house for another minute. Not alone. Not after all this time. He absentmindedly 'magicked' chairman's bowl to remain full, and left, not bothering with a coat, keys, or even checking how he looked. He wandered the streets aimlessly for hours, unseen, even passing by the Institute. For a spell he was tempted to knock on the door and find out why Alec asked him to ignore Isabelle, but in the end he decided against it, and instead headed towards the most notorious places he knew. He didn't need to worry, his fame preceded him, and that was enough to keep him safe. Not that he cared… If someone desired to kill the High Warlock, there wouldn't have been a better time to do it. He was so out of it, he couldn't have found it in him to fight for his life…

He entered a downworlder bar, and immediately regretted it. 'It's always the music…Cursed music…'

{This one goes out to the one I love… This one goes out to the one I've left behind…}

He headed to where the Dj was, cursing gods and demons.

{A simple prop to occupy my time… This one goes out to the one I love…}

“The song goes” he growled.

The DJ was feeling brave (or maybe was plain stupid) “Or?”

“Or else, the fire will be quite literal.” Magnus snarled looking at him through slit eyes. Hastily the Dj changed it.
“Angel…” he sighed, and chose to ignore it, pushing away memories of Angel kisses. “Give me something strong.” He ordered the bartender, and taking a whole bottle of it he found a dark quiet corner, nestled there, half-hidden from sight and started drinking.
Alec, Day 2.

Noon to early afternoon.

Somehow he reached Brooklyn. He had put on a glamour rune, let his hood and hair shield his face from any supernatural eyes and made his way there in a daze, fighting to keep his mind blank, blocking every thought, focusing on breathing. His feet just took him there. He blocked that thought out too.

'Breathe.'

The fact that he knew the way there by heart…

'Breathe.'

How he…

'BREATHE!' his inner voice screamed.

He gasped and looked up. He had arrived at their– 'No…' Alec bitterly corrected himself. 'Magnus' home. ‘Just a little more…’ he muttered and slowly took the key out to unlock the front door for the last time. Memories from all the times he'd been there before flooded his mind, and he started shaking, dropping the key. Breathing deeply, fighting to hold on, he retrieved it and managed to open the door, but another ordeal awaited him. Gluing his eyes to the floor, he started going up the rickety stairs where…

'Where me and Mag– NO! Don't think, don't think, don't think!!'

Another step, and another… He was almost there.

'Breathe, don't think, breathe…'

Finally, having reached the apartment's door, he raised his eyes.

'Breathe…'

A sob fell from his lips. 'Breathe, by the Angel, breathe!!!' The voice in his head ordered, but it was no use.

'I will never see this again… I… will nev– STOP IT! BREATHE!!' he did; momentary blocking all thoughts and managed to unlock the door, but didn't enter the house. He was still clinging to the last shreds of self-control he had left, when a thought crossed his mind. He took out his phone and set an alarm two hours ahead. “I can't subject him into seeing me again…” he whispered in a broken voice thick with tears.

The alarm was a fail-safe he knew he was bound to need… It was to help pull him out of the grief-induced haze he was about to enter. It took all of his strength to not fall apart now, and he wasn't even inside the loft yet… When he did enter he knew he was going to be reduced to a crying mess once more. Bracing for the impact, he finally let himself in, looking down, and closed the door behind him leaning against it. Closing his eyes, he took a deep breath, but immediately regretted it. His scent was everywhere around him. Sandalwood and burned sugar, and… and, Magnus…
His next breath came out as a whimper, and he slumped to the floor sobbing. A ball of fluff jumped on him and he hugged the cat to his chest, apologising and whispering. “I will never see him again… Never touch him… I’ll never come back here again… Never… Never… Never…” he chanted, weeping. He hugged the kitty closer his chest and allowed himself to break down one last time. At some point, he passed out from exhaustion, only to wake up with a jolt two hours later, as the alarm went off.

He was thankful for it, because if it hadn't woke him up, Magnus could have returned and found him there, but he also hated it for the same reason… ‘No… I won’t cause him more trouble…’ He thought, fresh tears falling from his blue eyes, petting the cat who looked at him worriedly, and while new sobs rose to his throat, whispered, “I’m sorry… This is Goodbye… I’m sorry… For all I did to him... I only caused him pain... I’m sorry… So sorry…” His voice broke and he gently put the kitten down and struggled to his feet. Breathing deeply, he moved to the counter, and left the key. He knew he already sent him a message, but he needed to write something more too. This would be his last words to him anyway… He had to make them count. He took pen and paper and started writing:

“I’m sorry if the others bother you, but please just ignore them, don’t tell them what happened… I’m sorry…”

First he completed the small note to get it out of the way in case Magnus had ignored his text message. He hated to repeat himself, possibly annoying the Warlock further, but it was important. They shouldn’t look for him… ‘And now to the hard part…’ He took a deep breath, trying in vain to steady his trembling hands and started writing all those things he could no longer say to his beloved Warlock.

“I’m sorry… I fail you once more. Surprise. I bet you never expected anything else… You were right to. All I ever do is let down the people I love. First Max, then you… I let down everyone expecting things from me… My father, the Clave, even my siblings… Anyway… I know you don’t care for my petty problems, as you are right to… I know you must be disgusted by me….”

His throat quivered with convulsive sobs which took over his body, but he kept on writing.

“…and of course I don't blame you… How could you not be…? I'm astonished you ever managed to feel anything but repulsion for me in the first place… Amazed, someone as beautiful as you, so much as turned to look at something like me… I'm sorry, I digress… The point is, I couldn't get the stuff. I wouldn't make it out in time and I didn't want to submit you into the ordeal of having to see my face ever again. I'm really sorry you still have to endure my selfishness. Just burn everything, or throw them away, it doesn't matter anymore. I'm sorry I couldn't do it, I'm not strong enough to step inside your room. I'm sorry I'm still causing you trouble. I'm sorry all I ever do is disappoint you… But most of all… I'm sorry I ruined everything and betrayed your trust… You were all that ever mattered to me…”

[“Well then, you have a grant way of showing it!!”] The memory of the nightmare replayed in his mind, and he put the pen down for a minute, burying his face in his hands trying to calm down. ‘Just a little more…’ he urged himself. He was drowning in a flood of tears, but nevertheless, managed to go on.

“I know it doesn't matter to you now… And I don't expect to be forgiven. But I have to tell you. I'm sorry I hurt you... So sorry... I wish I had died before doing it... I know
you must hate me and I don't blame you. I hate myself too… I just wanted to say one last thing, and then I will never bother you again as you wished. I love you. I always will, no matter what. I'm so sorry I could never show you properly, so sorry I could never be worthy of you. Thank you for everything. I'm sorry for all I did to you… So sorry… I'm sorry… I'm sorry… I'm sorry… I'm sorry… I'm sorry… I'm sorry… I'm sorry… I'm sorry… I'm sorry… So sorry… I'm sorry… I'm sorry… So sorry… I'm sorry…”

He went on writing, by the end unable to see through his tears, and when the sobs wracked his body so hard and his hands shook so much he couldn't even hold the pen anymore, he dropped it and sank to the floor. The Chairman run to him once more and jumped on him, licking his face. The kitten's presence calmed him down a bit and he reached out to pet him, his sobs subsiding. And then he saw it, and another idea crossed his mind. He wobbled on his feet, letting the Chairman on the counter.

He took the Lightwood ring off his finger and placing it on the counter took hold of the pen again and wrote one last note.

“Keep this. I'm not going to need it anymore. I wish I could have given it to you under different circumstances, but I'm not complaining, since I have no one to blame for that but myself… These are the last words you'll ever hear from me, I'll make sure you'll never be compelled to see me again. So, if you hate me too much, you can throw it away, there's no need to return it… I just hoped… No. It's not important, forget about it, I'm sorry. However, if you don't hate me, please, don't forget me too soon… I hope you can be happy at last. I love you. Goodbye…”

Forever Yours, Alexander Gideon Lightwood.”

He run a hand through his messy hair, heaving an exasperated sigh, through his never-ending tears. His thoughts were a jumbled mess. One moment he was convinced the Warlock hated him, and the other, he couldn't help but hope otherwise. “Not that it changes anything…” ‘What point is there in hoping for anything? Hope is more cruel than despair…” he momentary dismissed both positive and negative thoughts, and looked around one last time, taking in his surroundings. ‘That place where I once belonged…’ ‘I'll never see any of it again…”

'Breathe!'

He walked to the door and opened it with trembling hands. “I'm sorry…” he said one last time to no one in particular and rushed outside blocking all thoughts of first kisses, and creaky stairs and first dates. The sun was going down by the time he made it to the street, breathing slowly trying in vain to steady the trembling that overtook his body.
Blood Moon

Alec, Day 2.

Early Night

Alec moved close to the shadows remaining unseen. He emptied his mind of all thoughts. ‘Focus on breathing… Inhale, Exhale. In, out. Don't think… Just breathe…’ Right now (or ever again) he didn't want to see anyone…

‘...but him…’

He didn't want to disappoint anyone else again…

‘...like him…’

He didn't want them to see how weak he truly was…

‘Weak… Useless… A disappointment…’ He bit back a sob. 'Breathe!' He ordered. 'There is still something I have to do…'

He knew that if his plan failed, and they saw through his lie, they would track him and make him come home, and he couldn't have that. He never wanted to return again, he just wished everyone would forget him so he could die without hurting anyone… The only person that had made him feel special, had now abandoned him. 'What else is there left in my wretched life but its end?'

He didn't intend to actually kill himself, but when the next demon attacked, he knew he wouldn't be able to fend it off. He knew he wouldn't want to. If he told his family all that happened they'd just say “It's no big deal, you lived just fine before him.” But that would be a lie. Before him, he was merely alive. Breathing, eating, killing, sleeping. He wasn't living, just existing. Back then, he didn't mind, because he didn't know what being alive really meant. But now he knew. And he wouldn't go back to that life. He couldn't. Not anymore. Magnus brought colour into his life, and now everything felt gray and dull. And painful. So painful…

So he knew; he wasn't going to make it much longer. He was going to die soon, and he didn't mind. He was dead already, as he was before. But he didn't want to hurt anyone else. His mother had lost a child already. He knew Izzy adored him, (though he often wondered why) and Jace was his Parabatai… If their bond broke, it would surely cause him pain…

'Or not?'

Even his own mind was working against him. Just when he thought he was loved by at least his family, doubt crept into his thoughts poisoning them. 'Would they really care? Why would they? I am insignificant… Always had been… I-- It doesn't matter.' he countered the dark thoughts 'Even if they don't care, I am not taking any chances.' With that he pushed all thoughts aside and went to find himself a Warlock. The easiest way to do that would be to ask around in a Downworlder bar.
And that he did. He picked the first one on his way. Its glamour looked like an abandoned warehouse, but beneath it, there was a gothic-style building with black walls and red windows. A huge sign decorated with a crimson crescent moon, half hidden behind clouds, read “Blood Moon”.

He entered the bar, wincing, when he realised the flaw in his plan.

{"Don't look don't look" the shadows breathe, Whispering me away from you…}

“Angel… I forgot about the music…”

{"Oh don't talk of love" the shadows purr, Murmuring me away from you… "Don't talk of worlds that never were, The end is all that's ever true…”}

He froze at the entrance considering heavily to turn his back and run away. Why did this feel so spot on?

{"There's nothing you can ever say, Nothing you can ever do…"}

'Nothing… No… there is something I can do… Something I Must do.'

[Still every night I burn, Every night I scream your name… Every night I burn… Every night the dream's the same… Every night I burn, Waiting for my only friend… Every night I burn, Waiting for the world to end!]

“Damn these stupid mundanes and their obsession with turning perfectly fine melodies into waves of pain…” he muttered annoyed.

{"Just paint your face" the shadows smile Slipping me away from you… "Oh it doesn't matter how you hide, Find you if we're wanting to… So slide back down and close your eyes, Sleep a while You must be tired…”}

He took out his steele and started burning runes on his skin. Only one rune to be exact, the Fortitude one. He drew two to each arm and then one more on his neck. He wasn't sure if the quantity was going to make a difference, but it made him feel a little better… Maybe belief was all that mattered…

{"But every night I burn Every night I call your name Every night I burn Every night I fall again…}"

Two minutes later, he still stood by the entrance, breathing heavily, waiting for the song to end, and hoping that the next one would be neutral.
Do you want to stay by my side. Do you want me to turn and hide… We are disappearing inside… Seeing pictures of our goodbyes… But we, we believe… That our love will survive… The pain that you bring… It brings me all alone…

Like he would be so lucky…

[“Do you love me, Do you hate me, Do you wanna believe me…? …… I can’t think that it’s all over, Don’t wanna forget…”]

At least the rune helped him keep it together, he never expected that going to that bar would be such an ordeal… And he didn't even know, that somewhere, too close, the cause of his suffering, lied in a corner trying to drink his own sorrow away and also cringing to a different part of the lyrics.

[“Do you think that you don’t need me, Do you wanna deceive me? …… I can’t take the disappointment, That I wanna repress your…”

Goodbye, goodbye…]

He turned to leave. This was too much. 'What kind of sadistic human would write these things and why?!

[Please follow me, To the borders of destiny… I don’t wanna break from your side… The falling ground screams goodbye…]

“No. I have to do this…” He whispered in the darkness steeling himself. “It's the only way.”

Just as the song ended, he realised he really had it easy until then.

[I thought it was too good to be true… I found somebody who understands me… Someone who would help me to get through, And fill an emptiness I had inside me… But you kept inside and I just denied, Some things that we should have both said… I knew it was too good to be true…]

He gasped. That was too much. He practically ran to the Dj.

[What happened to us? We used to be so perfect, now we're lost and lonely… What happened to us? And deep inside I wonder, did I lose my only love?]

“Please change it…” he asked in an exasperated voice.

“What if I don’t want to?” he challenged.
Alec sighed and drove a knife through the counter. “Please.”

“Tough crowd today” murmured the Dj while changing the song hastily once again.

She looked towards a dark corner, where a heap was slumped, but immediately shook her head, reconsidering. Even if he was a Shadowhunter, it’d be such a waste if that pretty kid went up in flames disturbing him.

Alec followed her gaze, but the shadows were too deep. “This way” she said drawing his attention back to her, just as the 'heap' raised his head looking their way.

The booth's walls were black, covered with heavy crimson, velvet curtains which also served to separate the room from the rest of the premises. In the middle of the room, was a big carved mahogany table and right behind it, a red velvet couch where, a hooded figure dressed in black was slumped lazily, tangling a blood red drink in its slender fingers…
Fortitude Rune: This rune provides a warrior with unshakable resolve, will, inner strength; the strength of mind that enables a Nephilim to encounter danger or bear pain or adversity with courage. (Rune description from wikipedia.)
The Warlock watched curiously as a Nephilim entered the booth unsteadily, like he was in physical pain. The boy's eyes were downcast and his black hair fell in front of his face, shading it, however, from what she could make out, she realised he was really young, probably barely an adult. His body was littered with runes as were all Shadowhunters', but that one's had a strange addition. The rune for fortitude was etched on his skin multiple times and she idly wondered why. Just then, the boy sighed and looked upwards in an exasperated gesture that she realised was directed to the song that was currently playing.

{Let's take a walk Just you and me And talk of days gone by Across the fields under the trees Let's speak of you and I While the whole world Was wandering We walked a steady line When all our friends Were wavering We kept on trying Now we're always suffering Already lost…}

Dropping his gaze, he turned to look at her, and she saw that he had blue eyes. A beautiful shade of blue, it must have been once. Unique; "as blue as a night sky in Hell." The thought suddenly popped into her head, surprising her. 'Who told me that?'

{Now the rain is falling slow And the nights grow long And the train Cries out so hauntingly…}

However, as beautiful as his eyes may have been, that wasn't the case now…

{Let your soul come alive Let there be hope Hope in your heart That our love may revive For life is but a chance, On a wind swept hill…}

They were lifeless and red, with deep dark shadows beneath them. The boy himself looked exhausted, like he'd been crying for a long time. Everything about him spoke of a great sorrow.

{But we're always suffering We're already lost…}

Suddenly, the song, seemed very appropriate and she understood why he reacted that way to it.

Alec

He entered the booth where unluckily the music could still be heard loud and clear, and saw a hooded figure sitting back on the couch tangling a crimson drink in its slender fingers. “Have a drink” said a young voice.

He took the glass offered to him, not caring if the whole setup was life threatening. What life was there to lose? “Thanks,” Alec nodded absently as another ruthless song began playing.

{I felt your hooks sink right into me, And I knew you were my destiny… And I thought you'd get the best of me.}

He flinched and downed the beverage. 'Is that Angel-forsaken DJ doing it on purpose?' he
wondered angrily.

{You're so cold. You're so cruel... I'm your man, Not your fool, Are you already over me? What a fool I've been...}

"Is there something stronger?" he asked. The Warlock looked up surprised and Alec saw her face for the first time.

{I just ignore all those warning lights, Cause when you laugh I just cry, When you left, I just died...}

She looked very young, with long raven hair, and eyes with blood-red irises, that looked at him questioningly. Still, despite her demon mark, she was very beautiful. 'Much more beautiful than Camille...' he thought bitterly. There was something on her that made him think of his little sister, and he instantly took a liking to the Warlock.

{Are you already over me? Are you already sick of me? What a fool I've been... Hard to hold on, To a love divine. I'm kneeling in a corner, Praying to your shrine...}

When she leaned forward, to take a better look at Alec, a pair of black, bat-like wings unfolded from her back.

{I've been hurt, So confused, I've been burned, I've been bruised...}

Even through his agony, and while suppressing the stab of pain that the thought of a different pair of beautiful eyes, coupled with the song playing, caused him,

{Are you already over me? Are you already sick of me? What a fool I've been...}

...he knew what that demon mark must have meant. "I'm sorry," he said in a small voice. The Warlock stared at the young Shadowhunter who seemed to be on the verge of tears, surprised.

“What...?”

“I'm sorry...” he repeated. “It must have been hard...”

The Warlock's red eyes were wide open, she was frozen in shock. "Are you... mocking me??” she raised an eyebrow, getting over the shock. 'No...' she amended, studying him, 'It didn't seem that way... then... what???'

Alec who meanwhile had dropped his gaze to the floor and was focusing on breathing again, trying to shut the forsaken music out, jumped. “NO!” he shouted. His concentration broke, and the music, a different song now, hit him again.

{Fools in love, is there any other kind of pain?}

“No,” he went on more softly “I'm sorry, I didn't mean to insult you... I... kno-” his voice cracked.

“I knew... someone...” 'Breathe!'

{Everything you do, everywhere you go now Everything you touch, everything you feel}

He paused, taking two deep breaths to steady himself while the girl stared dumbfounded, and said quickly, to manage and get it all out. “Someone very Dear to me was the same, so I know it's hard... So... I'm Sorry...” He dropped his gaze to the floor again.
“That's what I meant…” he kept breathing hard, praying he didn't mess up, causing even strangers pain now, and losing his chance to ask for her help.

{Fools in love, gently tear each other limb from limb…}

In the meantime, she regained her composure “I see… Thank you. I'm surprised, Never thought I'd hear that from a Shadowhunter…Heck, I've never heard that from anybody…” Seeing the boy staring blankly at the floor again and for some reason breathing slowly like focusing to do it, she went on. “But why don't you ask that person for whatever you need? I'm guessing she's a Warlock too?”

{Well, some things in this world you just can't change Some things you can't see until it gets too late…}

Alec had spaced out, listening to the next song, wondering how some of those lyrics could feel so spot on, but heard her question, crystal clear. He looked up, a look of immense terror and hurt in his blue eyes, looking terribly broken. “You got it wrong…”

{Baby, baby, baby when all your love is gone Who will save me from all I'm up against out in this world??}

“I said 'Someone very dear to ME' to him, I am nothing.” His voice wavered and broke and he breathed deeply to regain his composure.

{I got a hole in me now… I got a scar I can talk about…}

He went on mostly to himself, but she heard him “How can I possibly ask someone who doesn't even want to ever lay his eyes on me again?”

{But some things in this world Man, they don't make sense Some things you don't leave until they leave you… And then the things that you miss, you say…}

“Please. Can you help me?” he pleaded. “I will give you anything you want, if it is within my power.”

{And maybe, maybe, maybe You'll find something that's enough to keep you But if the bright lights don't receive you You should turn yourself around and come on home…}

Chapter End Notes

Afternote: "As blue as a night sky in Hell." Was Magnus' description for Will Herondale's eyes which were the same as Alec's.
Source: The Bane Chronicles.
I wasn't going to post 2 chapters, but this one contains one of my most beloved songs and I couldn't resist!

I highly recommend listening to it ^_^ It's called "Thalasses" by "Dimitris Mitropanos" (If you do hear and wanna know the lyrics' translation I can post a link ^_^)

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The Warlock looked at him with sympathy ‘Poor child…’ ‘I see… I'm sorry to hear…’ she only said, not pushing it, and conjured another drink for him. “My name is Niennor.” She added, lowering her hood.

He looked up at her, recognition flashing in his eyes “Why… Why would you choose such a sad name?” Even when he was dying inside, he couldn't help feeling distressed for the girl who reminded him of his sister, looking so young and beautiful.

Hearing those words from someone so evidently broken warmed her heart. ‘Such a kind child…’ She only raised an eyebrow questioningly though, hiding her true emotions, and said “I thought Shadowhunters didn't read literature…”

“Mag-” said Alec automatically, but blanched and bit his lip so hard he drew blood, as another wave of pain hit him. He breathed deeply and fought to continue. “I mean… No… I… I've read it…”

She looked at him sadly, “Well, to answer your question, it seemed appropriate at the time…” She trailed off. “But nevermind that now! Have a seat.” Niennor smiled, handing him the glass.

The Shadowhunter was already swaying, looking like he'd collapse soon, but then remembered. “I'm… Alec.” he said as a late response. He looked to his right, where stood a throne-like chair, which like most things in the room, was made of velvet, albeit, black with golden decorations, not red. He gratefully collapsed on it and took the drink she offered.

“Alec… Short for Alexander?”

He gasped “No! I… I mean yes, but please don't call me that…” he said in a strained voice, downing his drink in one go.

{Can't we find something else to pretend? Like nobody's won and we're safe at the end?}

“Easy, kiddo… That's not too good for you…” He raised an eyebrow at the term. She looked younger than him.

{That's it, it's split, it can't recover… Just frame the halves and call them a whole…}
Alec laughed dryly “What does it matter?”

The Warlock frowned, but instead of answering, quoted the next sentence of the song currently playing, (translating it, since it wasn't in English.)

\[
\text{“A glass of Death I'll drink tonight to get drunk… And on a road not treded I'll come look for you…”}
\]

“What?” he asked shocked.

“It's nothing… Just an old song from back home.” she smiled, and with a swing of her wrist refilled his glass with something lighter.

He took a sip and in a pained voice, thick with unshed tears, cited another verse.

\[
\text{“I will love you, don’t be sad… Like a sin and like a feast… Learn how to read inside my eyes, all that in words I could not speak…”}
\]

“Ah… Full of surprises, aren’t you?” she smirked “How did you know that?”

“**He**…” Alec choked out, his voice cracking, “Used to sing that song to me…”

’Could it be?’ She thought, but kept her tongue. She happened to know a Warlock who loved that song, as she also happened to be the one who had taught it to him. From the first time he heard it, there was something in it that reminded him of their curse, immortality. And he took to singing it when he got sad pondering his (inevitably) lonely future. But she couldn't ask the boy if he was talking about **him**. “I see…” she only said, and to avoid the awkward silence that was sure to follow, asked instead, “So, what do you need from me?”

---

**Magnus**

Meanwhile said Warlock, was listening intently too, to that song which always made him want to cry...

\[
\text{“A glass of Death I'll drink tonight to get drunk… Tell me how can I face the endless summers by myself…?”}
\]

…but at the same time, it enchanted him, making him crave to hear more.

\[
\text{“Oceans… Inside your eyes, endless oceans…”}
\]

This time crying won though, with every lyric reminding him of Alec who no longer was his', and he fell back to his previous routine of ineffectively trying to ignore the music, and drink his pain away, while weeping bitter tears…

---

**Alec**

“I need two things… First, I want to know how I can become immune to tracking spells… Can it be done?”

Niennor smiled again, struggling to lighten the mood, and teased, “Why, are you some kind of
“criminal?”

“Yeah… The worst kind…” Alec just replied looking down at the table, not really seeing it.

“You’re no fun’ she thought, letting it go, and went on. “It can be done easily. Second?” The kid looked up, a flicker of hope appearing in his eyes for the first time.

“I… I want everyone who ever knew me to forget about me…”

“What?! Why would you want that??” Niennor exclaimed in disbelief.

“It doesn't matter…” he muttered, pulling his knees up, hugging them against his chest.

He sipped at his drink, waiting for the Warlock's answer.

{“What if this storm ends? And leaves us nothing? Except a memory… A distant echo…”}

---

**Magnus (same location/time)**

Magnus suddenly looked up, a fresh worry gnawing at his heart, caused by the ominous lyrics of the latest song.

{“What if this storm ends? And I don't see you, As you are now, Ever again…”}

“What if I never see him again??’ he cringed in despair as the song ended, but his torture only continued, with the next one.

{I'm nuclear… I'm wild, I'm breaking up inside…}

Suddenly he felt scared. Could he really go on without him?

{A heart of broken glass, Defiled… Deep inside, The abandoned child…}

Did Alec really not love him?

{Standing on the edge of the underworld, Looking at the abyss…}

What if he did?

{And I'm hoping for some miracle…To breakout, to escape from all this..}

What if he did something stupid?

{Whispers in the air tell the tale, Of a life that's gone, Desolation, devastation..}

What if he really needed him?

{What a mess we made, when it all went wrong?}

“My Angel…” He muttered, never-ending tears falling from his cat eyes “No… Not mine… Not mine anymore… And it's my fault… All my fault…” he amended, his voice a broken whisper, burying his face in his hands as he allowed a fresh bout of sobs to wrack his body.
His Angel, (who would always be his no matter what happened, or what the Warlock believed,) sighed in exasperation as the next song came up.

\[
\text{Black clouds are behind me, I now can see ahead… Often I wonder why I try, hoping for an end… Sorrow weighs my shoulders down, And trouble haunts my mind…}
\]

“Angel.”

“That’s a nice song, isn’t it?” said the girl exploiting the chance to change the subject.

\[
\text{But I know the present will not last, And tomorrow will be kinder… Tomorrow will be kinder It's true, I've seen it before A brighter day is coming my way Yes, tomorrow will be kinder…}
\]

“I think it’s stupid…” he answered before he could help himself, and then whispered, so low, she barely heard him “The only thing ahead is Darkness…” However, realising we was being rude, he amended “I’m sorry, It’s obvious that this mundane has never felt real pain though…”

“And you have?”

“Not for much longer if I can help it…” The girl raised an eyebrow but said nothing and they sat in silence for a while just sipping at their drinks, waiting for the song to end.

\[
\text{Is it hard to go on, Make them believe you are strong, Don't close your eyes... All my nights felt like days, So much light in every way, Just blink an eye... I used to be someone happy...}
\]

“So? Can it be done?” asked Alec finally.

“I’m sorry… It can’t… Not by me at least… I'm not strong enough…” The boy seemed both relieved and disappointed, but mostly, broken.

\[
\text{From the shadow to the sun, Only one Step and you'll burn, Don't stay too high...}
\]

A thought seemed to pass through the young Shadowhunter’s mind, he opened his mouth, but reconsidered. He knew he wouldn’t like the answer to his question.

\[
\text{I used to be someone happy...}
\]

“Maybe…” Niennor started

\[
\text{All my laughs, all my wings, They are graved inside your ring, You were all mine...}
\]

“No!” Interrupted Alec panicking. “Don't say it!! Please…” 'Don't tell me to ask someone stronger for help…’ “It's okay, nevermind. Just the tracking will do, What do you want me to give you?”

\[
\text{I used to be someone happy...}
\]

The girl smiled wickedly, looking like a fallen angel, her black wings casting shadows over them, and simply said as the song changed. “Your soul.”

\[
\text{Save tonight and fight the break of dawn... Come tomorrow - tomorrow I'll be}
\]
The original name, “Niënor”, derived from J.R.R. Tolkien's Beloved Middle-Earth Universe, means "Mourning" in Sindarin.
More accurately, she is depicted in the story “Narn i Chîn Hûrin”, told in full in “The Children of Hûrin” book, and briefly in “The Silmarillion”. It is an amazing, epic tale {Like all of Tolkien's works} and I recommend it whole-heartedly!! {Though, be warned, it is not a happy one…}
The Price to Pay

Chapter Notes

“It’s not about the price of something… It’s about its worth… What are you willing to pay? For the one who is most precious to you…?”

Previously: “What do you want me to give you?” The girl smiled wickedly, looking like a fallen angel, and simply said “Your soul.”

The boy's head shot up once more, and Niennor anticipated the look of terror in his eyes.

{I've been travelling but I don't know where, I've been missing you but you just don't care…}

Instead, the Nephilim, for the first time since entering the bar, smiled. It was a dazzling smile, full of hope, and the way it lit his face made her think he should really smile more.

{I'm so sick and tired Trying to turn the tide, yeah So I'll say my goodbye.}

However, coupled with the lyrics of the song playing, that smile seemed to herald nothing good. His next words, spoken in a voice with no trace of quivering, but instead confident and calm, confirmed her thoughts. “You can have it.”

{Laugh, laugh I nearly died…}

“Alec…” she said tired, “You can't mean that.”

{I hate to be denied, How you hurt my pride… I feel pushed aside, But laugh, laugh, laugh, I nearly died!}

Alec raised an eyebrow “Why not?”

{Living in a fantasy but it's way too far, But this kind of loneliness is way too hard…}

“I know I look really evil with these eyes and stuff-”

“No!” he interrupted “I'm sorry if I insulted you,”

{I've been wandering, feeling all alone…}

“I don't think you are evil at all… After all, appearance means nothing.” he added thinking of Camille who looked like an angel, but whose soul was rotten to the core.

{I lost my direction and I lost my home…}

Niennor looked taken aback. “Relax… I'm not insulted, on the contrary…” she smiled “You keep
surprising me. A kind Shadowhunter… Never thought I'd meet one…”

Alec looked confused “I… I'm not kind…”

*I'm so sick and tired, Now I'm on the side*

“I’m the worst kind of scum…” he murmured looking away.

*Feeling so despised…*

Niennor shook her head realising he wouldn't believe anything she said if she tried to change his mind and just muttered. "You're impossible kid…"

*When you laugh…*

Alec gasped, a memory intruding on his mind; Magnus laughing at something he said, reaching out to caress his face and whispering in a loving voice 'You're impossible Alexander… I love you so much…’

*Laugh, I almost died…*

“Sorry” he muttered again and took out his steele, burning two more runes into his arms, while biting his lip, struggling to hold back tears.

*"It isn't me… It isn't me… The one you've been looking for…” /*

“Why are you doing that?” she asked curiously.

“It helps me breathe…” He whispered simply. They sat in silence while Alec drew the runes, breathing slowly trying to shake the memory away.

“Are you okay?” Niennor asked after a minute of studying him “You look really pale…”

When Alec opened his mouth to answer, the next song did it for him.

*Why ask how I feel, Well, how does it look to you? I fell hook, line and sinker, Lost my captain and my crew.*

He laughed without humour at the intervention. “I always look pale…”

---

**Magnus**

Meanwhile, Magnus was spacing out, trying to ignore the music, when a song drew his attention.

*Staring at the ceiling in the dark, Same old empty feeling in your heart, 'Cause love comes slow and it goes so fast…*

“Lilith.” he exclaimed. “Someone up there must really hate me…” And then he heard the next phrase and froze.

*You see her when you close your eyes, Maybe one day you'll understand why, Everything you touch surely dies…*

“No… I will never understand… Make it stop…” he whimpered hiding his face in his hands.
Absentmindedly tangling his glass in his fingers staring at it,

{Staring at the bottom of your glass…}

Alec was listening to a different part of the same song.

{Hoping one day you'll make a dream last… But dreams come slow and they go so fast…}

And accusing himself of destroying all his dreams for a life with Magnus. Finally casting the depressing thoughts from his mind, he asked.

“So… do you want my soul or not?”

“That was a joke kiddo… I may look the part, but I'm no demon…”

He raised an eyebrow at her perplexed. “No you don't. Look the part, I mean. You are really beautiful…” he said without thinking, but then shook his head and went on as she looked at him astonished “Do… Do you think… a demon could erase my memory?”

“Yes.”

{Well you see her when you fall asleep, But never to touch and never to keep…
'Cause you loved her too much, And you dived too deep…}

He smiled again 'I can be free…'

His smile scared her. It was the smile of someone who welcomes death as peace. “It's not my place to tell you what to do…But please kid…” She pleaded with him “Don't do it… You will regret it, and Demons take no refunds…”

“I won't regret it…” he whispered with confidence, and she looked at him sadly, defeated.

'What can I do?' She thought.

“So…” Niennor began, a plan forming in her mind. “Here's what you need to do: water blocks magic, thus, if you stay near a river or the sea and also wear that…”

{Under the water, It's cold and it's grey…}

she said, conjuring a round golden amulet with a blue stone (the shade of Alec's eyes) inlaid in its midst and leaving it on the table in front of him,

{My torrid autumn, Another season decays…}

“…then, even the High Warlock of Brooklyn won't be able to track you!” Her laugh was cut short, as the words she said trying to cheer up the boy had the reverse outcome. The Nephilim paled even more, any remaining colour draining from his face, and he took a sharp breath as if the Warlock had punched him in the gut.

{I know you're gone, gone, gone…}

She might as well had, it would have hurt less… Niennor's eyes widened as surprise first and then
realisation hit her. 'Of course…'

[I know what's wrong…]

All the puzzle pieces clicked into place, confirming her previous thoughts.

[God, you complicated everything.]

'The High Warlock of Brooklyn.' Magnus, with his catlike eyes, which in a way were like hers… 'Magnus, who loved that song; singing it with a voice breaking under the weight of tears, whenever he reflected on his immortality…'

[Burning my cathedrals', Cause I don't pray anymore…]

Alec was breathing heavily looking down, and she realised he was struggling to hold back his tears.

[I know you're gone, gone, gone…]

Feeling immensely sorry for him, 'He's barely 18… what caused so much sadness to someone so kind…? What happened between those two?'

[Our houses are haunted, Dark and deserted, They're made of my secrets and shame.]

She thought, and her hand moved on its own volition to rest on his shoulder, to offer some comfort. At the touch the Shadowhunter snapped like he'd been slapped.

[I know I'm not worth it…]

Wide eyed and looking terrified, he stuttered “I'm… I'm sorry… Please tell me what you want in return…”

[God, you took it all away from me…]

The Warlock looked at him sadly as the song was replaced with a new one which was bound to hurt.

[If you're sleeping, are you dreaming?]

“Well then. I'll make you a deal. The payment I want will be patience.

[If you're dreaming are you dreaming of me?]

Do not try finding any demons yet.

[While I was busy waging wars on myself, you were trying to stop the fight…]

Wait for at least three days and if by then you still want to disappear, come find me and I'll summon the demon you need myself, free of charge too.”

[You made me compliment myself when it was way too hard to take…]

He looked terrified at the thought. “I can't last that long!!”

[I have to block out thoughts of you so I don't lose my head…]

“You are unlucky then… I'm the second stronger Warlock in Brooklyn.”
{There's a burning in my pride, a nervous bleeding in my brain…}

She paused letting that sink in, now expecting the wince that followed as Alec realised what that meant. “And I don't think you can afford the first one.

{An ounce of peace is all I want for you. Will you never call again?}

…or any other to be honest…”

{Hate me today…}

“Are you sure you don't want my soul after all??” he tried.

{Hate me tomorrow…}

“No.” she slit her eyes at him.

“There is no hope then… I accept.”

{Hate me for all the things I didn't do for you…}

Magnus

Magnus, who had dozed off exhausted, woke up with a start.

{And will you never try to reach me? It is I that wanted space…}

'It was a dream…' he thought panicked

{And with a sad heart I say bye to you and wave…}

'Only a Dream…' he kept telling himself trying to shake it off

{Kicking shadows on the street for every mistake that I had made…}

'Just a dream…' but his breathing was still erratic.

{And like a baby boy I never was a man.}

“Alec…” He had seen the Nephilim, lying in a dark place weeping…

{Until I saw your blue eyes cry and I held your face in my hand…}

Unable to help himself any longer he had run to him, turning him around to face him

{And then I fell down yelling, “Make it go away!”}

“Please don't cr–” his words were cut short by the sound of a knife hitting the ground

{“Just make a smile come back and shine just like it used to be}

Alec's arms were littered with multiple deep cuts gushing blood, as he looked at Magnus, the light fading from his blue eyes.

{And then she whispered, “How can you do this to me?”}
“It’s all your fault… I loved you…” were his last words before collapsing limply in the terrified Warlock’s hands who woke up, gasping the Nephilim’s name.

{Hate me in ways… Yeah, ways hard to swallow…}

“My Alec…”

{Hate me so you can finally see what’s good for you…}

“What IS good for you?” he muttered “If you hated me, would you be happy?”

Alec

“Until that night arrived… When with a heavy heart he spoke those cruel words to me…”

'Magnus…'

'Don’t look into my eyes… Don’t ask me why I run… Why going away into Oblivion’s Land; only my soul knows the answer to that…’

'Like you’d answer anything I’d ask…' he thought bitterly 'Why, oh why, didn't I keep my mouth shut?'

“No, Don’t look into my eyes… You know you’re hurting me… I will discover every secret of this Earth… And when I do, I'll return and tell them all to you… I'll find you…”

'If only… You're never coming back to me…'

He fell back to his chair again, a refilled drink in hand wondering how he was going to survive three days through that pain.

And then as if things weren't bad enough, the worst song so far, came up.

{Would you mind if I hurt you? Understand that I need to… Wish that I had other choices, Than to harm the one I love… What have you done now?}

Alec gasped. 'Someone up there must really hate me…’ he thought, unknowingly reflecting Magnus’ past thought.

{I know I’d better stop trying You know that there's no denying I won't show mercy on you now… I know I should stop believing I know there's no retrieving It's over now, what have you done? What have you done now?}

'Angel’ He fought to breathe,

{I, I've been waiting for someone like you But now you are slipping away}

that one hurt too much, he couldn't take much more.

{What have you done now? Why, why does fate make us suffer? There's a curse between us, between me and you!}
He felt like he was stabbed repeatedly through the heart. Alec covered his ears closing his eyes.

*What have you done? What have you done? What have you done?*

Suddenly he thought he heard Magnus' voice screaming something and his breath caught in his throat, his eyes shooting open, but before he could react…

*What have you done now? What have yo-*

An explosion echoed cutting off the loud music mid-accusational phrase. If Alec had turned to look behind him, he would have seen that the sound system had gone up in blue flames, and the Vampire Dj was running for his life terrified and shrieking. He also would have seen the one person he longed to see more than anything, running away, as if all the Demon's of Edom were on his heels, and banging the door behind him. Alec didn't care, thus didn't bother to turn, he was just glad that Angel-forsaken song had finally shut up. 'I was imagining things… He wouldn't be here…'

He sighed, finally able to breathe again. He looked at Niennor who for some reason was staring wide eyed in disbelief behind him. “So” he started, but then, another song echoed out of nowhere, rubbing salt to his wounds…

*Like hate and love, Worlds apart… This fatal love was like poison Right from the start… Like light and dark, Worlds apart… this fatal love was like poison Right from the start…*

“WHERE THE HELL IS THAT COMING FROM?!?!?!?”

“Sorry, that would be my phone, don't mind it” Niennor said turning it off.

Alec huffed, placing a hand over his eyes “I'm sorry… I have to go… This place is messing with my head.” he said getting up.

“Alec, wait a second…” she said, stalling for time, but also, wanting to try and comfort him somehow “I know you don't believe it, but it's gonna be alright…”

“You are right…” he replied skeptical and the girl beamed. “I don't believe it… Nothing… will be alright, ever again…”
Her face fell, but a look of determination instantly replaced her frown. “Okay, That's it. Sit down.” She ordered in a fierce tone of voice that allowed no objections, and he obeyed hastily. “Normally, I wouldn't say something like that to a Shadowhunter, because I know they certainly wouldn't care…” she began and he looked up surprised, “But I know now, you aren't a typical Shadowhunter. You are really kind.” again he made a protesting face at that and she smiled sweetly ignoring it. “So please bear with me and listen what I have to say…” he nodded wondering where this was headed. “I'm sure you already guessed that, but I am not as old as I look… I was a parent once… He wasn't my blood child of course, but I couldn't have loved him more if he was… That was a very long time ago…So as you can tell, I know a thing or two about pain…”

“I'm sorry…” he said sadly.

“Thank you sweetie, but I didn't tell this to you so you could feel bad…” she smiled “I just wanted to say, “look at me”. Sure, you found me in a bar drinking…” she winked “But I am alive, I am here. Please don't give up… There is always someone out there who loves you… Parents, siblings maybe…” [she really hoped he wasn't an orphan, because then her plan would crumble awkwardly to the ground.]

He nodded absently, looking down. “But… but…” he looked up at her, unshed tears gleaming in his eyes “The one that really matters hates me… Could you bear it if he had hated you?”

She looked taken aback “If he was alive, yes…” she didn't mean to hurt him with her words, they just slipped before she could think about it.

Alec hid his face in his hands “I'm so sorry… I didn't mean to…” she cut him off, placing a hand on his shoulder. He didn't flinch this time.

“It's okay…” she said softly and taking a deep breath he looked at her once more.

“I am grateful… But I am not strong… I can't do it… I can't live without him…”

She didn't know what to say to make him feel better, so she just conjured more drinks for both of them.
“Thanks.” he said sipping at it. “Can I… ask you a question? It's personal and I'm sorry in advance, but there's no one else I can ask.”

She stared in question. “Sure”

“Except for your son, have you loved anyone else that was not immortal? Since you live forever, all of us must seem so… so trivial…” his voice broke at the end, as if that simple, small word concealed a much greater hurt “so fleeting… and unimportant… Don't Warlocks feel like that?”

“Alexander.”

He flinched and paled, biting his lip to hold back the tears already threatening to surface; “No… Please… Don't… call me that…”

“I'm sorry. Alec… No. Warlocks do not feel like that… Immortality may seem like a gift at first, but once you love someone doomed to die, you realise it's nothing but a curse. Sure, there are those who shield their hearts and just treat people as a passing fancy, but it's only so they won't be hurt when said mortals abandon them or die. Most of the times the first happens… Not many people can sincerely love a Warlock… We are 'demons', 'monsters' and 'abominations' to them… Only good when our magic is needed…” Her voice wavered a bit, but she kept her calm, as if speaking of a hurt long ago, that still stung, but had no actual power over her anymore.

“I'm really sorry…” whispered Alec sadly “Humans are the worst monsters sometimes… And even though it's not your fault, that answers my question… I understand… It was my fault… I should never have loved a being so far above me…”

To hear one of the Angel's children talk like that, surprised her more than anything ever had in her life. She conjured another drink that he downed in one sip.

“Thank you.” He muttered again.

“Are you sure you are a Shadowhunter? In my experience, Nephilim believe they are above all, and everyone should be pleased to be granted the honour of serving them…”

“Maybe I should have been like that…” he said, not believing it himself. Even if it would stop the pain, he would never give away even one moment spent with Magnus.

“That would have been such a waste.” she retorted “You are probably one of a kind.”

He scoffed. “Thank the Angel for that. If there were more, Raziel would probably descent to the Earth and smite us himself…” He said bitterly.

She raised an eyebrow. “For what? Being kind?”

“I'm not kind… I'm weak and trivial…” again he strained to say that word, wincing as he did.

'You are not trivial.' A mirthless short laugh fell from his lips at the memory; 'Yeah right…' he thought and brought a hand over his eyes, his heart breaking all over again. 'If I'm not trivial, why aren't you here with me now? Why did you cast me away so easily?'

“I'm sorry. I'm sure you have better things to do than listen to a brat whimpering over seemingly nothing… I understand the way I must look to you… But…” he looked at her, his eyes pleading her to understand “Shadowhunters love deeply and most times, only once in their lives, and dedicate themselves to that love… I'm not overreacting… There will be no one else for me. Wouldn't you be devastated, if you lost the love of your life; if your life was destroyed, not by fate's
cruel touch but by your **own** incompetence and stupidity? How am I supposed to live with myself?” He whimpered, his control slipping. He lowered his hand to search for the glass he left on the table and reached for it. Underage or not, he really needed that drink, so she obliged without being asked. “Thanks.” he said again, sipping at the drink slower this time “Huh. This is nice… It's making me feel a bit better…” he added, tangling the glass in his slender fingers and staring at it absentmindedly “but I think it's also making me a bit annoying… Sorry… I don't think I'd normally say all that stuff to anyone… Or maybe it's because you remind me of my little sister…” he took another sip and looked at her uncertainly “Maybe I should go…”

“Got something better to do?”

*Wallow in despair in a dark corner unseen.* “No… But anyway, I'm sure you do…”

“Nah… I actually enjoy your company…”

He looked at her like she had just told him the sky was red or something, and asked incredulously. “What??”

She shook her head, “You should believe in yourself a bit more…”

He just averted his gaze, saying nothing.

“Well… Anyway, if you want, I can punch the living daylights out of the source of your sorrow, and make him see sense.” she smiled widely at him and he couldn't help but smile back. “Here's my card.” she added, conjuring one out of thin air. “I can do that, totally free of charge, it'd be my pleasure to hit someone who made such a sweet child sad.”

Her kindness touched him, penetrating the layers of sorrow over his heart. “You are the sweet one.” He smiled shyly at her “And kind… you don't even know me, and yet you are being so nice to a nuisance like me…” He finished his words sobering up again, his smile gone as his eyes became distant with a passing memory.

“Child… You are not a nuisance…” She said squeezing his shoulder gently “You are one of the kindest people I've ever met… Please, don't do anything reckless…..”

Alec looked really taken aback for a second, and then dropped his eyes to the floor. “I told you…” He said quietly “I'm not kind or anything like that. I'm just weak. That weakness of mine invited this current reality.” And then he added in a strained, broken whisper “All I am… is a disappointment…” she was stunned into silence, not for the first time that night, unable to believe how could he be so kind to strangers, yet at the same time so cruel to himself.

The Nephilim went on, answering her previous rhetorical question; “I wouldn't want him harmed in any way though… I did enough already… **However**…” he allowed a soft smile to grace his lips “I would love it if there was a way to bring someone back to life so I can kill them again… I missed my chance the first time…”

“Ah, there it is. There is some Shadowhunter left in you.” she giggled, happy to see him looking a little better “**It can** be done actually, but I assure you, the price isn't worth it.”

He smiled absently in response; “I figured as much…” Shaking his head he looked up once more to the red eyes studying him, and pushed away the memory of the eyes he really longed to see. “Thank you for all your help. I am sorry for the trouble. I will return, if…– No, nevermind. I'm sorry, Goodbye.” And with these words he turned and ran away before Niennor could say another word.
She was aware of what he *almost* said. “If I survive…”

She really wished he did.

“*Magnus*…” She whispered to herself once the boy was out of sight. “What have you done this time?”
Memories and wounds

Chapter Summary

“The overflowing tears aren't from feebleness or remorse. They're fragments born from agony.”

Alec

There wasn't a single cloud on the night sky. He looked up and sighed seeing the full moon. It was so beautiful, and he wished they could have seen it together… A sob rose in his throat. Such a beautiful night… Life around him was going on. ’Why?’ he wondered ’Why is the world still the same?’ The sky wasn't reflecting his grief, the hectic world just went on, not caring that his life was shattered for the second time in such a short while…

As he walked, a car passed him by and then stopped at a traffic light and he froze as he heard the song echoing from its speakers.

{Heaven's gates won't open up for me With these broken wings I'm fallin' And all I see is you… [...] These city walls ain't got no love for me… I'm on the ledge of the eighteenth story.. And all I scream for you… Come please I'm callin’… And all I need is you… Hurry I'm fallin', I'm fallin’ … [...] And say it for me Say it to me And I'll leave this life behind me, Say it if it's worth saving me…}

“But I'm not worth saving… And even if I scream for him, he won't come. My voice can't reach him anymore.” He looked up at the tall buildings, pondering “Maybe I should fall… and rid everyone of my presence at last…” then Niennor's words came to his mind and he sighed “Maybe in three days…”

He kept strolling through the streets, not caring but only vaguely registering where he was going, his blue eyes unseeing. ’It hurts…’ Speaking with Niennor had dulled his pain a little bit, but only temporarily. Through the ’song torture’ at the bar, she had attempted to comfort him; and that meant a lot. She had made him feel like he wasn't a total waste of space. He was baffled by her demeanor. Even more so, because he was certain Shadowhunters must have wronged her in the past (to put it mildly), and yet, she treated him like he wasn't a monster, an enemy, an abomination, but someone to be cared for… But that was then. Now he was alone with his thoughts again ’All alone…’ and everything came crushing back. The self-loathing, the guilt, the pain…

Changing the course of his thoughts, he reflected on his conversation with the girl.

’Do I really want to go through with this?’ the voice of reason asked, but was drowned away by the sorrowful one of despair. ’Everyone would be happier if I never existed… Even if Magnus hates me now and doesn't care, if he were to forget me, he'd go back to being happy, as he was before he met me… Maybe I shouldn't take the easy way out… But… I've been the responsible one all my life… Give me a break… Don't I deserve to be reckless for once? To do the wrong thing without caring
for the consequences?

What does it matter? I don't even have a home to return to, anymore... A house, maybe... But no home. The Only place that felt like home is lost to me now along with the one who made my life happy...

I don't want to return to the Institute anyway... Can't bear to face them... To answer their questions while pretending not to see the pity in their eyes, and then hear them say he's not worth it... No... I am the one who was never worth it.

Magnus... At least if I'm forgotten I won't be hated by him anymore... And he'll be happy again... That's all that matters... All I did was bring him troubles and unhappiness. What's worse, he almost got killed because of me many times... If Magnus had died... If Magnus had died, because of me... All tortures of Hell wouldn't have been enough to wash away my crime. I put him in harm's way and couldn't even protect him. Not from the dangers of the world, or the demons, the monsters. And neither from the greatest evil of all. Me.'

"Tears aren't the end of your sins. You have to bear them painfully, forever."

His thoughts swirled around in his head, getting repeated as he weighted everything before deciding. Even if being forgotten would kill him it didn't matter. 'As long as Magnus is happy and safe. Even if I'm left all alone with no home to return to. After all... I'm not looking for a solution to my problems... I had a taste of Paradise, and I will never forgive myself for ruining everything.'

"This pain is all right with me."

'This time the only thing I will win is emptiness... All I will do is watch, as the shards of memories will disappear one by one, erasing me from this world... And maybe... Just maybe... Once he forgets me, I can visit him one more time...' "I want to see him..." he whimpered, his thoughts escaping his lips 'No.' Again the voice of reason took control 'If you see him and he doesn't know you it will shatter you.' "How much worse can things get?" he only whispered and kept walking.

He kept walking, and walking, with his head down, not caring where he was going, his eyes unseeing, vaguely registering where he was headed, mainly thinking about Magnus, the soon-to-be-forfeit memories, about all that happened... A bell tolling, marking the passing of the hours snapped him out of his reverie and he muttered "Where the Angel am I going?" looking up. He didn't realise where he was at first, his mind still clouded from alcohol and thoughts of the Warlock, until he looked across the street from where his feet had taken him and blanched.

If the bell hadn't 'woken him up' he would have crossed the road heading to Magnus' apartment. And then what? 'Maybe I could...' he dared think. 'No. He made it clear he didn't want to see me again, so I shouldn't bother him... I want to make him understand... but I have no excuse. I left the notes telling him all I wanted already. If he wanted me, he would have done something. How much further can I make it, with only these fleeting hopes to carry me?'

He shook his head. 'I should face it. Who in their right mind would? My perfect Warlock... He must have been mad... And now that's he's back on his senses, all that's left for me is to finally disappear...' with that he turned his back and started running.
Magnus, An hour ago…

Magnus couldn't take it anymore… As if blaming himself wasn't enough, that infernal song came up, accusing him too.

{What have you done? What have you done? What have you done?}

He shot up, screaming, “SHUT UP!! SHUT UP! I'VE HAD ENOUGH!!” and clicking his fingers, he blew up the sound system effectively silencing it, and stormed out.

“We live for each other, can you hear me starting to scream?”

If he wasn't running so fast while passing by a crimson booth, he may have noticed the boy curled up in the tall chair, desperately trying to shut the world out. But he was, and everything around him was just a blur.

“What do you want to run from? That thing called 'reality'?”

Just as he banged the bar's door behind him, he thought he heard Alec's voice ‘No… It can't be, he wouldn't be here… It was just my imagination…’ Collapsing against the wall, he took a deep breath to calm down and sighed, letting his tears fall. Through bleary eyes he looked up and saw the full moon. Not knowing Alec would soon reflect on the same thing, he wished they could have seen it together… ‘My Love… My Angel… Now that you're no longer a part of my life… What meaning does my existence hold…?’

“We live for each other, or have you forgotten in the middle of the night?”

Feeling exhausted, he made his way to Brooklyn even though he still didn't want to sleep alone at a house that he knew wouldn't feel like home anymore, without his Shadowhunter there. 'No… not mine… not anymore…' he mentally corrected himself suppressing the tears that threatened to appear again. His alcohol tolerance was very high, so he couldn't get drunk, but drinking had made him numb, easing his pain a little. Still, there was another feeling gnawing at his heart.

Worry. Fear-even. 'Paranoia' he told himself but kept walking, quickening his step. 'What if…’ “No!” he exclaimed scaring a stray cat on a nearby alley. He pushed all thoughts aside “Don't think, don't think, don't think.” he chanted hurrying on.

Finally he reached his apartment and unlocked the front door overcome with anxiety, not knowing what he expected to see. The Chairman ran to him meowing sadly, but he was absent-minded and didn't even notice the cat. Not sparing the house a second glance he headed straight to his bedroom and taking a deep breath opened the door. Nothing was changed. One of Alec's sweaters was lying on a chair near the bed and he found himself walking towards it without even thinking. He clutched it on his chest and fell on his knees hiding his face in the tattered but soft fabric. There was still Alec's scent on it and this time he couldn't keep it together. “What have I done?” He fell on the floor, sobs wracking his body as he clung to the sweater like a lifeline.

“When you feel alone and your house is cold, I'll be there to offer solace and to keep you
Trying to help, Chairman jumped on him, snuggling close and purring. It did help, and after a while he managed to calm down a little. And then it hit him again. The worry. ‘Why did Alec ask me to ignore his family? Where is he? And why didn't he come?’ As if he read his thoughts, or maybe he said those things aloud, the kitten left his lap and moved to the door meowing persistently. Magnus didn't feel like moving. He just wanted to lie there on the floor hugging the sweater and inhaling his Angel’s scent; to close his eyes and imagine everything that happened the last 30 hours was just a nightmare.

“When the sky turns black and you drown in tears, I will come to you…”

He closed his blurry eyes tired… But Chairman would have none of it. He kept meowing till Magnus, annoyed, but grateful for the distraction from the anguish he felt, got up reluctantly and followed the kitty outside. Meow went ahead, not waiting for him, and jumped on the table, meowing non-stop. He froze for a moment.

He could see something shining on it, and knew immediately what it was. “Leave your key on the dining room table.” the memory of his voice, so cold and indifferent, hit him, and he winced at the thought of Alec ever speaking to him in that tone.

“How could I have been so cruel??” fresh tears fell from his eyes as he moved towards it hugging the sweater on his heart.

“All that I want is for you to be safe… I don’t want to see even one tear on your eyes… We may be separated now… But my love will never die…”

His heart skipped a beat when he saw the key, and under it, three pieces of paper. With trembling hands he reached for the smaller note. The words were shaky and tearstained, and he felt a stab of pain in his heart just looking at Alec's handwriting.

“Be safe and well my love… And know, that when you ask for me I’ll be there. I’ll be your Guardian Angel…”

Steeling himself he took a deep breath and started reading…
Previously: The words were shaky and tearstained, and Magnus felt a stab of pain in his heart just looking at Alec's handwriting. Steeling himself he took a deep breath and started reading…

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I'm sorry if the others bother you, but please just ignore them, don't tell them what happened… I'm sorry…”

Worry pricked at his heart again. 'Why?? Where is he?? What is he doing? Is he safe?’ He shook his head to clear these thoughts away. He had to read the other notes too first. For all he knew, his blue-eyed Angel hated him now… Probably never wanted to see him again, and was just telling him kindly to stay away from his family. ‘Surely he—’

And then he saw it, and his thoughts fell out of line. Alec’s ring, lying on top of the other two notes. With hands that trembled even worse than before, he took hold of the note and read:

“Keep this. I'm not going to need it anymore. I wish I could have given it to you under different circumstances, but I'm not complaining, since I have no one to blame for that but myself…”

“His ring?? No way… why would he? That ring means*… but… doesn't he… hate me now?”

“These are the last words you'll ever hear from me, I'll make sure you'll never be compelled to see me again. So, if you hate me too much, you can throw it away, there's no need to return it…”

“Hate you?” He muttered “But… But… I told you, I love you… I told you before…”

'Before heartlessly leaving him all alone in the Dark and Cold, where anything could have happened to him, after breaking his heart…' a voice in his head cruelly interjected. 'Saying 'I love you' before couldn't exactly cover anything at this point. After all, 'It doesn't change anything.' you said it.'

“I just hoped… No. It's not important, forget about it, I'm sorry. However, if you don't hate me, please, don't forget me too soon… I hope you can be happy at last.”

“How can I be happy without you? Forget you?? Too soon?? My stupid Nephilim… I would die before forgetting you…”

“I love you. Goodbye…

Forever Yours, Alexander Gideon Lightwood.”

“He… He loves me…? He never hated me…? And the ring… That ring is too important to give away like that… My Alexander… After all I did, you still…”
He took off all the rings he wore on his long fingers and tossed them aside. Then, he to put the Lightwood one on and kissed it, tears gleaming in his gold-green eyes. 'I love you…'

He picked up the last note and gasped. It was in far worse condition than the second one.

“I'm sorry… I fail you once more. Surprise. I bet you never expected anything else… You were right to.”

The ink here was so smudged from the tears that the next two sentences were barely readable.

“All I ever do is let down the people I love. First Max, then you… I let down everyone expecting things from me… My father, the Clave, even my siblings… Anyway… I know you don't care for my petty problems, as you are right to… I know you must be disgusted by me…”

The word 'disgusted' was almost faded too

“…and of course I don't blame you… How could you not be…? I'm astonished you ever managed to feel anything but repulsion for me in the first place… Amazed, someone as beautiful as you, so much as turned to look at something like me… I'm sorry, I digress… The point is, I couldn't get the stuff. I wouldn't make it out in time and I didn't want to submit you into the ordeal of having to see my face ever again.”

“Disgusted? Repulsion?? Ordeal??!?!? Oh my Angel, how can you believe any of those things??”

“I'm really sorry you still have to endure my selfishness. Just burn everything, or throw them away, it doesn't matter anymore. I'm sorry I couldn't do it. I'm not strong enough to step inside your room. I'm sorry I'm still causing you trouble. I'm sorry all I ever do is disappoint you… But most of all… I'm sorry I ruined everything and betrayed your trust… You were all that ever mattered to me…”

'God, what did I do? 'All that ever mattered”? Me? I was that important to him? I found him… After all these eons… After all this time of searching in vain, I found someone who sincerely loved me… Someone to whom I was important… And I cast him away…'

“I know it doesn't matter to you now… And I don't expect to be forgiven. But I have to tell you. I'm sorry I hurt you… So sorry… I wish I had died before doing it… I know you must hate me and I don't blame you. I hate myself too… I just wanted to say one last thing, and then I will never bother you again as you wished.

I love you.

I always will, no matter what. I'm so sorry I could never show you properly, so sorry I could never be worthy of you. Thank you for everything. I'm sorry for all I did to you… So sorry… I'm sorry… I'm sorry… I'm sorry… I'm sorry… I'm sorry… I'm sorry… I'm sorry… I'm sorry… So sorry… I'm sorry… I'm…”

more smudges, and the phrase 'I will never bother you again as you wished.' could hardly be read too, since the boy's hand must have been trembling terribly when writing it. His heart broke at the sight. The words kept repeating getting more shaky and smudged till they could no longer be read. Magnus stood there, clutching the letter in his hand crying silent tears when suddenly his phone rang making him jump.

He took it out of his pocket to check who was calling. The screen read 'Niennor'. “Not now…” he
muttered, hanging up, but then suddenly remembered the other message Alec had sent. Mentally slapping himself for forgetting, and hoping he could find some clue there to go on, opened it.

“Magnus... I know I do not deserve another second of your time... and I know you rightfully hate me now”

“I could NEVER hate you!” he shouted exasperated, so upset he forgot that the Nephilim couldn't hear him.

“I never deserved you... I... I never had any right to even gaze at someone as radiant as you, to fly so close to the sun that you were... I never... Never... But my wings, like everything else on me, were shabby and flimsy, and couldn't take your radiance. I should have known something as lowly as I, shouldn't even try touching someone like you. I shouldn't have had the nerve, and I, and... It doesn't matter anymore. I deserve far worse than what you did. You should have killed me... You had every right. You... No. Actually... This is good. It is worse than Death, so much worse, and I deserve every second and more.”

“No...” 'What did I do to him? How... How could I do that?? My Angel, my sweet Angel. Worse than death? How can you say that? Was I... really that important to you?'

Overcome with guilt and anguish he fell on his knees sobbing. The pain he felt before was nothing compared to that. It hurt to believe he was betrayed by Alec; but to know that the Nephilim loved him and blamed himself for everything, hurt ten times more. To know that he put him through an ordeal 'worse than Death' was unbearable. 'I have to fix this... I will find you my Angel, if it's the last thing I do, and I'll spend the rest of my days making it up to you...'

Still, there was more, and Magnus, torn between his feelings of running after Alec and reading the rest of it, to find out what he had to say, kept on reading anxiously.

“You used to say I was an Angel, and you a Demon. You couldn't have been more wrong. You were an Angel who brought light in the darkness that was my life... I was the petty Demon, who destroyed everything by breaking your trust and hurting you. I know you probably won't even read this. You are right not to. I wasted enough of your time which I never deserved in the first place and I keep bothering you still. What I wanted to say is I am sorry. I know it is by far, not sufficient and I will not ask for your forgiveness because I know I do not deserve it...”

“Forgiveness? Where can I Begin to search for it? My Alec... What you don't deserve, is all I put you through...’

“I am sorry. More sorry than you could ever imagine. I just wanted you to know that. I am sorry for everything. For daring to even look at you. For the crime of hurting you... Heck. I am sorry for existing. I am sorry. I am sorry. So sorry...”

'Sorry for existing?? Angel... No... I should have been the one to protect you, not drive you into thinking like that...'

His sobs choked him, the words playing on and on in his head. 'you must be disgusted' 'it doesn't matter anymore' 'wish I had died' 'I know you must hate me' 'I hate myself too.' 'I love you' 'I'm sorry for daring to even look at you.' 'I am sorry for existing.' 'I will never bother you again' He gasped and shot up. Everything clicked in place. “NO!” he screamed as realisation and in turn horror hit him.
“No, no, no… He wouldn't…” *wish I had died*” The words echoed in his head once more. “No.”

His hands were shaking excessively, but he managed to write down Alec's number and call him. Nothing. The phone was dead.

Frantic, he cast a tracking spell on the sweater he was still holding, but got no response. His breath caught and all colour drained from his face. “No… I refuse to believe it…” He muttered and ran outside in a frenzy. 'I have to find him…'

Chapter End Notes

*In case you didn't know, Shadowhunters give away their family rings to the one they love in a similar fashion in which we give away rings proposing marriage.
Chapter Notes

“Even if a never-ending sadness steals you away, tell me our hearts can never be separated here…”

Magnus

Passing by a cafeteria, he heard a song that made him freeze on his tracks.

{“I was lost, I was lost, Crossed lines I shouldn't have crossed… I was lost… How long must you wait for it? How long must you pay for it?”}

Suddenly, like a veil had been lifted from his eyes, realisation dawned on him. Even though he'd forgiven the Nephilim, he hadn't understood why he had done what he did. Now he saw.

{“I was scared, I was scared, Tired and under-prepared…”}

“You were just scared…” He muttered, and upon hearing the next lyrics, the rest of the pieces clicked into place, and he realised where Alec must be.

{“But I'll wait for it. If you go, if you go, Leave me down here on my own… Then I'll wait for you… Please, please, please, Come back and sing to me…”}

'Are you waiting for me?' Praying he was right, he ran to the subway. 'But this place is huge… What if I'm too late?'

“Magnus!”

He barely registered the voice calling out to him. It wasn't Alec's voice, so what did it matter? He kept running around panicked. 'I have to find him… What if it's already too late?? No, no, no, no, no…'

“MAGNUS!!” he heard the voice again, close, and felt a hand on his shoulder turning him around. He found himself looking at a pair of crimson eyes.

“Niennor?” He stared in confusion, but then shook her hand off. “What? Leave me alone… I have to…” he muttered, lost, turning his back on her. Then he heard five words that made his heartbeat accelerate.

“I know where Alec is.”

He turned around so fast, he felt dizzy for a moment, and grabbed Niennor's shoulders, shaking her. “What did you say?? What do you know about him?”

The other Warlock raised her hands in mock surrender “Calm down. I'm here to help. Listen to me.” Magnus let her go reluctantly, breathing heavily. “Your Nephilim came to find me to the
Blood Moon, asking for help.”

For a moment he was so surprised he forgot about his fear. “So it really was him?”

“Huh?”

“I… I heard his voice… I thought it was just my imagination…”

Her face darkened. “I saw you. And even though he didn't, judging from the ashen colour he turned, he heard you, when you screamed.”


“Alright?” she completed his frantic sentence and he nodded weakly. “Far from it.” she said truthfully. “What have you done to this sweet child, you… you absolute moron?!!?? The kid looked completely broken Magnus! Devastated!!” Niennor shouted at him. “His eyes were dead, he was barely standing, and even had trouble breathing. What did you do??” Magnus gasped and his hands covered his mouth as fresh tears fell from his cat-eyes.

“And you’re crying. Crying all by yourself… But what am I to do? For I am crying too…”

“Alexander…”

“Oh, I see… That's why he lost it when I called him that. It reminded him of you.”

The older Warlock's eyes widened and he looked at the girl, pleading. “Please, Nie… help me…” he sobbed. “I have to find him.”

“You disastrous fool.” Niennor said, not unkindly, “Calm down. Of course I will help you…” And she proceeded to tell him all that happened at the bar.

Upon hearing about the medallion, he relaxed momentary; ‘That's why I couldn't track him… So he's safe…’ But then realisation hit him. “You did what? You gave him a way to avoid tracking?? Now I'll never find him!”

“I said relax. I'm not stupid Magnus. I can put two and two together, and your Shadowhunter couldn't exactly disguise his plans very well in his condition. When someone so kind asks for a way to disappear completely, what else would they want, but to die without hurting anyone? And do you really think I'd let a child die just like that, in my watch?? Even help him with it??!”

She raised her voice and Magnus looked away. “I'm sorry…”

“What???” Niennor stared at him in utter disbelief. She had only shouted at him to elicit some reaction from him, to spur him into action, not… that. Seems things were much worse than they seemed. “I made him promise not to try anything like demon summoning for at least three days. That gives us enough time. And as a failsafe, I promised to find a demon for him myself, on the fourth day.” Magnus looked up, a bit of spark returning to his eyes, looking hopeful for the first time. “But that won't be necessary.” Niennor went on. “There is a way to track that medallion I gave him.” she smiled and Magnus jumped at her, hugging her tightly.

“Thank you.”
Alec
Minutes ago

"People will understand your feelings someday if you believe…” Don't joke with me, that can't be, right?

He returned to the subway, and found a location he remembered from a past hunt, that was destroyed by the demons and was currently filled with rainwater. He crawled in a corner, and sat down, half-submerged in the cold water, in his daze forgetting about the phone in his pocket which got destroyed.

“I can't go back to yesterday… To the place where I was with you… Even when I reach out, there's nobody there…”

He wanted to make sure no one will find him, so he remained there, not caring for the freezing cold, even when his body became numb and started shaking. Numbness was something he welcomed… Inwardly he wished he could freeze his heart too, to feel no pain…

“I already know that we’re distant existences.”

Maybe he couldn't, but he could numb his mind too, along with his body. After running away from Magnus' apartment, he had gone to a liquor store and bought a bottle of Absinthe. (He let his glamour on, and just took it and left the money there, not wishing to interact with anyone else.) So now, he opened up said bottle and started drinking.

“Although the unseen wounds are just eating away at my heart …”

He hated the taste, but that didn't matter. 'Nothing matters… Not when he's not here with me anymore…'

“Even now, as I remain in the darkness, Thoughts of you won’t stop weighing down my mind.”

Drinking was just a means to an end. Just an attempt to drown his overwhelming pain instead of allowing it to suffocate him.

Soon, he felt lightheaded, but to his disappointment, nothing could heal his suffering. 'I just have to be patient.’ he thought.

A song he heard once, long ago drifted in his head and he laughed mirthlessly, before covering his face with his hands and letting his sobs overcome him.

"So cast me away now, and don't you grieve… It was meant for me to love you… It was meant for you to leave… Just say you met me one night in a dream and thought no more with morning light, of me… And never think, for me you weren't a Dream… Never think, what shall become of me…”

He closed his azure eyes, his tears never ceasing and sank into darkness with one last thought. 'So this is what I'm going to do with my life… This is how it will all end… An empty subway and the darkness closing in…That’s all I’ll get… No one will look for me… No one will find me… I’ll just lay here till the pain stops…' And that he did, for what seemed like hours, shedding bitter tears and
wondering if anything would ever be okay again… Just when he was thinking he needn't hold on for much longer, but only for three days, he heard a sound coming from the tunnels…

He curled into a smaller ball hoping no one would find him there, he didn't want to speak to anyone… But then he heard it again. Heavy breathing, like growling and dragging steps.

'Demon.' For a moment he was relieved, but then remembered. 'Not yet… I can't die yet…' Very reluctantly he reached for a seraph blade and whispered a name, “Castiel” then tried to get up. The demon was getting closer, and upon seeing the light from the blade, its eyes fell on the young Shadowhunter.

Alec staggered to his feet, leaning against the wall to support himself but sitting in the freezing cold, sobbing and drinking for so long had taken their toll on him. His vision blurred, everything went black and he collapsed. The demon made a creepy sound in the back of its throat, that must have been a laugh, and charged.

“I certainly can't return anymore, even if I carve out my sins…”

Chapter End Notes

The first song is “In my place” by "Coldplay" and the sentences written in bold Italics inside "" are (rough) translations of the songs:
“Shiver” – By “the GazettE”
“Speed” By “Analog Fish”
“Nobody Knows” By “Shikao Suga”
“Futatsu no Kodou to Akai Tsumi” By “ON-OFF”
“Pes pos m'antamoses” by “Marinella”
Chapter Summary

"Maybe it's because you're the embodiment of Deathly Serenity that you are so dear to me, oh Darkness…"

Chapter Notes

Previously:
His vision blurred, everything went black and he collapsed. The demon made a creepy sound in the back of its throat, that must have been a laugh, and charged.

Everything happened in seconds; the Nephilim didn't have time to recover from the dizziness, his blue eyes were wide open, but all he could see before him were dark spots. He thrust the Seraph blade in front of him blindly as the demon attacked but it clawed at his hand tossing it aside. Alec tried to roll away to avoid the next attack, and felt claws mercilessly sinking in his flesh again, his left leg this time, keeping him in place. He tried to squirm away and heard the sickening sound of breaking bone and a scream he dizzily registered through the blinding pain, as his'.

In a moment of weakness he almost pleaded for the Warlock to save him but then a cruel voice ringed in his head “Those who cannot save themselves do not deserve to live. If you wish to see tomorrow, get there yourself.”

“Mirror, mirror Reflect my withering heart…”

Time seemed to slow down to a stop. Even through the searing pain and the absolute darkness, he felt he could see clearly for the first time. 'This is it...' he thought. On that second, he knew with absolute clarity what his future was going to be. 'I'm done for... Oh well... Noone's going to miss me anyway...' He wasn't afraid, to die; nonetheless, he tried reaching for another blade.

'Magnus... If I die here, I can never see him again...' As the Demon prepared to shorten the Nephilim ranks by one, there was only one thought on Alec's mind. He didn't think to run and save himself, neither about his family, or the life he'd never get to live. On his mind was only one name; a beloved face he would never see again, and a pair of beautiful green eyes.

“Mirror, Oh mirror, Whose crying voice can break you?”

He pulled the blade out in a swift motion, and the demon fell on it with all its momentum, getting fatally wounded, but not before managing to strike him, pinning his hand down, breaking it too. He screamed again, and as his vision returned, he saw in the light of his fallen blade the demon disappearing. Just then, in the daze from blood loss and pain he thought he heard a beloved familiar voice echoing from far away, frantically calling his name, but he couldn't move anymore.

“Goodbye, the kisses until yesterday...”
'I must be half-dead already… I'm hallucinating…' He closed his eyes for the last time whispering “Mag… nus… For…give me…” was all he managed to say.

“Goodbye, dear pain in my heart…”

He was floating into the void when he heard again a voice he knew and loved, screaming, then getting closer, and whispering his name. The scent of sandalwood and burned sugar enveloped him and he felt soft lips on his forehead and something wet and warm, falling on his face, as gentle, strong arms cradled his body, and the voice crooned soothingly, calling his name, pleading with him not to leave, to open his eyes…

He knew he was never going to feel these things again while he was alive. So that meant it was over. He opened his eyes with great effort, and a pair of beautiful golden-green cat eyes hovering above him, swam into his blurred view. A burden was lifted from his shattered heart, and he felt the pain and agony of his torn soul, easing, as Magnus was there, and those eyes he adored looked at him, not with the coldness and hate of his latest reality and nightmares, but with love and concern instead. He couldn't help but smile. Even if he was dead, it was so worth it.

Maybe hours, maybe minutes or seconds later, Alec found himself standing in an empty space, unable to remember what happened. His memories were like a fading dream. Disappearing the more he tried to recover them. He thought he had seen Magnus, spoken to him, but his mind was foggy and he couldn't be sure. He looked around him, searching for someone, but he was completely alone. “Magnus…” he called for the Warlock without thinking “Mag–”

He turned and saw him, standing there, as if he materialised out of the nothingness, but he just looked down on Alec and turned to leave. “Wait. Please. Please…” he called desperately and run after him, reaching out to catch him. Gripping his hand he felt an excruciating pain and fell on his knees.

“Help me… Mag…nus… Please don't go… I'm sorry… Please… No… Save…me… Sorry… I… No…” The Warlock just looked at him indifferently and then turned his face away. Alec gripped his hand tighter trying to ignore the increasing pain and pleaded, crying “I'm sorry… Please… Forgive me… Please… Don't… Please don't leave me…” His vision blurred and Magnus seemed to disappear.

He couldn't see him, but still held his hand, when he heard his voice “I'm so sorry… My love…” he felt a gentle hand on his forehead, cool fingers softly touching him and before he had time to wonder what's happening, everything went dark again.

Disclaimer: Again, the "sentences written like that" are (rough) translations of the songs: “Kagami” By “Kanon Wakeshima” and “Nobody knows” By ”Suga Shikao”
Despair

Chapter Summary

Keen were my senses, but are no more. I cannot tell reality, from dreams at all. Everyone's disappearing leaving me all alone… Save me…

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Alec

Hours later, Alec opened his eyes slowly noticing he didn't feel pain anymore. “What happened?” he muttered to no one in particular. He remembered seeing Magnus at the tunnel; 'Was that a Dream?' He had looked at him, worried, with so much love in his beautiful eyes… 'Definitely a dream…' he thought biting back tears as he remember the Warlock looking down on him coldly again, afterwards. He slowly sat up to take in his surroundings in order to distract himself. The room was unknown, thought vaguely familiar.

He was lying on a bed with orange covers and he wondered again what really happened and how he got in that room. He faintly remembered barely killing a demon that had really roughed him up, and then giving up, unable to move anymore, laying in a pool of water and blood and waiting to die, his body finally as broken as his soul. But then he had seen him… These beloved eyes looking at him with so much love, it simply couldn't have been real… Never again would Magnus look at him like that… Or at all… So there was only one conclusion he could come to. “Am I dead?” he asked the Darkness not expecting an answer.

Just then, the one person he never believed, but constantly wished, he'd see, materialised from the shadows walking slowly towards him. His heart lurched at seeing the Warlock, but when he came closer, and Alec could make out the expression on his face, he felt it stop. There was no love in the cat-eyes that stared at him; he only looked at Alec like he was a bug that crawled in his bed, annoyed and disgusted. “I see you woke up.” He said to the frozen Nephilim with a voice colder than ice.

The boy felt tears pooling in his eyes. 'So it was a dream... He really hates me…' “I… I'm sorry…” he managed to piece out, though barely, 'cause the pain in his heart was overwhelming him once more.

Magnus was still staring at him with cold indifference that stabbed him like a knife and he found it progressively harder to breathe. The Warlock raised an eyebrow. “Sorry?” he said in a silky voice laced with poison. “What for, Lightwood?” He gasped at the hate and irony with which Magnus spat his name but he just ruthlessly went on, ignoring Alec. “For being stupid and almost dying, inconveniencing me to heal you once more? For failing to disappear from my sight for good, and leave me alone as I asked?”

He punctuated his words, twisting the knife in Alec's wounds, who was crying silent tears unable to stop, and as the Warlock paused for a moment, dropped his head and whispered in a broken voice “Yes…”
But Magnus wasn't done yet. "Or?!?" he said more aggressively. The boy's head shot up to look at him, and like a scared animal mesmerized by the headlights of a car about to end its life, was drawn once more to those beautiful eyes that now shone with rage. "Are you sorry for betraying me?" he finished his sentence, hissing the world 'betraying', his voice seething with hate.

A sob left the boy's chest and he hid his face in his hands “I…I didn't… I wouldn't… Never meant…”

"Save it!" Magnus shouted, effectively silencing the Nephilim who looked at him terrified. "I don't care for your petty excuses, or in fact, for **anything** you have to say! All I care for, is for you to recover enough to be able to leave my sight so I never have to deal with your sorry excuse of a–”

Alec wasn't listening anymore. His whole body shook as he tried to suppress his sobs in vain, and he could see nothing through his tears. His mind went blank in the mid of Magnus' onslaught, and now there was only one question in it. He spoke before he was aware of it.

“Then why? Why didn't you let me **die**?” Deep down he hoped that Magnus could still say he did care, even a little for him, so he saved him. The Warlock's next words crushed to a powder the pieces of his already shattered heart. “Your parents paid me of course. What did you think? That I would save you on my own free will? Because I **love** you, oh so much?” He said sarcastically. “Well, **no. I wanted** to let you die, you deserved to, after all. But I had no choice. They paid me very handsomely to save their bloodline. They had no choice either. With the son they were proud of, dead, they have to keep you alive, at all costs. Tough work if you ask me. You seem to be so useless, a lesser demon could kill you.” he said, as a side note, adding insult to injury, as if the pain he caused wasn't enough on its own.

And when he spoke again, it got worse. “Don't think for a second that they care about you though. They **did** ask me if I could cast a spell to trade your life for his, but **unfortunately** I couldn't. I'd even do that one for free… Their only consolation was, as they told me, that now that you owe them your life, they hope they can force you to move out of this 'stupid gay phase' and marry a proper Shadowhunter girl and be something different from the disappointment you've been all your life.”

“No… It can't be… Please…” ‘**I don't want to believe Our Love was a lie…**’ “Please tell me you're lying… Please… Mag–”

“Don't use my name so casually Shadowhunter. Nothing is a lie. I'm not the lying one. Wake up! Noone ever loved you! How could they? All you've ever been was second at best. A disappointment! Can you hear me? Wake up!”

Sobs overtook his body and he gasped fighting to breathe. The pain was too much. “Please…” He whimpered between strangled breaths “I'm sorry… Sorry… Please… Sorry… Let… me… Die… Please…”

All he could hear now was Magnus voice calling him to open his eyes. His…… beautiful??? Blue… eyes??

'What?' Surprise pulled him roughly out of the gasping fit and he obeyed.

Hovering above him, he saw Magnus again. Scared, he braced for more hurt, but that Magnus looked totally different. There were dark shadows below his cat eyes and he looked exhausted, but relieved to see him. What surprised and worried Alec the most though, were the tears falling from the Warlock's eyes which looked at him full of…… Love???
'Relief?? Love??' he wondered shocked, and without even realising reached to wipe his beloved's tears away, before reaching a conclusion.

“Ah… I'm hallucinating again…” he whispered before oblivion claimed him, his hand falling limply at his side.

Chapter End Notes

There was a hidden message, did you see it? Was it too obvious? Or not?
Chapter Summary

“Isn’t life so sad when all you do is live?”

Alec

When he opened his eyes again, he was at the subway. “I fell asleep…” He muttered looking around groggily. He knew he was forgetting something, but couldn't place his finger on it. Not that it mattered… He couldn't bring himself to care, Magnus left him, believing he was betrayed. He hurt his only love and lost him, what else was there to care about? What worse could happen? As if echoing his dark thoughts, a sound resonated through the tunnels; an unearthly growl. 'Demon.'

For a moment he pondered letting it kill him, but then remembered Niennor's words and reluctantly reached for a seraph blade, whispering a name, “Castiel”. A sense of 'Deja vu' hit him but he ignored it as the demon was getting closer. When Alec tried to get up, his feet wouldn't hold him, and he felt dizzy, collapsing as his vision blurred, and everything went black.

In the darkness he could hear the demon laughing, and charging at him. Everything happened in seconds. He still couldn't see a thing, so he just thrust the blade in front of him, but the demon just clawed at him tossing it aside. He tried to get up again as it lurched, but lost his footing, falling down once more. He was as good as dead.

He raised his hands in front of him to protect himself but the attack never came. After a few seconds, his vision returned and he saw, a tall figure clad in black, standing in front of him protectively. There was a flash of blue sparks and in the burst of light he recognised the familiar form and froze.

The demon burned and disappeared screaming, and the man turned unsteadily to face him, and smiled. His heart broke again seeing that dazzling smile, but it was short-lived as Magnus' face contorted in pain. Alec gasped as he saw why.

There was a deep claw wound on his chest. “Are you… okay?” the Warlock managed before swaying and falling on the Nephilim's arms who had jumped to catch him, and gently laid him down, holding him. “Magnus!” he sobbed and the Warlock opened his eyes slowly and looked at him.

“I'm… glad…” he said “You're sa-” he couldn't finish his sentence as he started coughing violently, blood spilling from his mouth.

Alec realised in horror his lungs must have been punctured. “Shh… Don't speak… You're going to be okay…” he crooned.

Magnus smiled crookedly “No… I won't be, Sayang…” he coughed again, and fought to go on “Heh… At least now… you won't have… to worry… about… immortality…” he managed and closed his eyes exhausted.
“No! No, Magnus, please, you can't, you can't die, please, no, no, you're gonna be okay, please, I love you, don't leave me, please, take my life instead!” He sobbed harder than ever, hugging him as tightly as he could without hurting him. “How am I supposed to face this wretched world alone?”

The Warlock opened his eyes once more “It's okay love… Don't cry… You're strong… You don't need me…” he whispered reaching out weakly to wipe away the boy’s tears “I'm sorry for what I did to you. I love you…”

His hand fell limply down and Alec froze once more “No, no, no, no, no, no, it can't be, please no, Magnus! Magnus, please no…” All the pain he thought he felt from the breakup, all the wounds acquired through the years summed up, the Greater demon, those were nothing. He realised he had never really known pain before. “No… I'll give whatever you ask of me… just please, stay here with me…” he whispered. “No…” he said one last time. “I refuse to exist in a world where you don't.”

He gently laid his lover down and kissed him one last time, then took out one of his seraph blades and named it. “Ithuriel”. He looked at Magnus and whispered, his eyes never leaving his face “I hope I can see you again soon… I love you.” and plunged the Angel Blade in his heart.

~o~

THE END!!!!

No, no, no, I'm just kidding, don't kill me!!!! More soon!!!!!!
Please don't leave me (Magnus’ POV) [Parallel to Chapter 15]

Chapter Notes

Previously: [On Ch.15, Alec]
He pulled the blade out, and the demon fell on it with all its momentum, getting fatally wounded, but not before managing to strike him, pinning his hand down, breaking it too. He screamed again, and as his vision returned, he saw in the light of his fallen blade the demon disappearing. He thought he heard a beloved familiar voice echoing from far away, frantically calling his name, but he couldn't move anymore.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Magnus

“I want to protect You and Your fading smile, so…”

He heard a scream and his heart almost stopped when he recognised Alec's voice. “ALEXANDER!!” he screamed and run as fast as he could, praying to Angels and Demons, and even his father, to not be too late.

“Even if the resounding voice calling me should wither…”

He was further away than he thought though, because the tunnels echoed the sounds making them seem closer, and it took him ten minutes of frantic running around to get to him.

“I Will Find You!”

He turned on the next intersection and saw his Angel, bloody, lying on the shallow water, his seraph blade discarded beside him.

He screamed Alec's name again and ran to him, fell to his knees and gently lifted the broken Shadowhunter in his arms assessing the damage. There was blood on his face, and his arm and leg were bleeding heavily and seemed broken.

“My Angel…” he murmured in despair, “Please, please, don't leave me…” checking his pulse he relaxed a little. He was still alive, if barely… “Please open your eyes... Alexander…”

Responding to the prompt, his blue eyes fluttered open, and when he saw the Warlock, he smiled, a beautiful heartbreaking smile “Am I in Heaven? That was better than I thought… It doesn't hurt anymore…” Magnus looked at him terrified, as the boy's face became sceptical. “But… shouldn't I be in Hell? Maybe it's the Angel blood…” he muttered and fainted.

Magnus gasped. What was he talking about? Was he feverish? It had taken the Warlock too long to get to him, God knew how much blood loss the boy had endured and on top of it, he was frozen over, his body trembling. 'And if he can't feel the pain of these wounds… Things are really bad.' Magnus thought worried sick they were running out of time.

And they were, but things were not as the Warlock thought. Alec was talking about the pain in his soul, not body, but Magnus had no way to know that.
With no further delay, he hastily created a portal, took him home and started healing him.

~o~

Having reached his apartment, Magnus gently laid Alec on his bed and immediately started doing his best to heal him. However, the poison was making him delirious, causing him hallucinations, and the boy's body spasmed, as his lips moved and he muttered incomprehensibly in his sleep. The Warlock sat beside him softly brushing away the raven hair that was falling over his closed eyes and affectionately caressing the Nephilim's face.

Suddenly Alec gasped and his blue eyes opened. Magnus drew in a sharp breath and whispered “Alexander?” but the boy couldn't see him even as he leaned closer, over him.

The last time the Shadowhunter was that seriously wounded, dying, because of the Greater Demon's, Abbadon's poison, he was asking for his family while the Warlock was healing him. Now, the only name on his lips was his’.

“Magnus… Mag.” he jolted, drawing a sharp breath; “Wait. Please. Please…” His voice came out low and broken, scared like a child's, and with his broken hand, he reached out, and Magnus immediately offered his hand which the Nephilim held in a death grip, just like that last time. The boy winced in pain but didn't let go. “Help me… Mag…nus… Please don't go… I'm sorry… Please… No… Save…me… Sorry… I… No…”

“She asked for you to do it all over again, didn’t she?”

“Please don't go anymore.”

As he pleaded in broken whispers, tears fell from his cobalt eyes that stared unseeing, focused on some vision far away which Magnus painfully guessed was him, abandoning the boy again. Alec's grip tightened. “I'm sorry… Please… Forgive me… Please… Don't… Please don't leave me…”

“I never meant to hurt you. I was running from emotions I wasn’t ready for…”

Magnus' heart broke into a million pieces “I'm so sorry… My love…” He sobbed, his voice breaking. He knew he couldn't undo the anguish he caused him, but at least he could give him some peace for the time being, allowing him to rest. He put his free hand over Alec's eyes and said some words under his breath, putting him in a deep sleep. The Warlock breathed a sigh of relief, praying his dreams would be pleasant, as the boy's eyes closed and his body relaxed at last.

“What am I supposed to do now, that I don’t have you to depend on?”

The "sentences written like that" are (rough) translations of the songs:
“UVERworld” By “D-TecnoLife” and “Daidai” by “Chatmonchy”

Chapter End Notes

P.S: The parts talking about Alec's past injury (In City of Bones) are based upon the boy's own thoughts on Cassandra Clare's small extra story “Kissed.”
Magnus was terrified. The demon poison had trapped Alec in a Dream state and he wouldn't wake up. He was burning up and mumbling in his sleep. The Warlock was sitting beside him, gently petting his hair, whispering sweet nothings, trying to soothe him, pleading with him to wake up. Little did he know, that in Alec's dream, he was doing the exact opposite. He looked on, helpless, as Alec's breath became more erratic and he gasped in his sleep, silent tears falling from his closed eyes.

When Magnus moved to wipe away the Nephilim’s tears, he heard him whisper 'yes' in a defeated, broken voice.

“Who are you talking to?” he wondered.

Suddenly the boy flinched like he was slapped and started mumbling “I wouldn't… Never meant…” he stopped abruptly and froze, scaring Magnus even more. The calm didn't last long though, as Alec soon started sobbing uncontrollably and the Warlock heard him struggling with his words. “Why… didn't you let me die?”

His eyes widened “Die?” Magnus repeated terrified taking the Nephilim's face in his hands and stroking his hair gently. “Please wake up…”

“No…” Alec spoke again “Please… Mag-”

The Warlock froze, tears falling from his cat-eyes “My fault… My Angel… Wake up!”

The Nephilim was a crying mess now, his body shaking, sobbing, breathing with difficulty, and barely piecing out pleas between ragged breaths and sobs “Please… I'm sorry… Sorry… Please… I'm… Sorry… Let... Me... Die... Please…”

Magnus was sobbing too, hugging him tightly and begging “Please my Angel… Wake up… Please… Open your eyes… Your beautiful blue eyes…” At that, the boys eyes opened with a start, as he drew a sharp breath and looked up at the Warlock. 'Thank God…’ Magnus thought looking with love and relief at those blue eyes he adored.

Alec stared back at him terrified, then perplexed, disbelief edged on his beautiful features, mouthing something like 'Love??' and absently reached out to wipe Magnus' tears when finally, seeming to realise what's happening, whispered; “Ah… I'm hallucinating again…” and his azure eyes closed, his hand falling back down, as he fainted once more.
Waking Dream

Chapter Notes

Previously: “I refuse to exist in a world where you don't.” […] He looked at Magnus and whispered, his eyes never leaving his face “I hope I can see you again soon… I love you.” and plunged the Angel Blade in his heart.

Alec woke up with a start, breathing erratically 'Magnus… No, no, no, no… But… If I'm alive, he must be too… Don't panic.' He relaxed a little, and looked around taking his surroundings in. It was night and he found himself lying on a soft warm bed he recognised immediately. Magnus' scent was enveloping him and for a second he felt disorientated. Was everything really a nightmare after all? “I've been dreaming…?? But… which parts… were the Dream??”

His head was splitting, memories fighting for dominance. Magnus leaving him. The girl Warlock. The Demon. Magnus loving him. Magnus, leaving again. Then hating him. Demon. Magnus sacrificing his life to save him, and himself unable to take it, committing suicide.

“Aargh.” He clutched his head in pain. What had happened? He had no idea, but since he found himself in Magnus' apartment, everything must have been a horrible nightmare, right…? He turned on his side expecting to see Magnus sleeping peacefully beside him under the covers, but he didn't.

Magnus was there alright, but there was nothing peaceful about him. He looked like he had passed out from fatigue over the comforter, beside him. He was pale with deep dark shadows under his closed eyes, but the most alarming thing of all was the amount of blood littering his clothes. Alec gasped; "Magnus!” he shot up, but his vision darkened once more and he fell back down on the pillows. "Magnus…" he whispered terrified, images of the Warlock dying in his arms, invading his mind again. ‘What happened?’

He couldn't tell Dreams from reality anymore but he didn't care. All he wanted was to make sure Magnus was okay, nothing else mattered. He slowly sat up trembling, and reached out for him, idly noting his own hand was bandaged but not caring why, as he took his lover's pulse. His heartbeat was steady and on a closer inspection, he didn't look hurt, just exhausted. ‘So whose blood is all that?’

He touched Magnus' face with his hand and the Warlock moved, muttering in his sleep “Alexander… I'm sorry… Don't die…” To his horror, Magnus started crying, but didn't wake up. He moved closer to hug the Warlock and wake him up and noticed there were more bandages on himself. Then he put the pieces together. (Most of them at least, not all, but he wasn't aware at the time.) He'd seen it before. Himself lying bandaged on a bed, recovering, and Magnus beside him, exhausted after healing his wounds.

He tried once more to remember more about what happened but his head was killing him, and he gave up since remembering anything, wasn't a priority anyway. Magnus was. He cradled him to his chest and kissed his forehead softly, crooning “Magnus… Wake up baby, it's just a dream, I'm here… Wake up…”

The Warlock's eyelashes fluttered and opened and he looked up at him, his eyes gleaming with tears. “A– Alec?”
“Shh… I’m here… It’s okay… Everything’s alright…” Magnus reached out for him touching his face softly. Alec leaned into his touch, content, closing his eyes. He hadn't realised he was in pain until then, but he did in this moment, when Magnus touched him lovingly, and all the anguish he felt just disappeared. 'I'm home... At last…'

“Sweetheart… are you okay?” Magnus whispered.

“Yes? Why wouldn't I be?” Alec's eyes opened and he stared, confused, snapping out of his reverie. Magnus looking really worried, left Alec's arms reluctantly, kneeled in front of him and took his face in his hands, softly caressing his cheekbones with his thumbs. “You… don't remember what happened?”

“No… My head hurts… I tried to remember but couldn't… And I was worried about you…” The boy said frowning, looking away. “Also I had some horrible nightmares and now I'm confused…” Magnus gently turned his face making him look at him, and the Nephilim went on, looking deeply in his emerald eyes, his own sapphire ones pleading for answers; “I remember things that don't make sense… Everything is so fragmental… I… I don't know anymore… Can you tell me?”

“You… were attacked by a demon… You almost died…” explained Magnus his voice breaking, fresh tears falling from his eyes as he remembered Alec lying on the subway, almost dead. 'My fault… Everything was my fault…'

Alec reached out to him, wiping his tears. “It’s okay…” he whispered, soothingly, trying to comfort the Warlock “I'm okay now… You saved me…”

“No… I… I was late… Almost too late… By the time I reached you, you were barely alive… Frozen and broken…” he sobbed breaking down, and Alec hugged him.

“Hush… It's okay… Don't cry… Everything's alright now.”

'No… It's not… But at least you are alive…' He wanted to say, but kept his tongue since the boy didn't remember, and wouldn't understand what he meant. After a while, Magnus managed to calm down, and went on, finishing his explanation of what had happened “The demon scratched you, poisoning you, and the venom had you trapped in nightmares for hours, I couldn't wake you up…”

Alec brightened up “So everything was a dream!” he smiled widely but immediately winced, and covered his face with his hand “Ugh. My head is killing me…”

“Let me heal you…” Just as Magnus was about to reach out to him, Alec shot up.

“No, no wait, it doesn't matter, I have to speak to you!”

The Warlock looked at him sadly “What is it love?”

Alec took Magnus' hands in his, and looking straight into his eyes, mesmerizing him, said. “Magnus, I swear to you, I would never betray you. I would sooner die, a thousand horrible deaths. Please believe me, I swear it on the Angel, no. I swear it on you, because you are more important than anything else in my life. I love you.” he paused, looking terrified “Why… Why are you crying?”

Magnus just pulled him close hugging him tightly. “I love you too.”

Alec relaxed in his arms sighing in relief. Everything was okay. But why was there still a nagging feeling in his heart that something was wrong? And why…? “Mags?” The Warlock was still crying
quietly, and Alec reluctantly left his hug and caught his shoulders to look at his face, wiping his tears away with one hand. “What’s wrong?”

‘I have to tell him… He will remember soon, and then it will be worse…’ Magnus thought, but only muttered, “I'm so sorry…” and Alec noticed his hands started trembling slightly. “Close your eyes.” The Nephilim obeyed and saw sparks behind his eyelids as the pain in his head subsided.

He opened his eyes and gasped horrified, jerking away from Magnus. Everything came back to him at once, and tears filled his eyes. “It… it wasn't a dream…”
Alec crawled backwards putting distance between them, and drawing his knees to his chest, hid his face in his hands. 'It hurts…' He was breathing hard and trembling uncontrollably already when Magnus spoke his name softly; “Alexander…”

“I'm sorry… I didn't mean to… I… I didn't remember…” he managed to choke out, barely listening to him, missing the tenderness in the voice which spoke his name. “I'm sorry…”

Magnus’ heart broke anew watching the Nephilim breaking down like this. He reached out to touch his face and Alec looked at him horrified with eyes wide with unshed tears, making him freeze in place, shocked.

“I'm sorry…” Alec repeated, “I never meant… to… bother you… again… I'm sorry… I'm sorry… For having the nerve, to…” Hyperventilating, he bit his lip to stop himself from crying, drawing blood. “…the nerve to touch you again… I–”

Magnus gasped and moving fast, jumped at him, cutting him off. Alec turned his head away, and shut his eyes tightly, expecting to be hit, but instead felt the Warlock hugging him tightly.

“Ma– Magnus…?” he stuttered.

“Hush… It's okay…” Magnus soothed, and Alec broke down crying once more, unable to stop himself, his beloved’s arms and warmth around him, shattering his self-control.

“I'm so sorry!!” he cried “I… I never… wanted… to hurt you…” he sobbed, barely forming the words.

“Hush love…” repeated Magnus crying too, his soul tearing, watching his Angel like that.

“I'm sorry… so sorry… I'd never… I'm sorry…”

“Shh… It's okay… I forgive you…”

“I'm sorry… I'm sorry… I'm sorry…” he chanted in tears not looking at him, until Magnus hugged him tighter, and cast a spell on him which put him in a deep sleep again so he would calm down.

Alec collapsed on his arms and he laid him down gently, laying beside him and holding him close. Tears silently fell from his eyes as he looked at his love wondering if things could ever really be okay again. 'Why is it that just one cruel word from me can shatter you, but hundreds of loving ones are not enough to mend your broken heart?' 'I'm going to fix this…' he whispered in a brittle but determined voice, kissing his forehead. 'If it's the last thing I do…' With that he fell asleep too, never letting go of the boy, dark thoughts still torturing him.

~o~

Magnus was the first to wake up the next morning, the fatigue from healing Alec gone during the night. He looked at the Nephilim sleeping beside him, worry and grief still etched on his beautiful
features. The boy's slender fingers were unconsciously holding on to the Warlock's shirt, so tightly
his knuckles were turning white. Magnus reached for him, gently caressing his hand and face,
causing him to relax a little.

“My Angel…” he whispered softly not meaning to wake him, but Alec stirred nonetheless, and
opening his blue eyes looked up at him. Even though he was disorientated again for a moment, his
automatic reaction seeing Magnus, was to smile at him, his face lighting up, and Magnus felt his
heart melt.

And then everything came back at him again, killing his radiant smile. So much had happened to
him in just two days in both Dreams and Reality, and now Magnus could see the emotions in his
eyes fighting for dominance. Fear and pain; relief followed by question, but in the end, it was
anguish that won the war, as the fog subsided and the Nephilim realised once more what had truly
happened.

“Alexander…” he whispered, and Alec flinched. Magnus gasped at the sight of his beloved so
broken, but fought to go on, his voice brittle. “Please, Alec, listen to me…”

The boy, who had hidden his face in his hands shook his head, not looking at him, but asked;
“How did you find me? And why? Why would you… Even search for me?”

“Nie came looking for me, afraid for your life…” Magnus answered simply and Alec looked up,
surprised.

“Nie?” ‘Who would care for my life?’

“Niennor. The Warlock you were drinking with…”

“Ah… She lied to me…”

“If she hadn't, you'd be dead by now.” said Magnus grimly.

“So?” Magnus flinched like he'd been slapped, at the Shadowhunter's lifeless tone.

“So???? SO/!!?” He roared, unable to stop himself, his emotions running rampant as panic re-
surfaced, at the mere thought of Alec dead.

Said boy, cowered before his wrath looking away, but still whispered, “Yes… so…? Who… would
care?” He managed, voicing his previous thought, and hesitantly turned to look at the man he
loved, challenging him to deny it, but once his eyes met the Warlock's, his courage left him and he
dropped his eyes to the floor once more.

“No… Don't answer that.” The Nephilim said in a small voice, thinking of the dream he had,
suddenly terrified.

“I wanted to let you die, you deserved to, after all.”

He couldn't bear to listen to Magnus saying those things again in that cruel voice, laced with hate
and contempt… ‘It hurts…’ Telling him what he already knew…

“Noone ever loved you! How could they?”
That he wasn't needed or loved by anyone, and had never been… ‘It hurts so much…’

He whimpered involuntarily at the memory and crawled further away not noticing the real Magnus who would never say that, but instead had reached a hand out to him, speechless, his beautiful cat eyes looking at him pained.

“It wasn't my intention to die…” Alec amended, to keep the Warlock from answering his last question, and save himself from more pain bound to come. “Not yet at least…” Magnus gasped, looking at him horrified, but the Shadowhunter just went on, oblivious. “It was an accident.” ‘Or maybe I'm just useless…’ he thought, remembering his nightmare again.

“You seem to be so useless, a lesser demon could kill you.”

“I know what your intentions were.” Magnus' voice pulled him out of his reverie “Nie told me everything.” he added, getting over the shock caused by Alec's declaration and unintentionally sounding cold, because he was so angry and scared. Angry, not at Alec, but himself, for everything that happened, that almost got the boy killed. 'My fault... It was all my fault...’ He opened his mouth to apologise to Alec, to beg him to forgive him, but he spoke first.

“You... have no right to complain... about the state of my heart…” The Nephilim whispered in a broken voice, feeling the Warlock's cold words twisting like a jagged knife in his chest. When he dared to look at Magnus, he saw him staring at him with wide eyes full of anguish, gleaming with unshed tears. ‘It hurts...’ Realising what he said, Alec drew a sharp breath and curled closer on himself. “I'm sorry... I didn't mean... I didn't want to bother you again…” he whimpered not looking at the Warlock, and unable to stop his tears hid his face in his hands again.

“Alec, please look at me.” he reached out and gently moved his hands away, but the Nephilim just looked away. “Alexander...” he begged, and Alec felt his heart lurch. He still called his name like he was something precious... Something beloved... There was no anger, or hate, or coldness in his voice anymore. Only love... and sorrow. “Please...”

Magnus' voice broke and Alec looked up wide-eyed and saw the Warlock crying too. ‘Why?? No... Please don't cry...” He realised, that no matter how much pain he was in, that was true agony. To see his beloved in pain, crying, and even more, because of him. Tears flooded his eyes again. “No... I'm sorry... Please don't cry...” Instead of responding, Magnus just hugged him, and he froze momentary, but then relaxed. 'This might be the last time I can touch him...' He thought and clutched at the Warlock desperately.

“I can't do it…” he heard Magnus whisper and his heart broke.

'So that's it.' Alec gasped, stifling a sob, 'He's leaving me again...

“I can't live without you…” Magnus said and Alec's eyes went wide.

“Then don't.” he whispered before he could help it, and waited anxiously for the Warlock's answer, bracing himself for the moment when he'd say they couldn't be together anymore... That it's impossible...

Instead, Magnus hugged him tighter, and whispered in his ear; “I don't plan to...”
Alec released a breath he hadn't realised was holding and fresh tears left his eyes, but now they were from relief. 'Everything is really going to be okay...' Alec held on to him, breathing in his scent, feeling his torn heart mending the longer they were together.

'Don't ever leave me again... I can't survive another minute without you...' he wanted to confess, to plead, but he couldn't burden his beloved Warlock with these feelings, so he only held him tighter, and whispered one last time, “I'm sorry... I really... wouldn't have...”

Magnus softly disentangled himself from the boy who still gripped his shirt desperately, and caught his face in his hands, touching their foreheads “No... I'm sorry... I hurt you so badly, and almost caused your death... I almost lost you...” the older man said, tearing up at the painful memory.

“You didn't... You saved my life again... If it wasn't for you I'd be dead a long time ago. Thank you... I love you.” Alec retorted sincerely, blue eyes staring lovingly on green-gold ones.

The Warlock smiled through his tears. “I love you too... So much...” And hugged him once more relishing in the feeling of his heart being in one piece again, and realising he couldn't bear to live without him anymore. 'Once was too much.'

'Don't let go... If you let go... I'll shatter into a thousand pieces... I will... I'll just die...'

Chapter End Notes

P.S: Now, how do I phrase that... I did explain it a bit inside but anyway. What I wanted to say was, If you think it seems wrong that they alternate so fast between crying and then pulling it together and comforting the other one who is crying, hear me out. I can assure you, that there can be a case when, if you're crying about something and someone dear to you cries too, suddenly your problems become unimportant, and all that matters is that your beloved won't cry anymore. Thus your own pain is forgotten, because their pain hurts you more, so you need it to stop.
Minutes, maybe hours passed and they just lied on the bed, serenely holding each other, feeling complete. Alec was relishing the feeling of his soul in one piece again, the warmth he missed so much these two Hellish days, but there was still more he needed to say…

Even though he was terrified, dreading the moment when Magnus would agree with him and sent him away, he had to tell him… He left Magnus' arms, and raised his body a bit, supporting it on his elbows. The Warlock looked at him questioningly and asked “Sweetheart? What's wrong?”

Gathering his courage, the young Shadowhunter took a deep breath and prayed not to regret his next words. “I… Magnus… You may think I do… But I… I… don't deserve you… I'm not worthy… Of you, of anything… I—”

“Not worthy?” The Warlock interrupted him mid-sentence looking at him incredulously, raising an eyebrow. “Darling, you can't get more worthy than that. You are kind, strong, lovely and beautiful, not only outwardly but inside as well!” He said breathlessly, without even stopping to think.

Alec violently shook his head raising his tone a little, “But I'm not!! I'm none of these thing Magnus! I… I'm… unimportant. I'm… nothing.”

The older man reached out to him, cradling his face in his hands “Please, don't say that my love… It pains me to see you torture yourself. How, can you say that?? Listen to me… You are more important than you will ever know. And no matter what you may lead yourself to believe, to me, you are perfect and always will be. I love you. Do you hear me?? You are perfect, and if anyone so much as dared to say otherwise, these would be his last words. Please sweetheart. Don't treat yourself like that. I love you. I love you so much…”

“But I…” Alec paused, swallowing hard; “I betrayed you…”

“No you didn't…” Magnus retorted “You said so yourself… You would never betray me…”

“I…”

“You, are just a child.”

“I am not a child.” Alec pouted stubbornly and Magnus smiled sadly in response.

“But you are sweetheart… You are a child who hadn't known love before and made a mistake. I understand now… How scared you've been… I should have listened to you and spare us both the pain. I know you never meant to hurt me.”

“But you said…”

“I know… And I'm so sorry… I said that calling that a mistake was a vast understatement. It's no excuse, but I was hurt so badly… I… I did think you had betrayed me.” Magnus said looking down. “I thought you chose Camille over me… It wasn't about what you did, but the fact itself that you of all people, did it.” The Warlock paused, and then raised his head again, looking deep into
the Shadowhunter’s blue eyes, and went on “And I was wrong… So wrong. It was just a mistake. I had so many years… I’ve done so many mistakes myself, how could I not forgive you? I’m sorry… I had forgotten… How it was to be young and scared, to experience things for the first time…”

“Had?” Alec spoke for the first time in minutes, too surprised to stop himself.

“Yes…” Magnus smiled at him sweetly. “Because now, I remember again. You make me feel alive again… Feel things I’d never thought I would. When I found you in the tunnels I was terrified. I thought I’d lost you forever… And there are still many I haven’t done… Things I want to do with you. If…” he dropped his eyes to the floor surprising Alec even further. He’d never seen him look so vulnerable. “If… you could possibly forgive me.”

“Don’t you know my answer already?” Alec answered simply and Magnus’ face fell. “I understand…” he said in a small voice, not facing the Nephilim who looked at him intensely.

“Yes…” Magnus went on, “There was no way you could forgive me… You may have made a mistake, but I was the one who led you to it… I forced your hand. And I was the one who destroyed what we had without a second thought. It was stupid of me to think you could, or should forgive me… I’m sorry.” Alec was dumbfounded.

‘But I said I love you!’ He thought, screaming internally; ‘What are you talking about?? I just said I am the one not worthy of you… Did you listen to a word I actually said?’

He fought back the urge to hug Magnus and say all that out loud, and instead whispered. “It’s true.” Magnus bit his lip, trying to hold back his tears, looking away. “You did not give it a second thought before deciding we should break up. But, before saying anything else, let me answer my own questions. ‘No.’” Alec was dumbfounded.

“What?” The Warlock looked up at last, surprised.

“No.” Alec repeated and Magnus dropped his gaze again. “I see you do not know my answer already. No. It seems you don’t understand.” The boy reached out to him touching his face. “Look at me.” He did, and Alec went on, “How could my answer be anything else than ‘Of course I forgive you. I love you.’ ?”

“You… do…?”

“You stupid Warlock. Why am I here?” He answered smiling, and Magnus did too at the reminder, a tear escaping his cat-eyes. Alec gently swept it away closing the distance between them. It was a real struggle to keep it up for so long.

“While I was speaking before, saying I was unworthy of you, were you even listening?” he asked incredulously. “How could you… YOU of all people, the Magnificent Magnus Bane, think I wouldn’t forgive you??” He semi-shouted, taking the Warlock’s face in his hands. Magnus looked at him, frozen with surprise his eyes shining, a small smile forming on his lips. “Especially when you’re looking at me like that…” Alec added blushing a little, “Stop it.”

Magnus regained his composure, smirking at him. “Stop what darling?”
“Stop being so… so… outrageously adorable one moment, then sexy the next, then… argh! Just stop, you're driving me crazy!” Alec mumbled and blushed deeper as Magnus' smirk intensified.

The Nephilim looked away embarrassed and Magnus reached out to him and turned his face his way, a gentle smile playing at his lips. “Don't be embarrassed baby… You know I adore your honesty…”

“Honesty, huh?” Alec muttered under his breath “You want honesty??” he then spoke up, a little aggressively, scaring Magnus momentary.

“I was dead without you.” Alec said, leaning his forehead against Magnus', looking deep into his eyes. “I love you. And I will till the day I die.” He paused, looking skeptical for a moment “Unless…” Magnus looked terrified. “I become a ghost! Are ghosts real? In this case, you'll never get rid of me. Unless you want to, of course…” He finished looking away, blushing realising he was being too bold again.

Magnus just hugged him tightly. “You impossible boy… I love you so much… Never leave me.”

~o~

Magnus closed his eyes, letting his mind wonder, when it hit him. He remembered about the Lightwood ring, and raised his head with a jolt. “Alexander!!!” He snapped leaving Alec's embrace and laughing momentary at his pouting face in response to that action. However he soon sobered up and said; “You… You… Zero Confidence Nephilim!!! How could you believe that?”

“What???” the Shadowhunter looked at him, surprised, not understanding.

“That.” Magnus replied, raising his hand in front of Alec's face, to show him the ring on his finger, quoting; “Please, don't forget me too soon…” he closed his green eyes, shaking his head, “My stupid Nephilim… How could I ever forget you?? How could you believe that?? Once more, how… and… and why, can you think so lowly of yourself my love?”

While he was talking, Alec was staring at the ring on his finger, not believing either his eyes or ears. He hadn't noticed him wearing it, and even if Magnus had said he loved him, it still seemed so unreal… That someone so perfect would love him.

“I guess you want that back?” Magnus asked hesitantly taking the Lightwood ring off and offering it to Alec, after seeing him stare at it for so long, ignoring his semi-rhetorical questions.

“You… You can… keep it… If… If you want to, of course…” Alec stuttered, looking away, blushing. “It always belonged with you anyway… Just like my heart.”

Magnus was dead silent, so, though fearful of what he may see, Alec risked stealing a glance his way. The Warlock was smiling broadly, his eyes shining with happiness. “I will be honored to keep them both then, Sayang.” he said softly offering his hand to Alec who, smiling too, placed the ring back on his finger. “I promise they will be safe with me… I'm never going to hurt you again. From this day on, I promise to protect you from everything.”

Chapter End Notes
Probably everyone pictures Alec as the insecure one, which is true of course, but I think, that where Alec is concerned, Magnus would be insecure too, right?
Epilogue - Happily Forever After

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

They were lying peacefully in each other’s arms for some time when Magnus spoke; “We should pay Nie a visit sometime… I need to thank her, for saving both our lives, and I’m sure she'd like to see you again too.”

Alec nodded closing his eyes “I'd like to thank her too…” Thinking back, her face came to his mind, and along with it, a memory of the previous day at 'Blood Moon'.

**Flashback**

{Niennor smiled once more, but even when she did, there was a carefully concealed sadness behind her eyes. Alec realised he couldn't begin to imagine how much hurt, accumulated over the cruel years, could lie behind her cheerful façade.

With another stab of pain, he realised Magnus was the same and that's why he didn't want to talk about his past… It was too painful… Getting hurt by so many things over the endless years, by so many people. And now Alec had become one of them.
Someone who had hurt him. *I was supposed to protect him… The last thing I wanted was to hurt him…’he had thought barely holding back his tears ‘But all I did in the end was cause him more pain… I am a monster…’*

Even though he was in agony, he wasn't selfish enough to claim his grief was the greatest. What was the point after all? To compete over who suffered the most? He knew his love for Magnus was extraordinary, but that didn't mean other people hadn't loved deeply and lost too.

And the cruel truth was that Warlocks were always on the losing side. There wasn't anything worse in the world, no torture greater, than to see your loved ones dying.

Regardless of everything that happened, he was lucky. Magnus may have left him, may even hate him now but in the end, Niennor was right. At least he was still alive. Hurt, yeah, but safe and sound. That was all that mattered. He wouldn't stay hurt for long anyway… *Not over something so… trivial...’*

Maybe it was for the best. If Magnus loved him, he would have been forced to endure his death one day, maybe too soon. So… 'Yeah,' he decided. *It was for the best…’*
That way, at least he wouldn't hurt the Warlock when dying. If Niennor helped him, by the time he'd die, no one would care.

*’But still… My pain won't go… Even if I justify everything and try to convince myself it's for the best… My soul still feels torn in two and will never be whole again… My whole being screams, that the only best thing for me is to be with him…”*}

**Flashback END**
'Seems I'll end up hurting him again after all…' He thought with mixed feelings, returning to the present.

“Alec?” Magnus asked noticing him spacing out “What's wrong?”

“It's funny… Yesterday I thought I'd never smile ever again…” Alec smiled, “But… I'm sorry…” he added before the Warlock could respond, frowning again.

“What for sweetheart?” Magnus asked pushing the edges of the boy's lips up to make him smile again, making him giggle instead. When Alec sobered up he said, answering his question “When you left, I thought, that at least when I die you wouldn't be hurt… But now…” he trailed off and Magnus smiled sadly at him, playing with his hair.

“You silly Nephilim… That didn't matter… I would still be devastated…”

“No you wouldn't be… I was about to make sure of it…”

“Only you, could worry about the well-being of others even when facing death yourself.” Magnus smiled lovingly at him; “My adorable selfless Angel…”

“I'm not…” He tried protesting but Magnus cut him off. “Tell you what then. Make sure not to die on me and hurt me, okay? Who knows… I may even die first… Almost did once, already.”

“Mag-!” Magnus leaned down in a swift motion and kissed him, effectively silencing him once more.

“Hush…” He whispered against his lips as the boy stared up at him, dazed by the unexpected kiss. “No more of that Angel… Not now…” he went on, hugging him closer “For now… Let's just stay like that a little longer… Let me hold you… These two days were Hell without you… I just want to feel your presence…”

Alec smiled again, closing his eyes. “I love you too…”

~o~

“Angel?” Magnus whispered softly a little while after “Are you sleeping?” Alec slowly opened his blue eyes and looked at him. Magnus felt a surge of happiness seeing the Nephilim's eyes looking alive again.

Alec smiled sweetly at him and sighed contently closing his eyes again “No… Just enjoying the feeling…” he answered snuggling closer to the Warlock. Magnus squeezed him, kissing the top of his head and said “Can I ask you something?” He needed to know, the memory kept repeating in his head…

“Sure.” He smiled again, peacefully, eyes closed.

“Why were you surprised when you thought you were in Heaven?”

~o~
There was a short silence and then Alec answered, opening his eyes but not meeting his lover's gaze. “Because I deserved Hell…” Magnus' eyes widened. “But then I saw you…” he added, smiling sweetly at him. “And I knew, I somehow made it in Heaven, or else, why would you be there?”

“You thought that?? After all I did to you?”

Alec looked at him like he was stupid “Of course I did. I love you.” He answered matter-of-factly, without losing a beat, his blue eyes sincere. “In that fateful moment when the Demon was about to finish me off, I knew there was no hope. And yet I couldn't bring myself to feel the fear I should… That moment, I had time to form only one coherent thought… And all I thought about was you. All I could think was that I would never see you again if I died… So I fought harder… But when I couldn't fight anymore, all I wished for was your forgiveness… And then the Darkness took me.”

“I was floating in the void when I felt your presence again… And thinking I was dead, I opened my eyes and saw you….” Alec gently ran his fingers over Magnus' cheekbones and the Warlock leaned into his touch sighing happily. “When I saw you…” the Nephilim went on, “The excruciating pain I felt, just vanished.”

Magnus opened his eyes and stared at him ’So that's why…‘ he thought, remembering Alec's words that had scared him so much before.

“It doesn't hurt anymore…”

The boy smiled sadly, “Even if you were to kill me, to literally rip my heart from my chest and tear at it, I'd never stop loving you or not wish to be with you…” He said answering the Warlock's previous question again.

Magnus had buried his face in his hands. “And I did that, didn't I?” he said in a broken voice, reading behind the boy's disguised words. “Not literally, but I did do that to you…”

The younger boy hugged him close “Shh… We're going to be okay… Yes, it was painful, and I thought it was Hell, but now I know what real Hell is like, and it doesn't compare…”

“Real Hell?” asked Magnus.

Bringing the memory to the surface, Alec flinched and started shaking. “When… when you left… I thought nothing could hurt more… but I was wrong. I… I saw… saw you die…” He cried, “and I couldn't take it… that was really too much… that was True Hell…”

“I'm so sorry my Angel…” Magnus whispered in his hair, holding him closer. “What can I do to make it better?” He asked pained.

In response, Alec looked up at him, his blue shining with tears which Magnus reached out to wipe away gently. Alec threw his arms around his lover's neck and pulled him close kissing him breathlessly, and the surprised Warlock responded to the kiss.

When they had to be separated to breathe, the Nephilim whispered against his lips; “Just be here… Just be safe… Just hold me… Hold me so tight that all the broken pieces of my soul will stick back together… And I'll do the same for you… Don't… don't ever leave me alone again… Please…”

“Never… Never again… No matter what.” Magnus whispered back ferociously, hugging the boy tightly, and kissing the pain away once more.
That last part was based on this quote by anonymous:
“One day someone is going to hug you so tight that all of your broken pieces will stick back together”

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Did you get my secret messages in Chapters?? They were related to the Chapters' content and could be found in:

Ch.16, Beginning: Keen were my senses, but are no more. I cannot tell reality, from dreams at all. Everyone's disappearing leaving me all alone… save me…

Ch.17 (near the end):
“How am I supposed to face this wretched world alone?”
“No… I'll give whatever you ask of me… just please, stay here with me…”

[The secret phrases are in the Uppercase letters.]

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