### whither thou goest

by Fatale (femme)

**Summary**

He feels Magnus’ magic crackling warm and familiar beneath his skin now, the alliance rune pulsating above his heart.

**Notes**

- title taken from parabatai oath because they sound like marriage vows to me. super sad day for fandom, needed some cheering up and thought you guys may need it, too. so, i’ve written immortal husbands for the saps out there. <3!

  thanks to [la_muerta](https://archiveofourown.org/users/la_muerta) for the quick cleanup.

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Alec makes his way through the front door, pulling off his jacket and boots and leaving them on the floor. He’s tired and will clean up tomorrow if Magnus doesn’t get to it before him.

Honestly, he just wants to go to bed, curl up around his husband, and forget the world for a while.

Outside, the neon lights flicker. It’s a different world than what he grew up with, but times have changed.

He remembers so many years ago at family dinner when Izzy was somewhere just shy of forty, and she’d reached up to touch his hair, playfully commenting on how it wasn’t fair he hadn’t gone gray yet. He’d looked around, noticed Jace’s hair, streaked through with more silver than blond,
the laugh lines around Izzy’s eyes, and thought back on his reflection in the mirror when he’d been shaving earlier that morning, and realized he looked so much younger than his siblings. Everyone, really.

He clutched at Magnus’ arm, heart pounding. “What did you do?” he’d asked.

Magnus looked at him, confused.

“I haven’t aged in at least ten years.”

Magnus frowned contemplatively, gaze running up and down Alec speculatively.

As it turned out, when you’ve spent much of your time with other immortals, it was harder to notice when time stood still for you.

Alec leaned back as conversation at the dinner table turned to other topics, anxiety and a cold surety settling in his bones. It was something that once seen, couldn’t be unseen.

The warlocks at the Spiral Labyrinth puzzled and argued, and finally came to the same conclusion: an unforeseen consequence of using the unity rune on partners that had already shared power so many times before. Alec lending Magnus his strength over and over again throughout the years had irreparably linked them and their lifespans.

Their best guess was that whenever Magnus departed the world, so would Alec, and Alec wouldn’t have it any other way.

It was an unprecedented case in Nephilim and Warlock history. But then again, a bond like theirs had never quite existed before.

The floorboards creak beneath his feet, and Alec leans down to touch them and they go quiet.

He feels Magnus’ magic crackling warm and familiar beneath his skin now, the alliance rune pulsating above his heart. He doesn’t have magic of his own, he’s more like a conduit, but whenever he needs it, Magnus’ magic always answers his call.

Catarina says the magic has made a home in Alec. It loves him and wants him happy, safe, with Magnus always. But it couldn’t have done that if Alec had been unwilling, knowingly or not. Alec doesn’t believe in soulmates, but he thinks some souls are just destined to forge their own paths through life together, through the good and the bad, through the sorrow and joy of living. And Alec wants it all with Magnus.

Izzy, Clary, Luke, and Jace have long been gone. He still sees Simon and Raphael on occasion when they come by New York. Last he heard, they were in Paris, bickering through the catacombs.

There was a time when he wasn’t sure he could go on without his friends and family, the grief of losing them one by one too sharp, but he’d made it, holding onto Magnus for strength. The unity rune works both ways, after all. And with enough time and distance, that pain has faded to an old bruise, leaving him with a dull twinge, the nostalgic ache of remembering the good times, the family dinners, their children, the love.

Always the love.

It’s carried him through the last hundred years and it’ll carry him through the next hundred.

He strips down to his boxers, leaving clothes littering the floor as he crosses the room. On the bed,
he sees Magnus sprawled out and taking up way too much space, sheets rucked up, legs bare and so familiar. His heart kicks up a notch as he touches Magnus’ ankle and Magnus blinks awake, shifts over to make room for Alec.

“Late night?” he asks, rubbing his eyes.

“Yeah,” Alec whispers and leans down to kiss his neck, the tender sliver of skin right behind his ear. “But I’m home now,” he says.

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