Trust Your Heart (Let Fate Decide)

by SereneCalamity

Summary

Five times Alec was happy and one time Alec was happiest. 5 + 1.

Notes

Just a cute little, 5 + 1 fic about this gorgeous couple. I really, really liked this one, so I hope you do too!

Disclaimer: I do not own the characters, and the title comes from a song from one of my favourite movies, Tarzan, called Two Worlds by Phil Collins. Oh also, the scene where Alec meets Magnus and Clary is inspired by a scene in Alex Strangelove.

See the end of the work for more notes

1.

Alexander Lightwood didn't have a bad childhood, it's just...He had always known that he was different, and because of that. He had always felt as though he needed to be careful. Be careful about what he said, be careful about what he did, be careful about who he looked at. He tried to keep himself locked up tight, and because of that, he never felt as though he could properly be himself, therefore, he was never really happy.
One of Alec's fondest, oldest memories was when his youngest sibling, Max Lightwood, was a toddler. He was taking his time, learning how to talk, and he had just started forming words. Alec was holding him on his lap as he sat on the floor in the lounge. Isabelle was seven and Alec was eight at the time, and both of their parents were out that afternoon. Isabelle had insisted that they watched yet another Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen film, but Alec didn't mind, because even though he argued with her, he doted on Isabelle, and so he didn't mind suffering through another one of these films.

Max was in no rush to talk, but he was full of gummy smiles and bright eyes and Alec had been in love since the first time he had met him. Both Robert and Maryse Lightwood had been trying to get him to say 'dada' or 'mama' and Alec had walked in on Isabelle trying to convince Max in a baby-voice to say 'Izzy'.

But that afternoon, as Alec was bouncing Max up and down on his lap, Max reached out for Alec's floppy hair and let out his first word.

"Al-ly," he said decisively and Alec's eyes widened. "Al-ly!" He repeated and Alec's face nearly split in half with his grin.

2.

Alec was twelve when he realized that he was gay.

He knew that a lot of the world looked down on that as something that was wrong and disgusting and he knew that his parents had always talked about him getting married to a woman and having kids, and so he knew that that was what was expected of him.

At least now that he knew he was gay, he was able to tell why he had felt so different and disconnected for so long. He had been keeping this part of him a secret and hidden away, it was a no wonder he felt as though he didn't belong.

He was thirteen when he finally told someone.

Jace Wayland.

His best friend.

Incidentally, the guy he had a crush on.

Jace was as straight as an arrow, and Alec knew that he had no chance, but for some reason, when the pair of them were out on a lake that was a few miles from their homes, in a row boat that Jace's parents had brought him, with their fishing rods in hand, Alec had leaned in and kissed him.

Jace had been surprised and he had laughed at first, thinking that the whole thing was a joke. But then Alec had started crying and Jace's face had sobered up really quickly, and he had wrapped his arms around Alec. Alec had told Jace how he felt, how he was, and Jace had told him that it was okay. Jace had said that it didn't change anything about Alec, anything about the way he felt about Alec. He told him that he loved him and he would always be there for him.

Then they talked about Alec's massive crush on Justin Timberlake, and Jace acted as though all of this was completely normal and natural, as though this was something that they just did everyday, like when they talked about Jace's obsession with Emma Watson.

And Alec realized that it could be like this.

That this could be okay.
That maybe there wasn't something wrong with him.

3.

Alec really wasn't a fan of parties, but Isabelle loved them, and she needed a sober driver, so he had told her he would come. The whole house was shaking from the noise and the amount of people who were dancing, and so Alec had just wanted to find somewhere to disappear until Isabelle was ready to go. He had opened the door for two rooms, in one he had found three people—two girls and a guy—who were tangled up in each other. The second room was where a group of girls were all insanely drunk and crying and having those heart-to-hearts that girls always seemed to have when they were drunk. The last door he tried, though, had two people who were sitting on a double bed, sharing a joint, based on the thick smell of weed in the room.

"Oh my god, don't advertise our delinquency!" The handsome boy had cried out, waving at Alec to shut the door. Alec had hesitated, wondering if he should leave, but the red headed girl who Alec vaguely recognized held out the joint to him.

So he joined them on the bed, shared the joint with them, and found out that their names were Magnus Bane and Clarissa Morgenstern. Once he found out Clary's name, he realized that she was on her schools hockey team, same as Isabelle who was on their own schools, and so he and Jace had seen her a few times when their teams had played against each other. Jace had made a few comments about how cute he thought she was.

Clary ended up in her own world, stoned out of her mind as she rolled off the bed and started singing something under her breath, and Magnus and Alec laid on the bed, lighting up another joint.

They talked for hours.

Alec had never connected to someone like that.

He felt like he could trust Magnus with anything.

He felt like he could tell Magnus anything.

And so he had told Magnus that he was gay.

And Magnus had laughed softly and stroked his fingers through Alec's hair in an intimate gesture that only Maryse and Isabelle had ever done to him before. And then Magnus had leaned forward and bumped his nose against Alec's, and all Alec could do was stare at Magnus' hypnotizing eyes and listen.

"How lucky am I, to find out that I have a chance with the most beautiful boy I have ever met?" He had whispered and Alec had blinked, stunned by what this absolutely incredible creature had just said to him, and then he had leaned forward and kissed him.

4.

Alec had felt physically ill when it came to telling his parents.

Isabelle and Max were one thing, but his parents were another.

It hadn't gone terribly, but it could have definitely have gone better.

They hadn't said much, only that they needed time to talk and process.
And then nearly a month went by and they still hadn't talked about it.

And then it had turned out that Robert had been cheating on their mother and Maryse threw him out of the house, and the divorce proceedings began because Maryse said that there was no way in hell that she was taking him back, and all three of her children supported this.

Now it was a year later, and he and Magnus had been together for almost eighteen months, and he still felt a weight on his shoulders.

He would be going off to University in just a few months time, in New York, and things with Magnus were good. Magnus was a year older than Alec and hadn't bothered graduating high school before leaving, and was halfway through a hair dressing course. He had a year more to go, and so they were going to have to do the long distance thing for a while, but they were both determined to get through it. Then Magnus was going to move out to New York for a few years while Alec finished his degree.

His parents sort of knew the idea that Alec had, but they really hadn't discussed any details.

Until now.

"I'm sorry for what's been going on," Maryse's voice was soft as she came into Alec's room. Alec and Magnus were stretched out on his floor, fingers intwined and Magnus' head resting on Alec's shoulder. On instinct, Alec straightened up his back, his lips flattening in a line as Maryse came in and sat down in his computer chair. "I'm sorry we..." she took in a deep breath through her nose as she looked down at the two of them. "I'm sorry I couldn't be there for you. I know that you needed me, and I'm your mother and I should have..." her breathing hitched and Alec was horrified to see tears in her eyes.

Through all of this, through the whole divorce—through Alec's whole life—he had never seen his mother cry.

"I love you, baby," Maryse told Alec as her son got to his feet and closed the distance between the. "I love you so much, and you're so strong, and you're so lucky..." she wrapped an arm around Alec, burying her head in his chest, but then her other arm was reaching out, past Alec. Alec's eyes widened as he realized it was reaching for Magnus. Magnus was instantly there, right at their side. "You're so lucky to have found someone who is there to support and love you. Who knows how special you are. And I know that I've been so caught up in my own mess and my own troubles, but I am here for you, okay? I am here for you, and I love you and you've grown up to be the most incredible man and I know that a lot of that you had to do on your own, while looking after your brother and sister, and you need to know that it didn't go unnoticed."

"I know, mum, I know," Alec assured her, hating to see his mother in pain. She pulled back and looked up at him.

"I love you, Alec," Maryse murmured, cupping his face with the hand that wasn't holding on tightly to Magnus'. "I love you so much, and I am so proud of you." Alec felt his eyes cloud with tears as he hugged his mother tightly.

5.

"It's going to be okay," Clary whispered and Alec jerked his head in a nod. Jace wasn't standing too far away, arms folded loosely over his chest as he looked over at his best friend. It was Christmas, and they were all gathered at Jace and Clary's place for a Christmas party. The pair of them had gotten married last year, although they had moved in together just out of high school. Jace had gotten an apprenticeship and Clary had gone to university in their home city. They
adored each other, and balanced one another out, and while they had definitely had their trials over the years, they were a solid couple.

"Biscuit! We need more wine!" Magnus announced as he sashayed into the room, holding up his empty wine glass. Isabelle was tucked under of his arms, and behind them was Simon Lewis, Isabelle's fiancée and one of Clary's best friends.

"More wine?" Clary raised an eyebrow, letting out a laugh as she shook her head. "I gave you guys two bottles only an hour ago."

"And now...It's gone!" Magnus pouted. Alec knew that he was only a little tipsy, not drunk, Magnus had an incredibly high tolerance when it came to alcohol. "So I feel as though, as the host, you're required to find us more." Clary grinned and licked her lips before looking over at Alec.

"It's now or never, buddy," Jace muttered under his breath, loud enough for Alec to hear, but none of the others, because they weren't really paying any attention. Magnus and Isabelle were laughing and Simon had come over to talk to Clary. Alec reached into his pocket and felt the little velvet box that he had been carrying around for the past two months, trying to find the perfect moment.

Three weeks ago, he had decided that he was going to propose here.

"Magnus," Alec cleared his throat and spoke up before he could change his mind. "Can I...Can I talk to you for a minute?" He stepped forward and Magnus blinked as he looked over at him. "There's, uh..." his throat felt dry as he realized that everyone in the room had gone quiet and there was a heaviness in the air. "There's something I need to ask you." Magnus tilted his head to one side, eyebrows pulling together. Alec took in a deep breath through his nose and pulled the box out of his pocket, gripping it tightly in his hand. "There's something I really need to ask you..."

"Wait," suddenly Magnus' eyes were wide and panicked. "No—" Alec felt a sudden coldness pierce through him at the words. He felt the words physically hit him and he jerked a step back. "You can't—" Magnus was digging around in the leather pants he was wearing, and then he was pulling out a velvet box, so similar to the one that Alec was holding.

"What..." Alec breathed.

"You can't propose to me! I was going to propose to you!" Magnus cried out as he popped open the little box. Inside was a tungsten silver band, with an engraved line circling around the middle of it. It was simple and beautiful, just the sort of thing that Alec would want. Alec's breathing was rapid, his chest rising and falling as he opened the box in his own hand, revealing a white gold band, with a cluster of tiny diamonds. A little fancier than Alec's, but still classy. Just like Magnus.

"You were...Gonna propose to me?" Alec managed to get out before Magnus was crushing their lips together and all of their friends were cheering and clapping around them.

+1.

Alec had been on edge all afternoon. Clary had been in labour for nearly twelve hours, and Magnus and Jace had been there, at her side, through the whole thing. Alec had been in and out for the past few hours, but the room was crowded, and he didn't want Clary to feel as though the whole world was watching her, so he kept on ducking out to give them some space. Isabelle and Simon were in the waiting room with them, both of them just as excited to for the new arrival into their lives.

"I don't know how I would have done that," Isabelle said with a shake of her head, clenching her
hands together in front of her. "It's going on twelve hours and that girl is still going." Alec couldn't manage a reply, his stomach was in knots and his whole body was wound tight with tension, so he just went back to staring out the window and chewing down on the corner of his thumb.

Originally, Isabelle was meant to be their surrogate and also donate the egg. It made sense, because then there would be some of Alec's DNA and some of Magnus' DNA all mixed in together. But then Isabelle had gotten a promotion at work, and even though they had all talked about it in the past, nothing had ever been set in stone. Alec and Magnus had been ready for kids and they had just been preparing to talk to Isabelle about going forward with the IVF, but given how hard she had been working for this promotion, Alec couldn't impose on that.

But then she had come to them, and said that she would still go through with the first half of the IVF by having some of her eggs extracted so that they could be implanted, but they would need to find a surrogate.

Magnus was on the phone with Clary half a minute later, asking for her and Jace to come over, that they needed to talk to them.

Once Clary got there and heard them both out, she had said yes in a heartbeat.

Magnus was family to her, and Alec, by extension through Magnus and Jace, was family as well.

And now they were here.

"Alec?" Magnus was standing behind him, his voice scratchy from the lack of sleep and stress of the situation, but the way his eyes were shining told Alec all he needed to know. "He's here."

Alec felt all of the tension and worry leave his body. He didn't even process Isabelle's squealing or Simon's congratulations, all he managed to do was numbly follow after Magnus and go into the hospital room where Clary and Jace were. Clary was holding a wriggling baby in her arms, who still looked a little squished but had obviously been cleaned of all the birthing gunk, and as Magnus and Alec approached her, she presented the baby proudly.

"You two are going to be the most incredible fathers," she whispered. Magnus took the baby from her arms and held him in close to his side. Alec's breathing was coming out in shuddering gasps as he looked down at the little boy—Rafael Lightwood-Bane, they had already decided on—and he had to wrap an arm around Magnus' shoulders to steady himself.

And then he cried.

He held his husband and rested his thumb against his son's cheek, and he cried, the happiest tears he had ever cried, his heart feeling as though it was exploding out of his chest.

End Notes

Let me know what you think x

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