

War

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War

by [sugarandspace](#)

Summary

“When I thought that I fought this war alone
You were there by my side on the frontline
When I thought that I fought without a cause
You gave me a reason to try “

AU where Alec has become immortal by some angelic way and now has wings. Because immortal power couple Lightwood-Bane makes me feel things.

Notes

Some inspiration from the song War by Poets of the Fall!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It was quite a view, Magnus thought, when he looked at his right.

His Alexander, dressed in all black and in full battle gear, a seraph blade by his side and a bow and quiver flung over his shoulder. His hair was a mess of black, the strands moving in the wind and occasionally falling over his eyes.

His tall white wings were a striking contrast to his black attire, making him appear even more intimidating than he normally was, a task Magnus had thought to be impossible. In his centuries of living Magnus had never met someone who had mastered a disapproving scowl quite as well as his giant of a boyfriend.

He looked every part of the soldier he was raised to be.

Although, the signs of battle weren't missing from the pale feathers either, their pure color tainted by flecks of ash flowing in the air, and their rows not as neat as they normally were. Magnus felt the urge to ask *What's ruffling your feathers?* (A joke he'd thrown probably one, two, or ten times too many since Alec became immortal and got his wings to carry.) But the tense atmosphere of an oncoming battle didn't feel right for jokes, not even for Magnus who was known for his improper comments.

Any minute now.

Their marks were different, - he with his cat eyes glowing and Alec with his wings on his back - but Alec had helped him realise that neither was a reason to be ashamed, neither of those marks were bad. Sure, their origin couldn't be more different, Magnus' power being demonic and Alec's angelic, but it wasn't about where it came from, it was what they did with that power that defined them. Hundreds of years of living and he'd only really come to terms with it in the past few years.

His mark was a sign of power, a sight that made even the bravest feel intimidated. But it was also one that made his friends and the people he cared about feel protected, to feel safe.

He didn't know where his friends were, but he knew that they were standing there with him, on that field he could imagine once being filled with colorful flowers and tall grass, but that was now burnt and destroyed by the hands of the demons they had already fought to make it there. More were coming, along with their master, but they would not be successful in their plans. Magnus felt empowered by the crowd, of the unity of everyone fighting for their lives and for their home. Uniting the Downworld had seemed like an impossible task, but nothing unified a group of people better than a common enemy.

The wind was picking up, and Magnus could feel his long jacket move behind him in the wind. It was messing up his hair as well, most likely, and staining his clothes with ash the same way his makeup was framing his eyes, its darkness highlighting the gold of his eyes.

Magnus' attention was shifted back to the present by a portal opening a bit further away in front of them on the ashen field. He could feel the magic in his fingertips, gathering at his palms and making his hands warm with the energy. By his side he saw Alec, readying his

bow and drawing an arrow, choosing his signature weapon for as long as he could before it would inevitably turn to a closer combat.

They were quite a sight, Magnus thought as he took a deep breath, readying himself.

End Notes

Feedback fuels my heart!

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