

No Turning Back

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No Turning Back

by [alistoney](#)

Summary

The red tinge to the sky, the smoke curling around him. It all makes Magnus want to turn around and go back to the safety of New York. Back to where he doesn't have to face the harrowing tragedy that is his past.

He doesn't do that though. Because this time, he's not alone.

Or the one where Magnus goes back to Edom to get his magic back

Notes

So this fic came about because I was listening to Live Like Legends by Ruelle (which is also where the title from the fic is from) and ended up basically writing this whole thing in my head.

It started off as this rambling block of words that I just kinda yelled at people because I was very excited about it and then [Accalla](#) and [zahrabane](#) convinced me to actually write it into a proper fic.

So I put Live Like Legends on repeat and wrote what ended up becoming almost 3k of badass boyfriends haha.

You probably didn't need to know that but whatever lol. I hope you enjoy!

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

The acrid smell in the air is what hits Magnus first as he steps out into Edom. It's too familiar. Flashbacks of years spent here learning dark magic and slowly seeing his father for what he was flit through his brain. Flashbacks to just a few months ago when Magnus stood in the same place he's standing now and ended up giving up everything.

The red tinge to the sky, the smoke curling around him. It all makes Magnus want to turn around and go back to the safety of New York. Back to where he doesn't have to face the harrowing tragedy that is his past.

He doesn't do that though. Because this time, he's not alone.

Magnus lifts his chin as Alec and the wayward group of Shadowhunters and Downworlders they had recruited to help them, appear next to him.

Alec places his hand on Magnus' shoulder and it grounds him enough to turn around and face everyone.

He's not alone. He can *do* this.

He lets himself take a moment to look over their little group.

Isabelle stands at attention, whip in hand and eyes fierce. Raphael stands with his arms crossed and chin raised defiantly. Luke and Maia are standing next to each other and scanning the horizon with calculated eyes. Cat is staring at Magnus like she can see straight through him. Like she can see exactly how terrified Magnus feels in this moment. She probably can.

And then there's Alec, *Alec* who is looking down at him with a familiar fire in his eyes. It's the same look he'd had when he'd told Magnus he was beautiful after seeing his cat eyes for the first time. The same look he'd given him when he'd told Magnus there was nothing ugly about him.

It's a look that says *I'm here*, that says *I love you* and *We're going to get through this* all at once.

They're all here because of him. Because they all care about Magnus in some way or another that he can't even begin to explain. The thought makes something twist painfully in his chest and he has to hold back a shuddering breath.

Magnus lets his heart turn over in his chest once and then takes a deep breath.

Cat smiles encouragingly and the rest of their assembled group focuses in on Magnus.

"Our best bet would be to get in unnoticed," Magnus starts and then bites his lip when his voice wavers dangerously over the words.

Cat steps forward to grab his hand and Alec moves his hand back to Magnus' arm, squeezing reassuringly.

No one in the group looks at Magnus like he's weak despite how obviously affected he is. Each and every one of them just stare back at him with warm, encouraging, *determined* eyes.

Magnus wants to throw his arms around all of them and tell them how much their support means to him. The fact that they've literally gone to hell for him is more than most people have ever thought to do for him in his very long life.

Alec nods at him, encouraging him to go on speaking, so Magnus turns back to the group, making a mental note to get his hugs if- *when* they get out of this alive.

"I know how to get around once we get inside. So as long as we don't attract too much attention we can catch Asmodeus by--"

Magnus is cut off by a loud screech and he turns to find a wraith demon too close for comfort.

He follows the demon's path as it flies away from them. Any shred of confidence Magnus had about getting out of this without anyone getting hurt disappears when he finds that there's what looks like dozens of demons blocking their path to his father.

They don't attack. Just stand, waiting. A solid line of defense between them and Asmodeus.

His father knows they're coming.

Magnus hears someone let out a small gasp behind him and feels his own shoulders slump slightly.

Of course he does. Magnus should've known better than to underestimate Asmodeus. He's always been one step ahead of Magnus.

He clenches his jaw and fights the urge to panic. He did not come all the way here, only to come out empty handed.

"Well this kind of ruins the plan doesn't it," he mutters and smiles slightly when Cat laughs under her breath.

The sound calms Magnus and he tightens his grip on her hand. He then turns to Alec because he's the one who has more experience in the field of fighting demons.

"What do we do?"

Alec's answer comes quickly and without hesitation.

"We fight."

The rest of the group nods in agreement, but Magnus hesitates.

He doesn't have his magic. He can't protect them if something goes wrong. If anything happens it will be because of him. Because he let them help him.

“Alexander, my magic,” he feels his shoulders slump further as he speaks, defeat creeping into his voice, “I can’t.”

Alec just stares back at him, still no hesitation whatsoever. He takes a small step towards Magnus so that they’re close enough that Magnus can properly look into his eyes.

“Yes you can,” Alec tells him fiercely, eyes intent and serious, “you’re Magnus Bane.”

It’s an echo of what Cat had told Magnus what feels like forever ago and the words make determination slowly spread into his veins.

Alec turns away from Magnus for a moment. Before Magnus can mourn the loss of his presence Alec is back and he’s holding a seraph blade.

He holds it out to Magnus, one side of his mouth quirking up in a half smile.

“You have centuries of knowledge about demon’s weak spots with or without magic,” Alec says, eyes wide and earnest, his half smile turning into a full out grin as he speaks, “And I know for a fact that you can fight because I taught you myself, and I’m a great teacher.”

Alec looks smug and Izzy rolls her eyes fondly. Magnus is pretty sure Alec is just trying to get him to smile.

It works.

Magnus smiles softly and takes the seraph blade from Alec’s hand. When Alec had sparred with him they hadn’t ever used blades so they both stare in awe when the blade lights up red in Magnus’ hand.

The glow sends a hue of red across Alec’s face as he looks from the blade to Magnus and then back again.

Magnus grips the blade tighter and runs over the information he knows on wraith demons. They like to work in packs. The wings are a weak spot.

He then adjusts the blade in his hand and runs over what Alec had taught him. How to balance the weight of a weapon. How to move his whole body as he swings it to get maximum force.

Magnus turns back to Alec who is looking down at him with something that looks suspiciously like pride in his eyes. Magnus is suddenly hit with an overwhelming love for this man who just won’t seem to give up on him.

He takes another step forward so that they’re standing chest to chest and then uses the hand not holding the seraph blade to pull Alec down into a kiss.

He pours everything into the kiss. After all, if either of them doesn’t make it out of this alive, this might be the last one they get. He pushes the thought to a dark corner of his brain as soon as he thinks it.

They'll make it out. They *have* to.

When they pull apart Alec searches Magnus eyes, for what, he doesn't know, but it seems that he finds it because he smiles before turning back to the group.

Magnus does the same and smiles.

"Let's fight."

All Magnus can see is smoke and ichor and the red glint of the seraph blade in his hands.

The red light paints streaks across the air as Magnus slashes through yet another demon and spins out of the way before the corpse can fall onto him.

It's odd, fighting a battle without his magic. But the red flashes of the blade remind him of the way his magic sparks in the air and he can pretend. It makes the blade feel familiar in his hand and he lets a small smile make its way onto his face.

He sees Cat and Izzy behind him, Cat's magic shining through the smoke and the sound of Izzy's whip slashing through the guttural shrieks of dying demons.

Beside them, Raphael, Luke, and Maia have managed to surround a trio of demons and Magnus looks on in awe for a second at how well all these different people have managed to work together. The seven of them fighting as a deadly unit.

He doesn't get the time to properly appreciate it, because he hears Alec yelling his name from somewhere and turns away from the sight of his friends just in time to watch Alec shoot a wraith demon out of the sky right above him.

The demon bursts into multiple smaller ones and Magnus slashes the seraph blade through one of them as Alec rolls closer and shoots an arrow through the second one.

Magnus' heart stops in his chest a second when the third one rams its tail into Alec, knocking him off balance.

He almost yells Alec's name in a panic, but Alec recovers quickly and rolls into a kneel. He locks eyes with Magnus, silently communicating in a way that they've perfected from countless hours spent in the same space. Magnus anticipates Alec using his bow to shove the demon toward Magnus before it happens, and he widens his stance to slash a wide arch with the blade as the demon comes barreling towards him. He grimaces as the demon dies and he's sprayed with ichor, mourning his jacket silently.

When he looks back up, Alec is standing, eyes alight and a grin on his face. They're in the middle of a battle, but Magnus can't help but grin back at him.

"I told you I'm a great teacher," Alec says smugly.

Magnus rolls his eyes and decides now is not the best time to argue about how he's known how to fight longer than Alec's been alive. Instead he smirks back and turns so that he's

standing back to back with Alec. Alec notches an arrow and Magnus holds out the seraph blade, both waiting with baited breath for another demon.

Instead, Magnus hears Cat. He turns towards her voice and sees her standing beside what looks like a clear path to the door.

Magnus locks eyes with Cat and then turns back to the hordes of demons still all around them.

“Go!” Cat shouts. “We can hold them off.”

Cat is holding back two demons who are trying to block the path and her eyes urge him to go, but Magnus hesitates. He doesn’t want to go alone, he doesn’t know if he can face his father himself. Not again.

Somehow Alec knows. He circles Magnus’ wrist with his free hand and smiles at him sweetly despite the mix of blood and ichor that is splattered across his face.

“We’re going to do this together,” he says, and tugs Magnus inside the building.

They stumble into a room with a high ceiling and Magnus’ veins fill with ice at the familiarity of it. The air in the room is colder than outside and the walls are dark. It’s the same as it had been when he was a child.

Magnus swallows over the lump in his throat and pulls Alec down a familiar hallway.

It’s long and narrow, the walls lined with candles that cast tall shadows in front of them.

Alec’s hand is sure in Magnus’ grip and he squeezes it slightly to ground himself.

When they get to the end of the hall, Magnus leads them to the left without having to think about it. He still knows this place like the back of his hand, even if that fact makes his stomach twist painfully.

Magnus speeds up their pace, half because he doesn’t want to have to relive old memories that the familiar halls are starting to bring up and half because he doesn’t want the others to have to hold off the demons longer than necessary.

They skid to a halt when a demon bursts in front of them from the other side of the hall. Magnus goes to turn around, knowing an alternate route to the throne room, but freezes when he finds another demon blocking their path back.

They’re surrounded.

“Alexander,” Magnus mutters under his breath as the two of them slide back to back again.

“Got it,” Alec says calmly, letting an arrow fly and killing the demon coming from behind them before it can get close enough to do anything. Magnus sends a silent thanks to all the hours Alec had spent doing target practice.

They turn in sync to the second demon just as it lunges at them.

Alec flattens himself against the wall to avoid the blow and Magnus ducks under the demon. He ends up behind it and watches as Alec tries to get another shot but the demon knocks his bow out of his hand.

He watches in horror as the demon makes to lunge at Alec's throat, claws sharp and poisonous. Alec *can't* get hurt on this mission, Magnus would never forgive himself.

The thought sets him into motion and everything seems to slow down between them.

He makes eyes contact with Alec before throwing the seraph over the lunging demon where Alec catches it. He then charges forward and forcefully pulls the demon back before its claws can hit Alec. Alec lands a well placed stab to its chest with the seraph blade and the demon disappears in a burst of ichor.

They're both breathing hard as Alec hands the seraph blade back to Magnus and picks up his bow. Magnus can see the relief in his eyes. Despite the calculated calm that Alec seemed to be outwardly showing, Magnus can tell that Alec is just as scared as he is that they won't make it out of this alive.

He lets his eyes wander Alec's frame to make sure there aren't any fatal injuries as Alec does the same. A routine that's familiar from the many demon attacks they've had to deal with in their time together. The fact that they're doing something so familiar to them despite the decidedly unfamiliar situation causes a small laugh to bubble out of him.

Alec lets out a breath that could be called a laugh as well, and then he's back to business. His eyes sweep down the hall systematically before he nods and the two of them start hurrying down the hall again.

They have to fight of a few more demons on the way but they get to the throne room relatively unscathed.

Magnus lets out a shuddering breath as the two of them skid to a halt outside the tall double doors. Magnus has no doubt his father is waiting for him behind them.

His father, who took him in and turned him into a weapon. Who fed him stories of darkness and death and horror. Who took away the one thing that he had always been able to rely on.

An unrestrained surge of fury overtakes him as the memories swirl through his mind.

Alec looks at him, silently asking if he's ready. Magnus lets the anger flood through him and nods.

Alec places a hand on the door and Magnus follows his movement. They look at each other a moment. Magnus takes the second of calm to memorize the exact color of Alec's eyes and the unwavering surety he has for Magnus shining bright in them. He's going to need that in order to face his father.

He takes one last deep breath and then the two of them push open the doors to the throne room together.

As anticipated, Asmodeus is waiting in the center of the room. He's leaning lazily on his cane and barely spares a moment to look at the two of them before he's waving his hand to close the doors behind them.

The disregard should disarm Magnus but it doesn't. His anger is still coursing through his veins, making him braver than he thought he could be.

Magnus knows the two of them don't look like much. Both bloody and disheveled, and Magnus without the aid of his magic. But his anger doesn't dissipate at all, he has murder in his eyes and he knows it.

His father has taken too much from him already, Magnus won't let him take the fight out of him too.

His father steps forward but still doesn't say anything. Magnus feels Alec notch an arrow next to him and brandishes the seraph blade out in front of him. The two of them stand in front of Asmodeus, a united front.

At that, Magnus finally sees some sort of reaction out of his father. It's small, a slight flash of surprise in his eyes but Magnus delights in the reaction no matter how small.

His father probably hadn't been expecting Magnus, his *beloved* favorite son, to resort to threatening him so quickly.

To his credit, Asmodeus recovers quickly and looks calmly between the two of them. Magnus holds his breath and focuses on Alec's grounding presence next to him as he stares unwaveringly back at his father.

Asmodeus grins an evil smile and steps closer despite the two weapons pointed at him.

"Boys."

Neither he nor Alec flinch even as Asmodeus' voice booms through the room.

Magnus locks eyes with his father and holds his head high as he speaks.

There isn't any fear. Not this time.

"I believe you have something of mine. I want it back."

End Notes

Thanks for reading! I hope you liked it.

Comments and Kudos are always appreciated!

Tumblr: [@lightwormsiblings](#)

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