

## Alliance

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# Alliance

by [alecmagnuslwb](#)

## Summary

They don't get the opportunity to fight side by side like this enough anymore, but when they do it sparks an inferno.

## Notes

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

They haven't had many occasions to fight side by side since they've been married and especially not since moving to Alicante and taking on their new leadership roles.

There haven't been any near apocalyptic events in months and he can't remember the last time Alec went out on a dangerous mission of any sort. But tonight they'd been in Cairo on business and taken advantage of the trip to have a romantic dinner. A dinner that was interrupted as they walked the streets back to their hotel room hand in hand and came across a sneaky pack of Raveners in a nearby alley.

Alec had immediately leapt into action the glamoured seraph blade strapped to his thigh in his hand in an instant, Magnus curling a ball of blue flames around his fingers. There'd been more of them than expected, halfway through the fight Alec suggesting they activate their alliance rune.

It's a thing that no one had been certain of months before, Clary's runes had been deemed too strong by the angels and the risk of them using them was real. When Alec, Izzy and Luke had started the Downworlder-Shadowhunter teams in New York the rune had seemed like a given, but Alec hesitated. It was Jace who despite his still poignant grief that had finally spoken up encouraging it.

"Damn the angels for banishing Clary for making these runes, but they never said anything about the rest of the Shadowhunters not using them after she was gone. What are they gonna do, banish us all?" he'd said and no one could find it in them to argue the point.

As time has gone on, the rune has become a regularly used gift even being added into the new revised edition of the grey book; the resistance that once existed when it was burned into the skin no longer exists. They're not sure if it's some sort of sign from the angels that they're changing, reconsidering their once harsh beliefs, but it does make things easier in their growing world. It's too hopeful to think seriously on it though, to think that maybe they'd change their minds about Clary as well.

Admittedly since it was deemed safe to use, Magnus and Alec have been known to use the rune for more extracurricular activities than on missions and against demons.

A swirl of blue flames leaves Alec's fingers, a little shaky since he's still learning but just enough on target, blasting the last of the demons away then heaving out a breath as he turns back to Magnus. The glowing red seraph blades in Magnus' hand dulls and retracts. He flips it tossing it to Alec without a word, his husband catching it with ease and securing it back in its proper place on his thigh.

Magnus' eyes drift to a small cut along Alec's cheek as he looks up. He uses the focus of their still thrumming bond to activate an iratze on Alec's skin to heal it. Alec's lips quirk up as he feels the tingle of the cut stitching itself back together.

Their eyes lock across the alleyway after that, both still breathing a little heavy. There's a tension in the air that Magnus can't deny he's missed. It's not that they lack tension, god knows how they can get with nothing more than a look across a crowded room and all bets

are off when they're left alone. His husband has the uncanny ability to muster more desire than Magnus has ever seen directed at him in his life combined in just one look from up under his long dark lashes.

But this tension is a little different, has an edge of danger and adrenaline flickering around it. It's the mix of a fight still burning at the edge with the desire they always have for one another. It's the fact that there's nothing quite as sexy as Alec in his element, be it a fight or a political showdown. His eyes ablaze with fire and pupils blown wide as he looks at Magnus. It's the fact that he knows the way Alec looks at him when he wields a seraph blade, knows exactly how the bass in his voice will drop when he next speaks, the husky edge he'll say Magnus' name with as soon as they collide.

In a flash, between a breath, they breach the distance between them. Magnus pushing Alec back against the cool stone wall his hands immediately on Alec's neck, running up through his hair as their lips meet. The fire between them simmers, then engulfs as their tongues curl together, Alec's hands trail down his back one hand slipping into the back pocket of his tight black pants while the other rests at his waistline fingers dipping to tug at Magnus' shirt sloppily pulling it from where it's tucked.

Minutes, maybe hours pass as Magnus bites into Alec's bottom lip pulling a guttural moan that echoes through the alley from him. He moves to Alec's jaw where the cut has freshly healed now tongue and lips soothing the still tingling spot. Alec moans out Magnus' name in the voice he'd predicted as he nips at his jaw.

Alec's hand meets bare skin as he finally successfully untucks Magnus' shirt moving along up his back, slightly calloused fingers gliding along the muscles leaving sparks in his wake. It takes Magnus a moment to realize that it's literal sparks, not just the ones Alec always incites in him as he moves his lips along Alec's deflect rune neck bared for Magnus to do as he wishes.

The shared rune between them thrums bright and hot on his wrist. Magnus' magic has always reacted positively to Alec, curling around him protectively and welcoming his touch, but the rune amplifies it. The magic doesn't just trust him, love him even, it's within him, within them both, tying and pulling them together impossibly more than they already naturally are.

He pulls at Alec's hands as their lips come back together entwining their fingers, pressing them back against the wall over Alec's head. Blue flames ignite between their threaded fingers as soon as he presses them back and their breath catches almost simultaneously. Magnus breaks their kiss watching as the warm and sensational flames curl around them both. Alec looks up breath heavy and equally as affected as Magnus', a simmering smirk at the corner of his lips as he speaks.

"Portal?" he says looking back into Magnus' eyes, the hazel almost completely engulfed by blown out pupils.

Magnus nods squeezing Alec's fingers tight as he tips their foreheads together. Alec squeezes back and together they conjure up a portal directly behind him falling through easy and bright with a laugh directly onto the bed in their hotel room.

Magnus lands cradled between Alec legs and leans in for another breathtaking kiss. The flames between their hands glow brighter with each kiss, their clothes being ripped away quickly and tossed to far ends of the room. The hot needy want between them grows as they connect skin to skin, over and over, the blue flames slowly engulfing them entirely.

## End Notes

If the training scene in 3B proved anything it's that this is the exact immediate reaction they have to seeing each other in a fight ;)

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