

fight song

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by [anonlymous](#)

Summary

Being involved with a Shadowhunter meant getting involved in Shadowhunter affairs; it was a simple, inevitable fact of the world. Magnus just hadn't expected it to happen so soon. (For day 7 of Flufftober: second kiss).

Being involved with a Shadowhunter meant getting involved in Shadowhunter affairs; it was a simple, inevitable fact of the world. Magnus just hadn't expected it to happen so soon.

Then again, he'd also expected his wonderful, loving, *stupid* boyfriend to have enough self-preservation and sense to not trail Circle members - a desperate attempt to save his captive brother, and one that ended in his capture as well.

"*Magnus*," Jace's impatient voice broke him out of those unpleasant thoughts. Though he'd never been fond of the arrogant blonde, at this moment Magnus couldn't be more grateful for his presence. He knew his way around this ship and he knew Valentine, and both of those things would help them find Alec faster. And the faster the better, for Lilith know what they're doing to Alexander. Magnus's mind kept conjuring up images of him helpless, bound, screaming as Valentine cut into his flesh but - no. He can't think about that right now.

With the blade in his hand, Jace gestured to the door they were crouched by. "Valentine keeps most of the newer prisoners here. If Alec's in a cell, it'll be down this way."

Magnus gave a nod in acknowledgement, taking a breath to steady himself and reaching for the warm strength of his magic. He draws in the energy for a spell, starting to murmur -

And then, with a screech that hurts just to hear, the door splinters apart as a bearded man with a Circle rune is thrown through. Magnus looks down the hallway and sees, to his great surprise, Alexander.

Alexander, not in a cramped cell or chained and tortured. Alexander, sans seraph blade or stele or bow, fighting off a man with his bare hands and fists. Alexander, fierce and strong and a Shadowhunter all the way.

Alexander, who - probably needs Magnus to help instead of wax poetic about him.

Magnus sends a blast of gathered power at the one Alec is fighting, and he collapses to the floor. Alec turns and Magnus can pinpoint the second when he sees them; his whole face lights up, the sun of Magnus's very own galaxy, and he begins to sprint. A second later, Magnus is surrounded by sensation, engulfed by warm arms, reassured by the smell of sweat and leather, listening to Alec whisper "thank you" from where he's buried in Magnus's shoulder.

Awkwardly, Jace clears his throat. "Not to ruin your moment, but we have to *go*."

Magnus would love to ignore him, but he's right. Grudgingly, Alec pulls away, giving Jace a quick side-hug too as they creep up the stairs. When they reach the top and step into the light of dawn on the deck, they're greeted by the unfortunate sight of another group of Circle members.

"*Shit*," Jace swears, but he's already in motion on their right, spinning and stabbing. Alec joins him, and Magnus quickly loses track of their movements as he focuses on dodging the attacks of a particularly venomous blonde.

Something sails over his head, and he turns just in time to see the seraph blade Jace has thrown to Alec – and the man who's suddenly behind Magnus, swinging a curved sword right at his head. Magnus doesn't have time to react or draw magic to his fingertips or even think, but before it can slice into his skin Alexander is there, plunging his blade into the man's back.

Magnus, shaking with adrenaline and that split second of panicked fear, steps forward to cup Alexander's face with a trembling hand. In Alec's eyes, he sees the same protectiveness and fear that he'd felt a few minutes ago reflected back at him. The expression on his face must give away what's in his thoughts, because Alec's face softens and he leans forward to kiss him.

It's their second kiss, and nothing like the first kiss at the wedding. That was passionate and heady, yes, but with an undercurrent of blossoming hope and the tenderness that new things always have. This time, both their faces are streaked with tears and blood, and the way their lips press together is rough and fierce and relieved. This kiss is a promise: a promise to not allow the world keep them from having more kisses, a promise that says "I will not let anything hurt you", a promise to keep saving each other.

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