

Passion Makes You Dangerous

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Passion Makes You Dangerous

by [uniquecellest](#)

Summary

Max has constantly been going between back and fourth between Idris and wherever his parents are needed. The constant moving has made Max more observant than other Shadowhunters.

This comes in handy a lot

One fateful day while in New York he meets Magnus Bane, High Warlock of Brooklyn, and sees how the Warlock and his eldest brother, Alec, look at each other. One day Max tries to get brother to tell Magnus how he feels, when he doesn't Max takes it upon himself to take care of Magnus. Little did he know. . . .

Well, being a Lightwood is never easy.

Another prompt by prix-darkheart

Chapter 1

Max Lightwood is an observant twelve-year-old, well more observant than a Shadowhunter twelve-year-old. He figures that he's this way because he's always being moved around from Idris to New York to Mumbai to wherever else the Clave wants to send him or his parents. Most people tell him that it's a blessing, that when he's old enough like his brother and sister, Alec and Izzy, he'll be able to see more demons coming his and his squad's way and will be able to take them down quicker.

He finds it to be a curse. Especially at night in the Lightwood mansion in Idris when his parents put him to bed and wait until he's asleep to start talking, and the talking turning into hushed yells and shouts. He doesn't know what they argue about but he has a feeling it has to do with his eldest brother, Alec.

Alec is insanely tall for any Shadowhunter, even for someone of Lightwood heritage. None has shown up to be as tall as Alec in *years*. Max likes his brother's height because it always means when he goes back to New York he just has to look for the tallest person there; and wherever Alec is so are Izzy and Jace. Alec also happens to be the one that runs the Institute in New York. Max knows it technically belongs to his parents, but he and his parents are in Idris more than not that Max often wonders why his parents don't just hand the Institute over to his brother. His big brother seems ready enough and Max knows that his brother would rather deal with paper work and Clave officials all day than going on a hunt.

Max doesn't remember much from when Alec was a teen, specifically when Alec and Jace started to train together in and out of field so they can be prepared to become Parabatai. Max knows that his two older brothers make good Parabatai but he also wonders why Alec and Izzy aren't Parabatai, or Izzy and Jace. Particularly the last one. From what he sees and hears Izzy and Jace have no issue putting themselves in danger and doing what they can to get what they need for a mission; Alec, on the other hand, is always in the background, watching over them before does any actual killing or information grabbing.

Currently Max is waiting at the fountain in the center of Idris, a country that's hidden away in Europe that's the Shadowhunters homeland, waiting for his Mom and Dad to arrive. They're going to New York for his parents to check-in at the Institute for his parents to get whatever work done that Alec hasn't completed.

Looking around Max sees the Blackthorn family. The eldest two are Mark and Helen, they're Shadowhunters and part Seelies, then there's their brother Julian, followed by the twins, Ty and Livvia. While Mark and Helen's Faerie half have given them blonde-hair, Ty is the only one with black-hair and the others have brown. He's also a year behind the twins in birthing order. Behind them he sees Dru. Dru is a year younger than him and, unlike other Shadowhunters, isn't skinny. Every time he sees Dru he hears what some of her own relatives (an Aunt) and other older Shadowhunters say about Dru.

They say that Dru needs to eat less, train more, otherwise when it becomes time for her to get her first rune and start getting gear hers won't fit. That it will also make it impossible for her

to not be spotted by demons and nearly taken out. About the first day the Blackthorn's came to Idris Max asked his parents if he could hang out with them; all four parents agreed. During the whole day he spent with them Dru barely ate her food. Only making it a third or half-way through before stopping. She only drank water and ate food that's considered healthy. Max didn't like it.

While it was just him and Dru he talked to her about her eating patterns. She told him that she agreed with what the others were saying. How she does need to lose weight otherwise her gear won't fit when she gets it or it will make her more of demon food.

Max is brought out of his thoughts when he hears a loud cry. Looking back at the Blackthorn's he sees Mrs. Blackthorn hushing and patting the back of the youngest and newest Blackthorn, Octavin, or Tavvy.

"Max, stop staring." Hearing his mother's voice Max looks up to see his Mom and Dad as a portal is opened by an old Warlock with fair skin, greying hair, and horns on his forehead. His Mom grabs his hand and the three of them walk through.

Max knows where he is as soon as his foot hits the floor. The Institute. The New York Institute. His parents navigate him through the halls when they come across a room where his brother and sister are. "ALEC! IZZY!" He says excitedly as her rushes in to the room, hugging his brother.

"What are you doing here?" Izzy asks with joy.

"Mom and Dad----"

"He's here because he nearly burned down the Mumbai Institute," their father intervenes.

"I told you I was looking up the Nourishment Rune, I was hungry!" Max defends. Max may have passed his rune exam but there are still some runes that look the same to him, the Fire Rune and Nourishment Rune do look the same, or at least feel the same with all of the drawing and angle turns he has to make.

"Those two runes look nothing alike, Max." Alec tells him. Max knows that Alec is his brother but more often than not Alec feels like his father than their own. Max knows that Izzy and Alec grew up in the Institute while Jace grew up in Idris until the death of his father, Michael Wayland, before his parents took the blonde in. Besides being Jace's father all Max knows about Michael Wayland is that he used to be his father's Parabatai. Max and his siblings don't know much else as there had been some sort of fight between their father and Michael which caused a strain in their bond so when Michael died Robert didn't feel it, he didn't even know his Parabatai Rune had left his body until a Clave official, Inquisitor Herondale,----an old Shadowhunter who hardly changes her mind on a matter when it's set---and found a piece of paper in Michael's hand writing that stated he wanted Max's father, if willing, to take care of Jace.

"They do to me!" Max defends himself.

“Max, go to your room and open the Grey Book and look up the Extinguish Rune.” With a pout forming on his lips Max leaves the room with one final look at his brother and sister. He looks at Alec a little longer. With their parents always in Idris Max knows that Alec practically raised himself, Izzy, and Jace with Hodge watching over them every so often.

Going down the hall to his room in the Institute Max can’t help but wish that his parents left him with his siblings and is being raised in New York instead of just bouncing around.

Later that day Izzy is helping him with his runes by using the flash cards. He’s getting all of them right until she brings up a rune card that Max has seen a hundred times over that he now knows for certain to be the Flame Rune. Good thing Izzy doesn’t know that he knows yet.

“Nourishment.” He says in a joking manner.

“Max,” he hears the lightness in her voice, “you know this is the Flame Rune.” She chuckles and they both break out into giggles. “Come here, you little devil you,” she adds as she tickles him.

Then their Mom comes in. “Max, give me and your sister you a moment.” His mother’s voice isn’t in her usual stern, commanding tone.

“I never get to hear the good stuff.”

When his mother knows that he’s out of the room----but not out of ear shot----he over hears them. His Mom is apologizing for treating Izzy like crap earlier, saying how being a mother and her children’s commander is awful, and how Izzy reminds their Mom so much of her when she was young.

“So passion makes you weak?” Izzy asks rhetorically.

“No,” their mother’s voice is hushed. “Passion makes you dangerous.” She stops, choking on a sob before continuing. “Your father says Jace is out with Clary Fairchild.”

Fairchild? Max knows that name from somewhere but he can’t place it. There are family homes still in use in Idris and other’s that aren’t. The one’s that aren’t are countless. There’s Morgenstern, Wayland (until Jace goes back), Herondale will be on that list when the Inquisitor dies as her son died years ago, Fairchild. . . .

Fairchild. That’s where knows the name from. The list of Shadowhunter Families no longer alive. But how can this Clary girl be a Fairchild? And why do his parents consider her to be trouble? (Actually, she’s out with Jace, and Jace is. . . . yeah, he can see where his parents are coming from.)

As he goes down to another room his mother’s words are a loop in his head. *Passion makes you dangerous. Passion makes you dangerous. Passion makes you dangerous. . . .*

Chapter 2

Groaning Max blinks his eyes open from the sunlight coming through his bedroom windows. Opening his eyes Max sees the trees outside and the buildings behind them and Max knows that he's still in New York. Thank the Angel. Sometimes his parents will end up picking him up in the middle of the night from whatever Institute they're at and portal back to Idris or vice versa. (Has he mentioned he hates it when his parents when his parents constantly move around?)

Leaving his room Max makes his way to the kitchen hoping that Izzy isn't up and making breakfast. He loves his sister but the last time he ate something she made he couldn't tell if it was scrambled eggs or the frosted cereal that comes in a blue box with a tiger on it. (He's never paid attention before; plus his parents always throw the box away as they put the cereal in a clear, plastic container.)

He passes all of the older Shadowhunters on his way. They're all dressed in their black and dark colored clothing, their holsters already on and looking over paper work as they all wait to be sent on a mission.

"Morning Alec," Max says as he sees his older brother in the kitchen. Besides his parents, Alec is the only relative that Max has that can cook. Meaning the only people he should be worried about anytime food is being made is Jace and Izzy. (Jace one ended putting a sock in scrambled eggs and from Max understands none of his older siblings knew about it until Alec took a bite and got a mouth full of sock instead of egg.)

"Morning Max." His brother replies as he pulls out some pans for breakfast.

"What are you making?"

"I don't know yet."

"Can we have pancakes?" Max laces his hands together and brings them to his face as he pouts and gives his older brother puppy eyes. Not that he needs it, Alec hardly ever says no to him, Jace, and Izzy. He just likes doing the puppy-pout thing for good measure.

Alec laughs and ruffles his hair as the eldest brother starts getting the ingredients out to make the only cake that people accept as a breakfast item. As Alec starts measuring out the dry and liquid that go into making pancakes Max makes a request. "Can we put blueberries in them?"

"If we have them." Alec searches the fridge to see if they have blueberries with a smile on his face. Alec with a smile is very rare that when it happens Max dots it down in a journal and what the reason is. Max is sure that Alec hardly smiled as a child but when he does Max wants to find a way to keep it on his brother's face. Unfortunately, Max sees the pressure from the Clave and their parents have put on Alec because he's the oldest and is striving to be in charge of his own Institute one day.

"Would you like to help me?" his brother asks.

Max is caught off guard. “Are you sure?”

Alec gives a small laugh. Another thing Max wants to see his older brother do more often that he’s sure Alec has rarely ever done. “You’re going to need to learn one day, Max. I may not always be here in the future to help teach you. Who would then? Jace? Izzy? They’re not the best people to learn how to cook from.”

Max starts nodding his head vigorously he’s sure that it’s going to fall off. His brother’s words ring true, and while Max knows that he’s can lose any of his siblings any day he doesn’t like to think about him and his parents in Idris receiving a message stating that any of his siblings or all three of them died in the field by killing a demon or by a mundane killing them while they’re out for fun.

Max puts together the dry mixture and Alec the liquid, having Max pay attention so when Max starts making pancakes on his own one day he won’t screw it up and have the last Lightwood that can cook be Alec.

“Now we just gently stir the blueberries in.” Alec tells him from behind as the tallest one holds the bowl and max uses a plastic and flat spatula to stir the berries into the mix. When Alec gives the green light Max stops stirring the mixture and Alec grabs a small one-third dry measuring cup and shows Max how to pour the mix into the pan with the first few cakes; after that he lets Max do it for the rest and keeping an eye on them so the older one can flip them.

When Alec pulls the last pancake out Max gets the syrups out of the cabinets. Out of his siblings Max is the only one that likes blueberry syrup; especially when it’s mixed with maple. Sue him. Alec likes regular maple, Izzy likes blackberry, and Jace, for some weird reason, likes using siracha. Izzy and Jace’s tastes in food often concern Max from time to time. With the syrups out along with forks and plates Max goes and wakes up his sister and other brother.

Getting Izzy and Jace up is fun as Izzy brings a pillow over her head wanting to sleep in more, being a Shadowhunter doesn’t grant one such luxuries. When she gets up she smiles at him before looking in the mirror and seeing her mess of bed head and starts brushing it. Jace does the same thing, except when he sees his head he screams one would think that someone was killing him. Or touched one of blades, or combs, or mirrors. Or Alec. Jace always threatens people who make their brother uncomfortable or touch him without permission. Jace doesn’t even care that their brother can take care of himself, if anyone does something that doesn’t keep Alec feeling content Jace gets protective of him. Izzy and Max, when he sees or hears it, just laugh from the sidelines. Alec tried to get Jace to stop several times in the beginning, even before they became Parabatai, but has given up.

Dashing from the rooms Max is the first one back as Alec finishes putting the pancakes on the plates. Izzy follows him then Jace. “Is Clary up yet?” his sister asks their adoptive brother.

“Not yet. I knocked on her door before opening it and seeing her still passed out.” Jace replies.

“Doesn’t surprise me. After finding out about her true Shadowhunter heritage and her mother being kidnapped, she could use the sleep.”

This is the second day that Max is hearing about this Clary girl. This is the first, though, that he’s hearing about her mother missing. If she’s a Fairchild who can her mother be? In his history lessons Max learned that the only successor to the Fairchild name joined this evil group called The Circle. The Circle created their own rune and their leader, Valentine Morgenstern, created it to protect the mundanes from demons but went insane along the way and became hellbent on killing everything and everyone that was not a Shadowhunter. This included Warlocks, Werewolves, Vampires, and Downworlder one can think was going to be eradicated with regular demons.

Then his wife, a Fairchild, and his Parabatai tried to stop him. No one knows what happened to his Parabatai nor does anyone that’s younger than his parents speak of his Parabatai’s identity. All that’s taught is that there was an ambush of some kind; whether the Parabatai was turned or killed no one knows. And Max, being the curious person he is, wants to find out one day when he’s in an Institute that he can call home and do what he pleases in his free time without someone interrupting him or telling him that they need to leave for Institute check-ups.

History also says that Valentine’s wife reportedly died in a tragic fire only a few weeks after the Herondale’s. If Clary is a Fairchild then that means either Valentine’s wife faked the fire and has stayed hidden by the Clave or has been living as a mundane; the last one makes Max laugh at the mere idea. No Shadowhunter would ever live as a mundane, it’s in their nature to kill demons, living as a regular human would be impossible without being caught within the first few hours or so. After all demons also just instinctively come towards Shadowhunters. The plausible solution that Max can see playing out is that Valentine’s wife’s (whose identity is also unknown) parents had another child, a son or daughter Max isn’t sure yet, and that child was either hidden or kept a secret and given up. That child could’ve grown as a mundane without knowing anything about their heritage and only knew about it briefly before finding out what was happening and quickly left the Shadow World before they got deeply involved and could no longer adjust to being a mundane again. After becoming a mundane again that Fairchild went and had a child, this Clary girl.

But this Clary, her other parent that isn’t a Shadowhunter must be a mundane making Clary only half-Shadowhunter. Since Shadowhunters are half-mundane and half-angel then Clary’s only a third-angel meaning that if she has kids of her own, she can have them with a mundane and let the Fairchild line fully die or have them with a Shadowhunter and give her kids the greatness of being a Shadowhunter.

“What are you thinking about?” Izzy asks as she eats her pancakes. “You’ve hardly eaten.”

“Just thinking about what it will be like when I get my first rune.” Max answers, he doesn’t want his siblings to know about what he’s really thinking because every time Max gets curious about something, especially in Shadowhunter related history that’s his parents witnessed at his older siblings ages, they always tell him to stop and that what happened is no longer important and is the past.

That always fuels Max more. If it's not important and in the past, then why can't it be talked about?

"Get your runes down first, then your fighting skills before start talking about getting your first rune." Alec chimes in. Jace looks about like he's about to speak but ends up coughing instead because of the big bite doused in hot sauce he eats. He goes to the sink and sticks his under the faucet trying to get it to stop. "Izzy is right, eat up."

"Yeah." Jace says wiping his mouth from the left over water dripping down the sides of his lips. "See how good the pancakes you and Alec made are."

Grabbing his fork and cutting into the three cakes Max lifts the bite into his mouth to eat.

He and Alec make good pancakes.

Chapter 3

“Mom and Dad are having the wards reinforced.” He hears Alec say from inside the office.

“Is Magnus going to be the one doing it?” Izzy’s voice is teasing with a smile undertone.

Who is Magnus? Max wonders as he over hears his older siblings talk.

“What does it matter?” Alec asks.

“C’mon Big Brother, it’s obvious that he’s interested. Just give him a chance. Please?”
Interested? Interested in what? And why should Alec give him a chance? A chance for what?

“No, Izzy.”

“You can’t keep doing this to yourself Alec. Look. Just because you want to keep your sexuality hidden doesn’t mean that you can’t allow yourself to be happy from time to time. Even all of this paper work must get boring.” Sexuality? Alec has a different sexuality than any other Shadowhunter that he wants to keep a secret? Why does his brother want it a secret?

“It doesn’t. Now, do you have anything else that isn’t related to Magnus visiting the Institute later?”

“Jace and Clary believe that they have a lead on Valentine and the Circle members that have remained loyal to him.”

“All right. Watch over them and make sure that they don’t do anything stupid.”

“This is Jace we’re talking about. He’s always had a bit of a problem with thinking before acting.”

“I know; but since this little girl has shown up it seems to have gotten worse.”

“All right. I’ll keep an eye on them.”

Hearing footsteps coming towards the door Max darts off down the hall not wanting to be caught eavesdropping on a conversation.

By that afternoon Jace is out on patrol while Alec and Izzy prepare for this Magnus guy’s arrival. Max wants to see and meet this Magnus person and why Izzy has been teasing Alec about him all day. While his brothers and sister are doing whatever Max has finally met this Clary person. She’s very skinny and slim like mundane ballerinas he’s seen when he goes out into New York. She has fiery red hair, fair skin, and piercing green eyes. She’s also very nice. He can see why Jace and Izzy like her.

“So. . . what do you like to do in your free time?” Clary asks him as they sit on a bench in the training room. She’s nervous around him and Max can only assume that she probably doesn’t have much experience with kids younger than herself. But she is trying and Max can’t ask for anything else.

He shrugs. “Not much, I guess. Mom and Dad want me to focus on my studies so I can get my first rune and start training.”

“That’s all? You don’t like reading, drawing, taking pictures?”

“I had coloring books a few years ago that I never finished.”

Pulling a book that has some sort of pencil on the pages she flips to some blank pages, bringing out a pencil as she asks him questions about the things he likes: foods, books, people, everything. When she’s done she brings out some colored pencils and a sharpener and tells him to color them in. It does occupy him for a little while as she leaves the bench, taking a bo staff and starts hitting an invisible opponent.

After he’s done with the handmade coloring book Clary made him he sits on the bench flipping through it as he waits for her to finish. All of the runes in the book vary from red to black to purple. The books are brown and green and orange. When he gets to his siblings he has various pictures of them being alone or just two or all three of them together. On some individual one’s he has Alec in front of Notre Dame,----he went to France during his travel year,----Izzy in front of an old theatre that has been turned into a library in Argentina from her travel year, and Jace at Big Ben when he went to London. For some reason in some of the London drawings of Jace, Max wanted to color his hair black and his eyes blue.

“I’m done.” Max tells her when she comes over from her training.

“May I see them?” Max hands the book over to her. She flips through the pages she smiles at some of them.

“These are very good.” Clary tells him. “You have a good eye.”

“I do?”

Clary nods. “I don’t think even the best of artists could’ve kept from drawing outside the lines, or add their own little twists.”

“Thanks. Do you have something I can read?”

“I may. We just have to go to my room.” Grabbing her stuff Clary leads him back to her room. As they go inside Clary goes to put her things away and Max notices some of the pictures she has in there. There’s some of a woman who looks like her Mom because they look alike, the difference is that Clary’s mom is a darker red and has some brown. There’s some with her mom and who, Max guesses, is her father. Her father has creamy dark skin, his head neatly shaved, and is in a mundane police uniform. There are some of Clary with a guy with lightly tan skin, curly brown hair, some stubble, and has huge-framed glasses.

Max doesn't know if that's her brother or a friend or a boyfriend but from the way Clary was looking at Jace earlier he rules out that the guy with glasses is a boyfriend.

Looking over at her bookshelf a book catches Max's eye. It's white and orange on the side with N-A-R-U-T-O along with the number one. Pulling it down on the cover there is a young boy with spikey blonde-hair, dressed in orange and blue and has a bandana wrapped around his head with a weird symbol on it.

"What's this?" he asks abruptly.

Clary looks over at him. "What's wha----oh! That's a graphic novel that my friend Simon gave me one year for Christmas." Christmas? What's Christmas? Must be a mundane thing. And Simon? Who's that? Simon must be her friend with the glasses or her father; but if he is her father then why is she addressing him with his first name? Maybe he's a possible step-father?

Opening it up Max starts to read it but the dialogue catches him off guard and is difficult to read. That is until Clary tells him he has to read it from right to left, and start in the back. As he reads it Max decides that he likes the book, and Clary.

Magnus steps foot into the Institute by a portal and is greeted by Izzy, a Lightwood with more respect for Downworlders than some of her ancestors. She has her black hair in curls, wearing dark red pants, a blank top and eight-inch black heeled boots.

"Magnus." Izzy has a smile on her face.

"Isabelle. It's lovely to see you again, where is your dear brother, if I may ask?"

"Alec is in the office, deal with stupid Clave things." Magnus smirks. Of course Alec would be avoiding him. The young man is even afraid to admit to himself of his own sexual preferences. Not that Magnus minds. He loves a challenge and Alec is certainly the best person so far to give him such a challenge with Magnus' flirtatious nature.

"Hopefully he's trying to prevent war against me, the Clave, and Valentine and his followers." He jokes.

"Hopefully the Clave and Downworld going to war can wait until after Valentine is killed for good." She jokes back.

"Where am I needed?"

"Come with me," she leads him around the Ops Center. The Ops room may be on the first floor of the Institute but it is still remotely large and if one does not know the room well at all then one can get lost or go to the wrong part. They stop in front of the place where Magnus usually does the wards.

"This is why your parents called me here? The wards? They told me it was urgent and that it was life and made it seem as if someone was on the verge of death, and told me not to make a

big fuss about it.”

“If I could explain my parents to you, Magnus, I swear by the angel I would, but even I can’t tell you what they’re thinking or doing half the time.” Her voice is emotionless like it should be for a Shadowhunter but Magnus catches the sad undertone.

As he gets to work Magnus asks, “is everything all right Isabelle?”

“My parents came back yesterday. When Clary asked if my Mom and I are strained because she didn’t hug me I excused it by saying that Shadowhunters aren’t big huggers. Then we went to the training room where Jace was and,” Izzy stops to collect herself. “She hugged him. She hugged her adoptive child but not me.”

“I’m sure she meant nothing by it,” Magnus tries to reassure.

“Out of my parents children, Alec and I are the only ones that haven’t felt what it’s like to be hugged by them. I think that says enough about them. They put pressure on Alec and when he gives it his best or more they still aren’t happy, when I try to do something they aren’t happy, but when Jace does something it’s always praises.”

When he’s done Magnus goes and places a hand on her shoulder. “I’m sure they mean well. I’ve never been a parent myself but I do know that sometimes during a war, even as it’s brewing, that being easy on oneself or their kids.”

“That’s kind of what she said.”

“Things must really be bad if Maryse and I are saying the same things.”

Izzy cracks into a smile and Magnus can feel himself smile too. Izzy is becoming a good friend.

Chapter 4

“Alexander, it’s nice to see you again.” Magnus says as he enters the office. Magnus normally just leaves and waits payment from the Institute to show up but he told Izzy that he wanted to collect it himself as an excuse to see the younger man again. Not that he needs to use such an excuse on Izzy; she seems to be on board with Magnus being with her brother, even if it doesn’t go to romance at least just enough that Magnus and Alec can be friends as Magnus helps Alec come to terms with who is and become comfortable.

“Do you need anything else, Mr. Bane?” Mr. Bane? Alec has never addressed him formally before. It’s so cold and detached as if Alec hasn’t killed a Circle member that came close to killing Magnus, or at the loft when Magnus was facing another and Alec injured him so Magnus could kill him off, or when they summoned the memory demon and Jace came out of Alec as the person he loves the most.

“Darling, what’s with formality? You can call me by name.”

Alec continues to write on the report or whatever it is that he’s writing or has to sign off on. “Do you need anything else, *Magnus*?” Magnus feels a twinge in his heart when Alec says his name; as if his name is something that’s too good or bad that Alec has eaten and wishes to never again.

“Well, I believe you promised to go out for drinks.” Magnus states, referring to his call to Alec only a week or two ago a few days after they summoned the memory demon that Magnus gave Clary’s memories.

“No isn’t a good time.”

So wasn’t last time.

“All right.” Snapping his fingers Magnus creates a portal and leaves the office. Alec just needs his space and that’s what Magnus keeps telling himself. But that doesn’t stop some old feelings from coming to light every now and again when all of his past lovers have told him that he’s too much. That he’s a lot to get used to and too quick.

In his loft Magnus opens a bottle of whiskey and pours himself a glass. No one has ever said that the road to love is easy nor is the road to being loved.

It’s later that night when he is laying on a black couch in his living room, reading a book when he hears banging on his door. Placing his book down he goes to open it and is greeted by a severely injured Luke, a worried Clary, and an arguing Jace and Simon.

None of them says a word as Magnus ushers them in, telling Clary and Jace to place Luke on a couch----the same couch he himself was on only a moment ago----as he goes and gets all of his potions to make Luke sleep and stabilize him. It works for a little bit until the bite starts

making Luke go crazy. Jace and Simon, still arguing, go and get the ingredients that he needs as Clary starts putting together the ones he does have as he starts to use his magic to keep the Alpha stable.

“One more thing,” he stops Jace and Simon before they head out. “I need Alexander.”

“Why do you need Alec?” Jace questions. Magnus expects nothing less from Alec’s Parabatai and brother.

“Virgen Shadowhunter energy has. . . remarkable qualities that can help with Luke’s situation.” The two men leave and Clary goes back to her work, a smirk on her face knowing full well why Magnus actually wants Alec there.

For a while, with Clary still mixing things together, Magnus’ magic seems to be keeping Luke just fine. That is until the side effects of the bite become so strong that Magnus’ magic alone cannot keep the Alpha still. Magnus starts pouring everything he has into keeping Luke stable, which isn’t working. His strength is going down and he needs help. Clary is still busy and Jace and Simon aren’t back yet.

Feeling a leg behind his back Magnus looks to see pale skin, hazel eyes, messy black-hair, and a Deflect Rune on a neck. Alec’s here. “I need your strength.” Magnus tells him, hating how weak his voice sounds.

Alec offers his hand. “Take what you need.” Magnus takes hold of Alec’s hand and starts taking some of Alec’s strength and mixing it with his own. They lean forward to put the magic into Luke as his body briefly puts up a fight. Luke’s body stops fighting and allows Magnus’ magic to do its work.

He collapses and folds into Alec’s body when he’s done, all of Magnus’ strength gone but Alec still has most of his. “Are you all right?” Alec asks him, his voice soft and gentle.

“Yeah.” Magnus breathes out. Magnus expects Alec to pull away and place him on the other couch and (maybe) wait for Jace and Clary. He doesn’t. He brings Magnus to the other couch, yes, but he waits with Magnus; surprising the Warlock.

It’s half an hour later when they separate. Alec helps him move Luke into a bedroom, Alec leaves after placing Luke down and goes back out to the hall, or the living room, or the front door. The last one seems to be the most plausible. After making sure Luke is comfortable he goes back out and heads for the kitchen, needing a drink.

As he starts making a cocktail he hears something. It’s not too loud that any average person can miss it; but Magnus isn’t average and he has made it a point to know what exactly is going on in his loft at all times. He turns and sees Alec cleaning the blood off of the couch that Luke had been on.

Magnus smiles. No one has ever done something like this before since Magnus is a Warlock and can just snap his fingers and poof, it’s gone.

“You can put that down, I can always get it.” Magnus tells the Shadowhunter.

“I think you used enough magic for today.” Alec is never going to stop surprising him.

“Drink break?” Magnus suggests. Alec takes it. Placing the cloth down Alec stands up, showing off his ridiculous height, and comes to the kitchen. Magnus hands him the martini glass and uses a little of his magic to cause blue flames to appear (Magnus notices the slight amazement on Alec’s face as he sees the trick) before the taller man takes a drink. Alec’s face cringes together at the taste, Magnus has to remember not to do that again unless Alec asks him to.

“Why did you ask for me? When Jace and Clary were here?”

“Jace didn’t tell you? No matter, it was a lie anyway. I wanted to see you again?”

“Why?”

Before Magnus can reply Alec’s phone goes off. He answers. It’s Maryse, and from the look on Alec’s face it isn’t good. “Maryse is summoning for something gravely, I see.”

“Look, Magnus. . . .” Magnus places his index finger against Alec’s lips, causing him to give a small and brief smile.

“Say no more. Just stay for one drink, then decide.”

After the first round of drinks between the two becomes the second, then three, four, and so on before Alec is asleep on the couch that he was cleaning, he finished it during the third round and they waited for it to dry. By their last round it’s dry and Alec is falling asleep.

By the next morning Magnus is the first one to get up, a headache pounding against his skull. He should’ve stopped after one of the rounds of alcohol. Getting off of the couch Magnus goes to the bathroom and takes an aspirin. After that’s done he goes and makes coffee, a beverage he is so glad had been invented.

As the coffee is being brewed Magnus goes and checks up on Luke, who hasn’t woken up yet. Going back out Magnus pours himself a cup putting in cream and sugar, then making Alec a cup. (Luke is a heavy sleeper, and with how late he stayed up he may not be up for a while.) He takes the cup to the and places it on a side table. Seeing Alec stir awake Magnus asks, “cream or sugar?”

“No. Ugh, what happened?” Alec groans, sitting up.

“It seems we both fell asleep after drink.” Magnus goes to sit down next to Alec, who stands up, obviously worried about what he and Magnus could have possibly done while intoxicated. “On different couches.” He reassures. “In retrospect drinking alcohol was a bad idea after using all of my strength to help heal your friend Luke.”

“Not mine. Clary Fairchild’s. I’ve only known her for five days and she’s already more trouble than she’s worth.”

“If that’s what you believe,” Magnus gets up and makes his way around the couch and to his bookshelf, on Alec’s right. “Then why did you lend me your strength?”

“I trust you. I don’t know why, but I do.”

“Trust can make you do strange things. Must be something in the air.” Magnus circles his hand in the air a few times, causing Alec to smile, in turn so does Magnus.

“I have to get back to the Institute.” Grabbing his jacket Alec makes his way to the front door. Magnus stops him and suggest that he makes a portal for Alec to use. The younger man turns down the offer and leaves. Magnus sits down in a chair; he knows that he’s playing a game of cat and mouse with Alec, he just hopes that it doesn’t backfire on him.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

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

Max hears his brother by the sound of his older brother dragging his feet. When Alec enters the office he notices how messy his brother's hair is, ungroomed, and how his muscles don't look as tense. Wherever his brother was last night, he obviously got a goodnight's sleep from it.

"Max, I need to talk to your brother, alone." Their father says. Max knows by the stern tone in their father's voice that lets Max know that his older brother is going to get into trouble. Max makes his way to the door and opens and closes it, making his father and brother think that he's out going to some other part of the Institute.

"Where were you Alec? When your Mother calls you and tells you that you are needed back at the Institute you come back, so where were you that you could not come back?"

"Jace was helping Clary, who went to Magnus Bane for help. Jace told me that my help was needed. I went, I helped. By the time I would've come back everyone would have been asleep."

"So you stayed the night Magnus Bane's?" Their Dad's voice as curiosity, anger, and ridicule. "You stayed in a be----"

"I stayed on a couch. There were other people there, if Magnus tried anything they would've stopped him." Max can tell by his brother's voice that he's hiding something.

"Fine. This will be a pass, but just this once. If it ever happens again there will be punishment. Understood?"

Max makes his way out before his brother or father can catch him. So Jace is the reason why Alec went out last night? Max went looking for his brother to help him read the Naruto book Clary loaned him. Alec went to help this Magnus person, and now Alec is facing the backlash of going out and helping someone.

Max doesn't get it. If Jace goes out and helps someone----Faerie, Warlock, Shadowhunter,---- he gets praise, Izzy gets some praise but also a scolding, and Alec only gets the backlash of things. Why is it that his big brother only gets yelled at no matter what he does? If he helps, yelled at. If he doesn't help, yelled at. Jumps in front of Izzy and/or Jace and gets hurt by a demon? Yelled at. Max-can't-stand-it.

Max reaches the hall a minute before Alec opens the door and comes out. Alec doesn't notice him as he leaves the office and goes off down the hall. When Alec is out of sight Max goes back in. "Alec, what----oh, hello, Max. Is there something you need?"

"Why do you and Mom always yell at Alec?"

“Max, your Mother and I don’t----”

“Yes, you do! Both of you praise Jace for whatever he does! If Izzy does the same then Mom scolds her and you praise her, and Alec just gets yelled at! Why? Alec always does his best, even more, and yet it’s like it still isn’t good enough! If Alec wasn’t good at being a Shadowhunter he would’ve been cast out by now, Jace would’ve never become his Parabatai!”

“Max, that is enough. Go to your room and pack. We’re leaving for Idris tonight.”

“What if I don’t want to go? Why can’t I stay here with Alec and Izzy and Jace?”

His father sighs deeply. “They’re going out on missions constantly, no one would actually be able to watch you, like Hodge did with them. Now, go pack.” His Dad leaves no room for argument, despite Max wanting to. Huffing Max walks out of the office, down the hall to his room. There he pulls out his suitcase and starts packing his clothes, study material, and toys-- --well just a toy, a toy solider Jace gave him years ago that he never let’s go----into his luggage in anger.

Hearing a knock on his door Max allows the person to come in. It’s Izzy. “Hey, I hear you’re not too fond of going back to Idris.”

Max nods. “I want to stay. With you and Jace and Alec.”

Izzy kneels in front of him, placing one of her nails on his shoulder. “I understand the feeling, though mine were a bit different when I was your age. Mom and Dad were going back and forth between here and Idris and I always wanted to go with them, to be with them more than I was, and I never did.”

“Their work was more important to them than you and Alec?”

“In a way I think what they were going through in Idris they wanted to keep Alec and me out of it. They wanted us to grow up and focus on what we wanted. Besides me traveling back and forth wouldn’t have been good. I wouldn’t be a Forensic Pathologist right now because the traveling would’ve entered feared with my studies.”

“And Alec?”

“Alec wouldn’t be aiming for being Head of New York.”

“What would he have been?”

“Alec would still want to be in charge of an Institute, I’m not sure where he would. That or he would be wanting to be an important Clave official. Like Inquisitor or something.”

“And what would Jace be doing?”

“There are a few scenarios for Jace if Alec and I were constantly traveling with Mom and Dad. He would join us, possibly making some trouble, maybe even more than now, or he would’ve been left in New York. Then he and Alec wouldn’t have become Parabatai, and out

of many that I heard of I can't think of a better pair." No kidding. Jace would be dead right now if he didn't have Alec beside him and keeping him out of trouble.

"And the third?"

"Jace would most likely be in a Shadowhunter orphanage until some other Shadowhunter family decided to adopt him, and if that I happened I hope he wouldn't've ended up Inquisitor Herondale."

Max shudders at the thought of Jace being raised by the Inquisitor. As far as anyone knows she is the last in the Herondale line and when she dies so will her line. She had a son, once, but he died during a house fire. Him, his wife, and their son were lost. The loss of her son and his family caused the Inquisitor to become very cold and bitter. Especially when Jace is mentioned; Jace gets to continue his lineage someday and hers does not.

So, if she raised Jace, Max can only imagine Jace being just as cold and bitter as her, maybe even more so. Jace being more of a warrior----at least more focused on keeping up with his training and doing everything the Clave says----and just not being *him*. Or being bounced around from family to family or no family wanting him; Max knows that Jace would be more of nascence to the Clave, and this could cause Jace to go rogue.

Max also pictures Alec being Inquisitor or someone of high rank within the Clave or being in charge of another institute and just can't see it. There's something about seeing his brother in New York that seems right and anywhere else doesn't. He pictures Izzy not being the top Forensic Pathologist in all of New York (or the actual world, shadow and mundane alike) and doing something else. Nothing would seem right then.

"But why can't I stay?"

"I think Mom and Dad are trying to be with you more than they were for me and Alec."

"Can't they try to fix what they did wrong to you and Alec?"

"It would take a lot of work, not just from me and Alec but them as well. They'd have to be willing to. Relationships go two ways, when one side is trying to make it work while the other isn't there isn't much that the fighting side can do. It won't be worth fighting for anymore."

Izzy turns to leave, her hand on the knob, as Max looks at his stuff. "When Jace became a part of the family, were you or Alec ever jealous of him?"

His door is slightly open from his sister, who quickly shuts it and turns around. "What I am about to tell you does not leave this room. Got it?" Max nods. "When Mom and Dad first told us about Jace we weren't exactly excited about it but we weren't not *not* happy about it either. Even as a kid Jace had a reputation for excelling in all of his training and studies as a Shadowhunter. When he first showed up Alec was hurt that Jace might have replaced him as my Big Brother," Max has no idea why Izzy calls Alec Big Brother. While it is true, it's almost as if it holds a greater meaning between her and Alec that Max doesn't understand yet.

Izzy licks her lips. “He didn’t. And for a while I always thought that Jace would replace me as Alec’s younger sibling. Even when they started training to become Parabatai I thought I was going to be replaced. I was wrong. Alec always made time for me, even if it meant him and I sneaking into each other’s rooms at night. After a while Alec and I accepted Jace as family, even when he does something stupid. I have to go now, I’m needed for a mission and you need to finish packing.”

Max lets her go. As she leaves the room Max goes back to staring at his things, his mind thinking about a million things and nothing at once.

Chapter End Notes

So what did you all do for the eclipse? I just cuddled with my dog.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

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

It's been a month since Max has last seen his brothers and sister in the New York Institute. His parents and he are going back today, but briefly. Not enough time for him to pack a suitcase. During his time back in Idris Max has just been coloring in the second makeshift coloring book from Clary.

He remembers being in his room one day, coloring in it, and when he got to his brothers and sister he colored some of the runes on them with brown, Clary even put in her mundane parent and Max gave him some runes too. He colored Clary's father as Max had seen him, his runes with the peach/light-faded tan coloring pencils used for his siblings. When his Mom saw it, she went livid. She said that people who are white cannot have brown on their skin nor can a person who is black have peach on their skin.

That's something Max still doesn't understand. Why cannot people have another's skin tone on them? Even if it's just for a rune? He has heard of two mundanes, Michael and Jackson, who had both white and black skin, even a third, modern day woman, who has skin is also white and black.

He remembers his Mom taking (ripping) the pictures out and throwing them in the fireplace while a fire was going. Max watched her from the staircase as she did so, his heart clenching in his chest. Some voice telling him that it's as if his Mom is throwing Max's older siblings as if they're non-existent. Alec's picture was the first to burn, then Izzy, then Jace's. Seeing the burning colored pages of his siblings made Max miss them more.

"Max, come." Max leaves his room to go downstairs where his Mother is waiting. As he is on the steps a picture on the wall catches Max's attention. It's a portrait of his uncle, Max, whom he'd been named after. Max knows that his uncle is dead, but not how he got that way. His Mom, who was his uncle's sister, doesn't talk about it much. Just that he was a good man, good personality, good fighter, and how he would love his nephews and niece.

Hopping off of the stairs Max sprints towards his mother, grabbing her hand as a portal opens in their living room of the Lightwood mansion. They walk through.

At the Institute Max stays closely to his Mother's side, yearning to run off to go find Alec, Izzy, or Jace. He wants to see his siblings, hear their voices, know that they are still alive and well and not with their uncle Max.

Max and his Mom are in the Ops Center when something sparkly sparkles in the corner of his eye. Turning his head Max sees Alec and Izzy with a tall man, but not as tall as Alec. He has olive skin, and dark brown-hair. He is wearing heels that add to his height so Max can't tell what the man's height actually is. He's in a sparkly blue and green long-sleeve shirt and black

pants. His hair up that seems to be spiked up and going off to the side in a whiff every few seconds or so.

Izzy says something that causes her and the strange man to laugh, Alec starts to laugh but catches himself before the first giggle can escape, making it sound like a scoff. What the strange man says has Max's ears ringing. "Alexander," he says, his voice smooth. Max can't believe what he is hearing; no one ever calls Alec by his full first name, *ever*. (Their parents do, but that's only if Alec is in really big trouble.) "Is everything all right?"

The way the man is looking at his eldest brother is something that is close to how he's seen others stare when Jace and Izzy enter a room, and the way Izzy looks when her boyfriend, Meliorn, a Faerie, is brought up. Of course her eyes no longer light up like that anymore when he is brought up.

Max is surprised to see his brother return the look the other man is giving him, at least in his eyes. His brother and this other man are looking at each other as if the other has hung the sun, the moon, and the stars. "Yes," his brother says, voice void of emotion body tense, ready for a fight. "Everything is fine, Magnus."

Magnus. So that is the guy's name. Magnus. Max vaguely remembers someone from his studies named Magnus. He was a Warlock who bounced around from place to place, London and New York being the two places he's stayed the longest. Max has no idea where the Warlock Magnus is now or if he's still alive. The man turns even further to look at Alec and Max sees that this Magnus is wearing make-up. Max has never seen a man wear make-up before. (Okay, there's Jace. Jace wears foundation or concealer sometimes, but that's because he'll have a scratch or something on his face that an Iratze can't heal or isn't severe enough for the rune; so he'll wear one and/or the other to cover it up so no one will see the "mark that is disfiguring his perfect face.")

Magnus gives his brother a flirtatious smile and opens a couple of the top buttons of his shirt. Not that Alec seems to mind as he looks at Magnus every now and again, trying----and somewhat succeeding----to keep a blush from rising up his neck and cheeks. Magnus then says something that Max does not catch that has Alec's blush hitting him full force, he looks down averting his gaze. Magnus smiles widens a little, his eyes sparkling. Izzy just laughs and places a hand on Magnus' shoulder. She says something short to Magnus before he nods. Magnus places a hand on his brother's bicep and says "until next time, Alexander. Goodbye."

This is still a weird concept for Max, someone calling Alec Alexander and his older brother sternly telling them that his name is Alec.

Magnus then walks away, something shimmers near the hall and the next thing Max knows Magnus is gone. Max can no longer see his brother's skin tone as every visible inch of his skin is bell pepper red, his eyes flickering from the floor to where Magnus disappeared. A small smile forming on Alec's lips. This is the first time Max has ever seen Alec take a romantic interest in anyone. Out of his older siblings Izzy and Jace are the only ones who have had any romantic interests in people and have had boyfriends/girlfriends. Alec has been too focused on protecting Jace and Izzy over the years (plus yearning to achieve his goal of being Head of the Institute) that Alec has never taken any time for himself, or try to find someone that he may care for as Izzy cares (cared?) for Meliorn.

Feeling his Mom gently squeeze his hand, Max looks at her. She tells him that it's time for them to go. Max doesn't want to. Yes, he has seen his siblings around the Institute during his short visit but he has not gotten to speak or hang out with them. He is sure that they have seen him too, or they have been too busy with what is going on----that no one will tell Max about----to notice him. Or their Mother has made them aware of her and Max's visit and told them to keep their distances, to just focus on their jobs and missions.

A portal opens up near the front door of the Institute. On the other side Max can see the sitting room of the Lightwood manor back in Idris. Alec, Izzy, and Jace come to see them off. Max can tell by their Mother's tense body that she is fighting with herself on something. Probably wanting to hug her three older children, but cannot. He sees Jace and Izzy fighting the same way as well, they want to reach out but they do not. Alec is hard to tell. His body is always tense when their parents are around. She lets go of Max's hand, allowing him to run towards his brothers and sister to hug them and say farewell. Izzy tells him that they'll hang out more when he comes for another visit. Alec tells him to stay out of trouble----which is contradicted by Jace who tells him to cause some trouble so he can come back for another visit quicker.

Going back to their Mom, she and Max enter the portal back to their home. (Not that it has ever felt like a home to Max.)

That night Max is helping his Mom make dinner, a thing of beef and cheese ravioli, Max's favorite. It's a rarity for his parents to make any favorite dish among them and their children, it's even rarer for any of them to actually make the food, and let one of their four children help. (Okay, one. Alec is the only one allowed to cook, with or without their parents, Jace and Izzy stink and need to find people that can, and Max hardly feels as if he can ask to help cook, he still feels too young to learn how to.)

"Mom," he asks from the counter island. "How would you feel if Alec found someone he liked? Romantically?"

Maryse puts the ravioli in the oven and starts working on the sauce before looking at him. "What do you mean, Max?"

"If Alec found someone that he developed a crush on, how would that make you feel?"

"As long as Alec is happy, I will be too."

"Even if it's another boy?"

"Yes, Max. Even if Alec finds happiness with another man. Why do you ask?"

"No reason. Mom, if Alec finds happiness with another man then why do Shadowhunters only get with people who are the opposite gender? Why aren't there more that find happiness with the same gender?"

His Mom gives him a soft look, one that she gives when she's about to tell Max or his siblings a hard truth that she wishes wasn't true. Or if she's remembering something, but Max

knows that it's the former. "There are things, Max, in our society that many people still do not accept, despite the fact that we are supposed to be more advanced than regular mundanes."

"Is that it?"

"We'll have a more in-depth talk about this when you're older."

That's the end of any talking for the rest of the night. His mom finishes the ravioli and sauce and puts some in a couple of bowls for them and they eat in silence.

Chapter End Notes

Calm before the storm

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

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

It has been four months since Max has last been to the New York Institute. He's heard whispers about what's going on there. Jace is Valentine's son and not Michael Wayland's, Izzy has broken up with Meliorn, and Jace and Alec's Parabatai bond has been straining, even when they thought that Jace was Michael's son. Despite this Jace is not working with Valentine, instead working against him. Wanting the man who made his childhood a 'living hell' buried deep in the ground.

His Mom is sending him back to finish all of his studies as she and his Dad do whatever work it is that they need to do. Max just hopes by the time it's time for his First Rune Ceremony his parents will not be as busy so they can attend and see him as Shadowhunter and not as their youngest child.

"Max," his Mom calls for him. "It's time to go!" Rushing into the living room of his home Max sees a portal to his room in the New York Institute, his brothers and sister in there. Jace is leaning against the bedroom door, Izzy is by the window, and Alec is sitting on the bed. All smiling and laughing, waiting for him.

Hugging and biting his Mom goodbye Max enters the portal to finally go home to his siblings.

"MAX!" All three of his older siblings exclaim, leaving their spots in his room to engulf him in one big group hug.

"How have you been?" Izzy asks as she and Alec and Jace pull away.

"Cause any trouble?" Jace smiles. This causes Alec to shout the blonde's name and send him a glare that forces Jace's grin to falter.

"I've been good." He replies to Izzy, her grin growing that Max is sure is going to take up all of her face. "No, I haven't caused any trouble." This answer from the youngest Lightwood gets a mix of reactions from Jace and Alec. Jace groans in disappointment while Alec just smiles as big as Izzy.

Alec really needs to smile more.

"I have news." He tells them.

"Oh, yeah? What is it?" Alec asks, his voice full of curiosity and joy. Another thing that Alec needs to be more of. Max knows that when his eldest brother was his age Alec had been just

as curious as him. No one could give him a mystery or say something to him that would make ask a question if he could not get an answer.

“Mom and Dad are letting me live here so I can finish my studies.”

“That’s great!” Izzy and Alec say in union.

“Is something going on?” The question from Jace makes Max halt. Usually it is Jace that exclaims news like this with Izzy and Alec asking a question----his old childhood curiosity still showing within him. Max turns to look at his blonde older brother. Because Max is not technically blood to Jace, like Clary, or been around him as long as Alec and Izzy, most would think that Max would disregard Jace as his brother and view him as an enemy.

He doesn’t, though. Instead Jace has never felt more like a brother to him than before anyone found out that he is Valentine’s son.

“They are busy with their work. They want me somewhere where them moving nearly hour to hour won’t affect me or my studies.”

“That’s great!” Izzy repeats, glad to have him living in the Institute with her and their brothers. Alec just smiles and Jace comes and hugs him again.

This, Max thinks as his brothers and sister engulf him in another group hug. This is what being a family is. I do not want this to end. I want it to always be me and Izzy and Jace and Alec. The four of us fighting demons and dealing with the Clave like the family we should be. Going to be. Are.

“How about I make use some lunch?” Izzy wonders as they all finally pull away. Max instantly feels his stomach and heart drop to his feet, bile coming up his throat at the thought of eating his sister’s food. Seeing Alec’s and Jace’s faces show that they are feeling the same things as him.

“Actually,” Jace says, voice recovering from the shock and trying to find a way to be stern and emotionless, “I think Alec ordered some Greek-Italian take-out for lunch.”

Alec and Izzy turn to face Jace. Izzy is pouting and Alec sends him his regular glare that Max is sure is now going to be etched on to his brother’s face for the rest of eternity. Sighing deeply Alec agrees to their brother’s comment. Standing Alec leaves the room, pulling his phone out to obviously call some restaurant, maybe Taki’s, for lunch.

An hour later Max is with Alec at Taki’s. Taki’s is Shadow World restaurant in New York that only allows Downworlder employees, which Max enjoys. It means that Shadowhunters have to be nice. At least some feel forced to. There are Shadowhunters who are rude to Downworlders no matter what, even if a Downworlder accidentally brushes them on the street. There are others who hide their rudeness because they do not want a war or to be seen as rude even if they detest Downworlders. Even if the Downworlder is just a child. Then there are Shadowhunters like his older siblings. Shadowhunters that treat all Downworlders with respect and kindness and do not start any sort of fight or engage in one unless they feel

as if their lives are threatened. (All right, Alec and Izzy do not engage in fights. Once a Downworlder challenges Jace, the fight is on. Unless Alec is there and can pull Jace back from unintentionally starting a war with the Fae, Werewolves, Warlocks, Vampires, any Downworlder.)

Alec got Jace a euro, something that Jace does not hate but does not like either and will not eat unless he absolutely has to. (Max suspects Alec did this because Jace annoyed him, and did a lie at the last minute. Everyone knows that Alec usually makes a lie the truth, unless it is late at night and involves Izzy food. Then everyone lies and says that they've already eaten hours before.) Clary is also having a euro. Izzy ordered spaghetti and meatballs and wine and Max wonders if she is splitting it with any one. Meliorn is not an option, when Izzy breaks it off with someone she never goes back; no matter how much she missed them or they begged her to take them back. Alec ordered a double chicken alfredo for him and Max to split, both wanting a chicken and pasta dish.

As he and Alec wait in line for their food Max looks around at the occupants and workers in the restaurant. He sees Faes and Warlocks making the food by hand, going out to tables and booths to take orders to give people their drinks and food. It surprises Max to see Warlocks using their hands for something other than magic, though he guesses that mixing magic and food may not make the best combination and will leave a weird and nasty after taste in a person's mouth. He also thinks that some Warlocks may not like just using their hands for magic and like using them for mundane things. He also knows that having Fae work in a restaurant is also a good idea, after all, they cannot lie and if a customer tries to change their order once their food and drink comes or say that their order is wrong, they will not be able to get away with it.

Besides catering to Nephilim and Downworlders, Taki's seems to have regular humans as customers as well. Not that he can blame the people who manage the place. The food is better than any food----including homemade----that Max has ever tasted. Nothing compares to Taki's. Anyone who is a part of the Shadow World comes from all over the world to come and get a taste of Taki's.

Feeling a gentle touch on his shoulder Max looks up to see Alec staring at him. Alec tilts his head to the side which indicates to Max that it is their turn to grab their food. The brothers move forward and the Fae woman at the register hands Alec two plastic bags, one bag has two Styrofoam containers and the other has two black plastic containers with clear lids. And a small bottle that's green and has a dark liquid in it. Izzy's wine, most likely. Alec hands him the bag with the Styrofoam containers as he tucks the wine under his arm and holds the plastic containers in his hands as they leave and go back to the Institute.

"Oh, come on!" Jace shouts as he sees his order. If he had wanted anything but a euro, he should not have told Alec that anything their brother got him would be fine. "Alec can we trade?"

"Stop being a baby and eat Jace." Izzy scolds, looking like their Mom. It sends a shiver down his spine that Alec and Izzy seem to take their appearances after her, while Max takes after

their father. "If you wanted something else, you should have said so. Now eat your food or I can make you something."

That stops Jace from whining and start eating his euro slowly so he can avoid Izzy's cooking. Alec's food is almost gone when he receives a text. "I have to go." He says, placing his food down and putting on his jacket and swinging his bow and quiver of her shoulders.

Alec is almost far enough away that Max and Jace and Clary can almost not hear Izzy as she goes to Alec. "Magnus is coming by tomorrow," she says. "to check the wards."

"Okay." Alec says as he leaves their sister in the hallway as he goes off on his own hunt.

This Magnus guy is coming back to the Institute, Max decides this might be a good time to see how Alec treats him without being only feet away as he has to make things out between this Magnus and his older brother.

Chapter End Notes

So everyone knows this fic and the Swan Princess fic are going to be the one's taking up most of my time, plus I'm going to start working for my mom within the next couple of weeks so daily updates will not be happening as often, but I will try to update on the days I have off, if I'm not done with one or both fics within the next couple of weeks.

Chapter 8

Max is waiting with Clary, Izzy, Jace, and a weird newly turned Vampire names Simon who can walk in the sun. Jace has felt something bad through his Parabatai bond to Alec. Soon after four of the Shadowhunter girls he was on the hunt with came in carrying his older brother. Two had his head and arms and the other two had his feet. Alec is pretty heavy even with Shadowhunter strength it still took a few Shadowhunters to move Alec when he's unconscious and can't help move himself.

Alec's shirt is torn open. The top of his chest seems fine, in fact his brother appears fine until Max sees the cut that starts just below his brother's chest and goes across his brother like the toenail phase of the moon; the further the cut goes the deeper it gets. The four girls take his brother in to the infirmary and place him on a bed. Jace is by his side in an instant. Clary follows him to get any information she can.

"Should I call Magnus for help?" Simon asks.

"Not yet." Izzy shakes her head. "We need to see how severe it is first before we call. We don't need him showing up and healing Alec for something an Iratze and our medical team can heal on their own."

"Okay."

"Izzy," Max speaks up, not wanting to focus on his older brother laying on a medical bed right now. Unmoving. Unconscious.

"Yes, Max?"

"Who is Magnus? I've seen him once and you guys always talk about him."

Izzy comes over and kneels down to his height. She takes a deep breath to steady herself, gulps, and licks her lips before replying. "Magnus is a Warlock. A very powerful Warlock that is helping us out a lot."

" . . . And Warlocks can do anything, right? Make anything? Fix anything?"

"Not exactly. Even Warlocks have limits, they need to rest and recover just like we do. We cannot run them ragged twenty-four/seven and still expect them to go off and be fine while they have their own down time."

Max blinks. "What's down time?"

Izzy laughs. "Down time is when someone takes time off from their work to focus on themselves and to relax with friends and family."

Max nods, another question pops into his mind. "Izzy," she hums, "will you keep me up in my training and studies?"

“Of course. But why don’t you want Alec to help you with your studies? He is a lot better with runes, especially memorizing them, and everything about Shadowhunter history. He can help you a whole lot better than I can.”

“Okay. But will you still help me with my combat training?”

“Yes. In fact I think someone else can help us too. Hey, Simon, how do you feel about helping me teach Max some of his combat training?”

“How can I help?” The only Vampire who can walk in the sun asks.

“Part of combat training, at least when Alec was helping me and Jace, was how to interact with Downworlders and how we should treat them.”

Simon’s face lights up. “Of course! I would like to help you teach this young Padawan!” Max just looks at him. What the Angel is a Padawan? Simon seems to take notice as he looks between Max and his sister. “Don’t tell me you haven’t seen Star Wars!” Max sneaks a glance at his sister. “Izzy, what kind of teacher are you?”

To Max’s surprise his sister just grins. “Simon, I think you need to rest. Go back to mine or Clary’s room and lay down.”

Simon agrees and leaves to the bedrooms to go and rest. “Are all Vampires that weird?” Max asks, wondering if that is how all Vampires are and if they have to see Star Wars----which doesn’t sound very entertaining. What is so interesting about stars at war? How can they even go to war?----and make references to it.

“Most definitely not.” Izzy reassures. Clary chooses that moment to come out. Max and Izzy turn to face the red-head. “How is he?”

“I have no idea. There is a lot screaming going on. Jace will not leave Alec’s side despite the fact that the people working on Alec need him to move so they can get a good look at the wound. He’s even getting blood all over himself.”

Izzy sighs. “I will go in and try to pry him off.”

“No need. The four girls that brought Alec in did that. They put Jace in a chair and tied him to it, hands behind him.” Izzy and Max burst out laughing, picturing Jace wanting to be by his brother and Parabatai’s side only to be restricted to a chair. “Though I did see three of them giving Alec the eye.”

Eye? What eye? And why are three girls giving it to his brother? Do they hate Alec or something?

Izzy and Clary just laugh harder. Izzy actually has to put a hand around her stomach and a hand on Max’s shoulder to steady herself so she does not fall on to the floor. “They are going to be very disappointed if they ask him out and he turns them down.”

Ask him out? Why would they ask Alec out if they are giving him ‘the eye’ if they dislike him? And why would Alec turn them down? (Oh, wait. Magnus. Max recalls how his brother

was acting around Magnus. Yes, Alec would most definitely turn all of those girls down. They will have a better chance with Jace, and even then, Max isn't sure if Jace will go on a date with them, either.) But this still does not help with why the girls would ask his older brother out if they hate him. Who the heck tries to ask someone out on a date that they hate?

"Where is Simon?" Clary asks looking around for her friend. Over the last few months Max has learned that when Clary first learned of her Shadowhunter heritage (and the fact her father is the worst person to have ever lived) she also brought in her best friend Simon. According to Jace, he and Alec and Izzy have learned how to tolerate Simon going on hunts and missions and patrols with them. Izzy was the first to adjust to Simon while Jace and Alec are still learning.

"I sent him back to one of our rooms, he needed to sleep."

Clary cracks a smile. "Even after all this, after being a Vampire for a while, Simon still seems to run on his own energy. Even while we were both still living normal lives."

"I heard about that. Simon was an Accounting major, right? Wanting to become a CPA?" Clary nods in confirmation. "That must have taken up a lot of his energy as well."

What the heck is a CPA?

"It did. It was miracle he managed that, his band, visiting his Mom and sister, and just having time to relax over all. When Simon wants something, he reaches for it."

"That is very true. Clary, can you stay here with Max? I want to go and check on Alec." Max can hear by the tone in his sister's voice that her wanting to go and check on Alec is actually something she needs to do. Not that Max can blame her, he needs to see Alec too, but his siblings always sugar coat it when one of them gets hurt. Probably so Max does not worry about them being gravely hurt than he already does when he hears that they are the ones going out on hunts and missions and patrols and only expect a few scabs, bruises, and scratches but end up needing more medical attention in reality.

"Is Alec going to be all right?" Max asks as Clary sits in a chair next to him.

"Yeah. He will. We might not get along but I do know that he is one hel----heck of a fighter. He will not let a demon wou----scratch like this keep him down. No matter how deep it is." Max notices how Clary catches herself from saying one word and fixes it to another, like her original words are one's that Max has not heard before. Of course if she had a younger brother or sister she may not want someone to be very blunt and forth coming if she was in Alec's position.

He needs to take his mind off of things. "Clary, what's Star Wars?" Simon and Clary are best friends, if Simon talks about anything he has seen or done as a newly turned Vampire he would talk to Clary.

"Why are you asking?"

“Because Izzy asked Simon to help her with my combat training and he called me a Padawan and he said it was from Star Wars.”

Clary smiles a little. “Star Wars is a mundane movie saga that Simon has loved his entire life and will love until the day he dies.” She replies.

Before either of them can say another thing Izzy comes out. She has both of her arms wrapped around herself, tight and loose. Her head is down. “Hey,” Clary’s voice is soft and gentle as she takes one of Izzy’s hands in her own. “Who is Alec?”

Izzy snuffles before responding. “He is fine. They have cleaned and wrapped the injury, they expect him to make a full recovery. He’s asleep now.”

“And Jace?”

“He has been released from the chair he was bound to. He is going to sleep by Alec’s side tonight, wanting to make sure nothing happens. Max, would like to see Alec?” Max can’t nod his head fast enough. Izzy gets out of Clary’s grasp and takes Max’s hand as she leads him into their brother’s hospital room.

The heart monitor is the first thing that catches Max’s attention. He watches as the machine beeps every few seconds and there are little wiggles that appear every time it beeps. Alec’s chest rises and falls in a steady pace as he sleeps. Jace is laying by Alec’s side in a protective way, as if he wants to keep everything and anything away from the oldest child from their parents.

“You can speak to him, it is all right. He can hear you.” Izzy tells him.

Max lets go of her hand as he goes to the bed and hauls himself up so he can sit. “Izzy says you can hear me,” Max says in a quiet voice. “Can you wake up Alec? Please? I know what this life does, but please wake up. I don’t want to hear from anyone else that you’re going to be all right.”

He hears a sob behind him. “Max. It’s time to go and get ready for bed.” Max lets his sister take him out of the room, down the halls, and to his room. There he changed into his pajamas before leaving to the bathroom to brush his teeth, before going back to his room and lay in bed as he waits for sleep to claim him. His mind and body feeling numb as he does everything, the only thing he can think of is Alec sleeping in the infirmary, hurt, and unknowing if his eldest sibling is going to wake up. (Just because the medical team says Alec’s chances are high, doesn’t mean he will.)

Shaking his head and changing his thoughts, Max closes his eyes.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

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

As soon as Max opens his eyes he jumps out of his bed, not wasting time to have breakfast or brush his teeth or comb his hair. He wants to see his Big Brother. Now. Sprinting down the halls and making sharp turns around the corners and soon finds himself at the infirmary. Before he goes in he briefly sees Clary and Simon sitting outside in a couple of chairs.

Inside Max immediately goes to Alec, who is sitting up in bed and talking to Jace and Izzy. Max jumps on to the bed and his brother. Alec groans slightly in pain but clenches his teeth to stifle it. “Max,” he says, his voice and face show happiness. Good. Max isn’t sure if he could handle Alec scolding as he lays in bed trying to heal.

“Are you better now, Alec?” Seriously? Max hears the words after they leave his mouth and he hates how he sounds like a five-year-old and not twelve.

Alec does not seem to mind. “I am. I just have to stay out of the field for the next few days,” Max sees his brother glance to the side and Max follows it to see Jace have a slight pinkish-red tint on his cheeks, his hands behind his back, and his eyes darting around the room avoiding looking at him and Alec. Alec turns his gaze back to Max. “Then I will be able to run the Institute while Mom and Dad are away.”

“You heard him Jace,” Max turns to his second eldest brother, scolding him. “Do *not* do anything stupid that will make Alec’s recovery time even longer.”

Izzy agrees with him as Jace shouts a “hey!” in his defense as Max and Izzy have fake glares on their faces aimed at him. “I do not have to deal with this! I am leaving! Alec, call me when these two are no longer here to accuse me of such things!” They all laugh as Jace leaves the room dramatically.

“He has gotten more dramatic.” Max states as his, Alec’s, and Izzy’s laughter dies down.

“Could be because Magnus has been around more.” Izzy offers as she looks at Alec.

Alec shakes his head. “Do not blame Magnus. Jace has always been this way, I think we just pushed him to his limits.”

“Either way, I think he just beat Magnus in being the most dramatic person we know. Speaking of which, come on Max, we need to get ready.” She turns back to Alec. “Magnus should be here soon. Do you want me to tell him where you are?” Alec shakes his head. The smile on Izzy’s face tells Max otherwise.

An hour later and Max has had a muffin for breakfast that Clary made. He has taken a shower, brushed his teeth, and is dressed in fresh clothes. A dark red shirt, dark blue jeans, and black sneakers. He is combing his semi-dry hair when he hears a loud noise. Dropping

his comb Max leaves his room and runs around the entire Institute until he reaches the Ops Center; there he sees a portal open and Izzy is standing by it and Max is not sure if she is waiting for someone to come out of it or if she is the one who is going to enter it until he sees a foot come out. The foot belongs to a man who is tall and has Asian features. Magnus. The same Magnus he saw all those months ago that made his brother seriously red and a shy and stuttering mess. Even after he left.

“Magnus.” Izzy greets.

“Isabelle. Is there a reason why I am here?”

“We need you to do the wards. After you are done with that perhaps you can check on Alec?”

Magnus raises an eyebrow (and it has just a hint of glitter in it). “Yes. I received your texts last night. Can you tell me exactly what happened?”

Izzy exasperates. “I am not entirely sure yet since no one on that damn hunt has yet to fill out a report. All I know is that around lunch,” she and Magnus start walking towards to the place where Magnus needs to go to do the wards. Since Max does not have any runes on himself yet, he leaves his spot and goes over to another hiding place near them. “Alec got a text. He said he had to leave because he was needed. The team that contacted him did not return until ten at night. They were surprised to see Jace, Clary, Simon, Max, and I outside the infirmary. As if they had forgotten that Alec and Jace are Parabatai and can feel each other; and good thing they are. If Jace had not felt Alec through their bond I am not if any one of us would have found out until this morning.”

“I sure hope they got the proper punishment.”

“They are. Jace and I are going to train with them.”

“Knowing you that translates to to Jace knocking them on their asses and you using your whip on them.”

“Yep. They are not looking forward to training later.” Izzy smirks.

“Though I must ask: what demons did they plan on running into during their patrol? Perhaps there was an ambush?”

Izzy shakes her head. “No idea. They will not tell anyone. It is as if the demons they expected are a secret among them. We have tried talking to Alec but one of the medics come over saying how they need to check his vitals or look at *his injury*.” Izzy enfaces the last two words as if to make it clear that Alec is the only one hurt, at least to the degree he is. Max realizes that she is right. He is surprised that he did not notice earlier (probably because he was so focused on Alec getting help and living or dying) but none of the girls that Alec was on the hunt with and brought him back did not have a single scratch on them, no bruises, no anything. How the hell did Alec manage to get hurt the way he did if they were not fending off demons? (A herd of demons at that.) And how did any of them manage to make it back unscathed? Something is off with this whole thing.

Max is so wrapped up in his thoughts that he does not notice Izzy sneaking up behind him. “Hey!” He exclaims as she lifts him into the air. “Put me down!”

“Not until you tell me how much you heard between Magnus and I.”

“A lot. How did you even know where I was?”

“Max,” she smiles as she lets out some giggles. “You do not even have your first rune yet. You are not exactly silent. Especially when you are thinking too loud; something I am sure you got from Alec.” She puts him down in front of her, Magnus standing in front of him. “This is Magnus. Magnus, this Max, our brother. Max, say ‘hi’ to him.”

“Hi.” Max says, his voice small. Being this close to Magnus makes the older man seem even taller, almost as tall as Alec but barely. “I’m Max.” He examines the man wearing make-up and loose, flamboyant clothing. “So you are Magnus?”

Magnus lets out a chuckle. “Indeed I am. Magnus Bane, High Warlock of Brooklyn.” Magnus squats down so he can look Max in the eyes, extending a hand out for Max to shake. Max takes it, he keeps his hand firm and gentle. He looks at Magnus with curiosity but still keeps his guard up. His parents have told how some Downworlders can be tricky and before he knows it he could be stuck with the Downworlder for some time until the Downworlder sets him free, gives him to another one, or either one of them dies. “And you are Max Lightwood, your sister has told me a little about you.”

“Any Lightwood is the best Lightwood.” Max states, causing Magnus and Izzy to laugh.

“I cannot argue with that.” Izzy says, Magnus agrees. “Magnus, is it all right if Max stays here while you finish the wards?”

“Of course. But when I finish I think I should see Alexander, make sure the medics are actually doing their job and not keeping him at bay for no reason.”

“I am sure Alec will appreciate you coming by to visit. And if there is anything you can do to help him recover quicker that is also appreciated. I’m not sure this Institute will be able to function with Alec out on medical leave.” Izzy mutters the last part to herself. Max cannot blame her. This Institute runs better under Alec’s control than it does their parents.

It takes Magnus twenty minutes to do the wards around all the Institute. Redoing the ones that show even the slightest of weaknesses and making the ones that are fine even stronger, making sure that no one or no thing can get in to the Institute. When Magnus is done Izzy (and Max) help escort Magnus to the infirmary. Magnus enters Alec’s room while Max waits outside and Izzy goes off to the kitchen to find a snack.

“What am I going to do with you, Alexander?” Max hears from the door, Magnus’ voice is soft and quiet. Max peeks in to see that his brother has his eyes closed. Whether Alec is asleep or not Max is not sure. Magnus runs a hand through Alec’s raven hair. “Always so selfless, willing to through your life on the line for others.”

Magnus uses his other hand that is not going through Alec's hair and lifts it and starts hovering it over Alec's wound as blue magic leaves Magnus' hand. Max has never seen anything like this before, he knows that Warlocks have different area of expertise for their magic, and Magnus seems to be one of the ones that uses his for healing.

"No demon venom." Magnus mutters. "What happened to you out there, Alexander? How did you get to be like this?"

That's the last thing Max hears before he goes off to find Izzy and some food. With how Alec and Magnus look at each other, Max is making it his mission to get them together.

Chapter End Notes

If you want, come yell at me on tumblr. (Same username)

Chapter 10

Izzy is making some sort of graham cracker, peanut-butter, marshmallow, and strawberry thing with bits and pieces of celery. How Izzy can even taste her own food and think it is good while others end up with food poisoning, Max has no idea.

“Hey, Max. Would you like some of this?” Izzy offers as she holds one of the weird s’more things in front of him.

“No thanks. Mom and Dad say that I should be eating things like bananas and apples and strawberries and broccoli and cauliflower and bell peppers all alone as snacks before I start mixing things together.” His answer seems to satisfy his sister as she pulls the snack away and rolls her eyes, mumbling something about their parents.

“Izzy, does Alec and a crush on Magnus? And does Magnus have a crush on Alec?”

“Wha----shit!” she shouts as the knife she was using to spread the peanut butter on another graham cracker and drops the knife across her palm at Max’s questions. It may just be a butter knife but it is still sharp enough that a cut Izzy forgets about the knife on the floor and rushes to the sink; she runs her palm under the rushing water from the faucet.

As Izzy turns the water off she grabs some paper towels to put on the cut as she opens one of the cabinets under the sink and rummages through it for a First Aid kit. Finding one Izzy pulls it out and opens it up. She pulls out a cotton ball and puts some peroxide-alcohol thing on it.

“Run that by me again.” She says as she puts the cotton ball on the cut and starts rubbing it up and down, hissing as the liquid enters the cut to disinfect it.

“Does Magnus have a crush on Alec? And does Alec have a crush on Magnus?” Max repeats. He looks to the ground and not only sees the knife that cut his sister with some of her blood on it (and some of Izzy’s blood dropping on to the tiles of the kitchen floor) but also the open container of peanut butter, a broken plate, and graham crackers and marshmallows and celery scattering the floor, some of the graham crackers broken in uneven parts and some turned to little graham cracker dust.

“Max.” Izzy says, her voice sweet and stern. She takes a deep breath. “Look,” she kneels down to his height so they can look one another in the eye. “What I am about to tell you has to stay between us, got it?” Max nods. “Yes. Magnus has a crush on Alec, and Alec has a crush on Magnus. But it is different in our world. At least on the Shadowhunter side.”

“Why?”

Izzy bites her lip. “Downworlders can be with whomever they want and be happy and not have a care in the world with the person they are with. For Shadowhunters, being with someone who is of the same gender. . . . is not right in the eyes of the Clave.”

“Are you saying you do not support Alec?”

“NO! I love and support Alec with everything I have. But even if everyone in every Institute, in our Institute, even Mom and Dad supporting us the Clave still will not support Alec and the person he is with. Especially if the person Alec chooses to be with is a Downworlder, and a very powerful and high ranking Downworlder at that.”

“Why won’t the Clave accept Alec and other Shadowhunters like him? Ones that prefer people of the same sex as them?”

Izzy’s eyes become quizzical, as if she has an answer ready and is debating with herself on how to give it. Putting gauze around her hand and tapping it off before slowly and gently putting her hands on his shoulders. “To the Clave Shadowhunters fight demons and have to keep the Downworld in check while also protecting mundane’s from our world. To them we marry young, have kids young, and die young. To them a Shadowhunter who prefers the same sex in a romantic relationship means that that Shadowhunter, or Shadowhunters, cannot provide the Clave with a new generation of Shadowhunter warriors for them to train and to serve.”

Izzy stops and takes a deep breath and holds it for a second before letting it go. “Alec still is not comfortable with himself, and what he feels for Magnus. He is afraid of what Mom and Dad and the Clave will do to him if they find out. For all he knows the Mom and Dad may not accept him and the Clave may strip him of his runes.”

Izzy stops talking, her eyes sad. Max knows why. There are not many Shadowhunters who have had their runes removed and those who have typically go down in Shadowhunter history as a reminder for all Shadowhunters not to do what that Shadowhunter or Shadowhunters did to get their runes removed. The most famous one being Tobias Herondale. Max vaguely recalls the story of Tobias. All he remembers is that Tobias found a Warlock who drove him mad which caused him to run from his post in battle, a very huge crime----even more than the crime of what was done to him----against the Clave that he desired his life. Since Tobias had run away to who knows where, the Clave decided that his wife’s, Eva’s, life was a fair trade and killed her for what her husband had done. That’s not even the worst part. Eva had been pregnant when then Clave took her life. Apparently, the Clave hated what Tobias had so much that they not only took the life of his wife but his child too. They took two lives for the price of one and did not care. They did not even wait until after she had given birth. After that the only person to continue the Herondale line was Tobias’ brother, Will, and Will’s son, James. Of course, that is not the end. According to some rumors and stories a Warlock nurse found Tobias when he first went mad and could not save him, later the same Warlock found Eva and was also unable to save her but was able to save the child, a son or daughter no one knows, and brought the child to America where the Warlock raised it; supposedly as a mundane, leaving the child and their possible descendants unaware of their Shadowhunter lineage.

But the irony, Max finds in the story, is that Tobias was never truly stripped of his runes. The Warlock that drove him mad was never brought to justice and instead to Tobias was punished for something that he did not have any control over. The Clave killed his wife and child (which, Max is sure, drove him more mad), and did not even take in to consideration of what

was done to him. They just saw him abandoning his position as an offence without finding out more and just took two lives for the one that they wanted. Max may have been born a Shadowhunter but there are times where he goes over the history and sees what the Clave has done and wishes that they had done something different. That they did not punish Shadowhunters who were driven to do something by a Downworlder (Tobias) or just ignored a Shadowhunter when they were forming a cult and killing off Downworlders who did nothing wrong, even turning their own Parabatai in to a Downworlder (Valentine).

“The Clave wouldn’t do that,” Max says, his voice and body shaking slightly. “Would they?” Max does not want to believe that the Clave would do something so cruel to his brother just because of whom he prefers to be in a relationship with. But then again, they do not tend to care when it comes to stripping of runes or killing someone when they basically have no reason to, and when they do they do nothing.

“I don’t know Max, and I cannot give you an answer on what I think they will do.” Izzy pulls him into an embrace and holds him tight. The two siblings both take deep breathes before breathing out. They’re Shadowhunters and they cannot let their emotions control them. But they are also Lightwoods, they break noses and accept the consequences. Even if breaking noses means they let their emotions show and defy the Clave to support their brother and the consequences being whatever punishments the Clave throws at them.

“I need to go see Jace.” Max says as he and Izzy pull away from each other.

“Okay.” Izzy’s voice is quiet, almost as if it will crack if she brings it to a normal level.

Max finds Jace in the training room. He goes from hitting a punching bag to doing back flips and grabbing a Seraph Blade and starts jabbing at an invisible opponent. Jace jabs the air for a few minutes before he sees Max.

“Hey, Buddy, what are you doing here?” Max’s second eldest brother asks as he makes his way over.

“We need to talk.” Max says, his voice stern for a twelve-year-old, leaving no room for argument.

Chapter 11

Jace seems nervous by what Max has just told him. “What do *we* need to talk about?” Jace asks as he sits next to Max on a bench.

Max looks down at the ground, fiddling with his thumbs. Izzy seems supportive of Alec if Alec chooses to be with someone of his same sex and if that person also happens to be Shadowhunter, any type of Downworlder, and whatnot. But Jace. . . .

Jace and Alec are Parabatai, and while Parabatai usually tend to fight together and stand by one another through thick and thin, but Max also knows from the story of Valentine that that is not always the case, heck even the story of his own father, Robert, and his Parabatai, Michael Wayland, also had a falling out that caused their Parabatai to get restrained and when the bond gets to the point of being really strained to where they cannot feel each other anymore the other will not know, They will not feel it. Robert did not feel Michael so when given the chance to correct his wrong by raising Jace, Robert took it.

Max suddenly feels small under Jace’s gaze. He does not know how Jace will react. Will he be as supportive and open as Izzy? Or will he shun his Parabatai causing their bond to become strained, leaving both unaware if one them dies like Robert?

Gulping Max knows that he has to do this. He has to ask Jace the question that is burning on his tongue. “How would you feel is Shadowhunters had feelings for people of their same gender?” the young Shadowhunter in training asks his brother.

Jace’s eyebrows furrow together in curiosity. “Where is this coming from, Max? Did something happen? Do you want to talk about it?” Max knows that Jace is truly concerned about him, after all Max is still young enough to be curious about his sexuality and what it may be like being with another boy in a romantic relationship than a girl. Too bad Max is not talking about himself.

“NO! No, I mean. . . . say. . . . hypothetically if. . . . Alec was interested in guys romantically would you be upset about it?”

“If Alec were gay I would not be upset or angry at all. I would support him and whoever he chooses to be with.”

“Even if the person he chooses to be with is a Downworlder?”

“Of course! Hell, I would stand by him and his boyfriend against the Clave if they tried to force them to break-up or anything of the sort.” Jace then gives a short laugh, an arm around his stomach. “Of course, if Alec was in to guys I would not blame him if I was his first crush, hell I was my own first crush! Max, where is all of this hypothetical of Alec being gay coming from?”

“I was just curious. I’m also curious if Alec started dating Magnus how would you feel?”

Jace licks his lips and looks down before looking back at his youngest brother. “Well. . . . Magnus is a bit flashy and flamboyant and way too colorful for someone I would picture Alec with. But Magnus is also a good person and he helps us even when he does not need to or knows he should not. He has put his life on the line for more times than I can count. But if he made Alec happy than I would be happy for Alec and Magnus; and if Magnus did anything to hurt Alec, High Warlock or not, I would make sure that he wished that the Circle or Valentine got to him before I did. Why?”

“Just curious.”

Jace sighs. “Max, this is the third and last time I am going to ask this: Is there something going on? I know you are young and you are starting to develop some feelings and a lot of people your age are going to start going through puberty and I know that boys your age also--”

“JACE, NO!” Max can feel his face, neck, and ears turn red. He presses his hands to his ears to block out Jace’s voice and everything he has said so far. “I was just curious! I just wanted to make sure that if Alec did something that could possibly strain your Parabatai bond you would actually be there for him and not end up like Dad and his Parabatai!”

Jace looks at him for a moment processing what Max has just said. Max knows that his brothers are close and complete each other in battle, anyone who is anyone----mundane, Shadowhunter, Warlock, Werewolf, Fae, Shadowhunter----can see it. Max knows that everything that has been thrown at Jace and Alec lately has not torn them apart, yet; but that does not mean that something that cannot be helped will not tear them apart.

“Look, Max, Alec and I have always had each other’s backs. When I first came here after Valentine faked his death as Michael, Alec was the first person I met. He was here in the training room, shooting his arrows and nearly hurt me when he released one; I had come a day earlier than planned----possibly because the officials of the Clave of the time could not handle the greatness that is me----we may not have met on good terms but from that moment on he and I have trained together, getting to each other’s strengths and weaknesses and building and fixing the weaknesses. By the time I was thirteen and he was fourteen anyone who stayed at the Institute would come and watch as Alec and I trained, with each other and against other people. When Hodge made a comment about Alec and I becoming Parabatai I brushed it off, not really caring. But the more I thought about it the more the concept appealed to me, so one night as Alec and I were walking around the perimeter of the Institute I mentioned it to him.

From the corner of his eye Jace can see Alec tense, but keeping his bow level. Jace sighs and turns around. “Is something wrong, Alec? Do you not want to become Parabatai with me or something?”

Alec looks at him, his eyes flickering to the floor every now and again. “Nothing is wrong, but why are you asking me? I get that we are close, like. . . . brothers should be, but do you not think Izzy would be a better fit? I mean you two do not mind being on the front lines and flirting with people to get information we need, meanwhile I am in the shadows focusing on

you two to make sure everything goes smoothly and you do not accidentally break the Accords."

"I have never come close to breaking the Accords!"

Alec gives one of his famous eye rolls. "Of course you have not, I mean who was the flirting," Alec seems to be trying to control his voice and keep something out of it as he says the word flirting. "With the Seelie and Werewolf girls, making them blush and giggle. Then said something stupid that got them angry and nearly had them attack you?"

"Okay, okay, I see your point. I can also see why you are asking me why I am asking you and not Izzy. While Izzy does seem to be a good choice she does not want one; and she is not the one that I have been training constantly with for the last few years. Yes, Izzy and I can always watch each other's backs while we also flirt with our targets, but, Alec, it is nice knowing that you are there too. Even if it is in the dark looking after Izzy and me, knowing that you are there to save and protect us from any other surrounding danger that we may not even notice. Alec, Izzy and I need you. I'm not saying that we take our oath by midnight tonight, but think about it, please?"

Alec lowers his bow and looks up at the night sky that is scattered with stars. Alec's eyes go from no emotion to sadness and longing. "Jace, Parabatai hardly keep secrets from each other, if they do. And I have some things that I need to keep to myself, that I am not ready to share."

"I repeat myself: I am not saying we take our oath by midnight. As for your secrets, who cares? If it is something that you think you can sort out on your own then take your time with it. Just so you know, if anything is troubling you so bad that you need to talk to someone you can always come talk to me or Izzy, all right?"

"I know that I can talk to the two of you." Alec takes a moment before continuing. "I will think about becoming Parabatai, all right? But you have to be patient this is not a choice to make recklessly."

Jace nods. "Okay." Suddenly Alec places his hand on the wall. "Alec? What is it?"

"It is Izzy. . . ." Nothing more is said as they leave the grounds to go find their sister.

Jace snaps out of his thoughts and looks back at Max. "Listen to me, Max. There is nothing, and I mean *nothing* that Alec can do that can strain the bond that he and I have. Got it?"

Max nods.

"Great! Now, if you have any questions about puberty----"

"Okay! Bye Jace!" Max runs out of the training room and back into the rest of the Institute. He runs around the place until he arrives at Izzy's room. He knocks on the door before opening it up to see his sister asleep in her bed.

Going inside Max goes to her and slightly shakes her awake, she groans in response. “Izzy,” Max whispers. “I am going to do something great.” She groans in her sleep again. “I am going to get Magnus and Alec together.”

With that said Max leaves his sister’s room and to his own, waiting for Magnus to return so he can put his plan into action.

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

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

The next time Max sees Magnus at the Institute is when he is doing some sort of work, Max assumes it could be about the wards or his brother but he isn't sure. Since Magnus' last visit Alec has awoken and is resting, but has yet to be discharged from the infirmary, which is stupid in Max's opinion, his brother is perfectly fine and can handle himself but even one of the medics-in-training will not even allow Alec to even hold a pen and sign a few things off since he is the acting Head of the Institute until one of their parents can come back and oversee how the Institute is being run and what Ale has signed off on and authorized and not authorized in their absence.

So Alec is stuck laying in a bed in the infirmary, watching as their other fellow Shadowhunters go off on missions. Something Max knows that his brother wants to do but cannot. Heck, even when Alec was awake enough to remember what the heck happened to him, he could not remember. Still cannot. All Alec remembers is that he went to help the girls who needed his help, something happened----an ambush, he believes----and the next Thing Alec says is happening is that he has a deep wound, barely conscious, asking the girls to bring him back to the Institute as he passes out. Alec vaguely remembers asking the girls to get Magnus to the Institute to see if the Warlock could possibly heal him----and pay him for his services, of course,----and is disappointed to find out that that did not happen. Alec is even doubting himself, wondering if he even mentioned Magnus at all or if it only came out as a mumble.

Currently Magnus is in the training room, talking to Izzy about something. Magnus is sitting on a bench, reading a book, as Izzy trains with a punching bag as the two of them talk. The topic is very vague to Max, one minute it seems as if they are talking

about Alec and his health, when he'll be discharged from the infirmary and he'll just be on leave to when he can actually go back out into the field, the next minute they are talking about very old books that Max has never even heard of, to things about nail polish and clothes and whatever else, before circling around back to Alec.

"He is going to fine, Magnus," Izzy reassures. "He will be out of the infirmary and just on regular leave in no time. You'll see." Izzy continues to punch and kick the bag.

Magnus just turns a page in his book, seeming uninterested in Izzy and the conversation, before replying. "I just wish that I can get close to him while he is awake, actually *talk* to him. Every time I try, one of the medics always comes over and says that I need to leave since Alexander will not be much of a good conversationalist as he needs some sort of medicine at the moment; another medic will come over and escort me out."

Izzy just shakes her head. She appears just as frustrated Magnus is after hearing his side of things. Izzy stops training and goes over to the bench, sitting next to Magnus as she dabs her

face with a towel before putting on the back of her neck, sitting down and taking a big gulp from her water bottle.

“Sometimes I really hate Shadowhunter ways.” Izzy says after a while.

“What do mean?” Magnus asks, snapping his fingers to make a bookmark appear to hold his spot before vanishing the book with another wave of magic, most likely vanishing it back to his home. “What do you mean?” He inquires as he turns to face the only Lightwood daughter.

“If our society is more open about people being in same-sex relationships Alec would not have to hide who he is. He could be out and proud, instead they look at people who want to be with the same-sex as if they are disease carriers. As if, if they let a few people do it then the next thing everyone will be with others of the same-sex and the Shadowhunter population will suddenly vanish within a month.”

She is not exaggerating either. The Clave has pretty much instilled in every Shadowhunter that they need to marry young, quite young, in-their-twenties young. Not to mention that they also need to start to try and reproduce shortly after the marriage, or beforehand, so the Clave can look forward to training a whole new generation of Shadowhunters.

Which is despicable. Max thinks. There are plenty of people in the world, if the Shadowhunter population gets low enough, they can use the Mortal Cup to Ascend mundanes and train them as Shadowhunters. At least, those who do not die from it.

“For as long as I have been alive, there have been some Shadowhunters, every generation or so, that do not take to the rules of society or what the Clave does. Your ancestor, Anna Lightwood, for example. She wore pants in a time that it was not socially acceptable for women to do, she also loved women in a time that was way more harsh on same-sex relationships. Even a Herondale I knew, Will, was very accepting of people in same-sex relationships. Hell, he even cared for Downworlders and other people who were of demon descent.”

“What do you mean ‘others of demon descent?’”

“A fellow Warlock friend of mine, Tessa Grey, is the daughter of a Shadowhunter mother and a demon father. But that did not matter to Will, or his Parabatai, Jem, for that matter. They loved her for who she was not because of her heritage. Why are you smirking?”

“Will. Was his first name William? Why do you refer to Will as Will and my brother as his first name?”

“Because Will was Will and I never really had an interest in him as opposed to Alexander. Though I was surprised to find out that you and Alexander are Lightwoods, I assumed you two were Herondale’s since the last time I saw Lightwoods they were blonde and the Herondale’s had black hair. Though I will say I once did kiss Will.” Magnus admits the last part.

“WHAT? Why did you kiss someone you did not have an interest in?”

“I was with Camille at the time. We were living in a London together when she went to Russia for a business trip, at least that is what she had told me. I had later found out that she went there to see a young mundane man. A few days later, when she returned, I confronted her about it. She told me that she and I are immortal and will always be brought together, so where was the harm in us having little dalliances with mortals who will not even live past us? Hurt, I made her think that I cheated on her as well to give her a taste of her own medicine. Will was on the couch, recovering from a demon attack, was going in and out of consciousness, saying things that I am sure he did not remember. So, I kissed him. After that Camille and I broke-up. I stayed in London for a little while longer as she traveled to who-knows-where. Will did confront me on the kiss and I lied and said that it did not happen. I know that he would have understood but a lot of things was going on with him, Jem, and Tessa that I could not let him know what happened, especially when he was very lucid. Eventually after Jem. . . . left the life of being a Shadowhunter behind and Will and Tessa got together, eventually getting married, I left London and came to New York. I did not want to be any more involved in Shadowhunter business, especially in London.”

Max cannot believe his ears. Feeling very sympathetic towards his eldest brother and Magnus Max leaves the training room, hoping to find Jace or Clary or Simon, maybe he will go and visit Alec. Yeah, that seems like a promising idea. Especially since he has hardly seen or spoken to his brother because of the stupid medics that are working in the infirmary and seem to have his brother taking some sort of medicine almost every time someone comes to visit.

His first attempt to try and get his brother and Magnus together is somewhere between incomplete and failed.

Izzy cannot believe her ears. There is a ringing in them after what Magnus has just told her. “I do not get it,” she says, her voice angry and quiet at the same time. “I do not understand people who can be in committed relationships and can just cheat on the person they are with. It’s one thing to leave a relationship for another person, as long as the relationship is over before the person who left gets with someone else, and it is another to. . . . to. . . .”

“Pull a Camille?” Magnus suggests.

“Yes!” Izzy sighs. “People who cheat just do not make any sense to me at all.”

“It is alright, Isabelle, I have moved past it. Past her.”

“Was it difficult? Knowing that she cheated on you and then leaving the relationship?”

“It did at first. After a while, I am not sure when, it still hurt when I thought about it but it always grew less. Eventually it grew to the point that when I think about Camille and what we had, I still cannot see how she and I even got together in the first place, or how we lasted how long we did.”

Izzy does not say anything else. Instead she just wraps Magnus in a hug that he returns. Magnus is a good guy who deserves more than what Camille gave him. He deserves someone that will give him love and trust and unshakeable faithfulness.

So does Alec. Her Big Brother needs someone who will accept him, love him, be faithful and give him trust.

They deserve each other.

Chapter End Notes

Finally! I was finally able to update this!

Chapter 13

Okay, this is not a full brand new chapter (sorry!) but I do have some news:

So I usually write on my laptop when writitng for this fic (I do not trust my phone) and it recently got damaged. I took it my school's PC repair and it ended up working fine when they went to try to work on it.

With it back up and running I'll be doing some rereading of the fic and will start trying to write more.

If I do not have school tomorrow I will reread and start writing (maybe even post, but no promises).

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

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

Sunlight streaming in through his windows is what wakes Max up in the morning. Shutting his eyes Max turns away from the light onto his other side, bringing one of his pillows with him to block out the sun so he can get some more sleep. He tosses and turns for what feels like forever. Giving up Max puts his pillow back and lays on his back for a moment, then turns on to the side closets to the window, grabbing his in a tight fist and throws it at the window.

Unlike his siblings Max does not have an alarm clock (or an internal timer) that wakes him up before dawn. Alec is the one whom does not need an alarm at all, Izzy has one that she uses when she needs to wake up early because she is going out or is going to sleep extremely early; Jace needs his alarm to go off at all times. According to Alec, in the early stages of him and Jace training to become Parabatai Jace once complained about having to get up early to train; so Alec allowed him to sleep in more for a couple of months and during that time Jace would not show up at their 7 A.M. training sessions, instead he slept in until ten, would go to studies, train with Alec, and train solo with his Seraph blade until dinner, eat, practice piano, then go to sleep. (Sneaking out at least once a week and Hodge having to send some of the older Shadowhunters to go after him, heck once the commotion woke up Alec and Izzy and they snuck out and found and brought him back quicker than any of the other older Shadowhunters ever had before. After that when Jace would sneak out Hodge would wake Alec and Izzy up to go after him; that is also the main reason for when they got older and split-up into teams, they were not really assigned to any other team, because they were one.)

Sometimes Max wonders what life would be like if Jace had not become a part of their family, if Jace was raised by someone else or in Valentine just continued with his Michael Wayland scheme and just continued to raise Jace on his own in Idris; Max wonders what Alec and Izzy would be like if Jace never came in, what Jace would be like if he never came. Max feels his heart squeeze in his chest. He cannot imagine what life would be like if Jace never came into the picture. Would Alec and Izzy still be the same? Would they be different? Would Alec be the more outgoing one and Izzy the more reserved? Would Alec enjoy parties while Izzy stayed at the Institute, training with her whip or looking over the dead bodies that the other Shadowhunter would be bringing in? What would Jace be like? Would Jace be reckless? Would he have been cast out? Would he believe Valentine's weird and messed up teachings?

No. If a timeline like that even exists Max does not want to see it or even imagine it. Jace is a part of the family, he is his second eldest brother and sibling. Someone he knows will not turn him over to Valentine for some sick experiments but instead will protect him from any sort of threat that could possibly cause Max to end up in the infirmary severely injured or worse.

A knock at his door snaps Max out of his thoughts and into reality. "Max, are you awake?" Izzy asks.

“Yeah.” He says after a moment of silence.

“May I come in?”

“Yes.”

Izzy open the door, her hair is in bun, she’s wearing a black top with lace-sleeves, black pants, and black heeled boots that put Izzy near Alec’s height. (Max wonders if that is the reason why she wears very high shoes, so their tall brother is not looming over her.)

She makes her way over to his bed and sits down. “Hey, are you feeling okay?”

“Yeah.” He replies as he sits up. Izzy, whether she heard him or not, takes the back of her hand and places it against his forehead, checking him for a fever. When she does not feel what she is looking for she drops her hand back to her side. “What is going on?”

“Well, after you have breakfast, Alec is going to help you study your Runes----”

“Alec is out of the infirmary? Is he better?”

“I do not know about *better* but he is well enough that the girls he went out on the hunt with will stop mother-henning him about how he needs certain medicines or how he cannot have guests at certain times and whatnot. After all, he has Jace and I to do that.” Max laughs. “But he will help with your Rune studies, then I will help you with your combat training.”

“Where will Jace be?”

“Probably doing something that will get him hurt, killed, or possibly start a war amongst the Shadow World.” Max giggles. “Now get ready and meet Alec in the office.”

The office. The Head of the Institutes Office. Max hardly sees his brother be acting head while he’s visiting; mainly because their parents come and take over the job as co-heads of the Institute and berate Alec for something he did not do. Max is sure that Raj and his team could screw up on a mission and their parents would still ask Alec what he was thinking, and tell him how he could have done better. Max knows that Alec wants to be Head of the Institute one day, but is it worth it? What is their parents still tell Alec that he is screwing up long after he is in charge?

Max shudders at the thought, knowing that it can be true.

“Are you sure you are okay?” Izzy’s voice snaps Max back into reality.

“I’m fine.”

Izzy just smiles and ruffles his hair. “Get dressed.” As she gets up off of the bed she turns and sees the pillow that Max threw at the window laying down on the floor. “Did not want to get up today?”

“No.” He says honestly. How can he lie to Izzy? To his big sister? To his only sister?

Izzy's smile just grows. "Alec and I used to be the same way. Mostly me. I remember he would actually sneak me breakfast and give excuses as to why I was late getting up and would save me a seat as I literally made it to my lessons before I was considered 'late.'" She gives a small laugh as she stares off into the distance, getting lost in her memories. "All right, I'll see you later."

After she leaves Max hurries to find some clothes to wear and get out of his pajamas. He changes into a shirt that gives the illusion of two shirts with long grey sleeves and a blue T-shirt over that. He puts on a black and grey camo jacket along with black jeans and shoes, once he is done he combs his hair.

Normally he would not worry too much about whether or his hair is groomed but today is not just any day. No. Today is the day that he is going to get his brother Alec and the Warlock, Magnus, together. He just hopes that he is right in his assumptions about how Magnus and Alec feel about each other. The way he sees them look at each other is the same way Ty Blackthorn's eyes light up when someone mentions music----specifically, classical----or Sherlock Holmes. Or Dru's when someone mentions Nancy Drew books or classic horror movies such as Chuckie, Friday the 13th, Nightmare on Elm Street, Poltergeist, or the Exorcist.

For a moment Max's mind wonders to Dru. How is she doing? Is she eating? Are her English relatives still giving her hard time because she does not 'look' like a Shadowhunter?

I can Fire Message her later, and check-in with what is going on, Max thinks.

After he is done combing his hair Max leaves his room, hoping that he looks good enough on (what he is hoping) is going to be a very important day for his brother. Running down the halls Max makes it to the kitchen to find chicken and waffles with pepper gravy. He makes himself a plate and is careful when he eats it, he is so excited that he is sure that if he scarfed it down he may have choked and that is how he does not want to get his brother and Magnus together.

When he is done he puts his plate in the sink and dashes to the office. Stopping outside the door he knocks before hearing a 'come in' from the other side. Opening the door Max sees his brother sitting at the desk. He looks tired as if he has not slept in days which is odd as seeing as he just got out of the infirmary at some point late last night or very early this morning.

Gulping, Max has a feeling that this day is going to be a chaotic one.

Chapter End Notes

I did this instead any college papers I needed to do. . . . oh well.

Chapter 15

“Okay, Max, what is this rune?” Alec asks as they sit on the couch in the main office for the Head of the Institute. Max looks at his eldest brother. Alec looks really exhausted and he appears to have dark circles under his eyes, as if he has not gotten a decent amount of sleep in some time.

“The extinguish rune,” Max answers, trying to keep the pride out of his voice.

“No, it is not.” Alec says. Max tilts his head to the side and looks at his brother quizzically. Alec turns the card over to look at it and give Max the correct rune that it is. “It is the----oh, it is the extinguishment rune. Good job Max.”

At something like this, normally Max will smile, but something is off with his big brother.

“Okay, Max. What is this rune?” It is the clairvoyance rune, every Shadowhunter knows it. It is the most common rune used among Shadowhunters besides the angelic rune. The angelic and clairvoyance runes are the main runes that every Shadowhunter has.

One could argue that every rune in the Grey Book are used by every Shadowhunter, but depending on a Shadowhunter’s job within the Clave, or family connections, some Shadowhunters may not even have to apply more than angelic and clairvoyance runes, even if they have to apply more they can avoid applying certain runes. He remembers seeing some Shadowhunters in Idris that did not have the deflect rune, or the Nyx rune, and other runes. Heck, he has seen some with only the angelic and clairvoyance runes.

“Nourishment.” Max says, playing with his brother.

Alec looks at the rune on the card and shakes his head, as if he cannot believe that the progress that they were making is now taking a one-eighty degree turn. “It is the clairvoyance rune. How about you explain the clairvoyance rune to me?”

“The clairvoyance rune is also known just as the voyance rune. It is one of the most basic and permanent rune among Shadowhunters, it is typically placed on one’s dominant hand, though some Shadowhunters as of recent are no longer placing it on their hand. It focuses and enhances our Sight within the Shadow World. Mundanes could see two people smiling and having fun but we will know that the two people are Seelies, Werewolves, Warlocks, or Vampires. While normally one of the first runes applied, in special circumstances it may not be the first rune applied; as was the case with the sickly Adele Starkweather who got the strength rune first. It also lends an extra skill with weapons.”

Alec knocks his head to the side this time. “Most of that was right, except for the part about weapons. Where did you get an idea like that?”

“Jace. He says that he has always been good with weapons but when he got his voyance rune, it helped him out with weapons training even more.”

Alec shakes his head as he looks down and mutters something about Jace under his breath. Max knows that his two brothers are Parabatai, but he also knows that sometimes they may not see eye-to-eye on certain things. For instance, when Clary showed up and Alec had been suspicious of her (given the fact that she is also Valentine's daughter) whereas Jace had not been and trusted her wholeheartedly. He does not understand how Parabatai can come to odds. He has heard of Valentine and his Parabatai and how that Parabatai has become a Werewolf. Or had, no one knows if the Parabatai is still alive or if he has died. He also knows of another famous pair of Parabatai: James "Jem" Carstairs and William "Will" Herondale.

According to his history books Will was a full-Englishman Shadowhunter, well, in some regards he was, while Jem was bi-racial. His mother Asian coming from of the Shanghai Institute and his father an Englishman. There are many bi-racial Shadowhunters but Jem's appearance has perked Max's interest in their life and their time as Parabatai. Jem originally had dark-brown hair and eyes, but he ended up getting sick (from what, no one knows. Not even Shadowhunter history books or The Silent Brothers) and his hair and eyes changed to silver.

At one point both Jem and Will met and fell in love with a half-Warlock half-Shadowhunter woman, Theresa "Tessa" Gray. Will had not admitted his love for her as he believed himself to be cursed and she went on to get engaged to Jem. Then, one night, something happened to Jem. No one knows what but apparently Tessa and Will were out on a hunt when Will went into terrible pain, he fell to the ground and when he looked at his Parabatai rune----which was located on his chest----and it had disappeared. They knew that Jem was no longer alive. At least that was what the Shadowhunter history books says about that, Max is not so sure that it is one-hundred percent that that is exactly what happened.

Even with his young age Max wonders if he will be a historian Shadowhunter, looking into things taught to young Shadowhunters and discovering which stories are completely true, which ones have been made up, and which ones are a mix between truth and lies.

"Alec," Max says, looking at his brother whom looks to be beyond tired. Alec lifts his head to look at him. "Are you all right?"

"Of course, why do you ask?"

"Because you look really, really, tired. Plus, I know that you just got released from the infirmary and everyone is waiting to hear what happened on that mission that you went on."

"The one I ended up leaving lunch early for?" Max nods. "Sarah, Justine, Rose, and Piper said that already filled out the mission reports and that everyone knows what has happened, that you, Jace, and Izzy happened to be the first people notified of what happened."

Max shakes his head. "We were not, and no one knows what has happened. The mission reports have been taken care of, but they do not talk about what has happened. Any time they are asked about it they tense up and get all quiet and then they change the subject and ignore any questions anyone has about that night."

"Do you want to know what happened?"

“Yes.”

“Okay. After I got the call I met them at their location, which was an old and abandoned warehouse----even Vampires would not want to use it. Not as a way to trap enemies, or rogue ones to trap people for food, albeit with that being illegal and going against The Accords. Or even local clans in New York to use for a home. According to Piper, she and the others got sent out on a mission that involved a hoard of demons. When I arrived, Rose was the only one to greet me. I met her inside while the others were off in the shadows fighting off some of the demons.

“I do not know how long I was in there for when I heard it: A large and loud screeching sound. I told Rose to go off before I heard it, hoping that it would not take long. I was wrong. I should not have sent her away. Because before I could locate the source of the sound, I was hit in the head from behind. I fell to the ground, I could feel the never-ending pain in my head and the blood spilling out. The next thing I know, every thing is black and I can vaguely hear the girls killing the demons, one of them telling me to stay awake. Then I recall being picked up and them shouting at people in the Institute, calling out for help. According to them I have been out for a while.”

Max does not trust the story. It is not like he does not trust his brother, but most of what his brother is saying does not make sense. How did Alec not see at least one or three demons if there was more than four well-trained Shadowhunters could handle? Why did Rose even greet him if there were that many demons? She should have still been inside, fighting the demons like Piper, Sarah, and Justine. And why were the demons and Shadowhunters all in the shadows fighting? If the building has been abandoned and no one even goes in there----including people within the entire Shadow World,----then why were they not in the open?

Is it possible that the four girls just made it up? That there were not any demons in there at all? But why would they make that up? Something is not settling right with Max about what happened that day.

“Did you know that they did not allow Magnus to heal you?”

This peaks Alec’s interest. “What do you mean? They said that the contacted Magnus to heal me and that he had said no. That he only showed up just to do the wards.”

Max shakes his head. “No, that is a lie. Magnus showed up a lot, and they refused to allow him to see you, much less heal you. And when he did see you it was always around the time they needed to give ‘medicine.’”

Alec gives him a look as if to say “what?” as if he is rolling a million thoughts and scenarios around in his head all at once. Alec opens his mouth to speak again, but Max speaks first.

“I think we have had enough of rune memorizing lessons today. See you later, Alec.” With that Max darts out of the office, hoping to give his brother space so that his brother can realize that Magnus is good person. That Magnus has so much more to offer Alec than anyone else.

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