

What Would You Do For Thomas and Alec?

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What Would You Do For Thomas and Alec?

by [ExperimentalPhantom \(PhantomStorm\)](#)

Summary

When Thomas and Alec come home with bruises, their older twin brothers get to work.

Or- how two Omegas are the heart of the pack and occasionally run it.

Notes

I changed Downworlders just a tad. They're the rival group to the Gladers.
Downworlders basically live "downtown" while the Gladers are "uptown"
They can shift.

Gally, Jace, Thomas, and Alec have moved into a small sliver of neutral territory right in between the two.

The Nephilim are like the Clave, they try to keep the peace and they're basically humans that can't shift, but have Alpha, Beta, Omega qualities.

Chapter 1

Thomas and Alec were best friends. So were their couple minute older twin brothers.

So when one day Thomas and Alec come home with bruises. Thomas with his split lip and bruised jaw along with Alec and his black eye, Gally and Jace get to work.

Gally and Jace were creeping into their apartment as quietly as possible, even going as far as to climb through their open window instead of using their loud as hell door (damn they needed to oil those hinges). Just as they reached their room and thought the coast was clear, their two omega brothers leaped out of nowhere, successfully cornering them.

"What. Did. You. Do?" Thomas and Alec asked (growled more like it)

The two alphas shied away. Dammit, why did their alpha voices not work on these two? These *stubborn as hell* omegas.

"Nooooothing," Jace replied trying to use the look that Alec always did. Those omega puppy eyes.

"Exactly, nothing," Gally confirmed.

"Galileooooo," Thomas warned. Gally shrunk back even further.

"Jonathannnnn," Alec added. Jace tried to stay defiant, but his alpha instincts failed him.

"We didn't do *anything!*" They tried convincing their brothers. The boys just raised their eyebrow.

Thomas spotted something in Gally's pocket and sighed. "Did you win at least?" Gally nodded vigorously and dragged Thomas off, telling him of how they would never mess with their pack again. Jace chuckled nervously at Alec. Even though Alec was at least a head shorter, he was a very frightening person when he wanted to be. Being part wolf helped him even more.

"Can't you just ask me if I won and call it a night?" Jace asked lightly.

Alec frowned some more. "You could have started a battle, Jace. All you did was rough up an alpha. You and Gally are lucky they aren't out to get you. Along with their pack." Jace scoffed, "Those mundanes weren't even true alphas, to begin with, they just knew how to act it. All we did was growl and flash our eyes and they ran away."

Alec scoffed, "Then why do I smell blood you genius?"

"Oh..." Jace stuttered, "We ran into some Coyotes. You know how they are." Alec thought for a second. *Coyotes? Since when did coyote shifters attack other shifters?*

Alec looked closely at what his brother was wearing. Jace had managed to get a dark blue hoodie and brown shorts. "Hey Alec!" Thomas yelled dragging Gally out behind him. He placed Gally next to Jace and they both examined their brothers.

Gally was wearing a beige elbow length shirt and brown shorts as well. "Were the shifters wearing red or black by any chance?" Thomas asked. The two nodded.

"Did you guys fight them and run off or did they run off?"

Gally thought about it. "We were in a stalemate? Said they'd be back to get us."

Alec and Thomas face-palmed. "You two didn't pay attention to the Nephilim did you?"

Jace and Gally paled slightly. "Maybe not?"

"You ran into Downworlder Alphas!" Alec half-yelled.

"And you're wearing Glader colours!" Thomas added.

"So?" Jace replied.

"SO?! You JUST STARTED A WAR!!!" Alec outright yelled this time, his pheromones going all over the place. Thomas, a tad more collected, smacked both the alphas over the head. "You shanks made them believe you two were Gladers. They're gonna challenge them tomorrow and you're going to cause so much trouble."

The two Alphas had the decency to look ashamed.

Now what are they gonna do?

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Thomas and Alec try to set things right, but they get there just as the challenge is taking place.

Can they stop it in time? Or will the two stubborn packs fight it out

After the Omegas sent their brothers to their rooms they sprinted down the stairs, pulling off their t-shirt and shorts. They stumbled down in their underwear and threw open the door (but softly so as to not wake anyone even though they lived pretty far from their neighbors, but hey, force of habit). It was 5 in the morning so they locked the door. Stuffing their clothes in a small sack, they shifted. (no room for shoes or they forgot, oh well)

The wind ruffled their fur, and the two wolves stretched languidly before slipping into the foresty part of town. They raced through the forest, reveling in the freedom they had as the jumped and swerved around trees.

Alec, a jet black wolf with his signature cobalt blue eyes was stronger than Thomas in wolf form, but still regained the small form of an omega.

Thomas, a dark grey (could be mistaken for blue at night), white mix with his warm brown eyes (think Canadian Grey Wolves, a.k.a. Tundra wolves). Thomas was built for speed, his lithe, smaller form, perfect for running.

They raced each other and just had a great time until they reached the edge of the woods. Eying the area carefully they trotted out. Finally nearing the Nephilim's "base of operations" they shifted back and pulled on their shorts and t-shirts. (Thomas-plain white t-shirt w/ grey shorts, Alec-dark, dark, dark grey shirt & shorts)

They knocked on the door softly. There was a moment of silence before the door creaked open. Out popped a sleepy Isabelle Lightwood and Alec's eyes widened. "Iz?"

Isabelle smiled, "Hey Alec, yes I'm part of the Nephilim, no you cannot join because you're a shifter, sorry I didn't tell you." Alec deflated. Isabelle turned her smile to Thomas. "Hey, Tomboy, how've my brothers been? Not that bad I hope?"

Thomas chuckled, "Naw, those two shanks aren't nothing I can't handle."

Before Isabelle could say anything more Alec intervened. "So, we were wondering, metaphorically, if a challenge were to go down, where would it take place? And how would the challenge be sent? You know, out of curiosity."

Isabelle's eyes narrowed. "You didn't start anything, did you? Oh, wait, it's probably not you. Was it Jace?"

The omegas nodded. "And Gally" Thomas added hoping to spare Jace some of the scary beta's wrath. Izzy sighed, "When I get my hands on those two."

"Anyway," Thomas said, "We kinda wanna know the answer to those metaphorical questions."

"The docks are the only neutral territory we don't control, so probably there. The challenge would have been sent at midnight, their main buildings both have a little shoot for letters to pass through, it's usually just used for challenges. Depending on how many shifters they challenged it'll start at 5:50. So you'd have 20 minutes to get there. Theoretically of course."

Alec and Thomas shared a look. Isabelle lowered her voice even more, "Look, if you want to stop the challenge you have to be smart, tell them that the alphas they fought are not part of whichever side, and say it was an honest mistake, with luck you may get the sensible shifters and they'll let it go, but good luck and don't die. Oh, and if you find the missing pup, it might help too."

Thomas looked puzzled, "What pup?"

"A young Downworlder pup heard about the brawl so he slipped out to try and see it, his name is Sebastian Verlac, he's adopted. The Downworlders are frantic to find him before he gets into trouble. He has dirty-blond hair and dark blue eyes."

The omegas nod their thanks to her before running off in the direction of the docks. (They shift once they're out of sight)

- at the docks -

"Your pack has got some nerve accusing James, Matthew, and Charles. Charles isn't even an alpha!" Will growled. Magnus just stood silently behind the other alpha, letting the younger one yell first.

Finally, Magnus reached out and grabbed Will's shoulder. Sending the alpha a look Will backed off.

"Sorry about that Alby, he's best friends with those two." Magnus apologized.

Alby shrugged. "So, who interrogated your guys? Because, sorry to say, but it isn't us."

Will almost jumped at the other pack's alpha. Magnus gave him a smack over the head. "We're not going to fight if they're not the ones."

Will hissed in annoyance. "But the two alphas were wearing *their colours!* It *has to be them!*"

Chapter 3

Even for wolves, the sprint to the docks took a lot out of the two and they almost arrived too late. They stumbled to the top of the hill and sighed in relief. The two sides had not started brawling. Yet.

Suddenly, one of the black-haired shifters leaped, before getting smacked over the head. The two omegas were awe struck before they remembered their mission and quickly ran down the hill, trying to look as non-threatening as possible. Right before they reached the bottom, Thomas accidentally tripped Alec and sent the slightly taller male tumbling into one of the shifters.

The taller shifter grunted in surprise at the sudden weight of tumbling shift...

The scent hit Magnus like a tidal wave.

Omega

Magnus looked down and came face to face with a bright blue-eyed omega with midnight black hair. The omega flushed and apologized profusely whilst clambering off and smacking the other *sniff* yup, omega, on the head.

Magnus stood and dusted himself off. "And who might you be handsome?" The two omegas blinked. "Not that you're not both very handsome," Magnus said addressing the shorter omega, "But my, my. Where have you been?" Magnus let his gold alpha eyes show for a moment and if he projected his pheromones just a tad stronger, well, no one noticed.

Alec and Thomas stiffened just a bit as the scent washed over them. Alec had flushed an even darker red after hearing the compliment. Thomas snickered. Someone cleared their throat. The other alpha gave him a pointed look and Magnus' eyes returned to normal.

"Right! Where are my manners? My name is Magnus, pack Alpha of the Downworlders."

"A-Alec," he stuttered and Thomas snickered some more.

"And I'm Alby," the other introduced, "Pack Alpha of the Gladers."

"Thomas." He waved.

"What the hell are you doing here, you packless trash," the other alpha snapped before Magnus could stop him. They both twitched in annoyance, Thomas gave Alec a knowing nudge. Straightening up, they completely ignored him in favour of the two Lead Alphas that now held their attention.

"We've come to apologize," Alec told them. That seemed to stun them.

"For what Alec?" Magnus asked.

"Our brothers," Thomas explained, "Those two were fighting for us." The two alphas blinked.

"Let us explain. Basically, a pair of douche bag alphas thought we were easy pickings." They both threw evil looks at the alpha who snapped at them causing the lead alphas to look at him confused.

Will looked carefully at the omegas and paled considerably. He bowed his head slightly and backed away slowly. Magnus took this as an opportunity to grab him by his shirt collar.

"What. Did. You. Do?" Magnus growled.

The lesser alpha shied away. Magnus just hoisted him a bit higher.

"Okay, okay! I was with my moron of a cousin Alistair and his idiot sidekick Clive. Those insensitive little shits were hitting on those two very nice, 'm sorry by the way, omegas. The omegas-"

"They have names."

"Right, Thomas and Alec, were really tough and stood up for themselves and my pea-brained cousin didn't like that. So he 'n Clive attacked them 'n they fought back. Pretty much it."

The two omegas raised their eyebrows.

Will sighed. "And I didn't do anything to help them, cuz I thought they were lil shits too."

Magnus dumped him unceremoniously onto the ground and whacked him over the head again. Alby came forward too and Magnus gave him the go ahead. Alby then proceeded to scold the insensitive alpha and also whack him over the head. (hey, what are friends for?)

Then the two lead alphas walked over to Alec and Thomas. "We're very sorry about them like Will said, they are little shits, but I'm working on it," Magnus bowed and the two of them dropped their jaws in amazement.

"Sorry, our brothers interrogated your guys and attacked Alaistar and Clive?" Alec replied.

Alby and Magnus smiled. "Now that that's settled," Thomas interrupted, "Who are the guys you got in the bush? Cuz they're gettin real antsy 'n I dunno why."

Alec looked wide-eyed at Thomas. *What are you doing?* Alec sent at Thomas, opening their telepathic connection. Thomas just shrugged and sent back, *They were starting to creep me out.*

Alby slowly applauded the omega's awareness and forwardness. He gave a sharp whistle and the two boys seemingly melted out of the trees. They began bickering as they walked over.

"I *told you* not to move!" the Asian hissed.

"Really? Cuz I distinctly recall that you were the bloody shank that moved in to get a 'closer look' at the omegas," the blond one retorted.

Thomas snickered which caused the two to look up at him. The blond one came first.

"Hello, handsome, the name's Newt," *his accent!* Thomas thought. *So sexy.* Alec smirked and Thomas' neck turned a bright shade of red when he realized the connection was still open. *NOT ONE WORD ALEXANDER!!* This caused Alec to start snickering into his hand so he didn't notice Magnus' stare.

"His name's actually Issac, but the shuck-face hates that name. Mine's Minho," said boy thrust his hand forward and Thomas gave it a shake.

Thomas grinned.

"Thomas."

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