

Cain & Abel

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Cain & Abel

by [lisachan](#)

Summary

Magnus teaches the story of Cain and Abel during history class at the New York Institute. The tale doesn't sit right with Tommy, though.

Notes

If you're reading [City of Hidden Houses](#), you'll be familiar with who Thomas (aka Tommy) is. Gabe, though, is a spoiler. Sorry!

Also written for this week's COWT #10, M3, prompt: *thou shalt not kill*. (Therefore, Cain and Abel.)

“Cain and Abel,” Magnus says, speaking to them as they sleepily try to listen, the most diligent among them even taking notes, “Were the sons of Adam and his second wife, Eve. Cain was the oldest, Abel the youngest, and as far as their relationship is concerned opinion varies according to who you’re speaking with. Many believed they were close, some even think *too* close,” he adds, as a few girls in the back snicker and bounce on their chairs, “and some think that was ultimately the reason that caused their demise.”

For the first time since the history lesson started, more or less half an hour ago, Tommy finally finds something interesting, and he stops doodling faceless boys that, in his head, all have Gabe’s features on the margins of his notebook and looks up. “What do you mean?” he asks.

Magnus is annoyed by the interruption, it’s plain to see, but he’s never been able to push back Tommy, whatever question or request he might have, so he sighs and surrenders to the next ten minutes of unnecessary explanation no one other than Tommy was interested in.

“Some people believe the reason why Cain and Abel came to be at odds with God over a matter of feelings.”

“Meaning?”

“Meaning they apparently loved each other much more than they were supposed to,” Magnus answers curtly, while the class as a whole hold their breath, “And that is why God punished them.”

Tommy looks down, feeling strangely tense. “... why, though?” he asks, “God is supposed to be love. And if he is, how could he not recognize the love between them?”

“That’s none of my business and frankly probably not yours either,” Magnus comments, raising an eyebrow and prompting the rest of the class to break the tension by laughing cheerfully, “Besides, that’s just one version of the story. Some others believe that it was Lilith, Adam’s first wife, who chose to hit Cain to punish her first husband for finding new love in Eve. No matter the reason behind it, anyway, all versions agree on the fact that the punishment Cain had to bear was to be turned into a vampire.”

“But that makes no sense,” Tommy insists, frowning, “How would that be connected with Abel? Or with anything else? Being a vampire is a punishment only for yourself, you can’t walk in the light, you’re physically dead, why would Lilith punish Cain like that, what would have it mattered to Adam? And if the punishment came from God, then why did he choose to only punish Cain? Didn’t Abel love him back? Why was Abel spared?”

“I’m not sure you might call his fate *being spared*,” Magnus answers, “Soon after Cain turned into a vampire, he assaulted Abel, no one knows why, and killed him. He was horrified by his own gesture, but at the same time the moment he saw Abel’s blood he grew a hunger for it, and he drank it. Abel’s angelic blood, though, gave him the ability to walk in the light again, and that’s how the first Daylighter was born.”

Magnus is about to be done with this topic and move to something else, when Tommy interjects again. “So, in the end, say what some believe is true, say Cain and Abel were in love and what happened between them was God’s way of punishing them. What kind of punishment is that, that leaves on of the punished dead and the other a happy Daylighter?”

Magnus turns back to look at Tommy and frowns deeply. “Sometimes your lack of empathy worries me, squirrel,” he says, and the class laughs again, forcing Tommy to blush, “First of all, if what they believe is true and Cain loved Abel, I highly doubt he would be *happy* being alive after killing him. And secondly,” he sighs, “That just shows you why curses are cruel. They’re unfair. You can’t foresee how they will hit yourself or those you love. I suppose that’s why you all should be careful when you’re thinking about doing anything forbidden. All is fair and all can be done, just be aware and ready for the consequences. Oh, and thou shalt not kill, being it your brother with whom you share an incestuous relationship or anyone else,” he concludes with a vague wave of his hand.

In the laughter that follows, Tommy hears a chair drag against the floor, and soon after that the sound of the door opening and then closing rapidly.

That’s Gabriel leaving the room.

*

He finds him a couple hours later, practicing alone in the training room. All the other kids are having lunch, and honestly he’s quite hungry too, but he couldn’t have just gone to the cafeteria and ignore Gabe for the rest of the afternoon, so he decided to get to him first. He didn’t even have to stretch their *parabatai* bond to find him – every time Gabe’s upset, he burns it off by exercising, so Tommy knew exactly where to look for him.

He enters the room and takes off his boots as he steps onto the mat, feeling it shift and sway every time Gabe moves, throwing kicks, punches and practicing defense poses tirelessly.

“You know you’re not allowed to skip classes, right?” he asks, walking in circles around him, observing him striking perfect poses and hit the air with such strong precision uncle Sebastian would weep if he saw him.

Gabe doesn’t answer him, of course. Tommy knows he asked a provocative question, so he wasn’t expecting otherwise.

“Uncle Magnus told me to tell you if you keep skipping he’ll have to give you a bad grade.”

To that, Gabriel just snickers. He doesn’t care about grades.

“Besides,” Tommy goes on, prodding blindly for the proper button to press to make him play the right music, “You were being too obvious. Leaving right then. The others will start suspecting you’ve got something to hide.”

Gabe finally stops practicing, throwing a punch in his direction and stopping his fist less than an inch away from Tommy’s nose. (He doesn’t even flinch.)

“Why did you ask that question to Magnus?” he asks. He’s heaving and sweat is flowing in slow, sparse drops down his temples and bared chest. Tommy needs to put some effort into not cede to the temptation of climbing him like a tree trunk.

“Which question?”

“You know which question,” Gabe growls and lets his fist fall limp down his side, facing him aggressively. “You say *I* was being too obvious? What about you, asking questions about sins and punishments?”

“I just wanted to know,” Tommy answers, shrugging.

“Why?!” Gabe explodes, throwing his arms up in the air in a frustrated gesture, “Why would you wanna ask about something you and I already know damn well?!”

“Because I can’t believe what I know!” Tommy raises his voice too, unyielding, “I want a different answer!”

“The answer doesn’t change depending on how many times you ask the question!”

“I have to try!” Tommy insists, bringing both hands up to Gabe’s face, holding it hard, “I’ve gotta try because I can’t try anything else.”

Gabe puts his hands on Tommy’s, trying to get them off himself. “Don’t,” he says, “Not now. Not here. They could see us.”

“Don’t push me away,” Tommy breathes out, getting closer, his forehead brushing against Gabe’s, “I don’t understand how you manage. You just accept that there is nothing we can do. They say we can’t be, that what we want is forbidden, that we will be punished, and you just accept it, *how* can you accept it?”

“How can I not?” Gabriel groans, pushing himself against Tommy, since he won’t back away, trying to get him further into the room and away from the door, “What other choice do I have, tell me? I can’t change the Law, can I? So what do you suggest, huh?”

“I don’t know!” Tommy hits the wall with his back and grunts, pushing back against him, his whole body sliding against Gabriel’s in the motion. That’s what constantly happens between them – that’s their sinful routine. One of them ignites the fire, then they both get consumed. “I need to keep fighting. It’s the only thing I know how to do.”

“You must forget about this,” Gabriel roars and slams him into the wall as though he could smash desire out of him, exorcise it, “About us. You must.”

“No,” Tommy answers with absolute certainty, no hesitation, no fear, a bit of pride, perhaps, even, and then places one of his hands on Gabriel’s chest, right on his heart, where their *parabatai* rune sits, inked underneath his skin. “Never. You’re mine forever. If I have to wage war to the Celestial Army to keep you, I will.”

Gabriel hisses, his nose pressed hard against Tommy’s. He wants to bite him, Tommy knows. He wants to be bitten too. “Blasphemy,” Gabriel says.

“I can’t be blasphemous,” Tommy answers, “You’re my only God.”

The last push Gabe needed to be tipped over the edge of his sanity.

*

Tommy throws his head back and moans loudly, the mat shifting underneath him as Gabriel pounds hard inside him, turning his whole body into a pulsing mass of pain and blinding pleasure. Whenever they do it, doesn’t matter if it’s coming out of a fight, like this time, or if it just evolved from a sleepy hug very early in the morning, or if it’s born out of one of Gabriel’s or his own sudden hunger fits, that wake them up in the middle of the night pining for each other, forcing them to walk the distance between them and fuse into one another lest they lose themselves if they’re not found under each other’s skin, the outcome is always the same.

Tommy stops thinking. He stops feeling guilty. He stops feeling anything, actually, that isn’t strictly connected to Gabriel. His strength, his scent, his hunger. The texture of his skin, the way he feels, powerful and majestic, under his fingertips. The taste of his mouth, of his sweat, of his come. The very essence of him. Sometimes Tommy just can’t help himself, he wraps his lips around Gabe’s cock and sucks, he sucks him into hardness, he sucks him into his climax, he sucks him through his softness and back into his hardness so that he can taste him once again in the back of his throat. Gabe lies there, on his back, one forearm on his eyes, his lips parted, panting softly, and all Tommy wants to do is keep him in his mouth forever.

Other times are rougher, just like this. He wants the pain, he wants to feel emptied out and filled it back up by Gabriel alone. Gabriel, who pins him down on the mat and whispers the dirtiest things to him. I wanna tear the skin off your flesh and live inside your bones. I want to come so deeply inside of you I’ll stay there forever. I wanna eat your heart, make you part of me for all eternity. I wanna swallow your cock until you leave a dent in my throat. Make me see how you come, make me hear it, make me feel it.

Tommy arches his back and squirts so up high a few drops of his come land at the corner of Gabe’s lips. He just licks them clean and then leans in, kissing him hard, making him dive into the mat. Tommy’s oversensitive and Gabriel’s presence, so cumbersome inside of him, is making him itch and grit his teeth in pain, but Gabriel doesn’t stop, he relentlessly keeps thrusting inside him, over and over again, pushing him higher up the mat with every thrust, torturing him, teasing him, pushing him over the edge again, making him come once more with an exhausted, almost painful yelp.

When Tommy starts shaking, overwhelmed and worn out like an old rag, that’s when Gabe finally gives him a rest. He thrusts twice again inside him and then comes, closing his sharp teeth in a ferocious bite around Tommy’s shoulder. That stings, it draws blood and it’s going to leave at least two marks – the cuts and the bruise. (Tommy wants them all. The marks of the pain Gabe can inflict him, and the mark of his pleasure, drawn in small, translucent drops that drip along his buttocks and pool up under his ass on the mat underneath him when Gabe pulls out of him.)

Gabe collapses on his side next to him, his elbow propped up on the mattress, his hand covering his eyes for a second, before he pushes his hair out of his face. Tommy looks up at him and he finds him so handsome he'd get up and lick every single inch of his skin just to show him how much he adores him.

"We can't keep doing this," Gabriel says, his voice twisted with pain and regret, "This is killing me."

Tommy breathes heavily and then presses his face against Gabe's chest, leaving a needy kiss on his *parabatai* rune. "You'd be killing me if you stopped," he says shamelessly.

Gabe lets out a sound that's halfway through a whimper and a growl, and wraps his arms around him, hugging him with the desperate fury of the beast under golden shackles that he is. "Then we're going to die together," he says.

Tommy closes his eyes. Falls into this moment. Thinks about Cain and wonders if there's ever going to be a mark of damnation for him too. And what kind of consequences would their punishment have.

"I expect nothing less," he whispers then.

And whatever it is the fate God has in store for them, he accepts it.

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