

## Take me to your heart, for it's there I belong

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# **Take me to your heart, for it's there I belong**

by [Malec\\_Lover23](#)

## Summary

When Alec finds out Magnus is being overworked by Jia, he takes matters into his own hands to protect Magnus' wellbeing. Tooth rotting fluff and comfort ensues.

## Notes

Tumblr: Malec\_Lover23

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Magnus stumbles through the portal, sighing in relief when he sees the familiar surroundings of his loft. Then, he's face to face with the carpet, his face digging into the soft surface.

He could fall asleep for years right here. And he certainly plans to, but an alarmed voice interrupts him from the tempting feeling of rest.

"Magnus, are you alright? Oh, shit."

*Oh shit* is right. Magnus groans as Alec flips him over so he's facing the ceiling instead of the carpet. Alec opens up Magnus' eyelids so Magnus is staring at an extremely concerned Nephilim.

"Magnus, what happened? Are you injured? Talk to me, please." Alec's voice is desperate as he unbuttons Magnus' vest, slipping it off of him the best he can considering Magnus isn't moving and then beginning to work on his shirt.

"I'm fine, shhh, I'm okay." Magnus soothes, running his hand up Alec's arm; however, his grip is extremely weak which just sends Alec into more of a frenzy.

"No, you're not!" Alec protests, lifting Magnus and pulling him into his lap. "This isn't okay, and I know you just want to sleep but I need you to talk to me."

A few moments pass, Alec's hands hovering and caressing nervously as Magnus attempts to find his words.

"Did demons somehow get into your impeccable wards of Alicante? I should've been notified of course, but..."

Wards. Alicante. Jia.

Magnus shakes his head, his head pillowed on Alec's thigh. "No demons. Jia has been asking for me to be available more during the day. Like...eight clients instead of five...five ward updates instead of two..."

Alec's eyes widen and he pulls Magnus closer as a surge of anger and protectiveness fly through his veins.

"Eight clients a day? That's absolutely absurd, Magnus, did you agree to this?"

"Yeah, because I want her to know I'm reliable. S' partly my fault."

"So that's why you haven't been sleeping? And getting up earlier than me? Magnus, this is wrong, and this is not your fault at all. She's taking advantage of you because she knows how kind you are."

Magnus shakes his head again, trying not to worry too much about the world spinning around him, but it goes unnoticed by Alec who stands up and easily scoops Magnus into his arms.

Warm lips press against Magnus' temple and Magnus has to admit sleep deprivation may be worth it if he gets to be carried off to bed by his gorgeous husband.

Magnus sighs and rests his head in the crook of Alec's neck as he's carried off to bed. A few moments later, he's being gently pushed onto silk sheets that are cool underneath his achy muscles.

"This isn't fair, this isn't fair to you at all. I'm calling Jia." Alec murmurs, moving to the end of the bed to pull Magnus' shoes and pants off.

Once he's back beside the bed, Magnus slurs, "'Xander," attempting to grab his hand, his jacket, anything to get his attention.

Alec runs his thumb over Magnus' forehead, across his cheeks, down his jaw, and Magnus can feel him trembling. At first, he believes it's anger that the Clave is overworking the first High Warlock of Alicante.

However, as Magnus relaxes more, he realizes it isn't just anger. It's fear, too. It's fear that one of the most powerful warlocks in the entire world could barely open a portal to his own house. It's fear that Magnus could hardly speak or walk to his bed. "'Xander!" Magnus repeats again.

"Go to sleep Magnus, I'm right here." Alec soothes, mostly for his own benefit as his hand shakes against Magnus' face.

Magnus hums as he's cocooned in golden silk sheets, hearing Alec promise, "And when you wake up, things will be different. You deserve so much better, and I'm so sorry."

Magnus yearns to pull himself out of the sweet tendrils of sleep to comfort his distressed husband, but he's slipping fast, and can't resist his urge to sleep any longer.

However, when he wakes up Alec is waiting with a cup of hot tea, and the assurance that things are going to be much less stressful for him.

Magnus sits up in bed, golden sheets pooling at his waist as he reaches for the steaming cup of peppermint tea. He feels himself being watched and Magnus quirks an amused eyebrow at Alec, trying to lighten the mood.

"I'm so sorry, Magnus. I-I didn't know and I should have." Magnus shakes his head, concern written all over his face as Alec's hands begin to shake again and to Magnus' absolute horror, tears well up in his eyes.

"Alexander, you couldn't have known. This is not your fault in the slightest. If you would have known about this sooner, you would have said something immediately, I know that you would have. You care about me so much, my darling." Magnus speaks softly, sipping at his tea and reaching over to lace his fingers with Alec's.

"Of course I would have. I love you and can't stand seeing you so exhausted." Alec murmurs, looking down at their joined hands.

Magnus' heart melts at Alec's sincere words, and he sets his tea down before gently grasping Alec's hands, pulling him forward so he's lying on Magnus' chest.

"I love you too, darling, so very much." Magnus says, running nimble fingers through his hair.

"Why are you crying, sweetheart?" Magnus asks, leaning down so he can press a kiss to Alec's temple.

"Because I was scared. Whenever you come home like that it shakes me up. I'm so sorry." Alec repeats.

"Love, this is in no way your fault. Like I said, you care about me greatly, and I know you would have already stormed Jia's office if you knew."

"Yeah...about that..." Alec blushes and nuzzles Magnus' chest.

"What did my dashing husband do while I was asleep? Don't tell me you lost your job." Magnus pokes his side playfully. He squirms and giggles, which is the best sound Magnus could hear.

"No, but I would have if it guaranteed you never to be treated like that ever again. Let's just say Jia and I had a little...conversation over the phone. Which then led to threats to come to her office, but it didn't get that far."

Magnus isn't quite sure how he got through to Jia, but then he realizes he's talking about Alexander, who doesn't give up fighting for the people he cares about.

Magnus hums happily, brushing Alec's hair away from his forehead. "My knight in shining armor defending my honor. I'm living a dream everyday."

"I managed to get us both the weekend off." Magnus' eyes light up and he begins thinking of all the places they could go and things they could do with that time, but Alec shakes his head with a chuckle. "And no, before you say it, we're not going anywhere. You need lots of rest, and if we're at a different country I'm sure that'll be the last thing we'll be doing. No portals, no conjuring dinner from halfway across the globe, no magic. Just rest and relaxation."

"I can think of a few ways to help relax me, and some of them can be rather...taxing, my darling." Magnus suggests, relishing in the gasp that escapes Alec's lips.

"Magnus! You're literally both sleep deprived and magically depleted and you're still trying to seduce me."

Magnus laughs and leans down, pressing a kiss to Alec's messy curls. "Because I want you to know I'm okay. That I'll live. And also, I adore that blush you always get when I so much as mention something related to sex."

"By the Angels!" Alec grumbles, burrowing his head in Magnus' chest, attempting to escape the conversation by ignoring Magnus.

“You’re so innocent. So pure. My unadulterated little husband.”

Alec scoffs and pulls away from Magnus, raising an eyebrow at his words. “Out of all the things you consistently rope me into trying, I hardly think innocent and pure are words to describe me anymore.”

“I suppose not.” Magnus shrugs, feeling magic begin to thrum through his veins again and sighing in relief. He has everything he needs now: Alec and his magic.

“Well...now that you seem to be more...energetic...I can draw you a bath if you'd like?” Alec proposes, playing with Magnus’ fingers languidly.

“I love the way you Shadowhunters think! As long as Alexander Gideon Lightwood-Bane is an addition to the bath, and it ends with a steamy shower, then I humbly accept.” Magnus winks and pecks Alec's lips.

“I figured you'd say something like that.” Alec murmurs, rolling his eyes fondly before rolling out of bed, taking an enthusiastic warlock with him.

“Before we get too carried away in the shower,” Alec starts, making Magnus laugh and wrap his arms around his waist. He’s still feeling shaky and drained, but his energy is replenishing much faster than he thought it would. “I just want you to know I’m never going to let Jia take advantage of your generosity again. Of course you love helping out, and I love that you love that, but there comes a line that shouldn’t be crossed when overworking your allies, and causing you to go through a magic depletion is one of those lines you don’t cross.”

“Alexander...” Magnus drawls, reaching out to cup Alec’s cheek; however, Alec shakes his head and gives him a small smile before continuing.

“What I’m trying to get at is that I’ve let the Clave take my life and happiness away from me for a long time. But now,” Alec leans down and brushes their noses together affectionately. “You are my life and happiness, and I’m not letting the Clave take you away from me. I’ve been waiting for someone like you since before I knew I could have this, so I’m loathe to let someone like you, someone so unbelievably beautiful and strong and kind slip through my fingers. I’m going to protect you, especially when you can’t protect yourself. I vowed to you, and I’m never going to break it.”

“I love you to distraction, my Alexander. My light, my joy, the very beat of my heart, the very magic beneath my palm. I’m going to protect you too. We’re very good at taking care of each other.”

Magnus gazes into affectionate hazel eyes, and sees his entire heart staring back at him, his reflection and his destiny.

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