

How wonderful life is with you in the world

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by [Malec_Lover23](#)

Summary

A conversation about thanksgiving traditions turns into something heavier but it's what Alec needs.

Mentions of self harming in the form of neglecting to eat, rest, and relax. Please stay safe <3

Notes

Happy thanksgiving everyone! Even if you don't celebrate, I want to thank each and every one of you for sticking around and constantly supporting my works. I see each of you, and I would spend the rest of my life personally thanking you ♥things haven't been the best for me right now, there's a lot of tension in my family, but when I come on here all I receive is support and love and I can't tell you how amazing that feels. Thank you, thank you, thank you ♥

"I know you blessed Nephilim don't celebrate anything but getting your clothes dirty with ichor, but happy thanksgiving anyway, darling." Magnus speaks softly in their bedroom, as the sun begins its descent above Brooklyn's horizon.

Alec chuckles and turns, pursing his lips for a quick kiss. Magnus, as always, delivers perfectly.

"Happy thanksgiving, Magnus. But, I'll have you know we actually did celebrate mundane thanksgiving."

"Really?" The surprise in Magnus' voice was not even attempted to be hidden.

"You could have been a little less surprised about that." Alec rolls his eyes and flips over on his side, so he's face to face with his smiling warlock looking a bit contrite.

"I'm sorry, love, but you must give me some credit." Magnus defends, reaching over to brush his fingers through Alec's hair gently, "Your people aren't known to really get together for anything, let alone mundane traditions."

"Honestly, it was just an excuse to get my entire family together to eat food. We would go to Idris most of the time, and meet with all of my extended family. Cousins, great aunts, grandparents. It was the only time I saw them all year. That was when I was still a kid and partly a teenager. Now, we always hold a thanksgiving feast at the Institute."

"You should go, darling. That sounds fun."

"No-no I don't-don't want to." Alec shakes his head and Magnus tilts his head in confusion.

Magnus replies, "You don't want to spend the evening with your siblings? I don't mind, you know that."

"No, it's not that. I just really don't want to go." Alec says, wringing his hands together nervously. Magnus realizes this is so much more than the actual thanksgiving dinner, as he notices the signs of Alec closing in on himself.

"Hey, it was just a suggestion, sweetheart. We can stay holed up in here for as long as you like. You know I would never give up a chance to have you all to myself."

"I-I know. I'm sorry I'm upset I just...I don't know."

"Don't apologize. Whatever you're feeling, it's okay. You and I both know that. Do you want to talk about it?" Magnus offers Alec his hand, and Alec takes it with a grateful smile, running his fingers along the cool metal of his rings, a contrast to his own jittery skin.

"I never had fun at thanksgiving, because everyone was so happy. I-I thought if I was happy too...something would happen. Something would go wrong. I didn't want to see those smiles disappear, so I would always fade in the background, just waiting for something to go wrong. It was only a matter of time until I didn't attend the feast, I would stay up and watch the

doors. I wouldn't eat anything because that would mean I was accepting it was okay to let the night drag on without someone watching. I grew up protecting, and that's what I do best."

Magnus shakily sighs. Oh, Alexander. His sweet love, with a heart way too big considering all he's been through, staying in his soldier mode during a time that should be filled with laughter, happiness, joy.

"You're more than just a protector, Alexander. You're so much more than that. You deserve to relax, you deserve to stand down, my love. Someone else can step up sometimes, that's the way it should be. Darling, you are a stunning protector, anyone knows that, but you are so much more than that. You are a caring brother, a loyal friend, a devoted parabatai, a nurturing and loving husband, a forgiving son."

Alec snuffles, a few tears running down his cheeks. Magnus folds him into his arms, holding him tight and stroking his hair gently.

"I have a hard time with it myself, but you just have to trust that there will be people who step up to take your place while you let go." Magnus soothes, kissing Alec's wet cheek. "For example, your siblings and your other Shadowhunters. You just did it today, darling. I'm so proud of you for taking today off, and listening to what your heart was trying to tell you."

"I feel safe here, and I don't really want to leave. I'm so-"

"No apologies, Alexander. That's hardly a thing to be sorry for. I'm so incredibly glad you feel safe here. With that being said, we're going to stay right here until you're ready, so you just tell me when you're ready."

Alec feels weight roll off of his shoulders, and he blinks away more tears. Magnus runs soothing circles into his palm, saying, "My Angel, it's alright. I'm right here. Do you want to know what I'm thankful for?"

Alec nods from his place curled up in the crook of Magnus' neck, and when Magnus glances down he sees curious hazel eyes looking back at him. Magnus thinks that he could look at Alec for the rest of his life, and he would see the sun staring back at him every time.

Magnus smiles softly and leans down, pressing a tender kiss to his forehead as he says, "I'm thankful for you. I'm thankful you took my life of gray and made it burst into the most vibrant of colors. I'm thankful that after everything, you're still here and you still love me with a passion that rivals anything I've ever seen. I'm thankful we trust each other to carry the secrets we would never tell anyone else. I'm thankful to find a husband so genuine, so gorgeous, so talented, and so affectionate. I'm so truly thankful for you, my darling Alexander, love of my life."

A tidal wave of emotions hit Alec at Magnus' words, and Alec could say a lot of things. He wants to say a lot of things. He wants to return Magnus' words tenfold, like Magnus deserves.

However, all that comes out is a soft but soul-stirring, "I love you."

Magnus face softens, and he brings his forehead to rest against Alec's. "I love you too, Alexander."

When Alec can finally open his eyes, his heart swells as he sees two golden cat eyes filled with all the fondness this Earth has to offer, and he knows he said enough.

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