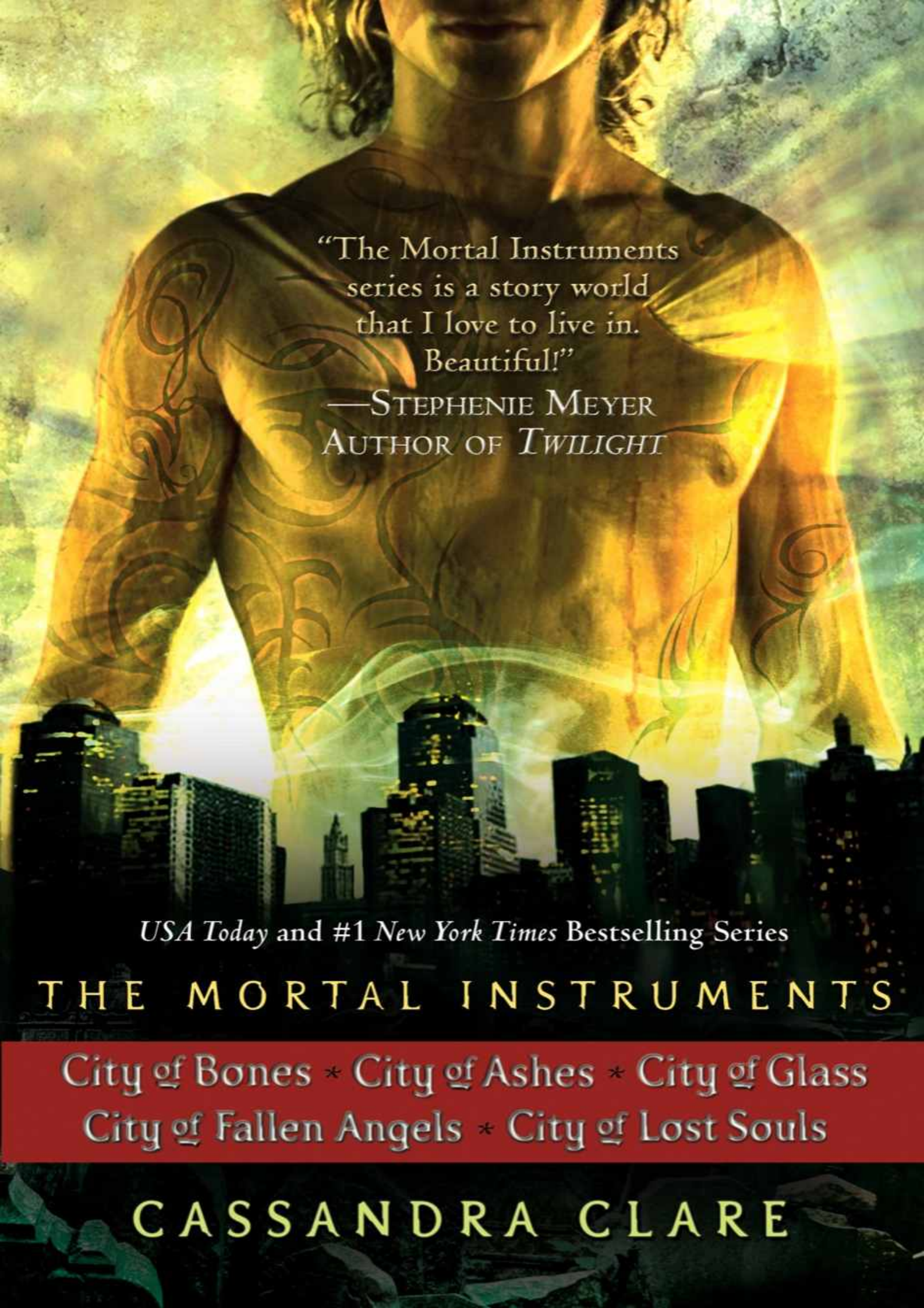




"The Mortal Instruments
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Beautiful!"

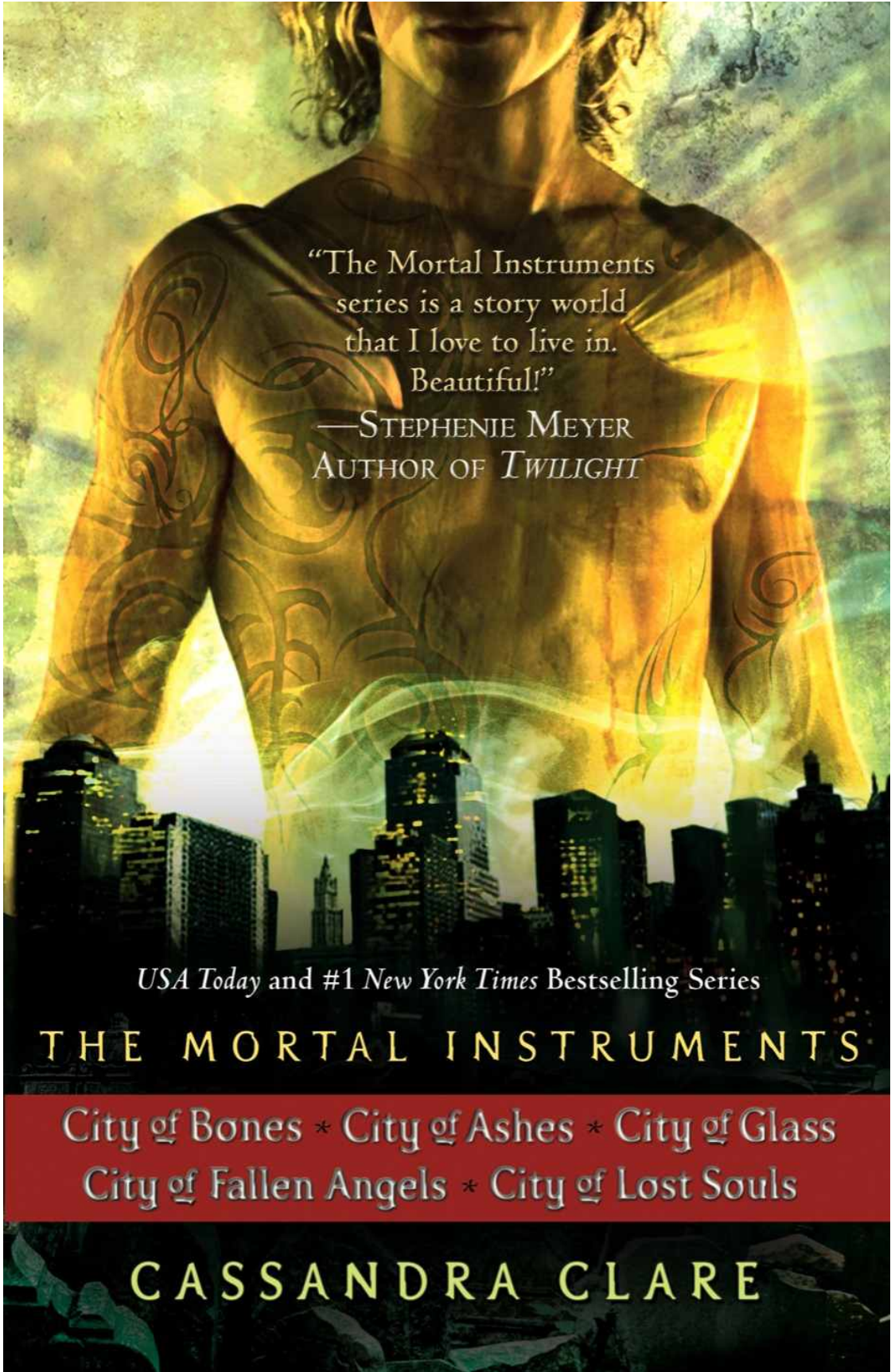
—STEPHENIE MEYER
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City of Bones * City of Ashes * City of Glass
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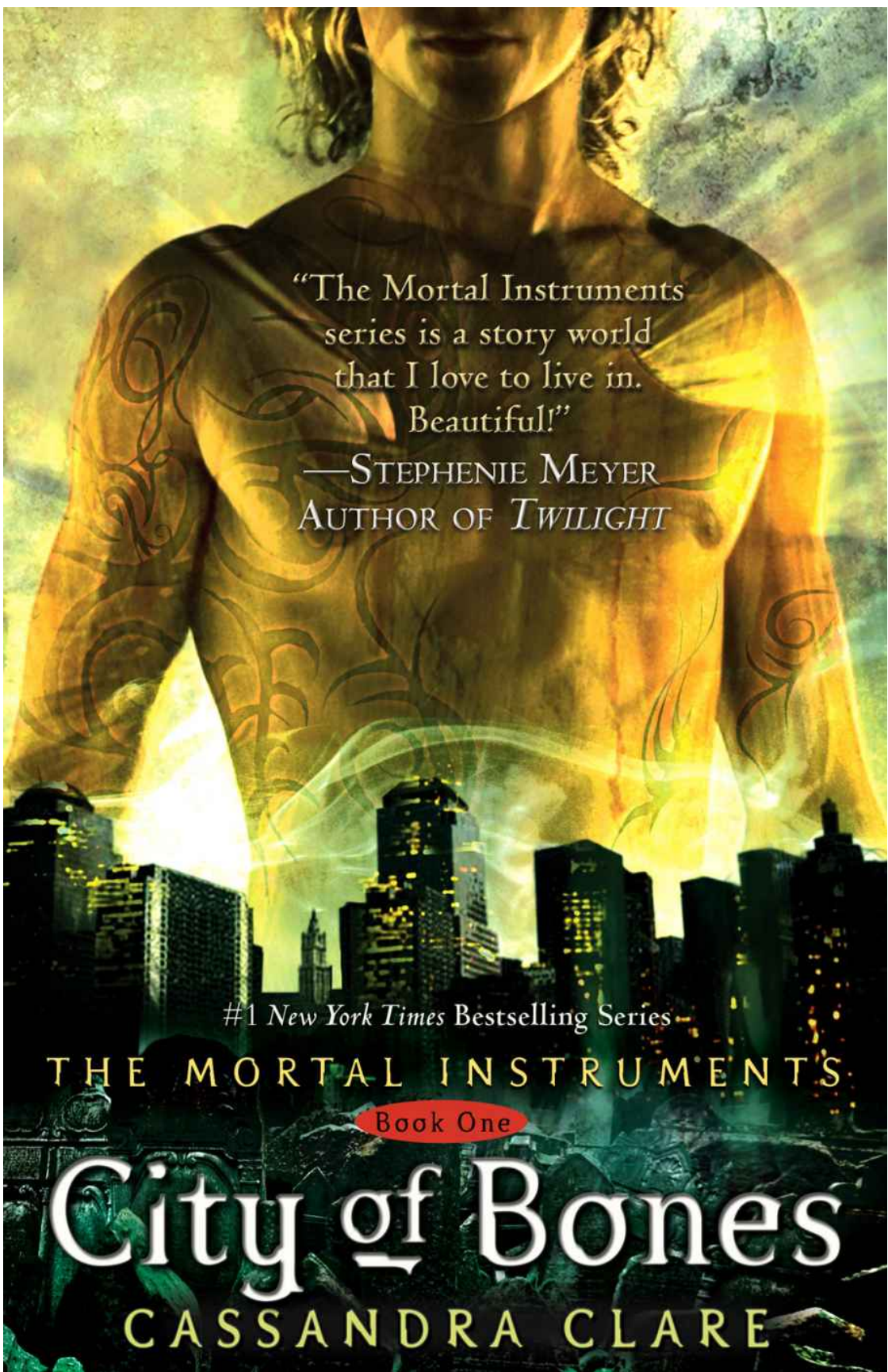
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Margaret K. McElderry Books
NEW YORK LONDON TORONTO SYDNEY

For my grandfather



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*I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasm, or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.
—William Shakespeare, Julius Caesar*



Part One

Dark Descent



*I sung of Chaos and Eternal Night,
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend . . .
—John Milton, *Paradise Lost**

1

PANDEMONIUM

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” the bouncer said, folding his arms across his massive chest. He stared down at the boy in the red zip-up jacket and shook his shaved head. “You can’t bring that thing in here.”

The fifty or so teenagers in line outside the Pandemonium Club leaned forward to eavesdrop. It was a long wait to get into the all-ages club, especially on a Sunday, and not much generally happened in line. The bouncers were fierce and would come down instantly on anyone who looked like they were going to start trouble. Fifteen-year-old Clary Fray, standing in line with her best friend, Simon, leaned forward along with everyone else, hoping for some excitement.

“Aw, come on.” The kid hoisted the thing up over his head. It looked like a wooden beam, pointed at one end. “It’s part of my costume.”

The bouncer raised an eyebrow. “Which is what?”

The boy grinned. He was normal-enough-looking, Clary thought, for Pandemonium. He had electric blue dyed hair that stuck up around his head like the tendrils of a startled octopus, but no elaborate facial tattoos or big metal bars through his ears or lips. “I’m a vampire hunter.” He pushed down on the wooden thing. It bent as easily as a blade of grass bending sideways. “It’s fake. Foam rubber. See?”

The boy’s wide eyes were way too bright a green, Clary noticed: the color of antifreeze, spring grass. Colored contact lenses, probably. The bouncer shrugged, abruptly bored. “Whatever. Go on in.”

The boy slid past him, quick as an eel. Clary liked the lilt to his shoulders, the way he tossed his hair as he went. There was

a word for him that her mother would have used—*insouciant*.

“You thought he was cute,” said Simon, sounding resigned. “Didn’t you?”

Clary dug her elbow into his ribs, but didn’t answer.



Inside, the club was full of dry-ice smoke. Colored lights played over the dance floor, turning it into a multicolored fairyland of blues and acid greens, hot pinks and golds.

The boy in the red jacket stroked the long razor-sharp blade in his hands, an idle smile playing over his lips. It had been so easy—a little bit of a glamour on the blade, to make it look harmless. Another glamour on his eyes, and the moment the bouncer had looked straight at him, he was in. Of course, he could probably have gotten by without all that trouble, but it was part of the fun—fooling the mundies, doing it all out in the open right in front of them, getting off on the blank looks on their sheeplike faces.

Not that the humans didn’t have their uses. The boy’s green eyes scanned the dance floor, where slender limbs clad in scraps of silk and black leather appeared and disappeared inside the revolving columns of smoke as the mundies danced. Girls tossed their long hair, boys swung their leather-clad hips, and bare skin glittered with sweat. Vitality just *poured* off them, waves of energy that filled him with a drunken dizziness. His lip curled. They didn’t know how lucky they were. They didn’t know what it was like to eke out life in a dead world, where the sun hung limp in the sky like a burned cinder. Their lives burned as brightly as candle flames—and were as easy to snuff out.

His hand tightened on the blade he carried, and he had begun to step out onto the dance floor when a girl broke away from the mass of dancers and began walking toward him. He stared at her. She was beautiful, for a human—long hair nearly the precise color of black ink, charcoaled eyes. Floor-length white gown, the kind women used to wear when this world was younger. Lace sleeves belled out around her slim arms. Around her neck was a thick silver chain, on which hung a

dark red pendant the size of a baby's fist. He only had to narrow his eyes to know that it was real—real and precious. His mouth started to water as she neared him. Vital energy pulsed from her like blood from an open wound. She smiled, passing him, beckoning with her eyes. He turned to follow her, tasting the phantom sizzle of her death on his lips.

It was always easy. He could already feel the power of her evaporating life coursing through his veins like fire. Humans were so stupid. They had something so precious, and they barely safeguarded it at all. They threw away their lives for money, for packets of powder, for a stranger's charming smile. The girl was a pale ghost retreating through the colored smoke. She reached the wall and turned, bunching her skirt up in her hands, lifting it as she grinned at him. Under the skirt, she was wearing thigh-high boots.

He sauntered up to her, his skin prickling with her nearness. Up close she wasn't so perfect: He could see the mascara smudged under her eyes, the sweat sticking her hair to her neck. He could smell her mortality, the sweet rot of corruption. *Got you*, he thought.

A cool smile curled her lips. She moved to the side, and he could see that she was leaning against a closed door. NO ADMITTANCE—STORAGE was scrawled across it in red paint. She reached behind her for the knob, turned it, slid inside. He caught a glimpse of stacked boxes, tangled wiring. A storage room. He glanced behind him—no one was looking. So much the better if she wanted privacy.

He slipped into the room after her, unaware that he was being followed.



“So,” Simon said, “pretty good music, eh?”

Clary didn't reply. They were dancing, or what passed for it—a lot of swaying back and forth with occasional lunges toward the floor as if one of them had dropped a contact lens—in a space between a group of teenage boys in metallic corsets, and a young Asian couple who were making out passionately, their colored hair extensions tangled together like

vines. A boy with a lip piercing and a teddy bear backpack was handing out free tablets of herbal ecstasy, his parachute pants flapping in the breeze from the wind machine. Clary wasn't paying much attention to their immediate surroundings—her eyes were on the blue-haired boy who'd talked his way into the club. He was prowling through the crowd as if he were looking for something. There was something about the way he moved that reminded her of something . . .

"I, for one," Simon went on, "am enjoying myself immensely."

This seemed unlikely. Simon, as always, stuck out at the club like a sore thumb, in jeans and an old T-shirt that said MADE IN BROOKLYN across the front. His freshly scrubbed hair was dark brown instead of green or pink, and his glasses perched crookedly on the end of his nose. He looked less as if he were contemplating the powers of darkness and more as if he were on his way to chess club.

"Mmm-hmm." Clary knew perfectly well that he came to Pandemonium with her only because she liked it, that he thought it was boring. She wasn't even sure why it was that she liked it—the clothes, the music made it like a dream, someone else's life, not her boring real life at all. But she was always too shy to talk to anyone but Simon.

The blue-haired boy was making his way off the dance floor. He looked a little lost, as if he hadn't found whom he was looking for. Clary wondered what would happen if she went up and introduced herself, offered to show him around. Maybe he'd just stare at her. Or maybe he was shy too. Maybe he'd be grateful and pleased, and try not to show it, the way boys did—but she'd know. Maybe—

The blue-haired boy straightened up suddenly, snapping to attention, like a hunting dog on point. Clary followed the line of his gaze, and saw the girl in the white dress.

Oh, well, Clary thought, trying not to feel like a deflated party balloon. *I guess that's that.* The girl was gorgeous, the kind of girl Clary would have liked to draw—tall and ribbon-slim, with a long spill of black hair. Even at this distance Clary

could see the red pendant around her throat. It pulsed under the lights of the dance floor like a separate, disembodied heart.

“I feel,” Simon went on, “that this evening DJ Bat is doing a singularly exceptional job. Don’t you agree?”

Clary rolled her eyes and didn’t answer; Simon hated trance music. Her attention was on the girl in the white dress. Through the darkness, smoke, and artificial fog, her pale dress shone out like a beacon. No wonder the blue-haired boy was following her as if he were under a spell, too distracted to notice anything else around him—even the two dark shapes hard on his heels, weaving after him through the crowd.

Clary slowed her dancing and stared. She could just make out that the shapes were boys, tall and wearing black clothes. She couldn’t have said how she knew that they were following the other boy, but she did. She could see it in the way they paced him, their careful watchfulness, the slinking grace of their movements. A small flower of apprehension began to open inside her chest.

“Meanwhile,” Simon added, “I wanted to tell you that lately I’ve been cross-dressing. Also, I’m sleeping with your mom. I thought you should know.”

The girl had reached the wall, and was opening a door marked NO ADMITTANCE. She beckoned the blue-haired boy after her, and they slipped through the door. It wasn’t anything Clary hadn’t seen before, a couple sneaking off to the dark corners of the club to make out—but that made it even weirder that they were being followed.

She raised herself up on tiptoe, trying to see over the crowd. The two guys had stopped at the door and seemed to be conferring with each other. One of them was blond, the other dark-haired. The blond one reached into his jacket and drew out something long and sharp that flashed under the strobing lights. A knife. “Simon!” Clary shouted, and seized his arm.

“What?” Simon looked alarmed. “I’m not really sleeping with your mom, you know. I was just trying to get your attention. Not that your mom isn’t a very attractive woman, for her age.”

“Do you see those guys?” She pointed wildly, almost hitting a curvy black girl who was dancing nearby. The girl shot her an evil look. “Sorry—sorry!” Clary turned back to Simon. “Do you see those two guys over there? By that door?”

Simon squinted, then shrugged. “I don’t see anything.”

“There are two of them. They were following the guy with the blue hair—”

“The one you thought was cute?”

“Yes, but that’s not the point. The blond one pulled a knife.”

“Are you *sure*?” Simon stared harder, shaking his head. “I still don’t see anyone.”

“I’m sure.”

Suddenly all business, Simon squared his shoulders. “I’ll get one of the security guards. You stay here.” He strode away, pushing through the crowd.

Clary turned just in time to see the blond boy slip through the NO ADMITTANCE door, his friend right on his heels. She looked around; Simon was still trying to shove his way across the dance floor, but he wasn’t making much progress. Even if she yelled now, no one would hear her, and by the time Simon got back, something terrible might *already* have happened. Biting hard on her lower lip, Clary started to wriggle through the crowd.



“What’s your name?”

She turned and smiled. What faint light there was in the storage room spilled down through high barred windows smeared with dirt. Piles of electrical cables, along with broken bits of mirrored disco balls and discarded paint cans littered the floor.

“Isabelle.”

“That’s a nice name.” He walked toward her, stepping carefully among the wires in case any of them were live. In the

faint light she looked half-transparent, bleached of color, wrapped in white like an angel. It would be a pleasure to make her fall. . . . “I haven’t seen you here before.”

“You’re asking me if I come here often?” She giggled, covering her mouth with her hand. There was some sort of bracelet around her wrist, just under the cuff of her dress—then, as he neared her, he saw that it wasn’t a bracelet at all but a pattern inked into her skin, a matrix of swirling lines.

He froze. “You—”

He didn’t finish. She moved with lightning swiftness, striking out at him with her open hand, a blow to his chest that would have sent him down gasping if he’d been a human being. He staggered back, and now there was something in her hand, a coiling whip that glinted gold as she brought it down, curling around his ankles, jerking him off his feet. He hit the ground, writhing, the hated metal biting deep into his skin. She laughed, standing over him, and dizzily he thought that he should have *known*. No human girl would wear a dress like the one Isabelle wore. She’d worn it to cover her skin—all of her skin.

Isabelle yanked hard on the whip, securing it. Her smile glittered like poisonous water. “He’s all yours, boys.”

A low laugh sounded behind him, and now there were hands on him, hauling him upright, throwing him against one of the concrete pillars. He could feel the damp stone under his back. His hands were pulled behind him, his wrists bound with wire. As he struggled, someone walked around the side of the pillar into his view: a boy, as young as Isabelle and just as pretty. His tawny eyes glittered like chips of amber. “So,” the boy said. “Are there any more with you?”

The blue-haired boy could feel blood welling up under the too-tight metal, making his wrists slippery. “Any other what?”

“Come on now.” The tawny-eyed boy held up his hands, and his dark sleeves slipped down, showing the runes inked all over his wrists, the backs of his hands, his palms. “You know what I am.”

Far back inside his skull, the shackled boy's second set of teeth began to grind.

"Shadowhunter," he hissed.

The other boy grinned all over his face. "Got you," he said.



Clary pushed the door to the storage room open, and stepped inside. For a moment she thought it was deserted. The only windows were high up and barred; faint street noise came through them, the sound of honking cars and squealing brakes. The room smelled like old paint, and a heavy layer of dust covered the floor, marked by smeared shoe prints.

There's no one in here, she realized, looking around in bewilderment. It was cold in the room, despite the August heat outside. Her back was icy with sweat. She took a step forward, tangling her feet in electrical wires. She bent down to free her sneaker from the cables—and heard voices. A girl's laugh, a boy answering sharply. When she straightened up, she saw them.

It was as if they had sprung into existence between one blink of her eyes and the next. There was the girl in her long white dress, her black hair hanging down her back like damp seaweed. The two boys were with her—the tall one with black hair like hers, and the smaller, fair one, whose hair gleamed like brass in the dim light coming through the windows high above. The fair boy was standing with his hands in his pockets, facing the punk kid, who was tied to a pillar with what looked like piano wire, his hands stretched behind him, his legs bound at the ankles. His face was pulled tight with pain and fear.

Heart hammering in her chest, Clary ducked behind the nearest concrete pillar and peered around it. She watched as the fair-haired boy paced back and forth, his arms now crossed over his chest. "So," he said. "You still haven't told me if there are any other of your kind with you."

Your kind? Clary wondered what he was talking about. Maybe she'd stumbled into some kind of gang war.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” The blue-haired boy’s tone was pained but surly.

“He means other demons,” said the dark-haired boy, speaking for the first time. “You do know what a demon is, don’t you?”

The boy tied to the pillar turned his face away, his mouth working.

“Demons,” drawled the blond boy, tracing the word on the air with his finger. “Religiously defined as hell’s denizens, the servants of Satan, but understood here, for the purposes of the Clave, to be any malevolent spirit whose origin is outside our own home dimension—”

“That’s enough, Jace,” said the girl.

“Isabelle’s right,” agreed the taller boy. “Nobody here needs a lesson in semantics—or demonology.”

They’re crazy, Clary thought. Actually crazy.

Jace raised his head and smiled. There was something fierce about the gesture, something that reminded Clary of documentaries she’d watched about lions on the Discovery Channel, the way the big cats would raise their heads and sniff the air for prey. “Isabelle and Alec think I talk too much,” he said, confidently. “Do *you* think I talk too much?”

The blue-haired boy didn’t reply. His mouth was still working. “I could give you information,” he said. “I know where Valentine is.”

Jace glanced back at Alec, who shrugged. “Valentine’s in the ground,” Jace said. “The thing’s just toying with us.”

Isabelle tossed her hair. “Kill it, Jace,” she said. “It’s not going to tell us anything.”

Jace raised his hand, and Clary saw dim light spark off the knife he was holding. It was oddly translucent, the blade clear as crystal, sharp as a shard of glass, the hilt set with red stones.

The bound boy gasped. “Valentine is back!” he protested, dragging at the bonds that held his hands behind his back. “All

the Infernal Worlds know it—I know it—I can tell you where he is—”

Rage flared suddenly in Jace’s icy eyes. “By the Angel, every time we capture one of you bastards, you claim you know where Valentine is. Well, we know where he is too. He’s in hell. And you—” Jace turned the knife in his grasp, the edge sparking like a line of fire. “You can *join him there*.”

Clary could take no more. She stepped out from behind the pillar. “Stop!” she cried. “You can’t do this.”

Jace whirled, so startled that the knife flew from his hand and clattered against the concrete floor. Isabelle and Alec turned along with him, wearing identical expressions of astonishment. The blue-haired boy hung in his bonds, stunned and gaping.

It was Alec who spoke first. “What’s this?” he demanded, looking from Clary to his companions, as if they might know what she was doing there.

“It’s a girl,” Jace said, recovering his composure. “Surely you’ve seen girls before, Alec. Your sister Isabelle is one.” He took a step closer to Clary, squinting as if he couldn’t quite believe what he was seeing. “A mundie girl,” he said, half to himself. “And she can see us.”

“Of course I can see you,” Clary said. “I’m not blind, you know.”

“Oh, but you are,” said Jace, bending to pick up his knife. “You just don’t know it.” He straightened up. “You’d better get out of here, if you know what’s good for you.”

“I’m not going anywhere,” Clary said. “If I do, you’ll kill him.” She pointed at the boy with the blue hair.

“That’s true,” admitted Jace, twirling the knife between his fingers. “What do you care if I kill him or not?”

“Be-because—,” Clary spluttered. “You can’t just go around killing people.”

“You’re right,” said Jace. “You can’t go around killing *people*.”



He pointed at the boy with blue hair, whose eyes were slitted. Clary wondered if he'd fainted. "That's not a person, little girl. It may look like a person and talk like a person and maybe even bleed like a person. But it's a monster."

"*Jace*," said Isabelle warningly.

"That's enough."

"You're crazy," Clary said, backing away from him. "I've called the police, you know. They'll be here any second."

"She's lying," said Alec, but there was doubt on his face. "Jace, do you—"

He never got to finish his sentence. At that moment the blue-haired boy, with a high, yowling cry, tore free of the restraints binding him to the pillar, and flung himself on Jace.

They fell to the ground and rolled together, the blue-haired boy tearing at Jace with hands that glittered as if tipped with metal. Clary backed up, wanting to run, but her feet caught on a loop of wiring and she went down, knocking the breath out of her chest. She could hear Isabelle shrieking. Rolling over, Clary saw the blue-haired boy sitting on Jace's chest. Blood gleamed at the tips of his razorlike claws.

Isabelle and Alec were running toward them, Isabelle brandishing a whip in her hand. The blue-haired boy slashed at Jace with claws extended. Jace threw an arm up to protect himself, and the claws raked it, splattering blood. The blue-haired boy lunged again—and Isabelle's whip came down across his back. He shrieked and fell to the side.

Swift as a flick of Isabelle's whip, Jace rolled over. There was a blade gleaming in his hand. He sank the knife into the blue-haired boy's chest. Blackish liquid exploded around the hilt. The boy arched off the floor, gurgling and twisting. With a grimace Jace stood up. His black shirt was blacker now in some places, wet with blood. He looked down at the twitching form at his feet, reached down, and yanked out the knife. The hilt was slick with black fluid.

The blue-haired boy's eyes flickered open. His eyes, fixed on Jace, seemed to burn. Between his teeth, he hissed, "*So be it. The Forsaken will take you all.*"

Jace seemed to snarl. The boy's eyes rolled back. His body began to jerk and twitch as he crumpled, folding in on himself, growing smaller and smaller until he vanished entirely.

Clary scrambled to her feet, kicking free of the electrical wiring. She began to back away. None of them was paying attention to her. Alec had reached Jace and was holding his arm, pulling at the sleeve, probably trying to get a good look at the wound. Clary turned to run—and found her way blocked by Isabelle, whip in hand. The gold length of it was stained with dark fluid. She flicked it toward Clary, and the end wrapped itself around her wrist and jerked tight. Clary gasped with pain and surprise.

"Stupid little mundie," Isabelle said between her teeth. "You could have gotten Jace killed."

"He's crazy," Clary said, trying to pull her wrist back. The whip bit deeper into her skin. "You're all crazy. What do you think you are, vigilante killers? The police—"

"The police aren't usually interested unless you can produce a body," said Jace. Cradling his arm, he picked his way across the cable-strewn floor toward Clary. Alec followed behind him, face screwed into a scowl.

Clary glanced at the spot where the boy had disappeared from, and said nothing. There wasn't even a smear of blood there—nothing to show that the boy had ever existed.

"They return to their home dimensions when they die," said Jace. "In case you were wondering."

"Jace," Alec hissed. "Be careful."

Jace drew his arm away. A ghoulisn freckling of blood marked his face. He still reminded her of a lion, with his wide-spaced, light-colored eyes, and that tawny gold hair. "She can see us, Alec," he said. "She already knows too much."

"So what do you want me to do with her?" Isabelle demanded.

“Let her go,” Jace said quietly. Isabelle shot him a surprised, almost angry look, but didn’t argue. The whip slithered away, freeing Clary’s arm. She rubbed her sore wrist and wondered how the hell she was going to get out of there.

“Maybe we should bring her back with us,” Alec said. “I bet Hodge would like to talk to her.”

“No way are we bringing her to the Institute,” said Isabelle. “She’s a *mundie*.”

“Or is she?” said Jace softly. His quiet tone was worse than Isabelle’s snapping or Alec’s anger. “Have you had dealings with demons, little girl? Walked with warlocks, talked with the Night Children? Have you—”

“My name is not ‘little girl,’” Clary interrupted. “And I have no idea what you’re talking about.” *Don’t you?* said a voice in the back of her head. *You saw that boy vanish into thin air. Jace isn’t crazy—you just wish he was.* “I don’t believe in—in demons, or whatever you—”

“Clary?” It was Simon’s voice. She whirled around. He was standing by the storage room door. One of the burly bouncers who’d been stamping hands at the front door was next to him. “Are you okay?” He peered at her through the gloom. “Why are you in here by yourself? What happened to the guys—you know, the ones with the knives?”

Clary stared at him, then looked behind her, where Jace, Isabelle, and Alec stood, Jace still in his bloody shirt with the knife in his hand. He grinned at her and dropped a half-apologetic, half-mocking shrug. Clearly he wasn’t surprised that neither Simon nor the bouncer could see them.

Somehow neither was Clary. Slowly she turned back to Simon, knowing how she must look to him, standing alone in a damp storage room, her feet tangled in bright plastic wiring cables. “I thought they went in here,” she said lamely. “But I guess they didn’t. I’m sorry.” She glanced from Simon, whose expression was changing from worried to embarrassed, to the bouncer, who just looked annoyed. “It was a mistake.”

Behind her, Isabelle giggled.



“I don’t believe it,” Simon said stubbornly as Clary, standing at the curb, tried desperately to hail a cab. Street cleaners had come down Orchard while they were inside the club, and the street was glossed black with oily water.

“I know,” she agreed. “You’d think there’d be *some* cabs. Where is everyone going at midnight on a Sunday?” She turned back to him, shrugging. “You think we’d have better luck on Houston?”

“Not the cabs,” Simon said. “You—I don’t believe you. I don’t believe those guys with the knives just disappeared.”

Clary sighed. “Maybe there weren’t any guys with knives, Simon. Maybe I just imagined the whole thing.”

“No way.” Simon raised his hand over his head, but the oncoming taxis whizzed by him, spraying dirty water. “I saw your face when I came into that storage room. You looked seriously freaked out, like you’d seen a ghost.”

Clary thought of Jace with his lion-cat eyes. She glanced down at her wrist, braceleted by a thin red line where Isabelle’s whip had curled. *No, not a ghost*, she thought. *Something even weirder than that.*

“It was just a mistake,” she said wearily. She wondered why she wasn’t telling him the truth. Except, of course, that he’d think she was crazy. And there was something about what had happened—something about the black blood bubbling up around Jace’s knife, something about his voice when he’d said *Have you talked with the Night Children?* that she wanted to keep to herself.

“Well, it was a hell of an embarrassing mistake,” Simon said. He glanced back at the club, where a thin line still snaked out the door and halfway down the block. “I doubt they’ll ever let us back into Pandemonium.”

“What do you care? You hate Pandemonium.” Clary raised her hand again as a yellow shape sped toward them through the fog. This time, though, the taxi screeched to a halt at their

corner, the driver laying into his horn as if he needed to get their attention.

“Finally we get lucky.” Simon yanked the taxi door open and slid onto the plastic-covered backseat. Clary followed, inhaling the familiar New York cab smell of old cigarette smoke, leather, and hair spray. “We’re going to Brooklyn,” Simon said to the cabbie, and then he turned to Clary. “Look, you know you can tell me anything, right?”

Clary hesitated a moment, then nodded. “Sure, Simon,” she said. “I know I can.”

She slammed the cab door shut behind her, and the taxi took off into the night.

2

SECRETS AND LIES

The dark prince sat astride his black steed, his sable cape flowing behind him. A golden circlet bound his blond locks, his handsome face was cold with the rage of battle, and . . .

“And his arm looked like an eggplant,” Clary muttered to herself in exasperation. The drawing just wasn’t working. With a sigh she tore yet another sheet from her sketchpad, crumpled it up, and tossed it against the orange wall of her bedroom. Already the floor was littered with discarded balls of paper, a sure sign that her creative juices weren’t flowing the way she’d hoped. She wished for the thousandth time that she could be a bit more like her mother. Everything Jocelyn Fray drew, painted, or sketched was beautiful, and seemingly effortless.

Clary pulled her headphones out—cutting off Stepping Razor in midsong—and rubbed her aching temples. It was only then that she became aware that the loud, piercing sound of a ringing telephone was echoing through the apartment. Tossing the sketchpad onto the bed, she jumped to her feet and ran into the living room, where the retro-red phone sat on a table near the front door.

“Is this Clarissa Fray?” The voice on the other end of the phone sounded familiar, though not immediately identifiable.

Clary twirled the phone cord nervously around her finger. “Yees?”

“Hi, I’m one of the knife-carrying hooligans you met last night in Pandemonium? I’m afraid I made a bad impression and was hoping you’d give me a chance to make it up to—”

“SIMON!” Clary held the phone away from her ear as he cracked up laughing. “That is so not funny!”

“Sure it is. You just don’t see the humor.”

“Jerk.” Clary sighed, leaning up against the wall. “You wouldn’t be laughing if you’d been here when I got home last night.”

“Why not?”

“My mom. She wasn’t happy that we were late. She freaked out. It was messy.”

“What? It’s not our fault there was traffic!” Simon protested. He was the youngest of three children and had a finely honed sense of familial injustice.

“Yeah, well, she doesn’t see it that way. I disappointed her, I let her down, I made her worry, blah blah blah. I am the *bane* of her *existence*,” Clary said, mimicking her mother’s precise phrasing with only a slight twinge of guilt.

“So, are you grounded?” Simon asked, a little too loudly. Clary could hear a low rumble of voices behind him; people talking over each other.

“I don’t know yet,” she said. “My mom went out this morning with Luke, and they’re not back yet. Where are you, anyway? Eric’s?”

“Yeah. We just finished up practice.” A cymbal clashed behind Simon. Clary winced. “Eric’s doing a poetry reading over at Java Jones tonight,” Simon went on, naming a coffee shop around the corner from Clary’s that sometimes had live music at night. “The whole band’s going to go to show their support. Want to come?”

“Yeah, all right.” Clary paused, tugging on the phone cord anxiously. “Wait, no.”

“Shut up, guys, will you?” Simon yelled, the faintness of his voice making Clary suspect that he was holding the phone away from his mouth. He was back a second later, sounding troubled. “Was that a yes or a no?”

“I don’t know.” Clary bit her lip. “My mom’s still mad at me about last night. I’m not sure I want to piss her off by

asking for any favors. If I'm going to get in trouble, I don't want it to be on account of Eric's lousy poetry."

"Come on, it's not so bad," Simon said. Eric was his next-door neighbor, and the two had known each other most of their lives. They weren't close the way Simon and Clary were, but they had formed a rock band together at the start of sophomore year, along with Eric's friends Matt and Kirk. They practiced together faithfully in Eric's parents' garage every week. "Besides, it's not a favor," Simon added, "it's a poetry slam around the block from your house. It's not like I'm inviting you to some orgy in Hoboken. Your mom can come along if she wants."

"**ORGY IN HOBOKEN!**" Clary heard someone, probably Eric, yell. Another cymbal crashed. She imagined her mother listening to Eric read his poetry, and she shuddered inwardly.

"I don't know. If all of you show up here, I think she'll freak."

"Then I'll come alone. I'll pick you up and we can walk over there together, meet the rest of them there. Your mom won't mind. She loves me."

Clary had to laugh. "Sign of her questionable taste, if you ask me."

"Nobody did." Simon clicked off, amid shouts from his bandmates.

Clary hung up the phone and glanced around the living room. Evidence of her mother's artistic tendencies was everywhere, from the handmade velvet throw pillows piled on the dark red sofa to the walls hung with Jocelyn's paintings, carefully framed—landscapes, mostly: the winding streets of downtown Manhattan lit with golden light; scenes of Prospect Park in winter, the gray ponds edged with lacelike films of white ice.

On the mantel over the fireplace was a framed photo of Clary's father. A thoughtful-looking fair man in military dress, his eyes bore the telltale traces of laugh lines at the corners. He'd been a decorated soldier serving overseas. Jocelyn had

some of his medals in a small box by her bed. Not that the medals had done anyone any good when Jonathan Clark had crashed his car into a tree just outside Albany and died before his daughter was even born.

Jocelyn had gone back to using her maiden name after he died. She never talked about Clary's father, but she kept the box engraved with his initials, J. C., next to her bed. Along with the medals were one or two photos, a wedding ring, and a single lock of blond hair. Sometimes Jocelyn took the box out and opened it and held the lock of hair very gently in her hands before putting it back and carefully locking the box up again.

The sound of the key turning in the front door roused Clary out of her reverie. Hastily she threw herself down on the couch and tried to look as if she were immersed in one of the paperbacks her mother had left stacked on the end table. Jocelyn recognized reading as a sacred pastime and usually wouldn't interrupt Clary in the middle of a book, even to yell at her.

The door opened with a thump. It was Luke, his arms full of what looked like big square pieces of pasteboard. When he set them down, Clary saw that they were cardboard boxes, folded flat. He straightened up and turned to her with a smile.

"Hey, Un—hey, Luke," she said. He'd asked her to stop calling him Uncle Luke about a year ago, claiming that it made him feel old, and anyway reminded him of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Besides, he'd reminded her gently, he wasn't really her uncle, just a close friend of her mother's who'd known her all her life. "Where's Mom?"

"Parking the truck," he said, straightening his lanky frame with a groan. He was dressed in his usual uniform: old jeans, a flannel shirt, and a bent pair of gold-rimmed spectacles that sat askew on the bridge of his nose. "Remind me again why this building has no service elevator?"

"Because it's old, and has *character*," Clary said immediately. Luke grinned. "What are the boxes for?" she asked.

His grin vanished. "Your mother wanted to pack up some things," he said, avoiding her gaze.

"What things?" Clary asked.

He gave an airy wave. "Extra stuff lying around the house. Getting in the way. You know she never throws anything out. So what are you up to? Studying?" He plucked the book out of her hand and read out loud: "*The world still teems with those motley beings whom a more sober philosophy has discarded. Fairies and goblins, ghosts and demons, still hover about—*" He lowered the book and looked at her over his glasses. "Is this for school?"

"*The Golden Bough*? No. School's not for two weeks." Clary took the book back from him. "It's my mom's."

"I had a feeling."

She dropped it back on the table. "Luke?"

"Uh-huh?" The book already forgotten, he was rummaging in the tool kit next to the hearth. "Ah, here it is." He pulled out an orange plastic tape gun and gazed at it with deep satisfaction.

"What would you do if you saw something nobody else could see?"

The tape gun fell out of Luke's hand, and hit the tiled hearth. He knelt to pick it up, not looking at her. "You mean if I were the only witness to a crime, that sort of thing?"

"No. I mean, if there were other people around, but you were the only one who could see something. As if it were invisible to everyone but you."

He hesitated, still kneeling, the dented tape gun gripped in his hand.

"I know it sounds crazy," Clary ventured nervously, "but . . ."

He turned around. His eyes, very blue behind the glasses, rested on her with a look of firm affection. "Clary, you're an artist, like your mother. That means you see the world in ways that other people don't. It's your gift, to see the beauty and the

horror in ordinary things. It doesn't make you crazy—just different. There's nothing wrong with being different."

Clary pulled her legs up, and rested her chin on her knees. In her mind's eye she saw the storage room, Isabelle's gold whip, the blue-haired boy convulsing in his death spasms, and Jace's tawny eyes. *Beauty and horror*. She said, "If my dad had lived, do you think he'd have been an artist too?"

Luke looked taken aback. Before he could answer her, the door swung open and Clary's mother stalked into the room, her boot heels clacking on the polished wooden floor. She handed Luke a set of jingling car keys and turned to look at her daughter.

Jocelyn Fray was a slim, compact woman, her hair a few shades darker than Clary's and twice as long. At the moment it was twisted up in a dark red knot, stuck through with a graphite pen to hold it in place. She wore paint-spattered overalls over a lavender T-shirt, and brown hiking boots whose soles were caked with oil paint.

People always told Clary that she looked like her mother, but she couldn't see it herself. The only thing that was similar about them was their figures: They were both slender, with small chests and narrow hips. She knew she wasn't beautiful like her mother was. To be beautiful you had to be willowy and tall. When you were as short as Clary was, just over five feet, you were cute. Not pretty or beautiful, but cute. Throw in carrot hair and a face full of freckles, and she was a Raggedy Ann to her mother's Barbie doll.

Jocelyn even had a graceful way of walking that made people turn their heads to watch her go by. Clary, by contrast, was always tripping over her feet. The only time people turned to watch her go by was when she hurtled past them as she fell downstairs.

"Thanks for bringing the boxes up," Clary's mother said to Luke, and smiled at him. He didn't return the smile. Clary's stomach did an uneasy flip. Clearly there was something going on. "Sorry it took me so long to find a space. There must be a million people at the park today—"

“Mom?” Clary interrupted. “What are the boxes for?”

Jocelyn bit her lip. Luke flicked his eyes toward Clary, mutely urging Jocelyn forward. With a nervous twitch of her wrist, Jocelyn pushed a dangling lock of hair behind her ear and went to join her daughter on the couch.

Up close Clary could see how tired her mother looked. There were dark half-moons under her eyes, and her lids were pearly with sleeplessness.

“Is this about last night?” Clary asked.

“No,” her mother said quickly, and then hesitated. “Maybe a little. You shouldn’t have done what you did last night. You know better.”

“And I already apologized. What is this about? If you’re grounding me, get it over with.”

“I’m not,” said her mother, “grounding you.” Her voice was as taut as a wire. She glanced at Luke, who shook his head.

“Just tell her, Jocelyn,” he said.

“Could you not talk about me like I’m not here?” Clary said angrily. “And what do you mean, tell me? Tell me what?”

Jocelyn expelled a sigh. “We’re going on vacation.”

Luke’s expression went blank, like a canvas wiped clean of paint.

Clary shook her head. “That’s what this is about? You’re going on vacation?” She sank back against the cushions. “I don’t get it. Why the big production?”

“I don’t think you understand. I meant we’re all going on vacation. The three of us—you, me, and Luke. We’re going to the farmhouse.”

“Oh.” Clary glanced at Luke, but he had his arms crossed over his chest and was staring out the window, his jaw pulled tight. She wondered what was upsetting him. He loved the old farmhouse in upstate New York—he’d bought and restored it himself ten years before, and he went there whenever he could. “For how long?”

“For the rest of the summer,” said Jocelyn. “I brought the boxes in case you want to pack up any books, painting supplies—”

“For the *rest of the summer*?” Clary sat upright with indignation. “I can’t do that, Mom. I have plans—Simon and I were going to have a back-to-school party, and I’ve got a bunch of meetings with my art group, and ten more classes at Tisch—”

“I’m sorry about Tisch. But the other things can be canceled. Simon will understand, and so will your art group.”

Clary heard the implacability in her mother’s tone and realized she was serious. “But I paid for those art classes! I saved up all year! You promised.” She whirled, turning to Luke. “Tell her! Tell her it isn’t fair!”

Luke didn’t look away from the window, though a muscle jumped in his cheek. “She’s your mother. It’s her decision to make.”

“I don’t get it.” Clary turned back to her mother. “Why?”

“I have to get away, Clary,” Jocelyn said, the corners of her mouth trembling. “I need the peace, the quiet, to paint. And money is tight right now—”

“So sell some more of Dad’s stocks,” Clary said angrily. “That’s what you usually do, isn’t it?”

Jocelyn recoiled. “That’s hardly fair.”

“Look, go if you want to go. I don’t care. I’ll stay here without you. I can work; I can get a job at Starbucks or something. Simon said they’re always hiring. I’m old enough to take care of myself—”

“No!” The sharpness in Jocelyn’s voice made Clary jump. “I’ll pay you back for the art classes, Clary. But you are coming with us. It isn’t optional. You’re too young to stay here on your own. Something could happen.”

“Like what? What could happen?” Clary demanded.

There was a crash. She turned in surprise to find that Luke had knocked over one of the framed pictures leaning against

the wall. Looking distinctly upset, he set it back. When he straightened, his mouth was set in a grim line. "I'm leaving."

Jocelyn bit her lip. "Wait." She hurried after him into the entryway, catching up just as he seized the doorknob. Twisting around on the sofa, Clary could just overhear her mother's urgent whisper. "... Bane," Jocelyn was saying. "I've been calling him and calling him for the past three weeks. His voice mail says he's in Tanzania. What am I supposed to do?"

"Jocelyn." Luke shook his head. "You can't keep going to him forever."

"But Clary—"

"Isn't Jonathan," Luke hissed. "You've never been the same since it happened, but Clary *isn't Jonathan*."

What does my father have to do with this? Clary thought, bewildered.

"I can't just keep her at home, not let her go out. She won't put up with it."

"Of course she won't!" Luke sounded really angry. "She's not a pet, she's a teenager. Almost an adult."

"If we were out of the city . . ."

"Talk to her, Jocelyn." Luke's voice was firm. "I mean it." He reached for the doorknob.

The door flew open. Jocelyn gave a little scream.

"Jesus!" Luke exclaimed.

"Actually, it's just me," said Simon. "Although I've been told the resemblance is startling." He waved at Clary from the doorway. "You ready?"

Jocelyn took her hand away from her mouth. "Simon, were you eavesdropping?"

Simon blinked. "No, I just got here." He looked from Jocelyn's pale face to Luke's grim one. "Is something wrong? Should I go?"

“Don’t bother,” Luke said. “I think we’re done here.” He pushed past Simon, thudding down the stairs at a rapid pace. Downstairs, the front door slammed shut.

Simon hovered in the doorway, looking uncertain. “I can come back later,” he said. “Really. It wouldn’t be a problem.”

“That might—,” Jocelyn began, but Clary was already on her feet.

“Forget it, Simon. We’re leaving,” she said, grabbing her messenger bag from a hook near the door. She slung it over her shoulder, glaring at her mother. “See you later, Mom.”

Jocelyn bit her lip. “Clary, don’t you think we should talk about this?”

“We’ll have plenty of time to talk while we’re on ‘vacation,’” Clary said venomously, and had the satisfaction of seeing her mother flinch. “Don’t wait up,” she added, and, grabbing Simon’s arm, she half-dragged him out the front door.

He dug his heels in, looking apologetically over his shoulder at Clary’s mother, who stood small and forlorn in the entryway, her hands knitted tightly together. “Bye, Mrs. Fray!” he called. “Have a nice evening!”

“Oh, shut *up*, Simon,” Clary snapped, and slammed the door behind them, cutting off her mother’s reply.



“Jesus, woman, don’t rip my arm off,” Simon protested as Clary hauled him downstairs after her, her green Skechers slapping against the wooden stairs with every angry step. She glanced up, half-expecting to see her mother glaring down from the landing, but the apartment door stayed shut.

“Sorry,” Clary muttered, letting go of his wrist. She paused at the foot of the stairs, her messenger bag banging against her hip.

Clary’s brownstone, like most in Park Slope, had once been the single residence of a wealthy family. Shades of its former grandeur were still evident in the curving staircase, the

chipped marble entryway floor, and the wide single-paned skylight overhead. Now the house was split into separate apartments, and Clary and her mother shared the three-floor building with a downstairs tenant, an elderly woman who ran a psychic's shop out of her apartment. She hardly ever came out of it, though customer visits were infrequent. A gold plaque fixed to the door proclaimed her to be MADAME DOROTHEA, SEERESS AND PROPHETESS.

The thick sweet scent of incense spilled from the half-open door into the foyer. Clary could hear a low murmur of voices.

"Nice to see she's doing a booming business," Simon said. "It's hard to get steady prophet work these days."

"Do you have to be sarcastic about everything?" Clary snapped.

Simon blinked, clearly taken aback. "I thought you liked it when I was witty and ironic."

Clary was about to reply when the door to Madame Dorothea's swung fully open and a man stepped out. He was tall, with maple-syrup-colored skin, gold-green eyes like a cat's, and tangled black hair. He grinned at her blindingly, showing sharp white teeth.

A wave of dizziness came over her, the strong sensation that she was going to faint.

Simon glanced at her uneasily. "Are you all right? You look like you're going to pass out."

She blinked at him. "What? No, I'm fine."

He didn't seem to want to let it drop. "You look like you just saw a ghost."

She shook her head. The memory of having seen something teased her, but when she tried to concentrate, it slid away like water. "Nothing. I thought I saw Dorothea's cat, but I guess it was just a trick of the light." Simon stared at her. "I haven't eaten anything since yesterday," she added defensively. "I guess I'm a little out of it."

He slid a comforting arm around her shoulders. “Come on, I’ll buy you some food.”



“I just can’t believe she’s being like this,” Clary said for the fourth time, chasing a stray bit of guacamole around her plate with the tip of a nacho. They were at a neighborhood Mexican joint, a hole in the wall called Nacho Mama. “Like grounding me every other week wasn’t bad enough. Now I’m going to be exiled for the rest of the summer.”

“Well, you know, your mom gets like this sometimes,” Simon said. “Like when she breathes in or out.” He grinned at her around his veggie burrito.

“Oh, sure, act like it’s funny,” she said. “*You’re* not the one getting dragged off to the middle of nowhere for God knows how long—”

“*Clary.*” Simon interrupted her tirade. “I’m not the one you’re mad at. Besides, it isn’t going to be permanent.”

“How do you know that?”

“Well, because I know your mom,” Simon said, after a pause. “I mean, you and I have been friends for what, ten years now? I know she gets like this sometimes. She’ll think better of it.”

Clary picked a hot pepper off her plate and nibbled the edge meditatively. “Do you, though?” she said. “Know her, I mean? I sometimes wonder if anyone does.”

Simon blinked at her. “You lost me there.”

Clary sucked in air to cool her burning mouth. “I mean, she never talks about herself. I don’t know anything about her early life, or her family, or much about how she met my dad. She doesn’t even have wedding photos. It’s like her life started when she had me. That’s what she always says when I ask her about it.”

“Aw.” Simon made a face at her. “That’s sweet.”

“No, it isn’t. It’s weird. It’s weird that I don’t know anything about my grandparents. I mean, I know my dad’s

parents weren't very nice to her, but could they have been *that* bad? What kind of people don't want to even meet their granddaughter?"

"Maybe she hates them. Maybe they were abusive or something," Simon suggested. "She does have those scars."

Clary stared at him. "She has what?"

He swallowed a mouthful of burrito. "Those little thin scars. All over her back and her arms. I *have* seen your mother in a bathing suit, you know."

"I never noticed any scars," Clary said decidedly. "I think you're imagining things."

He stared at her, and seemed about to say something when her cell phone, buried in her messenger bag, began an insistent blaring. Clary fished it out, gazed at the numbers blinking on the screen, and scowled. "It's my mom."

"I could tell from the look on your face. You going to talk to her?"

"Not right now," Clary said, feeling the familiar bite of guilt in her stomach as the phone stopped ringing and voice mail picked up. "I don't want to fight with her."

"You can always stay at my house," Simon said. "For as long as you want."

"Well, we'll see if she calms down first." Clary punched the voice mail button on her phone. Her mother's voice sounded tense, but she was clearly trying for lightness: "Baby, I'm sorry if I sprang the vacation plan on you. Come on home and we'll talk." Clary hung the phone up before the message ended, feeling even guiltier and still angry at the same time. "She wants to talk about it."

"Do you want to talk to her?"

"I don't know." Clary rubbed the back of her hand across her eyes. "Are you still going to the poetry reading?"

"I promised I would."

Clary stood up, pushing her chair back. “Then I’ll go with you. I’ll call her when it’s over.” The strap of her messenger bag slid down her arm. Simon pushed it back up absently, his fingers lingering at the bare skin of her shoulder.

The air outside was spongy with moisture, the humidity frizzing Clary’s hair and sticking Simon’s blue T-shirt to his back. “So, what’s up with the band?” she asked. “Anything new? There was a lot of yelling in the background when I talked to you earlier.”

Simon’s face lit up. “Things are great,” he said. “Matt says he knows someone who could get us a gig at the Scrap Bar. We’re talking about names again too.”

“Oh, yeah?” Clary hid a smile. Simon’s band never actually produced any music. Mostly they sat around in Simon’s living room, fighting about potential names and band logos. She sometimes wondered if any of them could actually play an instrument. “What’s on the table?”

“We’re choosing between Sea Vegetable Conspiracy and Rock Solid Panda.”

Clary shook her head. “Those are both terrible.”

“Eric suggested Lawn Chair Crisis.”

“Maybe Eric should stick to gaming.”

“But then we’d have to find a new drummer.”

“Oh, is *that* what Eric does? I thought he just mooched money off you and went around telling girls at school that he was in a band in order to impress them.”

“Not at all,” Simon said breezily. “Eric has turned over a new leaf. He has a girlfriend. They’ve been going out for three months.”

“Practically married,” Clary said, stepping around a couple pushing a toddler in a stroller: a little girl with yellow plastic clips in her hair who was clutching a pixie doll with gold-streaked sapphire wings. Out of the corner of her eye Clary thought she saw the wings flutter. She turned her head hastily.

“Which means,” Simon continued, “that I am the last member of the band *not* to have a girlfriend. Which, you know, is the whole point of being in a band. To get girls.”

“I thought it was all about the music.” A man with a cane cut across her path, heading for Berkeley Street. She glanced away, afraid that if she looked at anyone for too long they would sprout wings, extra arms, or long forked tongues like snakes. “Who cares if you have a girlfriend, anyway?”

“I care,” Simon said gloomily. “Pretty soon the only people left without a girlfriend will be me and Wendell the school janitor. And he smells like Windex.”

“At least you know he’s still available.”

Simon glared. “Not funny, Fray.”

“There’s always Sheila ‘The Thong’ Barbarino,” Clary suggested. Clary had sat behind her in math class in ninth grade. Every time Sheila had dropped her pencil—which had been often—Clary had been treated to the sight of Sheila’s underwear riding up above the waistband of her super-low-rise jeans.

“That *is* who Eric’s been dating for the past three months,” Simon said. “His advice, meanwhile, was that I ought to just decide which girl in school had the most rockin’ bod and ask her out on the first day of classes.”

“Eric is a sexist pig,” Clary said, suddenly not wanting to know which girl in school Simon thought had the most rockin’ bod. “Maybe you should call the band The Sexist Pigs.”

“It has a ring to it.” Simon seemed unfazed. Clary made a face at him, her messenger bag vibrating as her phone blared. She fished it out of the zip pocket. “Is it your mom again?” he asked.

Clary nodded. She could see her mother in her mind’s eye, small and alone in the doorway of their apartment. Guilt unfurled in her chest.

She glanced up at Simon, who was looking at her, his eyes dark with concern. His face was so familiar she could have traced its lines in her sleep. She thought of the lonely weeks

that stretched ahead without him, and shoved the phone back into her bag. “Come on,” she said. “We’re going to be late for the show.”

By the time they got to Java Jones, Eric was already onstage, swaying back and forth in front of the microphone with his eyes squinched shut. He'd dyed the tips of his hair pink for the occasion. Behind him, Matt, looking stoned, was beating irregularly on a djembe.

"This is going to suck so hard," Clary predicted. She grabbed Simon's sleeve and tugged him toward the doorway. "If we make a run for it, we can still get away."

He shook his head determinedly. "I'm nothing if not a man of my word." He squared his shoulders. "I'll get the coffee if you find us a seat. What do you want?"

"Just coffee. Black—*like my soul.*"

Simon headed off toward the coffee bar, muttering under his breath something to the effect that it was a far, far better thing he did now than he had ever done before. Clary went to find them a seat.

The coffee shop was crowded for a Monday; most of the threadbare-looking couches and armchairs were taken up with teenagers enjoying a free weeknight. The smell of coffee and clove cigarettes was overwhelming. Finally Clary found an unoccupied love seat in a darkened corner toward the back. The only other person nearby was a blond girl in an orange tank top, absorbed in playing with her iPod. *Good, Clary thought, Eric won't be able to find us back here after the show to ask how his poetry was.*

The blond girl leaned over the side of her chair and tapped Clary on the shoulder. "Excuse me." Clary looked up in surprise. "Is that your boyfriend?" the girl asked.

Clary followed the line of the girl's gaze, already prepared to say, *No, I don't know him*, when she realized the girl meant Simon. He was headed toward them, face scrunched up in concentration as he tried not to drop either of his Styrofoam cups. "Uh, no," Clary said. "He's a friend of mine."

The girl beamed. "He's *cute*. Does he have a girlfriend?"

Clary hesitated a second too long before replying. "No."

The girl looked suspicious. "Is he gay?"

Clary was spared responding to this by Simon's return. The blond girl sat back hastily as he set the cups on the table and threw himself down next to Clary. "I hate it when they run out of mugs. Those things are hot." He blew on his fingers and scowled. Clary tried to hide a smile as she watched him. Normally she never thought about whether Simon was good-looking or not. He had pretty dark eyes, she supposed, and he'd filled out well over the past year or so. With the right haircut—

"You're staring at me," Simon said. "Why are you staring at me? Have I got something on my face?"

I should tell him, she thought, though some part of her was strangely reluctant. *I'd be a bad friend if I didn't*. "Don't look now, but that blond girl over there thinks you're cute," she whispered.

Simon's eyes flicked sideways to stare at the girl, who was industriously studying an issue of *Shonen Jump*. "The girl in the orange top?" Clary nodded. Simon looked dubious. "What makes you think so?"

Tell him. Go on, tell him. Clary opened her mouth to reply, and was interrupted by a burst of feedback. She winced and covered her ears as Eric, onstage, wrestled with his microphone.

"Sorry about that, guys!" he yelled. "All right. I'm Eric, and this is my homeboy Matt on the drums. My first poem is called 'Untitled.'" He screwed up his face as if in pain, and wailed into the mike. "*Come, my faux juggernaut, my nefarious loins! Slather every protuberance with arid zeal!*"

Simon slid down in his seat. "Please don't tell anyone I know him."

Clary giggled. "Who uses the word 'loins'?"

"Eric," Simon said grimly. "All his poems have loins in them."

"Turgid is my torment!" Eric wailed. *"Agony swells within!"*

"You bet it does," Clary said. She slid down in the seat next to Simon. "Anyway, about that girl who thinks you're cute—"

"Never mind that for a second," Simon said. Clary blinked at him in surprise. "There's something I wanted to talk to you about."

"Furious Mole is not a good name for a band," Clary said immediately.

"Not that," Simon said. "It's about what we were talking about before. About me not having a girlfriend."

"Oh." Clary lifted one shoulder in a shrug. "Oh, I don't know. Ask Jaida Jones out," she suggested, naming one of the few girls at St. Xavier's she actually liked. "She's nice, and she likes you."

"I don't want to ask Jaida Jones out."

"Why not?" Clary found herself seized with a sudden, unspecific resentment. "You don't like smart girls? Still seeking a *rockin' bod*?"

"Neither," said Simon, who seemed agitated. "I don't want to ask her out because it wouldn't really be fair to her if I did. . . ."

He trailed off. Clary leaned forward. From the corner of her eye she could see the blond girl leaning forward too, plainly eavesdropping. "Why not?"

"Because I like someone else," Simon said.

"Okay." Simon looked faintly greenish, the way he had once when he'd broken his ankle playing soccer in the park and had had to limp home on it. She wondered what on earth

about liking someone could possibly have him wound up to such a pitch of anxiety. “You’re not gay, are you?”

Simon’s greenish color deepened. “If I were, I would dress better.”

“So, who is it, then?” Clary asked. She was about to add that if he were in love with Sheila Barbarino, Eric would kick his ass, when she heard someone cough loudly behind her. It was a derisive sort of cough, the kind of noise someone might make who was trying not to laugh out loud.

She turned around.

Sitting on a faded green sofa a few feet away from her was Jace. He was wearing the same dark clothes he’d had on the night before in the club. His arms were bare and covered with faint white lines like old scars. His wrists bore wide metal cuffs; she could see the bone handle of a knife protruding from the left one. He was looking right at her, the side of his narrow mouth quirked in amusement. Worse than the feeling of being laughed at was Clary’s absolute conviction that he hadn’t been sitting there five minutes ago.

“What is it?” Simon had followed her gaze, but it was obvious from the blank expression on his face that he couldn’t see Jace.

But I see you. She stared at Jace as she thought it, and he raised his left hand to wave at her. A ring glittered on a slim finger. He got to his feet and began walking, unhurriedly, toward the door. Clary’s lips parted in surprise. He was leaving, just like that.

She felt Simon’s hand on her arm. He was saying her name, asking her if something was wrong. She barely heard him. “I’ll be right back,” she heard herself say, as she sprang off the couch, almost forgetting to set her coffee cup down. She raced toward the door, leaving Simon staring after her.



Clary burst through the doors, terrified that Jace would have vanished into the alley shadows like a ghost. But he was there, slouched against the wall. He had just taken something out of

his pocket and was punching buttons on it. He looked up in surprise as the door of the coffee shop fell shut behind her.

In the rapidly falling twilight, his hair looked coppery gold. “Your friend’s poetry is terrible,” he said.

Clary blinked, caught momentarily off guard. “What?”

“I said his poetry was terrible. It sounds like he ate a dictionary and started vomiting up words at random.”

“I don’t care about Eric’s poetry.” Clary was furious. “I want to know why you’re following me.”

“Who said I was following you?”

“*Nice* try. And you were eavesdropping, too. Do you want to tell me what this is about, or should I just call the police?”

“And tell them what?” Jace said witheringly. “That invisible people are bothering you? Trust me, little girl, the police aren’t going to arrest someone they can’t see.”

“I told you before, my name is not little girl,” she said through her teeth. “It’s Clary.”

“I know,” he said. “Pretty name. Like the herb, clary sage. In the old days people thought eating the seeds would let you see the Fair Folk. Did you know that?”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“You don’t know much, do you?” he said. There was a lazy contempt in his gold eyes. “You seem to be a mundane like any other mundane, yet you can see me. It’s a conundrum.”

“What’s a mundane?”

“Someone of the human world. Someone like you.”

“But *you’re* human,” Clary said.

“I am,” he said. “But I’m not like you.” There was no defensiveness in his tone. He sounded like he didn’t care if she believed him or not.

“You think you’re better. That’s why you were laughing at us.”

“I was laughing at you because declarations of love amuse me, especially when unrequited,” he said. “And because your Simon is one of the most mundane mundanes I’ve ever encountered. And because Hodge thought you might be dangerous, but if you are, you certainly don’t know it.”

“I’m dangerous?” Clary echoed in astonishment. “I saw you kill someone last night. I saw you drive a knife up under his ribs, and—” *And I saw him slash at you with fingers like razor blades. I saw you cut and bleeding, and now you look as if nothing ever touched you.*

“I may be a killer,” Jace said, “but I know what I am. Can you say the same?”

“I’m an ordinary human being, just like you said. Who’s Hodge?”

“My tutor. And I wouldn’t be so quick to brand myself as ordinary, if I were you.” He leaned forward. “Let me see your right hand.”

“My right hand?” Clary echoed. He nodded. “If I show you my hand, will you leave me alone?”

“Certainly.” His voice was edged with amusement.

She held out her right hand grudgingly. It looked pale in the half-light spilling from the windows, the knuckles dotted with a light dusting of freckles. Somehow she felt as exposed as if she were pulling up her shirt and showing him her naked chest. He took her hand in his and turned it over. “Nothing.” He sounded almost disappointed. “You’re not left-handed, are you?”

“No. Why?”

He released her hand with a shrug. “Most Shadowhunter children get Marked on their right hands—or left, if they’re left-handed like I am—when they’re still young. It’s a permanent rune that lends an extra skill with weapons.” He showed her the back of his left hand; it looked perfectly normal to her.

“I don’t see anything,” she said.

“Let your mind relax,” he suggested. “Wait for it to come to you. Like waiting for something to rise to the surface of water.”

“You’re crazy.” But she relaxed, gazing at his hand, seeing the tiny lines across the knuckles, the long joints of the fingers —

It jumped out at her suddenly, flashing like a DON’T WALK sign. A black design like an eye across the back of his hand. She blinked, and it vanished. “A tattoo?”

He smiled smugly and lowered his hand. “I thought you could do it. And it’s not a tattoo—it’s a Mark. They’re runes, burned into our skin.”

“They make you handle weapons better?” Clary found this hard to believe, though perhaps no more hard to believe than the existence of zombies.

“Different Marks do different things. Some are permanent but the majority vanish when they’ve been used.”

“That’s why your arms aren’t all inked up today?” she asked. “Even when I concentrate?”

“That’s exactly why.” He sounded pleased with himself. “I knew you had the Sight, at least.” He glanced up at the sky. “It’s nearly full dark. We should go.”

“*We*? I thought you were going to leave me alone.”

“I lied,” Jace said without a shred of embarrassment. “Hodge said I have to bring you to the Institute with me. He wants to talk to you.”

“Why would he want to talk to me?”

“Because you know the truth now,” Jace said. “There hasn’t been a mundane who knew about us for at least a hundred years.”

“About *us*?” she echoed. “You mean people like you. People who believe in demons.”

“People who kill them,” said Jace. “We’re called Shadow-hunters. At least, that’s what we call ourselves. The Down-

worlders have less complimentary names for us.”

“Downworlders?”

“The Night Children. Warlocks. The fey. The magical folk of this dimension.”

Clary shook her head. “Don’t stop there. I suppose there are also, what, vampires and werewolves and zombies?”

“Of course there are,” Jace informed her. “Although you mostly find zombies farther south, where the *voudun* priests are.”

“What about mummies? Do they only hang around Egypt?”

“Don’t be ridiculous. No one believes in mummies.”

“They don’t?”

“Of course not,” Jace said. “Look, Hodge will explain all this to you when you see him.”

Clary crossed her arms over her chest. “What if I don’t want to see him?”

“That’s your problem. You can come either willingly or unwillingly.”

Clary couldn’t believe her ears. “Are you threatening to *kidnap* me?”

“If you want to look at it that way,” Jace said, “yes.”

Clary opened her mouth to protest angrily, but was interrupted by a strident buzzing noise. Her phone was ringing again.

“Go ahead and answer that if you like,” Jace said generously.

The phone stopped ringing, then started up again, loud and insistent. Clary frowned—her mom must really be freaking out. She half-turned away from Jace and began digging in her bag. By the time she unearthed the phone, it was on its third set of rings. She raised it to her ear. “Mom?”

“Oh, Clary. Oh, thank God.” A sharp prickle of alarm ran up Clary’s spine. Her mother sounded panicked. “Listen to me

—”

“It’s all right, Mom. I’m fine. I’m on my way home—”

“*No!*” Terror scraped Jocelyn’s voice raw. “Don’t come home! Do you understand me, Clary? Don’t you dare come home. Go to Simon’s. Go straight to Simon’s house and stay there until I can—” A noise in the background interrupted her: the sound of something falling, shattering, something heavy striking the floor—

“Mom!” Clary shouted into the phone. “Mom, are you all right?”

A loud buzzing noise came from the phone. Clary’s mother’s voice cut through the static: “Just promise me you won’t come home. Go to Simon’s and call Luke—tell him that he’s found me—” Her words were drowned out by a heavy crash like splintering wood.

“*Who’s* found you? Mom, did you call the police? Did you —”

Her frantic question was cut off by a noise Clary would never forget—a harsh, slithering noise, followed by a thump. Clary heard her mother draw in a sharp breath before speaking, her voice eerily calm: “I love you, Clary.”

The phone went dead.



“*Mom!*” Clary shrieked into the phone. “Mom, are you there?” *Call ended*, the screen said. But why would her mother have hung up like that?

“Clary,” Jace said. It was the first time she’d ever heard him say her name. “What’s going on?”

Clary ignored him. Feverishly she hit the button that dialed her home number. There was no answer except a double-tone busy signal.

Clary’s hands had begun to shake uncontrollably. When she tried to redial, the phone slipped out of her shaking grasp and hit the pavement hard. She dropped to her knees to retrieve it,

but it was dead, a long crack visible across the front. “Dammit!” Almost in tears, she threw the phone down.

“Stop that.” Jace hauled her to her feet, his hand gripping her wrist. “Has something happened?”

“Give me your phone,” Clary said, grabbing the black metal oblong out of his shirt pocket. “I have to—”

“It’s not a phone,” Jace said, making no move to get it back. “It’s a Sensor. You won’t be able to use it.”

“But I need to call the police!”

“Tell me what happened first.” She tried to yank her wrist back, but his grip was incredibly strong. “I can *help* you.”

Rage flooded through Clary, a hot tide through her veins. Without even thinking about it, she struck out at his face, her nails raking his cheek. He jerked back in surprise. Tearing herself free, Clary ran toward the lights of Seventh Avenue.

When she reached the street, she spun around, half-expecting to see Jace at her heels. But the alley was empty. For a moment she stared uncertainly into the shadows. Nothing moved inside them. She spun on her heel and ran for home.

4

RAVENER

The night had gotten even hotter, and running home felt like swimming as fast as she could through boiling soup. At the corner of her block Clary got trapped at a DON'T WALK sign. She jittered up and down impatiently on the balls of her feet while traffic whizzed by in a blur of headlights. She tried to call home again, but Jace hadn't been lying; his phone *wasn't* a phone. At least, it didn't look like any phone Clary had ever seen before. The Sensor's buttons didn't have numbers on them, just more of those bizarre symbols, and there was no screen.

Jogging up the street toward her house, she saw that the second-floor windows were lit, the usual sign that her mother was home. *Okay*, she told herself. *Everything's fine*. But her stomach tightened the moment she stepped into the entryway.



The overhead light had burned out, and the foyer was in darkness. The shadows seemed full of secret movement. Shivering, she started upstairs.

"And just where do you think you're going?" said a voice.

Clary whirled. "What—"

She broke off. Her eyes were adjusting to the dimness, and she could see the shape of a large armchair, drawn up in front of Madame Dorothea's closed door. The old woman was wedged into it like an overstuffed cushion. In the dimness Clary could see only the round shape of her powdered face, the white lace fan in her hand, the dark, yawning gap of her mouth when she spoke. "Your mother," Dorothea said, "has been making a god-awful racket up there. What's she doing? Moving furniture?"

“I don’t think—”

“And the stairwell light’s burned out, did you notice?” Dorothea rapped her fan against the arm of the chair. “Can’t your mother get her boyfriend in to change it?”

“Luke isn’t—”

“The skylight needs washing too. It’s filthy. No wonder it’s nearly pitch-black in here.”

Luke is NOT the landlord, Clary wanted to say, but didn’t. This was typical of her elderly neighbor. Once she got Luke to come around and change the lightbulb, she’d ask him to do a hundred other things—pick up her groceries, grout her shower. Once she’d made him chop up an old sofa with an axe so she could get it out of the apartment without taking the door off the hinges.

Clary sighed. “I’ll ask.”

“You’d better.” Dorothea snapped her fan shut with a flick of her wrist.

Clary’s sense that something was wrong only increased when she reached the apartment door. It was unlocked, hanging slightly open, spilling a wedge-shaped shaft of light onto the landing. With a feeling of increasing panic she pushed the door open.

Inside the apartment the lights were on, all the lamps, everything turned up to full brightness. The glow stabbed into her eyes.

Her mother’s keys and pink handbag were on the small wrought iron shelf by the door, where she always left them. “Mom?” Clary called out. “Mom, I’m home.”

There was no reply. She went into the living room. Both windows were open, yards of gauzy white curtains blowing in the breeze like restless ghosts. Only when the wind dropped and the curtains settled did Clary see that the cushions had been ripped from the sofa and scattered around the room. Some were torn lengthwise, cotton innards spilling onto the floor. The bookshelves had been tipped over, their contents

scattered. The piano bench lay on its side, gaping open like a wound, Jocelyn's beloved music books spewing out.

Most terrifying were the paintings. Every single one had been cut from its frame and ripped into strips, which were scattered across the floor. It must have been done with a knife—canvas was almost impossible to tear with your bare hands. The empty frames looked like bones picked clean. Clary felt a scream rising up in her chest: "*Mom!*" she shrieked. "*Where are you? Mommy!*"

She hadn't called Jocelyn "Mommy" since she was eight.

Heart pumping, she raced into the kitchen. It was empty, the cabinet doors open, a smashed bottle of Tabasco sauce spilling peppery red liquid onto the linoleum. Her knees felt like bags of water. She knew she should race out of the apartment, get to a phone, call the police. But all those things seemed distant—she needed to find her mother first, needed to see that she was all right. What if robbers had come, what if her mother had put up a fight—?

What kind of robbers didn't take a wallet with them, or the TV, the DVD player, or the expensive laptops?

She was at the door to her mother's bedroom now. For a moment it looked as if this room, at least, had been left untouched. Jocelyn's handmade flowered quilt was folded carefully on the duvet. Clary's own face smiled back at her from the top of the bedside table, five years old, gap-toothed smile framed by strawberry hair. A sob rose in Clary's chest. *Mom*, she cried inside, *what happened to you?*

Silence answered her. No, not silence—a noise sounded through the apartment, raising the short hairs along the nape of her neck. Like something being knocked over—a heavy object striking the floor with a dull thud. The thud was followed by a dragging, slithering noise—and it was coming toward the bedroom. Stomach contracting in terror, Clary scrambled to her feet and turned around slowly.

For a moment she thought the doorway was empty, and she felt a wave of relief. Then she looked down.

It was crouched against the floor, a long, scaled creature with a cluster of flat black eyes set dead center in the front of its domed skull. Something like a cross between an alligator and a centipede, it had a thick, flat snout and a barbed tail that whipped menacingly from side to side. Multiple legs bunched underneath it as it readied itself to spring.

A shriek tore itself out of Clary's throat. She staggered backward, tripped, and fell, just as the creature lunged at her. She rolled to the side and it missed her by inches, sliding along the wood floor, its claws gouging deep grooves. A low growl bubbled from its throat.

She scrambled to her feet and ran toward the hallway, but the thing was too fast for her. It sprang again, landing just above the door, where it hung like a gigantic malignant spider, staring down at her with its cluster of eyes. Its jaws opened slowly, showing a row of fanged teeth spilling greenish drool. A long black tongue flickered out between its jaws as it gurgled and hissed. To her horror Clary realized that the noises it was making were words.

"Girl," it hissed. "Flesh. Blood. To eat, oh, to eat."

It began to slither slowly down the wall. Some part of Clary had passed beyond terror into a sort of icy stillness. The thing was on its feet now, crawling toward her. Backing away, she seized a heavy framed photo off the bureau beside her—herself and her mother and Luke at Coney Island, about to go on the bumper cars—and flung it at the monster.

The photograph hit its midsection and bounced off, striking the floor with the sound of shattering glass. The creature didn't seem to notice. It came on toward her, broken glass splintering under its feet. *"Bones, to crunch, to suck out the marrow, to drink the veins . . ."*

Clary's back hit the wall. She could back up no farther. She felt a movement against her hip and nearly jumped out of her skin. Her pocket. Plunging her hand inside, she drew out the plastic thing she'd taken from Jace. The Sensor was shuddering, like a cell phone set to vibrate. The hard material

was almost painfully hot against her palm. She closed her hand around the Sensor just as the creature sprang.

The creature hurtled into her, knocking her to the ground, and her head and shoulders slammed against the floor. She twisted to the side, but it was too heavy. It was on top of her, an oppressive, slimy weight that made her want to gag. *“To eat, to eat,”* it moaned. *“But it is not allowed, to swallow, to savor.”*

The hot breath in her face stank of blood. She couldn’t breathe. Her ribs felt like they might shatter. Her arm was pinned between her body and the monster’s, the Sensor digging into her palm. She twisted, trying to work her hand free. *“Valentine will never know. He said nothing about a girl. Valentine will not be angry.”* Its lipless mouth twitched as its jaws opened, slowly, a wave of stinking breath hot in her face.

Clary’s hand came free. With a scream she hit out at the thing, wanting to smash it, to blind it. She had almost forgotten the Sensor. As the creature lunged for her face, jaws wide, she jammed the Sensor between its teeth and felt hot, acidic drool coat her wrist and spill in burning drops onto the bare skin of her face and throat. As if from a distance, she could hear herself screaming.

Looking almost surprised, the creature jerked back, the Sensor lodged between two teeth. It growled, a thick angry buzz, and threw its head back. Clary saw it swallow, saw the movement of its throat. *I’m next*, she thought, panicked. *I’m—*

Suddenly the thing began to twitch. Spasming uncontrollably, it rolled off Clary and onto its back, multiple legs churning the air. Black fluid poured from its mouth.

Gasping for air, Clary rolled over and started to scramble away from the thing. She’d nearly reached the door when she heard something whistle through the air next to her head. She tried to duck, but it was too late. An object slammed heavily into the back of her skull, and she collapsed forward into blackness.



Light stabbed through her eyelids, blue, white, and red. There was a high wailing noise, rising in pitch like the scream of a terrified child. Clary gagged and opened her eyes.

She was lying on cold damp grass. The night sky rippled overhead, the pewter gleam of stars washed out by city lights. Jace knelt beside her, the silver cuffs on his wrists throwing off sparks of light as he tore the piece of cloth he was holding into strips. “Don’t move.”

The wailing threatened to split her ears in half. Clary turned her head to the side, disobediently, and was rewarded with a razoring stab of pain that shot down her back. She was lying on a patch of grass behind Jocelyn’s carefully tended rosebushes. The foliage partially hid her view of the street, where a police car, its blue-and-white light bar flashing, was pulled up to the curb, siren wailing. Already a small knot of neighbors had gathered, staring as the car door opened and two blue-uniformed officers emerged.

The *police*. She tried to sit up, and gagged again, fingers spasming into the damp earth.

“I told you not to move,” Jace hissed. “That Ravener demon got you in the back of the neck. It was half-dead so it wasn’t much of a sting, but we have to get you to the Institute. Hold still.”

“That thing—the monster—it *talked*.” Clary was shuddering uncontrollably.

“You’ve heard a demon talk before.” Jace’s hands were gentle as he slipped the strip of knotted cloth under her neck, and tied it. It was smeared with something waxy, like the gardener’s salve her mother used to keep her paint- and turpentine-abused hands soft.

“The demon in Pandemonium—it looked like a person.”

“It was an Eidolon demon. A shape-changer. Raveners look like they look. Not very attractive, but they’re too stupid to care.”

“It said it was going to eat me.”

“But it didn’t. You killed it.” Jace finished the knot and sat back.

To Clary’s relief the pain in the back of her neck had faded. She hauled herself into a sitting position. “The police are here.” Her voice came out like a frog’s croak. “We should—”

“There’s nothing they can do. Somebody probably heard you screaming and reported it. Ten to one those aren’t real police officers. Demons have a way of hiding their tracks.”

“My mom,” Clary said, forcing the words through her swollen throat.

“There’s Ravener poison coursing through your veins *right now*. You’ll be dead in an hour if you don’t come with me.” He got to his feet and held out a hand to her. She took it and he pulled her upright. “Come on.”

The world tilted. Jace slid a hand across her back, holding her steady. He smelled of dirt, blood, and metal. “Can you walk?”

“I think so.” She glanced through the densely blooming bushes. She could see the police coming up the path. One of them, a slim blond woman, held a flashlight in one hand. As she raised it, Clary saw the hand was fleshless, a skeleton hand sharpened to bone points at the fingertips. “Her hand—”

“I told you they might be demons.” Jace glanced at the back of the house. “We have to get out of here. Can we go through the alley?”

Clary shook her head. “It’s bricked up. There’s no way—” Her words dissolved into a fit of coughing. She raised her hand to cover her mouth. It came away red. She whimpered.

He grabbed her wrist, turned it over so the white, vulnerable flesh of her inner arm lay bare under the moonlight. Traceries of blue vein mapped the inside of her skin, carrying poisoned blood to her heart, her brain. Clary felt her knees buckle. There was something in Jace’s hand, something sharp and silver. She tried to pull her hand back, but his grip was too hard. She felt a stinging kiss against her skin. When he let go, she saw an inked black symbol like the ones that covered his

skin, just below the fold of her wrist. This one looked like a set of overlapping circles.

“What’s that supposed to do?”

“It’ll hide you,” he said. “Temporarily.” He slid the thing Clary had thought was a knife back into his belt. It was a long, luminous cylinder, as thick around as an index finger and tapering to a point. “My stele,” he said.

Clary didn’t ask what that was. She was busy trying not to fall over. The ground was heaving up and down under her feet. “Jace,” she said, and she crumpled into him. He caught her as if he were used to catching fainting girls, as if he did it every day. Maybe he did. He swung her up into his arms, saying something in her ear that sounded like *Covenant*. Clary tipped her head back to look at him but saw only the stars cartwheeling across the dark sky overhead. Then the bottom dropped out of everything, and even Jace’s arms around her were not enough to keep her from falling.

5

CLAVE AND COVENANT

“Do you think she’ll ever wake up? It’s been three days already.”

“You have to give her time. Demon poison is strong stuff, and she’s a mundane. She hasn’t got runes to keep her strong like we do.”

“Mundies die awfully easily, don’t they?”

“Isabelle, you know it’s bad luck to talk about death in a sickroom.”



Three days, Clary thought slowly. All her thoughts ran as thickly and slowly as blood or honey. I have to wake up.

But she couldn’t.

The dreams held her, one after the other, a river of images that bore her along like a leaf tossed in a current. She saw her mother lying in a hospital bed, eyes like bruises in her white face. She saw Luke, standing atop a pile of bones. Jace with white feathered wings sprouting out of his back, Isabelle sitting naked with her whip curled around her like a net of gold rings, Simon with crosses burned into the palms of his hands. Angels, falling and burning. Falling out of the sky.



“I told you it was the same girl.”

“I know. Little thing, isn’t she? Jace said she killed a Ravener.”

“Yeah. I thought she was a pixie the first time we saw her. She’s not pretty enough to be a pixie, though.”

“Well, nobody looks their best with demon poison in their veins. Is Hodge going to call on the Brothers?”

“I hope not. They give me the creeps. Anyone who mutilates themselves like that—”

“We mutilate ourselves.”

“I know, Alec, but when we do it, it isn’t permanent. And it doesn’t always hurt. . . .”

“If you’re old enough. Speaking of which, where is Jace? He saved her, didn’t he? I would have thought he’d take some interest in her recovery.”

“Hodge said he hasn’t been to see her since he brought her here. I guess he doesn’t care.”

“Sometimes I wonder if he—Look! She moved!”

“I guess she’s alive after all.” A sigh. “I’ll tell Hodge.”



Clary’s eyelids felt as if they had been sewed shut. She imagined she could feel tearing skin as she peeled them slowly open and blinked for the first time in three days.

She saw clear blue sky above her, white puffy clouds and chubby angels with gilded ribbons trailing from their wrists. *Am I dead?* she wondered. *Could heaven actually look like this?* She squeezed her eyes shut and opened them again: This time she realized that what she was staring at was an arched wooden ceiling, painted with a rococo motif of clouds and cherubs.

Painfully she hauled herself into a sitting position. Every part of her ached, especially the back of her neck. She glanced around. She was tucked into a linen-sheeted bed, one of a long row of similar beds with metal headboards. Her bed had a small nightstand beside it with a white pitcher and cup on it. Lace curtains were pulled across the windows, blocking the light, although she could hear the faint, ever-present New York sounds of traffic coming from outside.

“So, you’re finally awake,” said a dry voice. “Hodge will be pleased. *We* all thought you’d probably die in your sleep.”

Clary turned. Isabelle was perched on the next bed, her long jet-black hair wound into two thick braids that fell past her waist. Her white dress had been replaced by jeans and a tight blue tank top, though the red pendant still winked at her throat. Her dark spiraling tattoos were gone; her skin was as unblemished as the surface of a bowl of cream.

“Sorry to disappoint you.” Clary’s voice rasped like sandpaper. “Is this the Institute?”

Isabelle rolled her eyes. “Is there anything Jace *didn’t* tell you?”

Clary coughed. “This is the Institute, right?”

“Yes. You’re in the infirmary, not that you haven’t figured that out already.”

A sudden, stabbing pain made Clary clutch at her stomach. She gasped.

Isabelle looked at her in alarm. “Are you okay?”

The pain was fading, but Clary was aware of an acid feeling in the back of her throat and a strange light-headedness. “My stomach.”

“Oh, right. I almost forgot. Hodge said to give you this when you woke up.” Isabelle grabbed for the ceramic pitcher and poured some of the contents into the matching cup, which she handed to Clary. It was full of a cloudy liquid that steamed slightly. It smelled like herbs and something else, something rich and dark. “You haven’t eaten anything in three days,” Isabelle pointed out. “That’s probably why you feel sick.”

Clary gingerly took a sip. It was delicious, rich and satisfying with a buttery aftertaste. “What is this?”

Isabelle shrugged. “One of Hodge’s tisanes. They always work.” She slid off the bed, landing on the floor with a catlike arch of her back. “I’m Isabelle Lightwood, by the way. I live here.”

“I know your name. I’m Clary. Clary Fray. Did Jace bring me here?”

Isabelle nodded. "Hodge was furious. You got ichor and blood all over the carpet in the entryway. If he'd done it while my parents were here, he'd have gotten grounded for sure." She looked at Clary more narrowly. "Jace said you killed that Ravener demon all by yourself."

A quick image of the scorpion thing with its crabbed, evil face flashed through Clary's mind; she shuddered and clutched the cup more tightly. "I guess I did."

"But you're a mundie."

"Amazing, isn't it?" Clary said, savoring the look of thinly disguised amazement on Isabelle's face. "Where is Jace? Is he around?"

Isabelle shrugged. "Somewhere," she said. "I should go tell everyone you're up. Hodge'll want to talk to you."

"Hodge is Jace's tutor, right?"

"Hodge tutors us all." She pointed. "The bathroom's through there, and I hung some of my old clothes on the towel rack in case you want to change."

Clary went to take another sip from the cup and found that it was empty. She no longer felt hungry or light-headed either, which was a relief. She set the cup down and hugged the sheet around herself. "What happened to *my* clothes?"

"They were covered in blood and poison. Jace burned them."

"Did he?" asked Clary. "Tell me, is he always really rude, or does he save that for mundanes?"

"Oh, he's rude to everyone," said Isabelle airily. "It's what makes him so damn sexy. That, and he's killed more demons than anyone else his age."

Clary looked at her, perplexed. "Isn't he your brother?"

That got Isabelle's attention. She laughed out loud. "Jace? My brother? No. Whatever gave you that idea?"

"Well, he lives here with you," Clary pointed out. "Doesn't he?"

Isabelle nodded. “Well, yes, but . . .”

“Why doesn’t he live with his own parents?”

For a fleeting moment Isabelle looked uncomfortable. “Because they’re dead.”

Clary’s mouth opened in surprise. “Did they die in an accident?”

“No.” Isabelle fidgeted, pushing a dark lock of hair behind her left ear. “His mother died when he was born. His father was murdered when he was ten. Jace saw the whole thing.”

“Oh,” Clary said, her voice small. “Was it . . . demons?”

Isabelle got to her feet. “Look, I’d better let everyone know you’ve woken up. They’ve been waiting for you to open your eyes for three days. Oh, and there’s soap in the bathroom,” she added. “You might want to clean up a little. You smell.”

Clary glared at her. “Thanks a lot.”

“Any time.”



Isabelle’s clothes looked ridiculous. Clary had to roll the legs on the jeans up several times before she stopped tripping on them, and the plunging neckline of the red tank top only emphasized her lack of what Eric would have called a “rack.”

She cleaned up in the small bathroom, using a bar of hard lavender soap. Drying herself with a white hand towel left damp hair straggling around her face in fragrant tangles. She squinted at her reflection in the mirror. There was a purpling bruise high up on her left cheek, and her lips were dry and swollen.

I have to call Luke, she thought. Surely there was a phone around here somewhere. Maybe they’d let her use it after she talked to Hodge.

She found her Skechers placed neatly at the foot of her infirmary bed, her keys tied into the laces. Sliding her feet into them, she took a deep breath and left to find Isabelle.

The corridor outside the infirmary was empty. Clary glanced down it, perplexed. It looked like the sort of hallway she sometimes found herself racing down in nightmares, shadowy and infinite. Glass lamps blown into the shapes of roses hung at intervals on the walls, and the air smelled like dust and candle wax.

In the distance she could hear a faint and delicate noise, like wind chimes shaken by a storm. She set off down the corridor slowly, trailing a hand along the wall. The Victorian-looking wallpaper was faded with age, burgundy and pale gray. Each side of the corridor was lined with closed doors.

The sound she was following grew louder. Now she could identify it as the sound of a piano being played with desultory but undeniable skill, though she couldn't identify the tune.

Turning the corner, she came to a doorway, the door propped fully open. Peering in she saw what was clearly a music room. A grand piano stood in one corner, and rows of chairs were arranged against the far wall. A covered harp occupied the center of the room.

Jace was seated at the grand piano, his slender hands moving rapidly over the keys. He was barefoot, dressed in jeans and a gray T-shirt, his tawny hair ruffled up around his head as if he'd just woken up. Watching the quick, sure movements of his hands across the keys, Clary remembered how it had felt to be lifted up by those hands, his arms holding her up and the stars hurtling down around her head like a rain of silver tinsel.

She must have made some noise, because he twisted around on the stool, blinking into the shadows. "Alec?" he said. "Is that you?"

"It's not Alec. It's me." She stepped farther into the room. "Clary."

Piano keys jangled as he got to his feet. "Our own Sleeping Beauty. Who finally kissed you awake?"

"Nobody. I woke up on my own."

"Was there anyone with you?"

“Isabelle, but she went off to get someone—Hodge, I think. She told me to wait, but—”

“I should have warned her about your habit of never doing what you’re told.” Jace squinted at her. “Are those Isabelle’s clothes? They look ridiculous on you.”

“I could point out that you burned *my* clothes.”

“It was purely precautionary.” He slid the gleaming black piano cover closed. “Come on, I’ll take you to Hodge.”



The Institute was huge, a vast cavernous space that looked less like it had been designed according to a floor plan and more like it had been naturally hollowed out of rock by the passage of water and years. Through half-open doors Clary glimpsed countless identical small rooms, each with a stripped bed, a nightstand, and a large wooden wardrobe standing open. Pale arches of stone held up the high ceilings, many of the arches intricately carved with small figures. She noticed certain repeating motifs: angels and swords, suns and roses.

“Why does this place have so many bedrooms?” Clary asked. “I thought it was a research institute.”

“This is the residential wing. We’re pledged to offer safety and lodging to any Shadowhunter who requests it. We can house up to two hundred people here.”

“But most of these rooms are empty.”

“People come and go. Nobody stays for long. Usually it’s just us—Alec, Isabelle, Max, their parents—and me and Hodge.”

“Max?”

“You met the beautiful Isabelle? Alec is her elder brother. Max is the youngest, but he’s overseas with his parents.”

“On vacation?”

“Not exactly.” Jace hesitated. “You can think of them as—as foreign diplomats, and of this as an embassy, of sorts. Right now they’re in the Shadowhunter home country, working out

some very delicate peace negotiations. They brought Max with them because he's so young."

"Shadowhunter home country?" Clary's head was spinning. "What's it called?"

"Idris."

"I've never heard of it."

"You wouldn't have." That irritating superiority was back in his voice. "Mundanes don't know about it. There are wardings—protective spells—up all over the borders. If you tried to cross into Idris, you'd simply find yourself transported instantly from one border to the next. You'd never know what happened."

"So it's not on any maps?"

"Not mundie ones. For our purposes you can consider it a small country between Germany and France."

"But there isn't anything between Germany and France. Except Switzerland."

"Precisely," said Jace.

"I take it you've been there. To Idris, I mean."

"I grew up there." Jace's voice was neutral, but something in his tone let her know that more questions in that direction would not be welcome. "Most of us do. There are, of course, Shadowhunters all over the world. We have to be everywhere, because demonic activity is everywhere. But to a Shadowhunter, Idris is always 'home.'"

"Like Mecca or Jerusalem," said Clary, thoughtfully. "So most of you are brought up there, and then when you grow up —"

"We're sent where we're needed," said Jace shortly. "And there are a few, like Isabelle and Alec, who grow up away from the home country because that's where their parents are. With all the resources of the Institute here, with Hodge's training—" He broke off. "This is the library."

They had reached an arch-shaped set of wooden doors. A blue Persian cat with yellow eyes lay curled in front of them. It raised its head as they approached and yowled. “Hey, Church,” Jace said, stroking the cat’s back with a bare foot. The cat slit its eyes in pleasure.

“Wait,” said Clary. “Alec and Isabelle and Max—they’re the only Shadowhunters your age that you know, that you spend time with?”

Jace stopped stroking the cat. “Yes.”

“That must get kind of lonely.”

“I have everything I need.” He pushed the doors open. After a moment’s hesitation she followed him inside.



The library was circular, with a ceiling that tapered to a point, as if it had been built inside a tower. The walls were lined with books, the shelves so high that tall ladders set on casters were placed along them at intervals. These were no ordinary books either—these were books bound in leather and velvet, clasped with sturdy-looking locks and hinges made of brass and silver. Their spines were studded with dully glowing jewels and illuminated with gold script. They looked worn in a way that made it clear that these books were not just old but were well-used, and had been loved.

The floor was polished wood, inlaid with chips of glass and marble and bits of semiprecious stone. The inlay formed a pattern that Clary couldn’t quite decipher—it might have been the constellations, or even a map of the world; she suspected she’d have to climb up into the tower and look down in order to see it properly.

In the center of the room sat a magnificent desk. It was carved from a single slab of wood, a great, heavy piece of oak that gleamed with the dull shine of years. The slab rested upon the backs of two angels, carved from the same wood, their wings gilded and their faces engraved with a look of suffering, as if the weight of the slab were breaking their backs. Behind

the desk sat a thin man with gray-streaked hair and a long beaky noise.

“A book lover, I see,” he said, smiling at Clary. “You didn’t tell me that, Jace.”

Jace chuckled. Clary could tell that he had come up behind her and was standing there with his hands in his pockets, grinning that infuriating grin of his. “We haven’t done much talking during our short acquaintance,” he said. “I’m afraid our reading habits didn’t come up.”

Clary turned around and shot him a glare.

“How can you tell?” she asked the man behind the desk. “That I like books, I mean.”

“The look on your face when you walked in,” he said, standing up and coming around from behind the desk. “Somehow I doubted you were that impressed by *me*.”

Clary stifled a gasp as he rose. For a moment it seemed to her that he was strangely misshapen, his left shoulder humped and higher than the other. As he approached, she saw that the hunch was actually a bird, perched neatly on his shoulder—a glossy feathered creature with bright black eyes.

“This is Hugo,” the man said, touching the bird on his shoulder. “Hugo is a raven, and, as such, he knows many things. I, meanwhile, am Hodge Starkweather, a professor of history, and, as such, I do not know nearly enough.”

Clary laughed a little, despite herself, and shook his outstretched hand. “Clary Fray.”

“Honored to make your acquaintance,” he said. “I would be honored to make the acquaintance of anyone who could kill a Ravener with her bare hands.”

“It wasn’t my bare hands.” It still felt odd to be congratulated for killing something. “It was Jace’s—well, I don’t remember what it was called, but—”

“She means my Sensor,” Jace said. “She shoved it down the thing’s throat. The runes must have choked it. I guess I’ll need

another one,” he added, almost as an afterthought. “I should have mentioned that.”

“There are several extra in the weapons room,” said Hodge. When he smiled at Clary, a thousand small lines rayed out from around his eyes, like the cracks in an old painting. “That was quick thinking. What gave you the idea of using the Sensor as a weapon?”

Before she could reply, a sharp laugh sounded through the room. Clary had been so enraptured by the books and distracted by Hodge that she hadn’t seen Alec sprawled in an overstuffed red armchair by the empty fireplace. “I can’t believe you buy that story, Hodge,” he said.

At first Clary didn’t even register his words. She was too busy staring at him. Like many only children, she was fascinated by the resemblance between siblings, and now, in the full light of day, she could see exactly how much Alec looked like his sister. They had the same jet-black hair, the same slender eyebrows winging up at the corners, the same pale, high-colored skin. But where Isabelle was all arrogance, Alec slumped down in the chair as if he hoped nobody would notice him. His lashes were long and dark like Isabelle’s, but where her eyes were black, his were the dark blue of bottle glass. They gazed at Clary with a hostility as pure and concentrated as acid.

“I’m not quite sure what you mean, Alec.” Hodge raised an eyebrow. Clary wondered how old he was; there was a sort of agelessness to him, despite the gray in his hair. He wore a neat gray tweed suit, perfectly pressed. He would have looked like a kindly college professor if it hadn’t been for the thick scar that drew up the right side of his face. She wondered how he had gotten it. “Are you suggesting that she didn’t kill that demon after all?”

“Of course she didn’t. Look at her—she’s a mundie, Hodge, and a little kid, at that. There’s no way she took on a Ravener.”

“I’m not a little kid,” Clary interrupted. “I’m sixteen years old—well, I will be on Sunday.”

“The same age as Isabelle,” Hodge said. “Would you call her a child?”

“Isabelle hails from one of the greatest Shadowhunter dynasties in history,” Alec said dryly. “This girl, on the other hand, hails from New Jersey.”

“I’m from Brooklyn!” Clary was outraged. “And so what? I just killed a demon in my own house, and you’re going to be a dickhead about it because I’m not some spoiled-rotten rich brat like you and your sister?”

Alec looked astonished. “*What* did you call me?”

Jace laughed. “She has a point, Alec,” Jace said. “It’s those bridge-and-tunnel demons you really have to watch out for—”

“It’s not *funny*, Jace,” Alec interrupted, starting to his feet. “Are you just going to let her stand there and call me names?”

“Yes,” Jace said kindly. “It’ll do you good—try to think of it as endurance training.”

“We may be *parabatai*,” Alec said tightly. “But your flippancy is wearing on my patience.”

“And your obstinacy is wearing on mine. When I found her, she was lying on the floor in a pool of blood with a dying demon practically on top of her. I watched as it vanished. If she didn’t kill it, who did?”

“Raveners are stupid. Maybe it got itself in the neck with its stinger. It’s happened before—”

“Now you’re suggesting it committed suicide?”

Alec’s mouth tightened. “It isn’t right for her to be here. Mundies aren’t allowed in the Institute, and there are good reasons for that. If anyone knew about this, we could be reported to the Clave.”

“That’s not entirely true,” Hodge said. “The Law does allow us to offer sanctuary to mundanes in certain circumstances. A Ravener has already attacked Clary’s mother—she could well have been next.”

Attacked. Clary wondered if this was a euphemism for “murdered.” The raven on Hodge’s shoulder cawed softly.

“Raveners are search-and-destroy machines,” Alec said. “They act under orders from warlocks or powerful demon lords. Now, what interest would a warlock or demon lord have in an ordinary mundane household?” His eyes when he looked at Clary were bright with dislike. “Any thoughts?”

Clary said, “It must have been a mistake.”

“Demons don’t make those kind of mistakes. If they went after your mother, there must have been a reason. If she were innocent—”

“What do you mean, ‘innocent’?” Clary’s voice was quiet.

Alec looked taken aback. “I—”

“What he means,” said Hodge, “is that it is extremely unusual for a powerful demon, the kind who might command a host of lesser demons, to interest himself in the affairs of human beings. No mundane may summon a demon—they lack that power—but there have been some, desperate and foolish, who have found a witch or warlock to do it for them.”

“My mother doesn’t know any warlocks. She doesn’t believe in magic.” A thought occurred to Clary. “Madame Dorothea—she lives downstairs—she’s a witch. Maybe the demons were after her and got my mom by mistake?”

Hodge’s eyebrows shot up into his hair. “A witch lives downstairs from you?”

“She’s a hedge-witch—a fake,” Jace said. “I already looked into it. There’s no reason for any warlock to be interested in her unless he’s in the market for nonfunctional crystal balls.”

“And we’re back where we began.” Hodge reached up to stroke the bird on his shoulder. “It seems the time has come to notify the Clave.”

“No!” Jace said. “We can’t—”

“It made sense to keep Clary’s presence here a secret while we were not sure she would recover,” Hodge said. “But now she has, and she is the first mundane to pass through the doors

of the Institute in over a hundred years. You know the rules about mundane knowledge of Shadowhunters, Jace. The Clave must be informed.”

“Absolutely,” Alec agreed. “I could get a message to my father—”

“She’s not a mundane,” Jace said quietly.

Hodge’s eyebrows shot back up to his hairline and stayed there. Alec, caught in the middle of a sentence, choked with surprise. In the sudden silence Clary could hear the sound of Hugo’s wings rustling. “But I am,” she said.

“No,” said Jace. “You aren’t.” He turned to Hodge, and Clary saw the slight movement of his throat as he swallowed. She found this glimpse of his nervousness oddly reassuring. “That night—there were Du’sien demons, dressed like police officers. We had to get past them. Clary was too weak to run, and there wasn’t time to hide—she would have died. So I used my stele—put a *mendelin* rune on the inside of her arm. I thought—”

“Are you out of your *mind*?” Hodge slammed his hand down on top of the desk so hard that Clary thought the wood might crack. “You know what the Law says about placing Marks on mundanes! You—you of all people ought to know better!”

“But it worked,” said Jace. “Clary, show them your arm.”

With a baffled glance in Jace’s direction, she held out her bare arm. She remembered looking down at it that night in the alley, thinking how vulnerable it seemed. Now, just below the crease of her wrist, she could see three faint overlapping circles, the lines as faint as the memory of a scar that had faded with the passage of years. “See, it’s almost gone,” Jace said. “It didn’t hurt her at all.”

“That’s not the point.” Hodge could barely control his anger. “You could have turned her into a Forsaken.”

Two bright spots of color burned high up on Alec’s cheekbones. “I can’t believe you, Jace. Only Shadowhunters can receive Covenant Marks—they *kill* mundanes—”

“She’s not a mundane. Haven’t you been listening? It explains why she could see us. She must have Clave blood.”

Clary lowered her arm, feeling suddenly cold. “But I don’t. I couldn’t.”

“You must,” Jace said, without looking at her. “If you didn’t, that Mark I made on your arm . . .”

“That’s enough, Jace,” said Hodge, the displeasure clear in his voice. “There’s no need to frighten her further.”

“But I was right, wasn’t I? It explains what happened to her mother, too. If she was a Shadowhunter in exile, she might well have Downworld enemies.”

“My mother wasn’t a Shadowhunter!”

“Your father, then,” Jace said. “What about him?”

Clary returned his gaze with a flat stare. “He died. Before I was born.”

Jace flinched, almost imperceptibly. It was Alec who spoke. “It’s possible,” he said uncertainly. “If her father were a Shadowhunter, and her mother a mundane—well, we all know it’s against the Law to marry a mundie. Maybe they were in hiding.”

“My mother would have told me,” Clary said, although she thought of the lack of more than one photo of her father, the way her mother never spoke of him, and knew that it wasn’t true.

“Not necessarily,” said Jace. “We all have secrets.”

“Luke,” Clary said. “Our friend. He would know.” With the thought of Luke came a flash of guilt and horror. “It’s been three days—he must be frantic. Can I call him? Is there a phone?” She turned to Jace. “Please.”

Jace hesitated, looking at Hodge, who nodded and moved aside from the desk. Behind him was a globe, made of beaten brass, that didn’t look quite like other globes she had seen; there was something subtly strange about the shape of the countries and continents. Next to the globe was an old-fashioned black telephone with a silver rotary dial. Clary lifted

it to her ear, the familiar dial tone washing over her like soothing water.

Luke picked up on the third ring. “Hello?”

“Luke!” She sagged against the desk. “It’s me. It’s Clary.”

“Clary.” She could hear the relief in his voice, along with something else she couldn’t quite identify. “You’re all right?”

“I’m fine,” she said. “I’m sorry I didn’t call you before. Luke, my mom—”

“I know. The police were here.”

“Then you haven’t heard from her.” Any vestigial hope that her mother had fled the house and hidden somewhere disappeared. There was no way she wouldn’t have contacted Luke. “What did the police say?”

“Just that she was missing.” Clary thought of the policewoman with her skeletal hand, and shivered. “Where are you?”

“I’m in the city,” Clary said. “I don’t know where exactly. With some friends. My wallet’s gone, though. If you’ve got some cash, I could take a cab to your place—”

“No,” he said shortly.

The phone slipped in her sweaty hand. She caught it. “What?”

“No,” he said. “It’s too dangerous. You can’t come here.”

“We could call—”

“Look.” His voice was hard. “Whatever your mother’s gotten herself mixed up in, it’s nothing to do with me. You’re better off where you are.”

“But I don’t want to stay here.” She heard the whine in her voice, like a child’s. “I don’t know these people. You—”

“I’m *not* your father, Clary. I’ve told you that before.”

Tears burned the backs of her eyes. “I’m sorry. It’s just—”

“Don’t call me for favors again,” he said. “I’ve got my own problems, I don’t need to be bothered with yours,” he added,

and hung up the phone.



She stood and stared at the receiver, the dial tone buzzing in her ear like a big ugly wasp. She dialed Luke's number again, waited. This time it went to voice mail. She banged the phone down, her hands trembling.

Jace was leaning against the armrest of Alec's chair, watching her. "I take it he wasn't happy to hear from you?"

Clary's heart felt as if it had shrunk down to the size of a walnut: a tiny, hard stone in her chest. *I will not cry*, she thought, *Not in front of these people*.

"I think I'd like to have a talk with Clary," said Hodge. "Alone," he added firmly, seeing Jace's expression.

Alec stood up. "Fine. We'll leave you to it."

"That's hardly fair," Jace objected. "I'm the one who found her. I'm the one who saved her life! You want me here, don't you?" he appealed, turning to Clary.

Clary looked away, knowing that if she opened her mouth, she'd start to cry. As if from a distance, she heard Alec laugh.

"Not everyone wants you all the time, Jace," he said.

"Don't be ridiculous," she heard Jace say, but he sounded disappointed. "Fine, then. We'll be in the weapons room."

The door closed behind them with a definitive click. Clary's eyes were stinging the way they did when she tried to hold tears back for too long. Hodge loomed up in front of her, a fussing gray blur. "Sit down," he said. "Here, on the couch."

She sank gratefully onto the soft cushions. Her cheeks were wet. She reached up to brush the tears away, blinking. "I don't cry much usually," she found herself saying. "It doesn't mean anything. I'll be all right in a minute."

"Most people don't cry when they're upset or frightened, but rather when they're frustrated. Your frustration is understandable. You've been through a most trying time."

“Trying?” Clary wiped her eyes on the hem of Isabelle’s shirt. “You could say that.”

Hodge pulled the chair out from behind the desk, dragging it over so that he could sit facing her. His eyes, she saw, were gray, like his hair and tweed coat, but there was kindness in them. “Is there anything I could get for you?” he asked. “Something to drink? Some tea?”

“I don’t want tea,” said Clary, with muffled force. “I want to find my mother. And then I want to find out who took her in the first place, and I want to kill them.”

“Unfortunately,” said Hodge, “we’re all out of bitter revenge at the moment, so it’s either tea or nothing.”

Clary dropped the hem of the shirt—now spotted all over with wet blotches—and said, “What am I supposed to do, then?”

“You could start by telling me a little about what happened,” Hodge said, rummaging in his pocket. He produced a handkerchief—crisply folded—and handed it to her. She took it with silent astonishment. She’d never before known anyone who carried a handkerchief. “The demon you saw in your apartment—was that the first such creature you’d ever seen? You had no inkling such creatures existed before?”

Clary shook her head, then paused. “One before, but I didn’t realize what it was. The first time I saw Jace—”

“Right, of course, how foolish of me to forget.” Hodge nodded. “In Pandemonium. That was the first time?”

“Yes.”

“And your mother never mentioned them to you—nothing about another world, perhaps, that most people cannot see? Did she seem particularly interested in myths, fairy tales, legends of the fantastic—”

“No. She hated all that stuff. She even hated Disney movies. She didn’t like me reading manga. She said it was childish.”

Hodge scratched his head. His hair didn't move. "Most peculiar," he murmured.

"Not really," said Clary. "My mother wasn't peculiar. She was the most normal person in the world."

"Normal people don't generally find their homes ransacked by demons," Hodge said, not unkindly.

"Couldn't it have been a mistake?"

"If it had been a mistake," Hodge said, "and you were an ordinary girl, you would not have seen the demon that attacked you—or if you had, your mind would have processed it as something else entirely: a vicious dog, even another human being. That you could see it, that it spoke to you—"

"How did you know it spoke to me?"

"Jace reported that you said 'It talked.'"

"It hissed." Clary shivered, remembering. "It talked about wanting to eat me, but I think it wasn't supposed to."

"Raveners are generally under the control of a stronger demon. They're not very bright or capable on their own," explained Hodge. "Did it say what its master was looking for?"

Clary thought. "It said something about a Valentine, but—"

Hodge jerked upright, so abruptly that Hugo, who had been resting comfortably on his shoulder, launched himself into the air with an irritable caw. "*Valentine?*"

"Yes," Clary said. "I heard the same name in Pandemonium from the boy—I mean, the demon—"

"It's a name we all know," Hodge said shortly. His voice was steady, but she could see a slight tremble in his hands. Hugo, back on his shoulder, ruffed his feathers uneasily.

"A demon?"

"No. Valentine is—*was*—a Shadowhunter."

"A Shadowhunter? Why do you say *was*?"

“Because he’s dead,” said Hodge flatly. “He’s been dead for sixteen years.”

Clary sank back against the couch cushions. Her head was throbbing. Maybe she should have gone for that tea after all. “Could it be someone else? Someone with the same name?”

Hodge’s laugh was a humorless bark. “No. But it could have been someone using his name to send a message.” He stood up and paced to his desk, hands locked behind his back. “And this would be the time to do it.”

“Why now?”

“Because of the Accords.”

“The peace negotiations? Jace mentioned those. Peace with who?”

“Downworlders,” Hodge murmured. He looked down at Clary. His mouth was a tight line. “Forgive me,” he said. “This must be confusing for you.”

“You think?”

He leaned against the desk, stroking Hugo’s feathers absently. “Downworlders are those who share the Shadow World with us. We have always lived in an uneasy peace with them.”

“Like vampires, werewolves, and . . .”

“The Fair Folk,” Hodge said. “Faeries. And Lilith’s children, being half-demon, are warlocks.”

“So what are you Shadowhunters?”

“We are sometimes called the Nephilim,” said Hodge. “In the Bible they were the offspring of humans and angels. The legend of the origin of Shadowhunters is that they were created more than a thousand years ago, when humans were being overrun by demon invasions from other worlds. A warlock summoned the Angel Raziel, who mixed some of his own blood with the blood of men in a cup, and gave it to those men to drink. Those who drank the Angel’s blood became Shadow-hunters, as did their children and their children’s children. The cup thereafter was known as the Mortal Cup.

Though the legend may not be fact, what is true is that through the years, when Shadowhunter ranks were depleted, it was always possible to create more Shadowhunters using the Cup.”

“*Was* always possible?”

“The Cup is gone,” said Hodge. “Destroyed by Valentine, just before he died. He set a great fire and burned himself to death along with his family, his wife, and his child. Scorched the land black. No one will build there still. They say the land is cursed.”

“Is it?”

“Possibly. The Clave hands down curses on occasion as punishment for breaking the Law. Valentine broke the greatest Law of all—he took up arms against his fellow Shadowhunters and slew them. He and his group, the Circle, killed dozens of their brethren along with hundreds of Downworlders during the last Accords. They were only barely defeated.”

“Why would he want to turn on other Shadowhunters?”

“He didn’t approve of the Accords. He despised Downworlders and felt that they should be slaughtered, wholesale, to keep this world pure for human beings. Though the Downworlders are not demons, not invaders, he felt they were demonic in nature, and that that was enough. The Clave did not agree—they felt the assistance of Downworlders was necessary if we were ever to drive off demonkind for good. And who could argue, really, that the Fair Folk do not belong in this world, when they have been here longer than we have?”

“Did the Accords get signed?”

“Yes, they were signed. When the Downworlders saw the Clave turn on Valentine and his Circle in their defense, they realized Shadowhunters were not their enemies. Ironically, with his insurrection Valentine made the Accords possible.” Hodge sat down in the chair again. “I apologize, this must be a dull history lesson for you. That was Valentine. A firebrand, a visionary, a man of great personal charm and conviction. And a killer. Now someone is invoking his name . . .”

“But who?” Clary asked. “And what does my mother have to do with it?”

Hodge stood up again. “I don’t know. But I shall do what I can to find out. I will send messages to the Clave and also to the Silent Brothers. They may wish to speak with you.”

Clary didn’t ask who the Silent Brothers were. She was tired of asking questions whose answers only made her more confused. She stood up. “Is there any chance I could go home?”

Hodge looked concerned. “No, I—I wouldn’t think that would be wise.”

“There are things I need there, even if I’m going to stay here. Clothes—”

“We can give you money to purchase new clothes.”

“Please,” Clary said. “I have to see if—I have to see what’s left.”

Hodge hesitated, then offered a short, inverted nod. “If Jace agrees to it, you may both go.” He turned to the desk, rummaging among the papers. He glanced over his shoulder as if realizing she was still there. “He’s in the weapons room.”

“I don’t know where that is.”

Hodge smiled crookedly. “Church will take you.”

She glanced toward the door where the fat blue Persian was curled up like a small ottoman. He rose as she came forward, fur rippling like liquid. With an imperious meow he led her into the hall. When she looked back over her shoulder, she saw Hodge already scribbling on a piece of paper. Sending a message to the mysterious Clave, she guessed. They didn’t sound like very nice people. She wondered what their response would be.



The red ink looked like blood against the white paper. Frowning, Hodge Starkweather rolled the letter, carefully and meticulously, into the shape of a tube, and whistled for Hugo. The bird, cawing softly, settled on his wrist. Hodge winced.

Years ago, in the Uprising, he had sustained a wound to that shoulder, and even as light a weight as Hugo's—or the turn of a season, a change in temperature or humidity, too sudden a movement of his arm—awakened old twinges and the memories of pains better forgotten.

There were some memories, though, that never faded. Images burst like flashbulbs behind his lids when he closed his eyes. Blood and bodies, trampled earth, a white podium stained with red. The cries of the dying. The green and rolling fields of Idris and its endless blue sky, pierced by the towers of the Glass City. The pain of loss surged up inside him like a wave; he tightened his fist, and Hugo, wings fluttering, pecked angrily at his fingers, drawing blood. Opening his hand, Hodge released the bird, who circled his head as he flew up to the skylight and then vanished.

Shaking off his sense of foreboding, Hodge reached for another piece of paper, not noticing the scarlet drops that smeared the paper as he wrote.

6

FORSAKEN

The weapons room looked exactly the way something called “the weapons room” sounded like it would look. Brushed metal walls were hung with every manner of sword, dagger, spike, pike, featherstaff, bayonet, whip, mace, hook, and bow. Soft leather bags filled with arrows dangled from hooks, and there were stacks of boots, leg guards, and gauntlets for wrists and arms. The place smelled of metal and leather and steel polish. Alec and Jace, no longer barefoot, sat at a long table in the center of the room, their heads bent over an object between them. Jace looked up as the door shut behind Clary. “Where’s Hodge?” he said.

“Writing to the Silent Brothers.”

Alec repressed a shudder. “Ugh.”

She approached the table slowly, conscious of Alec’s gaze. “What are you doing?”

“Putting the last touches on these.” Jace moved aside so she could see what lay on the table: three long slim wands of a dully glowing silver. They did not look sharp or particularly dangerous. “Sanvi, Sansavi, and Semangelaf. They’re seraph blades.”

“Those don’t look like knives. How did you make them? Magic?”

Alec looked horrified, as if she’d asked him to put on a tutu and execute a perfect pirouette. “The funny thing about mundies,” Jace said, to nobody in particular, “is how obsessed with magic they are for a bunch of people who don’t even know what the word means.”

“I know what it means,” Clary snapped.

“No, you don’t, you just think you do. Magic is a dark and elemental force, not just a lot of sparkly wands and crystal balls and talking goldfish.”

“I never said it was a lot of talking goldfish, you—”

Jace waved a hand, cutting her off. “Just because you call an electric eel a rubber duck doesn’t make it a rubber duck, does it? And God help the poor bastard who decides they want to take a bath with the duckie.”

“You’re driveling,” Clary observed.

“I’m not,” said Jace, with great dignity.

“Yes, you are,” said Alec, rather unexpectedly. “Look, we don’t do magic, okay?” he added, not looking at Clary. “That’s all you need to know about it.”

Clary wanted to snap at him, but restrained herself. Alec already didn’t seem to like her; there was no point in aggravating his hostility. She turned to Jace. “Hodge said I can go home.”

Jace nearly dropped the seraph blade he was holding. “*He said what?*”

“To look through my mother’s things,” she amended. “If you go with me.”

“Jace,” Alec exhaled, but Jace ignored him.

“If you really want to prove that my mom or dad was a Shadowhunter, we should look through my mom’s things. What’s left of them.”

“Down the rabbit hole.” Jace grinned crookedly. “Good idea. If we go right now, we should have another three, four hours of daylight.”

“Do you want me to come with you?” Alec asked, as Clary and Jace moved toward the door. Clary glanced back at him. He was half-out of the chair, eyes expectant.

“No.” Jace didn’t turn around. “That’s all right. Clary and I can handle this on our own.”

The look Alec shot Clary was as sour as poison. She was glad when the door shut behind her.

Jace led the way down the hall, Clary half-jogging to keep up with his long-legged stride. "Have you got your house keys?"

Clary glanced down at her shoes. "Yeah."

"Good. Not that we couldn't break in, but we'd run a greater chance of disturbing any wards that might be up if we did."

"If you say so." The hall widened out into a marble-floored foyer, a black metal gate set into one wall. It was only when Jace pushed a button next to the gate and it lit up that she realized it was an elevator. It creaked and groaned as it rose to meet them. "Jace?"

"Yeah?"

"How did you know I had Shadowhunter blood? Was there some way you could tell?"

The elevator arrived with a final groan. Jace unlatched the gate and slid it open. The inside reminded Clary of a birdcage, all black metal and decorative bits of gilt. "I guessed," he said, latching the door behind them. "It seemed like the most likely explanation."

"You guessed? You must have been pretty sure, considering you could have killed me."

He pressed a button in the wall, and the elevator lurched into action with a vibrating groan that she felt all through the bones in her feet. "I was ninety percent sure."

"I see," Clary said.

There must have been something in her voice, because he turned to look at her. Her hand cracked across his face, a slap that rocked him back on his heels. He put his hand to his cheek, more in surprise than pain. "What the hell was that for?"

"The other ten percent," she said, and they rode the rest of the way down to the street in silence.



Jace spent the train ride to Brooklyn wrapped in an angry silence. Clary stuck close to him anyway, feeling a little bit guilty, especially when she looked at the red mark her slap had left on his cheek.

She didn't really mind the silence; it gave her a chance to think. She kept reliving the conversation with Luke, over and over in her head. It hurt to think about, like biting down on a broken tooth, but she couldn't stop doing it.

Farther down the train, two teenage girls sitting on an orange bench seat were giggling together. The sort of girls Clary had never liked at St. Xavier's, sporting pink jelly mules and fake tans. Clary wondered for a moment if they were laughing at her, before she realized with a start of surprise that they were looking at Jace.

She remembered the girl in the coffee shop who had been staring at Simon. Girls always got that look on their faces when they thought someone was cute. She had nearly forgotten that Jace *was* cute, given everything that had happened. He didn't have Alec's delicate cameo looks, but Jace's face was more interesting. In daylight his eyes were the color of golden syrup and were . . . looking right at her. He cocked an eyebrow. "Can I help you with something?"

Clary turned instant traitor against her gender. "Those girls on the other side of the car are staring at you."

Jace assumed an air of mellow gratification. "Of course they are," he said. "I am stunningly attractive."

"Haven't you ever heard that modesty is an attractive trait?"

"Only from ugly people," Jace confided. "The meek may inherit the earth, but at the moment it belongs to the conceited. Like me." He winked at the girls, who giggled and hid behind their hair.

Clary sighed. "How come they can see you?"

"Glamours are a pain to use. Sometimes we don't bother."

The incident with the girls on the train did seem to put him in a better mood. When they left the station and headed up the hill to Clary's apartment, he took one of the seraph blades out of his pocket and started flipping it back and forth between his fingers and across his knuckles, humming to himself.

"Do you have to do that?" Clary asked. "It's annoying."

Jace hummed louder. It was a loud, tuneful sort of hum, somewhere between "Happy Birthday" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

"I'm sorry I smacked you," she said.

He stopped humming. "Just be glad you hit me and not Alec. He would have hit you back."

"He seems to be itching for the chance," Clary said, kicking an empty soda can out of her path. "What was it that Alec called you? Para-something?"

"*Parabatai*," said Jace. "It means a pair of warriors who fight together—who are closer than brothers. Alec is more than just my best friend. My father and his father were *parabatai* when they were young. His father was my godfather—that's why I live with them. They're my adopted family."

"But your last name isn't Lightwood."

"No," Jace said, and she would have asked what it was, but they had arrived at her house, and her heart had started to thump so loudly that she was sure it must be audible for miles. There was a humming in her ears, and the palms of her hands were damp with sweat. She stopped in front of the box hedges, and raised her eyes slowly, expecting to see yellow police tape cordoning off the front door, smashed glass littering the lawn, the whole thing reduced to rubble.

But there were no signs of destruction. Bathed in pleasant afternoon light, the brownstone seemed to glow. Bees droned lazily around the rosebushes under Madame Dorothea's windows.

"It looks the same," Clary said.

“On the outside.” Jace reached into his jeans pocket and drew out another one of the metal and plastic contraptions she’d mistaken for a cell phone.

“So that’s a Sensor? What does it do?” she asked.

“It picks up frequencies, like a radio does, but these frequencies are demonic in origin.”

“Demon shortwave?”

“Something like that.” Jace held the Sensor out in front of him as he approached the house. It clicked faintly as they climbed the stairs, then stopped. Jace frowned. “It’s picking up trace activity, but that could just be left over from that night. I’m not getting anything strong enough for there to be demons present now.”

Clary let out a breath she hadn’t realized she’d been holding. “Good.” She bent to retrieve her keys. When she straightened up, she saw the scratches on the front door. It must have been too dark for her to have seen them last time. They looked like claw marks, long and parallel, raked deeply into the wood.

Jace touched her arm. “I’ll go in first,” he said. Clary wanted to tell him that she didn’t need to hide behind him, but the words wouldn’t come. She could taste the terror she’d felt when she’d first seen the Ravener. The taste was sharp and coppery on her tongue like old pennies.

He pushed the door open with one hand, beckoning her after him with the hand that held the Sensor. Once inside the entryway, Clary blinked, adjusting her eyes to the dimness. The bulb overhead was still out, the skylight too filthy to let in any light, and shadows lay thick across the chipped floor. Madame Dorothea’s door was firmly shut. No light showed through the gap under it. Clary wondered uneasily if anything had happened to her.

Jace raised his hand and ran it along the banister. It came away wet, streaked with something that looked blackish red in the dim light. “Blood.”

“Maybe it’s mine.” Her voice sounded tinny. “From the other night.”

“It’d be dry by now if it were,” Jace said. “Come on.”

He headed up the stairs, Clary close behind him. The landing was dark, and she fumbled her keys three times before she managed to slide the right one into the lock. Jace leaned over her, watching impatiently. “Don’t breathe down my neck,” she hissed; her hand was shaking. Finally the tumblers caught, the lock clicking open.

Jace pulled her back. “I’ll go in first.”

She hesitated, then stepped aside to let him pass. Her palms were sticky, and not from the heat. In fact, it was cool inside the apartment, almost cold—chilly air seeped from the entryway, stinging her skin. She felt goose bumps rising as she followed Jace down the short hallway and into the living room.

It was empty. Startlingly, entirely empty, the way it had been when they’d first moved in—the walls and floor bare, the furniture gone, even the curtains torn down from the windows. Only faint lighter squares of paint on the wall showed where her mother’s paintings had hung. As if in a dream, Clary turned and walked toward the kitchen, Jace pacing her, his light eyes narrowed.

The kitchen was just as empty, even the refrigerator gone, the chairs, the table—the kitchen cabinets stood open, their bare shelves reminding her of a nursery rhyme. She cleared her throat. “What would demons,” she said, “want with our microwave?”

Jace shook his head, mouth curling under at the corners. “I don’t know, but I’m not sensing any demonic presence right now. I’d say they’re long gone.”

She glanced around one more time. Someone had cleaned up the spilled Tabasco sauce, she noticed distantly.

“Are you satisfied?” Jace asked. “There’s nothing here.”

She shook her head. “I want to see my room.”

He looked as if he were about to say something, then thought better of it. “If that’s what it takes,” he said, sliding the seraph blade into his pocket.

The light in the hallway was out, but Clary didn’t need much light to navigate inside her own house. With Jace just behind her, she found the door to her bedroom and reached for the knob. It was cold in her hand—so cold it nearly hurt, like touching an icicle with your bare skin. She saw Jace look at her quickly, but she was already turning the knob, or trying to. It moved slowly, almost stickily, as if the other side of it were embedded in something glutinous and syrupy—

The door blew outward, knocking her off her feet. She skidded across the hallway floor and slammed into the wall, rolling onto her stomach. There was a dull roaring in her ears as she pulled herself up to her knees.

Jace, flat against the wall, was fumbling in his pocket, his face a mask of surprise. Looming over him like a giant in a fairy tale was an enormous man, big around as an oak tree, a broad-bladed axe clutched in one gigantic dead-white hand. Tattered filthy rags hung off his grimy skin, and his hair was a single matted tangle, thick with dirt. He stank of poisonous sweat and rotting flesh. Clary was glad she couldn’t see his face—the back of him was bad enough.

Jace had the seraph blade in his hand. He raised it, calling out: “Sansavi!”

A blade shot from the tube. Clary thought of old movies where bayonets were hidden inside walking sticks, released at the flick of a switch. But she’d never seen a blade like this before: clear as glass, with a glowing hilt, wickedly sharp and nearly as long as Jace’s forearm. He struck out, slashing at the gigantic man, who staggered back with a bellow.

Jace whirled around, racing toward her. He caught her arm, hauling her to her feet, pushing her ahead of him down the hall. She could hear the thing behind them, following; its footsteps sounded like lead weights being dropped onto the floor, but it was coming on fast.

They sped through the entryway and out onto the landing, Jace whipping around to slam the front door shut. She heard the click of the automatic lock and caught her breath. The door shook on its hinges as a tremendous blow struck against it from inside the apartment. Clary backed away to the stairs. Jace glanced at her. His eyes were glowing with manic excitement. “Get downstairs! Get out of the—”

Another blow came, and this time the hinges gave way and the door flew outward. It would have knocked Jace over if he hadn’t moved so fast that Clary barely saw it; suddenly he was on the top stair, the blade burning in his hand like a fallen star. She saw Jace look at her and shout something, but she couldn’t hear him over the roar of the gigantic creature that burst from the shattered door, making straight for him. She flattened herself against the wall as it passed in a wave of heat and stink—and then its axe was flying, whipping through the air, slicing toward Jace’s head. He ducked, and it thunked heavily into the banister, biting deep.

Jace laughed. The laugh seemed to enrage the creature; abandoning the axe, he lurched at Jace with his enormous fists raised. Jace brought the seraph blade around in an arcing sweep, burying it to the hilt in the giant’s shoulder. For a moment the giant stood swaying. Then he lurched forward, his hands outstretched and grasping. Jace stepped aside hastily, but not hastily enough: The enormous fists caught hold of him as the giant staggered and fell, dragging Jace in his wake. Jace cried out once; there was a series of heavy and cracking thumps, and then silence.

Clary scrambled to her feet and raced downstairs. Jace lay sprawled at the foot of the steps, his arm bent beneath him at an unnatural angle. Across his legs lay the giant, the hilt of Jace’s blade protruding from his shoulder. He was not quite dead, but flopping weakly, a bloody froth leaking from his mouth. Clary could see his face now—it was dead-white and papery, latticed with a black network of horrible scars that almost obliterated his features. His eye sockets were red suppurating pits. Fighting the urge to gag, Clary stumbled down the last few stairs, stepped over the twitching giant, and knelt down next to Jace.

He was so still. She laid a hand on his shoulder, felt his shirt sticky with blood—his own or the giant’s, she couldn’t tell. “Jace?”

His eyes opened. “Is it dead?”

“Almost,” Clary said grimly.

“Hell.” He winced. “My legs—”

“Hold still.” Crawling around to his head, Clary slipped her hands under his arms and pulled. He grunted with pain as his legs slipped out from under the creature’s spasming carcass. Clary let go, and he struggled to his feet, his left arm across his chest. She stood up. “Is your arm all right?”

“No. Broken,” he said. “Can you reach into my pocket?”

She hesitated, nodded. “Which one?”

“Inside jacket, right side. Take out one of the seraph blades and hand it to me.” He held still as she nervously slipped her fingers into his pocket. She was standing so close that she could smell the scent of him, sweat and soap and blood. His breath tickled the back of her neck. Her fingers closed on a tube and she drew it out, not looking at him.

“Thanks,” he said. His fingers traced it briefly before he named it: “Sanvi.” Like its predecessor, the tube grew into a wicked-looking dagger, its glow illuminating his face. “Don’t watch,” he said, going to stand over the scarred thing’s body. He raised the blade over his head and brought it down. Blood fountained from the giant’s throat, splattering Jace’s boots.

She half-expected the giant to vanish, folding in on itself the way the kid in Pandemonium had. But it didn’t. The air was full of the smell of blood: heavy and metallic. Jace made a sound low in his throat. He was white-faced, whether with pain or disgust she couldn’t tell. “I told you not to watch,” he said.

“I thought it would disappear,” she said. “Back to its own dimension—you said.”

“I said that’s what happens to demons when they die.” Wincing, he shrugged his jacket off his shoulder, baring the

upper part of his left arm. “That wasn’t a demon.” With his right hand he drew something out of his belt. It was the smooth wand-shaped object he’d used to carve those overlapping circles into Clary’s skin. Looking at it, she felt her forearm begin to burn.

Jace saw her staring and grinned the ghost of a grin. “This,” he said, “is a stele.” He touched it to an inked mark just below his shoulder, a curious shape almost like a star. Two arms of the star jutted out from the rest of the mark, unconnected. “And this,” he said, “is what happens when Shadowhunters are wounded.”

With the tip of the stele, he traced a line connecting the two arms of the star. When he lowered his hand, the mark was shining as if it had been etched with phosphorescent ink. As Clary watched, it sank into his skin, like a weighted object sinking into water. It left behind a ghostly reminder: a pale, thin scar, almost invisible.

An image rose in Clary’s mind. Her mother’s back, not quite covered by her bathing suit top, the blades of her shoulders and curves of her spine dappled with narrow, white marks. It was like something she had seen in a dream—her mother’s back didn’t really look like that, she knew. But the image nagged at her.

Jace let out a sigh, the tense look of pain leaving his face. He moved the arm, slowly at first, then more easily, lifting it up and down, clenching his fist. Clearly it was no longer broken.

“That’s amazing,” Clary said. “How did you—?”

“That was an *iratze*—a healing rune,” Jace said. “Finishing the rune with the stele activates it.” He shoved the slim wand into his belt and shrugged his jacket back on. With the toe of his boot he prodded the giant’s corpse. “We’re going to have to report this to Hodge,” he said. “He’ll freak out,” he added, as if the thought of Hodge’s alarm gave him some satisfaction. Jace, Clary thought, was the sort of person who liked it when things were *happening*, even things that were bad.

“Why will he freak?” Clary said. “And I get that that thing isn’t a demon—that’s why the Sensor didn’t register it, right?”

Jace nodded. “You see the scars all over its face?”

“Yes.”

“Those were made with a stele. Like this one.” He tapped the wand in his belt. “You asked me what happens when you carve Marks onto someone who doesn’t have Shadowhunter blood. Just one Mark will only burn you, but a lot of Marks, powerful ones? Carved into the flesh of a totally ordinary human being with no trace of Shadowhunter ancestry? You get this.” He jerked his chin at the corpse. “The runes are agonizingly painful. The Marked ones go insane—the pain drives them out of their minds. They become fierce, mindless killers. They don’t sleep or eat unless you make them, and they die, usually quickly. Runes have great power and can be used to do great good—but they can be used for evil. The Forsaken are evil.”

Clary stared at him in horror. “But why would anyone do that to themselves?”

“Nobody would. It’s something that gets done to them. By a warlock, maybe, some Downworlder gone bad. The Forsaken are loyal to the one who Marked them, and they’re fierce killers. They can obey simple commands, too. It’s like having a—a slave army.” He stepped over the dead Forsaken, and glanced over his shoulder at her. “I’m going back upstairs.”

“But there’s nothing there.”

“There might be more of them,” he said, almost as if he were hoping there would be. “You should wait here.” He started up the steps.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you,” said a shrill and familiar voice. “There are more of them where the first one came from.”

Jace, who was nearly at the top of the stairs, spun and stared. So did Clary, although she knew immediately who had spoken. That gravelly accent was unmistakable.

“Madame Dorothea?”

The old woman inclined her head regally. She stood in the doorway of her apartment, dressed in what looked like a tent made of raw purple silk. Gold chains glittered on her wrists and roped her throat. Her long badger-striped hair straggled from the bun pinned to the top of her head.

Jace was still staring. “But . . .”

“More *what*?” Clary said.

“More Forsaken,” replied Dorothea with a cheerfulness that, Clary felt, didn’t really fit the circumstances. She glanced around the entryway. “You have made a mess, haven’t you? I’m sure you weren’t planning on cleaning up either. Typical.”

“But you’re a *mundane*,” Jace said, finally finishing his sentence.

“So observant,” said Dorothea, her eyes gleaming. “The Clave really broke the mold with you.”

The bewilderment on Jace’s face was fading, replaced by a dawning anger. “You know about the Clave?” he demanded. “You knew about them, and you knew there were Forsaken in this house, and you didn’t notify them? Just the existence of Forsaken is a crime against the Covenant—”

“Neither Clave nor Covenant have ever done anything for me,” said Madame Dorothea, her eyes flashing angrily. “I owe them nothing.” For a moment her gravelly New York accent vanished, replaced with something else, a thicker, deeper accent that Clary didn’t recognize.

“Jace, stop it,” Clary said. She turned to Madame Dorothea. “If you know about the Clave and the Forsaken,” she said, “then maybe you know what happened to my mother?”

Dorothea shook her head, her earrings swinging. There was something like pity on her face. “My advice to you,” she said, “is to forget about your mother. She’s gone.”

The floor under Clary seemed to tilt. “You mean she’s dead?”

“No.” Dorothea spoke the word almost reluctantly. “I’m sure she’s still alive. For now.”

“Then I have to find her,” Clary said. The world had stopped tilting; Jace was standing behind her, his hand on her elbow as if to brace her, but she barely noticed. “You understand? I have to find her before—”

Madame Dorothea held up a hand. “I don’t want to involve myself in Shadowhunter business.”

“But you knew my mother. She was your neighbor—”

“This is an official Clave investigation.” Jace cut her off. “I can always come back with the Silent Brothers.”

“Oh, for the—” Dorothea glanced at her door, then at Jace and Clary. “I suppose you might as well come in,” she said, finally. “I’ll tell you what I can.” She started toward the door, then halted on the threshold, glaring. “But if you tell anyone I helped you, Shadowhunter, you’ll wake up tomorrow with snakes for hair and an extra pair of arms.”

“That might be nice, an extra pair of arms,” Jace said. “Handy in a fight.”

“Not if they’re growing out of your . . .” Dorothea paused and smiled at him, not without malice. “Neck.”

“Yikes,” said Jace mildly.

“Yikes is right, Jace Wayland.” Dorothea marched into the apartment, her purple tent flying around her like a gaudy flag.

Clary looked at Jace. “Wayland?”

“It’s my name.” Jace looked shaken. “I can’t say I like that she knows it.”

Clary glanced after Dorothea. The lights were on inside the apartment; already the heavy smell of incense was flooding the entryway, mixing unpleasantly with the stench of blood. “Still, I think we might as well try talking to her. What have we got to lose?”

“Once you’ve spent a bit more time in our world,” Jace said, “you won’t ask me that again.”

7

THE FIVE-DIMENSIONAL DOOR

Madame Dorothea's apartment seemed to have roughly the same layout as Clary's, though she'd made a very different use of the space. The entryway, reeking of incense, was hung with bead curtains and astrological posters. One showed the constellations of the zodiac, another a guide to Chinese magical symbols, and another showed a hand with fingers spread, each line on the palm carefully labeled. Above the hand Latinate script spelled out the words "*In Manibus Fortuna.*" Narrow shelves holding stacked books ran along the wall beside the door.

One of the bead curtains rattled, and Madame Dorothea poked her head through. "Interested in chiromancy?" she said, noting Clary's gaze. "Or just nosy?"

"Neither," Clary said. "Can you really tell fortunes?"

"My mother had a great talent. She could see a man's future in his hand or the leaves at the bottom of his teacup. She taught me some of her tricks." She transferred her gaze to Jace. "Speaking of tea, young man, would you like some?"

"What?" Jace said, looking flustered.

"Tea. I find it both settles the stomach and concentrates the mind. Wonderful drink, tea."

"I'll have tea," Clary said, realizing how long it had been since she had eaten or drunk anything. She felt as if she'd been running on pure adrenaline since she woke up.

Jace succumbed. "All right. As long as it isn't Earl Grey," he added, wrinkling his fine-boned nose. "I hate bergamot."

Madame Dorothea cackled loudly and disappeared back through the bead curtain, leaving it swaying gently behind her.

Clary raised an eyebrow at Jace. “You hate bergamot?”

Jace had wandered over to the narrow bookshelf and was examining its contents. “You have a problem with that?”

“You may be the only guy my age I’ve ever met who knows what bergamot is, much less that it’s in Earl Grey tea.”

“Yes, well,” Jace said, with a supercilious look, “I’m not like other guys. Besides,” he added, flipping a book off the shelf, “at the Institute we have to take classes in basic medicinal uses for plants. It’s required.”

“I figured all your classes were stuff like Slaughter 101 and Beheading for Beginners.”

Jace flipped a page. “Very funny, Fray.”

Clary, who had been studying the palmistry poster, whirled on him. “Don’t call me that.”

He glanced up, surprised. “Why not? It’s your last name, isn’t it?”

The image of Simon rose up behind her eyes. Simon the last time she had seen him, staring after her as she ran out of Java Jones. She turned back to the poster, blinking. “No reason.”

“I see,” Jace said, and she could tell from his voice that he did see, more than she wanted him to. She heard him drop the book back onto the shelf. “This must be the trash she keeps up front to impress credible mundanes,” he said, sounding disgusted. “There’s not one serious text here.”

“Just because it’s not the kind of magic you do—,” Clary began crossly.

He scowled furiously, silencing her. “*I do not do magic*,” he said. “Get it through your head: Human beings are not magic users. It’s part of what makes them human. Witches and warlocks can only use magic because they have demon blood.”

Clary took a moment to process this. “But I’ve seen you use magic. You use enchanted weapons—”

“I use tools that are magical. And just to be able to do that, I have to undergo rigorous training. The rune tattoos on my skin protect me too. If you tried to use one of the seraph blades, for instance, it’d probably burn your skin, maybe kill you.”

“What if I got the tattoos?” Clary asked. “Could I use them then?”

“No,” Jace said crossly. “The Marks are only part of it. There are tests, ordeals, levels of training—look, just forget it, okay? Stay away from my blades. In fact, don’t touch any of my weapons without my permission.”

“Well, there goes my plan for selling them all on eBay,” Clary muttered.

“Selling them on *what*?”

Clary smiled blandly at him. “A mythical place of great magical power.”

Jace looked confused, then shrugged. “Most myths are true, at least in part.”

“I’m starting to get that.”

The bead curtain rattled again, and Madame Dorothea’s head appeared. “Tea’s on the table,” she said. “There’s no need for you two to keep standing there like donkeys. Come into the parlor.”

“There’s a parlor?” Clary said.

“Of course there’s a parlor,” said Dorothea. “Where else would I entertain?”

“I’ll just leave my hat with the footman,” said Jace.

Madame Dorothea shot him a dark look. “If you were half as funny as you thought you were, my boy, you’d be twice as funny as you are.” She disappeared back through the curtain, her loud “Hmph!” nearly drowned out by rattling beads.

Jace frowned. “I’m not quite sure what she meant by that.”

“Really,” said Clary. “It made perfect sense to me.” She marched through the bead curtain before he could reply.

The parlor was so dimly lit that it took several blinks for Clary's eyes to adjust. Faint light outlined the black velvet curtains drawn across the entire left wall. Stuffed birds and bats dangled from the ceiling on thin cords, shiny dark beads where their eyes should have been. The floor was layered with frayed Persian rugs that spat up puffs of dust underfoot. A group of overstuffed pink armchairs were gathered around a low table: A stack of tarot cards bound with a silk ribbon occupied one end of the table, a crystal ball on a gold stand the other. In the middle of the table was a silver tea service, laid out for company: a neat plate of stacked sandwiches, a blue teapot unfurling a thin stream of white smoke, and two teacups on matching saucers set carefully in front of two of the armchairs.

"Wow," Clary said weakly. "This looks great." She took a seat in one of the armchairs. It felt good to sit down.

Dorothea smiled, her eyes glinting with a sly humor. "Have some tea," she said, hefting the pot. "Milk? Sugar?"

Clary looked sideways at Jace, who was sitting beside her and who had taken possession of the sandwich plate. He was examining it closely. "Sugar," she said.

Jace shrugged, took a sandwich, and set the plate down. Clary watched him warily as he bit into it. He shrugged again. "Cucumber," he said, in response to her stare.

"I always think cucumber sandwiches are just the thing for tea, don't you?" Madame Dorothea inquired, of no one in particular.

"I hate cucumber," Jace said, and handed the rest of his sandwich to Clary. She bit into it—it was seasoned with just the right amount of mayonnaise and pepper. Her stomach rumbled in grateful appreciation of the first food she'd tasted since the nachos she'd eaten with Simon.

"Cucumber and bergamot," Clary said. "Is there anything else you hate that I ought to know about?"

Jace looked at Dorothea over the rim of his teacup. "Liars," he said.

Calmly the old woman set her teapot down. “You can call me a liar all you like. It’s true, I’m not a witch. But my mother was.”

Jace choked on his tea. “That’s impossible.”

“Why impossible?” Clary asked curiously. She took a sip of her tea. It was bitter, strongly flavored with a peaty smokiness.

Jace expelled a breath. “Because they’re half-human, half-demon. All witches and warlocks are crossbreeds. And because they’re crossbreeds, they can’t have children. They’re sterile.”

“Like mules,” Clary said thoughtfully, remembering something from biology class. “Mules are sterile crossbreeds.”

“Your knowledge of livestock is astounding,” said Jace. “All Downworlders are in some part demon, but only warlocks are the children of demon parents. It’s why their powers are the strongest.”

“Vampires and werewolves—they’re part demon too? And faeries?”

“Vampires and werewolves are the result of diseases brought by demons from their home dimensions. Most demon diseases are deadly to humans, but in these cases they worked strange changes on the infected, without actually killing them. And faeries—”

“Faeries are fallen angels,” said Dorothea, “cast down out of heaven for their pride.”

“That’s the legend,” Jace said. “It’s also said that they’re the offspring of demons and angels, which always seemed more likely to me. Good and evil, mixing together. Faeries are as beautiful as angels are supposed to be, but they have a lot of mischief and cruelty in them. And you’ll notice most of them avoid midday sunlight—”

“For the devil has no power,” said Dorothea softly, as if she were reciting an old rhyme, “except in the dark.”

Jace scowled at her. Clary said, “‘Supposed to be’? You mean angels don’t—”

“Enough about angels,” said Dorothea, suddenly practical. “It’s true that warlocks can’t have children. My mother adopted me because she wanted to make sure there’d be someone to attend this place after she was gone. I don’t have to master magic myself. I have only to watch and guard.”

“Guard what?” asked Clary.

“What indeed?” With a wink the older woman reached for a sandwich from the plate, but it was empty. Clary had eaten them all. Dorothea chuckled. “It’s good to see a young woman eat her fill. In my day, girls were robust, strapping creatures, not twigs like they are nowadays.”

“Thanks,” Clary said. She thought of Isabelle’s tiny waist and felt suddenly gigantic. She set her empty teacup down with a clatter.

Instantly, Madame Dorothea pounced on the cup and stared into it intently, a line appearing between her penciled eyebrows.

“What?” Clary said nervously. “Did I crack the cup or something?”

“She’s reading your tea leaves,” Jace said, sounding bored, but he leaned forward along with Clary as Dorothea turned the cup around and around in her thick fingers, scowling.

“Is it bad?” Clary asked.

“It is neither bad nor good. It is confusing.” Dorothea looked at Jace. “Give me *your* cup,” she commanded.

Jace looked affronted. “But I’m not done with my—”

The old woman snatched the cup out of his hand and splashed the excess tea back into the pot. Frowning, she gazed at what remained. “I see violence in your future, a great deal of blood shed by you and others. You’ll fall in love with the wrong person. Also, you have an enemy.”

“Only one? That’s good news.” Jace leaned back in his chair as Dorothea put down his cup and picked up Clary’s again. She shook her head.

“There is nothing for me to read here. The images are jumbled, meaningless.” She glanced at Clary. “Is there a block in your mind?”

Clary was puzzled. “A what?”

“Like a spell that might conceal a memory, or might have blocked out your Sight.”

Clary shook her head. “No, of course not.”

Jace leaned forward alertly. “Don’t be so hasty,” he said. “It’s true that she claims not to remember ever having had the Sight before this week. Maybe—”

“Maybe I’m just a late developer,” Clary snapped. “And don’t *leer* at me, just because I said that.”

Jace assumed an injured air. “I wasn’t going to.”

“You were working up to a leer, I could tell.”

“Maybe,” Jace acknowledged, “but that doesn’t mean I’m not right. Something’s blocking your memories, I’m almost sure of it.”

“Very well, let’s try something else.” Dorothea put the cup down, and reached for the silk-wrapped tarot cards. She fanned the cards and held them out to Clary. “Slide your hand over these until you touch one that feels hot or cold, or seems to cling to your fingers. Then draw that one and show it to me.”

Obediently Clary ran her fingers over the cards. They felt cool to the touch, and slippery, but none seemed particularly warm or cold, and none stuck to her fingers. Finally she selected one at random, and held it up.

“The Ace of Cups,” Dorothea said, sounding bemused. “The love card.”

Clary turned it over and looked at it. The card was heavy in her hand, the image on the front thick with real paint. It showed a hand holding up a cup in front of a rayed sun painted with gilt. The cup was made of gold, engraved with a pattern of smaller suns and studded with rubies. The style of the

artwork was as familiar to her as her own breath. “This is a good card, right?”

“Not necessarily. The most terrible things men do, they do in the name of love,” said Madame Dorothea, her eyes gleaming. “But it is a powerful card. What does it mean to you?”

“That my mother painted it,” said Clary, and dropped the card onto the table. “She did, didn’t she?”

Dorothea nodded, a look of pleased satisfaction on her face. “She painted the whole pack. A gift for me.”

“So you say.” Jace stood up, his eyes cold. “How well did you know Clary’s mother?”

Clary craned her head to look up at him. “Jace, you don’t have to—”

Dorothea sat back in her chair, the cards fanned out across her wide chest. “Jocelyn knew what I was, and I knew what she was. We didn’t talk about it much. Sometimes she did favors for me—like painting this pack of cards—and in return I’d tell her the occasional piece of Downworld gossip. There was a name she asked me to keep an ear out for, and I did.”

Jace’s expression was unreadable. “What name was that?”

“Valentine.”

Clary sat straight up in her chair. “But that’s—”

“And when you say you knew what Jocelyn was, what do you mean? What was she?” Jace asked.

“Jocelyn was what she was,” said Dorothea. “But in her past she’d been like you. A Shadowhunter. One of the Clave.”

“No,” Clary whispered.

Dorothea looked at her with sad almost kindly eyes. “It’s true. She chose to live in this house precisely because—”

“Because this is a Sanctuary.” Jace said to Dorothea. “Isn’t it? Your mother was a Control. She made this space, hidden, protected—it’s a perfect spot for Downworlders on the run to

hide out. That's what you do, isn't it? You hide criminals here."

"You *would* call them that," Dorothea said. "You're familiar with the motto of the Covenant?"

"*Sed lex dura lex*," said Jace automatically. "The Law is hard, but it is the Law."

"Sometimes the Law is too hard. I know the Clave would have taken me away from my mother if they could. You want me to let them do the same to others?"

"So you're a philanthropist." Jace's lip curled. "I suppose you expect me to believe that Downworlders don't pay you handsomely for the privilege of your Sanctuary?"

Dorothea grinned, wide enough to show a flash of gold molars. "We can't all get by on our looks like you."

Jace looked unmoved by the flattery. "I should tell the Clave about you—"

"You can't!" Clary was on her feet now. "You promised."

"I never promised anything." Jace looked mutinous. He strode to the wall and tore aside one of the velvet hangings. "You want to tell me what this is?" he demanded.

"It's a door, Jace," said Clary. It *was* a door, set strangely in the wall between the two bay windows. Clearly it couldn't be a door that led anywhere, or it would have been visible from the outside of the house. It looked as if it were made of some softly glowing metal, more buttery than brass but as heavy as iron. The knob had been cast in the shape of an eye.

"Shut up," Jace said angrily. "It's a Portal. Isn't it?"

"It's a five-dimensional door," said Dorothea, laying the tarot cards back on the table. "Dimensions aren't all straight lines, you know," she added, in response to Clary's blank look. "There are dips and folds and nooks and crannies all tucked away. It's a bit hard to explain when you've never studied dimensional theory, but, in essence, that door can take you anywhere in this dimension that you want to go. It's—"

“An escape hatch,” Jace said. “That’s why your mother wanted to live here. So she could always flee at a moment’s notice.”

“Then why didn’t she—,” Clary began, and broke off, suddenly horrified. “Because of me,” she said. “She wouldn’t leave without me that night. So she stayed.”

Jace was shaking his head. “You can’t blame yourself.”

Feeling tears gather under her eyelids, Clary pushed past Jace to the door. “I want to see where she would have gone,” she said, reaching for the door. “I want to see where she was going to escape to—”

“Clary, no!” Jace reached for her, but her fingers had already closed around the knob. It spun rapidly under her hand, the door flying open as if she’d pushed it. Dorothea lumbered to her feet with a cry, but it was too late. Before she could even finish her sentence, Clary found herself flung forward and tumbling through empty space.

8

WEAPON OF CHOICE

She was too surprised to scream. The sensation of falling was the worst part; her heart flew up into her throat and her stomach turned to water. She flung her hands out, trying to catch at something, anything that might slow her descent.

Her hands closed on branches. Leaves tore off in her grip. She thumped to the ground, hard, her hip and shoulder striking packed earth. She rolled over, sucking the air back into her lungs. She was just beginning to sit up when someone landed on top of her.

She was knocked backward. A forehead banged against hers, her knees banging against someone else's. Tangled up in arms and legs, Clary coughed hair (not her own) out of her mouth and tried to struggle out from under the weight that felt like it was crushing her flat.

"Ouch," Jace said in her ear, his tone indignant. "You elbowed me."

"Well, you *landed* on me."

He levered himself up on his arms and looked down at her placidly. Clary could see blue sky above his head, a bit of tree branch, and the corner of a gray clapboard house. "Well, you didn't leave me much choice, did you?" he asked. "Not after you decided to leap merrily through that Portal like you were jumping the F train. You're just lucky it didn't dump us out in the East River."

"You didn't have to come after me."

"Yes, I did," he said. "You're far too inexperienced to protect yourself in a hostile situation without me."

"That's sweet. Maybe I'll forgive you."

“Forgive me? For what?”

“For telling me to shut up.”

His eyes narrowed. “I did not . . . Well, I did, but you were —”

“Never mind.” Her arm, pinned under her back, was beginning to cramp. Rolling to the side to free it, she saw the brown grass of a dead lawn, a chain-link fence, and more of the gray clapboard house, now distressingly familiar.

She froze. “I know where we are.”

Jace stopped spluttering. “What?”

“This is Luke’s house.” She sat up, pitching Jace to the side. He rolled gracefully to his feet and held out a hand to help her up. She ignored him and scrambled upright, shaking out her numb arm.

They stood in front of a small gray row house, nestled among the other row houses that lined the Williamsburg waterfront. A breeze blew off the East River, setting a small sign swinging over the brick front steps. Clary watched Jace as he read the block-lettered words aloud, “*Garroway Books. Fine Used, New, and Out-of-Print. Closed Saturdays.*” He glanced at the dark front door, its knob wound with a heavy padlock. A few days’ worth of mail lay on the doormat, untouched. He glanced at Clary. “He lives in a bookstore?”

“He lives behind the store.” Clary glanced up and down the empty street, which was bordered on one end by the arched span of the Williamsburg Bridge, and by a deserted sugar factory on the other. Across the sluggishly moving river the sun was setting behind the skyscrapers of lower Manhattan, outlining them in gold. “Jace, how did we get here?”

“Through the Portal,” Jace said, examining the padlock. “It takes you to whatever place you’re thinking of.”

“But I wasn’t thinking of here,” Clary objected. “I wasn’t thinking of anywhere.”

“You must have been.” He dropped the subject, seeming uninterested. “So, since we’re here anyway . . .”

“Yeah?”

“What do you want to do?”

“Leave, I guess,” Clary said bitterly. “Luke told me not to come here.”

Jace shook his head. “And you just accept that?”

Clary hugged her arms around herself. Despite the fading heat of the day, she felt cold. “Do I have a choice?”

“We always have choices,” Jace said. “If I were you, I’d be pretty curious about Luke right now. Do you have keys to the house?”

Clary shook her head. “No, but sometimes he leaves the back door unlocked.” She pointed to the narrow alley between Luke’s row house and the next. Plastic trash cans were propped in a neat row beside stacks of folded newspapers and a plastic tub of empty soda bottles. At least Luke was still a responsible recycler.

“You sure he isn’t home?” Jace asked.

She glanced at the empty curb. “Well, his truck’s gone, the store’s closed, and all the lights are off. I’d say probably not.”

“Then lead the way.”

The narrow aisle between the row houses ended in a high chain-link fence. It surrounded Luke’s small back garden, where the only plants flourishing seemed to be the weeds that had sprung up through the paving stones, cracking them into powdery shards.

“Up and over,” Jace said, jamming the toe of a boot into a gap in the fence. He began to climb. The fence rattled so loudly that Clary glanced around nervously, but there were no lights on in the neighbors’ house. Jace cleared the top of the fence and sprang down the other side, landing in the bushes to the accompaniment of an earsplitting yowl.

For a moment Clary thought he must have landed on a stray cat. She heard Jace shout in surprise as he fell backward. A dark shadow—much too big to be feline—exploded out of the

shrubby and streaked across the yard, keeping low. Rolling to his feet, Jace darted after it, looking murderous.

Clary started to climb. As she threw her leg over the top of the fence, Isabelle's jeans caught on a twist of wire and tore up the side. She dropped to the ground, shoes scuffing the soft dirt, just as Jace cried out in triumph. "Got him!" Clary turned to see Jace sitting on top of the prone intruder, whose arms were up over his head. Jace grabbed for his wrist. "Come on, let's see your face—"

"Get the hell off me, you pretentious asshole," the intruder snarled, shoving at Jace. He struggled halfway into a sitting position, his battered glasses knocked askew.

Clary stopped dead in her tracks. "*Simon?*"

"Oh, God," said Jace, sounding resigned. "And here I'd actually hoped I'd got hold of something interesting."



"But what were you doing hiding in Luke's bushes?" Clary asked, brushing leaves out of Simon's hair. He suffered her ministrations with glaring bad grace. Somehow when she'd pictured her reunion with Simon, when all this was over, he'd been in a better mood. "That's the part I don't get."

"All right, that's enough. I can fix my own hair, Fray," Simon said, jerking away from her touch. They were sitting on the steps of Luke's back porch. Jace had propped himself on the porch railing and was assiduously pretending to ignore them, while using the stele to file the edges of his fingernails. Clary wondered if the Clave would approve.

"I mean, did Luke know you were there?" she asked.

"Of course he didn't know I was there," Simon said irritably. "I've never asked him, but I'm sure he has a fairly stringent policy about random teenagers lurking in his shrubbery."

"You're not random; he knows you." She wanted to reach out and touch his cheek, still bleeding slightly where a branch had scratched it. "The main thing is that you're all right."

“That *I’m* all right?” Simon laughed, a sharp, unhappy sound. “Clary, do you have any idea what I’ve been through this past couple of days? The last time I saw you, you were running out of Java Jones like a bat out of hell, and then you just . . . disappeared. You never picked up your cell—then your home phone was disconnected—then Luke told me you were off staying with some relatives upstate when I *know* you don’t have any other relatives. I thought I’d done something to piss you off.”

“What could you possibly have done?” Clary reached for his hand, but he pulled it back without looking at her.

“I don’t know,” he said. “Something.”

Jace, still occupied with the stele, chuckled low under his breath.

“You’re my best friend,” Clary said. “I wasn’t mad at you.”

“Yeah, well, you clearly also couldn’t be bothered to call me and tell me you were shacking up with some dyed-blond wanna-be goth you probably met at Pandemonium,” Simon pointed out sourly. “After I spent the past three days wondering if you were *dead*.”

“I was not shacking up,” Clary said, glad of the darkness as the blood rushed to her face.

“And my hair is naturally blond,” said Jace. “Just for the record.”

“So what have you been doing these past three days, then?” Simon said, his eyes dark with suspicion. “Do you really have a great-aunt Matilda who contracted avian flu and needed to be nursed back to health?”

“Did Luke actually say that?”

“No. He just said you had gone to visit a sick relative, and that your phone probably just didn’t work out in the country. Not that I believed him. After he shooed me off his front porch, I went around the side of the house and looked in the back window. Watched him packing up a green duffel bag like he was going away for the weekend. That was when I decided to stick around and keep an eye on things.”

“Why? Because he was packing a bag?”

“He was packing it full of weapons,” Simon said, scrubbing at the blood on his cheek with the sleeve of his T-shirt. “Knives, a couple daggers, even a sword. Funny thing is, some of the weapons looked like they were glowing.” He looked from Clary to Jace, and back again. His tone was edged as sharply as one of Luke’s knives. “Now, are you going to say I was imagining it?”

“No,” Clary said. “I’m not going to say that.” She glanced at Jace. The last light of sunset struck gold sparks from his eyes. She said, “I’m going to tell him the truth.”

“I know.”

“Are you going to try to stop me?”

He looked down at the stele in his hand. “My oath to the Covenant binds me,” he said. “No such oath binds you.”

She turned back to Simon, taking a deep breath. “All right,” she said. “Here’s what you have to know.”



The sun had slipped entirely past the horizon, and the porch was in darkness by the time Clary stopped speaking. Simon had listened to her lengthy explanation with a nearly impassive expression, only wincing a little when she got to the part about the Ravener demon. When she was done speaking, she cleared her dry throat, suddenly dying for a glass of water. “So,” she said, “any questions?”

Simon held up his hand. “Oh, I’ve got questions. Several.”

Clary exhaled warily. “Okay, shoot.”

He pointed at Jace. “Now, he’s a—what do you call people like him again?”

“He’s a Shadowhunter,” Clary said.

“A demon hunter,” Jace clarified. “I kill demons. It’s not that complicated, really.”

Simon looked at Clary again. “For real?” His eyes were narrowed, as if he half-expected her to tell him that none of it

was true and Jace was actually a dangerous escaped lunatic she'd decided to befriend on humanitarian grounds.

"For real."

There was an intent look on Simon's face. "And there are vampires, too? Werewolves, warlocks, all that stuff?"

Clary gnawed her lower lip. "So I hear."

"And you kill them, too?" Simon asked, directing the question to Jace, who had put the stele back in his pocket and was examining his flawless nails for defects.

"Only when they've been naughty."

For a moment Simon merely sat and stared down at his feet. Clary wondered if burdening him with this kind of information had been the wrong thing to do. He had a stronger practical streak than almost anyone else she knew; he might hate knowing something like this, something for which there was no logical explanation. She leaned forward anxiously, just as Simon lifted his head. "That is *so awesome*," he said.

Jace looked as startled as Clary felt. "Awesome?"

Simon nodded enthusiastically enough to make the dark curls bounce on his forehead. "Totally. It's like Dungeons and Dragons, but *real*."

Jace was looking at Simon as if he were some bizarre species of insect. "It's like what?"

"It's a game," Clary explained. She felt vaguely embarrassed. "People pretend to be wizards and elves, and they kill monsters and stuff."

Jace looked stupefied.

Simon grinned. "You've never heard of Dungeons and Dragons?"

"I've heard of dungeons," Jace said. "Also dragons. Although they're mostly extinct."

Simon looked disappointed. "You've never killed a dragon?"

“He’s probably never met a six-foot-tall hot elf-woman in a fur bikini, either,” Clary said irritably. “Lay off, Simon.”

“Real elves are about eight inches tall,” Jace pointed out. “Also, they bite.”

“But vampires are hot, right?” Simon said. “I mean, some of the vampires are babes, aren’t they?”

Clary worried for a moment that Jace might lunge across the porch and throttle Simon senseless. Instead, he considered the question. “Some of them, maybe.”

“*Awesome*,” Simon repeated. Clary decided she had preferred it when they were fighting.

Jace slid off the porch railing. “So are we going to search the house, or not?”

Simon scrambled to his feet. “I’m game. What are we looking for?”

“We?” said Jace, with a sinister delicacy. “I don’t remember inviting you along.”

“*Jace*,” Clary said angrily.

The left corner of his mouth curled up. “Just joking.” He stepped aside to leave her a clear path to the door. “Shall we?”

Clary fumbled for the doorknob in the dark. It opened, triggering the porch light, which illuminated the entryway. The door that led into the bookstore was closed; Clary jiggled the knob. “It’s locked.”

“Allow me, mundanes,” said Jace, setting her gently aside. He took his stele out of his pocket and put it to the door. Simon watched him with some resentment. No amount of vampire babes, Clary suspected, was ever going to make him like Jace.

“He’s a piece of work, isn’t he?” Simon muttered. “How do you stand him?”

“He saved my life.”

Simon glanced at her quickly. “How—”

With a click the door swung open. “Here we go,” said Jace, sliding his stele back into his pocket. Clary saw the Mark on the door—just over his head—fade as they passed through it. The back door opened onto a small storage room, the bare walls peeling paint. Cardboard boxes were stacked everywhere, their contents identified with marker scrawls: “Fiction,” “Poetry,” “Cooking,” “Local Interest,” “Romance.”

“The apartment’s through there.” Clary headed toward the door she’d indicated, at the far end of the room.

Jace caught her arm. “Wait.”

She looked at him nervously. “Is something wrong?”

“I don’t know.” He edged between two narrow stacks of boxes, and whistled. “Clary, you might want to come over here and see this.”

She glanced around. It was dim in the storage room, the only illumination the porch light shining through the window. “It’s so dark—”

Light flared up, bathing the room in a brilliant glow. Simon turned his head aside, blinking. “Ouch.”

Jace chuckled. He was standing on top of a sealed box, his hand raised. Something glowed in his palm, the light escaping through his cupped fingers. “Witchlight,” he said.

Simon muttered something under his breath. Clary was already clambering through the boxes, pushing a way to Jace. He was standing behind a teetering pile of mysteries, the witch-light casting an eerie glow over his face. “Look at that,” he said, indicating a space higher up on the wall. At first she thought he was pointing at what looked like a pair of ornamental sconces. As her eyes adjusted, she realized they were actually loops of metal attached to short chains, the ends of which were sunk into the wall. “Are those—”

“Manacles,” said Simon, picking his way through the boxes. “That’s, ah . . .”

“Don’t say ‘kinky.’” Clary shot him a warning look. “This is Luke we’re talking about.”

Jace reached up to run his hand along the inside of one of the metal loops. When he lowered it, his fingers were dusted with red-brown powder. "Blood. And look." He pointed to the wall right around where the chains were sunk in; the plaster seemed to bulge outward. "Someone tried to yank these things out of the wall. Tried pretty hard, from the looks of it."

Clary's heart had begun to beat hard inside her chest. "Do you think Luke is all right?"

Jace lowered the witchlight. "I think we'd better find out."

The door to the apartment was unlocked. It led into Luke's living room. Despite the hundreds of books in the store itself, there were hundreds more in the apartment. Bookshelves rose to the ceiling, the volumes on them "double-parked," one row blocking another. Most were poetry and fiction, with plenty of fantasy and mystery thrown in. Clary remembered plowing through the entirety of *The Chronicles of Prydain* here, curled up in Luke's window seat as the sun went down over the East River.

"I think he's still around," called Simon, standing in the doorway of Luke's small kitchenette. "The percolator's on and there's coffee here. Still hot."

Clary peered around the kitchen door. Dishes were stacked in the sink. Luke's jackets were hung neatly on hooks inside the coat closet. She walked down the hallway and opened the door of his small bedroom. It looked the same as ever, the bed with its gray coverlet and flat pillows unmade, the top of the bureau covered in loose change. She turned away. Some part of her had been absolutely certain that when they walked in they'd find the place torn to pieces, and Luke tied up, injured or worse. Now she didn't know what to think.

Numbly she crossed the hall to the little guest bedroom where she'd so often stayed when her mother was out of town on business. They'd stay up late watching old horror movies on the flickering black-and-white TV. She even kept a backpack full of extra things here so she didn't have to lug her stuff back and forth from home.

Kneeling down, she tugged it out from under the bed by its olive green strap. It was covered with buttons, most of which Simon had given her. GAMERS DO IT BETTER. OTAKU WENCH. STILL NOT KING. Inside were some folded clothes, a few spare pairs of underwear, a hairbrush, even shampoo. *Thank God*, she thought, and kicked the bedroom door closed. Quickly she changed, stripping off Isabelle's too-big—and now grass-stained and sweaty—clothes, and pulling on a pair of her own sandblasted cords, soft as worn paper, and a blue tank top with a design of Chinese characters across the front. She tossed Isabelle's clothes into her backpack, yanked the cord shut, and left the bedroom, the pack bouncing familiarly between her shoulder blades. It was nice to have something of her own again.

She found Jace in Luke's book-lined office, examining a green duffel bag that lay unzipped across the desk. It was, as Simon had said, full of weapons—sheathed knives, a coiled whip, and something that looked like a razor-edged metal disk.

"It's a *chakhrum*," said Jace, looking up as Clary came into the room. "A Sikh weapon. You whirl it around your index finger before releasing it. They're rare and hard to use. Strange that Luke would have one. They used to be Hodge's weapon of choice, back in the day. Or so he tells me."

"Luke collects stuff. Art objects. You know," Clary said, indicating the shelf behind the desk, which was lined with Indian statues and Russian icons. Her favorite was a statuette of the Indian goddess of destruction, Kali, brandishing a sword and a severed head as she danced with her head thrown back and her eyes slitted closed. To the side of the desk was an antique Chinese screen, carved out of glowing rosewood. "Pretty things."

Jace moved the *chakhrum* aside gingerly. A handful of clothes spilled out of the untied end of Luke's duffel bag, as if they had been an afterthought. "I think this is yours, by the way."

He drew out a rectangular object hidden among the clothes: a wooden-framed photograph with a long vertical crack along the glass. The crack threw a network of spidery lines across

the smiling faces of Clary, Luke, and her mother. “That *is* mine,” Clary said, taking it out of his hand.

“It’s cracked,” Jace observed.

“I know. *I* did that—I smashed it. When I threw it at the Ravener demon.” She looked at him, seeing the dawning realization on his face. “That means Luke’s been back to the apartment since the attack. Maybe even today—”

“He must have been the last person to come through the Portal,” said Jace. “That’s why it took us here. You weren’t thinking of anything, so it sent us to the last place it had been.”

“Nice of Dorothea to tell us he was there,” said Clary.

“He probably paid her off to be quiet. Either that or she trusts him more than she trusts us. Which means he might not be—”

“Guys!” It was Simon, dashing into the office in a panic. “Someone’s coming.”

Clary dropped the photo. “Is it Luke?”

Simon peered back down the hall, then nodded. “It is. But he’s not by himself—there are two men with him.”

“Men?” Jace crossed the room in a few strides, peered through the door, and spat a curse under his breath. “Warlocks.”

Clary stared. “Warlocks? But—”

Shaking his head, Jace backed away from the door. “Is there some other way out of here? A back door?”

Clary shook her head. The sound of footsteps in the hallway was audible now, striking pangs of fear into her chest.

Jace looked around desperately. His eyes came to rest on the rosewood screen. “Get behind that,” he said, pointing. “*Now.*”

Clary dropped the fractured photo on the desk and slipped behind the screen, pulling Simon after her. Jace was right behind them, his stele in his hand. He had barely concealed himself when Clary heard the door swing wide open, the

sound of people walking into Luke's office—then voices. Three men speaking. She looked nervously at Simon, who was very pale, and then at Jace, who had raised the stele in his hand and was moving the tip lightly, in a sort of square shape, across the back of the screen. As Clary stared, the square went clear, like a pane of glass. She heard Simon suck in his breath—a tiny sound, barely audible—and Jace shook his head at them both, mouthing words: *They can't see us through it, but we can see them.*

Biting her lip, Clary moved to the edge of the square and peered through it, conscious of Simon breathing down her neck. She could see the room beyond perfectly: the bookshelves, the desk with the duffel bag thrown across it—and Luke, ragged-looking and slightly stooped, his glasses pushed up to the top of his head, standing near the door. It was frightening even though she knew he couldn't see her, that the window Jace had made was like the glass in a police station interrogation room: strictly one-way.

Luke turned, looking back through the doorway. "Yes, feel free to look around," he said, his tone heavily weighted with sarcasm. "Nice of you to show such an interest."

A low chuckle sounded from the corner of the office. With an impatient flick of the wrist, Jace tapped the frame of his "window," and it opened out wider, showing more of the room. There were two men there with Luke, both in long reddish robes, their hoods pushed back. One was thin, with an elegant gray mustache and pointed beard. When he smiled, he showed blindingly white teeth. The other was burly, thickset as a wrestler, with close-cropped reddish hair. His skin was dark purple and looked shiny over the cheekbones, as if it had been stretched too tight.

"Those are warlocks?" Clary whispered softly.

Jace didn't answer. He had gone rigid all over, stiff as a bar of iron. *He's afraid I'll make a run for it, try to get to Luke,* Clary thought. She wished she could reassure him that she wouldn't. There was something about those two men, in their thick cloaks the color of arterial blood, that was terrifying.

“Consider this a friendly follow-up, *Graymark*,” said the man with the gray mustache. His smile showed teeth so sharp they looked as if they’d been filed to cannibal points.

“There’s nothing friendly about you, Pangborn.” Luke sat down on the edge of his desk, angling his body so it blocked the men’s view of his duffel bag and its contents. Now that he was closer, Clary could see that his face and hands were badly bruised, his fingers scraped and bloody. A long cut along his neck disappeared down into his collar. *What on earth happened to him?*

“Blackwell, don’t touch that—it’s valuable,” Luke said sternly.

The big redheaded man, who had picked up the statue of Kali from the top of the bookcase, ran his beefy fingers over it consideringly. “Nice,” he said.

“Ah,” said Pangborn, taking the statue from his companion. “She who was created to battle a demon who could not be killed by any god or man. ‘Oh, Kali, my mother full of bliss! Enchantress of the almighty Shiva, in thy delirious joy thou dancest, clapping thy hands together. Thou art the Mover of all that moves, and we are but thy helpless toys.’”

“Very nice,” said Luke. “I didn’t know you were a student of the Indian myths.”

“All the myths are true,” said Pangborn, and Clary felt a small shiver go up her spine. “Or have you forgotten even that?”

“I forget nothing,” said Luke. Though he looked relaxed, Clary could see tension in the lines of his shoulders and mouth. “I suppose Valentine sent you?”

“He did,” said Pangborn. “He thought you might have changed your mind.”

“There’s nothing to change my mind about. I already told you I don’t know anything. Nice cloaks, by the way.”

“Thanks,” said Blackwell with a sly grin. “Skinned them off a couple of dead warlocks.”

“Those are official Accord robes, aren’t they?” Luke asked. “Are they from the Uprising?”

Pangborn chuckled softly. “Spoils of battle.”

“Aren’t you afraid someone might mistake you for the real thing?”

“Not,” said Blackwell, “once they got up close.”

Pangborn fondled the edge of his robe. “Do you remember the Uprising, Lucian?” he said softly. “That was a great and terrible day. Do you remember how we trained together for the battle?”

Luke’s face twisted. “The past is the past. I don’t know what to tell you gentlemen. I can’t help you now. I don’t know anything.”

“‘Anything’ is such a general word, so unspecific,” said Pangborn, sounding melancholy. “Surely someone who owns so many books must know *something*.”

“If you want to know where to find a jog-toed swallow in springtime, I could direct you to the correct reference title. But if you want to know where the Mortal Cup has disappeared to . . .”

“Disappeared might not be quite the correct word,” purred Pangborn. “Hidden, more like. Hidden by Jocelyn.”

“That may be,” said Luke. “So hasn’t she told you where it is yet?”

“She has not yet regained consciousness,” said Pangborn, carving the air with a long-fingered hand. “Valentine is disappointed. He was looking forward to their reunion.”

“I’m sure she didn’t reciprocate the sentiment,” muttered Luke.

Pangborn cackled. “Jealous, Graymark? Perhaps you no longer feel about her the way you *used* to.”

A trembling had started in Clary’s fingers, so pronounced that she knitted her hands together tightly to try to stop them from shaking. *Jocelyn? Can they be talking about my mother?*

“I never felt any way about her, particularly,” said Luke. “Two Shadowhunters, exiled from their own kind, you can see why we might have banded together. But I’m not going to try to interfere with Valentine’s plans for her, if that’s what he’s worried about.”

“I wouldn’t say he was worried,” said Pangborn. “More curious. We all wondered if you were still alive. Still recognizably human.”

Luke arched his eyebrows. “And?”

“You seem well enough,” said Pangborn grudgingly. He set the Kali statuette down on the shelf. “There was a child, wasn’t there? A girl.”

Luke looked taken aback. “What?”

“Don’t play dumb,” said Blackwell in his snarl of a voice. “We know the bitch had a daughter. They found photos of her in the apartment, a bedroom—”

“I thought you were asking about children of mine,” Luke interrupted smoothly. “Yes, Jocelyn had a daughter. Clarissa. I assume she’s run off. Did Valentine send you to find her?”

“Not us,” said Pangborn. “But he is looking.”

“We could search this place,” added Blackwell.

“I wouldn’t advise it,” said Luke, and slid off the desk. There was a certain cold menace to his look as he stared down at the two men, though his expression hadn’t changed. “What makes you think she’s still alive? I thought Valentine sent Raveners to scour the place. Enough Ravener poison, and most people will crumble away to ashes, leave no trace behind.”

“There was a dead Ravener,” said Pangborn. “It made Valentine suspicious.”

“Everything makes Valentine suspicious,” said Luke. “Maybe Jocelyn killed it. She was certainly capable.”

Blackwell grunted. “Maybe.”

Luke shrugged. “Look, I’ve got no idea where the girl is, but for what it’s worth, I’d guess she’s dead. She’d have turned

up by now otherwise. Anyway, she's not much of a danger. She's fifteen years old, she's never heard of Valentine, and she doesn't believe in demons."

Pangborn chuckled. "A fortunate child."

"Not anymore," said Luke.

Blackwell raised his eyebrows. "You sound angry, Lucian."

"I'm not angry, I'm exasperated. I'm not planning on interfering with Valentine's plans, do you understand that? I'm not a fool."

"Really?" said Blackwell. "It's nice to see that you've developed a healthy respect for your own skin over the years, Lucian. You weren't always so pragmatic."

"You do know," said Pangborn, his tone conversational, "that we'd trade her, Jocelyn, for the Cup? Safely delivered, right to your door. That's a promise from Valentine himself."

"I know," said Luke. "I'm not interested. I don't know where your precious Cup is, and I don't want to get involved in your politics. I hate Valentine," he added, "but I respect him. I know he'll mow down everyone in his path. I intend to be out of his way when it happens. He's a monster—a killing machine."

"Look who's talking," snarled Blackwell.

"I take it these are your preparations for removing yourself from Valentine's path?" said Pangborn, pointing a long finger at the half-concealed duffel bag on the desk. "Getting out of town, Lucian?"

Luke nodded slowly. "Going to the country. I plan to lay low for a while."

"We could stop you," said Blackwell. "Make you stay."

Luke smiled. It transformed his face. Suddenly he was no longer the kind, scholarly man who'd pushed Clary on the swings at the park and taught her how to ride a tricycle. Suddenly there was something feral behind his eyes, something vicious and cold. "You could try."

Pangborn glanced at Blackwell, who shook his head once, slowly. Pangborn turned back to Luke. "You'll notify us if you experience any sudden memory resurgence?"

Luke was still smiling. "You'll be first on my list to call."

Pangborn nodded shortly. "I suppose we'll take our leave. The Angel guard you, Lucian."

"The Angel does not guard those like me," said Luke. He picked the duffel bag up off the desk and knotted the top. "On your way, gentlemen?"

Lifting their hoods to cover their faces again, the two men left the room, followed a moment later by Luke. He paused a moment at the door, glancing around as if he wondered if he'd forgotten something. Then he shut it carefully behind him.

Clary stayed where she was, frozen, hearing the front door swing shut and the distant jingle of chain and keys as Luke refastened the padlock. She kept seeing the look on Luke's face, over and over, as he said he wasn't interested in what happened to her mother.

She felt a hand on her shoulder. "Clary?" It was Simon, his voice hesitant, almost gentle. "Are you okay?"

She shook her head, mutely. She felt far from okay. In fact, she felt like she'd never be okay again.

"Of course she isn't." It was Jace, his voice sharp and cold as ice shards. He took hold of the screen and moved it aside sharply. "At least now we know who would send a demon after your mother. Those men think she has the Mortal Cup."

Clary felt her lips thin into a straight line. "That's totally ridiculous *and* impossible."

"Maybe," said Jace, leaning against Luke's desk. He fixed her with eyes as opaque as smoked glass. "Have you ever seen those men before?"

"No." She shook her head. "Never."

"Lucian seemed to know them. To be friendly with them."

“I wouldn’t say friendly,” said Simon. “I’d say they were suppressing their hostility.”

“They didn’t kill him outright,” said Jace. “They think he knows more than he’s telling.”

“Maybe,” said Clary, “or maybe they’re just reluctant to kill another Shadowhunter.”

Jace laughed, a harsh, almost vicious noise that raised the hairs up on Clary’s arms. “I doubt that.”

She looked at him hard. “What makes you so sure? Do you know them?”

The laughter had gone from his voice entirely when he replied. “Do I know them?” he echoed. “You might say that. Those are the men who murdered my father.”

9

THE CIRCLE AND THE BROTHERHOOD

Clary stepped forward to touch Jace's arm, say something, anything—what *did* you say to someone who'd just seen his father's killers? Her hesitation turned out not to matter; Jace shrugged her touch off as if it stung. "We should go," he said, stalking out of the office and into the living room. Clary and Simon hurried after him. "We don't know when Luke might come back."

They left through the back entrance, Jace using his stele to lock up behind them, and made their way out onto the silent street. The moon hung like a locket over the city, casting pearly reflections on the water of the East River. The distant hum of cars going by over the Williamsburg Bridge filled the humid air with a sound like beating wings. Simon said, "Does anyone want to tell me where we're going?"

"To the L train," said Jace calmly.

"You've got to be kidding me," Simon said, blinking. "Demon slayers take the subway?"

"It's faster than driving."

"I thought it'd be something cooler, like a van with 'Death to Demons' painted on the outside, or . . ."

Jace didn't even bother to interrupt. Clary shot Jace a sideways look. Sometimes, when Jocelyn was really angry about something or was in one of her upset moods, she would get what Clary called "scary-calm." It was a calm that made Clary think of the deceptive hard sheen of ice just before it cracked under your weight. Jace was scary-calm. His face was expressionless, but something burned at the backs of his tawny eyes.

“Simon,” she said. “Enough.”

Simon shot her a look as if to say, *Whose side are you on?* but Clary ignored him. She was still watching Jace as they turned onto Kent Avenue. The lights of the bridge behind them lit his hair to an unlikely halo. She wondered if it was wrong that she was glad in some way that the men who’d taken her mother were the same men who’d killed Jace’s father all those years ago. For now, at least, he’d have to help her find Jocelyn, whether he wanted to or not. For now, at least, he couldn’t leave her alone.



“You live *here*?” Simon stood staring up at the old cathedral, with its broken-in windows and doors sealed with yellow police tape. “But it’s a church.”

Jace reached into the neck of his shirt and pulled out a brass key on the end of a chain. It looked like the sort of key one might use to open an old chest in an attic. Clary watched him curiously—he hadn’t locked the door behind him when they’d left the Institute before, just let it slam shut. “We find it useful to inhabit hallowed ground.”

“I get that but, no offense, this place is a dump,” Simon said, looking dubiously at the bent iron fence that surrounded the ancient building, the trash piled up beside the steps.

Clary let her mind relax. She imagined herself taking one of her mother’s turpentine rags and dabbing at the view in front of her, cleaning away the glamour as if it were old paint.

There it was: the true vision, glowing through the false one like light through dark glass. She saw the soaring spires of the cathedral, the dull gleam of the leaded windows, the brass plate fixed to the stone wall beside the door, the Institute’s name etched into it. She held the vision for a moment before letting it go almost with a sigh.

“It’s a glamour, Simon,” she said. “It doesn’t really look like this.”

“If this is your idea of glamour, I’m having second thoughts about letting you make me over.”

Jace fitted the key into the lock, glancing over his shoulder at Simon. "I'm not sure you're quite sensible of the honor I'm doing you," he said. "You'll be the first mundane who has ever been inside the Institute."

"Probably the smell keeps the rest of them away."

"Ignore him," Clary said to Jace, and elbowed Simon in the side. "He always says exactly what comes into his head. No filters."

"Filters are for cigarettes and coffee," Simon muttered under his breath as they went inside. "Two things I could use right now, incidentally."

Clary thought longingly of coffee as they made their way up a winding set of stone stairs, each one carved with a glyph. She was beginning to recognize some of them—they tantalized her sight the way half-heard words in a foreign language sometimes tantalized her hearing, as if by just concentrating harder she could force some meaning out of them.

Clary and the two boys reached the elevator and rode up in silence. She was still thinking about coffee, big mugs of coffee that were half milk the way her mother would make them in the morning. Sometimes Luke would bring them bags of sweet rolls from the Golden Carriage Bakery in Chinatown. At the thought of Luke, Clary's stomach tightened, her appetite vanishing.

The elevator came to a hissing stop, and they were again in the entryway Clary remembered. Jace shrugged off his jacket, threw it over the back of a nearby chair, and whistled through his teeth. In a few seconds Church appeared, slinking low to the ground, his yellow eyes gleaming in the dusty air. "Church," Jace said, kneeling down to stroke the cat's gray head. "Where's Alec, Church? Where's Hodge?"

Church arched his back and meowed. Jace crinkled his nose, which Clary might have found cute in other circumstances. "Are they in the library?" He stood up, and Church shook himself, trotted a little way down the corridor, and glanced back over his shoulder. Jace followed the cat as if

this were the most natural thing in the world, indicating with a wave of his hand that Clary and Simon were to fall into step behind him.

“I don’t like cats,” Simon said, his shoulder bumping Clary’s as they maneuvered the narrow hallway.

“It’s unlikely,” Jace said, “knowing Church, that he likes you, either.”

They were passing through one of the corridors that were lined with bedrooms. Simon’s eyebrows rose. “How many people live here, exactly?”

“It’s an institute,” Clary said. “A place where Shadowhunters can stay when they’re in the city. Like a sort of combination safe haven and research facility.”

“I thought it was a church.”

“It’s *inside* a church.”

“Because *that’s* not confusing.” She could hear the nerves under his flippant tone. Instead of shushing him, Clary reached down and took his hand, winding her fingers through his cold ones. His hand was clammy, but he returned the pressure with a grateful squeeze.

“I know it’s weird,” she said quietly, “but you just have to go along with it. Trust me.”

Simon’s dark eyes were serious. “I trust you,” he said. “I don’t trust *him*.” He cut his glance toward Jace, who was walking a few paces ahead of them, apparently conversing with the cat. Clary wondered what they were talking about. Politics? Opera? The high price of tuna?

“Well, try,” she said. “Right now he’s the best chance I’m going to have of finding my mom.”

A little shudder passed over Simon. “This place feels not right to me,” he whispered.

Clary remembered how she’d felt waking up here this morning—as if everything were both alien and familiar at the same time. For Simon, clearly, there was nothing of that familiarity, only the sense of the strange, the alien and

inimical. “You don’t have to stay with me,” she said, though she’d fought Jace on the train for the right to keep Simon with her, pointing out that after his three days of watching Luke, he might well know something that would be useful to them once they had a chance to break it down in detail.

“Yes,” Simon said, “I do.” And he let go of her hand as they turned through a doorway and found themselves inside a kitchen. It was an enormous kitchen, and unlike the rest of the Institute, it was all modern, with steel counters and glassed-in shelves holding rows of crockery. Next to a red cast-iron stove stood Isabelle, a round spoon in her hand, her dark hair pinned up on top of her head. Steam was rising from the pot, and ingredients were strewn everywhere—tomatoes, chopped garlic and onions, strings of dark-looking herbs, grated piles of cheese, some shelled peanuts, a handful of olives, and a whole fish, its eye staring glassily upward.

“I’m making soup,” Isabelle said, waving a spoon at Jace. “Are you hungry?” She glanced behind him then, her dark gaze taking in Simon as well as Clary. “Oh, my God,” she said with finality. “You brought another mundie here? Hodge is going to kill you.”

Simon cleared his throat. “I’m Simon,” he said.

Isabelle ignored him. “JACE WAYLAND,” she said. “Explain yourself.”

Jace was glaring at the cat. “I told you to bring me to Alec! Backstabbing Judas.”

Church rolled onto his back, purring contentedly.

“Don’t blame Church,” Isabelle said. “It’s not his fault Hodge is going to kill you.” She plunged the spoon back into the pot. Clary wondered what exactly peanut-fish-olive-tomato soup tasted like.

“I had to bring him,” Jace said. “Isabelle—today I saw two of the men who killed my father.”

Isabelle’s shoulders tightened, but when she turned around, she looked more upset than surprised. “I don’t suppose he’s one of them?” she asked, pointing her spoon at Simon.

To Clary's surprise, Simon said nothing to this. He was too busy staring at Isabelle, rapt and openmouthed. Of course, Clary realized with a sharp stab of annoyance. Isabelle was exactly Simon's type—tall, glamorous, and beautiful. Come to think of it, maybe that was everyone's type. Clary stopped wondering about the peanut-fish-olive-tomato soup and started wondering what would happen if she dumped the contents of the pot on Isabelle's head.

"Of course not," Jace said. "Do you think he'd be alive now if he were?"

Isabelle cast an indifferent look at Simon. "I suppose not," she said, absently dropping a piece of fish on the floor. Church fell on it ravenously.

"No wonder he brought us here," said Jace disgustedly. "I can't believe you've been stuffing him with fish again. He's looking distinctly podgy."

"He does not look podgy. Besides, none of the rest of you ever eat anything. I got this recipe from a water sprite at the Chelsea Market. He said it was delicious—"

"If you knew how to cook, maybe I *would* eat," Jace muttered.

Isabelle froze, her spoon poised dangerously. "*What* did you say?"

Jace edged toward the fridge. "I said I'm going to look for a snack to eat."

"That's what I thought you said." Isabelle returned her attention to the soup. Simon continued to stare at Isabelle. Clary, inexplicably furious, dropped her backpack on the floor and followed Jace to the refrigerator.

"I can't believe you're eating," she hissed.

"What should I be doing instead?" he inquired with maddening calm. The inside of the fridge was filled with milk cartons whose expiration dates reached back several weeks, and plastic Tupperware containers labeled with masking tape lettered in red ink: HODGE'S. DO NOT EAT.

“Wow, he’s like a crazy roommate,” Clary observed, momentarily diverted.

“What, Hodge? He just likes things in order.” Jace took one of the containers out of the fridge and opened it. “Hmm. Spaghetti.”

“Don’t ruin your appetite,” Isabelle called.

“That,” said Jace, kicking the fridge door shut and seizing a fork from a drawer, “is exactly what I intend to do.” He looked at Clary. “Want some?”

She shook her head.

“Of course not,” he said around a mouthful, “you ate all those sandwiches.”

“It wasn’t *that* many sandwiches.” She glanced over at Simon, who appeared to have succeeded in engaging Isabelle in conversation. “Can we go find Hodge now?”

“You seem awfully eager to get out of here.”

“Don’t you want to tell him what we saw?”

“I haven’t decided yet.” Jace set the container down and thoughtfully licked spaghetti sauce off his knuckle. “But if you want to go so badly—”

“I do.”

“Fine.” He seemed awfully calm, she thought, not scary-calm as he had been before, but more contained than he ought to be. She wondered how often he let glimpses of his real self peek through the facade that was as hard and shiny as the coat of lacquer on one of her mother’s Japanese boxes.

“Where are you going?” Simon looked up as they reached the door. Jagged bits of dark hair fell into his eyes; he looked stupidly dazed, Clary thought unkindly, as if someone had hit him across the back of the head with a two-by-four.

“To find Hodge,” she said. “I need to tell him about what happened at Luke’s.”

Isabelle looked up. “Are you going to tell him that you saw those men, Jace? The ones that—”

“I don’t know.” He cut her off. “So keep it to yourself for now.”

She shrugged. “All right. Are you going to come back? Do you want any soup?”

“No,” said Jace.

“Do you think Hodge will want any soup?”

“No one wants any soup.”

“I want some soup,” Simon said.

“No, you don’t,” said Jace. “You just want to sleep with Isabelle.”

Simon was appalled. “That is *not* true.”

“How flattering,” Isabelle murmured into the soup, but she was smirking.

“Oh, yes it is,” said Jace. “Go ahead and ask her—then she can turn you down and the rest of us can get on with our lives while you fester in miserable humiliation.” He snapped his fingers. “Hurry up, mundie boy, we’ve got work to do.”

Simon looked away, flushed with embarrassment. Clary, who a moment ago would have been meanly pleased, felt a rush of anger toward Jace. “Leave him alone,” she snapped. “There’s no need to be sadistic just because he isn’t one of *you*.”

“One of *us*,” said Jace, but the sharp look had gone out of his eyes. “I’m going to find Hodge. Come along or not, it’s your choice.” The kitchen door swung shut behind him, leaving Clary alone with Simon and Isabelle.

Isabelle ladled some of the soup into a bowl and pushed it across the counter toward Simon without looking at him. She was still smirking, though—Clary could feel it. The soup was a dark green color, studded with floating brown things.

“I’m going with Jace,” Clary said. “Simon . . .?”

“Mmgnstayhr,” he mumbled, looking at his feet.

“What?”

“I’m going to stay here.” Simon parked himself on a stool. “I’m hungry.”

“Fine.” Clary’s throat felt tight, as if she’d swallowed something either very hot or very cold. She stalked out of the kitchen, Church slinking at her feet like a cloudy gray shadow.

In the hallway Jace was twirling one of the seraph blades between his fingers. He pocketed it when he saw her. “Kind of you to leave the lovebirds to it.”

Clary frowned at him. “Why are you always such an asshat?”

“An asshat?” Jace looked as if he were about to laugh.

“What you said to Simon—”

“I was trying to save him some pain. Isabelle will cut out his heart and walk all over it in high-heeled boots. That’s what she does to boys like that.”

“Is that what she did to you?” Clary said, but Jace only shook his head before turning to Church.

“Hodge,” he said. “And *really* Hodge this time. Bring us anywhere else, and I’ll make you into a tennis racket.”

The Persian snorted and slunk down the hall ahead of them. Clary, trailing a little behind Jace, could see the stress and tiredness in the line of Jace’s shoulders. She wondered if the tension ever really left him. “Jace.”

He looked at her. “What?”

“I’m sorry. For snapping at you.”

He chuckled. “Which time?”

“You snap at me, too, you know.”

“I know,” he said, surprising her. “There’s something about you that’s so—”

“Irritating?”

“Unsettling.”

She wanted to ask if he meant that in a good or a bad way, but didn’t. She was too afraid he’d make a joke out of the

answer. She cast about for something else to say. “Does Isabelle always make dinner for you?” she asked.

“No, thank God. Most of the time the Lightwoods are here and Maryse—that’s Isabelle’s mother—she cooks for us. She’s an amazing cook.” He looked dreamy, the way Simon had looked gazing at Isabelle over the soup.

“Then how come she never taught Isabelle?” They were passing through the music room now, where she’d found Jace playing the piano that morning. Shadows had gathered thickly in the corners.

“Because,” Jace said slowly, “it’s only been recently that women have been Shadowhunters along with men. I mean, there have always been women in the Clave—mastering the runes, creating weaponry, teaching the Killing Arts—but only a few were warriors, ones with exceptional abilities. They had to fight to be trained. Maryse was a part of the first generation of Clave women who were trained as a matter of course—and I think she never taught Isabelle how to cook because she was afraid that if she did, Isabelle would be relegated to the kitchen permanently.”

“Would she have been?” Clary asked curiously. She thought of Isabelle in Pandemonium, how confident she’d been and how assuredly she’d used her blood-spattering whip.

Jace laughed softly. “Not Isabelle. She’s one of the best Shadowhunters I’ve ever known.”

“Better than Alec?”

Church, streaking soundlessly ahead of them through the gloom, came to a sudden halt and meowed. He was crouched at the foot of a metal spiral staircase that spun up into a hazy half-light overhead. “So he’s in the greenhouse,” Jace said. It took Clary a moment before she realized he was speaking to the cat. “No surprise there.”

“The greenhouse?” Clary said.

Jace swung himself onto the first step. “Hodge likes it up there. He grows medicinal plants, things we can use. Most of them only grow in Idris. I think it reminds him of home.”

Clary followed him. Her shoes clattered on the metal steps; Jace's didn't. "Is he better than Isabelle?" she asked again. "Alec, I mean."

He paused and looked down at her, leaning down from the steps as if he were poised to fall. She remembered her dream: *angels, falling and burning*. "Better?" he said. "At demon-slaying? No, not really. He's never killed a demon."

"Really?"

"I don't know why not. Maybe because he's always protecting Izzy and me." They had reached the top of the stairs. A set of double doors greeted them, carved with patterns of leaves and vines. Jace shouldered them open.

The smell struck Clary the moment she passed through the doors: a green, sharp smell, the smell of living and growing things, of dirt and the roots that grew in dirt. She had been expecting something much smaller, something the size of the little greenhouse out behind St. Xavier's, where the AP biology students cloned pea pods, or whatever it was they did. This was a huge glass-walled enclosure, lined with trees whose thickly leaved branches breathed out cool green-scented air. There were bushes hung with glossy berries, red and purple and black, and small trees hung with oddly-shaped fruits she'd never seen before.

Clary exhaled. "It smells like . . ." *Springtime*, she thought, *before the heat comes and crushes the leaves into pulp and withers the petals off the flowers*.

"Home," said Jace, "to me." He pushed aside a hanging frond and ducked past it. Clary followed.

The greenhouse was laid out in what seemed to Clary's untrained eye no particular pattern, but everywhere she looked was a riot of color: blue purple blossoms spilling down the side of a shining green hedge, a trailing vine studded with jewel-toned orange buds. They emerged into a cleared space where a low granite bench rested against the bole of a drooping tree with silvery green leaves. Water glimmered in a stone-bound rock pool. Hodge sat on the bench, his black bird perched on his shoulder. He had been staring thoughtfully

down at the water, but looked skyward at their approach. Clary followed his gaze upward and saw the glass roof of the greenhouse shining above them like the surface of an inverted lake.

“You look like you’re waiting for something,” Jace observed, breaking a leaf off a nearby bough and twirling it between his fingers. For someone who seemed so contained, he had a lot of nervous habits. Perhaps he just liked to be constantly in motion.

“I was lost in thought.” Hodge rose from the bench, stretching out his arm for Hugo. The smile faded from his face as he looked at them. “What happened? You look as if—”

“We were attacked,” Jace said shortly. “Forsaken.”

“Forsaken warriors? Here?”

“Warrior,” said Jace. “We only saw one.”

“But Dorothea said there were more,” Clary added.

“Dorothea?” Hodge held a hand up. “This might be easier if you took events in order.”

“Right.” Jace gave Clary a warning look, cutting her off before she could start talking. Then he launched into a recital of the afternoon’s events, leaving out only one detail—that the men in Luke’s apartment had been the same men who’d killed his father seven years ago. “Clary’s mother’s friend—or whatever he is, really—goes by the name Luke Garroway,” Jace finished finally. “But while we were at his house, the two men who claimed they were emissaries of Valentine referred to him as Lucian Graymark.”

“And their names were . . .”

“Pangborn,” said Jace. “And Blackwell.”

Hodge had gone very pale. Against his gray skin the scar along his cheek stood out like a twist of red wire. “It is as I feared,” he said, half to himself. “The Circle is rising again.”

Clary looked at Jace for clarification, but he seemed as puzzled as she was. “The Circle?” he said.

Hodge was shaking his head as if trying to clear cobwebs from his brain. “Come with me,” he said. “It’s time I showed you something.”



The gas lamps were lit in the library, and the polished oak surfaces of the furniture seemed to smolder like somber jewels. Streaked with shadows, the stark faces of the angels holding up the enormous desk looked even more suffused with pain. Clary sat on the red sofa, legs drawn up, Jace leaning restlessly against the sofa arm beside her. “Hodge, if you need help looking—”

“Not at all.” Hodge emerged from behind the desk, brushing dust from the knees of his trousers. “I’ve found it.”

He was carrying a large book bound in brown leather. He paged through it with an anxious finger, blinking owl-like behind his glasses and muttering: “Where . . . where . . . ah, here it is!” He cleared his throat before he read aloud: “*I hereby render unconditional obedience to the Circle and its principles. . . . I will be ready to risk my life at any time for the Circle, in order to preserve the purity of the bloodlines of Idris, and for the mortal world with whose safety we are charged.*”

Jace made a face. “What was that from?”

“It was the loyalty oath of the Circle of Raziël, twenty years ago,” said Hodge, sounding strangely tired.

“It sounds creepy,” said Clary. “Like a fascist organization or something.”

Hodge set the book down. He looked as pained and grave as the statuary angels beneath the desk. “They were a group,” he said slowly, “of Shadowhunters, led by Valentine, dedicated to wiping out all Downworlders and returning the world to a ‘purer’ state. Their plan was to wait for the Downworlders to arrive in Idris to sign the Accords. Approximately every fifteen years, they must be signed again, to keep their magic potent,” he added, for Clary’s benefit. “Then, they planned to slaughter them all, unarmed and defenseless. This terrible act,

they thought, would spark off a war between humans and Downworlders—one they intended to win.”

“That was the Uprising,” said Jace, finally recognizing in Hodge’s story one that was already familiar to him. “I didn’t know Valentine and his followers had a name.”

“The name isn’t spoken often nowadays,” said Hodge. “Their existence remains an embarrassment to the Clave. Most documents pertaining to them have been destroyed.”

“Then why do you have a copy of that oath?” Jace asked.

Hodge hesitated—only for a moment, but Clary saw it, and felt a small and inexplicable shiver of apprehension run up her spine. “Because,” he said, finally, “I helped write it.”

Jace looked up at that. “You were in the Circle.”

“I was. Many of us were.” Hodge was looking straight ahead. “Clary’s mother as well.”

Clary jerked back as if he’d slapped her. “*What?*”

“I said—”

“I know what you said! My mother would never have belonged to something like that. Some kind of—some kind of hate group.”

“It wasn’t—,” Jace began, but Hodge cut him off.

“I doubt,” he said slowly, as if the words pained him, “that she had much choice.”

Clary stared. “What are you talking about? Why wouldn’t she have had a choice?”

“Because,” said Hodge, “she was Valentine’s wife.”

Part Two

Easy Is the Descent



*Facilis descensus Averni:
Noctes atque dies patet atri ianua Ditis.
Sed gradium revocare superasque evadere ad auras;
Hoc opus, hic labor, est.
—Virgil, *The Aeneid**

There was a moment of astonished silence before both Clary and Jace began speaking at once.

“Valentine had a wife? He was *married*? I thought—”

“That’s impossible! My mother would never—she was only ever married to my father! She didn’t have an ex-husband!”

Hodge raised his hands wearily. “Children—”

“I’m not a child.” Clary spun away from the desk. “And I don’t want to hear any more.”

“Clary,” said Hodge. The kindness in his voice hurt; she turned slowly, and looked at him across the room. She thought how odd it was that, with his gray hair and scarred face, he looked so much older than her mother. And yet they had been “young people” together, had joined the Circle together, had known Valentine together. “My mother wouldn’t . . .,” she began, and trailed off. She was no longer sure how well she knew Jocelyn. Her mother had become a stranger to her, a liar, a hider of secrets. What *wouldn’t* she have done?

“Your mother left the Circle,” said Hodge. He didn’t move toward her but watched her across the room with a bird’s bright-eyed stillness. “Once we realized how extreme Valentine’s views had become—once we knew what he was prepared to do—many of us left. Lucian was the first to leave. That was a blow to Valentine. They had been very close.” Hodge shook his head. “Then Michael Wayland. Your father, Jace.”

Jace raised his eyebrows, but said nothing.

“There were those who stayed loyal. Pangborn. Blackwell. The Lightwoods—”

“The Lightwoods? You mean Robert and Maryse?” Jace looked thunderstruck. “What about you? When did you leave?”

“I didn’t,” said Hodge softly. “Neither did they. . . . We were afraid, too afraid of what he might do. After the Uprising the loyalists like Blackwell and Pangborn fled. We stayed and cooperated with the Clave. Gave them names. Helped them track down the ones who had run away. For that we received clemency.”

“Clemency?” Jace’s look was quick, but Hodge saw it.

He said: “You are thinking of the curse that binds me here, aren’t you? You always assumed it was a vengeance spell cast by an angry demon or warlock. I let you think it. But it is not the truth. The curse that binds me was cast by the Clave.”

“For being in the Circle?” Jace asked, his face a mask of astonishment.

“For not leaving it before the Uprising.”

“But the Lightwoods weren’t punished,” Clary said. “Why not? They’d done the same thing you’d done.”

“There were extenuating circumstances in their case—they were married, they had a child. Although it is not as if they reside in this outpost, far from home, by their own choice. We were banished here, the three of us—the four of us, I should say; Alec was a squalling baby when we left the Glass City. They can return to Idris on official business only, and then only for short times. I can never return. I will never see the Glass City again.”

Jace stared. It was as if he were looking at his tutor with new eyes, Clary thought, though it wasn’t Jace who had changed. He said, “The Law is hard, but it is the Law.”

“I taught you that,” said Hodge, dry amusement in his voice. “And now you turn my lessons back at me. Rightly too.” He looked as if he wanted to sink down into a nearby chair, but held himself upright nevertheless. In his rigid posture there was something of the soldier he had once been, Clary thought.

“Why didn’t you tell me before?” she said. “That my mother was married to Valentine. You knew her name—”

“I knew her as Jocelyn Fairchild, not Jocelyn Fray,” said Hodge. “And you were so insistent on her ignorance of the Shadow World, you convinced me it could not be the Jocelyn I knew—and perhaps I did not want to believe it. No one would wish for Valentine’s return.” He shook his head again. “When I sent for the Brothers of the Bone City this morning, I had no idea just what news we would have for them,” he said. “When the Clave finds out Valentine may have returned, that he is seeking the Cup, there will be an uproar. I can only hope it does not disrupt the Accords.”

“I bet Valentine would like that,” Jace said. “But why does he want the Cup so badly?”

Hodge’s face was gray. “Isn’t that obvious?” he said. “So he can build himself an army.”

Jace looked startled. “But that would never—”

“Dinnertime!” It was Isabelle, standing framed in the door of the library. She still had the spoon in her hand, though her hair had escaped from its bun and was straggling down her neck. “Sorry if I’m interrupting,” she added, as an afterthought.

“Dear God,” said Jace, “the dread hour is nigh.”

Hodge looked alarmed. “I—I—I had a very filling breakfast,” he stammered. “I mean lunch. A filling lunch. I couldn’t possibly eat—”

“I threw out the soup,” Isabelle said. “And ordered Chinese from that place downtown.”

Jace unhitched himself from the desk and stretched. “Great. I’m starved.”

“I might be able to eat a bite,” admitted Hodge meekly.

“You two are terrible liars,” said Isabelle darkly. “Look, I know you don’t like my cooking—”

“So stop doing it,” Jace advised her reasonably. “Did you order mu shu pork? You know I love mu shu pork.”

Isabelle cast her eyes skyward. “Yes. It’s in the kitchen.”

“Awesome.” Jace ducked by her with an affectionate ruffle of her hair. Hodge went after him, pausing only to pat Isabelle on the shoulder—then he was gone, with a funny apologetic duck of the head. Had Clary really only a few minutes before been able to see the ghost in him of his old warrior self?

Isabelle was looking after Jace and Hodge, twisting the spoon in her scarred, pale fingers. Clary said, “Is he really?”

Isabelle didn’t look at her. “Is who really what?”

“Jace. Is he really a terrible liar?”

Now Isabelle did turn her eyes on Clary, and they were large and dark and unexpectedly thoughtful. “He’s not a liar at all. Not about important things. He’ll tell you horrible truths, but he won’t lie.” She paused before she added quietly: “That’s why it’s generally better not to ask him anything unless you know you can stand to hear the answer.”



The kitchen was warm and full of light and the salt-sweet smell of takeout Chinese food. The smell reminded Clary of home; she sat and looked at her glistening plate of noodles, toyed with her fork, and tried not to look at Simon, who was staring at Isabelle with an expression more glazed than the General Tso’s Duckling.

“Well, I think it’s kind of romantic,” said Isabelle, sucking tapioca pearls through an enormous pink straw.

“What is?” asked Simon, instantly alert.

“That whole business about Clary’s mother being married to Valentine,” said Isabelle. Jace and Hodge had filled her in, though Clary noted that both had left out the part about the Lightwoods having been in the Circle, and the curses the Clave had handed down. “So now he’s back from the dead and he’s come looking for her. Maybe he wants to get back together.”

“I kind of doubt he sent a Ravener demon to her house because he wants to ‘get back together,’” said Alec, who had

turned up when the food was served. Nobody had asked him where he'd been, and he hadn't offered the information. He was sitting next to Jace, across from Clary, and was avoiding looking at her.

"It wouldn't be my move," Jace agreed. "First the candy and flowers, then the apology letters, *then* the ravenous demon hordes. In that order."

"He might have sent her candy and flowers," Isabelle said. "We don't know."

"Isabelle," said Hodge patiently, "this is the man who rained down destruction on Idris the like of which it had never seen, who set Shadowhunter against Downworlder and made the streets of the Glass City run with blood."

"That's sort of hot," Isabelle argued, "that evil thing."

Simon tried to look menacing, but gave it up when he saw Clary staring at him. "So why does Valentine want this Cup so bad, and why does he think Clary's mom has it?" he asked.

"You said it was so he could make an army," Clary said, turning to Hodge. "You mean because you can use the Cup to make Shadowhunters?"

"Yes."

"So Valentine could just walk up to any guy on the street and make a Shadowhunter out of him? Just with the Cup?" Simon leaned forward. "Would it work on me?"

Hodge gave him a long and measured look. "Possibly," he said. "But most likely, you're too old. The Cup works on children. An adult would either be unaffected by the process entirely, or killed outright."

"A child army," said Isabelle softly.

"Only for a few years," said Jace. "Kids grow fast. It wouldn't be too long before they were a force to contend with."

"I don't know," said Simon. "Turning a bunch of kids into warriors, I've heard of worse stuff happening. I don't see the big deal about keeping the Cup away from him."

“Leaving out that he would inevitably use this army to launch an attack on the Clave,” Hodge said dryly, “the reason that only a few humans are selected to be turned into Nephilim is that most would never survive the transition. It takes special strength and resilience. Before they can be turned, they must be extensively tested—but Valentine would never bother with that. He would use the Cup on any child he could capture, and cull out the twenty percent who survived to be his army.”

Alec was looking at Hodge with the same horror Clary felt. “How do you know he’d do that?”

“Because,” Hodge said, “when he was in the Circle, that was his plan. He said it was the only way to build the kind of force that was needed to defend our world.”

“But that’s murder,” said Isabelle, who looked a little green. “He was talking about killing children.”

“He said that we had made the world safe for humans for a thousand years,” said Hodge, “and now was their time to repay us with their own sacrifice.”

“Their *children*?” demanded Jace, his cheeks flushed. “That goes against everything we’re supposed to be about. Protecting the helpless, safeguarding humanity—”

Hodge pushed his plate away. “Valentine was insane,” he said. “Brilliant, but insane. He cared about nothing but killing demons and Downworlders. Nothing but making the world pure. He would have sacrificed his own son for the cause and could not understand how anyone else would not.”

“He had a son?” said Alec.

“I was speaking figuratively,” said Hodge, reaching for his handkerchief. He used it to mop his forehead before returning it to his pocket. His hand, Clary saw, was trembling slightly. “When his land burned, when his home was destroyed, it was assumed that he had burned himself and the Cup to ashes rather than relinquish either to the Clave. His bones were found in the ashes, along with the bones of his wife.”

“But my mother lived,” said Clary. “She didn’t die in that fire.”

“And neither, it seems now, did Valentine,” said Hodge. “The Clave will not be pleased to have been fooled. But more importantly, they will want to secure the Cup. And more importantly than that, they will want to make sure Valentine does not.”

“It seems to me that the first thing we’d better do is find Clary’s mother,” said Jace. “Find her, find the Cup, get it before Valentine does.”

This sounded fine to Clary, but Hodge looked at Jace as if he’d proposed juggling nitroglycerine as a solution. “Absolutely not.”

“Then what do we do?”

“Nothing,” Hodge said. “All this is best left to skilled, experienced Shadowhunters.”

“I am skilled,” protested Jace. “I *am* experienced.”

Hodge’s tone was firm, nearly parental. “I know that you are, but you’re still a child, or nearly one.”

Jace looked at Hodge through slitted eyes. His lashes were long, casting shadows down over his angular cheekbones. In someone else it would have been a shy look, even an apologetic one, but on Jace it looked narrow and menacing. “I am *not* a child.”

“Hodge is right,” said Alec. He was looking at Jace, and Clary thought that he must be one of the few people in the world who looked at Jace not as if he were afraid of him, but as if he were afraid *for* him. “Valentine is dangerous. I know you’re a good Shadowhunter. You’re probably the best our age. But Valentine’s one of the best there ever was. It took a huge battle to bring him down.”

“And he didn’t exactly stay down,” said Isabelle, examining her fork tines. “Apparently.”

“But we’re here,” said Jace. “We’re here and because of the Accords, nobody else is. If we don’t do something—”

“We are going to do something,” said Hodge. “I’ll send the Clave a message tonight. They could have a force of Nephilim

here by tomorrow if they wanted. They'll take care of this. You have done more than enough."

Jace subsided, but his eyes were still glittering. "I don't like it."

"You don't have to like it," said Alec. "You just have to shut up and not do anything stupid."

"But what about my mother?" Clary demanded. "She can't wait for some representative from the Clave to show up. Valentine has her right now—Pangborn and Blackwell said so—and he could be . . ." She couldn't bring herself to say the word *torture*, but Clary knew she wasn't the only one thinking it. Suddenly no one at the table could meet her eyes.

Except Simon. "Hurting her," he said, finishing her sentence. "Except, Clary, they also said she was unconscious and that Valentine wasn't happy about it. He seems to be waiting for her to wake up."

"I'd stay unconscious if I were her," Isabelle muttered.

"But that could be any time," said Clary, ignoring Isabelle. "I thought the Clave was pledged to protect people. Shouldn't there be Shadowhunters here right now? Shouldn't they already be searching for her?"

"That would be easier," snapped Alec, "if we had the slightest idea where to look."

"But we do," said Jace.

"You do?" Clary looked at him, startled and eager. "Where?"

"Here." Jace leaned forward and touched his fingers to the side of her temple, so gently that a flush crept up her face. "Everything we need to know is locked up in your head, under those pretty red curls."

Clary reached up to touch her hair protectively. "I don't think—"

"So what are you going to do?" Simon asked sharply. "Cut her head open to get at it?"

Jace's eyes sparked, but he said calmly, "Not at all. The Silent Brothers can help her retrieve her memories."

"You *hate* the Silent Brothers," protested Isabelle.

"I don't hate them," said Jace candidly. "I'm afraid of them. It's not the same thing."

"I thought you said they were librarians," said Clary.

"They are librarians."

Simon whistled. "Those must be some killer late fees."

"The Silent Brothers are archivists, but that is not all they are," interrupted Hodge, sounding as if he were running out of patience. "In order to strengthen their minds, they have chosen to take upon themselves some of the most powerful runes ever created. The power of these runes is so great that the use of them—" He broke off and Clary heard Alec's voice in her head, saying: *They mutilate themselves*. "Well, it warps and twists their physical forms. They are not warriors in the sense that other Shadowhunters are warriors. Their powers are of the mind, not the body."

"They can read minds?" Clary said in a small voice.

"Among other things. They are among the most feared of all demon hunters."

"I don't know," said Simon, "it doesn't sound so bad to me. I'd rather have someone mess around inside my head than chop it off."

"Then you're a bigger idiot than you look," said Jace, regarding him with scorn.

"Jace is right," said Isabelle, ignoring Simon. "The Silent Brothers *are* really creepy."

Hodge's hand was clenched on the table. "They are very powerful," he said. "They walk in darkness and do not speak, but they can crack open a man's mind the way you might crack open a walnut—and leave him screaming alone in the dark if that is what they desire."

Clary looked at Jace, appalled. “You want to give me to *them*?”

“I want them to *help* you.” Jace leaned across the table, so close she could see the darker amber flecks in his light eyes. “Maybe we don’t get to look for the Cup,” he said softly. “Maybe the Clave will do that. But what’s in your mind belongs to you. Someone’s hidden secrets there, secrets you can’t see. Don’t you want to know the truth about your own life?”

“I don’t want someone else inside my head,” she said weakly. She knew he was right, but the idea of turning herself over to beings that even the Shadowhunters thought were creepy sent a chill through her blood.

“I’ll go with you,” said Jace. “I’ll stay with you while they do it.”

“That’s enough.” Simon had stood up from the table, red with anger. “Leave her alone.”

Alec glanced over at Simon as if he’d just noticed him, raking tumbled black hair out of his eyes and blinking. “What are you still doing here, mundane?”

Simon ignored him. “I said, leave her alone.”

Jace glanced over at him, a slow, sweetly poisonous glance. “Alec is right,” he said. “The Institute is sworn to shelter Shadowhunters, not their mundane friends. Especially when they’ve worn out their welcome.”

Isabelle got up and took Simon’s arm. “I’ll show him out.” For a moment it looked like he might resist her, but he caught Clary’s eye across the table as she shook her head slightly. He subsided. Head up, he let Isabelle lead him from the room.

Clary stood up. “I’m tired,” she said. “I want to go to sleep.”

“You’ve hardly eaten anything—,” Jace protested.

She brushed aside his reaching hand. “I’m not hungry.”

It was cooler in the hallway than it had been in the kitchen. Clary leaned against the wall, pulling at her shirt, which was

sticking to the cold sweat on her chest. Far down the hall she could see Isabelle's and Simon's retreating figures, swallowed up by shadows. She watched them go silently, a shivery odd feeling growing in the pit of her stomach. When had Simon become Isabelle's responsibility, instead of hers? If there was one thing she was learning from all this, it was how easy it was to lose everything you had always thought you'd have forever.



The room was all gold and white, with high walls that gleamed like enamel, and a roof, high above, clear and glittering like diamonds. Clary wore a green velvet dress and carried a gold fan in her hand. Her hair, twisted into a knot that spilled curls, made her head feel strangely heavy every time she turned to look behind her.

"You see someone more interesting than me?" asked Simon. In the dream he was mysteriously an expert dancer. He steered her through the crowd as if she were a leaf caught in a river current. He was wearing all black, like a Shadowhunter, and it showed his coloring to good advantage: dark hair, lightly browned skin, white teeth. He's handsome, Clary thought, with a jolt of surprise.

"There's no one more interesting than you," Clary said. "It's just this place. I've never seen anything like it." She turned again as they passed a champagne fountain: an enormous silver dish, the centerpiece a mermaid with a jar pouring sparkling wine down her bare back. People were filling their glasses from the dish, laughing and talking. The mermaid turned her head as Clary passed, and smiled. The smile showed white teeth as sharp as a vampire's.

"Welcome to the Glass City," said a voice that wasn't Simon's. Clary found that Simon had disappeared and she was now dancing with Jace, who was wearing white, the material of his shirt a thin cotton; she could see the black Marks through it. There was a bronze chain around his throat, and his hair and eyes looked more gold than ever; she thought about how she would like to paint his portrait with the dull gold paint one sometimes saw in Russian icons.

“Where’s Simon?” she asked as they spun again around the champagne fountain. Clary saw Isabelle there, with Alec, both of them in royal blue. They were holding hands like Hansel and Gretel in the dark forest.

“This place is for the living,” said Jace. His hands were cool on hers, and she was aware of them in a way she had not been of Simon’s.

She narrowed her eyes at him. “What do you mean?”

He leaned close. She could feel his lips against her ear. They were not cool at all. “Wake up, Clary,” he whispered. “Wake up. Wake up.”



She bolted upright in bed, gasping, hair plastered to her neck with cold sweat. Her wrists were held in a hard grip; she tried to pull away, then realized who was restraining her. “Jace?”

“Yeah.” He was sitting on the edge of the bed—how had she gotten into a bed?—looking tousled and half-awake, with early-morning hair and sleepy eyes.

“Let go of me.”

“Sorry.” His fingers slipped from her wrists. “You tried to hit me the second I said your name.”

“I’m a little jumpy, I guess.” She glanced around. She was in a small bedroom furnished in dark wood. By the quality of the faint light coming in through the half-open window, she guessed it was dawn, or just after. Her backpack was propped against one wall. “How did I get here? I don’t remember . . .”

“I found you asleep on the floor in the hallway.” Jace sounded amused. “Hodge helped me get you into bed. Thought you’d be more comfortable in a guest room than in the infirmary.”

“Wow. I don’t remember anything.” She ran her hands through her hair, pushing draggled curls out of her eyes. “What time is it, anyway?”

“About five.”

“In the *morning*?” She glared at him. “You’d better have a good reason for waking me up.”

“Why, were you having a good dream?”

She could still hear music in her ears, feel the heavy jewels brushing her cheeks. “I don’t remember.”

He stood up. “One of the Silent Brothers is here to see you. Hodge sent me to wake you up. Actually, he offered to wake you up himself, but since it’s five a.m., I figured you’d be less cranky if you had something nice to look at.”

“Meaning you?”

“What else?”

“I didn’t agree to this, you know,” she snapped. “This Silent Brother thing.”

“Do you want to find your mother,” he said, “or not?”

She stared at him.

“You just have to meet Brother Jeremiah. That’s all. You might even like him. He’s got a great sense of humor for a guy who never says anything.”

She put her head in her hands. “Get out. Get out so I can change.”

She swung her legs out of bed the moment the door shut behind him. Though it was barely dawn, humid heat was already beginning to gather in the room. She pushed the window shut and went into the bathroom to wash her face and rinse her mouth, which tasted like old paper.

Five minutes later she was sliding her feet into her green sneakers. She’d changed into cutoffs and a plain black T-shirt. If only her thin freckled legs looked more like Isabelle’s lanky smooth limbs. But it couldn’t be helped. She pulled her hair back into a ponytail and went to join Jace in the hallway.

Church was there with him, muttering and circling restlessly.

“What’s with the cat?” Clary asked.

“The Silent Brothers make him nervous.”

“Sounds like they make everyone nervous.”

Jace smiled thinly. Church meowed as they set off down the hall, but didn't follow them. At least the thick stones of the cathedral walls still held some of the night's chill: The corridors were dark and cool.

When they reached the library, Clary was surprised to see that the lamps were off. The library was lit only by the milky glow that filtered down through the high windows set into the vaulted roof. Hodge sat behind the enormous desk in a suit, his gray-streaked hair silvered by the dawn light. For a moment she thought he was alone in the room: that Jace had been playing a joke on her. Then she saw a figure move out of the dimness, and she realized that what she had thought was a patch of darker shadow was a man. A tall man in a heavy robe that fell from neck to foot, covering him completely. The hood of the robe was raised, hiding his face. The robe itself was the color of parchment, and the intricate runic designs along the hem and sleeves looked as if they had been inked there in drying blood. The hair rose along Clary's arms and on the back of her neck, prickling almost painfully.

“This,” said Hodge, “is Brother Jeremiah of the Silent City.”

The man came toward them, his heavy cloak swirling as he moved, and Clary realized what it was about him that was strange: He made no sound at all as he walked, not the slightest footstep. Even his cloak, which should have rustled, was silent. She would almost have wondered if he were a ghost—but no, she thought as he halted in front of them, there was a strange, sweet smell about him, like incense and blood, the smell of something living.

“And this, Jeremiah,” Hodge said, rising from his desk, “is the girl I wrote to you about. Clarissa Fray.”

The hooded face turned slowly toward her. Clary felt cold to her fingertips. “Hello,” she said.

There was no reply.

“I decided you were right, Jace,” said Hodge.

“I *was* right,” said Jace. “I usually am.”

Hodge ignored this. “I sent a letter to the Clave about all this last night, but Clary’s memories are her own. Only she can decide how she wants to deal with the contents of her own head. If she wants the help of the Silent Brothers, she should have that choice.”

Clary said nothing. Dorothea had said there was a block in her mind, hiding something. Of course she wanted to know what it was. But the shadowy figure of the Silent Brother was so—well, *silent*. Silence itself seemed to flow from him like a dark tide, black and thick as ink. It chilled her bones.

Brother Jeremiah’s face was still turned toward her, nothing but darkness visible underneath his hood. *This is Jocelyn’s daughter?*

Clary gave a little gasp, stepping back. The words had echoed inside her head, as if she’d thought them herself—but she hadn’t.

“Yes,” said Hodge, and added quickly, “but her father was a mundane.”

That does not matter, said Jeremiah. *The blood of the Clave is dominant.*

“Why did you call my mother Jocelyn?” said Clary, searching in vain for some sign of a face beneath the hood. “Did you know her?”

“The Brothers keep records on all members of the Clave,” explained Hodge. “Exhaustive records—”

“Not that exhaustive,” said Jace, “if they didn’t even know she was still alive.”

It is likely that she had the assistance of a warlock in her disappearance. Most Shadowhunters cannot so easily escape the Clave. There was no emotion in Jeremiah’s voice; he sounded neither approving nor disapproving of Jocelyn’s actions.

“There’s something I don’t understand,” Clary said. “Why would Valentine think my mom had the Mortal Cup? If she went through so much trouble to disappear, like you said, then why would she bring it with her?”

“To keep him from getting his hands on it,” said Hodge. “She above all people would have known what would happen if Valentine had the Cup. And I imagine she didn’t trust the Clave to hold on to it. Not after Valentine got it away from them in the first place.”

“I guess.” Clary couldn’t keep the doubt from her voice. The whole thing seemed so unlikely. She tried to picture her mother fleeing under cover of darkness, with a big gold cup stashed in the pocket of her overalls, and failed.

“Jocelyn turned against her husband when she found out what he intended to do with the Cup,” said Hodge. “It’s not unreasonable to assume she would do everything in her power to keep the Cup from falling into his hands. The Clave themselves would have looked first to her if they’d thought she was still alive.”

“It seems to me,” Clary said with an edge to her voice, “that no one the Clave thinks is dead, is ever actually dead. Maybe they should invest in dental records.”

“My father’s dead,” said Jace, the same edge in his voice. “I don’t need dental records to tell me that.”

Clary turned on him in some exasperation. “Look, I didn’t mean—”

That is enough, interrupted Brother Jeremiah. *There is truth to be learned here, if you are patient enough to listen to it.*

With a quick gesture he raised his hands and drew the hood back from his face. Forgetting Jace, Clary fought the urge to cry out. The archivist’s head was bald, smooth and white as an egg, darkly indented where his eyes had once been. They were gone now. His lips were crisscrossed with a pattern of dark lines that resembled surgical stitches. She understood now what Alec had meant by mutilation.

The Brothers of the Silent City do not lie, said Jeremiah. If you want the truth from me, you shall have it, but I shall ask of you the same in return.

Clary lifted her chin. "I'm not a liar either."

The mind cannot lie. Jeremiah moved toward her. *It is your memories I want.*

The smell of blood and ink was stifling. Clary felt a wave of panic. "Wait—"

"Clary." It was Hodge, his tone gentle. "It's entirely possible that there are memories you have buried or repressed, memories formed when you were too young to have a conscious recollection of them, that Brother Jeremiah can reach. It could help us a great deal."

She said nothing, biting the inside of her lip. She hated the idea of someone reaching inside her head, touching memories so private and hidden that even she couldn't reach them.

"She doesn't have to do anything she doesn't want to do," Jace said suddenly. "Does she?"

Clary interrupted Hodge before he could reply. "It's all right. I'll do it."

Brother Jeremiah nodded curtly, and moved toward her with the soundlessness that sent chills up her spine. "Will it hurt?" she whispered.

He didn't reply, but his narrow white hands came up to touch her face. The skin of his fingers was thin as parchment paper, inked all over with runes. She could feel the power in them, jumping like static electricity to sting her skin. She closed her eyes, but not before she saw the anxious expression that crossed Hodge's face.

Colors swirled up against the darkness behind her eyelids. She felt a pressure, a drawing pull in her head and hands and feet. She clenched her hands, straining against the weight, the blackness. She felt as if she were pressed up against something hard and unyielding, being slowly crushed. She heard herself gasp and went suddenly cold all over, cold as winter. In a flash she saw an icy street, gray buildings looming overhead, an

explosion of whiteness stinging her face in freezing particles

“That’s *enough*.” Jace’s voice cut through the winter chill, and the falling snow vanished, a shower of white sparks. Clary’s eyes sprang open.

Slowly the library came back into focus—the book-lined walls, the anxious faces of Hodge and Jace. Brother Jeremiah stood unmoving, a carved idol of ivory and red ink. Clary became aware of the sharp pains in her hands, and glanced down to see red lines scored across her skin where her nails had dug in.

“*Jace*,” Hodge said reprovingly.

“Look at her hands.” Jace gestured toward Clary, who curled her fingers in to cover her injured palms.

Hodge put a broad hand on her shoulder. “Are you all right?”

Slowly she moved her head in a nod. The crushing weight had gone, but she could feel the sweat that drenched her hair, pasted her shirt to her back like sticky tape.

There is a block in your mind, said Brother Jeremiah. *Your memories cannot be reached*.

“A block?” asked Jace. “You mean she’s repressed her memories?”

No. I mean they have been blocked from her conscious mind by a spell. I cannot break it here. She will have to come to the Bone City and stand before the Brotherhood.

“A *spell*?” said Clary incredulously. “Who would have put a spell on me?”

Nobody answered her. Jace looked at his tutor. He was surprisingly pale, Clary thought, considering that this had been his idea. “Hodge, she shouldn’t have to go if she doesn’t—”

“It’s all right.” Clary took a deep breath. Her palms ached where her nails had cut them, and she wanted badly to lie down somewhere dark and rest. “I’ll go. I want to know the truth. I want to know what’s in my head.”

Jace nodded once. “Fine. Then I’ll go with you.”



Leaving the Institute was like climbing into a wet, hot canvas bag. Humid air pressed down on the city, turning the air to grimy soup. “I don’t see why we have to leave separately from Brother Jeremiah,” Clary grumbled. They were standing on the corner outside the Institute. The streets were deserted except for a garbage truck trundling slowly down the block. “What, is he embarrassed to be seen with Shadowhunters or something?”

“The Brotherhood *are* Shadowhunters,” Jace pointed out. Somehow he managed to look cool despite the heat. It made Clary want to smack him.

“I suppose he went to get his car?” she inquired sarcastically.

Jace grinned. “Something like that.”

She shook her head. “You know, I’d feel a lot better about this if Hodge had come with us.”

“What, I’m not protection enough for you?”

“It’s not protection I need right now—it’s someone who can help me think.” Suddenly reminded, she clapped a hand over her mouth. “Oh—Simon!”

“No, I’m Jace,” said Jace patiently. “Simon is the weaselly little one with the bad haircut and dismal fashion sense.”

“Oh, shut up,” she replied, but it was more automatic than heartfelt. “I meant to call before I went to sleep. See if he got home okay.”

Shaking his head, Jace regarded the heavens as if they were about to open up and reveal the secrets of the universe. “With everything that’s going on, you’re worried about Weasel Face?”

“Don’t call him that. He doesn’t look like a weasel.”

“You may be right,” said Jace. “I’ve met an attractive weasel or two in my time. He looks more like a rat.”

“He does not—”

“He’s probably at home lying in a puddle of his own drool. Just wait till Isabelle gets bored with him and you have to pick up the pieces.”

“Is Isabelle likely to get bored with him?” Clary asked.

Jace thought about this. “Yes,” he said.

Clary wondered if perhaps Isabelle was smarter than Jace gave her credit for. Maybe she would realize what an amazing guy Simon was: how funny, how smart, how cool. Maybe they’d start dating. The idea filled her with a nameless horror.

Lost in thought, it took her several moments to realize that Jace had been saying something to her. When she blinked at him, she saw a wry grin spread across his face. “What?” she asked, ungraciously.

“I wish you’d stop desperately trying to get my attention like this,” he said. “It’s become embarrassing.”

“Sarcasm is the last refuge of the imaginatively bankrupt,” she told him.

“I can’t help it. I use my rapier wit to hide my inner pain.”

“Your pain will be outer soon if you don’t get out of traffic. Are you *trying* to get run over by a cab?”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” he said. “We could never get a cab that easily in this neighborhood.”

As if on cue, a narrow black car with tinted windows rumbled up to the curb and paused in front of Jace, engine purring. It was long and sleek and low to the ground like a limousine, the windows curved outward.

Jace looked at her sideways; there was amusement in his glance, but also a certain urgency. She glanced at the car again, letting her gaze relax, letting the strength of what was real pierce the veil of glamour.

Now the car looked like Cinderella’s carriage, except instead of being pink and gold and blue like an Easter egg, it was black as velvet, its windows darkly tinted. The wheels

were black, the leather trimmings all black. On the black metal driver's bench sat Brother Jeremiah, holding a set of reins in his gloved hands. His face was hidden beneath the cowl of his parchment-colored robe. On the other end of the reins were two horses, black as smoke, snarling and pawing at the sky.

"Get in," said Jace. When she continued to stand there gaping, he took her arm and half-pushed her in through the open door of the carriage, swinging himself up after her. The carriage began to move before he had closed the door behind them. He fell back in his seat—plush and glossily upholstered—and looked over at her. "A personal escort to the Bone City is nothing to turn your nose up at."

"I wasn't turning my nose up. I was just surprised. I wasn't expecting . . . I mean, I thought it was a car."

"Just relax," said Jace. "Enjoy that new-carriage smell."

Clary rolled her eyes and turned to look out the windows. She would have thought that a horse and carriage wouldn't have stood a chance in Manhattan traffic, but they were moving downtown easily, their soundless progression unnoticed by the snarl of taxis, buses, and SUVs that choked the avenue. In front of them a yellow cab switched lanes, cutting off their forward progress. Clary tensed, worried about the horses—then the carriage lurched upward as the horses sprang lightly to the top of the cab. She choked off a gasp. The carriage, rather than dragging along the ground, sailed up behind the horses, rolling lightly and soundlessly up and over the cab's roof and down the other side. Clary glanced backward as the carriage hit the pavement again with a jolt—the cab driver was smoking and staring ahead, utterly oblivious. "I always thought cab drivers didn't pay attention to traffic, but this is ridiculous," she said weakly.

"Just because you can see through glamour now . . ." Jace let the end of the sentence hang delicately in the air between them.

"I can only see through it when I concentrate," she said. "It hurts my head a little."

“I bet that’s because of the block in your mind. The Brothers will take care of that.”

“Then what?”

“Then you’ll see the world as it is—infinite,” said Jace with a dry smile.

“Don’t quote Blake at me.”

The smile turned less dry. “I didn’t think you’d recognize it. You don’t strike me as someone who reads a lot of poetry.”

“Everyone knows that quote because of the Doors.”

Jace looked at her blankly.

“The Doors. They were a band.”

“If you say so,” he said.

“I suppose you don’t have much time for enjoying music,” Clary said, thinking of Simon, for whom music was his entire life, “in your line of work.”

He shrugged. “Maybe the occasional wailing chorus of the damned.”

Clary looked at him quickly, to see if he was joking, but he was expressionless.

“But you were playing the piano yesterday,” she began, “at the Institute. So you must—”

The carriage lurched upward again. Clary grabbed at the edge of her seat and stared—they were rolling along the top of a downtown M1 bus. From this vantage point she could see the upper floors of the old apartment buildings that lined the avenue, elaborately carved with gargoyles and ornamental cornices.

“I was just messing around,” said Jace, without looking at her. “My father insisted I learn to play an instrument.”

“He sounds strict, your father.”

Jace’s tone was sharp. “Not at all. He indulged me. He taught me everything—weapons training, demonology, arcane

lore, ancient languages. He gave me anything I wanted. Horses, weapons, books, even a hunting falcon.”

But weapons and books aren’t exactly what most kids want for Christmas, Clary thought as the carriage thunked back down to the pavement. “Why didn’t you mention to Hodge that you knew the men that Luke was talking to? That they were the ones who killed your dad?”

Jace looked down at his hands. They were slim and careful hands, the hands of an artist, not a warrior. The ring she had noticed earlier flashed on his finger. She would have thought there would have been something feminine about a boy wearing a ring, but there wasn’t. The ring itself was solid and heavy-looking, made of a dark burned-looking silver with a pattern of stars around the band. The letter W was carved into it. “Because if I did,” he said, “he’d know I wanted to kill Valentine myself. And he’d never let me try.”

“You mean you want to kill him for revenge?”

“For justice,” said Jace. “I never knew who killed my father. Now I do. This is my chance to make it right.”

Clary didn’t see how killing one person could make right the death of another, but she sensed there was no point saying that. “But you knew who killed him,” she said. “It was those men. You said . . .”

Jace wasn’t looking at her, so Clary let her voice trail off. They were rolling through Astor Place now, narrowly dodging a purple New York University tram as it cut through traffic. Passing pedestrians looked crushed by the heavy air, like insects pinned under glass. Some groups of homeless kids were crowded around the base of a big brass statue, folded cardboard signs asking for money propped up in front of them. Clary saw a girl about her own age with a smoothly shaved bald head leaning against a brown-skinned boy with dreadlocks, his face adorned with a dozen piercings. He turned his head as the carriage rolled by as if he could see it, and she caught the gleam of his eyes. One of them was clouded, as though it had no pupil.

“I was ten,” Jace said. She turned to look at him. He was without expression. It always seemed like some color drained out of him when he talked about his father. “We lived in a manor house, out in the country. My father always said it was safer away from people. I heard them coming up the drive and went to tell him. He told me to hide, so I hid. Under the stairs. I saw those men come in. They had others with them. Not men. Forsaken. They overpowered my father and cut his throat. The blood ran across the floor. It soaked my shoes. I didn’t move.”

It took a moment for Clary to realize he was done speaking, and another to find her voice. “I’m so sorry, Jace.”

His eyes gleamed in the darkness. “I don’t understand why mundanes always apologize for things that aren’t their fault.”

“I’m not apologizing. It’s a way of—empathizing. Of saying that I’m sorry you’re unhappy.”

“I’m not unhappy,” he said. “Only people with no purpose are unhappy. I’ve got a purpose.”

“Do you mean killing demons, or getting revenge for your father’s death?”

“Both.”

“Would your father really want you to kill those men? Just for revenge?”

“A Shadowhunter who kills another of his brothers is worse than a demon and should be put down like one,” Jace said, sounding as if he were reciting the words from a textbook.

“But are all demons evil?” she said. “I mean, if all vampires aren’t evil, and all werewolves aren’t evil, maybe—”

Jace turned on her, looking exasperated. “It’s not the same thing at all. Vampires, werewolves, even warlocks, they’re part-human. Part of this world, born in it. They belong here. But demons come from other worlds. They’re interdimensional parasites. They come to a world and use it up. They can’t build, just destroy—they can’t make, only use. They drain a place to ashes and when it’s dead, they move on to the next one. It’s life they want—not just your life or mine,

but all the life of this world, its rivers and cities, its oceans, its everything. And the only thing that stands between them and the destruction of all *this*”—he pointed outside the window of the carriage, waving his hand as if he meant to indicate everything in the city from the skyscrapers uptown to the clog of traffic on Houston Street—“is the Nephilim.”

“Oh,” Clary said. There didn’t seem to be much else *to* say. “How many other worlds are there?”

“No one knows. Hundreds? Millions, maybe.”

“And they’re all—dead worlds? Used up?” Clary felt her stomach drop, though it might have been only the jolt as they rolled up and over a purple Mini. “That seems so sad.”

“I didn’t say that.” The dark orangey light of city haze spilled in through the window, outlining his sharp profile. “There are probably other living worlds like ours. But only demons can travel between them. Because they’re mostly noncorporeal, partly, but nobody knows exactly why. Plenty of warlocks have tried it, and it’s never worked. Nothing from Earth can pass through the wardings between the worlds. If we could,” he added, “we might be able to block them from coming here, but nobody’s even been able to figure out how to do that. In fact, more and more of them are coming through. There used to be only small demon invasions into this world, easily contained. But even in my lifetime more and more of them have spilled in through the wardings. The Clave is always having to dispatch Shadowhunters, and a lot of times they don’t come back.”

“But if you had the Mortal Cup, you could make more, right? More demon hunters?” Clary asked tentatively.

“Sure,” Jace said. “But we haven’t had the Cup for years now, and a lot of us die young. So our numbers slowly dwindle.”

“Aren’t you, uh . . .” Clary searched for the right word. “Reproducing?”

Jace burst out laughing just as the carriage made a sudden, sharp left turn. He braced himself, but Clary was thrown

against him. He caught her, hands holding her lightly but firmly away from him. She felt the cool impress of his ring like a sliver of ice against her sweaty skin. “Sure,” he said. “We love reproducing. It’s one of our favorite things.”

Clary pulled away from him, her face burning in the darkness, and turned to look out the window. They were rolling toward a heavy wrought iron gate, trellised with dark vines.

“We’re here,” announced Jace as the smooth roll of wheels over pavement turned to the jounce of cobblestones. Clary glimpsed words across the arch as they rolled under it: NEW YORK CITY MARBLE CEMETERY.

“But they stopped burying people in Manhattan a century ago because they ran out of room—didn’t they?” she said. They were moving down a narrow alley with high stone walls on either side.

“The Bone City has been here longer than that.” The carriage came to a shuddering halt. Clary jumped as Jace stretched his arm out, but he was only reaching past her to open the door on her side. His arm was lightly muscled and downed with golden hairs fine as pollen.

“You don’t get a choice, do you?” she asked. “About being a Shadowhunter. You can’t just opt out.”

“No,” he said. The door swung open, letting in a blast of muggy air. The carriage had drawn to a stop on a wide square of green grass surrounded by mossy marble walls. “But if I had a choice, this is still what I’d choose.”

“Why?” she asked.

He raised an eyebrow, which made Clary instantly jealous. She’d always wanted to be able to do that. “Because,” he said. “It’s what I’m good at.”

He jumped down from the carriage. Clary slid to the edge of her seat, dangling her legs. It was a long drop to the cobblestones. She jumped. The impact stung her feet, but she didn’t fall. She swung around in triumph to find Jace watching her. “I would have helped you down,” he said.

She blinked. “It’s okay. You didn’t have to.”

He glanced behind him. Brother Jeremiah was descending from his perch behind the horses in a silent fall of robes. He cast no shadow on the sun-baked grass.

Come, he said. He glided away from the carriage and the comforting lights of Second Avenue, moving toward the dark center of the garden. It was clear that he expected them to follow.

The grass was dry and crackling underfoot, the marble walls to either side smooth and pearly. There were names carved into the stone of the walls, names and dates. It took Clary a moment to realize that they were grave markers. A chill scraped up her spine. Where were the bodies? In the walls, buried upright as if they’d been walled in alive . . . ?

She had forgotten to look where she was going. When she collided with something unmistakably alive, she yelped out loud.

It was Jace. “Don’t screech like that. You’ll wake the dead.”

She frowned at him. “Why are we stopping?”

He pointed at Brother Jeremiah, who had come to a halt in front of a statue just slightly taller than he was, its base overgrown with moss. The statue was of an angel. The marble of the statue was so smooth it was almost translucent. The face of the angel was fierce and beautiful and sad. In long white hands the angel held a cup, its rim studded with marble jewels. Something about the statue tickled Clary’s memory with an uneasy familiarity. There was a date inscribed on the base, 1234, and words inscribed around it: NEPHILIM: FACILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI.

“Is that meant to be the Mortal Cup?” she asked.

Jace nodded. “And that’s the motto of the Nephilim—the Shadowhunters—there on the base.”

“What does it mean?”

Jace's grin was a white flash in the darkness. "It means 'Shadowhunters: Looking Better in Black Than the Widows of our Enemies Since 1234.'"

"Jace—"

It means, said Jeremiah, *The descent into Hell is easy.*

"Nice and cheery," said Clary, but a shiver passed over her skin despite the heat.

"It's the Brothers' little joke, having that here," said Jace. "You'll see."

She looked at Brother Jeremiah. He had drawn a stele, faintly glowing, from some inner pocket of his robe, and with the tip he traced the pattern of a rune on the statue's base. The mouth of the stone angel suddenly gaped wide in a silent scream, and a yawning black hole opened in the grassy turf at Jeremiah's feet. It looked like an open grave.

Slowly Clary approached the edge of it and peered inside. A set of granite steps led down into the hole, their edges worn soft by years of use. Torches were set along the steps at intervals, flaring hot green and icy blue. The bottom of the stairs was lost in darkness.

Jace took the stairs with the ease of someone who finds a situation familiar if not exactly comfortable. Halfway to the first torch, he paused and looked up at her. "Come *on*," he said impatiently.

Clary had barely set her foot on the first step when she felt her arm caught in a cold grip. She looked up in astonishment. Brother Jeremiah was holding her wrist, his icy white fingers digging into the skin. She could see the bony gleam of his scarred face beneath the edge of his cowl.

Do not fear, said his voice inside her head. *It would take more than a single human cry to wake these dead.*

When he released her arm, she skittered down the stairs after Jace, her heart pounding against her ribs. He was waiting for her at the foot of the steps. He'd taken one of the green burning torches out of its bracket and was holding it at eye level. It lent a pale green cast to his skin. "You all right?"

She nodded, not trusting herself to speak. The stairs ended in a shallow landing; ahead of them stretched a tunnel, long and black, ridged with the curling roots of trees. A faint bluish light was visible at the tunnel's end. "It's so . . . dark," she said lamely.

"You want me to hold your hand?"

Clary put both her hands behind her back like a small child. "Don't talk down to me."

"Well, I could hardly talk *up* to you. You're too short." Jace glanced past her, the torch showering sparks as he moved. "No need to stand on ceremony, Brother Jeremiah," he drawled. "Lead on. We'll be right behind you."

Clary jumped. She still wasn't used to the archivist's silent comings and goings. He moved noiselessly from where he had been standing behind her and headed into the tunnel. After a moment she followed, knocking Jace's outstretched hand aside as she went.



Clary's first sight of the Silent City was of row upon row of tall marble arches that rose overhead, disappearing into the distance like the orderly rows of trees in an orchard. The marble itself was a pure, ashy ivory, hard and polished-looking, inset in places with narrow strips of onyx, jasper, and jade. As they moved away from the tunnel and toward the forest of arches, Clary saw that the floor was inscribed with the same runes that sometimes decorated Jace's skin with lines and whorls and swirling patterns.

As the three of them passed through the first arch, something large and white loomed up on her left side, like an iceberg off the bow of the *Titanic*. It was a block of white stone, smooth and square, with a sort of door inset into the front. It reminded her of a child-size playhouse, almost but not quite big enough for her to stand up inside.

"It's a mausoleum," said Jace, directing a flash of torchlight at it. Clary could see that a rune was carved into the door,

which was sealed shut with bolts of iron. “A tomb. We bury our dead here.”

“All your dead?” she said, half-wanting to ask him if his father was buried here, but he had already moved ahead, out of earshot. She hurried after him, not wanting to be alone with Brother Jeremiah in this spooky place. “I thought you said this was a library.”

There are many levels to the Silent City, interjected Jeremiah. And not all the dead are buried here. There is another ossuary in Idris, of course, much larger. But on this level are the mausoleums and the place of burning.

“The place of burning?”

Those who die in battle are burned, their ashes used to make the marble arches that you see here. The blood and bone of demon slayers is itself a powerful protection against evil. Even in death, the Clave serves the cause.

How exhausting, Clary thought, to fight all your life and then be expected to continue that fight even when your life was over. At the edges of her vision she could see the square white vaults rising on either side of her in orderly rows of tombs, each door locked from the outside. She understood now why this was called the Silent City: Its only inhabitants were the mute Brothers and the dead they so zealously guarded.

They had reached another staircase leading down into more twilight; Jace thrust the torch ahead of him, streaking the walls with shadows. “We’re going to the second level, where the archives and the council rooms are,” he said, as if to reassure her.

“Where are the living quarters?” Clary asked, partly to be polite, partly out of a real curiosity. “Where do the Brothers sleep?”

Sleep?

The silent word hung in the darkness between them. Jace laughed, and the flame of the torch he held flickered. “You had to ask.”

At the foot of the stairs was another tunnel, which widened out at the end into a square pavilion, each corner of which was marked by a spire of carved bone. Torches burned in long onyx holders along the sides of the square, and the air smelled of ashes and smoke. In the center of the pavilion was a long table of black basalt veined in white. Behind the table, against the dark wall, hung an enormous silver sword, point down, its hilt carved in the shape of outspread wings. Seated at the table was a row of Silent Brothers, each wrapped and cowed in the same parchment-colored robes as Jeremiah.

Jeremiah wasted no time. *We have arrived. Clarissa, stand before the Council.*

Clary glanced at Jace, but he was blinking, clearly confused. Brother Jeremiah must have spoken only inside *her* head. She looked at the table, at the long row of silent figures muffled in their heavy robes. Alternating squares made up the pavilion floor: golden bronze and a darker red. Just in front of the table was a larger square, made of black marble and embossed with a parabolic design of silver stars.

Clary stepped into the center of the black square as if she were stepping in front of a firing squad. She raised her head. "All right," she said. "Now what?"

The Brothers made a sound then, a sound that raised the hairs up all along Clary's neck and the backs of her arms. It was a sound like a sigh or a groan. In unison they raised their hands and pushed their cowls back, baring their scarred faces and the pits of their empty eyes.

Though she had seen Brother Jeremiah's uncovered face already, Clary's stomach knotted. It was like looking at a row of skeletons, like one of those medieval woodcuts where the dead walked and talked and danced on the piled bodies of the living. Their stitched mouths seemed to grin at her.

The Council greets you, Clarissa Fray, she heard, and it was not just one silent voice inside her head but a dozen, some low and rough, some smooth and monotone, but all were demanding, insistent, pushing at the fragile barriers around her mind.

“Stop,” she said, and to her astonishment her voice came out firm and strong. The din inside her mind ceased as suddenly as a record that had stopped spinning. “You can go inside my head,” she said, “but only when I’m ready.”

If you do not want our help, there is no need for this. You are the one who asked for our assistance, after all.

“You want to know what’s in my mind, just like I do,” she said. “That doesn’t mean you can’t be careful about it.”

The Brother who sat in the center seat templed his thin white fingers beneath his chin. *It is an interesting puzzle, admittedly*, he said, and the voice inside her mind was dry and neutral. *But there is no need for the use of force, if you do not resist.*

She gritted her teeth. She wanted to resist them, wanted to pry those intrusive voices out of her head. To stand by and allow such a violation of her most intimate, personal self—

But there was every chance that had already happened, she reminded herself. This was nothing more than the excavation of a past crime, the theft of her memory. If it worked, what had been taken from her would be restored. She closed her eyes.

“Go ahead,” she said.

The first contact came as a whisper inside her head, delicate as the brush of a falling leaf. *State your name for the Council.*

Clarissa Fray.

The first voice was joined by others. *Who are you?*

I’m Clary. My mother is Jocelyn Fray. I live at 807 Berkeley Place in Brooklyn. I am fifteen years old. My father’s name was—

Her mind seemed to snap in on itself, like a rubber band, and she reeled soundlessly into a whirlwind of images cast against the insides of her closed eyelids. Her mother was hurrying her down a night-black street between piles of heaped and dirty snow. Then a lowering sky, gray and leaden, rows of black trees stripped bare. An empty square cut into the earth, a plain coffin lowered into it. *Ashes to ashes.* Jocelyn wrapped

in her patchwork quilt, tears spilling down her cheeks, quickly closing a box and shoving it under a cushion as Clary came into the room. She saw the initials on the box again: J.C.

The images came faster now, like the pages of one of those books where the drawings seemed to move when you flipped them. Clary stood on top of a flight of stairs, looking down a narrow corridor, and there was Luke again, his green duffel bag at his feet. Jocelyn stood in front of him, shaking her head. “Why now, Lucian? I thought that you were dead . . .” Clary blinked; Luke looked different, almost a stranger, bearded, his hair long and tangled—and branches came down to block her view; she was in the park again, and green faeries, tiny as toothpicks, buzzed among the red flowers. She reached for one in delight, and her mother swung her up into her arms with a cry of terror. Then it was winter on the black street again, and they were hurrying, huddled under an umbrella, Jocelyn half-pushing and half-dragging Clary between the looming banks of snow. A granite doorway loomed up out of the falling whiteness; there were words carved above the door. THE MAGNIFICENT. Then she was standing inside an entryway that smelled of iron and melting snow. Her fingers were numb with cold. A hand under her chin directed her to look up, and she saw a row of words scrawled along the wall. Two words leaped out at her, burning into her eyes: “MAGNUS BANE.”

A sudden pain lanced through her right arm. She shrieked as the images fell away and she spun upward, breaking the surface of consciousness like a diver breaking up through a wave. There was something cold pressed against her cheek. She pried her eyes open and saw silver stars. She blinked twice before she realized that she was lying on the marble floor, her knees curled up to her chest. When she moved, hot pain shot up her arm.

She sat up gingerly. The skin over her left elbow was split and bleeding. She must have landed on it when she fell. There was blood on her shirt. She looked around, disoriented, and saw Jace looking at her, unmoving but very tense around the mouth.

Magnus Bane. The words meant something, but what? Before she could ask the question aloud, Brother Jeremiah interrupted her.

The block inside your mind is stronger than we had anticipated, he said. *It can be safely undone only by the one who put it there. For us to remove it would be to kill you.*

She scrambled to her feet, cradling her injured arm. “But I don’t know who put it there. If I knew that, I wouldn’t have come here.”

The answer to that is woven into the thread of your thoughts, said Brother Jeremiah. *In your waking dream you saw it written.*

“Magnus Bane? But—that’s not even a name!”

It is enough. Brother Jeremiah got to his feet. As if this were a signal, the rest of the Brothers rose alongside him. They inclined their heads toward Jace, a gesture of silent acknowledgment, before they filed away among the pillars and were gone. Only Brother Jeremiah remained. He watched impassively as Jace hurried over to Clary.

“Is your arm all right? Let me see,” he demanded, seizing her wrist.

“Ouch! It’s fine. Don’t do that, you’re making it worse,” Clary said, trying to pull away.

“You bled on the Speaking Stars,” he said. Clary looked and saw that he was right: There was a smear of her blood on the white and silver marble. “I bet there’s a law somewhere about that.” He turned her arm over, more gently than she would have thought he was capable of. He caught his lower lip between his teeth and whistled; she glanced down and saw that a glove of blood covered her lower arm from the elbow to the wrist. The arm was throbbing, stiff, and painful.

“Is this when you start tearing strips off your T-shirt to bind up my wound?” she joked. She hated the sight of blood, especially her own.

“If you wanted me to rip my clothes off, you should have just asked.” He dug into his pocket and brought out his stele.

“It would have been a lot less painful.”

Remembering the stinging sensation when the stele had touched her wrist, she braced herself, but all she felt as the glowing instrument glided lightly over her injury was a faint warmth. “There,” he said, straightening up. Clary flexed her arm in wonder—though the blood was still there, the wound was gone, as were the pain and stiffness. “And next time you’re planning to injure yourself to get my attention, just remember that a little sweet talk works wonders.”

Clary felt her mouth twitch into a smile. “I’ll keep that in mind,” she said, and as he turned away, she added, “And thanks.”

He slid the stele into his back pocket without turning to look at her, but she thought she saw a certain gratification in the set of his shoulders. “Brother Jeremiah,” he said, rubbing his hands together, “you’ve been very quiet all this time. Surely you have some thoughts you’d like to share?”

I am charged with leading you from the Silent City, and that is all, said the archivist. Clary wondered if she were imagining it, or if there was actually a faintly affronted tone to his “voice.”

“We could always show ourselves out,” Jace suggested hopefully. “I’m sure I remember the way—”

The marvels of the Silent City are not for the eyes of the uninitiated, said Jeremiah, and he turned his back on them with a soundless swish of robes. *This way.*

When they emerged into the open, Clary took deep breaths of the thick morning air, relishing the city stench of smog, dirt, and humanity. Jace looked around thoughtfully. “It’s going to rain,” he said.

He was right, Clary thought, looking up at the iron-gray sky. “Are we taking a carriage back to the Institute?”

Jace looked from Brother Jeremiah, still as a statue, to the carriage, looming like a black shadow in the archway that led to the street. Then he broke into a grin.

“No way,” he said. “I hate those things. Let’s hail a cab.”

Jace leaned forward and banged his hand against the partition separating them from the cab driver. “Turn left! Left! I said to take Broadway, you brain-dead moron!”

The taxi driver responded by jerking the wheel so hard to the left that Clary was thrown against Jace. She let out a yelp of resentment. “Why are we taking Broadway, anyway?”

“I’m starving,” Jace said. “And there’s nothing at home except leftover Chinese.” He took his phone out of his pocket and started dialing. “Alec! Wake up!” he shouted. Clary could hear an irritated buzzing on the other end. “Meet us at Taki’s. Breakfast. Yeah, you heard me. Breakfast. What? It’s only a few blocks away. Get going.”

He clicked off and shoved the phone into one of his many pockets as they pulled up to a curb. Handing the driver a wad of bills, Jace elbowed Clary out of the car. When he landed on the pavement behind her, he stretched like a cat and spread his arms wide. “Welcome to the greatest restaurant in New York.”

It didn’t look like much—a low brick building that sagged in the middle like a collapsed soufflé. A battered neon sign proclaiming the restaurant’s name hung sideways and was sputtering. Two men in long coats and tipped-forward felt hats slouched in front of the narrow doorway. There were no windows.

“It looks like a prison,” said Clary.

He pointed at her. “But in prison could you order a spaghetti *fra diavolo* that makes you want to kiss your fingers? I don’t *think* so.”

"I don't want spaghetti. I want to know what a Magnus Bane is."

"It's not a what. It's a who," said Jace. "It's a name."

"Do you know who he *is*?"

"He's a warlock," said Jace in his most reasonable voice. "Only a warlock could have put a block in your mind like that. Or maybe one of the Silent Brothers, but clearly it wasn't them."

"Is he a warlock you've *heard of*?" demanded Clary, who was rapidly tiring of Jace's reasonable voice.

"The name does sound familiar—"

"Hey!" It was Alec, looking like he'd rolled out of bed and pulled jeans on over his pajamas. His hair, unbrushed, stuck out wildly around his head. He loped toward them, eyes on Jace, ignoring Clary as usual. "Izzy's on her way," he said. "She's bringing the mundane."

"Simon? Where did he come from?" Jace asked.

"He showed up first thing this morning. Couldn't stay away from Izzy, I guess. Pathetic." Alec sounded amused. Clary wanted to kick him. "Anyway, are we going in or what? I'm starving."

"Me too," said Jace. "I could really go for some fried mouse tails."

"Some what?" asked Clary, sure that she'd heard wrong.

Jace grinned at her. "Relax," he said. "It's just a diner."

They were stopped at the front door by one of the slouching men. As he straightened, Clary caught a glimpse of his face under the hat. His skin was dark red, his squared-off hands ending in blue-black nails. Clary felt herself stiffen, but Jace and Alec seemed unconcerned. They said something to the man, who nodded and stepped back, allowing them to pass.

"*Jace*," Clary hissed as the door shut behind them. "Who *was* that?"

“You mean Clancy?” Jace asked, glancing around the brightly lit restaurant. It was pleasant inside, despite the lack of windows. Cozy wooden booths nestled up against each other, each one lined with brightly colored cushions. Endearingly mismatched crockery lined the counter, behind which stood a blond girl in a waitress’s pink-and-white apron, nimbly counting out change to a stocky man in a flannel shirt. She saw Jace, waved, and gestured that they should sit wherever they wanted. “Clancy keeps out undesirables,” said Jace, herding her to one of the booths.

“He’s a *demon*,” she hissed. Several customers turned to look at her—a boy with spiky blue dreads was sitting next to a beautiful Indian girl with long black hair and gauzelike golden wings sprouting from her back. The boy frowned darkly. Clary was glad the restaurant was almost empty.

“No, he isn’t,” said Jace, sliding into a booth. Clary moved to sit beside him, but Alec was already there. She settled gingerly onto the booth seat opposite them, her arm still stiff despite Jace’s ministrations. She felt hollow inside, as if the Silent Brothers had reached into her and scooped out her insides, leaving her light and dizzy. “He’s an ifrit,” Jace explained. “They’re warlocks with no magic. Half demons who can’t cast spells for whatever reason.”

“Poor bastards,” said Alec, picking up his menu. Clary picked hers up too, and stared. Locusts and honey were featured as a special, as were plates of raw meat, whole raw fish, and something called a toasted bat sandwich. A page of the beverage section was devoted to the different types of blood they had on tap—to Clary’s relief, they were different kinds of animal blood, rather than type A, type O, or type B-negative. “Who eats whole raw fish?” she inquired aloud.

“Kelpies,” said Alec. “Selkies. Maybe the occasional nixie.”

“Don’t order any of the faerie food,” said Jace, looking at her over the top of his menu. “It tends to make humans a little crazy. One minute you’re munching a faerie plum, the next minute you’re running naked down Madison Avenue with

antlers on your head. Not,” he added hastily, “that this has ever happened to me.”

Alec laughed. “Do you remember—,” he began, and launched into a story that contained so many mysterious names and proper nouns that Clary didn’t even bother trying to follow it. She was looking at Alec instead, watching him as he talked to Jace. There was a kinetic, almost feverish energy to him that hadn’t been there before. Something about Jace sharpened him, brought him into focus. If she were going to draw them together, she thought, she would make Jace a little blurry, while Alec stood out, all sharp, clear planes and angles.

Jace was looking down as Alec spoke, smiling a little and tapping his water glass with a fingernail. She sensed he was thinking of other things. She felt a sudden flash of sympathy for Alec. Jace couldn’t be an easy person to care about. *I was laughing at you because declarations of love amuse me, especially when unrequited.*

Jace looked up as the waitress passed. “Are we ever going to get any coffee?” he said aloud, interrupting Alec midsentence.

Alec subsided, his energy fading. “I . . .”

Clary spoke up hastily. “What’s all the raw meat for?” she asked, indicating the third page of her menu.

“Werewolves,” said Jace. “Though I don’t mind a bloody steak myself every once in a while.” He reached across the table and flipped Clary’s menu over. “Human food is on the back.”

She perused the perfectly ordinary menu selections with a feeling of stupefaction. It was all too much. “They have *smoothies* here?”

“There’s this apricot-plum smoothie with wildflower honey that’s simply divine,” said Isabelle, who had appeared with Simon at her side. “Shove over,” she said to Clary, who scooted so close to the wall that she could feel the cold bricks pressing into her arm. Simon, sliding in next to Isabelle,

offered her a half-embarrassed smile that she didn't return. "You should have one."

Clary wasn't sure if Isabelle was talking to her or to Simon, so she said nothing. Isabelle's hair tickled her face, smelling of some kind of vanilla perfume. Clary fought the urge to sneeze. She hated vanilla perfume. She'd never understood why some girls felt the need to smell like dessert.

"So how did it go at the Bone City?" Isabelle asked, flipping her menu open. "Did you find out what's in Clary's head?"

"We got a name," said Jace. "Magnus—"

"Shut *up*," Alec hissed, thwacking Jace with his closed menu.

Jace looked injured. "Jesus." He rubbed his arm. "What's your problem?"

"This place is full of Downworlders. You know that. I think you should try to keep the details of our investigation secret."

"*Investigation?*" Isabelle laughed. "Now we're detectives? Maybe we should all have code names."

"Good idea," said Jace. "I shall be Hotschaft Von Hugenstein."

Alec spit his water back into his glass. At that moment the waitress arrived to take their order. Up close she was still a pretty blond girl, but her eyes were unnerving—entirely blue, with no white or pupil at all. She smiled with sharp little teeth. "Know what you're having?"

Jace grinned. "The usual," he said, and got a smile from the waitress in return.

"Me too," Alec chimed in, though he didn't get the smile. Isabelle fastidiously ordered a fruit smoothie, Simon asked for coffee, and Clary, after a moment's hesitation, chose a large coffee and coconut pancakes. The waitress winked a blue eye at her and flounced off.

"Is she an ifrit too?" Clary asked, watching her go.

“Kaelie? No. Part-fey, I think,” said Jace.

“She’s got nixie eyes,” said Isabelle thoughtfully.

“You really don’t know what she is?” asked Simon.

Jace shook his head. “I respect her privacy.” He nudged Alec. “Hey, let me out for a second.”

Scowling, Alec moved aside. Clary watched Jace as he strode over to Kaelie, who was leaning against the bar, talking to the cook through the pass-through to the kitchen. All Clary could see of the cook was a bent head in a white chef’s hat. Tall furry ears poked through holes cut into either side of the hat.

Kaelie turned to smile at Jace, who put an arm around her. She snuggled in. Clary wondered if this was what Jace meant by respecting her privacy.

Isabelle rolled her eyes. “He really shouldn’t tease the wait-staff like that.”

Alec looked at her. “You don’t think he means it? That he likes her, I mean.”

Isabelle shrugged. “She’s a Downworlder,” she said, as if that explained everything.

“I don’t get it,” said Clary.

Isabelle glanced at her without interest. “Get what?”

“This whole Downworlder thing. You don’t hunt them, because they aren’t exactly demons, but they’re not exactly people, either. Vampires kill, they drink blood—”

“Only rogue vampires drink human blood from living people,” interjected Alec. “And those, we’re allowed to kill.”

“And werewolves are what? Just overgrown puppies?”

“They kill demons,” said Isabelle. “So if they don’t bother us, we don’t bother them.”

Like letting spiders live because they eat mosquitoes, Clary thought. “So they’re good enough to let live, good enough to

make your food for you, good enough to flirt with—but not *really* good enough? I mean, not as good as people.”

Isabelle and Alec looked at her as if she were speaking Urdu. “Different from people,” said Alec finally.

“Better than mundanes?” said Simon.

“No,” Isabelle said decidedly. “You could turn a mundane into a Shadowhunter. I mean, we came from mundanes. But you could never turn a Downworlder into one of the Clave. They can’t withstand the runes.”

“So they’re weak?” asked Clary.

“I wouldn’t say that,” said Jace, sliding back into his seat next to Alec. His hair was mussed and there was a lipstick mark on his cheek. “At least not with a peri, a djinn, an ifrit, and God knows what else listening in.” He grinned as Kaelie appeared and distributed their food. Clary regarded her pancakes consideringly. They looked fantastic: golden brown, drenched with honey. She took a bite as Kaelie wobbled off on her high heels.

They were delicious.

“I told you it was the greatest restaurant in Manhattan,” said Jace, eating fries with his fingers.

She glanced at Simon, who was stirring his coffee, head down.

“Mmmf,” said Alec, whose mouth was full.

“Right,” said Jace. He looked at Clary. “It’s not one-way,” he said. “We may not always like Downworlders, but they don’t always like us, either. A few hundred years of the Accords can’t wipe out a thousand years of hostility.”

“I’m sure she doesn’t know what the Accords are, Jace,” said Isabelle around her spoon.

“I do, actually,” said Clary.

“I don’t,” said Simon.

“Yes, but nobody cares what you know.” Jace examined a fry before biting into it. “I enjoy the company of certain

Downworlders at certain times and places. But we don't really get invited to the same parties."

"Wait." Isabelle suddenly sat up straight. "What did you say that name was?" she demanded, turning to Jace. "The name in Clary's head."

"I didn't," said Jace. "At least, I didn't finish it. It's Magnus Bane." He grinned at Alec mockingly. "Rhymes with 'overcareful pain in the ass.'"

Alec muttered a retort into his coffee. It rhymed with something that sounded a lot more like "ducking glass mole." Clary smiled inwardly.

"It can't be—but I'm almost totally sure—" Isabelle dug into her purse and pulled out a folded piece of blue paper. She wiggled it between her fingers. "Look at *this*."

Alec held out his hand for the paper, glanced at it with a shrug, and handed it to Jace. "It's a party invitation. For somewhere in Brooklyn," he said. "I hate Brooklyn."

"Don't be such a snob," said Jace. Then, just as Isabelle had, he sat up straight and stared. "Where did you get this, Izzy?"

She fluttered her hand airily. "From that kelpie in Pandemonium. He said it would be awesome. He had a whole stack of them."

"What is it?" Clary demanded impatiently. "Are you going to show the rest of us, or not?"

Jace turned it around so they could all read it. It was printed on thin paper, nearly parchment, in a thin, elegant, spidery hand. It announced a gathering at the humble home of Magnus the Magnificent Warlock, and promised attendees "*a rapturous evening of delights beyond your wildest imaginings.*"

"Magnus," said Simon. "Magnus like Magnus Bane?"

"I doubt there are that many warlocks named Magnus in the Tristate Area," said Jace.

Alec blinked at it. “Does that mean we have to go to the party?” he inquired of no one in particular.

“We don’t *have* to do anything,” said Jace, who was reading the fine print on the invitation. “But according to this, Magnus Bane is the High Warlock of Brooklyn.” He looked at Clary. “I, for one, am a little curious as to what the High Warlock of Brooklyn’s name is doing inside your head.”



The party didn’t start until midnight, so with a whole day to kill, Jace and Alec disappeared to the weapons room and Isabelle and Simon announced their intention of going for a walk in Central Park so that she could show him the faerie circles. Simon asked Clary if she wanted to come along. Stifling a murderous rage, she refused on the grounds of exhaustion.

It wasn’t exactly a lie—she *was* exhausted, her body still weakened from the aftereffects of the poison and the too-early rising. She lay on her bed in the Institute, shoes kicked off, willing herself to sleep, but sleep wouldn’t come. The caffeine in her veins fizzed like carbonated water, and her mind was full of darting images. She kept seeing her mother’s face looking down at her, her expression panicked. Kept seeing the Speaking Stars, hearing the voices of the Silent Brothers in her head. *Why* would there be a block in her mind? *Why* would a powerful warlock have put it there, and to what purpose? She wondered what memories she might have lost, what experiences she’d had that she couldn’t now recall. Or maybe everything she thought she *did* remember was a lie . . . ?

She sat up, no longer able to bear where her thoughts were taking her. Barefoot, she padded out into the corridor and toward the library. Maybe Hodge could help her.

But the library was empty. Afternoon light slanted in through the parted curtains, laying bars of gold across the floor. On the desk lay the book Hodge had read out of earlier, its worn leather cover gleaming. Beside it Hugo slept on his perch, beak tucked under wing.

My mother knew that book, Clary thought. *She touched it, read out of it.* The ache to hold something that was a part of her mother's life felt like a gnawing at the pit of her stomach. She crossed the room hastily and laid her hands on the book. It felt warm, the leather heated by sunlight. She raised the cover.

Something folded slid out from between the pages and fluttered to the floor at her feet. She bent to retrieve it, smoothing it open reflexively.

It was the photograph of a group of young people, none much older than Clary herself. She knew it had been taken at least twenty years ago, not because of the clothes they were wearing—which, like most Shadowhunter gear, were nondescript and black—but because she recognized her mother instantly: Jocelyn, no more than seventeen or eighteen, her hair halfway down her back and her face a little rounder, the chin and mouth less defined. *She looks like me*, Clary thought dazedly.

Jocelyn's arm was around a boy Clary didn't recognize. It gave her a jolt. She'd never thought of her mother being involved with anyone other than her father, since Jocelyn had never dated or seemed interested in romance. She wasn't like most single mothers, who trolled PTA meetings for likely-looking dads, or Simon's mom, who was always checking her profile on JDate. The boy was good-looking, with hair so fair it was nearly white, and black eyes.

"That's Valentine," said a voice at her elbow. "When he was seventeen."

She leaped back, almost dropping the photo. Hugo gave a startled and unhappy caw before settling back down on his perch, feathers ruffled.

It was Hodge, looking at her with curious eyes.

"I'm so sorry," she said, setting the photograph down on the desk and backing hastily away. "I didn't mean to pry into your things."

"It's all right." He touched the photograph with a scarred and weathered hand—a strange contrast to the neat

spotlessness of his tweed cuffs. “It’s a piece of your past, after all.”

Clary drifted back toward the desk as if the photo exerted a magnetic pull. The white-haired boy in the photo was smiling at Jocelyn, his eyes crinkled in that way that boys’ eyes crinkled when they really liked you. Nobody, Clary thought, had ever looked at *her* that way. Valentine, with his cold, fine-featured face, looked absolutely unlike her own father, with his open smile and the bright hair she’d inherited. “Valentine looks . . . sort of nice.”

“Nice he wasn’t,” said Hodge, with a twisted smile, “but he was charming and clever and very persuasive. Do you recognize anyone else?”

She looked again. Standing behind Valentine, a little to the left, was a thin boy with a shock of light brown hair. He had the big shoulders and gawky wrists of someone who hadn’t grown into his height yet. “Is that you?”

Hodge nodded. “And . . . ?”

She had to look twice before she identified someone else she knew: so young as to be nearly unrecognizable. In the end his glasses gave him away, and the eyes behind them, light blue as seawater. “Luke,” she said.

“Lucian. And here.” Leaning over the photo, Hodge indicated an elegant-looking teenage couple, both dark-haired, the girl half a head taller than the boy. Her features were narrow and predatory, almost cruel. “The Lightwoods,” he said. “And there”—he indicated a very handsome boy with curling dark hair, high color in his square-jawed face—“is Michael Wayland.”

“He doesn’t look anything like Jace.”

“Jace resembles his mother.”

“Is this, like, a class photo?” Clary asked.

“Not quite. This is a picture of the Circle, taken in the year it was formed. That’s why Valentine, the leader, is in the front, and Luke is on his right side—he was Valentine’s second in command.”

Clary turned her gaze away. “I still don’t understand why my mother would join something like that.”

“You must understand—”

“You keep saying that,” Clary said crossly. “I don’t see why I must understand anything. You tell me the truth, and I’ll either understand it or I won’t.”

The corner of Hodge’s mouth twitched. “As you say.” He paused to reach out a hand and stroke Hugo, who was strutting along the edge of the desk importantly. “The Accords have never had the support of the whole Clave. The more venerable families, especially, cling to the old times, when Downworlders were for killing. Not just out of hatred but because it made them feel safer. It is easier to confront a threat as a mass, a group, not individuals who must be evaluated one by one . . . and most of us knew someone who had been injured or killed by a Downworlder. There is nothing,” he added, “quite like the moral absolutism of the young. It’s easy, as a child, to believe in good and evil, in light and dark. Valentine never lost that—neither his destructive idealism nor his passionate loathing of anything he considered ‘nonhuman.’”

“But he loved my mother,” said Clary.

“Yes,” said Hodge. “He loved your mother. And he loved Idris. . . .”

“What was so great about Idris?” Clary asked, hearing the grumpiness in her own voice.

“It was,” Hodge began, and corrected himself, “it *is*, home—for the Nephilim, where they can be their true selves, a place where there is no need for hiding or glamour. A place blessed by the Angel. You have never seen a city until you have seen Alicante of the glass towers. It is more beautiful than you can imagine.” There was raw pain in his voice.

Clary thought suddenly of her dream. “Were there ever . . . dances in the Glass City?”

Hodge blinked at her as if waking up from a dream. “Every week. I never attended, but your mother did. And Valentine.”

He chuckled softly. "I was more of a scholar. I spent my days in the library in Alicante. The books you see here are only a fraction of the treasures it holds. I thought perhaps I might join the Brotherhood someday, but after what I did, of course, they would not have me."

"I'm sorry," Clary said awkwardly. Her mind was still full of the memory of her dream. *Was there a mermaid fountain where they danced? Did Valentine wear white, so that my mother could see the Marks on his skin even through his shirt?*

"Can I keep this?" she asked, indicating the photograph.

A flicker of hesitation passed over Hodge's face. "I would prefer you not show it to Jace," he said. "He has enough to contend with, without photos of his dead father turning up."

"Of course." She hugged it to her chest. "Thank you."

"It's nothing." He looked at her quizzically. "Did you come to the library to see me, or for some other purpose?"

"I was wondering if you'd heard from the Clave. About the Cup. And—my mom."

"I got a short reply this morning."

She could hear the eagerness in her own voice. "Have they sent people? Shadowhunters?"

Hodge looked away from her. "Yes, they have."

"Why aren't they staying here?" she asked.

"There is some concern that the Institute is being watched by Valentine. The less he knows, the better." He saw her miserable expression, and sighed. "I'm sorry I can't tell you more, Clarissa. I am not much trusted by the Clave, even now. They told me very little. I wish I could help you."

There was something about the sadness in his voice that made her reluctant to push him for more information. "You can," she said. "I can't sleep. I keep thinking too much. Could you . . ."

"Ah, the unquiet mind." His voice was full of sympathy. "I can give you something for that. Wait here."



The potion Hodge gave her smelled pleasantly of juniper and leaves. Clary kept opening the vial and smelling it on her way back down the corridor. It was unfortunately still open when she entered her bedroom and found Jace sprawled out on the bed, looking at her sketchbook. With a little shriek of astonishment, she dropped the vial; it bounced across the floor, spilling pale-green liquid onto the hardwood.

“Oh, dear,” said Jace, sitting up, the sketchbook abandoned. “I hope that wasn’t anything important.”

“It was a sleeping potion,” she said angrily, toeing the vial with the tip of a sneaker. “And now it’s gone.”

“If only Simon were here. He could probably bore you to sleep.”

Clary was in no mood to defend Simon. Instead she sat down on the bed, picking up the sketchbook. “I don’t usually let people look at this.”

“Why not?” Jace looked tousled, as if he’d been asleep himself. “You’re a pretty good artist. Sometimes even excellent.”

“Well, because—it’s like a diary. Except I don’t think in words, I think in pictures, so it’s all drawings. But it’s still private.” She wondered if she sounded as crazy as she suspected.

Jace looked wounded. “A diary with no drawings of me in it? Where are the torrid fantasies? The romance novel covers? The—”

“Do *all* the girls you meet fall in love with you?” Clary asked quietly.

The question seemed to deflate him, like a pin popping a balloon. “It’s not *love*,” he said, after a pause. “At least—”

“You could try not being charming all the time,” Clary said. “It might be a relief for everyone.”

He looked down at his hands. They were like Hodge’s hands already, snowflaked with tiny white scars, though the

skin was young and unlined. “If you’re really tired, I could put you to sleep,” he said. “Tell you a bedtime story.”

She looked at him. “Are you serious?”

“I’m always serious.”

She wondered if being tired had made them both a little crazy. But Jace didn’t look tired. He looked almost sad. She set the sketchbook down on the night table, and lay down, curling sideways on the pillow. “Okay.”

“Close your eyes.”

She closed them. She could see the afterimage of lamplight reflected against her inner lids, like tiny starbursts.

“Once there was a boy,” said Jace.

Clary interrupted immediately. “A Shadowhunter boy?”

“Of course.” For a moment a bleak amusement colored his voice. Then it was gone. “When the boy was six years old, his father gave him a falcon to train. Falcons are raptors—killing birds, his father told him, the Shadowhunters of the sky.

“The falcon didn’t like the boy, and the boy didn’t like it, either. Its sharp beak made him nervous, and its bright eyes always seemed to be watching him. It would slash at him with beak and talons when he came near: For weeks his wrists and hands were always bleeding. He didn’t know it, but his father had selected a falcon that had lived in the wild for over a year, and thus was nearly impossible to tame. But the boy tried, because his father had told him to make the falcon obedient, and he wanted to please his father.

“He stayed with the falcon constantly, keeping it awake by talking to it and even playing music to it, because a tired bird was meant to be easier to tame. He learned the equipment: the jesses, the hood, the brail, the leash that bound the bird to his wrist. He was meant to keep the falcon blind, but he couldn’t bring himself to do it—instead he tried to sit where the bird could see him as he touched and stroked its wings, willing it to trust him. He fed it from his hand, and at first it would not eat. Later it ate so savagely that its beak cut the skin of his palm. But the boy was glad, because it was progress, and because he

wanted the bird to know him, even if the bird had to consume his blood to make that happen.

“He began to see that the falcon was beautiful, that its slim wings were built for the speed of flight, that it was strong and swift, fierce and gentle. When it dived to the ground, it moved like light. When it learned to circle and come to his wrist, he nearly shouted with delight. Sometimes the bird would hop to his shoulder and put its beak in his hair. He knew his falcon loved him, and when he was certain it was not just tamed but perfectly tamed, he went to his father and showed him what he had done, expecting him to be proud.

“Instead his father took the bird, now tame and trusting, in his hands and broke its neck. ‘I told you to make it obedient,’ his father said, and dropped the falcon’s lifeless body to the ground. ‘Instead, you taught it to love you. Falcons are not meant to be loving pets: They are fierce and wild, savage and cruel. This bird was not tamed; it was broken.’

“Later, when his father left him, the boy cried over his pet, until eventually his father sent a servant to take the body of the bird away and bury it. The boy never cried again, and he never forgot what he’d learned: that to love is to destroy, and that to be loved is to be the one destroyed.”

Clary, who had been lying still, hardly breathing, rolled onto her back and opened her eyes. “That’s an *awful* story,” she said indignantly.

Jace had his legs pulled up, his chin on his knees. “Is it?” he said ruminatively.

“The boy’s father is horrible. It’s a story about child abuse. I should have known that’s what Shadowhunters think a bedtime story is like. Anything that gives you screaming nightmares—”

“Sometimes the Marks can give you screaming nightmares,” said Jace. “If you get them when you’re too young.” He looked at her thoughtfully. The late afternoon light came in through the curtains and made his face a study in contrasts. *Chiaroscuro*, she thought. The art of shadows and

light. "It's a good story if you think about it," he said. "The boy's father is just trying to make him stronger. Inflexible."

"But you have to learn to bend a little," said Clary with a yawn. Despite the story's content, the rhythm of Jace's voice had made her sleepy. "Or you'll break."

"Not if you're strong enough," said Jace firmly. He reached out, and she felt the back of his hand brush her cheek; she realized her eyes were slipping shut. Exhaustion made her bones liquid; she felt as if she might wash away and vanish. As she fell into sleep, she heard the echo of words in her mind. *He gave me everything I wanted. Horses, weapons, books, even a hunting falcon.*

"Jace," she tried to say. But sleep had her in its claws; it drew her down, and she was silent.



She was woken by an urgent voice. "Get *up*!"

Clary opened her eyes slowly. They felt gluey, stuck together. Something was tickling her face. It was someone's hair. She sat up quickly, and her head struck something hard.

"Ow! You hit me in the head!" It was a girl's voice. Isabelle. She flicked on the light next to the bed and regarded Clary resentfully, rubbing at her scalp. She seemed to shimmer in the lamplight—she was wearing a long silvery skirt and a sequined top, and her nails were painted like glittering coins. Strands of silver beads were caught in her dark hair. She looked like a moon goddess. Clary hated her.

"Well, nobody told you to lean over me like that. You practically scared me to death." Clary rubbed at her own head. There was a sore spot just above her eyebrow. "What do you want, anyway?"

Isabelle indicated the dark night sky outside. "It's almost midnight. We've got to leave for the party, and *you're* still not dressed."

"I was just going to wear this," Clary said, indicating her jeans and T-shirt ensemble. "Is that a problem?"

“Is that a problem?” Isabelle looked like she might faint. “Of course it’s a problem! No Downworlder would wear those clothes. And it’s a party. You’ll stick out like a sore thumb if you dress that . . . casually,” she finished, looking as if the word she’d wanted to use was a lot worse than “casually.”

“I didn’t know we were dressing up,” Clary said sourly. “I don’t have any party clothes with me.”

“You’ll just have to borrow mine.”

“Oh *no*.” Clary thought of the too-big T-shirt and jeans. “I mean, I couldn’t. Really.”

Isabelle’s smile was as glittering as her nails. “I insist.”



“I’d really rather wear my own clothes,” Clary protested, squirming uncomfortably as Isabelle positioned her in front of the floor-length mirror in her bedroom.

“Well, you can’t,” Isabelle said. “You look about eight years old, and worse, you look like a mundane.”

Clary set her jaw rebelliously. “None of your clothes are going to fit me.”

“We’ll see about that.”

Clary watched Isabelle in the mirror as she rifled through her closet. Her room looked as if a disco ball had exploded inside it. The walls were black and shimmered with swirls of sponged-on golden paint. Clothes were strewn everywhere: on the rumpled black bed, hung over the backs of the wooden chairs, spilling out of the closet and the tall wardrobe propped against one wall. Her vanity table, its mirror rimmed with spangled pink fur, was covered in glitter, sequins, and pots of blush and powder.

“Nice room,” Clary said, thinking longingly of her orange walls at home.

“Thanks. I painted it myself.” Isabelle emerged from the closet, holding something black and slinky. She tossed it at Clary.

Clary held the cloth up, letting it unfold. “It looks awfully small.”

“It’s stretchy,” said Isabelle. “Now go put it on.”

Hastily, Clary retreated to the small bathroom, which was painted bright blue. She wriggled the dress on over her head—it was tight, with tiny spaghetti straps. Trying not to inhale too deeply, she returned to the bedroom, where Isabelle was sitting on the bed, sliding a set of jeweled toe rings onto her sandaled feet. “You’re so lucky to have such a flat chest,” Isabelle said. “I could never wear that without a bra.”

Clary scowled. “It’s too short.”

“It’s not short. It’s fine,” Isabelle said, toeing around under the bed. She kicked out a pair of boots and some black fishnet tights. “Here, you can wear these with it. They’ll make you look taller.”

“Right, because I’m flat-chested *and* a midget.” Clary tugged the hem of the dress down. It just brushed the tops of her thighs. She hardly ever wore skirts, much less short ones, so seeing this much of her own legs was alarming. “If it’s this short on me, how short must it be on you?” she mused aloud to Isabelle.

Isabelle grinned. “On me it’s a shirt.”

Clary flopped down on the bed and pulled the tights and boots on. The shoes were a little loose around the calves, but didn’t slide around on her feet. She laced them to the top and stood up, looking at herself in the mirror. She had to admit that the combination of short black dress, fishnets, and high boots was fairly badass. The only thing that spoiled it was—

“Your hair,” Isabelle said. “It needs fixing. Desperately. Sit.” She pointed imperiously toward the vanity table. Clary sat, and squinched her eyes shut as Isabelle yanked her hair out of its braids—none too kindly—brushed it out, and shoved what felt like bobby pins into it. She opened her eyes just as a powder puff smacked her in the face, releasing a dense cloud of glitter. Clary coughed and glared at Isabelle accusingly.

The other girl laughed. “Don’t look at me. Look at yourself.”

Glancing in the mirror, Clary saw that Isabelle had pulled her hair up into an elegant swirl on the top of her head, held in place with sparkling pins. Clary was reminded suddenly of her dream, the heavy hair weighing her head down, dancing with Simon . . . She stirred restlessly.

“Don’t get up yet,” Isabelle said. “We’re not done.” She seized an eyeliner pen. “Open your eyes.”

Clary widened her eyes, which was good for keeping herself from crying. “Isabelle, can I ask you something?”

“Sure,” said Isabelle, wielding the eyeliner expertly.

“Is Alec gay?”

Isabelle’s wrist jerked. The eyeliner skidded, inking a long line of black from the corner of Clary’s eye to her hairline. “Oh, hell,” Isabelle said, putting the pen down.

“It’s all right,” Clary began, putting her hand up to her eye.

“No, it isn’t.” Isabelle sounded near tears as she scrabbled around among the piles of junk on top of the vanity. Eventually she came up with a cotton ball, which she handed to Clary. “Here. Use this.” She sat down on the edge of the bed, ankle bracelets jingling, and looked at Clary through her hair. “How did you guess?” she said finally.

“I—”

“You absolutely can’t tell anyone,” said Isabelle.

“Not even Jace?”

“Especially not Jace!”

“All right.” Clary heard the stiffness in her own voice. “I guess I didn’t realize it was such a big deal.”

“It would be to my parents,” said Isabelle quietly. “They would disown him and throw him out of the Clave—”

“What, you can’t be gay and a Shadowhunter?”

“There’s no official rule about it. But people don’t like it. I mean, less with people our age—I think,” she added, uncertainly, and Clary remembered how few other people her age Isabelle had ever really met. “But the older generation, no. If it happens, you don’t talk about it.”

“Oh,” said Clary, wishing she’d never mentioned it.

“I love my brother,” said Isabelle. “I’d do anything for him. But there’s nothing I can do.”

“At least he has you,” said Clary awkwardly, and she thought for a moment of Jace, who thought of love as something that broke you into pieces. “Do you really think that Jace would . . . mind?”

“I don’t know,” said Isabelle, in a tone that indicated she’d had enough of the topic. “But it’s not my choice to make.”

“I guess not,” Clary said. She leaned in to the mirror, using the cotton Isabelle had given her to dab away the excess eye makeup. When she sat back, she nearly dropped the cotton ball in surprise: What had Isabelle *done* to her? Her cheekbones looked sharp and angular, her eyes deep-set, mysterious, and a luminous green.

“I look like my mom,” she said in surprise.

Isabelle raised her eyebrows. “What? Too middle-aged? Maybe some more glitter—”

“No more glitter,” Clary said hastily. “No, it’s good. I like it.”

“Great.” Isabelle bounced up off the bed, her anklets chiming. “Let’s go.”

“I need to stop by my room and grab something,” Clary said, standing up. “Also—do I need any weapons? Do you?”

“I’ve got plenty.” Isabelle smiled, kicking her feet up so that her anklets jingled like Christmas bells. “These, for instance. The left one is electrum, which is poisonous to demons, and the right one is blessed iron, in case I run across any unfriendly vampires or even faeries—faeries hate iron.

They both have strength runes carved into them, so I can pack a hell of a kick.”

“Demon hunting and fashion,” Clary said. “I never would have thought they went together.”

Isabelle laughed out loud. “You’d be surprised.”



The boys were waiting for them in the entryway. They were wearing black, even Simon, in a slightly too-big pair of black pants and his own shirt turned inside out to hide the band logo. He was standing uncomfortably to the side while Jace and Alec slouched together against the wall, looking bored. Simon glanced up as Isabelle strode into the entryway, her gold whip coiled around her wrist, her metal ankle chains chiming like bells. Clary expected him to look stunned—Isabelle did look amazing—but his eyes slid past her to Clary, where they rested with a look of astonishment.

“What *is* that?” he demanded, straightening up. “That you’re wearing, I mean.”

Clary looked down at herself. She’d thrown a light jacket on to make her feel less naked and grabbed her backpack from her room. It was slung over her shoulder, bumping familiarly between her shoulder blades. But Simon wasn’t looking at her backpack; he was looking at her legs as if he’d never seen them before.

“It’s a dress, Simon,” Clary said dryly. “I know I don’t wear them that much, but really.”

“It’s so *short*,” he said in confusion. Even half in demon hunter clothes, Clary thought, he looked like the sort of boy who’d come over to your house to pick you up for a date and be polite to your parents and nice to your pets.

Jace, on the other hand, looked like the sort of boy who’d come over to your house and burn it down for kicks. “I like the dress,” he said, unhitching himself from the wall. His eyes ran up and down her lazily, like the stroking paws of a cat. “It needs a little something extra, though.”

“So now you’re a fashion expert?” Her voice came out unevenly—he was standing very close to her, close enough that she could feel the warmth of him, smell the faint burned scent of newly applied Marks.

He took something out of his jacket and handed it to her. It was a long thin dagger in a leather sheath. The hilt of the dagger was set with a single red stone carved in the shape of a rose.

She shook her head. “I wouldn’t even know how to use that —”

He pressed it into her hand, curling her fingers around it. “You’d learn.” He dropped his voice. “It’s in your blood.”

She drew her hand back slowly. “All right.”

“I could give you a thigh sheath to put that in,” Isabelle offered. “I’ve got tons.”

“CERTAINLY NOT,” said Simon.

Clary shot him an irritated look. “Thanks, but I’m not really a thigh sheath kind of girl.” She slid the dagger into the outside pocket on her backpack.

She looked up from closing it to find Jace watching her through hooded eyes. “And one last thing,” he said. He reached over and pulled the sparkling pins out of her hair, so that it fell in warm and heavy curls down her neck. The sensation of hair tickling her bare skin was unfamiliar and oddly pleasant.

“Much better,” he said, and she thought this time that maybe his voice was slightly uneven too.

12

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

The directions on the invitation took them to a largely industrial neighborhood in Brooklyn whose streets were lined with factories and warehouses. Some, Clary could see, had been converted into lofts and galleries, but there was still something forbidding about their looming square shapes, boasting only a few windows covered in iron grilles.

They made their way from the subway station, Isabelle navigating with the Sensor, which seemed to have a sort of mapping system built in. Simon, who loved gadgets, was fascinated—or at least he was pretending it was the Sensor he was fascinated with. Hoping to avoid them, Clary lagged behind as they crossed through a scrubby park, its badly kept grass burned brown by the summer heat. To her right the spires of a church gleamed gray and black against the starless night sky.

“Keep up,” said an irritable voice in her ear. It was Jace, who had dropped back to walk beside her. “I don’t want to have to keep looking behind me to make sure nothing’s happened to you.”

“So don’t bother.”

“Last time I left you alone, a demon attacked you,” he pointed out.

“Well, I’d certainly hate to interrupt your pleasant night stroll with my sudden death.”

He blinked. “There is a fine line between sarcasm and outright hostility, and you seem to have crossed it. What’s up?”

She bit her lip. “This morning, weird creepy guys dug around in my brain. Now I’m going to meet the weird creepy guy who originally dug around in my brain. What if I don’t like what he finds?”

“What makes you think you won’t?”

Clary pulled her hair away from her sticky skin. “I hate it when you answer a question with a question.”

“No you don’t, you think it’s charming. Anyway, wouldn’t you rather know the truth?”

“No. I mean, maybe. I don’t know.” She sighed. “Would you?”

“This is the right street!” called Isabelle, a quarter of a block ahead. They were on a narrow avenue lined with old warehouses, though most now bore the signs of human residence: window boxes filled with flowers, lace curtains blowing in the clammy night breeze, numbered plastic trash cans stacked on the sidewalk. Clary squinted hard, but there was no way to tell if this was the street she’d seen at the Bone City—in her vision it had been nearly obliterated with snow.

She felt Jace’s fingers brush her shoulder. “Absolutely. Always,” he murmured.

She looked sideways at him, not understanding. “What?”

“The truth,” he said. “I would—”

“Jace!” It was Alec. He was standing on the pavement, not far away; Clary wondered why his voice had sounded so loud.

Jace turned, his hand falling away from her shoulder. “Yes?”

“Think we’re in the right place?” Alec was pointing at something Clary couldn’t see; it was hidden behind the bulk of a large black car.

“What’s that?” Jace joined Alec; Clary heard him laugh. Coming around the car, she saw what they were looking at: several motorcycles, sleek and silvery, with low-slung black chassis. Oily-looking tubes and pipes slithered up and around them, ropy as veins. There was a queasy sense of something

organic about the bikes, like the bio-creatures in a Giger painting.

“Vampires,” Jace said.

“They look like motorcycles to me,” said Simon, joining them with Isabelle at his side. She frowned at the bikes.

“They are, but they’ve been altered to run on demon energies,” she explained. “Vampires use them—it lets them get around fast at night. It’s not strictly Covenant, but . . .”

“I’ve heard some of the bikes can fly,” said Alec eagerly. He sounded like Simon with a new video game. “Or go invisible at the flick of a switch. Or operate under water.”

Jace had jumped down off the curb and was circling the bikes, examining them. He reached out a hand and stroked one of the bikes along the sleek chassis. It had words painted along the side, in silver: NOX INVICTUS. “Victorious night,” he translated.

Alec was looking at him strangely. “What are you doing?”

Clary thought she saw Jace slide his hand back inside his jacket. “Nothing.”

“Well, hurry up,” said Isabelle. “I didn’t get this dressed up to watch you mess around in the gutter with a bunch of motorcycles.”

“They are pretty to look at,” said Jace, hopping back up on the pavement. “You have to admit that.”

“So am I,” said Isabelle, who didn’t look inclined to admit anything. “Now hurry up.”

Jace was looking at Clary. “This building,” he said, pointing at the red brick warehouse. “Is this the one?”

Clary exhaled. “I think so,” she said uncertainly. “They all look the same.”

“One way to find out,” said Isabelle, mounting the steps with a determined stride. The rest of them followed, crowding close to one another in the foul-smelling entryway. A naked bulb hung from a cord overhead, illuminating a large metal-

bound door and a row of apartment buzzers along the left wall. Only one had a name written over it: BANE.

Isabelle pressed the buzzer. Nothing happened. She pressed it again. She was about to press it a third time when Alec caught her wrist. “Don’t be rude,” he said.

She glared at him. “Alec—”

The door flew open.

A slender man standing in the doorway regarded them curiously. It was Isabelle who recovered herself first, flashing a brilliant smile. “Magnus? Magnus Bane?”

“That would be me.” The man blocking the doorway was as tall and thin as a rail, his hair a crown of dense black spikes. Clary guessed from the curve of his sleepy eyes and the gold tone of his evenly tanned skin that he was part Asian. He wore jeans and a black shirt covered with dozens of metal buckles. His eyes were crusted with a raccoon mask of charcoal glitter, his lips painted a dark shade of blue. He raked a ring-laden hand through his spiked hair and regarded them thoughtfully. “Children of the Nephilim,” he said. “Well, well. I don’t recall inviting you.”

Isabelle took out her invitation and waved it like a white flag. “I have an invitation. These”—she indicated the rest of the group with a grand wave of her arm—“are my friends.”

Magnus plucked the invitation out of her hand and looked at it with fastidious distaste. “I must have been drunk,” he said. He threw the door open. “Come in. And try not to murder any of my guests.”

Jace edged into the doorway, sizing up Magnus with his eyes. “Even if one of them spills a drink on my new shoes?”

“Even then.” Magnus’s hand shot out, so fast it was barely a blur. He plucked the stele out of Jace’s hand—Clary hadn’t even realized he was holding it—and held it up. Jace looked faintly abashed. “As for this,” Magnus said, sliding it into Jace’s jeans pocket, “keep it in your pants, Shadowhunter.”

Magnus grinned and started up the stairs, leaving a surprised-looking Jace holding the door. “Come on,” he said,

waving the rest of them inside. “Before anyone thinks it’s *my* party.”

They pushed past Jace, laughing nervously. Only Isabelle stopped to shake her head. “Try not to piss him off, please. Then he won’t help us.”

Jace looked bored. “I know what I’m doing.”

“I hope so.” Isabelle flounced past him in a swirl of skirts.

Magnus’s apartment was at the top of a long flight of rickety stairs. Simon hurried to catch up with Clary, who was regretting having put her hand on the banister to steady herself. It was sticky with something that glowed a faint and sickly green.

“Yech,” said Simon, and offered her a corner of his T-shirt to wipe her hand on. She did. “Is everything all right? You seem—distracted.”

“He just looks so familiar. Magnus, I mean.”

“You think he goes to St. Xavier’s?”

“Very funny.” She looked at him sourly.

“You’re right. He’s too old to be a student. I think I had him for chem last year.”

Clary laughed out loud. Immediately Isabelle was beside her, breathing down her neck. “Am I missing something funny? Simon?”

Simon had the grace to look embarrassed, but said nothing. Clary muttered, “You’re not missing anything,” and dropped behind them. Isabelle’s lug-soled boots were starting to hurt her feet. By the time she reached the top of the stairs she was limping, but she forgot the pain as soon as she walked through Magnus’s front door.

The loft was huge and almost totally empty of furniture. Floor-to-ceiling windows were smeared with a thick film of dirt and paint, blocking out most of the ambient light from the street. Big metal pillars wound with colored lights held up an arched, sooty ceiling. Doors torn off their hinges and laid across dented metal garbage cans made a makeshift bar at one

end of the room. A lilac-skinned woman in a metallic bustier was ranging drinks along the bar in tall, harshly colored glasses that tinted the fluid inside them: blood red, cyanosis blue, poison green. Even for a New York bartender she worked with an amazingly speedy efficiency—probably helped along by the fact that she had a second set of long, graceful arms to go with the first. Clary was reminded of Luke’s Indian goddess statue.

The rest of the crowd was just as strange. A good-looking boy with wet green-black hair grinned at her over a platter of what looked like raw fish. His teeth were sharp and serrated, like a shark’s. Beside him stood a girl with long dirty-blond hair, braided with flowers. Under the skirt of her short green dress, her feet were webbed like a frog’s. A group of young women so pale Clary wondered if they were wearing white stage makeup sipped scarlet liquid too thick to be wine from fluted crystal glasses. The center of the room was packed with bodies dancing to the pounding beat that bounced off the walls, though Clary couldn’t see a band anywhere.

“You like the party?”

She turned to see Magnus lounging against one of the pillars. His eyes shone in the darkness. Glancing around, she saw that Jace and the others were gone, swallowed up by the crowd.

She tried to smile. “Is it in honor of anything?”

“My cat’s birthday.”

“Oh.” She glanced around. “Where’s your cat?”

He unhitched himself from the pillar, looking solemn. “I don’t know. He ran away.”

Clary was spared responding to this by the reappearance of Jace and Alec. Alec looked sullen as usual. Jace was wearing a strand of tiny glowing flowers around his neck and seemed pleased with himself. “Where are Simon and Isabelle?” Clary said.

“On the dance floor.” He pointed. She could just see them on the edge of the packed square of bodies. Simon was doing

what he usually did in lieu of dancing, which was to bounce up and down on the balls of his feet, looking uncomfortable. Isabelle was slinking in a circle around him, sinuous as a snake, trailing her fingers across his chest. She was looking at him as if she were planning to drag him off into a corner to have sex. Clary hugged her arms around herself, her bracelets clanking together. *If they dance any closer together, they won't have to go off in a corner to have sex.*

"Look," Jace said, turning to Magnus, "we really need to talk to—"

"MAGNUS BANE!" The deep, booming voice belonged to a surprisingly short man who looked to be in his early thirties. He was compactly muscular, with a bald head shaved smooth and a pointed goatee. He leveled a trembling finger at Magnus. "*Someone* just poured holy water into the gas tank on my bike. It's ruined. Destroyed. All the pipes are melted."

"Melted?" murmured Magnus. "How dreadful."

"I want to know who did it." The man bared his teeth, showing long pointed canines. Clary stared in fascination. They didn't look at all the way she'd imagined vampire fangs: These were as thin and sharp as needles. "I thought you swore there'd be no wolf-men here tonight, *Bane*."

"I invited none of the Moon's Children," Magnus said, examining his glittery nails. "Precisely because of your stupid little feud. If any of them decided to sabotage your bike, they weren't a guest of mine, and are therefore . . ." He offered a winsome smile. "Not my responsibility."

The vampire roared with rage, jabbing his finger toward Magnus. "Are you trying to tell me that—"

Magnus's glitter-coated index finger twitched just a fraction, so slightly that Clary almost thought he hadn't moved at all. Mid-roar the vampire gagged and clutched at his throat. His mouth worked, but no sound came out.

"You've worn out your welcome," Magnus said lazily, opening his eyes very wide. Clary saw, with a jolt of surprise, that they had vertical slit pupils, like a cat's. "Now go." He

splayed the fingers of his hand, and the vampire turned as smartly as if someone had grabbed his shoulders and spun him around. He marched back into the crowd, heading toward the door.

Jace whistled under his breath. "That was impressive."

"You mean that little hissy fit?" Magnus cast his eyes toward the ceiling. "I know. What *is* her problem?"

Alec made a choking noise. After a moment Clary recognized it as laughter. *He ought to do that more often.*

"We put the holy water in his gas tank, you know," he said.

"ALEC," said Jace. "Shut up."

"I assumed that," said Magnus, looking amused. "Vindictive little bastards, aren't you? You know their bikes run on demon energies. I doubt he'll be able to repair it."

"One less leech with a fancy ride," said Jace. "My heart bleeds."

"I heard some of them can make their bikes fly," put in Alec, who looked animated for once. He was almost smiling.

"Merely an old witches' tale," said Magnus, his cat's eyes glittering. "So is that why you wanted to crash my party? Just to wreck some bloodsucker bikes?"

"No." Jace was all business again. "We need to talk to you. Preferably somewhere private."

Magnus raised an eyebrow. *Damn*, Clary thought, *another one*. "Am I in trouble with the Clave?"

"No," said Jace.

"Probably not," said Alec. "Ow!" He glared at Jace, who had kicked him sharply in the ankle.

"No," Jace repeated. "We can talk to you under the seal of the Covenant. If you help us, anything you say will be confidential."

"And if I don't help you?"

Jace spread his hands wide. The rune tattoos on his palms stood out stark and black. “Maybe nothing. Maybe a visit from the Silent City.”

Magnus’s voice was honey poured over shards of ice. “That’s quite a choice you’re offering me, little Shadowhunter.”

“It’s no choice at all,” said Jace.

“Yes,” said the warlock. “That’s exactly what I meant.”



Magnus’s bedroom was a riot of color: canary-yellow sheets and bedspread draped over a mattress on the floor, electric-blue vanity table strewn with more pots of paint and makeup than Isabelle’s. Rainbow velvet curtains hid the floor-to-ceiling windows, and a tangled wool rug covered the floor.

“Nice place,” said Jace, drawing aside a heavy swag of curtain. “Guess it pays well, being the High Warlock of Brooklyn?”

“It pays,” Magnus said. “Not much of a benefit package, though. No dental.” He shut the door behind him and leaned against it. When he crossed his arms, his T-shirt rode up, showing a strip of flat golden stomach unmarked by a navel. “So,” he said. “What’s on your devious little minds?”

“It’s not them, actually,” Clary said, finding her voice before Jace could reply. “I’m the one who wanted to talk to you.”

Magnus turned his inhuman eyes on her. “You are not one of them,” he said. “Not of the Clave. But you can see the Invisible World.”

“My mother was one of the Clave,” Clary said. It was the first time she had said it out loud and known it to be true. “But she never told me. She kept it a secret. I don’t know why.”

“So ask her.”

“I can’t. She’s . . .” Clary hesitated. “She’s gone.”

“And your father?”

“He died before I was born.”

Magnus exhaled irritably. “As Oscar Wilde once said, ‘To lose one parent may be regarded as a misfortune. To lose both seems like carelessness.’”

Clary heard Jace make a small hissing sound, like air being sucked through his teeth. She said, “I didn’t lose my mother. She was taken from me. By Valentine.”

“I don’t know any Valentine,” said Magnus, but his eyes flickered like wavering candle flames, and Clary knew he was lying. “I’m sorry for your tragic circumstances, but I fail to see what any of this has to do with me. If you could tell me—”

“She can’t tell you, because she doesn’t remember,” Jace said sharply. “Someone erased her memories. So we went to the Silent City to see what the Brothers could pull out of her head. They got two words. I think you can guess what they were.”

There was a short silence. Finally, Magnus let his mouth turn up at the corner. His smile was bitter. “My signature,” he said. “I knew it was folly when I did it. An act of hubris . . .”

“You *signed* my mind?” Clary said in disbelief.

Magnus raised his hand, tracing the fiery outlines of letters against the air. When he dropped his hand, they hung there, hot and golden, making the painted lines of his eyes and mouth burn with reflected light. MAGNUS BANE.

“I was proud of my work on you,” he said slowly, looking at Clary. “So clean. So perfect. What you saw you would forget, even as you saw it. No image of pixie or goblin or long-legged beastie would remain to trouble your blameless mortal sleep. It was the way she wanted it.”

Clary’s voice was thin with tension. “The way who wanted it?”

Magnus sighed, and at the touch of his breath, the fire-letters sifted away to glowing ash. Finally he spoke—and though she was not surprised, though she had known exactly what he was going to say, still she felt the words like a blow against her heart.

“Your mother,” he said.

“My *mother* did this to me?” Clary demanded, but her surprised outrage didn’t sound convincing, even to her own ears. Looking around, she saw pity in Jace’s eyes, in Alec’s—even Alec had guessed and felt sorry for her. “Why?”

“I don’t know.” Magnus spread his long white hands. “It’s not my job to ask questions. I do what I get paid to do.”

“Within the bounds of the Covenant,” Jace reminded him, his voice soft as cat’s fur.

Magnus inclined his head. “Within the bounds of the Covenant, of course.”

“So the Covenant’s all right with this—this mind-rape?” Clary asked bitterly. When no one answered, she sank down on the edge of Magnus’s bed. “Was it only once? Was there something specific she wanted me to forget? Do you know what it was?”

Magnus paced restlessly to the window. “I don’t think you understand. The first time I ever saw you, you must have been about two years old. I was watching out this window”—he tapped the glass, freeing a shower of dust and paint chips—“and I saw her hurrying up the street, holding something wrapped in a blanket. I was surprised when she stopped at my door. She looked so ordinary, so young.”

The moonlight touched his hawkish profile with silver. “She unwrapped the blanket when she came in my door. You were inside it. She set you down on the floor and you started ranging around, picking things up, pulling my cat’s tail—you screamed like a banshee when the cat scratched you, so I asked your mother if you *were* part banshee. She didn’t laugh.” He paused. They were all watching him intently now,

even Alec. “She told me she was a Shadowhunter. There was no point in her lying about it; Covenant Marks show up, even when they’ve faded with time, like faint silver scars against the skin. They flickered when she moved.” He rubbed at the glitter makeup around his eyes. “She told me she’d hoped you’d been born with a blind Inner Eye—some Shadowhunters have to be taught to see the Shadow World. But she’d caught you that afternoon, teasing a pixie trapped in a hedge. She knew you could *see*. So she asked me if it was possible to blind you of the Sight.”

Clary made a little noise, a pained exhalation of breath, but Magnus went on remorselessly.

“I told her that crippling that part of your mind might leave you damaged, possibly insane. She didn’t cry. She wasn’t the sort of woman who weeps easily, your mother. She asked me if there was another way, and I told her you could be made to forget those parts of the Shadow World that you could see, even as you saw them. The only caveat was that she’d have to come to me every two years as the results of the spell began to fade.”

“And did she?” asked Clary.

Magnus nodded. “I’ve seen you every two years since that first time—I’ve watched you grow up. You’re the only child I have ever watched grow up that way, you know. In my business one isn’t generally that welcome around human children.”

“So you recognized Clary when we walked in,” Jace said. “You must have.”

“Of course I did.” Magnus sounded exasperated. “And it was a shock, too. But what would you have done? She didn’t know me. She wasn’t supposed to know me. Just the fact that she was here meant the spell had started to fade—and in fact, we were due for another visit about a month ago. I even came by your house when I got back from Tanzania, but Jocelyn said that you two had had a fight and you’d run off. She said she’d call on me when you came back, but”—an elegant shrug—“she never did.”

A cold wash of memory prickled Clary's skin. She remembered standing in the foyer next to Simon, straining to remember something that danced just at the edge of her vision . . . *I thought I saw Dorothea's cat, but it was just a trick of the light.*

But Dorothea didn't have a cat. "You were there, that day," Clary said. "I saw you coming out of Dorothea's apartment. I remember your eyes."

Magnus looked as if he might purr. "I'm memorable, it's true," he gloated. Then he shook his head. "You shouldn't remember me," he said. "I threw up a glamour as hard as a wall as soon as I saw you. You should have run right into it face-first—psychically speaking."

If you run into a psychic wall face-first, do you wind up with psychic bruises? Clary said, "If you take the spell off me, will I be able to remember all the things I've forgotten? All the memories you stole?"

"I can't take it off you." Magnus looked uncomfortable.

"What?" Jace sounded furious. "Why not? The Clave requires you—"

Magnus looked at him coldly. "I don't like being told what to do, little Shadowhunter."

Clary could see how much Jace disliked being referred to as "little," but before he could snap out a reply, Alec spoke. His voice was soft, thoughtful. "Don't you know how to reverse it?" he asked. "The spell, I mean."

Magnus sighed. "Undoing a spell is a great deal more difficult than creating it in the first place. The intricacy of this one, the care I put into weaving it—if I made even the smallest mistake in unraveling it, her mind could be damaged forever. Besides," he added, "it's already begun to fade. The effects will vanish over time on their own."

Clary looked at him sharply. "Will I get all my memories back then? Whatever was taken out of my head?"

"I don't know. They might come back all at once, or in stages. Or you might never remember what you've forgotten

over the years. What your mother asked me to do was unique, in my experience. I've no idea what will happen."

"But I don't want to wait." Clary folded her hands tightly in her lap, her fingers clamped together so hard that the tips turned white. "All my life I've felt like there was something wrong with me. Something missing or damaged. Now I know —"

"I didn't damage you." It was Magnus's turn to interrupt, his lips curled back angrily to show sharp white teeth. "Every teenager in the world feels like that, feels broken or out of place, different somehow, royalty mistakenly born into a family of peasants. The difference in your case is that it's true. You *are* different. Maybe not better—but different. And it's no picnic being different. You want to know what it's like when your parents are good churchgoing folk and you happen to be born with the devil's mark?" He pointed at his eyes, fingers splayed. "When your father flinches at the sight of you and your mother hangs herself in the barn, driven mad by what she's done? When I was ten, my father tried to drown me in the creek. I lashed out at him with everything I had—burned him where he stood. I went to the fathers of the church eventually, for sanctuary. They hid me. They say that pity's a bitter thing, but it's better than hate. When I found out what I was really, only half a human being, I hated myself. Anything's better than that."

There was silence when Magnus was done speaking. To Clary's surprise, it was Alec who broke it. "It wasn't your fault," he said. "You can't help how you're born."

Magnus's expression was closed. "I'm over it," he said. "I think you get my point. Different isn't better, Clarissa. Your mother was trying to protect you. Don't throw it back in her face."

Clary's hands relaxed their grip on each other. "I don't care if I'm different," she said. "I just want to be who I really am."

Magnus swore, in a language she didn't know. It sounded like crackling flames. "All right. Listen. I can't undo what I've done, but I can give you something else. A piece of what

would have been yours if you'd been raised a true child of the Nephilim." He stalked across the room to the bookcase and dragged down a heavy volume bound in rotting green velvet. He flipped through the pages, shedding dust and bits of blackened cloth. The pages were thin, almost translucent eggshell parchment, each marked with a stark black rune.

Jace's eyebrows went up. "Is that a copy of the Gray Book?"

Magnus, feverishly flipping pages, said nothing.

"Hodge has one," Alec observed.

"He showed it to me once."

"It's not gray," Clary felt compelled to point out. "It's green."

"If there was such a thing as terminal literalism, you'd have died in childhood," said Jace, brushing dust off the windowsill and eyeing it as if considering whether it was clean enough to sit on. "Gray is short for 'Gramarye.' It means 'magic, hidden wisdom.' In it is copied every rune the Angel Raziel wrote in the original Book of the Covenant. There aren't many copies because each one has to be specially made. Some of the runes are so powerful they'd burn through regular pages."

Alec looked impressed. "I didn't know all that."

Jace hopped up on the windowsill and swung his legs. "Not all of us sleep through history lessons."

"I do not—"

"Oh, yes you do, and drool on the desk besides."

"Shut up," said Magnus, but he said it quite mildly. He hooked his finger between two pages of the book and came over to Clary, setting it carefully in her lap. "Now, when I open the book, I want you to study the page. Look at it until you feel something change inside your mind."

"Will it hurt?" Clary asked nervously.

"All knowledge hurts," he replied, and stood up, letting the book fall open in her lap. Clary stared down at the clean white

page with the black rune Mark spilled across it. It looked something like a winged spiral, until she tilted her head, and then it seemed like a staff wound around with vines. The mutable corners of the pattern tickled her mind like feathers brushed against sensitive skin. She felt the shivery flicker of reaction, making her want to close her eyes, but she held them open until they stung and blurred. She was about to blink when she felt it: a click inside her head, like a key turning in a lock.

The rune on the page seemed to spring into sharp focus, and she thought, involuntarily, *Remember*. If the rune were a word, it would have been that one, but there was more meaning to it than any word she could imagine. It was a child's first memory of light falling through crib bars, the recollected scent of rain and city streets, the pain of unforgotten loss, the sting of remembered humiliation, and the cruel forgetfulness of old age, when the most ancient of memories stand out with agonizingly clear precision and the nearest of incidents are lost beyond recall.

With a little sigh she turned to the next page, and the next, letting the images and sensations flow over her. *Sorrow. Thought. Strength. Protection. Grace*—and then cried out in reproachful surprise as Magnus snatched the book off her lap.

“That’s enough,” he said, sliding it back onto its shelf. He dusted his hands off on his colorful pants, leaving streaks of gray. “If you read all the runes at once, you’ll give yourself a headache.”

“But—”

“Most Shadowhunter children grow up learning one rune at a time over a period of years,” said Jace. “The Gray Book contains runes even I don’t know.”

“Imagine that,” said Magnus.

Jace ignored him. “Magnus showed you the rune for understanding and remembrance. It opens your mind up to reading and recognizing the rest of the Marks.”

“It also may serve as a trigger to activate dormant memories,” said Magnus. “They could return to you more quickly than they would otherwise. It’s the best I can do.”

Clary looked down at her lap. “I still don’t remember anything about the Mortal Cup.”

“Is *that* what this is about?” Magnus sounded actually astonished. “You’re after the Angel’s Cup? Look, I’ve been through your memories. There was nothing in them about the Mortal Instruments.”

“Mortal Instruments?” Clary echoed, bewildered. “I thought—”

“The Angel gave three items to the first Shadowhunters. A cup, a sword, and a mirror. The Silent Brothers have the sword; the cup and the mirror were in Idris, at least until Valentine came along.”

“Nobody knows where the mirror is,” said Alec. “Nobody’s known for ages.”

“It’s the Cup that concerns us,” said Jace. “Valentine’s looking for it.”

“And you want to get to it before he does?” Magnus asked, his eyebrows winging upward.

“I thought you said you didn’t know who Valentine was?” Clary pointed out.

“I lied,” Magnus admitted candidly. “I’m not one of the fey, you know. I’m not required to be truthful. And only a fool would get between Valentine and his revenge.”

“Is that what you think he’s after? Revenge?” said Jace.

“I would guess so. He suffered a grave defeat, and he hardly seemed—seems—the type of man to suffer defeat gracefully.”

Alec looked harder at Magnus. “Were you at the Uprising?”

Magnus’s eyes locked with Alec’s. “I was. I killed a number of your folk.”

“Circle members,” said Jace quickly. “Not ours—”

“If you insist on disavowing that which is ugly about what you do,” said Magnus, still looking at Alec, “you will never learn from your mistakes.”

Alec, plucking at the coverlet with one hand, flushed an unhappy red. “You don’t seem surprised to hear that Valentine’s still alive,” he said, avoiding Magnus’s gaze.

Magnus spread his hands wide. “Are you?”

Jace opened his mouth, then closed it again. He looked actually baffled. Eventually, he said, “So you won’t help us find the Mortal Cup?”

“I wouldn’t if I could,” said Magnus, “which, by the way, I can’t. I’ve no idea where it is, and I don’t care to know. Only a fool, as I said.”

Alec sat up straighter. “But without the Cup, we can’t—”

“Make more of you. I know,” said Magnus. “Perhaps not everyone regards that as quite the disaster that you do. Mind you,” he added, “if I had to choose between the Clave and Valentine, I would choose the Clave. At least they’re not actually sworn to wipe out my kind. But nothing the Clave has done has earned my unswerving loyalty either. So no, I’ll sit this one out. Now if we’re done here, I’d like to get back to my party before any of the guests eat each other.”

Jace, who was clenching and unclenching his hands, looked like he was about to say something furious, but Alec, standing up, put a hand on his shoulder. Clary couldn’t quite tell in the dimness, but it looked as if Alec was squeezing rather hard. “Is that likely?” he asked.

Magnus was looking at him with some amusement. “It’s happened before.”

Jace muttered something to Alec, who let go. Detaching himself, he came over to Clary. “Are you all right?” he asked in a low voice.

“I think so. I don’t feel any different . . .”

Magnus, standing by the door, snapped his fingers impatiently. “Move it along, teenagers. The only person who

gets to canoodle in my bedroom is my magnificent self.”

“Canoodle?” repeated Clary, never having heard the word before.

“Magnificent?” repeated Jace, who was just being nasty. Magnus growled. The growl sounded like “Get out.”

They got, Magnus trailing behind them as he paused to lock the bedroom door. The tenor of the party seemed subtly different to Clary. Perhaps it was just her slightly altered vision: Everything seemed clearer, crystalline edges sharply defined. She watched a group of musicians take the small stage at the center of the room. They wore flowing garments in deep colors of gold, purple, and green, and their high voices were sharp and ethereal.

“I hate faerie bands,” Magnus muttered as the musicians segued into another haunting song, the melody as delicate and translucent as rock crystal. “All they ever play is mopey ballads.”

Jace, glancing around the room, laughed. “Where’s Isabelle?”

A rush of guilty concern hit Clary. She’d forgotten about Simon. She spun around, looking for the familiar skinny shoulders and shock of dark hair. “I don’t see him. Them, I mean.”

“There she is.” Alec spotted his sister and waved her over, looking relieved. “Over here. And watch out for the phouka.”

“Watch out for the phouka?” Jace repeated, glancing toward a thin brown-skinned man in a green paisley vest who eyed Isabelle thoughtfully as she walked by.

“He pinched me when I passed him earlier,” Alec said stiffly. “In a highly personal area.”

“I hate to break it to you, but if he’s interested in your highly personal areas, he probably isn’t interested in your sister’s.”

“Not necessarily,” said Magnus. “Faeries aren’t particular.”

Jace curled his lip scornfully in the warlock's direction. "You still here?"

Before Magnus could reply, Isabelle was on top of them, looking pink-faced and blotchy and smelling strongly of alcohol. "Jace! Alec! Where have you been? I've been looking all over—"

"Where's Simon?" Clary interrupted.

Isabelle wobbled. "He's a rat," she said darkly.

"Did he do something to you?" Alec was full of brotherly concern. "Did he touch you? If he tried anything—"

"No, Alec," Isabelle said irritably.

"Not like that. He's a *rat*."

"She's drunk," said Jace, beginning to turn away in disgust.

"I'm not," Isabelle said indignantly. "Well, maybe a little, but that's not the point. The point is, Simon drank one of those blue drinks—I told him not to, but he didn't listen—and he *turned into a rat*."

"A *rat*?" Clary repeated incredulously. "You don't mean . . ."

"I mean a rat," Isabelle said. "Little. Brown. Scaly tail."

"The Clave isn't going to like this," said Alec dubiously. "I'm pretty sure turning mundanes into rats is against the Law."

"Technically she didn't turn him into a rat," Jace pointed out. "The worst she could be accused of is negligence."

"Who *cares* about the stupid Law?" Clary screamed, grabbing hold of Isabelle's wrist. "My best friend is a rat!"

"Ouch!" Isabelle tried to pull her wrist back. "Let go of me!"

"Not until you tell me where he is." She'd never wanted to smack anyone as much as she wanted to smack Isabelle right at that moment. "I can't believe you just left him—he's probably terrified—"

“If he hasn’t been stepped on,” Jace pointed out unhelpfully.

“I didn’t leave him. He ran under the bar,” Isabelle protested, pointing. “Let go! You’re denting my bracelet.”

“Bitch,” Clary said savagely, and flung a surprised-looking Isabelle’s hand back at her, hard. She didn’t stop for a reaction; she was running toward the bar. Dropping to her knees, she peered into the dark space under it. In the moldy-smelling gloom, she thought she could just detect a pair of glinting, beady eyes.

“Simon?” she said, her voice choked. “Is that you?”

Simon-the-rat crept forward slightly, his whiskers trembling. She could see the shape of his small rounded ears, flat against his head, and the sharp point of his nose. She fought down a feeling of revulsion—she’d never liked rats, with their yellowy squared-off teeth all ready to bite. She wished he’d been turned into a hamster.

“It’s me, Clary,” she said slowly. “Are you okay?”

Jace and the others arrived behind her, Isabelle looking more annoyed now than tearful. “Is he under there?” Jace asked curiously.

Clary, still on her hands and knees, nodded. “Shh. You’ll frighten him off.” She pushed her fingers gingerly under the edge of the bar, and wiggled them. “Please come out, Simon. We’ll get Magnus to reverse the spell. It’ll be okay.”

She heard a squeak, and the rat’s pink nose poked out from beneath the bar. With an exclamation of relief, Clary seized the rat in her hands. “Simon! You understood me!”

The rat, huddled in the hollow of her palms, squeaked glumly. Delighted, she hugged him to her chest. “Oh, poor baby,” she crooned, almost as if he really were a pet. “Poor Simon, it’ll be fine, I promise—”

“I wouldn’t feel too sorry for him,” Jace said. “That’s probably the closest he’s ever gotten to second base.”

“Shut *up*!” Clary glared at Jace furiously, but she did loosen her grip on the rat. His whiskers were trembling, whether in anger or agitation or simple terror, she couldn’t tell. “Get Magnus,” she said sharply. “We have to turn him back.”

“Let’s not be hasty.” Jace was actually grinning, the bastard. He reached toward Simon as if he meant to pet him. “He’s cute like that. Look at his little pink nose.”

Simon bared long yellow teeth at Jace and made a snapping motion. Jace pulled his outstretched hand back. “Izzy, go fetch our magnificent host.”

“Why me?” Isabelle looked petulant.

“Because it’s your fault the mundane’s a rat, idiot,” he said, and Clary was struck by how rarely any of them, other than Isabelle, ever said Simon’s actual name. “And we can’t leave him here.”

“You’d be happy to leave him if it weren’t for *her*,” Isabelle said, managing to inject the single syllable word with enough venom to poison an elephant. She stalked off, her skirt flouncing around her hips.

“I can’t believe she let you drink that blue drink,” Clary said to rat-Simon. “Now you see what you get for being so shallow.”

Simon squeaked irritably. Clary heard someone chuckle and glanced up to see Magnus leaning over her. Isabelle stood behind him, her expression furious. “*Rattus norvegicus*,” said Magnus, peering at Simon. “A common brown rat, nothing exotic.”

“I don’t care what kind of rat he is,” Clary said crossly. “I want him turned back.”

Magnus scratched his head thoughtfully, shedding glitter. “No point,” he said.

“That’s what I said.” Jace looked pleased.

“NO POINT?” Clary shouted, so loudly that Simon hid his head under her thumb. “HOW CAN YOU SAY THERE’S NO POINT?”

“Because he’ll turn back on his own in a few hours,” said Magnus. “The effect of the cocktails is temporary. No point working up a transformation spell; it’ll just traumatize him. Too much magic is hard on mundanes, their systems aren’t used to it.”

“I doubt his system is used to being a rat, either,” Clary pointed out. “You’re a warlock, can’t you just reverse the spell?”

Magnus considered. “No,” he said.

“You mean you won’t.”

“Not for free, darling, and you can’t afford me.”

“I can’t take a rat home on the subway either,” Clary said plaintively. “I’ll drop him, or one of the MTA police will arrest me for transporting pests on the transit system.” Simon chirped his annoyance. “Not that you’re a pest, of course.”

A girl who had been shouting by the door was now joined by six or seven others. The sound of angry voices rose above the hum of the party and the strains of the music. Magnus rolled his eyes. “Excuse me,” he said, backing into the crowd, which closed behind him instantly.

Isabelle, wobbling on her sandals, expelled a gusty sigh. “So much for *his* help.”

“You know,” Alec said, “you could always put the rat in your backpack.”

Clary looked at him hard, but couldn’t find anything wrong with the idea. It wasn’t as if she had a pocket she could have tucked him in. Isabelle’s clothes didn’t allow for pockets; they were too tight. Clary was amazed they allowed for Isabelle.

Shrugging off her pack, she found a hiding place for the small brown rat that had once been Simon, nestled between her rolled-up sweater and her sketchpad. He curled up atop her wallet, looking reproachful. “I’m sorry,” she said miserably.

“Don’t bother,” Jace said. “Why mundanes always insist on taking responsibility for things that aren’t their fault is a

mystery to me. You didn't force that cocktail down his idiotic throat."

"If it weren't for me, he wouldn't have been here at all," Clary said in a small voice.

"Don't flatter yourself. He came because of Isabelle."

Angrily Clary jerked the top of the bag closed and stood up. "Let's get out of here. I'm sick of this place."

The tight knot of shouting people by the door turned out to be more vampires, easily recognizable by the pallor of their skin and the dead blackness of their hair. *They must dye it*, Clary thought, they couldn't possibly all be naturally dark-haired, and besides, some of them had blond eyebrows. They were loudly complaining about their vandalized motorbikes and the fact that some of their friends were missing and unaccounted for. "They're probably drunk and passed out somewhere," Magnus said, waving long white fingers in a bored manner. "You know how you lot tend to turn into bats and piles of dust when you've downed a few too many Bloody Marys."

"They mix their vodka with real blood," Jace said in Clary's ear.

The pressure of his breath made her shiver. "Yes, I got that, thanks."

"We can't go around picking up every pile of dust in the place just in case it turns out to be Gregor in the morning," said a girl with a sulky mouth and painted-on eyebrows.

"Gregor will be fine. I rarely sweep," soothed Magnus. "I'm happy to send any stragglers back to the hotel come tomorrow—in a car with blacked-out windows, of course."

"But what about our motorbikes?" said a thin boy whose blond roots showed under his bad dye job. A gold earring in the shape of a stake hung from his left earlobe. "It'll take hours to fix them."

"You've got until sunrise," said Magnus, temper visibly fraying. "I suggest you get started." He raised his voice. "All

right, that's IT! Party's over! Everybody out!" He waved his arms, shedding glitter.

With a single loud twang the band ceased playing. A drone of loud complaint rose from the partygoers, but they moved obediently toward the doorway. None of them stopped to thank Magnus for the party.

"Come on." Jace pushed Clary toward the exit. The crowd was dense. She held her backpack in front of her, hands wrapped protectively around it. Someone bumped her shoulder, hard, and she yelped and moved sideways, away from Jace. A hand brushed her backpack. She looked up and saw the vampire with the stake earring grinning at her. "Hey, pretty thing," he said. "What's in the bag?"

"Holy water," said Jace, reappearing beside her as if he'd been conjured up like a genie. A sarcastic blond genie with a bad attitude.

"Oooh, a *Shadowhunter*," said the vampire. "Scary." With a wink he melted back into the crowd.

"Vampires are *such* prima donnas," Magnus sighed from the doorway. "Honestly, I don't know why I have these parties."

"Because of your cat," Clary reminded him.

Magnus perked up. "That's true. Chairman Meow deserves my every effort." He glanced at her and the tight knot of Shadowhunters just behind her. "You on your way out?"

Jace nodded. "Don't want to overstay our welcome."

"What welcome?" Magnus asked. "I'd say it was a pleasure to meet you, but it wasn't. Not that you aren't all fairly charming, and as for you—" He dropped a glittery wink at Alec, who looked astounded. "Call me?"

Alec blushed and stuttered and probably would have stood there all night if Jace hadn't grasped his elbow and hauled him toward the door, Isabelle at their heels. Clary was about to follow when she felt a light tap on her arm; it was Magnus. "I have a message for you," he said. "From your mother."

Clary was so surprised she nearly dropped the pack. “From my mother? You mean, she asked you to tell me something?”

“Not exactly,” Magnus said. His feline eyes, slit by their single vertical pupils like fissures in a green-gold wall, were serious for once. “But I knew her in a way that you didn’t. She did what she did to keep you out of a world that she hated. Her whole existence, the running, the hiding—the lies, as you called them—were to keep you safe. Don’t waste her sacrifices by risking your life. She wouldn’t want that.”

“She wouldn’t want me to save her?”

“Not if it meant putting yourself in danger.”

“But I’m the only person who cares what happens to her—”

“No,” Magnus said. “You aren’t.”

Clary blinked. “I don’t understand. Is there—Magnus, if you know something—”

He cut her off with brutal precision. “And one last thing.” His eyes flicked toward the door, through which Jace, Alec, and Isabelle had disappeared. “Keep in mind that when your mother fled from the Shadow World, it wasn’t the monsters she was hiding from. Not the warlocks, the wolf-men, the Fair Folk, not even the demons themselves. It was *them*. It was the Shadowhunters.”



They were waiting for her outside the warehouse. Jace, hands in pockets, was leaning against the stairway railing and watching as the vampires stalked around their broken motorcycles, cursing and swearing. He had a faint smile on his face. Alec and Isabelle stood a little way off. Isabelle was wiping at her eyes, and Clary felt a wave of irrational anger—Isabelle barely knew Simon. This wasn’t *her* disaster. Clary was the one who had the right to be carrying on, not the Shadowhunter girl.

Jace unhitched himself from the railing as Clary emerged. He fell into step beside her, not speaking. He seemed lost in thought. Isabelle and Alec, hurrying ahead, sounded like they

were arguing with each other. Clary stepped up her pace a little, craning her neck to hear them better.

“It’s not your fault,” Alec was saying. He sounded weary, as if he’d been through this sort of thing with his sister before. Clary wondered how many boyfriends she’d turned into rats by accident. “But it ought to teach you not to go to so many Downworld parties,” he added. “They’re always more trouble than they’re worth.”

Isabelle sniffed loudly. “If anything had happened to him, I—I don’t know what I would have done.”

“Probably whatever it is you did before,” said Alec in a bored voice. “It’s not like you knew him all that well.”

“That doesn’t mean that I don’t—”

“What? Love him?” Alec scoffed, raising his voice. “You need to *know* someone to love them.”

“But that’s not all it is.” Isabelle sounded almost sad. “Didn’t you have any fun at the party, Alec?”

“No.”

“I thought you might like Magnus. He’s nice, isn’t he?”

“Nice?” Alec looked at her as if she were insane. “Kittens are nice. Warlocks are—” He hesitated. “Not,” he finished, lamely.

“I thought you might hit it off.” Isabelle’s eye makeup glittered as bright as tears as she glanced over at her brother. “Get to be friends.”

“I have friends,” Alec said, and looked over his shoulder, almost as if he couldn’t help it, at Jace.

But Jace, his golden head down, lost in thought, didn’t notice.

On impulse Clary reached to open the pack and glance into it—and frowned. The pack was open. She flashed back to the party—she’d lifted the pack, pulled the zipper closed. She was sure of it. She yanked the bag open, her heart pounding.

She remembered the time she'd had her wallet stolen on the subway. She remembered opening her bag, not seeing it there, her mouth drying up in surprise—*Did I drop it? Have I lost it?* And realizing: *It's gone*. This was like that, only a thousand times worse. Mouth dry as bone, Clary pawed through the pack, shoving aside clothes and sketchpad, her fingernails scraping the bottom. Nothing.

She'd stopped walking. Jace was hovering just ahead of her, looking impatient, Alec and Isabelle already a block ahead. "What's wrong?" Jace asked, and she could tell he was about to add something sarcastic. He must have seen the look on her face, though, because he didn't. "Clary?"

"He's gone," she whispered. "Simon. He was in my backpack—"

"Did he climb out?"

It wasn't an unreasonable question, but Clary, exhausted and panic-stricken, reacted unreasonably. "*Of course he didn't!*" she screamed. "What, you think he wants to get smashed under someone's car, killed by a cat—"

"Clary—"

"Shut up!" she screamed, swinging the pack at him. "You were the one who said not to bother changing him back—"

Deftly he caught the pack as she swung it. Taking it out of her hand, he examined it. "The zipper's torn," he said. "From the outside. Someone ripped this bag open."

Shaking her head numbly, Clary could only whisper, "I didn't . . ."

"I know." His voice was gentle. He cupped his hands around his mouth. "Alec! Isabelle! You go on ahead! We'll catch up."

The two figures, already far ahead, paused; Alec hesitated, but his sister caught hold of his arm and pushed him firmly toward the subway entrance. Something pressed against Clary's back: It was Jace's hand, turning her gently around. She let him lead her forward, stumbling over the cracks in the sidewalk, until they were back in the entryway of Magnus's

building. The stench of stale alcohol and the sweet, uncanny smell Clary had come to associate with Downworlders filled the tiny space. Taking his hand away from her back, Jace pressed the buzzer over Magnus's name.

"Jace," she said.

He looked down at her. "What?"

She searched for words. "Do you think he's all right?"

"Simon?" He hesitated then, and she thought of Isabelle's words: *Don't ask him a question unless you know you can stand the answer*. Instead of saying anything, he pressed the buzzer again, harder this time.

This time Magnus answered it, his voice booming through the tiny entryway. "WHO DARES DISTURB MY REST?"

Jace looked almost nervous. "Jace Wayland. Remember? I'm from the Clave."

"Oh, yes." Magnus seemed to have perked up. "Are you the one with the blue eyes?"

"He means Alec," Clary said helpfully.

"No. My eyes are usually described as golden," Jace told the intercom. "And luminous."

"Oh, you're *that* one." Magnus sounded disappointed. If Clary hadn't been so upset, she would have laughed. "I suppose you'd better come up."

The warlock answered his door wearing a silk kimono printed with dragons, a gold turban, and an expression of barely controlled annoyance.

"I was sleeping," he said loftily.

Jace looked as if he were about to say something rude, possibly about the turban, so Clary interrupted him. "Sorry to bother you—"

Something small and white peered around the warlock's ankles. It had zigzag gray stripes and tufted pink ears that made it look more like a large mouse than a small cat.

“Chairman Meow?” Clary guessed.

Magnus nodded. “He has returned.”

Jace regarded the small tabby kitten with some scorn. “That’s not a cat,” he observed. “It’s the size of a hamster.”

“I am kindly going to forget you said that,” said Magnus, using his foot to nudge Chairman Meow behind him. “Now, exactly what did you come here for?”

Clary held out the torn pack. “It’s Simon. He’s missing.”

“Ah,” said Magnus, delicately, “missing what, exactly?”

“*Missing*,” Jace repeated, “as in gone, absent, notable for his lack of presence, disappeared.”

“Maybe he’s gone and hidden under something,” Magnus suggested. “It can’t be easy getting used to being a rat, especially for someone so dim-witted in the first place.”

“Simon’s not dim-witted,” Clary protested angrily.

“It’s true,” Jace agreed. “He just *looks* dim-witted. Really his intelligence is quite average.” His tone was light but his shoulders were tense as he turned to Magnus. “When we were leaving, one of your guests brushed up against Clary. I think he tore her bag open and took the rat. Simon, I mean.”

Magnus looked at him. “And?”

“And I need to find out who it was,” said Jace steadily. “I’m guessing you know. You *are* the High Warlock of Brooklyn. I’m thinking not much happens in your own apartment that you don’t know about.”

Magnus inspected a glittery nail. “You’re not wrong.”

“Please tell us,” Clary said. Jace’s hand tightened on her wrist. She knew he wanted her to be quiet, but that was impossible. “Please.”

Magnus dropped his hand with a sigh. “Fine. I saw one of the vampire bike kids from the uptown lair leave with a brown rat in his hands. Honestly, I figured it was one of their own. Sometimes the Night Children turn into rats or bats when they get drunk.”

Clary's hands were shaking. "But now you think it was *Simon*?"

"It's just a guess, but it seems likely."

"There's one more thing." Jace spoke calmly enough, but he was on alert now, the way he had been in the apartment before they'd found the Forsaken. "Where's their lair?"

"Their what?"

"The vampires' lair. That's where they went, isn't it?"

"I would imagine so." Magnus looked as if he'd rather be anywhere else.

"I need you to tell me where it is."

Magnus shook his turbaned head. "I'm not setting myself on the bad side of the Night Children for a mundane I don't even know."

"Wait," Clary interrupted. "What would they want with Simon? I thought they weren't allowed to hurt people . . ."

"My guess?" said Magnus, not unkindly. "They assumed he was a tame rat and thought it would be funny to kill a Shadowhunter's pet. They don't like you much, whatever the Accords might say—and there's nothing in the Covenant about not killing animals."

"They're going to kill him?" Clary said, staring.

"Not necessarily," said Magnus hastily. "They might have thought he was one of their own."

"In which case, what'll happen to him?" Clary said.

"Well, when he turns back into a human, they'll *still* kill him. But you might have a few more hours."

"Then you have to help us," Clary said to the warlock. "Otherwise Simon will die."

Magnus looked her up and down with a sort of clinical sympathy. "They all die, dear," he said. "You might as well get used to it."

He began to shut the door. Jace stuck out a foot, wedging it open. Magnus sighed. “What now?”

“You still haven’t told us where the lair is,” Jace said.

“And I’m not going to. I told you—”

It was Clary who cut him off, pushing herself in front of Jace. “You messed with my brain,” she said. “Took my memories. Can’t you do this one thing for me?”

Magnus narrowed his gleaming cat’s eyes. Somewhere in the distance Chairman Meow was crying. Slowly the warlock lowered his head and struck it once, none too gently, against the wall. “The old Hotel Dumont,” he said. “Uptown.”

“I know where that is.” Jace looked pleased.

“We need to get there right away. Do you have a Portal?” Clary demanded, addressing Magnus.

“No.” He looked annoyed. “Portals are quite difficult to construct and pose no small risk to their owner. Nasty things can come through them if they’re not warded properly. The only ones I know of in New York are the one at Dorothea’s and the one at Renwick’s, but they’re both too far away to be worth the bother of trying to get there, even if you were sure their owners would let you use them, which they probably wouldn’t. Got that? Now go away.” Magnus stared pointedly at Jace’s foot, still blocking the door. Jace didn’t move.

“One more thing,” Jace said. “Is there a holy place around here?”

“Good idea. If you’re going to take on a lair of vampires by yourself, you’d better pray first.”

“We need weapons,” Jace said tersely. “More than what we’ve got on us.”

Magnus pointed. “There’s a Catholic church down on Diamond Street. Will that do?”

Jace nodded, stepping back. “That’s—”

The door slammed in their faces. Clary, breathing as if she’d been running, stared at it until Jace took her arm and

steered her down the steps and into the night.

At night the Diamond Street church looked spectral, its Gothic arched windows reflecting the moonlight like silvery mirrors. A wrought iron fence surrounded the building and was painted a matte black. Clary rattled the front gate, but a sturdy padlock held it closed. “It’s locked,” she said, glancing at Jace over her shoulder.

He brandished his stele. “Let me at it.”

She watched him as he worked at the lock, watched the lean curve of his back, the swell of muscles under the short sleeves of his T-shirt. The moonlight washed the color out of his hair, turning it more silver than gold.

The padlock hit the ground with a clang, a twisted lump of metal. Jace looked pleased with himself. “As usual,” he said, “I’m amazingly good at that.”

Clary felt suddenly annoyed. “When the self-congratulatory part of the evening is over, maybe we could get back to saving my best friend from being exsanguinated to death?”

“Exsanguinated,” said Jace, impressed. “That’s a big word.”

“And you’re a big—”

“Tsk ts,” he interrupted. “No swearing in church.”

“We’re not *in* the church yet,” Clary muttered, following him up the stone path to the double front doors. The stone arch above the doors was beautifully carved, an angel looking down from its highest point. Sharply pointed spires were silhouetted black against the night sky, and Clary realized that this was the church she had glimpsed earlier that night from

McCarren Park. She bit her lip. “It seems wrong to pick the lock on a church door, somehow.”

Jace’s profile in the moonlight was serene. “We’re not going to,” he said, sliding his stele into his pocket. He placed a thin brown hand, marked all over with delicate white scars like a veiling of lace, against the wood of the door, just above the latch. “In the name of the Clave,” he said, “I ask entry to this holy place. In the name of the Battle That Never Ends, I ask the use of your weapons. And in the name of the Angel Raziel, I ask your blessings on my mission against the darkness.”

Clary stared at him. He didn’t move, though the night wind blew his hair into his eyes; he blinked, and just as she was about to speak, the door opened with a click and a creak of hinges. It swung inward smoothly before them, opening onto a cool dark empty space, lit by points of fire.

Jace stepped back. “After you.”

When Clary stepped inside, a wave of cool air enveloped her, along with the smell of stone and candle wax. Dim rows of pews stretched toward the altar, and a bank of candles glowed like a bed of sparks against the far wall. She realized that, apart from the Institute, which didn’t really count, she’d never actually been inside a church before. She’d seen pictures, and seen the insides of churches in movies and in anime shows, where they turned up regularly. A scene in one of her favorite anime series took place in a church with a monstrous vampire priest. You were supposed to feel safe inside a church, but she didn’t. Strange shapes seemed to loom up at her out of the shadows. She shivered.

“The stone walls keep out the heat,” said Jace, noticing.

“It’s not that,” she said. “You know, I’ve never been in a church before.”

“You’ve been in the Institute.”

“I mean in a real church. For services. That sort of thing.”

“Really. Well, this is the nave, where the pews are. It’s where people sit during services.” They moved forward, their voices echoing off the stone walls. “Up here is the apse. That’s

where we're standing. And this is the altar, where the priest performs the Eucharist. It's always at the east side of the church." He knelt down in front of the altar, and she thought for a moment that he was praying. The altar itself was high, made of a dark granite, and draped with a red cloth. Behind it loomed an ornate gold screen, etched with the figures of saints and martyrs, each with a flat gold disk behind his head representing a halo.

"Jace," she whispered. "What are you doing?"

He had placed his hands on the stone floor and was moving them back and forth rapidly, as if searching for something, his fingertips stirring up dust. "Looking for weapons."

"Here?"

"They'd be hidden, usually around the altar. Kept for our use in case of emergencies."

"And this is what, some kind of deal you have with the Catholic Church?"

"Not specifically. Demons have been on Earth as long as we have. They're all over the world, in their different forms—Greek daemons, Persian *daevas*, Hindu *asuras*, Japanese *oni*. Most belief systems have some method of incorporating both their existence and the fight against them. Shadowhunters cleave to no single religion, and in turn all religions assist us in our battle. I could as easily have gone for help to a Jewish synagogue or a Shinto temple, or—Ah. Here it is." He brushed dust aside as she knelt down beside him. Carved into one of the octagonal stones before the altar was a rune. Clary recognized it, almost as easily as if she were reading a word in English. It was the rune that meant "Nephilim."

Jace took out his stele and touched it to the stone. With a grinding noise it moved back, revealing a dark compartment underneath. Inside the compartment was a long wooden box; Jace lifted the lid, and regarded the neatly arranged objects inside with satisfaction.

"What are all these?" Clary asked.

“Vials of holy water, blessed knives, steel and silver blades,” Jace said, piling the weapons on the floor beside him, “electrum wire—not much use at the moment, but it’s always good to have spare—silver bullets, charms of protection, crucifixes, stars of David—”

“Jesus,” said Clary.

“I doubt he’d fit.”

“*Jace.*” Clary was appalled.

“What?”

“I don’t know, it seems wrong to make jokes like that in a church.”

He shrugged. “I’m not really a believer.”

Clary looked at him in surprise. “You’re not?”

He shook his head. Hair fell over his face, but he was examining a vial of clear liquid and didn’t reach up to push it back. Clary’s fingers itched with the desire to do it for him. “You thought I was religious?” he said.

“Well.” She hesitated. “If there are demons, then there must be . . .”

“Must be what?” Jace slid the vial into his pocket. “Ah,” he said. “You mean if there’s this”—and he pointed down, toward the floor—“there must be this.” He pointed up, toward the ceiling.

“It stands to reason. Doesn’t it?”

Jace lowered his hand and picked up a blade, examining the hilt. “I’ll tell you,” he said. “I’ve been killing demons for a third of my life. I must have sent five hundred of them back to whatever hellish dimension they crawled out of. And in all that time—in *all* that time—I’ve never seen an angel. Never even heard of anyone who has.”

“But it was an angel who created Shadowhunters in the first place,” Clary said. “That’s what Hodge said.”

“It makes a nice story.” Jace looked at her through eyes slitted like a cat’s. “My father believed in God,” he said. “I

don't."

"At all?" She wasn't sure why she was needling him—she'd never given any thought to whether she believed in God and angels and so forth herself, and if asked, would have said she didn't. There was something about Jace, though, that made her want to push him, crack that shell of cynicism and make him admit he believed in *something*, felt something, cared about anything at all.

"Let me put it this way," he said, sliding a pair of knives into his belt. The faint light that filtered through the stained-glass windows threw squares of color across his face. "My father believed in a righteous God. *Deus volt*, that was his motto—'because God wills it.' It was the Crusaders' motto, and they went out to battle and were slaughtered, just like my father. And when I saw him lying dead in a pool of his own blood, I knew then that I hadn't stopped believing in God. I'd just stopped believing God cared. There might be a God, Clary, and there might not, but I don't think it matters. Either way, we're on our own."



They were the only passengers in their train car heading back uptown. Clary sat without speaking, thinking about Simon. Every once in a while Jace would look over at her as if he were about to say something, before lapsing back into an uncharacteristic silence.

When they climbed out of the subway, the streets were deserted, the air heavy and metal-tasting, the bodegas and Laundromats and check-cashing centers silent behind their nighttime doors of corrugated steel. They found the hotel, finally, after an hour of looking, on a side street off 116th. They'd walked past it twice, thinking it was just another abandoned apartment building, before Clary saw the sign. It had come loose from a nail and it dangled hidden behind a stunted tree. HOTEL DUMONT, it should have said, but someone had painted out the *N* and replaced it with an *R*.

"Hotel Dumort," Jace said when she pointed it out to him. "Cute."

Clary had only had two years of French, but it was enough to get the joke. “*Du mort*,” she said. “Of death.”

Jace nodded. He had gone alert all over, like a cat who sees a mouse whisking behind a sofa.

“But it can’t be the hotel,” Clary said. “The windows are all boarded up, and the door’s been bricked over—Oh,” she finished, catching his look. “Right. Vampires. But how do they get inside?”

“They fly,” Jace said, and indicated the upper floors of the building. It had once, clearly, been a graceful and luxurious hotel. The stone facade was elegantly decorated with carved curlicues and fleur-de-lis, dark and eroded from years of exposure to polluted air and acid rain.

“We don’t fly,” Clary felt impelled to point out.

“No,” Jace agreed. “We don’t fly. We break and enter.” He started across the street toward the hotel.

“Flying sounds like more fun,” Clary said, hurrying to catch up with him.

“Right now everything sounds like more fun.” She wondered if he meant it. There was an excitement about him, an anticipation of the hunt that didn’t look to her as if he were as unhappy as he claimed. *He’s killed more demons than anyone else his age.* You didn’t kill that many demons by hanging back reluctantly from a fight.

A hot wind had come up, stirring the leaves on the stunted trees outside the hotel, sending the trash in the gutters and on the sidewalk skittering across the cracked pavement. The area was oddly deserted, Clary thought—usually, in Manhattan, there was always someone else on the street, even at four in the morning. Several of the streetlights lining the sidewalk were out, though the one closest to the hotel cast a dim yellow glow across the cracked pathway that led up to what had once been the front door.

“Stay out of the light,” Jace said, pulling her toward him by her sleeve. “They might be watching from the windows. And don’t look up,” he added, but it was too late. Clary had already

glanced up at the shattered windows of the higher floors. For a moment she half-thought she glimpsed a flicker of movement at one of the windows, a flash of whiteness that could have been a face, or a hand drawing back a heavy drape—

“Come *on*.” Jace drew her with him to melt into the shadows closer to the hotel. She felt her heightened nervousness in her spine, in the pulse in her wrists, in the hard beat of blood in her ears. The faint drone of distant cars seemed very far away, the only sound the crunch of her own shoes on the garbage-strewn pavement. She wished she could walk soundlessly, like a Shadowhunter. Maybe someday she’d ask Jace to teach her.

They slipped around the corner of the hotel into an alley that had probably once been a service lane for deliveries. It was narrow, choked with garbage: moldy cardboard boxes, empty glass bottles, shredded plastic, scattered things that Clary thought at first were toothpicks, but up close looked like —

“Bones,” Jace said flatly. “Dog bones, cat bones. Don’t look too closely; going through vampires’ trash is rarely a pretty picture.”

She swallowed down her nausea. “Well,” she said, “at least we know we’re in the right place,” and was rewarded by the glint of respect that showed, briefly, in Jace’s eyes.

“Oh, we’re in the right place,” he said. “Now we just have to figure out how to get inside.”

There had clearly been windows here once, now bricked up. There was no door and no sign of a fire escape. “When this was a hotel,” Jace said slowly, “they must have gotten their deliveries here. I mean, they wouldn’t have brought things through the front door, and there’s no place else for trucks to pull up. So there must be a way in.”

Clary thought of the little shops and bodegas near her house in Brooklyn. She’d seen them get their deliveries, early in the morning while she was walking to school, seen the Korean deli owners opening the metal doors set into the pavement outside their front doors, so they could carry boxes of paper

towels and cat food into their supply cellars. “I bet the doors are in the ground. Probably buried under all this garbage.”

Jace, a beat behind her, nodded. “That’s what I was thinking.” He sighed. “I guess we’d better move the trash. We can start with the Dumpster.” He pointed at it, looking distinctly unenthusiastic.

“You’d rather face a ravening horde of demons, wouldn’t you?” Clary said.

“At least they wouldn’t be crawling with maggots. Well,” he added thoughtfully, “not most of them, anyway. There was this one demon, once, that I tracked down to the sewers under Grand Central—”

“Don’t.” Clary raised a warning hand. “I’m not really in the mood right now.”

“That’s got to be the first time a girl’s ever said that to me,” Jace mused.

“Stick with me and it won’t be the last.”

The corner of Jace’s mouth twitched. “This is hardly the time for idle banter. We have garbage to haul.” He stalked over to the Dumpster and took hold of one side of it. “You get the other. We’ll tip it.”

“Tipping it will make too much noise,” Clary argued, taking up her station on the other side of the huge container. It was a standard city trash bin, painted dark green, splotched with strange stains. It stank, even more than most Dumpsters, of garbage and something else, something thick and sweet that filled her throat and made her want to gag. “We should push it.”

“Now, look—,” Jace began, when a voice spoke, suddenly, out of the shadows behind them.

“Do you really think you should be doing that?” it asked.

Clary froze, staring into the shadows at the mouth of the alley. For a panicked moment she wondered if she’d imagined the voice, but Jace was frozen too, astonishment on his face. It was rare that anything surprised him, rarer that anyone snuck

up on him. He stepped away from the Dumpster, his hand sliding toward his belt, his voice flat. "Is there someone there?"

"*Dios mío.*" The voice was male, amused, speaking a liquid Spanish. "You're not from this neighborhood, are you?"

He stepped forward, out of the thickest of the shadows. The shape of him evolved slowly: a boy, not much older than Jace and probably six inches shorter. He was thin-boned, with the big dark eyes and honey-colored skin of a Diego Rivera painting. He wore black slacks and an open-necked white shirt, and a gold chain around his neck that sparked faintly as he moved closer to the light.

"You could say that," Jace said carefully, not moving his hand away from his belt.

"You shouldn't be here." The boy raked a hand through the thick black curls that spilled over his forehead. "This place is dangerous."

He means it's a bad neighborhood. Clary almost wanted to laugh, even though it wasn't at all funny. "We know," she said. "We just got a little lost, that's all."

The boy gestured to the Dumpster. "What were you doing with that?"

I'm no good at lying on the spot, Clary thought, and looked at Jace, who, she hoped, would be excellent at it.

He disappointed her immediately. "We were trying to get into the hotel. We thought there might be a cellar door behind the trash bin."

The boy's eyes widened in disbelief. "*Put a madre*—why would you want to do something like that?"

Jace shrugged. "For a prank, you know. Just a little fun."

"You don't understand. This place is haunted, cursed. Bad luck." He shook his head vigorously and said several things in Spanish that Clary suspected had to do with the stupidity of spoiled white kids in general and their stupidity in particular. "Walk with me, I'll take you to the subway."

“We know where the subway is,” said Jace.

The boy laughed a soft, vibrant laugh. “*Claro*. Of course you do, but if you go with me, no one will bother you. You do not want trouble, do you?”

“That depends,” Jace said, and moved so that his jacket opened slightly, showing the glint of the weapons thrust through his belt. “How much are they paying you to keep people away from the hotel?”

The boy glanced behind him, and Clary’s nerves twanged as she imagined the narrow alley mouth filling up with other shadowy figures, white-faced, red-mouthed, the glint of fangs as sudden as metal striking sparks from pavement. When he looked back at Jace, his mouth was a thin line. “How much are who paying me, *chico*?”

“The vampires. How much are they paying you? Or is it something else—did they tell you they’d make you one of them, offer you eternal life, no pain, no sickness, you get to live forever? Because it’s not worth it. Life stretches out very long when you never see the sunlight, *chico*,” said Jace.

The boy was expressionless. “My name is Raphael. Not *chico*.”

“But you know what we’re talking about. You know about the vampires?” Clary said.

Raphael turned his face to the side and spit. When he looked back at them, his eyes were full of a glittering hate. “*Los vampiros, sí*, the blood-drinking animals. Even before the hotel was boarded up, there were stories, the laughter late at night, the small animals disappearing, the sounds—” He stopped, shaking his head. “Everyone in the neighborhood knows to stay away, but what can you do? You cannot call the police and tell them your problem is vampires.”

“Have you ever seen them?” Jace asked. “Or known anyone who has?”

Raphael spoke slowly. “There were some boys, once, a group of friends. They thought they had a good idea, to go into the hotel and kill the monsters inside. They took guns with

them, knives too, all blessed by a priest. They never came out. My aunt, she found their clothes later, in front of the house.”

“Your aunt’s house?” said Jace.

“*Si*. One of the boys was my brother,” said Raphael flatly. “So now you know why I walk by here in the middle of the night sometimes, on the way home from my aunt’s house, and why I warned you away. If you go in there, you will not come out again.”

“My friend is in there,” said Clary. “We came to get him.”

“Ah,” said Raphael, “then perhaps I cannot warn you away.”

“No,” Jace said. “But don’t worry. What happened to your friends won’t happen to us.” He took one of the angel blades from his belt and held it up, the faint light emanating from it lit the hollows under his cheekbones, shadowed his eyes. “I’ve killed plenty of vampires before. Their hearts don’t beat, but they can still die.”

Raphael inhaled sharply and said something in Spanish too low and rapid for Clary to understand. He came toward them, almost stumbling over a pile of crumpled plastic wrappers in his haste. “I know what you are—I have heard about your kind, from the old padre at St. Cecilia’s. I thought that was just a story.”

“All the stories are true,” Clary said, but so quietly that he didn’t seem to hear her. He was looking at Jace, his fists clenched.

“I want to go with you,” he said.

Jace shook his head. “No. Absolutely not.”

“I can show you how to get inside,” Raphael said.

Jace wavered, temptation plain on his face. “We can’t bring you.”

“Fine.” Raphael stalked by him and kicked aside a heap of trash piled against a wall. There was a metal grating there, thin bars filmed with a brownish red coating of rust. He knelt down, took hold of the bars, and lifted the grating away. “This

is how my brother and his friends got in. It goes down to the basement, I think.” He looked up as Jace and Clary joined him. Clary half-held her breath; the smell of the garbage was overwhelming, and even in the darkness she could see the darting shapes of cockroaches crawling over the piles.

A thin smile had formed, just at the corners of Jace’s mouth. He still had the angel blade in his hand. The witchlight that came from it lent his face a ghostly cast, reminding her of the way Simon had held a flashlight under his chin while telling her horror stories when they were both eleven. “Thanks,” he said to Raphael. “This will work just fine.”

The other boy’s face was pale. “You go in there and do for your friend what I could not do for my brother.”

Jace slipped the seraph blade back into his belt and glanced at Clary. “Follow me,” he said, and slid through the grating in a single smooth move, feet first. She held her breath, waiting for a shout of agony or amazement, but there was only the soft thump of feet landing on solid ground. “It’s fine,” he called up, his voice muffled. “Jump down and I’ll catch you.”

She looked at Raphael. “Thanks for your help.”

He said nothing, only held out his hand. She used it to steady herself while she maneuvered into position. His fingers were cold. He let go as she dropped down through the grating. It was only a second’s fall and Jace caught her, her dress rucking up around her thighs and his hand grazing her bare legs as she slid into his arms. He let her go almost immediately. “You all right?”

She pulled her dress down, glad he couldn’t see her in the dark. “I’m fine.”

Jace pulled the dimly glowing angel blade out of his belt and lifted it, letting its growing illumination wash over their surroundings. They were standing in a shallow, low-ceilinged space with a cracked concrete floor. Squares of dirt showed where the floor was broken, and Clary could see that black vines had begun to twine up the walls. A doorway, missing its door, opened onto another room.

A loud thump made her start, and she turned to see Raphael landing, knees bent, just a few feet from her. He had followed them through the grating. He straightened up and grinned manically.

Jace looked furious. “I told you—”

“And I heard you.” Raphael waved a dismissive hand. “What are you going to do about it? I can’t get back out the way we came in, and you can’t just leave me here for the dead to find . . . can you?”

“I’m thinking about it,” Jace said. He looked tired, Clary saw with some surprise, the shadows under his eyes more pronounced.

Raphael pointed. “We must go that way, toward the stairs. They are up on the higher floors of the hotel. You will see.” He pushed past Jace and through the narrow doorway. Jace looked after him, shaking his head.

“I’m really starting to hate mundanes,” he said.



The lower floor of the hotel was a warren of mazelike corridors opening onto empty storage rooms, a deserted laundry—moldy stacks of linen towels piled high in rotted wicker baskets—even a ghostly kitchen, banks of stainless steel counters stretching away into the shadows. Most of the staircases leading upstairs were gone; not rotted but deliberately chopped away, reduced to stacks of kindling shoved against walls, bits of once-luxurious Persian carpet clinging to them like blossoms of furry mold.

The missing stairs baffled Clary. What did vampires have against stairs? They finally found an unharmed set, tucked away behind the laundry. Maids must have used it to carry linens up and down the stairs in the days before elevators. Dust lay thick on the steps now, like a layer of powdery gray snow that made Clary cough.

“Shh,” hissed Raphael. “They will hear you. We are close to where they sleep.”

“How do *you* know?” she whispered back. He wasn’t even supposed to *be* there. What gave him the right to lecture her about noise?

“I can feel it.” The corner of his eye twitched, and she saw that he was as scared as she was. “Can’t you?”

She shook her head. She felt nothing, other than strangely cold; after the stifling heat of the night outside, the chill inside the hotel was intense.

At the top of the stairs was a door on which the painted word “Lobby” was barely legible beneath years of accumulated dirt. The door sprayed rust when Jace pushed it open. Clary braced herself—

But the room beyond was empty. They were in a large foyer, its rotting carpeting torn back to show the splintered floorboards beneath. Once the centerpiece of this room had been a grand staircase, gracefully curving, lined with gilt banisters and richly carpeted in gold and scarlet. Now all that remained were the higher steps, leading up into blackness. The remainder of the staircase ended just above their heads, in midair. The sight was as surreal as one of the abstract Magritte paintings Jocelyn had loved. This one, Clary thought, would be called *The Stairs to Nowhere*.

Her voice sounded as dry as the dust that coated everything. “What do vampires have against stairs?”

“Nothing,” said Jace. “They just don’t need to use them.”

“It is a way of showing that this place is one of *theirs*.” Raphael’s eyes were bright. He seemed almost excited. Jace glanced at him sideways.

“Have you ever actually seen a vampire, Raphael?” he asked.

Raphael glanced at him almost absently. “I know what they look like. They are paler, thinner than human beings, but very strong. They walk like cats and spring with the swiftness of serpents. They are beautiful and terrible. Like this hotel.”

“You think it’s beautiful?” Clary asked, surprised.

“You can see where it was, years ago. Like an old woman who was once beautiful, but time has taken her beauty away. You must imagine this staircase the way it was once, with the gas lamps burning all up and down the steps, like fireflies in the dark, and the balconies full of people. Not the way it is now, so—” He broke off, searching for a word.

“Truncated?” Jace suggested dryly.

Raphael looked almost startled, as if Jace had broken him out of a reverie. He laughed shakily and turned away.

Clary turned to Jace. “Where are they, anyway? The vampires, I mean.”

“Upstairs, probably. They like to be high up when they sleep, like bats. And it’s nearly sunrise.”

Like puppets with their heads attached to strings, Clary and Raphael both looked up at the same time. There was nothing above them but the frescoed ceiling, cracked and black in places as if it had been burned in a fire. An archway to their left led farther into darkness; the pillars on either side were engraved with a motif of leaves and flowers. As Raphael glanced back down, a scar at the base of his throat, very white against his brown skin, flashed like a winking eye. She wondered how he’d gotten it.

“I think we should go back to the servants’ stairs,” she whispered. “I feel too exposed out here.”

Jace nodded. “You realize, once we get there, you’ll have to call out for Simon and hope he can hear you?”

She wondered if the fear she felt showed on her face. “I—”

Her words were cut short by a bloodcurdling scream. Clary whirled.

Raphael. He was gone, no marks in the dust showing where he might have walked—or been dragged. She reached for Jace, reflexively, but he was already moving, running toward the gaping arch in the far wall and the shadows beyond. She couldn’t see him but followed the darting witchlight he carried, like a traveler being led through a swamp by a treacherous will-o’-the-wisp.

Beyond the arch was what had once been a grand ballroom. The ruined floor was white marble, now so badly cracked that it resembled a sea of floating arctic ice. Curved balconies ran along the walls, their railings veiled in rust. Gold-framed mirrors hung at intervals between them, each crowned with a gilded cupid's head. Spiderwebs drifted in the clammy air like ancient wedding veils.

Raphael was standing in the center of the room, his arms at his sides. Clary ran to him, Jace following more slowly behind her. "Are you all right?" she asked breathlessly.

He nodded slowly. "I thought I saw a movement in the shadows. It was nothing."

"We've decided to head back to the servants' stairs," Jace said. "There's nothing on this floor."

Raphael nodded. "Good idea."

He headed for the door, not looking to see if they followed. He had gotten only a few steps when Jace said, "Raphael?"

Raphael turned, eyes widening inquisitively, and Jace threw his knife.

Raphael's reflexes were quick, but not quick enough. The blade struck home, the force of the impact knocking him over. His feet went out from under him and he fell heavily to the cracked marble floor. In the dim witchlight his blood looked black.

"*Jace,*" Clary hissed in disbelief, shock pounding through her. He'd said he hated mundanes, but he'd never—

As she turned to go to Raphael, Jace shoved her brutally aside. He flung himself on the other boy and grabbed for the knife sticking out of Raphael's chest.

But Raphael was faster. He seized the knife, then screamed as his hand came in contact with the cross-shaped hilt. It clattered to the marble floor, blade smeared black. Jace had one hand fisted in the material of Raphael's shirt, Sanvi in the other. It was glowing with such a bright light that Clary could see colors again: the peeling royal blue of the wallpaper, the

gold flecks in the marble floor, the red stain spreading across Raphael's chest.

But Raphael was laughing. "You missed," he said, and grinned for the first time, showing pointed white incisors. "You missed my heart."

Jace tightened his grip. "You moved at the last minute," he said. "That was very inconsiderate."

Raphael frowned and spat, red. Clary stepped back, staring in dawning horror.

"When did you figure it out?" he demanded. His accent had faded, his words more precise and clipped now.

"I guessed in the alley," Jace said. "But I figured you'd get us inside the hotel, then turn on us. Once we'd trespassed, we'd have been out of the protection of the Covenant. Fair game. When you didn't, I thought I might have been wrong. Then I saw that scar on your throat." He sat back a little, still holding the blade at Raphael's throat. "I thought when I first saw that chain that it looked like the sort you'd hang a cross from. And you did, didn't you, when you went out to see your family? What's the scar of a little burn when your kind heal so quickly?"

Raphael laughed. "Was that all? My scar?"

"When you left the foyer, your feet didn't leave marks in the dust. Then I knew."

"It wasn't your brother who went in here looking for monsters and never came out, was it?" Clary said, realizing. "It was you."

"You are both very clever," Raphael said. "Although not quite clever enough. Look up," he said, and lifted a hand to point at the ceiling.

Jace knocked the hand away without moving his glance from Raphael. "Clary. What do you see?"

She raised her head slowly, dread curdling in the pit of her stomach.

You must imagine this staircase the way it was once, with the gas lamps burning all up and down the steps, like fireflies in the dark, and the balconies full of people. They were filled with people now, row on row of vampires with their dead white faces, their red stretched mouths, staring bemusedly downward.

Jace was still looking at Raphael. "You called them. Didn't you?"

Raphael was still grinning. The blood had stopped spreading from the wound in his chest. "Does it matter? There are too many of them, even for you, Wayland."

Jace said nothing. Though he hadn't moved, he was breathing in short quick pants, and Clary could almost feel the strength of his desire to kill the vampire boy, to shove the knife through his heart and wipe that grin off his face forever. "Jace," she said warningly. "Don't kill him."

"Why not?"

"Maybe we can use him as a hostage."

Jace's eyes widened. "A *hostage*?"

She could see them, more of them, filling the arched doorway, moving as silently as the Brothers of the Bone City. But the Brothers had not had skin so white and colorless, nor hands that curled into claws at the tips. . . .

Clary licked her dry lips. "I know what I'm doing. Get him on his feet, Jace."

Jace looked at her, then shrugged. "All right."

Raphael snapped, "This isn't funny."

"That's why no one's laughing." Jace stood, hauling Raphael upright, jamming the tip of his knife between Raphael's shoulder blades. "I can pierce your heart just as easily through your back," he said. "I wouldn't move if I were you."

Clary turned away from them to face the oncoming dark shapes. She flung out a hand. "Stop right there," she said. "Or he'll put that blade through Raphael's heart."

A sort of murmur ran through the crowd that could have been whispering or laughter. “*Stop*,” Clary said again, and this time Jace did something, she didn’t see what, that made Raphael cry out in surprised pain.

One of the vampires flung an arm out to hold back his companions. Clary recognized him as the thin blond boy with the earring that she’d seen at Magnus’s party. “She means it,” he said. “They are Shadowhunters.”

Another vampire pushed her way through the crowd to stand at his side—a pretty blue-haired Asian girl in a silver foil skirt. Clary wondered if there were any ugly vampires, or maybe any fat ones. Maybe they didn’t make vampires out of ugly people. Or maybe ugly people just didn’t want to live forever. “Shadowhunters trespassing on our territory,” she said. “They are out of the protection of the Covenant. I say we kill them—they have killed enough of ours.”

“Which of you is the master of this place?” Jace said, his voice very flat. “Let him step forward.”

The girl bared her pointed teeth. “Do not use Clave language on us, Shadowhunter. You have broken your precious Covenant, coming in here. The Law will not protect you.”

“That’s enough, Lily,” said the blond boy sharply. “Our master is not here. She is in Idris.”

“Someone must rule you in her stead,” Jace observed.

There was a silence. The vampires up in the balconies were hanging off the railings, leaning down to hear what was being said. Finally, “Raphael leads us,” said the blond vampire.

The blue-haired girl, Lily, let out a hiss of disapproval. “Jacob—”

“I propose a trade,” Clary said quickly, cutting off Lily’s tirade and Jacob’s retort. “By now you must know you took home too many people from the party tonight. One of them was my friend Simon.”

Jacob raised his eyebrows. “You’re friends with a vampire?”

“He’s not a vampire. And not a Shadowhunter, either,” she added, seeing Lily’s pale eyes narrow. “Just an ordinary human boy.”

“We didn’t take any human boys home with us from Magnus’s party. That would have been a violation of the Covenant.”

“He’d been transformed into a rat. A small brown rat,” said Clary. “Someone might have thought he was a pet, or . . .”

Her voice trailed off. They were staring at her as if she were insane. Cold despair seeped into her bones.

“Let me get this straight,” Lily said. “You’re offering to trade Raphael’s life for a *rat*?”

Clary looked helplessly back at Jace. He gave her a look that said, *This was your idea. You’re on your own.*

“Yes,” she said, turning back to the vampires. “That’s the trade we’re offering.”

They stared at her, white faces nearly expressionless. In another context Clary would have said that they looked baffled.

She could *feel* Jace standing behind her, hear the rasp of his breathing. She wondered if he was racking his brain trying to figure out why he’d let her drag them both here in the first place. She wondered if he was starting to hate her.

“Do you mean this rat?”

Clary blinked. Another vampire, a thin black boy with dreadlocks, had pushed his way to the front of the crowd. He was holding something in his hands, something brown that squirmed feebly. “Simon?” she whispered.

The rat squeaked and started to thrash wildly in the boy’s grip. He looked down at the captive rodent with an expression of distaste. “Man, I thought he was Zeke. I wondered why he was copping such an attitude.” He shook his head, dreadlocks bouncing. “I say she can have him, dude. He’s already bitten me five times.”

Clary reached out for Simon, her hands aching to hold him. But Lily stepped in front of her before she could take more than a step in his direction. “Wait,” Lily said. “How do we know you won’t just take the rat and kill Raphael anyway?”

“We’ll give our word,” Clary said immediately, then tensed, waiting for them to laugh.

Nobody laughed. Raphael swore softly in Spanish. Lily looked curiously at Jace.

“Clary,” he said. There was an undercurrent of exasperated desperation in his voice. “Is this really a—”

“No oath, no trade,” said Lily immediately, seizing on his uncertain tone. “Elliott, hold on to that rat.”

The dreadlocked boy tightened his grip on Simon, who sank his teeth savagely into Elliott’s hand. “Man,” he said glumly. “That hurt.”

Clary took the opportunity to whisper to Jace. “Just swear! What can it hurt?”

“Swearing for us isn’t like it is for you mundanes,” he snapped back angrily. “I’ll be bound forever to any oath I make.”

“Oh, yeah? What would happen if you broke it?”

“I *wouldn’t* break it, that’s the point—”

“Lily is right,” said Jacob. “An oath is required. Swear that you won’t hurt Raphael. Even if we give you the rat back.”

“I won’t hurt Raphael,” Clary said immediately. “No matter what.”

Lily smiled at her tolerantly. “It isn’t you we’re worried about.” She shot a pointed look at Jace, who was holding Raphael so tightly that his knuckles were white. A patch of sweat darkened the cloth of his shirt, just between his shoulder blades.

He said, “All right. I swear it.”

“Speak the Oath,” Lily said swiftly. “Swear on the Angel. Say it all.”

Jace shook his head. “You swear first.”

His words fell into the silence like stones, sending a rippling murmur through the crowd. Jacob looked concerned; Lily furious. “Not a chance, Shadowhunter.”

“We have your leader.” The tip of Jace’s knife dug farther into Raphael’s throat. “And what have you got there? A rat.”

Simon, pinned in Elliott’s hands, squeaked furiously. Clary longed to snatch him up, but held herself back. “Jace—”

Lily looked toward Raphael. “Master?”

Raphael had his head down, his dark curls falling to hide his face. Blood stained the collar of his shirt, trickled down the bare brown skin underneath. “A pretty important rat,” he said, “for you to come all the way here for him. It is you, Shadowhunter, I think, who will swear first.”

Jace’s grip on him tightened convulsively. Clary saw the swell of the muscles under his skin, the whitening of his fingers and at the sides of his mouth as he fought his anger. “The rat’s a mundane,” he said sharply. “If you kill him, you’ll be subject to the Law—”

“He is on our territory. Trespassers are not protected by the Covenant, you know that—”

“You *brought* him here,” Clary interjected. “He didn’t trespass.”

“Technicalities,” said Raphael, grinning at her despite the knife at his throat. “Besides. You think we do not hear the rumors, the news that is running through Downworld like blood through veins? Valentine is back. There will be no Accords and no Covenant soon enough.”

Jace’s head jerked up. “Where did you hear that?”

Raphael frowned scornfully. “All Downworld knows it. He paid a warlock to raise a pack of Raveners only a week ago. He has brought his Forsaken to seek the Mortal Cup. When he finds it, there will be no more false peace between us, only war. No Law will prevent me from tearing your heart out on the street, Shadowhunter—”

That was enough for Clary. She dove for Simon, shouldering Lily aside, and snatched the rat out of Elliott's hands. Simon scrabbled up her arm, gripping her sleeve with frantic paws.

"It's okay," she whispered, "it's okay." Though she knew it wasn't. She turned to run, and felt hands catch at her jacket, holding her. She struggled, but her efforts to tear herself free of the hands that held her—Lily's, narrow and bony with black fingernails—were hampered by her fear of dislodging Simon, who clung to her shirt with paws and teeth. "Let go!" she screamed, kicking out at the vampire girl. Her booted toe connected, hard, and Lily shouted in pain and rage. She whipped her hand forward, striking Clary's cheek with enough force to rock her head back.

Clary staggered and nearly fell. She heard Jace shout her name, and turned to see that he had let go of Raphael and was racing toward her. Clary tried to go to him, but her shoulders were gripped by Jacob, his fingers digging into her skin.

Clary cried out—and the noise was lost in a larger shriek as Jace, snatching one of the glass vials from his jacket, flung its contents toward her. She felt cool wetness splash her face, and heard Jacob scream as the water touched his skin. Smoke rose from his fingers and he released Clary, howling a high animal howl. Lily darted toward him, crying out his name, and in the pandemonium, Clary felt someone seize her wrist. She struggled to yank herself away.

"Stop it—you idiot—it's *me*," Jace panted in her ear.

"Oh!" She relaxed momentarily, then tensed again, seeing a familiar shape loom up behind Jace. She cried out and Jace ducked and spun just as Raphael leaped at him, teeth bared, quick as a cat. His fangs caught Jace's shirt near the shoulder and tore the fabric lengthwise as Jace staggered. Raphael clung on like a gripping spider, teeth snapping at Jace's throat. Clary fumbled in her pack for the dagger Jace had given her—

A small brown shape streaked across the floor, shot between Clary's feet, and launched itself at Raphael.

Raphael screamed. Simon hung grimly from his forearm, his sharp rat-teeth sunk deep into the flesh. Raphael let go of Jace, flailing backward, blood spurting as a stream of Spanish obscenities poured from his mouth.

Jace gaped, his mouth open. “Son of a—”

Regaining his balance, Raphael tore the rat free from his arm and flung him to the marble floor. Simon squeaked once in pain, then dashed over to Clary. She bent down and snatched him up, holding him against her chest as tightly as she could without hurting him. She could feel the hammering beat of his tiny heart against her fingers. “Simon,” she whispered. “Simon—”

“There’s no time for that. Hold on to him.” Jace had caught at her right arm, gripping with painful force. In the other hand he held a glowing seraph blade. “Move.”

He began to half-pull her, half-push her, to the edge of the crowd. The vampires winced away from the light of the seraph blade as it swept over them, all of them hissing like scalded cats.

“Enough standing around!” It was Raphael. His arm was streaming blood, his lips curled back from his pointed incisors. He glared at the teeming mass of vampires milling in confusion. “Seize the trespassers,” he shouted. “Kill them *both*—the rat as well!”

The vampires started toward Jace and Clary, some of them walking, others gliding, others swooping down from the balconies above like flapping black bats. Jace increased his pace as they broke free of the crowd, heading toward the far wall. Clary squirmed, half-turning to look up at him. “Shouldn’t we stand back to back or something?”

“What? Why?”

“I don’t know. In movies that’s what they do in this kind of . . . situation.”

She felt him shake. Was he frightened? No, he was laughing. “You,” he breathed. “You are the most—”

“The most what?” she demanded indignantly. They were still backing up, stepping carefully to avoid the broken bits of furniture and smashed marble that littered the floor. Jace held the angel blade high above both their heads. She could see how the vampires circled around the edges of the glimmering circle it cast. She wondered how long it would hold them off.

“Nothing,” he said. “This isn’t a situation, okay? I save that word for when things get really bad.”

“*Really* bad? This isn’t really bad? What do you want, a nuclear—”

She broke off with a scream as Lily, braving the light, launched herself at Jace, her teeth bared in a searing snarl. Jace seized the second blade from his belt and hurled it through the air; Lily fell back screeching, a long gash sizzling down her arm. As she staggered, the other vampires surged forward around her. There were so many of them, Clary thought, so many—

She fumbled at her belt, her fingers closing around the hilt of the dagger. It felt cold and foreign in her hand. She didn’t know how to use a knife. She’d never hit anyone, let alone stabbed them. She’d even skipped gym class the day they’d learned how to ward off muggers and rapists with ordinary objects like car keys and pencils. She pulled the knife free, raised it in a shaking hand—

The windows exploded inward in a shower of broken glass. She heard herself cry out, saw the vampires—barely an arm’s length from her and Jace—whirl in astonishment, shock mingling with terror on their faces. Through the shattered windows came dozens of sleek shapes, four-footed and low to the ground, their coats scattering moonlight and broken bits of glass. Their eyes were blue fire, and from their throats came a combined low growl that sounded like the roiling crash of a waterfall.

Wolves.

“Now *this*,” said Jace, “is a situation.”

The wolves crouched, low and snarling, and the vampires, looking stunned, backed away. Only Raphael held his ground. He still clutched his wounded arm, his shirt a smeared mess of blood and dirt. “*Los Niños de la Luna,*” he hissed. Even Clary, whose Spanish was almost nonexistent, knew what he had said. The Moon’s Children—werewolves. “I thought they hated each other,” she whispered to Jace. “Vampires and werewolves.”

“They do. They never come to each other’s lairs. Never. The Covenant forbids it.” He sounded almost indignant. “Something must have happened. This is bad. Very bad.”

“How can it be worse than it was before?”

“Because,” he said, “we’re about to be in the middle of a war.”

“HOW DARE YOU ENTER OUR PLACE?” Raphael screamed. His face was scarlet, suffused with blood.

The largest of the wolves, a brindled gray monster with teeth like a shark’s, gave a panting doglike chuckle. As he moved forward, between one step and the next he seemed to shift and change like a wave rising and curling. Now he was a tall heavily muscled man with long hair that hung in gray ropelike tangles. He wore jeans and a thick leather jacket, and there was still something wolfish in the cast of his lean, weathered face. “We didn’t come for a bleeding,” he said. “We came for the girl.”

Raphael managed to look furious and astounded at once. “Who?”

“The human girl.” The werewolf flung out a stiff arm, pointing at Clary.

She was too shocked to move. Simon, who had been squirming in her grasp, went still. Behind her Jace muttered something that sounded distinctly blasphemous. “You didn’t tell me you knew any werewolves.” She could hear the slight catch under his flat tone—he was as surprised as she was.

“I don’t,” she said.

“This is bad,” said Jace.

“You said that before.”

“It seemed worth repeating.”

“Well, it wasn’t.” Clary shrank back against him. “*Jace*. They’re all looking at me.”

Every face was turned to her; most looked astonished. Raphael’s eyes were narrowed. He turned back to the werewolf, slowly. “You can’t have her,” he said. “She trespassed on our ground; therefore she’s ours.”

The werewolf laughed. “I’m so glad you said that,” he said, and launched himself forward. In midair his body rippled, and he was again a wolf, coat bristling, jaws gaping, ready to tear. He struck Raphael square in the chest, and the two went over in a writhing, snarling tangle. With answering howls of rage, the vampires charged the werewolves, who met them head-on in the center of the ballroom.

The noise was like nothing Clary had ever heard. If Bosch’s paintings of hell had come with a soundtrack, they would have sounded like this.

Jace whistled. “Raphael is really having an exceptionally bad night.”

“So what?” Clary had no sympathy for the vampire. “What are *we* going to do?”

He glanced around. They were pinned in a corner by the churning mass of bodies; though they were being ignored for now, it wouldn’t be for long. Before Clary could voice this thought, Simon suddenly squirmed violently free of her grasp

and leaped to the floor. “Simon!” she screamed as he dashed for the corner and a moldering pile of rotted velvet drapes. “Simon, *stop!*”

Jace’s eyebrows made quizzical peaks. “What is he—” He grabbed for her arm, jerking her back. “Clary, don’t chase the rat. He’s fleeing. That’s what rats do.”

She shot him a furious look. “He’s not a rat. He’s Simon. And he bit Raphael for you, you ungrateful cretin.” She yanked her arm free and dashed after Simon, who was crouched in the folds of the drapes, chittering excitedly and pawing at them. Belatedly realizing what he was trying to tell her, she yanked the drapes aside. They were slimy with mold, but behind them was—

“A door,” she breathed. “You genius rat.”

Simon squeaked modestly as she snatched him up. Jace was right behind her. “A door, eh? Well, does it open?”

She grabbed for the knob and turned to him, crestfallen. “It’s locked. Or stuck.”

Jace threw himself against the door. It didn’t budge. He cursed. “My shoulder will never be the same. I expect you to nurse me back to health.”

“Just break the door down, will you?”

He looked past her with wide eyes. “Clary—”

She turned. A huge wolf had broken away from the melee and was racing toward her, ears flattened to its narrow head. It was huge, gray-black and brindled, with a long lolling red tongue. Clary screamed. Jace threw himself against the door again, still cursing. She reached for her belt, grabbed the dagger, and threw it.

She’d never thrown a weapon before, never even thought of throwing one. The closest she’d come to weaponry before this week was drawing pictures of them, so Clary was more surprised than anyone else, she suspected, when the dagger flew, wobbly but true, and sank into the werewolf’s side.

It yelped, slowing, but three of its comrades were already racing toward them. One paused at the side of the wounded wolf, but the others charged for the door. Clary screamed again as Jace hurled his body against the door a third time. It gave with an explosive shriek of grinding rust and tearing wood. “Three times the charm,” he panted, holding his shoulder. He ducked into the dark space that gaped beyond the broken door, and turned to hold out an impatient hand. “Clary, come *on*.”

With a gasp she darted after him and flung the door shut, just as two heavy bodies thudded against it. She fumbled for the bolt, but it was gone, torn away where Jace had broken through it.

“Duck,” he said, and as she did, the stele whipped over her head, slicing dark lines into the moldering wood of the door. She craned her neck to see what he’d carved: a curve like a sickle, three parallel lines, a rayed star: *To hold against pursuit*.

“I lost your dagger,” she confessed. “I’m sorry.”

“It happens.” He pocketed the stele. She could hear the faint thuds as the wolves hurled themselves against the door again and again, but it held. “The rune will keep them back, but not for long. We’d better hurry.”

She looked up. They were in a dank passageway; a narrow set of stairs led up into darkness. The steps were wood, the banisters filmy with dust. Simon thrust his nose out of her jacket pocket, his black button eyes glittering in the dim light. “All right,” she nodded at Jace. “You go first.”

Jace looked as if he wanted to grin but was too tired. “You know how I like to be first. But slowly,” he added. “I’m not sure the stairs can hold our weight.”

Clary wasn’t sure either. The steps creaked and groaned as they ascended, like an old woman complaining about her aches and pains. Clary gripped the banister for balance, and a chunk of it snapped off in her hand, making her squeak and wringing an exhausted chuckle out of Jace. He took her hand. “Here. Steady.”

Simon made a sound that, for a rat, sounded a lot like a snort. Jace didn't seem to hear it. They were stumbling up the steps as rapidly as they dared. The flight rose in a high spiral, up through the building. They passed landing after landing, but no doors. They had reached the fourth featureless turn when a muffled explosion rocked the stairwell, and a cloud of dust billowed upward.

"They've gotten past the door," Jace said grimly. "Damn—I thought it would hold for longer."

"Do we run now?" Clary inquired.

"*Now* we run," he said, and they thundered up the stairs, which shrieked and wailed under their weight, nails popping like gunfire. They were at the fifth landing now—she could hear the soft *thud-thud* of the wolves' paws on the steps far below, or perhaps it was just her imagination. She knew there wasn't really hot breath on the back of her neck, but the snarls and howls, getting louder as they came closer, were real and terrifying.

The sixth landing rose in front of them and they half-flung themselves onto it. Clary was gasping, her breath sawing painfully in her lungs, but she managed a weak cheer when she saw the door. It was heavy steel, riveted with nails, and propped open with a brick. She barely had time to wonder why when Jace kicked it open, pushed her through, and, following, slammed it shut. She heard a definitive click as it locked behind them. *Thank God*, she thought.

Then she turned around.

The night sky wheeled above her, scattered with stars like a handful of loose diamonds. It was not black but a clear dark blue, the color of oncoming dawn. They were standing on a bare slate roof turreted with brick chimneys. An old water tower, black with neglect, stood on a raised platform at one end; a heavy tarpaulin concealed a lumpy pile of lumber at the other. "This must be how they get in and out," Jace said, glancing back at the door. Clary could see him properly now in the pale light, the lines of strain around his eyes like shallow

cuts. The blood on his clothes, mostly Raphael's, looked black. "They fly up here. Not that that does us much good."

"There might be a fire escape," Clary suggested. Together they picked their way gingerly to the edge of the roof. Clary had never liked heights, and the ten-floor drop to the street made her stomach spin. So did the sight of the fire escape, a twisted, unusable hunk of metal still clinging to the side of the hotel's stone facade. "Or not," she said. She glanced back at the door they had emerged from. It was set into a cabinlike structure in the center of the roof. It was vibrating, the knob jerking wildly. It would only hold for a few more minutes, perhaps less.

Jace pressed the backs of his hands against his eyes. The leaden air bore down on them, making the back of Clary's neck prickle. She could see the sweat trickling into his collar. She wished, irrelevantly, that it would rain. Rain would burst this heat bubble like a pricked blister.

Jace was muttering to himself. "Think, Wayland, *think*—"

Something began to take shape in the back of Clary's mind. A rune danced against the backs of her eyelids: two downward triangles, joined by a single bar—a rune like a pair of wings. . . .

"That's *it*," Jace breathed, dropping his hands, and for a startled moment Clary wondered if he had read her mind. He looked feverish, his gold-flecked eyes very bright. "I can't believe I didn't think of it before." He dashed to the far end of the roof, then paused and looked back at her. She was still standing dazed, her thoughts full of glimmering shapes. "Come *on*, Clary."

She followed him, pushing thoughts of runes from her mind. He had reached the tarpaulin and was tugging at the edge of it. It came away, revealing not junk but sparkling chrome, tooled leather, and gleaming paint. "*Motorcycles?*"

Jace reached for the nearest one, an enormous dark red Harley with gold flames on the tank and fenders. He swung a leg over it and looked over his shoulder at her. "Get on."

Clary stared. “Are you kidding? Do you even know how to drive that thing? Do you have *keys*?”

“I don’t need keys,” he explained with infinite patience. “It runs on demon energies. Now, are you going to get on, or do you want to ride your own?”

Numbly Clary slid onto the bike behind him. Somewhere, in some part of her brain, a tiny voice was screaming about what a bad idea this was.

“Good,” Jace said. “Now put your arms around me.” She did, feeling the hard muscles of his abdomen contract as he leaned forward and jammed the point of the stele into the ignition. To her amazement she felt the motorcycle thrum to life under her. In her pocket Simon squeaked loudly.

“Everything’s okay,” she said, as soothingly as she could. “Jace!” she shouted, over the sound of the motorcycle’s engine. “What are you doing?”

He yelled back something that sounded like “Pushing in the choke!”

Clary blinked. “Well, hurry it up! The door—”

On cue, the roof door burst open with a crash, torn from its hinges. Wolves poured through the gap, racing across the roof straight at them. Above them flew the vampires, hissing and screeching, filling the night with predatory cries.

She felt Jace’s arm jerk back and the motorcycle lurch forward, sending her stomach slamming into her spine. She clutched convulsively at Jace’s belt as they shot forward, tires skidding along the slates, scattering the wolves, who yelped as they leaped aside. She heard Jace shout something, his words torn away by the noise of wheels and wind and engine. The edge of the roof was coming up fast, so fast, and Clary wanted to shut her eyes but something held them wide open as the motorcycle hurtled over the parapet and plummeted like a rock toward the ground, ten stories down.



If Clary screamed, she didn’t remember it later. It was like the first drop on a roller coaster, where the track falls away and

you feel yourself hurtling through space, your hands waving uselessly in the air and your stomach jammed up around your ears. When the cycle righted itself with a sputter and a jerk, she almost wasn't surprised. Instead of plunging downward they were now hurtling up toward the diamond-littered sky.

Clary glanced back and saw a cluster of vampires standing on the roof of the hotel, surrounded by wolves. She looked away—if she never saw that hotel again, it'd be too soon.

Jace was yelling, loud whooping shrieks of delight and relief. Clary leaned forward, her arms tight around him. “My mother always told me if I rode a motorcycle with a boy, she'd kill me,” she called over the noise of the wind whipping past her ears and the deafening rumble of the engine.

She couldn't hear him laugh, but she felt his body shake. “She wouldn't say that if she knew me,” he called back to her confidently. “I'm an excellent driver.”

Belatedly, Clary recollected something. “I thought you said only *some* of the vampire bikes could fly?”

Deftly, Jace steered them around a stoplight in the process of turning from red to green. Below, Clary could hear cars honking, ambulance sirens wailing, and buses puffing to their stops, but she didn't dare look down. “Only some of them can!”

“How did you know this was one of them?”

“I didn't!” he shouted gleefully, and did something that made the bike rise almost vertically into the air. Clary shrieked and grabbed for his belt again.

“You should look down!” Jace shouted. “It's awesome!” Sheer curiosity forced its way past terror and vertigo. Swallowing hard, Clary opened her eyes.

They were higher than she had realized, and for a moment the earth swung dizzily beneath her, a blurring landscape of shadow and light. They were flying east, away from the park, toward the highway that snaked along the right bank of the city.

There was a numbness in Clary's hands, a hard pressure in her chest. It was lovely, she could see that: the city rising up beside her like a towering forest of silver and glass, the dull gray shimmer of the East River, slicing between Manhattan and the boroughs like a scar. The wind was cool in her hair, on her bare legs, delicious after so many days of heat and stickiness. Still, she'd never flown, not even in an airplane, and the vast empty space between them and the ground terrified her. She couldn't keep from squinching her eyes almost shut as they shot out over the river. Just below the Queensboro Bridge, Jace turned the bike south and headed to the foot of the island. The sky had begun to lighten, and in the distance Clary could see the glittering arch of the Brooklyn Bridge, and beyond that, a smudge on the horizon, the Statue of Liberty.

"Are you all right?" Jace shouted.

Clary said nothing, just clutched him more tightly. He banked the cycle, and then they were sailing toward the bridge, and Clary could see stars through the suspension cables. An early morning train was rattling over it—the Q, carrying a load of sleepy dawn commuters. She thought how often she'd been on that train. A wave of vertigo swamped her, and she squeezed her eyes shut, gasping with nausea.

"Clary?" Jace called. "Clary, are you all right?"

She shook her head, eyes still shut, alone in the dark and the tearing wind with just the pounding of her heart. Something sharp scratched against her chest. She ignored it until it came again, more insistent. Barely opening an eye, she saw that it was Simon, his head poking out of her pocket, tugging her shirt with an urgent paw. "It's all right, Simon," she said with an effort, not looking down. "It was just the bridge—"

He scratched her again, then pointed an urgent paw toward the waterfront of Brooklyn, rising up on their left. Dizzy and sick, she looked and saw, beyond the outlines of the warehouses and factories, a sliver of golden sunrise just visible, like the edge of a pale gilt coin. "Yes, very pretty," Clary said, closing her eyes again. "Nice sunrise."

Jace went rigid all over, as if he'd been shot. "Sunrise?" he yelled, then jerked the cycle savagely to the right. Clary's eyes flew open as they plunged toward the water, which had begun to shimmer with the blue of oncoming dawn.

Clary leaned as close to Jace as she could get without squashing Simon between them. "What's so bad about sunrise?"

"I told you! The bike runs on demon energies!" He pulled back so that they were level with the river, just skimming along the surface with the wheels kicking up spray. River water splashed into Clary's face. "As soon as the sun comes up —"

The bike began to sputter. Jace swore colorfully, slamming his fist into the accelerator. The bike lunged forward once, then choked, jerking under them like a bucking horse. Jace was still swearing as the sun peeked over the crumbling wharves of Brooklyn, lighting the world with devastating clarity. Clary could see every rock, every pebble under them as they cleared the river and hurtled over the narrow bank. Below them was the highway, already streaming with early traffic. They only just cleared it, the wheels grazing the roof of a passing truck. Beyond was the trash-strewn parking lot of an enormous supermarket. "Hang on to me!" Jace was shouting, as the bike jerked and sputtered underneath them. "Hang on to me, Clary, and *do not let—*"

The bike tilted and struck the asphalt of the parking lot, front wheel first. It shot forward, wobbling violently, and went into a long skid, bouncing and slamming over the uneven ground, whipping Clary's head back and forth with neck-cracking force. The air stank of burned rubber. But the bike was slowing, skidding to a halt—and then it struck a concrete parking barrier with such force that she was lifted into the air and hurled sideways, her hand tearing free of Jace's belt. She barely had time to curl herself into a protective ball, holding her arms as rigid as possible and praying Simon wouldn't be crushed, when they struck the ground.

She hit hard, agony screaming up her arm. Something splashed up in her face, and she was coughing as she flipped

over, rolling onto her back. She grabbed for her pocket. It was empty. She tried to say Simon's name, but the breath had been knocked out of her. She wheezed as she gasped in air. Her face was wet and dampness was running down into her collar.

Is that blood? She opened her eyes hazily. Her face felt like one big bruise, her arms, aching and stinging, like raw meat. She had rolled onto her side and was lying half-in and half-out of a puddle of filthy water. Dawn had truly come—she could see the remains of the bike, subsiding into a heap of unrecognizable ash as the sun's rays struck it.

And there was Jace, getting painfully to his feet. He started to hurry toward her, then slowed as he approached. The sleeve of his jacket had been torn away and there was a long bloody graze along his left arm. His face, under the cap of dark gold curls matted with sweat, dust, and blood, was white as a sheet. She wondered why he looked like that. Was her torn-off leg lying across the parking lot somewhere in a pool of blood?

She started to struggle up and felt a hand on her shoulder. "Clary?"

"Simon!"

He was kneeling next to her, blinking as if he couldn't quite believe it either. His clothes were crumpled and grimy, and he had lost his glasses somewhere, but he seemed otherwise unharmed. Without the glasses he looked younger, defenseless, and a little dazed. He reached to touch her face, but she flinched back. "Ow!"

"Are you okay? You look great," he said, with a catch in his voice. "The best thing I've ever seen—"

"That's because you don't have your glasses on," she said weakly, but if she'd expected a smart-aleck response, she didn't get one. Instead he threw his arms around her, holding her tightly to him. His clothes smelled of blood and sweat and dirt, and his heart was beating a mile a minute and he was pressing on her bruises, but it was a relief nevertheless to be held by him and to know, really know, that he was all right.

"Clary," he said roughly. "I thought—I thought you—"

“Wouldn’t come back for you? But of course I did,” she said. “Of course I did.”

She put her arms around him. Everything about him was familiar, from the overwashed fabric of his T-shirt to the sharp angle of the collarbone that rested just under her chin. He said her name, and she stroked his back reassuringly. When she glanced back just for a moment, she saw Jace turning away as if the brightness of the rising sun hurt his eyes.

Hodge was enraged. He had been standing in the foyer, Isabelle and Alec lurking behind him, when Clary and the boys limped in, filthy and covered in blood, and had immediately launched into a lecture that would have done Clary's mother proud. He didn't forget to include the part about lying to him about where they were going—which Jace, apparently, had—or the part about never trusting Jace again, and even added extra embellishments, like some bits about breaking the Law, getting tossed out of the Clave, and bringing shame on the proud and ancient name of Wayland. Winding down, he fixed Jace with a glare. “You’ve endangered other people with your willfulness. This is one incident I will not allow you to shrug off!”

“I wasn’t planning to,” Jace said. “I can’t shrug anything off. My shoulder’s dislocated.”

“If only I thought physical pain was actually a deterrent for you,” said Hodge with grim fury. “But you’ll just spend the next few days in the infirmary with Alec and Isabelle fussing around you. You’ll probably even *enjoy* it.”

Hodge had been two-thirds right: Jace and Simon both wound up in the infirmary, but only Isabelle was fussing over either of them when Clary—who’d gone to clean herself up—came in a few hours later. Hodge had fixed the swelling bruise on her arm, and twenty minutes in the shower had gotten most of the ground-in asphalt out of her skin, but she still felt raw and aching.

Alec, sitting on the windowsill and looking like a thundercloud, scowled as the door shut behind her. “Oh. It’s you.”

She ignored him. “Hodge says he’s on his way and he hopes you can both manage to cling to your flickering sparks of life until he gets here,” she told Simon and Jace. “Or something like that.”

“I wish he’d hurry,” Jace said crossly. He was sitting up in bed against a pair of fluffed white pillows, still wearing his filthy clothes.

“Why? Does it hurt?” Clary asked.

“No. I have a high pain threshold. In fact, it’s less of a threshold and more of a large and tastefully decorated foyer. But I do get easily bored.” He squinted at her. “Do you remember back at the hotel when you promised that if we lived, you’d get dressed up in a nurse’s outfit and give me a sponge bath?”

“Actually, I think you misheard,” Clary said. “It was Simon who promised you the sponge bath.”

Jace looked involuntarily over at Simon, who smiled at him widely. “As soon as I’m back on my feet, handsome.”

“I knew we should have left you a rat,” said Jace.

Clary laughed and went over to Simon, who seemed acutely uncomfortable surrounded by dozens of pillows and with blankets heaped over his legs.

Clary sat down on the edge of Simon’s bed. “How are you feeling?”

“Like someone massaged me with a cheese grater,” Simon said, wincing as he pulled his legs up. “I broke a bone in my foot. It was so swollen, Isabelle had to cut my shoe off.”

“Glad she’s taking good care of you.” Clary let a small amount of acid creep into her voice.

Simon leaned forward, not taking his eyes off Clary. “I want to talk to you.”

Clary nodded in half-reluctant agreement. “I’m going to my room. Come and see me after Hodge fixes you up, okay?”

“Sure.” To her surprise he leaned forward and kissed her on the cheek. It was a butterfly kiss, a quick brush of lips on skin, but as she pulled away, she knew she was blushing. Probably, she thought, standing up, because of the way everyone else was staring at them.

Out in the hallway, she touched her cheek in bemusement. A peck on the cheek didn’t mean much, but it was so out of character for Simon. Maybe he was trying to make a point to Isabelle? Men, Clary thought, they were so baffling. And Jace, doing his wounded-prince routine. She’d left before he could start complaining about the thread count of the sheets.

“Clary!”

She turned around in surprise. Alec was loping down the hall after her, hurrying to catch up. He stopped when she did. “I need to talk to you.”

She looked at him in surprise. “What about?”

He hesitated. With his pale skin and dark blue eyes he was as striking as his sister, but unlike Isabelle he did everything he could to downplay his looks. The frayed sweaters and the hair that looked as if he had cut it himself in the dark were only part of it. He looked uncomfortable in his own skin. “I think you should leave. Go home,” he said.

She’d known he didn’t like her, but it still felt like a slap. “Alec, the last time I was home, it was infested with Forsaken. And Raveners. With fangs. Nobody wants to go home more than I do, but—”

“You must have relatives you can stay with?” There was a tinge of desperation in his voice.

“No. Besides, Hodge wants me to stay,” she said shortly. “He can’t possibly. I mean, not after what you’ve done—”

“What *I*’ve done?”

He swallowed hard. “You almost got Jace killed.”

“I almost—What are you *talking* about?”

“Running off after your friend like that—do you know how much danger you put him in? Do you know—”

“Him? You mean Jace?” Clary cut him off in midsentence. “For your information the whole thing was his idea. *He* asked Magnus where the lair was. He went to the church to get weapons. If I hadn’t come with him, he would have gone anyway.”

“You don’t understand,” Alec said. “You don’t know him. *I* know him. He thinks he has to save the world; he’d be glad to kill himself trying. Sometimes I think he even wants to die, but that doesn’t mean you should encourage him to do it.”

“I don’t get it,” she said. “Jace is a Nephilim. This is what you *do*, you rescue people, you kill demons, you put yourselves in danger. How was last night any different?”

Alec’s control shattered. “Because he *left me behind!*” he shouted. “Normally I’d be with him, covering him, watching his back, keeping him safe. But you—you’re dead weight, a *mundane*.” He spit the word out as if it were an obscenity.

“No,” Clary said. “I’m not. I’m Nephilim—just like you.”

His lip curled up at the corner. “Maybe,” he said. “But with no training, no nothing, you’re still not much use, are you? Your mother brought you up in the mundane world, and that’s where you belong. Not here, making Jace act like—like he isn’t one of us. Making him break his oath to the Clave, making him break the Law—”

“News flash,” Clary snapped. “I don’t *make* Jace do anything. He does what he wants. You ought to know that.”

He looked at her as if she were an especially disgusting kind of demon he’d never seen before. “You mundanes are completely selfish, aren’t you? Have you no idea what he’s done for you, what kind of personal risks he’s taken? I’m not just talking about his safety. He could lose everything. He already lost his father and mother; do you want to make sure he loses the family he’s got left as well?”

Clary recoiled. Rage rose up in her like a black wave—rage against Alec, because he was partly right, and rage against everything and everyone else: against the icy road that had taken her father away from her before she was born, against

Simon for nearly getting himself killed, against Jace for being a martyr and for not caring whether he lived or died. Against Luke for pretending he cared about her when it was all a lie. And against her mother for not being the boring, normal, haphazard mother she'd always pretended to be, but someone else entirely: someone heroic and spectacular and brave whom Clary didn't know at all. Someone who wasn't there now, when Clary needed her desperately.

"You should talk about selfish," she hissed, so viciously that he took a step back. "You couldn't care less about anyone in this world except yourself, Alec Lightwood. No wonder you've never killed a single demon, because you're too afraid."

Alec looked stunned. "Who told you that?"

"Jace."

He looked as if she'd slapped him. "He wouldn't. He wouldn't say that."

"He did." She could see how she was hurting him, and it made her glad. Someone else ought to be in pain for a change. "You can rant all you want about honor and honesty and how mundanes don't have any of either, but if *you* were honest, you'd admit this tantrum is just because you're in love with him. It doesn't have anything to do with—"

Alec moved, blindingly fast. A sharp crack resounded through her head. He had shoved her against the wall so hard that the back of her skull had struck the wood paneling. His face was inches from hers, eyes huge and black. "Don't you *ever*," he whispered, mouth a blanched line, "ever, say anything like that to him or I'll kill you. I swear on the Angel, I'll kill you."

The pain in her arms where he gripped her was intense. Against her will she gasped. He blinked—as if he were waking up out of a dream—and let her go, jerking his hands away like her skin had burned him. Without a word he spun and hurried back toward the infirmary. He was lurching as he walked, like someone drunk or dizzy.

Clary rubbed her sore arms, staring after him, appalled at what she'd done. *Good job, Clary. Now you've really made him hate you.*



She should have fallen instantly into bed, but despite her exhaustion, sleep remained out of reach. Eventually she pulled her sketchpad out of her backpack and started drawing, propping the tablet against her knees. Idle scribbles at first—a detail from the crumbling facade of the vampire hotel: a fanged gargoyle with bulging eyes. An empty street, a single lamppost casting a yellow pool of illumination, a shadowy figure poised at the edge of the light. She drew Raphael in his bloody white shirt with the scar of the cross on his throat. And then she drew Jace standing on the roof, looking down at the ten-story drop below. Not afraid, but as if the fall challenged him—as if there were no empty space he could not fill with his belief in his own invincibility. As in her dream, she drew him with wings that curved out behind his shoulders in an arc like the wings of the angel statue in the Bone City.

She tried to draw her mother, last. She had told Jace she didn't feel any different after reading the Gray Book, and it was mostly true. Now, though, as she tried to visualize her mother's face, she realized there was one thing that was different in her memories of Jocelyn: She could see her mother's scars, the tiny white marks that covered her back and shoulders as if she had been standing in a snowfall.

It hurt, knowing that the way she'd always seen her mother, all her life, had been a lie. She slid the sketchpad under her pillow, eyes burning.

There was a tap on the door—soft, hesitant. She scrubbed hastily at her eyes. “Come in.”

It was Simon. She hadn't really focused on what a mess he was. He hadn't showered, and his clothes were torn and stained, his hair tangled. He hesitated in the doorway, oddly formal.

She scooted sideways, making room for him on the bed. There was nothing strange about sitting in bed with Simon;

they'd slept over at each other's houses for years, made tents and forts with the blankets when they were small, stayed up reading comics when they were older.

"You found your glasses," she said. One lens was cracked.

"They were in my pocket. They came through better than I would have expected. I'll have to write a nice note to LensCrafters." He settled beside her gingerly.

"Did Hodge fix you up?"

He nodded. "Yeah. I still feel like I've been worked over with a tire iron, but nothing's broken—not anymore." He turned to look at her. His eyes behind the ruined glasses were the eyes she remembered: dark and serious, ringed by the kind of lashes boys didn't care about and girls would kill for. "Clary, that you came for me—that you would risk all that—"

"Don't." She held up a hand awkwardly. "You would have done it for me."

"Of course," he said, without arrogance or pretension, "but I always thought that was the way things were, with us. You know."

She scrambled around to face him, puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Simon, as if he were surprised to find himself explaining something that should have been obvious, "I've always been the one who needed you more than you needed me."

"That's *not* true." Clary was appalled.

"It is," Simon said with the same unnerving calm. "You've never seemed to really need anyone, Clary. You've always been so . . . contained. All you've ever needed is your pencils and your imaginary worlds. So many times I've had to say things six, seven times before you'd even respond, you were so far away. And then you'd turn to me and smile that funny smile, and I'd know you'd forgotten all about me and just remembered—but I was never mad at you. Half of your attention is better than all of anyone else's."

She tried to catch at his hand, but got his wrist. She could feel the pulse under his skin. “I only ever loved three people in my life,” she said. “My mom and Luke, and you. And I’ve lost all of them except you. Don’t ever imagine you aren’t important to me—don’t even think it.”

“My mom says you only need three people you can rely on in order to achieve self-actualization,” said Simon. His tone was light but his voice cracked halfway through “actualization.”

“She says you seem pretty self-actualized.”

Clary smiled at him ruefully. “Did your mom have any other words of wisdom about me?”

“Yeah.” He returned her smile with one just as crooked. “But I’m not going to tell you what they were.”

“No fair keeping secrets!”

“Who ever said the world was fair?”



In the end, they lay against each other as they had when they were children: shoulder to shoulder, Clary’s leg thrown over Simon’s. Her toes came to just below his knee. Flat on their backs, they stared up at the ceiling as they talked, a habit left over from the time when Clary’s ceiling had been covered with paste-on glow-in-the-dark stars. Where Jace had smelled like soap and limes, Simon smelled like someone who’d been rolling around the parking lot of a supermarket, but Clary didn’t mind.

“The weird thing is”—Simon wound a curl of her hair around his finger—“I was joking with Isabelle about vampires right before it all happened. Just trying to get her to laugh, you know? ‘What freaks out Jewish vampires? Silver stars of David? Chopped liver? Checks for eighteen dollars?’”

Clary laughed.

Simon looked gratified. “Isabelle didn’t laugh.”

Clary thought of a number of things she wanted to say, and didn’t say them. “I’m not sure that’s Isabelle’s kind of humor.”

Simon cut a sideways glance at her under his lashes. “Is she sleeping with Jace?”

Clary’s squeak of surprise turned into a cough. She glared at him. “Ew, no. They’re practically related. They wouldn’t do that.” She paused. “I don’t *think* so, anyway.”

Simon shrugged. “Not like I care,” he said firmly.

“Sure you don’t.”

“I don’t!” He rolled onto his side. “You know, initially I thought Isabelle seemed, I don’t know—cool. Exciting. Different. Then, at the party, I realized she was actually crazy.”

Clary slit her eyes at him. “Did she tell you to drink the blue cocktail?”

He shook his head. “That was all me. I saw you go off with Jace and Alec, and I don’t know . . . You looked so different from usual. You *seemed* so different. I couldn’t help thinking you’d changed already, and this new world of yours would leave me out. I wanted to do something that would make me more a part of it. So when the little green guy came by with the tray of drinks . . .”

Clary groaned. “You’re an idiot.”

“I’ve never claimed otherwise.”

“Sorry. Was it awful?”

“Being a rat? No. First it was disorienting. I was suddenly at ankle-level with everyone. I thought I’d drunk a shrinking potion, but I couldn’t figure out why I had this urge to chew used gum wrappers.”

Clary giggled. “No. I mean the vampire hotel—was that awful?”

Something flickered behind his eyes. He looked away. “No. I don’t really remember much between the party and landing in the parking lot.”

“Probably better that way.”

He started to say something but was arrested mid-yawn. The light in the room had slowly faded. Disentangling herself

from Simon and the bedsheets, Clary got up and pushed aside the window curtains. Outside, the city was bathed in the reddish glow of sunset. The silvery roof of the Chrysler Building, fifty blocks downtown, glowed like a poker left too long in the fire. “The sun’s setting. Maybe we should look for some dinner.”

There was no response. Turning, she saw that Simon was asleep, his arms folded under his head, legs sprawled. She sighed, went over to the bed, plucked his glasses off, and set them on the night table. She couldn’t count the times he’d fallen asleep with them on and been woken by the sound of cracking lenses.

Now where am I going to sleep? Not that she minded sharing a bed with Simon, but he hadn’t exactly left her any room. She considered poking him awake, but he looked so peaceful. Besides, she wasn’t sleepy. She was just reaching for the sketchpad under the pillow when a knock sounded on the door.

She padded barefoot across the room and turned the doorknob quietly. It was Jace. Clean, in jeans and a gray shirt, his washed hair a halo of damp gold. The bruises on his face were already fading from purple to faint gray, and his hands were behind his back.

“Were you asleep?” he asked. There was no contrition in his voice, only curiosity.

“No.” Clary stepped out into the hallway, pulling the door shut behind her. “Why would you think that?”

He eyed her baby blue cotton tank top and sleep shorts set. “No reason.”

“I was in bed most of the day,” she said, which was technically true. Seeing him, her jitter level had shot up about a thousand percent, but she saw no reason to share that information. “What about you? Aren’t you exhausted?”

He shook his head. “Much like the postal service, demon hunters never sleep. ‘Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these—’”

“You’d be in major trouble if gloom of night did stay you,” she pointed out.

He grinned. Unlike his hair, his teeth weren’t perfect. An upper incisor was slightly, endearingly chipped.

She gripped her elbows. It was chilly in the hallway and she could feel goose bumps starting up her arms. “What are you doing here, anyway?”

“‘Here’ as in your bedroom or ‘here’ as in the great spiritual question of our purpose here on this planet? If you’re asking whether it’s all just a cosmic coincidence or there’s a greater meta-ethical purpose to life, well, that’s a puzzler for the ages. I mean, simple ontological reductionism is clearly a fallacious argument, but—”

“I’m going back to bed.” Clary reached for the doorknob.

He slid nimbly between her and the door. “I’m here,” he said, “because Hodge reminded me it was your birthday.”

Clary exhaled in exasperation. “Not until tomorrow.”

“That’s no reason not to start celebrating now.”

She eyed him. “You’re avoiding Alec and Isabelle.”

He nodded. “Both of them are trying to pick fights with me.”

“For the same reason?”

“I couldn’t tell.” He glanced furtively up and down the hallway. “Hodge, too. Everyone wants to talk to me. Except you. I bet you don’t want to talk to me.”

“No,” said Clary. “I want to eat. I’m starving.”

He brought his hand out from behind his back. In it was a slightly crumpled paper bag. “I sneaked some food from the kitchen when Isabelle wasn’t looking.”

Clary grinned. “A picnic? It’s a little late for Central Park, don’t you think? It’s full of—”

He waved a hand. “Faeries. I know.”

“I was going to say muggers,” said Clary. “Though I pity the mugger who goes after you.”

“That is a wise attitude, and I commend you for it,” said Jace, looking gratified. “But I wasn’t thinking of Central Park. How about the greenhouse?”

“Now? At night? Won’t it be—dark?”

He smiled as if at a secret. “Come on. I’ll show you.”

In the half-light the big empty rooms they passed through on their way to the roof looked as deserted as stage sets, the white-draped furniture looming up out of the dimness like icebergs through fog.

When Jace opened the greenhouse door, the scent hit Clary, soft as the padded blow of a cat's paw: the rich dark smell of earth and the stronger, soapy scent of night-blooming flowers—moonflowers, white angel's trumpet, four-o'clocks—and some she didn't recognize, like a plant bearing a star-shaped yellow blossom whose petals were medallioned with golden pollen. Through the glass walls of the enclosure she could see the lights of Manhattan burning like cold jewels.

"Wow." She turned slowly, taking it in. "It's so beautiful here at night."

Jace grinned. "And we have the place to ourselves. Alec and Isabelle hate it up here. They have allergies."

Clary shivered, though she wasn't at all cold. "What kind of flowers are these?"

Jace shrugged and sat down, carefully, next to a glossy green shrub dotted all over with tightly closed flower buds. "No idea. You think I pay attention in botany class? I'm not going to be an archivist. I don't need to know about that stuff."

"You just need to know how to kill things?"

He looked up at her and smiled. He looked like a fair-haired angel from a Rembrandt painting, except for that devilish mouth. "That's right." He took a napkin-wrapped package out of the bag and offered it to her. "Also," he added, "I make a mean cheese sandwich. Try one."

Clary smiled reluctantly and sat down across from him. The stone floor of the greenhouse was cold against her bare legs, but it was pleasant after so many days of relentless heat. Out of the paper bag Jace drew some apples, a bar of fruit and nut chocolate, and a bottle of water. "Not a bad haul," she said admiringly.

The cheese sandwich was warm and a little limp, but it tasted fine. From one of the innumerable pockets inside his jacket, Jace produced a bone-handled knife that looked capable of disemboweling a grizzly. He set to work on the apples, carving them into meticulous eighths. "Well, it's not birthday cake," he said, handing her a section, "but hopefully it's better than nothing."

"Nothing is what I was expecting, so thanks." She took a bite. The apple tasted green and cool.

"Nobody should get nothing on their birthday." He was peeling the second apple, the skin coming away in long curling strips. "Birthdays should be special. My birthday was always the one day my father said I could do or have anything I wanted."

"Anything?" She laughed. "Like what kind of anything did you want?"

"Well, when I was five, I wanted to take a bath in spaghetti."

"But he didn't let you, right?"

"No, that's the thing. He did. He said it wasn't expensive, and why not if that was what I wanted? He had the servants fill a bath with boiling water and pasta, and when it cooled down . . ." He shrugged. "I took a bath in it."

Servants? Clary thought. Out loud she said, "How was it?"

"Slippery."

"I'll bet." She tried to picture him as a little boy, giggling, up to his ears in pasta. The image wouldn't form. Surely Jace never giggled, not even at the age of five. "What else did you ask for?"

“Weapons, mostly,” he said, “which I’m sure doesn’t surprise you. Books. I read a lot on my own.”

“You didn’t go to school?”

“No,” he said, and now he spoke slowly, almost as if they were approaching a topic he didn’t want to discuss.

“But your friends—”

“I didn’t have friends,” he said. “Besides my father. He was all I needed.”

She stared at him. “No friends at all?”

He met her look steadily. “The first time I saw Alec,” he said, “when I was ten years old, that was the first time I’d ever met another child my own age. The first time I *had* a friend.”

She dropped her gaze. Now an image was forming, unwelcome, in her head: She thought of Alec, the way he had looked at her. *He wouldn’t say that.*

“Don’t feel sorry for me,” Jace said, as if guessing her thoughts, though it hadn’t been him she’d been feeling sorry for. “He gave me the best education, the best training. He took me all over the world. London. Saint Petersburg. Egypt. We used to love to travel.” His eyes were dark. “I haven’t been anywhere since he died. Nowhere but New York.”

“You’re lucky,” Clary said. “I’ve never been outside this state in my life. My mom wouldn’t even let me go on field trips to D.C. I guess I know why now,” she added ruefully.

“She was afraid you’d freak out? Start seeing demons in the White House?”

She nibbled a piece of chocolate. “There are demons in the White House?”

“I was kidding,” said Jace. “I think.” He shrugged philosophically. “I’m sure someone would have mentioned it.”

“I think she just didn’t want me to get too far away from her. My mom, I mean. After my dad died, she changed a lot.” Luke’s voice echoed in her mind. *You’ve never been the same since it happened, but Clary isn’t Jonathan.*

Jace cocked an eyebrow at her. “Do you remember your father?”

She shook her head. “No. He died before I was born.”

“You’re lucky,” he said. “That way you don’t miss him.”

From anyone else it would have been an appalling thing to say, but there was no bitterness in his voice for a change, only an ache of loneliness for his own father. “Does it go away?” she asked. “Missing him, I mean?”

He looked at her obliquely, but didn’t answer. “Are you thinking of your mother?”

No. She wouldn’t think of her mother that way. “Of Luke, actually.”

“Not that that’s actually his name.” He took a thoughtful bite of apple and said, “I’ve been thinking about him. Something about his behavior doesn’t add up—”

“He’s a coward.” Clary’s voice was bitter. “You heard him. He won’t go against Valentine. Not even for my mother.”

“But that’s exactly—” A long clanging reverberation interrupted him. Somewhere, a bell was tolling. “Midnight,” said Jace, setting the knife down. He got to his feet, holding his hand out to pull her up beside him. His fingers were slightly sticky with apple juice. “Now, watch.”

His gaze was fixed on the green shrub they’d been sitting beside, with its dozens of shiny closed buds. She started to ask him what she was supposed to be looking at, but he held up a hand to forestall her. His eyes were shining. “Wait,” he said.

The leaves on the shrub hung still and motionless. Suddenly one of the tightly closed buds began to quiver and tremble. It swelled to twice its size and burst open. It was like watching a speeded-up film of a flower blooming: the delicate green sepals opening outward, releasing the clustered petals inside. They were dusted with pale gold pollen as light as talcum.

“Oh!” said Clary, and looked up to find Jace watching her. “Do they bloom every night?”

“Only at midnight,” he said. “Happy birthday, Clarissa Fray.”

She was oddly touched. “Thank you.”

“I have something for you,” he said. He dug into his pocket and brought out something, which he pressed into her hand. It was a gray stone, slightly uneven, worn to smoothness in spots.

“Huh,” said Clary, turning it over in her fingers. “You know, when most girls say they want a big rock, they don’t mean, you know, literally a *big rock*.”

“Very amusing, my sarcastic friend. It’s not a rock, precisely. All Shadowhunters have a witchlight rune-stone.”

“Oh.” She looked at it with renewed interest, closing her fingers around it as she’d seen Jace do in the cellar. She wasn’t sure, but she thought she could see a glint of light peeking out through her fingers.

“It will bring you light,” said Jace, “even among the darkest shadows of this world and others.”

She slipped it into her pocket. “Well, thanks. It was nice of you to give me anything.” The tension between them seemed to press down on her like humid air. “Better than a bath in spaghetti any day.”

He said darkly, “If you share that little bit of personal information with anyone, I may have to kill you.”

“Well, when *I* was five, I wanted my mother to let me go around and around inside the dryer with the clothes,” Clary said. “The difference is, she didn’t let me.”

“Probably because going around and around inside a dryer can be fatal,” Jace pointed out, “whereas pasta is rarely fatal. Unless Isabelle makes it.”

The midnight flower was already shedding petals. They drifted toward the floor, glimmering like slivers of starlight. “When I was twelve, I wanted a tattoo,” Clary said. “My mom wouldn’t let me have that, either.”

Jace didn't laugh. "Most Shadowhunters get their first Marks at twelve. It must have been in your blood."

"Maybe. Although I doubt most Shadowhunters get a tattoo of Donatello from the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles on their left shoulder."

Jace looked baffled. "You wanted a turtle on your shoulder?"

"I wanted to cover my chicken pox scar." She pulled the strap of the tank top aside slightly, showing the star-shaped white mark at the top of her shoulder. "See?"

He looked away. "It's getting late," he said. "We should go back downstairs."

Clary pulled her strap back up awkwardly. As if he wanted to see her stupid scars.

The next words tumbled out of her mouth without any volition on her part. "Have you and Isabelle ever—dated?"

Now he did look at her. The moonlight leached the color out of his eyes. They were more silver than gold now. "Isabelle?" he said blankly.

"I thought—" Now she felt even more awkward. "Simon was wondering."

"Maybe he should ask her."

"I'm not sure he wants to," Clary said. "Anyway, never mind. It's none of my business."

He smiled unnervingly. "The answer is no. I mean, there may have been a time when one or the other of us considered it, but she's almost a sister to me. It would be strange."

"You mean Isabelle and you never—"

"Never," said Jace.

"She hates me," observed Clary.

"No, she doesn't," he said, to her surprise. "You just make her nervous, because she's always been the only girl in a crowd of adoring boys, and now she isn't anymore."

“But she’s so beautiful.”

“So are you,” said Jace, “and very different from how she is, and she can’t help but notice that. She’s always wanted to be small and delicate, you know. She hates being taller than most boys.”

Clary said nothing to this, because she had nothing to say. Beautiful. He’d called her beautiful. Nobody had ever called her that before, except her mother, which didn’t count. Mothers were required to think you were beautiful. She stared at him.

“We should probably go downstairs,” he said again. She was sure she was making him uncomfortable with the staring, but she didn’t seem to be able to stop.

“All right,” she said finally. To her relief, her voice sounded normal. It was a further relief to look away from him as she turned around. The moon, directly overhead now, lit everything nearly to daylight brightness. In between one step and another she saw a white spark struck off something on the floor: It was the knife Jace had been using to cut apples, lying on its side. She jerked hastily back to avoid stepping on it, and her shoulder bumped his—he put a hand out to steady her, just as she turned to apologize, and then she was somehow in the circle of his arm and he was kissing her.

It was at first almost as if he hadn’t wanted to kiss her: His mouth was hard on hers, unyielding; then he put both arms around her and pulled her against him. His lips softened. She could feel the rapid beat of his heart, taste the sweetness of apples still on his mouth. She wound her hands into his hair, as she’d wanted to do since the first time she’d seen him. His hair curled around her fingers, silky and fine. Her heart was hammering, and there was a rushing sound in her ears, like beating wings—

Jace drew away from her with a muffled exclamation, though his arms were still around her. “Don’t panic, but we’ve got an audience.”

Clary turned her head. Perched on a nearby tree branch was Hugo, watching them beadily from bright black eyes. So the

sound she'd heard *had* been wings rather than demented passion. That was disappointing.

"If he's here, Hodge won't be far behind," said Jace under his breath. "We should go."

"Is he *spying* on you?" Clary hissed. "Hodge, I mean."

"No. He just likes to come up here to think. Too bad—we were having such a scintillating conversation." He laughed soundlessly.

They made their way back downstairs the way they had come, but it felt like a different journey entirely to Clary. Jace kept her hand in his, sending tiny electrical shocks traveling up and down her veins from every point where he touched her: her fingers, her wrist, the palm of her hand. Her mind was buzzing with questions, but she was too afraid of breaking the mood to ask him any of them. He'd said "too bad," so she guessed their evening was over, at least the kissing part.

They reached her door. She leaned against the wall beside it, looking up at him. "Thanks for the birthday picnic," she said, trying to keep her tone neutral.

He seemed reluctant to let go of her hand. "Are you going to sleep?"

He's just being polite, she told herself. Then again, this was Jace. He was never polite. She decided to answer the question with a question. "Aren't you tired?"

His voice was low. "I've never been more awake."

He bent to kiss her, cupping her face with his free hand. Their lips touched, lightly at first, and then with a stronger pressure. It was at precisely that moment that Simon threw open the bedroom door and stepped out into the hall.

He was blinking and tousle-haired and without his glasses, but he could see well enough. "What the *hell*?" he demanded, so loudly that Clary leaped away from Jace as if his touch burned her.

"Simon! What are you—I mean, I thought you were—"

“Asleep? I was,” he said. The tops of his cheekbones had flushed dark red through his tan, the way they always did when he was embarrassed or upset. “Then I woke up and you weren’t there, so I thought . . .”

Clary couldn’t think of a thing to say. Why hadn’t it occurred to her that this might happen? Why hadn’t she said they should go to Jace’s room? The answer was as simple as it was awful: She had forgotten about Simon completely.

“I’m sorry,” she said, not sure who she was even speaking to. Out of the corner of her eye she thought she saw Jace shoot her a look of white rage—but when she glanced at him, he looked as he always did: easy, confident, slightly bored.

“In future, Clarissa,” he said, “it might be wise to mention that you already have a man in your bed, to avoid such tedious situations.”

“You invited him into *bed*?” Simon demanded, looking shaken.

“Ridiculous, isn’t it?” said Jace. “We would never have all fit.”

“I didn’t invite him into bed,” Clary snapped. “We were just kissing.”

“Just kissing?” Jace’s tone mocked her with its false hurt. “How swiftly you dismiss our love.”

“Jace . . .”

She saw the bright malice in his eyes and trailed off. There was no point. Her stomach felt suddenly heavy. “Simon, it’s late,” she said tiredly. “I’m sorry we woke you up.”

“So am I.” He stalked back into the bedroom, slamming the door behind him.

Jace’s smile was as bland as buttered toast. “Go on, go after him. Pat his head and tell him he’s still your super special little guy. Isn’t that what you want to do?”

“Stop it,” she said. “Stop being like that.”

His smile widened. “Like what?”

“If you’re angry, just say it. Don’t act like nothing ever touches you. It’s like you never feel anything at all.”

“Maybe you should have thought about that before you kissed me,” he said.

She looked at him incredulously. “*I kissed you?*”

He looked at her with glittering malice. “Don’t worry,” he said, “it wasn’t that memorable for me, either.”

She watched him walk away, and felt the mingled urge to burst into tears and to run after him for the express purpose of kicking him in the ankle. Knowing either action would fill him with satisfaction, she did neither, but went warily back into the bedroom.

Simon was standing in the middle of the room, looking lost. He’d put his glasses back on. She heard Jace’s voice in her head, saying nastily: *Pat his head and tell him he’s still your super special little guy.*

She took a step toward him, then stopped when she realized what he was holding in his hand. Her sketchpad, open to the drawing she’d been doing, the one of Jace with angel wings. “Nice,” he said. “All those Tisch classes must be paying off.”

Normally, Clary would have told him off for looking into her sketchpad, but now wasn’t the time. “Simon, look—”

“I recognize that stalking off to sulk in *your* bedroom might not have been the smoothest move,” he interrupted stiffly, tossing the sketchpad back onto the bed. “But I had to get my stuff.”

“Where are you going?” she asked.

“Home. I’ve been here too long, I think. Mundanes like me don’t belong in a place like this.”

She sighed. “Look, I’m sorry, okay? I wasn’t intending to kiss him; it just happened. I know you don’t like him.”

“No,” Simon said even more stiffly. “I don’t *like* flat soda. I don’t *like* crappy boy band pop. I don’t *like* being stuck in traffic. I don’t *like* math homework. I *hate* Jace. See the difference?”

“He saved your life,” Clary pointed out, feeling like a fraud —after all, Jace had come along to the Dumort only because he’d been worried he’d get in trouble if she got herself killed.

“Details,” said Simon dismissively. “He’s an asshole. I thought you were better than that.”

Clary’s temper flared. “Oh, and now *you’re* pulling a high-and-mighty trip on me?” she snapped. “You’re the one who was going to ask the girl with the most ‘rockin’ bod’ to the Fall Fling.” She mimicked Eric’s lazy tone. Simon’s mouth thinned out angrily. “So what if Jace is a jerk sometimes? You’re not my brother, you’re not my dad, you don’t *have* to like him. I’ve never liked any of your girlfriends, but at least I’ve had the decency to keep it to myself.”

“This,” said Simon, between his teeth, “is different.”

“How? How is it different?”

“Because I see the way you look at him!” he shouted. “And I never looked at any of those girls like that! It was just something to do, a way to practice, until—”

“Until what?” Clary knew dimly that she was being horrible, the whole thing was horrible; they’d never even had a fight before that was more serious than an argument about who’d eaten the last Pop-Tart from the box in the tree house, but she didn’t seem able to stop. “Until Isabelle came along? I can’t believe you’re lecturing me about Jace when you made a complete fool of yourself over her!” Her voice rose to a scream.

“I was *trying to make you jealous!*” Simon screamed, right back. His hands were fists at his sides. “You’re so stupid, Clary. You’re so *stupid*, can’t you see anything?”

She stared at him in bewilderment. What on earth did he mean? “Trying to make me jealous? Why would you try to do that?”

She saw immediately that this was the worst thing she could have asked him.

“Because,” he said, so bitterly that it shocked her, “I’ve been in love with you for ten years, so I thought it seemed like

time to find out whether you felt the same about me. Which, I guess, you don't."

He might as well have kicked her in the stomach. She couldn't speak; the air had been sucked out of her lungs. She stared at him, trying to frame a response, any response.

He cut her off sharply. "Don't. There's nothing you can say." She watched him walk to the door as if paralyzed; she couldn't move to hold him back, much as she wanted to. What could she say? "I love you, too"? But she didn't—did she?

He paused at the door, hand on the knob, and turned to look at her. His eyes, behind the glasses, looked more tired than angry now. "You really want to know what else it was my mom said about you?" he asked.

She shook her head.

He didn't seem to notice. "She said you'd break my heart," he told her, and left. The door closed behind him with a decided click, and Clary was alone.



After he was gone, she sank down onto the bed and picked up her sketchbook. She cradled it to her chest, not wanting to draw in it, just craving the feel and smell of familiar things: ink, paper, chalk.

She thought about running after Simon, trying to catch him. But what would she say? What could she *possibly* say? *You're so stupid, Clary*, he'd said to her. *Can't you see anything?*

She thought of a hundred things he'd said or done, jokes Eric and the others had made about them, conversations hushed when she'd walked into the room. Jace had known from the beginning. *I was laughing at you because declarations of love amuse me, especially when unrequited.* She hadn't stopped to wonder what he was talking about, but now she knew.

She had told Simon earlier that she'd only ever loved three people: her mother, Luke, and him. She wondered if it was actually possible, within the space of a week, to lose everyone that you loved. She wondered if it was the sort of thing you

survived or not. And yet—for those brief moments, up on the roof with Jace, she'd forgotten her mother. She'd forgotten Luke. She'd forgotten Simon. And she'd been happy. That was the worst part, that she'd been happy.

Maybe this, she thought, losing Simon, maybe this is my punishment for the selfishness of being happy, even for just a moment, when my mother is still missing. None of it had been real, anyway. Jace might be an exceptional kisser, but he didn't care about her at all. He'd said as much.

She lowered the sketchbook slowly into her lap. Simon had been right; it was a good picture of Jace. She'd caught the hard line of his mouth, the incongruously vulnerable eyes. The wings looked so real she imagined that if she brushed her fingers across them, they'd be soft. She let her hand trail across the page, her mind wandering . . .

And jerked her hand back, staring. Her fingers had touched not dry paper but the soft down of feathers. Her eyes flashed up to the runes she'd scrawled in the corner of the page. They were shining, the way she'd seen the runes Jace drew with his stele shine.

Her heart had begun to beat with a rapid, steady sharpness. If a rune could bring a painting to life, then maybe—

Not taking her eyes off the drawing, she fumbled for her pencils. Breathless, she flipped to a new, clean page and hastily began to draw the first thing that came to mind. It was the coffee mug sitting on the nightstand next to her bed. Drawing on her memories of still life class, she drew it in every detail: the smudged rim, the crack in the handle. When she was done, it was as exact as she could make it. Driven by some instinct she didn't quite understand, she reached for the cup and set it down on top of the paper. Then, very carefully, she began to sketch the runes beside it.

Jace was lying on his bed pretending to be asleep—for his own benefit, not anyone else's—when the banging on the door finally got to be too much for him. He hauled himself off the bed, wincing. Much as he'd pretended to be fine up in the greenhouse, his whole body still ached from the beating it had taken last night.

He knew who it was going to be before he opened the door. Maybe Simon had managed to get himself turned into a rat again. This time Simon could stay a goddamned rat forever, for all he, Jace Wayland, was prepared to do about it.

She was clutching her sketchpad, her bright hair escaping out of its braids. He leaned against the door frame, ignoring the kick of adrenaline the sight of her produced. He wondered why, not for the first time. Isabelle used her beauty like she used her whip, but Clary didn't know she was beautiful at all. Maybe that *was* why.

He could think of only one reason for her to be there, though it made no sense after what he'd said to her. Words were weapons, his father had taught him that, and he'd wanted to hurt Clary more than he'd ever wanted to hurt any girl. In fact, he wasn't sure he had ever wanted to hurt a girl before. Usually he just wanted them, and then wanted them to leave him alone.

"Don't tell me," he said, drawing his words out in that way he knew she hated. "Simon's turned himself into an ocelot and you want me to do something about it before Isabelle makes him into a stole. Well, you'll have to wait till tomorrow. I'm out of commission." He pointed at himself—he was wearing blue pajamas with a hole in the sleeve. "Look. Jammies."

Clary seemed barely to have heard him. He realized she was clutching something in her hands—her sketchpad. “Jace,” she said. “This is important.”

“Don’t tell me,” he said. “You’ve got a drawing emergency. You need a nude model. Well, I’m not in the mood. You could ask Hodge,” he added, as an afterthought. “I hear he’ll do anything for a—”

“JACE!” she interrupted him, her voice rising to a scream. “JUST SHUT UP FOR A SECOND AND LISTEN, WILL YOU?”

He blinked.

She took a deep breath and looked up at him. Her eyes were full of uncertainty. An unfamiliar urge rose inside him: the urge to put his arms around her and tell her it was all right. He didn’t. In his experience, things were rarely all right. “Jace,” she said, so softly that he had to lean forward to catch her words, “I think I know where my mother hid the Mortal Cup. It’s inside a painting.”



“What?” Jace was still staring at her as if she’d told him she’d found one of the Silent Brothers doing nude cartwheels in the hallway. “You mean she hid it *behind* a painting? All the paintings in your apartment were torn out of the frames.”

“I know.” Clary glanced past him into his bedroom. It didn’t look like there was anyone else in there, to her relief. “Look, can I come in? I want to show you something.”

He slouched back from the door. “If you must.”

She sat down on the bed, balancing her sketchpad on her knees. The clothes he’d been wearing earlier were flung across the covers, but the rest of the room was neat as a monk’s chamber. There were no pictures on the walls, no posters or photos of friends or family. The blankets were white and pulled tight and flat across the bed. Not exactly a typical teenage boy’s bedroom. “Here,” she said, flipping the pages until she found the coffee cup drawing. “Look at this.”

Jace sat down next to her, shoving his discarded T-shirt out of the way. “It’s a coffee cup.”

She could hear the irritation in her own voice. “*I know* it’s a coffee cup.”

“I can’t wait till you draw something really complicated, like the Brooklyn Bridge or a lobster. You’ll probably send me a singing telegram.”

She ignored him. “Look. This is what I wanted you to see.” She passed her hand over the drawing; then, with a quick darting motion, reached *into* the paper. When she drew her hand back a moment later, there was the coffee cup, dangling from her fingers.

She had imagined Jace leaping from the bed in astonishment and gasping something like “Egad!” This didn’t happen—largely, she suspected, because Jace had seen much stranger things in his life, and also because nobody used the word “Egad!” anymore. His eyes widened, though. “You did that?”

She nodded.

“When?”

“Just now, in my bedroom, after—after Simon left.”

His glance sharpened, but he didn’t pursue it. “You used runes? Which ones?”

She shook her head, fingering the now blank page. “I don’t know. They came into my head and I drew them exactly how I saw them.”

“Ones you saw earlier in the Gray Book?”

“I don’t know.” She was still shaking her head. “I couldn’t tell you.”

“And no one ever showed you how to do this? Your mother, for instance?”

“No. I told you before, my mother always told me there was no such thing as magic—”

“I bet she did teach you,” he interrupted. “And made you forget it afterward. Magnus did say your memories would come back slowly.”

“Maybe.”

“Of course.” Jace got to his feet and started to pace. “It’s probably against the Law to use runes like that unless you’ve been licensed. But that doesn’t matter right now. You think your mother put the Cup into a painting? Like you just did with that mug?”

Clary nodded. “But not one of the paintings in the apartment.”

“Where else? A gallery? It could be anywhere—”

“Not a painting at all,” Clary said. “In a card.”

Jace paused, turning toward her. “A card?”

“You remember that tarot deck of Madame Dorothea’s? The one my mother painted for her?”

He nodded.

“And remember when I drew the Ace of Cups? Later when I saw the statue of the Angel, the Cup looked familiar to me. It was because I’d seen it before, on the Ace. My mother *painted the Mortal Cup into Madame Dorothea’s tarot deck.*”

Jace was a step behind her. “Because she knew that it would be safe with a Control, and it was a way she could give it to Dorothea without actually telling her what it was or why she had to keep it hidden.”

“Or even that she had to keep it hidden at all. Dorothea never goes out, she’d never give it away—”

“And your mother was ideally placed to keep an eye on both it and her.” Jace sounded almost impressed. “Not a bad move.”

“I guess so.” Clary fought to control the waver in her voice. “I wish she hadn’t been so good at hiding it.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean if they’d found it, maybe they would have left her alone. If all they wanted was the Cup—”

“They would have killed her, Clary,” Jace said. She knew he was telling the truth. “These are the same men who killed my father. The only reason she may still be alive now is that they can’t find the Cup. Be glad she hid it so well.”



“I don’t really see what any of this has to do with us,” Alec said, looking blearily through his hair. Jace had woken the rest of the Institute’s residents at the crack of dawn and dragged them to the library to, as he said, “devise battle strategies.” Alec was still in his pajamas, Isabelle in a pink peignoir set. Hodge, in his usual sharp tweed suit, was drinking coffee out of a chipped blue ceramic mug. Only Jace, bright-eyed despite fading bruises, looked really awake. “I thought the search for the Cup was in the hands of the Clave now.”

“It’s just better if we do this ourselves,” said Jace impatiently. “Hodge and I already discussed it and that’s what we decided.”

“Well.” Isabelle tucked a pink-ribboned braid behind her ear. “I’m game.”

“I’m not,” Alec said. “There are operatives of the Clave in this city right now looking for the Cup. Pass the information on to them and let them get it.”

“It’s not that simple,” said Jace.

“It is simple.” Alec sat forward, frowning. “This has nothing to do with us and everything to do with your—your addiction to danger.”

Jace shook his head, clearly exasperated. “I don’t understand why you’re fighting me on this.”

Because he doesn’t want you to get hurt, Clary thought, and wondered at his total inability to see what was really going on with Alec. Then again, she’d missed the same thing in Simon. Who was she to talk? “Look, Dorothea—the owner of the Sanctuary—doesn’t trust the Clave. Hates them, in fact. She does trust us.”

“She trusts me,” said Clary. “I don’t know about you. I’m not sure she likes you at all.”

Jace ignored her. “Come on, Alec. It’ll be fun. And think of the glory if we bring the Mortal Cup back to Idris! Our names will never be forgotten.”

“I don’t care about glory,” said Alec, his eyes never leaving Jace’s face. “I care about not doing anything stupid.”

“In this case, however, Jace is right,” said Hodge. “If the Clave were to come to the Sanctuary, it would be a disaster. Dorothea would flee with the Cup and would probably never be found. No, Jocelyn clearly wanted only one person to be able to find the Cup, and that is Clary, and Clary alone.”

“Then let her go alone,” said Alec.

Even Isabelle gave a little gasp at that. Jace, who had been leaning forward with his hands flat on the desk, stood up straight and looked at Alec coolly. Only Jace, Clary thought, could look cool in pajama bottoms and an old T-shirt, but he pulled it off, probably through sheer force of will. “If you’re afraid of a few Forsaken, by all means stay home,” he said softly.

Alec went white. “I’m not afraid,” he said.

“Good,” said Jace. “Then there’s no problem, is there?” He looked around the room. “We’re all in this together.”

Alec mumbled an affirmative, while Isabelle shook her head in a vigorous nod. “Sure,” she said. “It sounds fun.”

“I don’t know about fun,” said Clary. “But I’m in, of course.”

“But Clary,” Hodge said quickly. “If you are concerned about the danger, you don’t need to go. We can notify the Clave—”

“No,” Clary said, surprising herself. “My mom wanted me to find it. Not Valentine, and not them, either.” *It wasn’t the monsters she was hiding from*, Magnus had said. “If she really spent her whole life trying to keep Valentine away from this thing, this is the least I can do.”

Hodge smiled at her. "I think she knew you would say that," he said.

"Don't worry, anyway," Isabelle said. "You'll be fine. We can handle a couple of Forsaken. They're crazy, but they're not very smart."

"And a lot easier to deal with than demons," said Jace. "Not so tricky. Oh, and we're going to need a car," he added. "Preferably a big one."

"Why?" said Isabelle. "We've never needed a car before."

"We've never had to worry about having an immeasurably precious object with us before. I don't want to haul it on the L train," Jace explained.

"There's taxis," said Isabelle. "And rental vans."

Jace shook his head. "I want an environment we control. I don't want to deal with taxi drivers or mundane rental companies when we're doing something this important."

"Don't you have a driver's license or a car?" Alec asked Clary, looking at her with veiled loathing. "I thought all mundanes had those."

"Not when they're fifteen," Clary said crossly. "I was supposed to get one this year, but not yet."

"Fat lot of use you are."

"At least my friends can drive," she shot back. "Simon's got a license."

She instantly regretted saying it.

"*Does* he?" said Jace, in an aggravatingly thoughtful tone.

"But he hasn't got a car," she added quickly.

"So does he drive his parents' car?" Jace asked.

Clary sighed, settling back against the desk. "No. Usually he drives Eric's van. Like, to gigs and stuff. Sometimes Eric lets him borrow it for other stuff. Like if he has a date."

Jace snorted. "He picks up his dates in a van? No wonder he's such a hit with the ladies."

“It’s a car,” Clary said. “You’re just mad Simon has something you haven’t got.”

“He has many things I haven’t got,” said Jace. “Like nearsightedness, bad posture, and an appalling lack of coordination.”

“You know,” Clary said, “most psychologists agree that hostility is really just sublimated sexual attraction.”

“Ah,” said Jace blithely, “that might explain why I so often run into people who seem to dislike me.”

“I don’t dislike you,” said Alec quickly.

“That is because we share a brotherly affection,” said Jace, striding over to the desk. He took the black telephone and held it out to Clary. “Call him.”

“Call who?” Clary said, stalling for time. “Eric? He’d never lend me his car.”

“Simon,” said Jace. “Call Simon and ask him if he’ll drive us to your house.”

Clary made a last effort. “Don’t you know any Shadowhunters who have cars?”

“In New York?” Jace’s grin faded. “Look, everyone’s in Idris for the Accords, and anyway, they’d insist on coming with us. It’s this or nothing.”

She met his eyes for a moment. There was a challenge in them, and something more, as if he were daring her to explain her reluctance. With a scowl she stalked over to the desk and snatched the telephone out of his hand.

She didn’t have to think before dialing. Simon’s number was as familiar to her as her own. She braced herself to deal with his mother or one of his sisters, but he picked up on the second ring. “Hello?”

“Simon?”

Silence.

Jace was looking at her. Clary squeezed her eyes shut, trying to pretend he wasn’t there. “It’s me,” she said. “Clary.”

“I *know* who it is.” He sounded irritated. “I was asleep, you know.”

“I know. It’s early. I’m sorry.” She twirled the phone cord around her finger. “I need to ask you for a favor.”

There was another silence before he laughed bleakly. “You’re kidding.”

“I’m not kidding,” she said. “We know where the Mortal Cup is, and we’re prepared to go get it. The only thing is, we need a car.”

He laughed again. “Sorry, are you telling me that your demon-slaying buddies need to be driven to their next assignation with the forces of darkness by *my mom*?”

“Actually, I thought you could ask Eric if you could borrow the van.”

“Clary, if you think that I—”

“If we get the Mortal Cup, I’ll have a way to get my mom back. It’s the only reason Valentine hasn’t killed her or let her go.”

Simon let out a long, whistling breath. “You think it’s going to be that easy to make a trade? Clary, I don’t know.”

“I don’t know either. I just know it’s a chance.”

“This thing is powerful, right? In D&D it’s usually better not to mess with powerful objects until you know what they do.”

“I’m not going to mess with it. I’m just going to use it to get my mom back.”

“That doesn’t make any sense, Clary.”

“This isn’t D&D, Simon!” she half-screamed. “It’s not a funny game where the worst thing that happens is you get a bad dice roll. This is my *mom* we’re talking about, and Valentine could be torturing her. He could *kill* her. I have to do anything I can to get her back—just like I did for you.”

Pause. “Maybe you’re right. I don’t know, this isn’t really my world. Look, where are we driving to, exactly? So I can

tell Eric.”

“Don’t *bring* him,” she said quickly.

“I know,” he replied with exaggerated patience. “I’m not stupid.”

“We’re driving to my house. It’s in my house.”

There was a short silence—bewilderment this time. “In your *house*? I thought your house was full of zombies.”

“Forsaken warriors. They’re not zombies. Anyway, Jace and the others can take care of them while I get the Cup.”

“Why do *you* have to get the Cup?” He sounded alarmed.

“Because I’m the only one who can,” she said. “Pick us up at the corner as soon as you can.”

He muttered something nearly inaudible, then: “Fine.”

She opened her eyes. The world swam before her in a blur of tears. “Thanks, Simon,” she said. “You’re a—”

But he had hung up.



“It occurs to me,” said Hodge, “that the dilemmas of power are always the same.”

Clary glanced at him sideways. “What do you mean?”

She sat on the window seat in the library, Hodge in his chair with Hugo on the armrest. The remains of breakfast—sticky jam, toast crumbs, and smears of butter—clung to a stack of plates on the low table that no one had seemed inclined to clear away. After breakfast they had scattered to prepare themselves, and Clary had been the first one back. This was hardly surprising, considering that all she had to do was pull on jeans and a shirt and run a brush through her hair, while everyone else had to arm themselves heavily. Having lost Jace’s dagger in the hotel, the only remotely supernatural object she had on her was the witchlight stone in her pocket.

“I was thinking of your Simon,” Hodge said, “and of Alec and Jace, among others.”

She glanced out the window. It was raining, thick fat drops spattering against the panes. The sky was an impenetrable gray. “What do they have to do with each other?”

“Where there is feeling that is not requited,” said Hodge, “there is an imbalance of power. It is an imbalance that is easy to exploit, but it is not a wise course. Where there is love, there is often also hate. They can exist side by side.”

“Simon doesn’t hate me.”

“He might grow to, over time, if he felt you were using him.” Hodge held up a hand. “I know you do not intend to, and in some cases necessity trumps nicety of feeling. But the situation has put me in mind of another. Do you still have that photograph I gave you?”

Clary shook her head. “Not on me. It’s back in my room. I could go get it—”

“No.” Hodge stroked Hugo’s ebony feathers. “When your mother was young, she had a best friend, just as you have Simon. They were as close as siblings. In fact, they were often mistaken for brother and sister. As they grew older, it became clear to everyone around them that he was in love with her, but she never saw it. She always called him a ‘friend.’”

Clary stared at Hodge. “Do you mean Luke?”

“Yes,” said Hodge. “Lucian always thought he and Jocelyn would be together. When she met and loved Valentine, he could not bear it. After they were married, he left the Circle, disappeared—and let us all think that he was dead.”

“He never said—never even hinted at anything like that,” Clary said. “All these years, he could have asked her—”

“He knew what the answer would be,” said Hodge, looking past her toward the rain-spattered skylight. “Lucian was never the sort of man who would have deluded himself. No, he contented himself with being near her—assuming, perhaps, that over time her feelings might change.”

“But if he loved her, why did he tell those men he didn’t care what happened to her? Why did he refuse to let them tell him where she was?”

“As I said before, where there is love, there is also hatred,” said Hodge. “She hurt him badly all those years ago. She turned her back on him. And yet he has played her faithful lapdog ever since, never remonstrating, never accusing, never confronting her with his feelings. Perhaps he saw an opportunity to turn the tables. To hurt her as he’d been hurt.”

“Luke wouldn’t do that.” But Clary was remembering his icy tone as he told her not to ask him for favors. She saw the hard look in his eyes as he faced Valentine’s men. That wasn’t the Luke she’d known, the Luke she’d grown up with. That Luke would never have wanted to punish her mother for not loving him enough or in the right way. “But she did love him,” Clary said, speaking aloud without realizing it. “It just wasn’t the same way he loved her. Isn’t that enough?”

“Perhaps he didn’t think so.”

“What will happen after we get the Cup?” she said. “How will we reach Valentine to let him know we have it?”

“Hugo will find him.”

The rain smashed against the windows. Clary shivered. “I’m going to get a jacket,” she said, slipping off the window seat.

She found her green and pink hoodie stuffed down at the bottom of her backpack. When she pulled it out, she heard something crinkle. It was the photograph of the Circle, her mother and Valentine. She looked at it for a long moment before slipping it back into the bag.

When she returned to the library, the others were all gathered there: Hodge sitting watchfully on the desk with Hugo on his shoulder, Jace all in black, Isabelle with her demon-stomping boots and gold whip, and Alec with a quiver of arrows strapped across his shoulder and a leather bracer sheathing his right arm from wrist to elbow. Everyone but Hodge was covered in freshly applied Marks, every inch of bare skin inked with swirling patterns. Jace had his left sleeve pulled up, chin on his shoulder, and was frowning as he scrawled an octagonal Mark on the skin of his upper arm.

Alec looked over at him. "You're messing it up," he said. "Let me do that."

"I'm left-handed," Jace pointed out, but he spoke mildly and held his stele out. Alec looked relieved as he took it, as if he hadn't been sure until now that he was forgiven for his earlier behavior. "It's a basic *iratze*," Jace said as Alec bent his dark head over Jace's arm, carefully tracing the lines of the healing rune. Jace winced as the stele slid over his skin, his eyes half-closing and his fist tightening until the muscles of his left arm stood out like cords. "By the Angel, Alec—"

"I'm trying to be careful," said Alec. He let go of Jace's arm and stepped back to admire his handiwork. "There."

Jace unclenched his fist, lowering his arm. "Thanks." He seemed to sense Clary's presence then, glancing over at her, his gold eyes narrowing. "Clary."

"You look ready," she said as Alec, suddenly flushed, moved away from Jace and busied himself with his arrows.

"We are," Jace said. "Do you still have that dagger I gave you?"

"No. I lost it in the Dumort, remember?"

"That's right." Jace looked at her, pleased. "Nearly killed a werewolf with it. I remember."

Isabelle, who had been standing by the window, rolled her eyes. "I forgot that's what gets you all hot and bothered, Jace. Girls killing things."

"I like anyone killing things," he said equably. "Especially me."

Clary glanced anxiously toward the clock on the desk. "We should go downstairs. Simon will be here any minute."

Hodge stood up from his chair. He looked very tired, Clary thought, as if he hadn't slept in days.

"May the Angel watch over you all," he said, and Hugo rose up from his shoulder into the air cawing loudly, just as the noon bells began to ring.



It was still drizzling when Simon pulled the van up at the corner and honked twice. Clary's heart leaped—some part of her had been worried that he wasn't going to show up.

Jace squinted through the dripping rain. The four of them had taken shelter under a carved stone cornice. "*That's* the van? It looks like a rotting banana."

This was undeniable—Eric had painted the van a neon shade of yellow, and it was blotched with dings and rust like splotches of decay. Simon honked again. Clary could see him, a blurred shape through the wet windows. She sighed and pulled her hood up to cover her hair. "Let's go."

They splashed through the filthy puddles that had collected on the pavement, Isabelle's enormous boots making a satisfying noise every time she put her feet down. Simon, leaving the motor idling, crawled into the back to pull the door aside, revealing seats whose upholstery had half-rotted through. Dangerous-looking springs poked through the gaps. Isabelle wrinkled her nose. "Is it safe to sit?"

"Safer than being strapped to the roof," said Simon pleasantly, "which is your other option." He nodded a greeting to Jace and Alec, ignoring Clary completely. "Hey."

"Hey indeed," said Jace, and lifted the rattling canvas duffel bag that held their weapons. "Where can we put these?"

Simon directed him to the back, where the boys usually kept their musical instruments, while Alec and Isabelle crawled into the van's interior and perched on the seats. "Shotgun!" announced Clary as Jace came back around the side of the van.

Alec grabbed for his bow, strapped across his back. "Where?"

"She means she wants the front seat," said Jace, pushing wet hair out of his eyes.

"That's a nice bow," said Simon, with a nod toward Alec.

Alec blinked, rain running off his eyelashes. “Do you know much about archery?” he asked, in a tone that suggested that he doubted it.

“I did archery at camp,” said Simon. “Six years running.”

The response to this was three blank stares and a supportive smile from Clary, which Simon ignored. He glanced up at the lowering sky. “We should go before it starts pouring again.”

The front seat of the car was covered in Doritos wrappers and Pop-Tart crumbs. Clary brushed away what she could. Simon started the car before she’d finished, flinging her back against the seat. “Ouch,” she said reprovingly.

“Sorry.” He didn’t look at her.

Clary could hear the others talking softly in the back amongst themselves—probably discussing battle strategies and the best way to behead a demon without getting ichor on your new leather boots. Though there was nothing separating the front seat from the rest of the van, Clary felt the awkward silence between her and Simon as if they were alone.

“So what’s with that ‘hey’ thing?” she asked as Simon maneuvered the car onto the FDR parkway, the highway that ran alongside the East River.

“What ‘hey’ thing?” he replied, cutting off a black SUV whose occupant, a suited man with a cell phone in his hand, made an obscene gesture at them through the tinted windows.

“The ‘hey’ thing that guys always do. Like when you saw Jace and Alec, you said ‘hey,’ and they said ‘hey’ back. What’s wrong with ‘hello’?”

She thought she saw a muscle twitch in his cheek. “‘Hello’ is girly,” he informed her. “Real men are terse. Laconic.”

“So the more manly you are, the less you say?”

“Right.” Simon nodded. Past him she could see the humid fog lowering over the East River, shrouding the waterfront in feathery gray mist. The water itself was the color of lead, churned to a whipped cream consistency by the steady wind. “That’s why when major badasses greet each other in movies,

they don't say anything, they just nod. The nod means, 'I am a badass, and I recognize that you, too, are a badass,' but they don't say anything because they're Wolverine and Magneto and it would mess up their vibe to explain."

"I have no idea what you're talking about," said Jace, from the backseat.

"Good," Clary said, and was rewarded by the smallest of smiles from Simon as he turned the van onto the Manhattan Bridge, heading toward Brooklyn and home.



By the time they reached Clary's house, it had finally stopped raining. Threaded beams of sunlight were burning away the remnants of mist, and the puddles on the sidewalk were drying. Jace, Alec, and Isabelle made Simon and Clary wait by the van while they went to check, as Jace said, the "demonic activity levels."

Simon watched as the three Shadowhunters headed up the rose-lined walkway to the house. "Demonic activity levels? Do they have a device that measures whether the demons inside the house are doing power yoga?"

"No," Clary said, pushing her damp hood back so she could enjoy the feel of the sunlight on her draggled hair. "The Sensor tells them how powerful the demons are—if there are any demons."

Simon looked impressed. "That *is* useful."

She turned to him. "Simon, about last night—"

He held up a hand. "We don't have to talk about it. In fact, I'd rather not."

"Just let me say one thing." She spoke quickly. "I know that when you said you loved me, what I said back wasn't what you wanted to hear."

"True. I'd always hoped that when I finally said 'I love you' to a girl, she'd say 'I know' back, like Leia did to Han in *Return of the Jedi*."

"That is *so* geeky," Clary said, unable to help herself.

He glared at her.

“Sorry,” she said. “Look, Simon, I—”

“No,” he said. “*You* look, Clary. Look at me, and really see me. Can you do that?”

She looked at him. Looked at the dark eyes, flecked with lighter color toward the outside edge of the iris, at the familiar, slightly uneven eyebrows, the long lashes, the dark hair and hesitating smile and graceful musical hands that were all part of Simon, who was part of her. If she had to tell the truth, would she really say that she’d never known that he loved her? Or just that she’d never known what she would do about it if he did?

She sighed. “Seeing through glamour is easy. It’s people that are hard.”

“We all see what we want to see,” he said quietly.

“Not Jace,” she said, unable to help herself, thinking of those clear, impassive eyes.

“Him more than anyone.”

She frowned. “What do you—”

“All right,” came Jace’s voice, interrupting them. Clary turned hastily. “We’ve checked all four corners of the house—nothing. Low activity. Probably just the Forsaken, and they might not even bother us unless we try getting into the upstairs apartment.”

“And if they do,” said Isabelle, her grin as glittering as her whip, “we’ll be ready for them.”

Alec dragged the heavy canvas bag out of the back of the van, dropping it on the sidewalk. “Ready to go,” he announced. “Let’s kick some demon butt!”

Jace looked at him a little oddly. “You all right?”

“Fine.” Not looking at him, Alec discarded his bow and arrow in favor of a polished wooden featherstaff, with two glittering blades that appeared at a light touch from his fingers. “This is better.”

Isabelle looked at her brother with concern. “But the bow . . .”

Alec cut her off. “I know what I’m doing, Isabelle.”

The bow lay across the backseat, gleaming in the sunlight. Simon reached for it, then drew his hand back as a laughing group of young women pushing strollers headed up the street in the direction of the park. They took no notice of the three heavily armed teenagers crouched by the yellow van. “How come I can see you guys?” Simon asked. “What happened to that invisibility magic of yours?”

“You can see us,” said Jace, “because now you know the truth of what you’re looking at.”

“Yeah,” said Simon. “I guess I do.”

He protested a little when they asked him to stay by the van, but Jace impressed upon him the importance of having a getaway vehicle idling by the curb. “Sunlight’s fatal to demons, but it won’t hurt the Forsaken. What if they chase us? What if the car gets *towed*?”

The last Clary saw of Simon as she turned to wave from the front porch was his long legs propped up on the dashboard as he sorted through Eric’s CD collection. She breathed a sigh of relief. At least Simon was safe.

The smell hit her the moment they walked through the front door. It was almost indescribable, like spoiled eggs and maggoty meat and seaweed rotting on a hot beach. Isabelle wrinkled her nose and Alec turned greenish, but Jace looked as if he were inhaling rare perfume. “Demons have been here,” he announced, with cold delight. “Recently, too.”

Clary looked at him anxiously. “But they’re not still—”

“No.” He shook his head. “We would have sensed it. Still.” He jerked his chin at Dorothea’s door, tightly shut without a wisp of light peeking from underneath. “She might have some questions to answer if the Clave hears she’s been entertaining demons.”

“I doubt the Clave will be too pleased about any of this,” said Isabelle. “On balance, she’ll probably come out of it

better than we do.”

“They won’t care as long as we get the Cup in the end.” Alec was glancing around, blue eyes taking in the sizeable foyer, the curved staircase leading upstairs, the stains on the walls. “Especially if we slaughter a few Forsaken while we do it.”

Jace shook his head. “They’re in the upstairs apartment. My guess is that they won’t bother us unless we try to get in.”

Isabelle blew a sticky strand of hair out of her face and frowned at Clary. “What are you waiting for?”

Clary glanced involuntarily at Jace, who gave her a sideways smile. *Go ahead*, said his eyes.

She moved across the foyer toward Dorothea’s door, stepping carefully. With the skylight blackened with dirt and the entryway lightbulb still out, the only illumination came from Jace’s witchlight. The air was hot and close, and the shadows seemed to rise up before her like magically fast-growing plants in a nightmare forest. She reached up to knock on Dorothea’s door, once lightly and then again with more force.

It swung open, spilling a great wash of golden light into the foyer. Dorothea stood there, massive and imposing in swaths of green and orange. Today her turban was neon yellow, adorned with a stuffed canary and rickrack trim. Chandelier earrings bobbed against her hair, and her big feet were bare. Clary was surprised—she’d never seen Dorothea barefoot before, or wearing anything other than her faded carpet slippers.

Her toenails were a pale, and very tasteful, shell pink.

“Clary!” she exclaimed, and swept Clary into an overwhelming embrace. For a moment Clary struggled, embroiled in a sea of perfumed flesh, swaths of velvet, and the tasseled ends of Dorothea’s shawl. “Good Lord, girl,” said the witch, shaking her head until her earrings swung like wind chimes in a storm. “The last time I saw you, you were disappearing through my Portal. Where’d you end up?”

“Williamsburg,” said Clary, catching her breath.

Dorothea’s eyebrows shot skyward. “And they say there’s no convenient public transportation in Brooklyn.” She swung the door open and gestured for them to come in.

The place looked unchanged from the last time Clary had seen it: There were the same tarot cards and crystal ball scattered on the table. Her fingers itched for the cards, itched to snatch them up and see what might lie hidden inside their slickly painted surfaces.

Dorothea sank gratefully into an armchair and regarded the Shadowhunters with a stare as beady as the eyes of the stuffed canary on her hat. Scented candles burned in dishes on either side of the table, which did little to dispel the thick stench pervading every inch of the house. “I take it you haven’t located your mother?” she asked Clary.

Clary shook her head. “No. But I know who took her.”

Dorothea’s eyes darted past Clary to Alec and Isabelle, who were examining the Hand of Fate on the wall. Jace, looking supremely unconcerned in his role of bodyguard, lounged against a chair arm. Satisfied that none of her belongings were being destroyed, Dorothea returned her gaze to Clary. “Was it —”

“Valentine,” Clary confirmed. “Yes.”

Dorothea sighed. “I feared as much.” She settled back against the cushions. “Do you know what he wants with her?”

“I know she was married to him—”

The witch grunted. “Love gone wrong. The worst.”

Jace made a soft, almost inaudible noise at that—a chuckle. Dorothea’s ears pricked like a cat’s. “What’s so funny, boy?”

“What would you know about it?” he said. “Love, I mean.”

Dorothea folded her soft white hands in her lap. “More than you might think,” she said. “Didn’t I read your tea leaves, Shadowhunter? Have you fallen in love with the wrong person yet?”

Jace said, “Unfortunately, Lady of the Haven, my one true love remains myself.”

Dorothea roared at that. “At least,” she said, “you don’t have to worry about rejection, Jace Wayland.”

“Not necessarily. I turn myself down occasionally, just to keep it interesting.”

Dorothea roared again. Clary interrupted her. “You must be wondering why we’re here, Madame Dorothea.”

Dorothea subsided, wiping at her eyes. “Please,” she said, “feel free to give me my proper title, as the boy did. You may call me Lady. And I assumed,” she added, “that you came for the pleasure of my company. Was I wrong?”

“I don’t have time for the pleasure of anyone’s company. I have to help my mother, and to do that there’s something I need.”

“And what’s that?”

“It’s something called the Mortal Cup,” Clary said, “and Valentine thought my mother had it. That’s why he took her.”

Dorothea looked well and truly astonished. “The Cup of the Angel?” she said, disbelief coloring her voice. “Raziel’s Cup, in which he mixed the blood of angels and the blood of men and gave of this mixture to a man to drink, and created the first Shadowhunter?”

“That would be the one,” said Jace, a little dryness in his tone.

“Why on earth would he think she had it?” Dorothea demanded. “Jocelyn, of all people?” Realization dawned on her face before Clary could speak. “Because she wasn’t Jocelyn Fray at all, of course,” she said. “She was Jocelyn Fairchild, his wife. The one everyone thought had died. She took the Cup and fled, didn’t she?”

Something flickered in the back of the witch’s eyes then, but she lowered her lids so quickly that Clary thought she might have imagined it. “So,” Dorothea said, “do you know what you’re going to do now? Wherever she’s hidden it, it

can't be easy to find—if you even want it found. Valentine could do terrible things with his hands on that Cup.”

“I want it found,” said Clary. “We want to—”

Jace cut her off smoothly. “We know where it is,” he said. “It’s only a matter of retrieving it.”

Dorothea’s eyes widened. “Well, where is it?”

“Here,” said Jace, in a tone so smug that Isabelle and Alec wandered over from their perusal of the bookcase to see what was going on.

“Here? You mean you have it with you?”

“Not exactly, dear Lady,” said Jace, who was, Clary felt, enjoying himself in a truly appalling manner. “I meant that *you* have it.”

Dorothea’s mouth snapped shut. “That’s not funny,” she said, so sharply that Clary became worried that this was all going terribly wrong. Why did Jace always have to antagonize everyone?

“You do have it,” Clary interrupted hurriedly, “but not—”

Dorothea rose from the armchair to her full, magnificent height, and glowered down at them. “You are mistaken,” she said coldly. “Both in imagining that I have the Cup, and in daring to come here and call me a liar.”

Alec’s hand went to his featherstaff. “Oh, boy,” he said under his breath.

Baffled, Clary shook her head. “No,” she said quickly, “I’m not calling you a liar, I promise. I’m saying the Cup is here, but *you never knew it.*”

Madame Dorothea stared at her. Her eyes, nearly hidden in the folds of her face, were hard as marbles. “Explain yourself,” she said.

“I’m saying my mother hid it here,” said Clary. “Years ago. She never told you because she didn’t want to involve you.”

“So she gave it to you disguised,” Jace explained, “in the form of a gift.”

Dorothea looked at him blankly.

Doesn't she remember? Clary thought, puzzled. "The tarot deck," she said. "The cards she painted for you."

The witch's gaze went to the cards, lying in their silk wrappings on the table. "The cards?" As her gaze widened, Clary stepped to the table and picked up the deck. They were warm to the touch, almost slippery. Now, as she had not been able to before, she felt the power from the runes painted on their backs pulsing through the tips of her fingers. She found the Ace of Cups by touch and pulled it out, setting the rest of the cards back down on the table.

"Here it is," she said.

They were all looking at her, expectant, perfectly still. Slowly she turned the card over and looked again at her mother's artwork: the slim painted hand, its fingers wrapped around the gold stem of the Mortal Cup.

"Jace," she said. "Give me your stele."

He pressed it, warm and alive-feeling, into her palm. She turned the card over and traced over the runes painted on its back—a twist here and a line there and they meant something entirely different. When she turned the card back over, the picture had subtly changed: The fingers had released their grip on the Cup's stem, and the hand seemed almost to be offering the Cup to her as if to say, *Here, take it.*

She slid the stele into her pocket. Then, though the painted square was no bigger than her hand, she reached into it as if through a wide gap. Her hand wrapped around the base of the Cup—her fingers closed on it—and as she drew her hand back, the Cup gripped firmly in it, she thought she heard the smallest of sighs before the card, now blank and empty, turned to ash that sifted away between her fingers to the carpeted floor.

19

ABBADON

Clary wasn't sure what she'd expected—exclamations of delight, perhaps a smattering of applause. Instead there was silence, broken only when Jace said, "Somehow, I thought it would be bigger."

Clary looked at the Cup in her hand. It was the size, perhaps, of an ordinary wineglass, only much heavier. Power thrummed through it, like blood through living veins. "It's a perfectly nice size," she said indignantly.

"Oh, it's big enough," he said patronizingly, "but somehow I was expecting something . . . you know." He gestured with his hands, indicating something roughly the size of a house cat.

"It's the Mortal Cup, Jace, not the Mortal Toilet Bowl," said Isabelle. "Are we done now? Can we go?"

Dorothea had her head cocked to one side, her beady eyes bright and interested. "But it's damaged!" she exclaimed. "How did that happen?"

"Damaged?" Clary looked at the Cup in bewilderment. It looked fine to her.

"Here," said the witch, "let me show you," and she took a step toward Clary, holding her long red-nailed hands out for the Cup. Clary, without knowing why, shrank back. Suddenly Jace was between them, his hand hovering near the sword at his waist.

"No offense," he said calmly, "but nobody touches the Mortal Cup except us."

Dorothea looked at him for a moment, and that same strange blankness returned to her eyes. "Now," she said, "let's

not be hasty. Valentine would be displeased if anything were to happen to the Cup.”

With a soft *snick*, the sword at Jace’s waist came free. The point hovered just below Dorothea’s chin. Jace’s look was steady. “I don’t know what this is about,” he said. “But we’re leaving.”

The old woman’s eyes gleamed. “Of course, Shadowhunter,” she said, backing up to the curtained wall. “Would you like to use the Portal?”

The point of Jace’s sword wavered as he stared in momentary confusion. Then Clary saw his jaw tighten. “Don’t touch that—”

Dorothea chuckled, and quick as a flash she jerked down the curtains hanging along the wall. They fell with a sound of soft collapse. The Portal behind them was open.

Clary heard Alec, behind her, suck in his breath. “What is *that*?” Clary had caught only a glimpse of what was visible through the door—red roiling clouds shot through with black lightning, and a terrible dark, rushing shape that hurtled toward them—when Jace shouted for them to get down. He dropped to the floor, yanking Clary down with him. Flat on her stomach on the carpet, she lifted her head in time to see the rushing dark thing strike Madame Dorothea, who screamed, thrusting her arms upward. Rather than knocking her down, the dark thing wrapped her like a shroud, its blackness seeming to seep into her like ink sinking into paper. Her back humped monstrosously, her whole shape elongating as she rose and rose into the air, her bulk stretching and reforming. A sharp rattle of objects striking the floor made Clary look down: They were Dorothea’s bracelets, twisted and broken. Scattered among the jewels were what looked like small white stones. It took Clary a moment to realize that they were teeth.

Beside her Jace whispered something. It sounded like an exclamation of disbelief. Next to him, Alec in a choked voice said, “But you said there wasn’t much demonic activity—you *said* the levels were low!”

“They *were* low,” Jace growled.

“Your version of low must be different from mine!” Alec shouted, as the thing that had once been Dorothea howled and twisted. It seemed to be spreading, humped and knobbled and grotesquely misshapen—

Clary tore her eyes away as Jace stood, pulling her after him. Isabelle and Alec stumbled to their feet, gripping their weapons. The hand holding Isabelle’s whip was trembling slightly.

“*Move!*” Jace shoved Clary toward the apartment door. When she tried to look back over her shoulder, she saw only a thickly swirling grayness, like storm clouds, a dark shape at its center . . .

The four of them burst out into the foyer, Isabelle in the lead. She raced toward the front door, tried it, and turned with a stricken face: “It’s resistant. Must be a spell—”

Jace swore and fumbled in his jacket. “Where the hell is my stele—?”

“I have it,” Clary said, remembering. As she reached for her pocket, a noise like thunder exploded through the room. The floor heaved under her feet. She stumbled and nearly fell, catching at the banister for support. When she looked up, she saw a gaping new hole in the wall separating the foyer from Dorothea’s apartment, lined all around its ragged edges with wood and plaster rubble, through which *something* was climbing—almost oozing—

“Alec!” It was Jace, shouting: Alec was standing in front of the hole, white-faced and horrified-looking. Swearing, Jace ran up and grabbed him, dragging him back just as the oozing thing pulled itself free of the wall and into the foyer.

Clary heard her breath catch. The creature’s flesh was livid and bruised-looking. Through the seeping skin, bones protruded—not new white bones, but bones that looked as if they had been in the earth a thousand years, black and cracked and filthy. Its fingers were stripped and skeletal, its thin-fleshed arms pocked with dripping black sores through which more yellowing bone was visible. Its face was a skull, its nose and eyes caved-in holes. Its taloned fingers brushed the floor.

Tangled around its wrists and shoulders were bright swatches of cloth: all that remained of Madame Dorothea's silk scarves and turban. It was at least nine feet tall.

It looked down at the four teenagers with empty eye sockets. "Give me," it said, in a voice like the wind blowing trash across empty pavement, "the Mortal Cup. Give it to me, and I will let you live."

Panicked, Clary stared at the others. Isabelle looked as if the sight of the thing had hit her like a punch to the stomach. Alec was motionless. It was Jace, as always, who spoke. "What are you?" he asked, voice steady, though he looked more rattled than Clary had ever seen him.

The thing inclined its head. "I am Abbadon. I am the Demon of the Abyss. Mine are the empty places between the worlds. Mine is the wind and the howling darkness. I am as unlike those mewling things you call *demons* as an eagle is unlike a fly. You cannot hope to defeat me. Give me the Cup or die."

Isabelle's whip trembled. "It's a Greater Demon," she said. "Jace, if we—"

"What about Dorothea?" Clary's voice came shrilly out of her mouth before she could stop it. "What happened to her?"

The demon's empty eyes swung to regard her. "She was a vessel only," it said. "She opened the Portal and I took possession of her. Her death was swift." Its gaze moved to the Cup in her hand. "Yours will not be."

It began to move toward her. Jace blocked its way, the glittering sword in one hand, a seraph blade appearing in the other. Alec was watching him, his expression sick with horror.

"By the Angel," Jace said, looking the demon up and down. "I knew Greater Demons were meant to be ugly, but no one ever warned me about the smell."

Abbadon opened its mouth and hissed. Inside its mouth were two rows of jagged glass-sharp teeth.

"I'm not so sure about this wind and howling darkness business," Jace went on, "smells more like landfill to me. You

sure you're not from Staten Island?"

The demon leaped at him. Jace whipped his blades up and outward with an almost frightening speed; both sank into the fleshiest part of the demon, its abdomen. It howled and struck at him, knocking him aside the way a cat might bat aside a kitten. Jace rolled and got to his feet, but Clary could see from the way he was holding his arm that he'd been hurt.

That was enough for Isabelle. Darting forward, she lashed out at the demon with her whip. It struck the demon's gray hide, and a red weal appeared, welling blood. Abbadon ignored her, moving toward Jace.

With his uninjured hand Jace drew out a second seraph blade. He whispered to it and it sprung free, bright and gleaming. He raised it as the demon loomed up before him; he looked impossibly small in front of it, a child dwarfed by a monster. And he was grinning, even as the demon reached for him. Isabelle, screaming, lashed at it, sending blood in a thick spray across the floor—

The demon struck, its razored hand lashing down at Jace. Jace staggered back, but he was unharmed. Something had thrown itself between him and the demon, a slim black shadow with a gleaming blade in its hand. Alec. The demon shrieked—Alec's featherstaff had pierced its skin. With a snarl it struck again, bone-talons catching Alec a vicious blow that lifted him off his feet and hurled him against the far wall. He struck with a sickening crunch and slid to the floor.

Isabelle screamed her brother's name. He didn't move. Lowering the whip, she started to run to him. The demon, turning, caught her a backhanded blow that sent her spinning to the ground. Coughing blood, Isabelle started to get to her feet; Abbadon knocked her down again, and this time she lay still.

The demon moved toward Clary.

Jace stood frozen, staring at Alec's crumpled body like someone caught in a dream. Clary screamed as Abbadon neared her. She began to back up the stairs, stumbling on the

broken steps. The stele burned against her skin. If only she had a weapon, anything—

Isabelle had clawed her way into a sitting position. Pushing her bloody hair back, she screamed at Jace. Clary heard her own name in Isabelle's screams and saw Jace, blinking as if slapped awake, spin toward her. He began to run. The demon was close enough now that Clary could see the black sores on its skin, could see that there were *things* crawling inside them. It reached for her—

But Jace was there, knocking Abbadon's hand aside. He flung the seraph blade at the demon; it stuck in the creature's chest, next to the two blades already there. The demon snarled as if the blades were no more than an annoyance. "Shadowhunter," it snarled. "I shall take pleasure in killing you, in hearing your bones crunch as your friend's did—"

Springing onto the banister, Jace flung himself at Abbadon. The force of the jump knocked the demon backward; it staggered, Jace clinging to its back. He seized a seraph blade out of its chest, sending up a spray of ichor, and brought the blade down, again and again, into the demon's back, its shoulders running with black fluid.

Snarling, Abbadon backed toward the wall. Jace had to drop or be crushed. He fell to the ground, landed lightly, and raised the blade again. But Abbadon was too swift for him; its hand lashed out, knocking Jace into the stairs. Jace went down, a circle of talons at his throat.

"Tell them to give me the Cup," Abbadon snarled, talons hovering just above Jace's skin. "Tell them to give it to me and I will let them live."

Jace swallowed. "*Clary—*"

But Clary would never know what he would have said, because at that moment the front door flew open. For a moment all she saw was brightness. Then, blinking away the fiery afterimage, she saw Simon standing in the open doorway. *Simon*. She had forgotten he was outside, had almost forgotten he existed.

He saw her, crouched on the stairs, and his gaze moved past her and over Abbadon and Jace. He reached back over his shoulder. He was holding Alec's bow, she realized, and the quiver was strapped across his back. He drew an arrow from it, fitted it to the string, and lifted the bow expertly, as if he'd done the same thing a hundred times before.

The arrow sprang free. It made a hot buzzing sound, like a huge bumblebee, as it shot over Abbadon's head, plunged toward the roof—

And shattered the skylight. Dirty black glass fell like rain, and through the broken pane streamed sunlight, quantities of sunlight, great golden bars of it stabbing downward and flooding the foyer with light.

Abbadon screamed and staggered back, shielding its misshapen head with its hands. Jace put a hand to his unharmed throat, staring in disbelief as the demon crumpled, howling, to the floor. Clary half-expected it to burst into flames, but instead it began to fold in on itself. Its legs collapsed toward its torso, its skull crumpling like burning paper, and within the span of a minute it had vanished entirely, leaving only scorch marks behind.



Simon lowered the bow. He was blinking behind his glasses, his mouth slightly open. He looked as astonished as Clary felt.

Jace lay on the stairs where the demon had thrown him. He was struggling to sit up as Clary slid down the steps and fell to her knees beside him. "Jace—"

"I'm all right." He sat up, wiping blood from his mouth. He coughed and spit red. "Alec—"

"Your stele," she interrupted, reaching for her pocket. "Do you need it to fix yourself?"

He looked at her. The sunlight pouring through the shattered skylight lit his face. He looked as if he were holding himself back from something with a terrible effort. "I'm all *right*," he said again, and pushed her aside, none too gently.

He got to his feet, staggered, and nearly fell—the first ungraceful thing she’d ever seen him do. “Alec?”

Clary watched him as he limped across the foyer toward his unconscious friend. Then she zipped the Mortal Cup into the pocket of her hoodie and got to her feet. Isabelle had crawled to her brother’s side and was cradling his head in her lap, stroking his hair. His chest rose and fell—slowly, but he was breathing. Simon, leaning against the wall watching them, looked utterly drained. Clary squeezed his hand as she passed him. “Thank you,” she whispered. “That was amazing.”

“Don’t thank me,” he said, “thank the archery program at B’nai B’rith summer camp.”

“Simon, I don’t—”

“Clary!” It was Jace, calling her. “Bring my stele.”

Simon let her go reluctantly. She knelt down next to the Shadowhunters, the Mortal Cup thumping heavily against her side. Alec’s face was white, freckled with drops of blood, his eyes unnaturally blue. His grip on Jace’s wrist left bloody smears. “Did I . . .,” he started, then seemed to see Clary, as if for the first time. There was something in his look she hadn’t expected. Triumph. “Did I kill it?”

Jace’s face twisted painfully. “You—”

“Yes,” Clary said. “It’s dead.”

Alec looked at her and laughed. Blood bubbled up in his mouth. Jace pulled his wrist free, touched his fingers to either side of Alec’s face. “Don’t,” he said. “Hold still, just hold still.”

Alec closed his eyes. “Do what you have to,” he whispered.

Isabelle held her stele out to Jace. “Take it.”

He nodded, and drew the tip of the stele down the front of Alec’s shirt. The material parted as if he’d sliced it with a knife. Isabelle watched him through frantic eyes as he yanked the shirt open, leaving Alec’s chest bare. His skin was very white, marked here and there with old translucent scars. There were other injuries there too: a darkening lattice of claw

marks, each hole red and oozing. Jaw set, Jace set the stele to Alec's skin, moving it back and forth with the ease of long practice. But there was something wrong. Even as he drew the healing marks, they seemed to vanish as if he were writing on water.

Jace threw the stele aside. "Damn it."

Isabelle's voice was shrill. "What's going on?"

"It cut him with its talons," Jace said. "There's demon poison in him. The Marks can't work." He touched Alec's face again, gently. "Alec," he said. "Can you hear me?"

Alec didn't move. The shadows under his eyes looked blue and as dark as bruises. If it weren't for his breathing, Clary would have thought he was already dead.

Isabelle bent her head, her hair covering Alec's face. Her arms were around him. "Maybe," she whispered, "we could —"

"Take him to the hospital." It was Simon, standing over them, the bow dangling in his hand. "I'll help you carry him to the van. There's Methodist down on Seventh Avenue—"

"No hospitals," said Isabelle. "We need to get him to the Institute."

"But—"

"They won't know how to treat him in a hospital," said Jace. "He's been cut by a Greater Demon. No mundane doctor would know how to heal those wounds."

Simon nodded. "All right. Let's get him to the car."

In a stroke of good luck, the van hadn't been towed. Isabelle draped a dirty blanket across the backseat and they laid Alec down across it, his head on Isabelle's lap. Jace crouched down on the floor beside his friend. His shirt was stained dark across the sleeves and chest with blood, demon and human. When he looked at Simon, Clary saw that all the gold seemed washed out of his eyes by something she had never seen in them before. Panic.

“Drive fast, mundane,” he said. “Drive like hell was following you.”

Simon drove.



They careened down Flatbush and rocketed onto the bridge, keeping pace with the Q train as it roared over the blue water. The sun was painfully bright in Clary's eyes, striking hot sparks off the river. She clutched at her seat as Simon took the curving ramp off the bridge at fifty miles an hour.

She thought about the awful things she'd said to Alec, the way he'd thrown himself at Abbadon, the look of triumph on his face. When she turned her head now, she saw Jace kneeling next to his friend as blood seeped through the blanket. She thought of the little boy with the dead falcon. *To love is to destroy.*

Clary turned back around, a hard lump lodged in the back of her throat. Isabelle was visible in the badly angled rearview mirror, wrapping the blanket around Alec's throat. She looked up and met Clary's eyes. “How much farther?”

“Maybe ten minutes. Simon's driving as fast as he can.”

“I know,” Isabelle said. “Simon—what you did, that was incredible. You moved so fast. I wouldn't have thought a mundane could have thought of something like that.”

Simon didn't seem fazed by praise from such an unexpected quarter; his eyes were on the road. “You mean shooting out the skylight? It hit me after you guys went inside. I was thinking about the skylight and how you'd said demons couldn't stand direct sun. So, actually, it took me a while to act on it. Don't feel bad,” he added, “you can't even see that skylight unless you know it's there.”

I knew it was there, Clary thought. *I should have acted on it. Even if I didn't have a bow and arrow like Simon, I could have thrown something at it or told Jace about it.* She felt stupid and useless and thick, as though her head were full of cotton. The truth was that she'd been frightened. Too

frightened to think straight. She felt a bright surge of shame that burst behind her eyelids like a small sun.

Jace spoke then. “It was well done,” he said.

Simon’s eyes narrowed. “So, if you don’t mind telling me—that thing, the demon—where did it come from?”

“It was Madame Dorothea,” said Clary. “I mean, it was sort of her.”

“She was never exactly a pinup, but I don’t remember her looking *that* bad.”

“I think she was possessed,” said Clary slowly, trying to piece it together in her own mind. “She wanted me to give her the Cup. Then she opened the Portal . . .”

“It was clever,” said Jace. “The demon possessed her, then hid the majority of its ethereal form just outside the Portal, where the Sensor wouldn’t register it. So we went in expecting to fight a few Forsaken. Instead we found ourselves facing a Greater Demon. Abbadon—one of the Ancients. The Lord of the Fallen.”

“Well, it looks like the Fallen will just have to learn to get along without him from now on,” said Simon, turning onto the street.

“He’s not dead,” Isabelle said. “Hardly anyone’s ever killed a Greater Demon. You have to kill them in their physical *and* ethereal forms before they’ll die. We just scared him off.”

“Oh.” Simon looked disappointed. “What about Madame Dorothea? Will she be all right now that—”

He broke off, because Alec had begun to choke, his breath rattling in his chest. Jace swore under his breath with vicious precision. “*Why aren’t we there yet?*”

“We *are* here. I just don’t want to crash into a wall.” As Simon pulled up carefully at the corner, Clary saw that the door of the Institute was open, Hodge standing framed in the arch. The van jerked to a halt and Jace leaped out, reaching back to lift Alec as if he weighed no more than a child. Isabelle followed him up the walk, holding her brother’s

bloody featherstaff. The Institute door slammed shut behind them.

Tiredness washing over her, Clary looked at Simon. “I’m sorry. I don’t know how you’re going to explain all the blood to Eric.”

“Screw Eric,” he said with conviction. “Are *you* all right?”

“Not a scratch. Everyone else got hurt, but not me.”

“It’s their job, Clary,” he said gently. “Fighting demons—it’s what they do. Not what you do.”

“What do I do, Simon?” she asked, searching his face for an answer. “What do *I* do?”

“Well—you got the Cup,” he said. “Didn’t you?”

She nodded, and tapped her pocket. “Yes.”

He looked relieved. “I almost didn’t want to ask,” he said. “That’s good, right?”

“It is,” she said. She thought of her mother, and her hand tightened on the Cup. “I know it is.”



Church met her at the top of the stairs, yowling like a foghorn, and led her to the infirmary. The double doors were open, and through them she could see Alec’s still figure, motionless on one of the white beds. Hodge was bent over him; Isabelle, beside the older man, held a silver tray in her hands.

Jace was not with them. He was not with them because he was standing outside the infirmary, leaning against the wall, his bare, bloody hands curled at his sides. When Clary stopped in front of him, his lids flew open, and she saw that the pupils of his eyes were dilated, all the gold swallowed up in black.

“How is he?” she asked, as gently as she could.

“He’s lost a lot of blood. Demon poisonings are common, but since it was a Greater Demon, Hodge isn’t sure if the antidotes he usually employs will be viable.”

She reached to touch his arm. “Jace—”

He flinched away. “Don’t.”

She sucked in her breath. “I never would have wanted anything to happen to Alec. I’m so sorry.”

He looked at her as if seeing her there for the first time. “It’s not *your* fault,” he said. “It’s mine.”

“Yours? Jace, no it isn’t—”

“Oh, but it is,” he said, his voice as fragile as a sliver of ice. “*Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.*”

“What does that mean?”

“My fault,” he said, “my own fault, my most grievous fault. It’s Latin.” He brushed a lock of her hair back from her forehead absently, as if unaware he was doing it. “Part of the Mass.”

“I thought you didn’t believe in religion.”

“I may not believe in sin,” he said, “but I do feel guilt. We Shadowhunters live by a code, and that code isn’t flexible. Honor, fault, penance, those are real to us, and they have nothing to do with religion and everything to do with who we are. This is who I *am*, Clary,” he said desperately. “I am one of the Clave. It’s in my blood and bones. So tell me, if you’re so sure this wasn’t my fault, why is it that the first thought in my mind when I saw Abbadon wasn’t for my fellow warriors but for *you*?” His other hand came up; he was holding her face, prisoned between his palms. “I know—I *knew*—Alec wasn’t acting like himself. I knew something was wrong. But all I could think about was you . . .”

He bent his head forward, so their foreheads touched. She could feel his breath stir her eyelashes. She closed her eyes, letting the nearness of him wash over her like a tide. “If he dies, it will be like I killed him,” he said. “I let my father die, and now I’ve killed the only brother I ever had.”

“That’s not true,” she whispered.

“Yes, it *is*.” They were close enough to kiss. And still he held her tightly, as if nothing could reassure him that she was real. “Clary,” he said. “What’s happening to me?”

She searched her mind for an answer—and heard someone clear his throat. She opened her eyes. Hodge stood by the infirmary door, his neat suit stained with patches of rust. “I have done what I can. He is sedated, not in pain, but . . .” He shook his head. “I must contact the Silent Brothers. This is beyond my abilities.”

Jace drew slowly away from Clary. “How long will it take them to get here?”

“I don’t know.” Hodge started down the corridor, shaking his head. “I’ll send Hugo immediately, but the Brothers come at their own discretion.”

“But for *this*—” Even Jace was scrambling to keep up with Hodge’s long strides; Clary had fallen hopelessly behind the two of them and had to strain her ears to hear what he was saying. “He might die otherwise.”

“He might,” was all Hodge said in response.

The library was dark and smelled like rain: One of the windows had been left open, and a puddle of water had collected under the curtains. Hugo chirruped and bounced on his perch as Hodge strode over to him, pausing only to light the lamp on his desk. “It is a pity,” Hodge said, reaching for paper and a fountain pen, “that you did not retrieve the Cup. It would, I think, bring some comfort to Alec and certainly to his —”

“But I *did* retrieve the Cup,” said Clary, amazed. “Didn’t you tell him, Jace?”

Jace was blinking, though whether it was because of surprise or the sudden light, Clary couldn’t tell. “There wasn’t time—I was bringing Alec upstairs . . .”

Hodge had gone very still, the pen motionless between his fingers. “*You have the Cup?*”

“Yes.” Clary drew the Cup out of her pocket: It was still cold, as if contact with her body could not warm the metal. The rubies winked like red eyes. “I have it here.”

The pen slipped from Hodge’s hand entirely and struck the floor at his feet. The lamplight, thrown upward, was not kind

to his ravaged face: It showed every etched line of harshness and worry and despair. “That is the Angel’s Cup?”

“The one,” said Jace. “It was—”

“Never mind that now,” said Hodge. He set the paper down on the desk and moved toward Jace, catching his student by the shoulders. “Jace Wayland, do you know what you’ve done?”

Jace looked up at Hodge, surprised. Clary noted the contrast: the ravaged face of the older man and the boy’s unlined one, the pale locks of hair falling into Jace’s eyes making him look even younger. “I’m not sure what you mean,” Jace said.

Hodge’s breath hissed out through his teeth. “You look so much like him.”

“Like who?” said Jace in astonishment; he had clearly never heard Hodge talk this way before.

“Like your father,” Hodge said, and raised his eyes to where Hugo, black wings stirring the humid air, hovered just overhead.

Hodge narrowed his eyes. “*Hugin*,” he said, and with an unearthly caw the bird dived straight for Clary’s face, claws outstretched.



Clary heard Jace shout, and then the world was whirling feathers and slashing beak and claws. Bright pain bloomed along her cheek and she shrieked, instinctively throwing her hands up to cover her face.

She felt the Mortal Cup yanked from her grasp. “No!” she cried, grabbing for it. An agonizing pain shot up her arm. Her legs seemed to go out from under her. She slipped and fell, striking her knees painfully against the hard floor. Claws raked her forehead.

“That’s enough, Hugo,” said Hodge in his quiet voice.

Obediently the bird spun away from Clary. Gaggling, she blinked blood out of her eyes. Her face felt shredded.

Hodge had not moved; he stood where he was, holding the Mortal Cup. Hugo was circling him in wide, agitated rounds, cawing softly. And Jace—Jace lay on the floor at Hodge's feet, very still, as if he had fallen suddenly asleep.

All other thoughts were driven from her mind. "*Jace!*" Speaking hurt—the pain in her cheek was startling and she could taste blood in her mouth. Jace didn't move.

"He's not hurt," said Hodge. Clary started to her feet, meaning to fling herself at him—then reeled back as she struck something invisible but as hard and strong as glass. Infuriated, she struck against the air with her fist.

"Hodge!" she shouted. She kicked out, nearly bruising her feet on the same invisible wall. "Don't be stupid. When the Clave finds out what you've done—"

"I'll be long gone by then," he said, kneeling over Jace.

"But—" A shock ran through her, a jolt of electric realization. "You never sent a message to the Clave, did you? That's why you were so weird when I asked you about it. You wanted the Cup for yourself."

"Not," said Hodge, "for myself."

Clary's throat was dry as dust. "You work for Valentine," she whispered.

"I do not work *for* Valentine," said Hodge. He lifted Jace's hand and drew something from it. It was the engraved ring Jace always wore. Hodge slipped it onto his own finger. "But I am Valentine's man, it is true."

With a swift movement he twisted the ring three times around his finger. For a moment nothing happened; then Clary heard the sound of a door opening and turned instinctively to see who was coming into the library. When she turned back, she saw that the air beside Hodge was shimmering, like the surface of a lake seen from a distance. The shimmering wall of air parted like a silver curtain, and then a tall man was standing next to Hodge, as if he had coalesced out of the humid air.

"Starkweather," he said. "You have the Cup?"

Hodge raised the Cup in his hands, but said nothing. He appeared paralyzed, whether with fear or astonishment, it was impossible to tell. He had always seemed tall to Clary, but now he looked hunched and small. “My Lord Valentine,” he said, finally. “I had not expected you so quickly.”

Valentine. He bore little resemblance to the handsome boy in the photograph, though his eyes were still black. His face was not what she had expected: It was a restrained, closed, interior face, the face of a priest, with sorrowful eyes. Creeping out beneath the black cuffs of his tailored suit were the ridged white scars that spoke of years of the stele. “I told you I would come to you through a Portal,” he said. His voice was resonant, and strangely familiar. “Didn’t you believe me?”

“Yes. It’s just—I thought you’d send Pangborn or Blackwell, not come yourself.”

“You think I would send them to collect the Cup? I am not a fool. I know its lure.” Valentine held out his hand, and Clary saw, gleaming on his finger, a ring that was the twin of Jace’s. “Give it to me.”

But Hodge held the Cup fast. “I want what you promised me first.”

“First? You don’t trust me, Starkweather?” Valentine smiled, a smile not without humor in it. “I’ll do as you asked. A bargain is a bargain. Though I must say I was astonished to get your message. I wouldn’t have thought you’d mind a life of hidden contemplation, so to speak. You never were much for the battlefield.”

“You don’t know what it’s like,” Hodge said, letting out his breath with a hissing gasp. “Being afraid all the time—”

“That’s true. I don’t.” Valentine’s voice was as sorrowful as his eyes, as if he pitied Hodge. But there was dislike in his eyes too, a trace of scorn. “If you did not intend to give the Cup to me,” he said, “you should not have summoned me here.”

Hodge’s face worked. “It is not easy to betray what you believe in—those who trust you.”

“Do you mean the Lightwoods, or their children?”

“Both,” said Hodge.

“Ah, the Lightwoods.” Valentine reached out, and with a hand caressed the brass globe that stood on the desk, his long fingers tracing the outlines of continents and seas. “But what do you owe them, really? Yours is the punishment that should have been theirs. If they had not had such high connections in the Clave, they would have been cursed along with you. As it is, they are free to come and go, to walk in the sunlight like ordinary men. They are free to go home.” His voice as he said “home” thrilled with all the meaning of the word. His finger had stopped moving over the globe; Clary was sure he was touching the place where Idris would be.

Hodge’s eyes darted away. “They did what anyone would do.”

“You would not have done it. I would not have done it. To let a friend suffer in my place? And surely it must engender some bitterness in you, Starkweather, to know that they so easily left this fate to you . . .”

Hodge’s shoulders shook. “But it is not the children’s fault. They have done nothing—”

“I never knew you to be so fond of children, Starkweather,” Valentine said, as if the idea entertained him.

The breath rattled in Hodge’s chest. “Jace—”

“You will not speak of Jace.” For the first time Valentine sounded angry. He glanced at the still figure on the floor. “He is bleeding,” he observed. “Why?”

Hodge held the Cup against his heart. His knuckles were white. “It’s not his blood. He’s unconscious, but not injured.”

Valentine raised his head with a pleasant smile. “I wonder,” he said, “what he will think of you when he wakes. Betrayal is never pretty, but to betray a child—that’s a double betrayal, don’t you think?”

“You won’t hurt him,” whispered Hodge. “You swore you wouldn’t hurt him.”

“I never did that,” said Valentine. “Come, now.” He moved away from the desk, toward Hodge, who flinched away like a small, trapped animal. Clary could see his misery. “And what would you do if I said I did plan to hurt him? Would you fight me? Keep the Cup from me? Even if you could kill me, the Clave will never lift your curse. You’ll hide here till you die, terrified to do so much as open a window too widely. What wouldn’t you trade away, not to be afraid any longer? What wouldn’t you give up, to go home again?”

Clary tore her eyes away. She could no longer bear the look on Hodge’s face. In a choked voice he said, “Tell me you won’t hurt him, and I’ll give it to you.”

“No,” said Valentine, even more softly. “You’ll give it to me anyway.” And he reached out his hand.

Hodge closed his eyes. For a moment his face was the face of one of the marble angels beneath the desk, pained and grave and crushed beneath a terrible weight. Then he swore, pathetically, under his breath, and held the Mortal Cup out for Valentine to take, though his hand shook like a leaf in a high wind.

“Thank you,” said Valentine. He took the Cup, and eyed it thoughtfully. “I do believe you’ve dented the rim.”

Hodge said nothing. His face was gray. Valentine bent down and gathered up Jace; as he lifted him up lightly, Clary saw the impeccably cut jacket tighten over his arms and back, and she realized that he was a deceptively massive man, with a torso like the trunk of an oak tree. Jace, limp in his arms, looked like a child by comparison.

“He’ll be with his father soon,” said Valentine, looking down at Jace’s white face. “Where he belongs.”

Hodge flinched. Valentine turned away from him and walked back toward the shimmering curtain of air that he had come through. He must have left the Portal door open behind him, Clary realized. Looking at it was like looking at sunlight bouncing off the surface of a mirror.

Hodge reached out an imploring hand. “Wait!” he cried. “What of your promise to me? You swore to end my curse.”

“That is true,” said Valentine. He paused, and looked hard at Hodge, who gasped and stepped back, his hand flying to his chest as if something had struck him in the heart. Black fluid seeped out around his splayed fingers and trickled to the floor. Hodge lifted his scarred face to Valentine. “Is it done?” he asked wildly. “The curse—it is lifted?”

“Yes,” said Valentine. “And may your bought freedom bring you joy.” And with that he stepped through the curtain of glowing air. For a moment he himself seemed to shimmer, as if he stood underwater. Then he vanished, taking Jace with him.

20

IN RATS' ALLEY

Hodge, gasping, stared after him, his fists clenching and unclenching at his sides. His left hand was gloved with the wet dark fluid that had seeped from his chest. The look on his face was a mixture of exultation and self-loathing.

“Hodge!” Clary slammed her hand into the invisible wall between them. Pain shot up her arm, but it was nothing compared to the searing pain inside her chest. She felt as if her heart were going to slam its way out of her rib cage. *Jace, Jace, Jace*—the words echoed in her mind, wanting to be screamed out loud. She bit them back. “Hodge, let me out!”

Hodge turned, shaking his head. “I can’t,” he said, using his immaculately folded handkerchief to rub at his stained hand. He sounded genuinely regretful. “You’ll only try to kill me.”

“I won’t,” she said. “I promise.”

“But you were not raised a Shadowhunter,” he said, “and your promises mean nothing.” The edge of his handkerchief was smoking now, as if he’d dipped it in acid, and his hand was no less blackened. Frowning, he abandoned the project.

“But Hodge,” she said desperately, “didn’t you hear him? He’s going to kill Jace.”

“He didn’t say that.” Hodge was at the desk now, opening a drawer, taking out a piece of paper. He drew a pen from his pocket, tapping it sharply against the edge of the desk to make the ink flow. Clary stared at him. Was he writing a *letter*?

“Hodge,” she said carefully, “Valentine said Jace would be with his father soon. Jace’s father is *dead*. What else could he have meant?”

Hodge didn't look up from the paper he was scribbling on. "It's complicated. You wouldn't understand."

"I understand enough." Her bitterness felt like it might burn through her tongue. "I understand that Jace trusted you and you traded him away to a man who hated his father and probably hates Jace, too, just because you're too cowardly to live with a curse you deserved."

Hodge's head jerked up. "Is that what you think?"

"It's what I know."

He laid his pen down, shaking his head. He looked tired, and so old, so much older than Valentine had looked, though they were the same age. "You only know bits and fragments, Clary. And you're better off that way." He folded the paper he'd been writing on into a neat square and tossed it into the fire, which flared up a bright acidic green before subsiding.

"What are you *doing*?" Clary demanded.

"Sending a message." Hodge turned away from the fire. He was standing close to her, separated only by the invisible wall. She pressed her fingers against it, wishing she could dig them into his eyes—though they were as sad as Valentine's had been angry. "You are young," he said. "The past is nothing to you, not even another country as it is to the old, or a nightmare as it is to the guilty. The Clave laid this curse on me because I aided Valentine. But I was hardly the only member of the Circle to serve him—were the Lightwoods not as guilty as I was? Were not the Waylands? Yet I was the only one cursed to live out my life without being able to set so much as a foot outdoors, not so much as a hand through the window."

"That's not my fault," said Clary. "It's not Jace's fault. Why punish him for what the Clave did? I can understand giving Valentine the Cup, but Jace? He'll kill Jace, just like he killed Jace's father—"

"Valentine," said Hodge, "did not kill Jace's father."

A sob broke free from Clary's chest. "I don't believe you! All you do is tell lies! Everything you've ever said was a lie!"

“Ah,” he said, “the moral absolutism of the young, which allows for no concessions. Can’t you see, Clary, that in my own way I’m trying to be a good man?”

She shook her head. “It doesn’t work that way. The good things you do don’t cancel out the bad ones. But—” She bit her lip. “If you told me where Valentine was—”

“No.” He breathed the word. “It is said that the Nephilim are the children of men and angels. All that this angelic heritage has given to us is a longer distance to fall.” He touched the invisible surface of the wall with his fingertips. “You were not raised as one of us. You have no part of this life of scars and killing. You can still get away. Leave the Institute, Clary, as soon as you can. Leave, and never come back.”

She shook her head. “I can’t,” she said. “I can’t do that.”

“Then you have my condolences,” he said, and walked out of the room.



The door closed behind Hodge, leaving Clary in silence. There was only her own harsh breathing and the scrabble of her fingertips against the ungiving transparent barrier between her and the door. She did exactly what she’d told herself she wouldn’t do, and flung herself against it, again and again, until she was exhausted and her sides ached. Then she sank to the floor and tried not to cry.

Somewhere on the other side of this barrier Alec was dying, while Isabelle waited for Hodge to come and save him. Somewhere beyond this room Jace was being shaken roughly awake by Valentine. Somewhere her mother’s chances were ebbing away, moment by moment, second by second. And she was trapped here, as useless and helpless as the child she was.

She sat bolt upright then, remembering the moment at Madame Dorothea’s when Jace had pressed the stele into her hand. Had she ever given it *back* to him? Holding her breath, she felt in her left jacket pocket; it was empty. Slowly her hand crept into the right pocket, her sweaty fingers picking up lint

and then skidding across something hard, smooth, and round—the stele.

She bounded to her feet, her heart pounding, and felt with her left hand for the invisible wall. Finding it, she braced herself, inching the tip of the stele forward with her other hand until it rested against the smooth, level air. Already an image was forming in her mind, like a fish rising up through cloudy water, the pattern of its scales growing clearer and clearer as it neared the surface. Slowly at first, and then more confidently, she moved the stele across the wall, leaving searingly bright ash-white lines hovering in the air before her.

She *felt* when the rune was done, and lowered her hand, breathing hard. For a moment everything was motionless and silent and the rune hung like glowing neon, burning her eyes. Then came a sound like the loudest shattering she had ever heard, as if she were standing under a waterfall of stones listening to them crash to the ground all around her. The rune she had drawn turned black and sifted away like ash; the floor trembled under her feet; then it was over, and she knew, without a doubt, that she was free.

Still holding the stele, she raced to the window and pushed the curtain aside. Twilight was falling and the streets below were bathed in a reddish purple glow. She caught a clear glimpse of Hodge crossing a street, his gray head bobbing above the crowd.

She dashed out of the library and down the stairs, pausing only to shove the stele back into her jacket pocket. She took the stairs running and hit the street with a stitch already forming in her side. People walking their dogs in the humid twilight jumped aside as she barreled down the walkway alongside the East River. She caught sight of herself in the darkened window of an apartment building as she careened around a corner. Her sweaty hair was plastered to her forehead, her face crusted with dried blood.

She reached the intersection where she had seen Hodge. For a moment she thought she'd lost him. She darted through the crowd near the subway entrance, shouldering people aside, using her knees and elbows as weapons. Sweaty and bruised,

Clary pulled free of the crowd just in time to see a flash of tweed suit disappear around the corner of a narrow service alley between two buildings.

She wriggled around a Dumpster and into the mouth of the alley. The back of her throat felt like it was burning every time she breathed. Though it had been twilight on the street, here in the alley it was as dark as nightfall. She could just see Hodge, standing at the far end of the alley, where it dead-ended into the back of a fast-food restaurant. Restaurant trash was piled outside: heaping bags of food, dirty paper plates, and plastic cutlery that crunched unpleasantly under his boots as he turned to look at her. She remembered a poem she'd read in English class: *I think we are in rats' alley/Where the dead men lost their bones.*

"You followed me," he said. "You shouldn't have."

"I'll leave you alone if you just tell me where Valentine is."

"I can't do that," he said. "He'll know I told you, and my freedom will be as short as my life."

"It will be anyway when the Clave finds out that you gave the Mortal Cup to Valentine," Clary pointed out. "After tricking us into finding it for you. How can you live with yourself, knowing what he plans to do with it?"

He cut her off with a short laugh. "I fear Valentine more than the Clave, and so would you, if you were wise," he said. "He would have found the Cup eventually, whether I helped him or not."

"And you don't care that he's going to use it to kill children?"

A spasm crossed his face as he took a step forward; she saw something shine in his hand. "Does all this really matter to you this much?"

"I told you before," she said. "I can't just walk away."

"That's too bad," he said, and she saw him raise his arm—and remembered suddenly Jace saying that Hodge's weapon had been the *chakram*, the flying disk. She ducked even before she saw the bright circle of metal spin singing toward

her head; it passed, humming, inches from her face and embedded itself in the metal fire escape on her left.

She looked up. Hodge was gazing at her, the second metal disk held lightly in his right hand. “You can still run,” he said.

Instinctively she raised her hands, though logic told her the *chakhram* would just slice them to pieces. “Hodge—”

Something hurtled in front of her, something big, gray-black, and *alive*. She heard Hodge shout in horror. Stumbling backward, Clary saw the thing more clearly as it paced between her and Hodge. It was a wolf, six feet in length, with a jet-black coat shot through with a single stripe of gray.

Hodge, the metal disc gripped in his hand, was white as a bone. “You,” he breathed, and with a sense of distant astonishment Clary realized he was talking to the wolf. “I thought that you had fled—”

The wolf’s lips drew back from its teeth, and she saw its lolling red tongue. There was hatred in its eyes as it looked at Hodge, a pure and human hatred.

“Did you come for me, or for the girl?” said Hodge. Sweat streamed from his temples, but his hand was steady.

The wolf paced toward him, growling low in its throat.

“There’s still time,” said Hodge. “Valentine would take you back—”

With a howl the wolf sprang. Hodge cried out again, then there was a flash of silver, and a sickening noise as the *chakhram* embedded itself in the wolf’s side. The wolf reared back on its hind legs, and Clary saw the disk’s edge jutting from the wolf’s fur, blood streaming, just as it struck Hodge.

Hodge screamed once as he went down, the wolf’s jaws clamping shut over his shoulder. Blood flew into the air like the spray of paint from a broken can, splattering the cement wall with red. The wolf lifted its head from the tutor’s limp body and turned its gray, lupine gaze on Clary, teeth dripping scarlet.

She didn't scream. There was no air in her lungs that she could have dragged up to make a sound; she scrambled to her feet and ran, ran for the mouth of the alley and the familiar neon lights of the street, ran for the safety of the real world. She could hear the wolf growling behind her, feel its hot breath on the bare backs of her legs. She put on one last burst of speed, flinging herself toward the street—

The wolf's jaws closed on her leg, jerking her backward. Just before her head struck the hard pavement, plunging her into blackness, she discovered that she did have enough air to scream, after all.



The sound of dripping water woke her. Slowly Clary peeled her eyes open. There wasn't much to see. She lay on a wide cot that had been placed on the floor of a small dingy-walled room. There was a rickety table propped against one wall. On it was a cheap-looking brass candleholder sporting a fat red candle that cast the only light in the room. The ceiling was cracked and damp, wetness seeping down through the fissures in the stone. Clary felt a vague sense that something was missing from the room, but this concern was overwhelmed by the strong smell of wet dog.

She sat up and immediately wished she hadn't. Hot pain drove through her head like a spike, followed by a racking wave of nausea. If there had been anything in her stomach, she would have thrown it up.

A mirror hung over the cot, dangling from a nail driven between two stones. She glanced in it and was appalled. No wonder her face hurt—long parallel scratches ran from the corner of her right eye down to the edge of her mouth. Her right cheek was crusted with blood, and blood was smeared on her neck and all down the front of her shirt and jacket. In a sudden panic she grabbed for her pocket, then relaxed. The stele was still there.

It was then that she realized what was odd about the room. One wall of it was bars: thick iron floor-to-ceiling bars. She was in a jail cell.

Veins surging with adrenaline, Clary staggered to her feet. A wave of dizziness washed over her, and she caught at the table to steady herself. *I will not faint*, she told herself grimly. Then she heard the footsteps.

Someone was coming down the hallway outside the cell. Clary backed up against the table.

It was a man. He was carrying a lamp, its light brighter than the candle, which made her blink and turned him into a back-lit shadow. She saw height, square shoulders, ragged hair; it was only when he pushed the door of the cell open and came inside that she realized who he was.

He looked the same: worn jeans, denim shirt, work boots, same uneven hair, same glasses pushed down to the bridge of his nose. The scars she'd noticed along the side of his throat last time she'd seen him were healing patches of shiny skin now.

Luke.

It was all too much for Clary. Exhaustion, lack of sleep and food, terror and blood-loss, caught up with her in a rushing wave. She felt her knees buckle as she slid toward the ground.

In seconds Luke was across the room. He moved so fast, she didn't have time to hit the floor before he caught her, swinging her up the way he'd done when she was a little girl. He set her down on the cot and stepped back, eyes anxious. "Clary?" he said, reaching for her. "Are you all right?"

She flinched away, throwing up her hands to ward him off. "Don't touch me."

An expression of profound hurt crossed his face. Wearily he drew a hand across his forehead. "I guess I deserve that."

"Yeah. You do."

The look on his face was troubled. "I don't expect you to trust me—"

"That's good. Because I don't."

"Clary . . ." He began to pace the length of the cell. "What I did . . . I don't expect you to understand. I know you feel that I

abandoned you—”

“You *did* abandon me,” she said. “You told me never to call you again. You never cared about me. You never cared about my mother. You lied about everything.”

“Not,” he said, “about everything.”

“So your name really is Luke Garroway?”

His shoulders drooped perceptibly. “No,” he said, then glanced down. A dark red patch was spreading across the front of his blue denim shirt.

Clary sat up straight. “Is that *blood*?” she demanded. She forgot for a moment to be furious.

“Yes,” said Luke, his hand against his side. “The wound must have torn open when I lifted you.”

“What wound?” Clary couldn’t help asking.

He said with deliberation: “Hodge’s discs are still sharp, though his throwing arm is not what it once was. I think he may have nicked a rib.”

“Hodge?” Clary said. “When did you . . . ?”

He looked at her, not saying anything, and she remembered suddenly the wolf in the alley, all black except for that one gray streak down its side, and she remembered the disc hitting it, and she realized.

“You’re a *werewolf*.”

He took his hand away from his shirt; his fingers were stained red. “Yep,” he said laconically. He moved to the wall and rapped sharply on it: once, twice, three times. Then he turned back to her. “I am.”

“You killed Hodge,” she said, remembering. “No.” He shook his head. “I hurt him pretty badly, I think, but when I went back for the body, it was gone. He must have dragged himself away.”

“You tore at his shoulder,” she said. “I saw you.”

“Yes. Though it’s worth noting that he was trying to kill you at the time. Did he hurt anyone else?”

Clary sank her teeth into her lip. She tasted blood, but it was old blood from where Hugo had attacked her. “Jace,” she said in a whisper. “Hodge knocked him out and handed him over to . . . to Valentine.”

“To *Valentine*?” Luke said, looking astonished. “I knew Hodge had given Valentine the Mortal Cup, but I hadn’t realized—”

“How did you know that?” Clary began, before remembering. “You heard me talking to Hodge in the alley,” she said. “Before you jumped him.”

“I jumped him, as you put it, because he was about to slice your head off,” Luke said, then looked up as the cell door opened again and a tall man came in, followed by a tiny woman, so short she looked like a child. Both of them wore plain, casual clothes: jeans and cotton shirts, and both had the same untidy, flyaway hair, though the woman’s was fair and the man’s was a badgery gray and black. Both had the same young-old faces, unlined but with tired eyes. “Clary,” said Luke, “meet my second and third, Gretel and Alaric.”

Alaric inclined his massive head to her. “We have met.”

Clary stared, alarmed. “Have we?”

“At the Hotel Dumort,” he said. “You put your knife in my ribs.”

She shrank against the wall. “I, ah . . . I’m sorry?”

“Don’t be,” he said. “It was an excellent throw.” He slid a hand into his breast pocket and removed Jace’s dagger, with its winking red eye. He held it out to her. “I think this is yours?”

Clary stared. “But—”

“Don’t worry,” he assured her. “I cleaned the blade.” Wordlessly, she took it. Luke was chuckling under his breath. “In retrospect,” he said, “perhaps the raid on the Dumort was not as well-planned as it might have been. I had set a group of

my wolves to watch you, and go after you if you seemed to be in any danger. When you went into the Dumort . . .”

“Jace and I could have handled it.” Clary slid the dagger into her belt.

Gretel aimed a tolerant smile at her. “Is that what you summoned us for, sir?”

“No,” said Luke. He touched his side. “My wound’s opened up, and Clary here has some injuries of her own that could use a bit of tending. If you wouldn’t mind getting the supplies . . .”

Gretel inclined her head. “I will return with the healing kit,” she said, and left, Alaric trailing her like an outsize shadow.

“She called you ‘sir,’” said Clary, the moment the cell door closed behind them. “And what do you mean by your second and your third? Second and third what?”

“In command,” said Luke slowly. “I am the leader of this particular wolf pack. That’s why Gretel called me ‘sir.’ Believe me, it took a fair bit of work to break her of the habit of calling me ‘master.’”

“Did my mother know?”

“Know what?”

“That you’re a werewolf.”

“Yes. She’s known since it happened.”

“Neither of you, of course, thought to mention this to me.”

“I would have told you,” said Luke. “But your mother was adamant that you know nothing of Shadowhunters or the Shadow World. I couldn’t explain away my being a werewolf as some kind of isolated incident, Clary. It’s all part of the larger pattern that your mother didn’t want you to see. I don’t know what you’ve learned—”

“A lot,” Clary said flatly. “I know my mother was a Shadowhunter. I know she was married to Valentine and that she stole the Mortal Cup from him and went into hiding. I know that after she had me, she took me to Magnus Bane every two years to have my Sight taken away. I know that

when Valentine tried to get you to tell him where the Cup was in exchange for my mom's life, you told him she didn't matter to you."

Luke stared at the wall. "I didn't know where the Cup was," he said. "She'd never told me."

"You could have tried to bargain—"

"Valentine doesn't bargain. He never has. If the advantage isn't his, he won't even come to the table. He's entirely single-minded and totally without compassion, and though he may have loved your mother once, he wouldn't hesitate to kill her. No, I wasn't going to bargain with Valentine."

"So you just decided to *abandon* her?" Clary demanded furiously. "You're the leader of a whole pack of werewolves and you just decided she didn't even really need your help? You know, it was bad enough when I thought you were another Shadowhunter and you'd turned your back on her because of some stupid Shadowhunter vow or something, but now I know you're just a slimy Downworlder who didn't even care that all those years she treated you like a friend—like an equal—and this is how you paid her back!"

"Listen to you," Luke said quietly. "You sound like a Lightwood."

She narrowed her eyes. "Don't talk about Alec and Isabelle like you know them."

"I meant their parents," said Luke. "Whom I did know, very well in fact, when we were all Shadowhunters together."

She felt her lips part in surprise. "I know you were in the Circle, but how did you keep them from finding out you were a werewolf? Didn't they know?"

"No," said Luke. "Because I wasn't born a werewolf. I was made one. And I can already see that if you're going to be persuaded to listen to anything I have to say, you're going to have to hear the whole story. It's a long tale, but I think we have the time for it."

Part Three

The Descent Beckons



The descent beckons
as the ascent beckoned.

—William Carlos Williams, *The Descent*

The truth is, I've known your mother since we were children. We grew up in Idris. It's a beautiful place, and I've always regretted that you've never seen it: You would love the glossy pines in winter, the dark earth and cold crystal rivers. There's a small network of towns and a single city, Alicante, where the Clave meets. They call it the Glass City because its towers are shaped from the same demon-repelling substance as our steles; in the sunlight they sparkle like glass.

When Jocelyn and I were old enough, we were sent to Alicante to school. It was there that I met Valentine.

He was older than I was by a year. By far the most popular boy in school. He was handsome, clever, rich, dedicated, an incredible warrior. I was nothing—neither rich nor brilliant, from an unremarkable country family. And I struggled in my studies. Jocelyn was a natural Shadowhunter; I was not. I could not bear the lightest Marks or learn the simplest techniques. I thought sometimes about running away, returning home in shame. Even becoming a mundane. I was that miserable.

It was Valentine who saved me. He came to my room—I'd never even thought he knew my name. He offered to train me. He said he knew that I was struggling, but he saw in me the seeds of a great Shadowhunter. And under his tutelage I did improve. I passed my exams, bore my first Marks, killed my first demon.

I worshipped him. I thought the sun rose and set on Valentine Morgenstern. I wasn't the only misfit he'd rescued, of course. There were others. Hodge Starkweather, who got along better with books than he did with people; Maryse Trueblood, whose brother had married a mundane; Robert

Lightwood, who was terrified of the Marks—Valentine brought them all under his wing. I thought it was kindness, then; now I am not so sure. Now I think he was building himself a cult.

Valentine was obsessed with the idea that in every generation there were fewer and fewer Shadowhunters—that we were a dying breed. He was sure that if only the Clave would more freely use Raziel's Cup, more Shadowhunters could be made. To the teachers this idea was sacrilege—it is not for just anyone to choose who can and cannot become a Shadowhunter. Flippantly, Valentine would ask, Why not make all men Shadowhunters, then? Why not gift them all with the ability to see the Shadow World? Why keep that power selfishly to ourselves?

When the teachers answered that most humans cannot survive the transition, Valentine claimed they were lying, trying to keep the power of the Nephilim limited to an elite few. That was his claim, at the time—now I think he probably felt the collateral damage was worth the end result. In any case, he convinced our little group of his rightness. We formed the Circle, with our stated intent being to save the race of Shadowhunters from extinction. Of course, being seventeen, we weren't quite sure how we would do it, but we were sure we'd eventually accomplish something significant.

Then came the night that Valentine's father was killed in a routine raid on a werewolf encampment. When Valentine returned to school, after the funeral, he wore the red Marks of mourning. He was different in other ways. His kindness was now interspersed with flashes of rage that bordered on cruelty. I put this new behavior down to grief and tried harder than ever to please him. I never answered his anger with anger of my own. I felt only the sick sense that I had disappointed him.

The only one that could calm his rages was your mother. She had always stood a little apart from our group, sometimes mockingly calling us Valentine's fan club. That changed when his father died. His pain awakened her sympathy. They fell in love.

I loved him too: He was my closest friend, and I was happy to see Jocelyn with him. When we left school, they married and went to live on her family's estate. I also returned home, but the Circle continued. It had started as a sort of school adventure, but it grew in scale and power, and Valentine grew with it. Its ideals had changed as well. The Circle still clamored for the Mortal Cup, but since the death of his father, Valentine had become an outspoken proponent of war against all Downworlders, not just those who broke the Accords. This world was for humans, he argued, not part-demons. Demons could never be fully trusted.

I was uncomfortable with the Circle's new direction, but I stuck with it—partly because I still couldn't bear to let Valentine down, partly because Jocelyn had asked me to continue. She had some hope that I would be able to bring moderation to the Circle, but that was impossible. There was no moderating Valentine, and Robert and Maryse Lightwood—now married—were almost as bad. Only Michael Wayland was unsure, as I was, but despite our reluctance we followed still; as a group we hunted Downworlders tirelessly, seeking those who had committed even the slightest infraction. Valentine never killed a creature who had not broken the Accords, but he did other things. I saw him fasten silver coins to the eyelids of a werewolf child, blinding her, in an attempt to get the girl to tell him where her brother was. . . . I saw him—but you don't need to hear this. No. I'm sorry.

What happened next was that Jocelyn became pregnant. The day she told me that, she also confessed that she had grown afraid of her husband. His behavior had turned weird, erratic. He would disappear into their cellars for nights at a time. Sometimes she would hear screams through the walls. . . .

I went to him. He laughed, dismissing her fears as the jitters of a woman carrying her first child. He invited me to hunt with him that night. We were still trying to clean out the nest of werewolves who had killed his father years before. We were *parabatai*, a perfect hunting team of two, warriors who would die for each other. So when Valentine told me he would guard my back that night, I believed him. I didn't see the wolf until it

was on me. I remember its teeth fastened in my shoulder, and nothing else of that night. When I awoke, I was lying in Valentine's house, my shoulder bandaged, and Jocelyn was there.

Not all werewolf bites result in lycanthropy. I healed of the injury and passed the next weeks in a torment of waiting. Waiting for the full moon. The Clave would have locked me in an observation cell, had they known. But Valentine and Jocelyn kept silent. Three weeks later the moon rose full and bright, and I began to change. The first Change is always the hardest. I remember a bewilderment of agony, a blackness, and waking up hours later in a meadow miles from the city. I was covered in blood, the torn body of some small woodland animal at my feet.

I made my way back to the manor, and they met me at the door. Jocelyn fell on me, weeping, but Valentine pulled her away. I stood, bloody and shaking on my feet. I could scarcely think, and the taste of raw meat was still in my mouth. I don't know what I had expected, but I suppose I should have known.

Valentine dragged me down the steps and into the woods with him. He told me that he ought to kill me himself, but seeing me then, he could not bring himself to do it. He gave me a dagger that had once belonged to his father—it was silver, and burned where I touched it. He said I should do the honorable thing and end my own life. He kissed the dagger when he handed it to me, and went back inside the manor house, and barred the door.

I ran through the night, sometimes as a man, sometimes as a wolf, until I crossed the border. I burst into the midst of the werewolf encampment, brandishing my dagger, and demanded to meet in combat the lycanthrope who had bitten me and turned me into one of them. Laughing, they pointed me toward the clan leader. Hands and teeth still bloody from the hunt, he rose to face me.

I had never been much for single combat. The crossbow was my weapon; I had excellent sight and aim. But I had never been very good at close range; it was Valentine who was skilled in fighting hand to hand. But I wanted only to die, and

to take with me the creature who had ruined me. I suppose I thought if I could avenge myself, and kill the wolves who had murdered his father, Valentine would mourn me. As we grappled, sometimes as men, sometimes as wolves, I saw that he was surprised by my fierceness. As the night faded into day, he began to tire, but my rage never abated. And as the sun began to set again, I sank my dagger into his neck and he died, soaking me with his blood.

I expected the pack to set on me and tear me apart. But they knelt at my feet and bared their throats in submission. The wolves have a law: Whoever kills the clan leader takes his place. I had come to the place of the wolves, and instead of finding death and vengeance there, I found a new life.

I left my old self behind and almost forgot what it was like to be a Shadowhunter. But I did not forget Jocelyn. The thought of her was a constant companion. I feared for her in the company of Valentine, but knew that if I came near the manor house, the Circle would hunt me down and kill me.

In the end she came to me. I was asleep in the camp when my second in command came to tell me that there was a young Shadowhunter woman waiting to see me. I knew immediately who it must be. I could see the disapproval in his eyes as I raced to meet her. They all knew I had once been a Shadowhunter, of course, but it was considered a shameful secret, never spoken of. Valentine would have laughed.

She was waiting for me just outside the encampment. She was no longer pregnant, and looked drawn and pale. She had had her child, she said, a boy, and had named him Jonathan Christopher. She cried when she saw me. She was angry that I had not let her know I was still alive. Valentine had told the Circle I had taken my own life, but she had not believed it. She knew that I would never do such a thing. I felt her faith in me was unwarranted, but I was so relieved to see her again that I didn't contradict her.

I asked how she had found me. She said that there were rumors in Alicante of a werewolf who had once been a Shadowhunter. Valentine had heard the rumors too, and she

had ridden to warn me. He came soon after, but I hid from him, as werewolves can, and he left without bloodshed.

After that I began to meet Jocelyn in secret. It was the year of the Accords, and all of Downworld was abuzz about them and Valentine's probable plans for disrupting them. I heard that he had argued passionately in the Clave against the Accords, but with no success. So the Circle made a new plan, steeped in secrecy. They allied themselves with demons—the greatest enemies of Shadowhunters—in order to procure weapons that could be smuggled undetected into the Great Hall of the Angel, where the Accords would be signed. And with the aid of a demon, Valentine stole the Mortal Cup. He left in its place a facsimile. It was months before the Clave realized the Cup was missing, and by then it was too late.

Jocelyn tried to learn what Valentine intended to do with the Cup, but could not. But she knew that the Circle planned to fall upon the unarmed Downworlders and murder them in the Hall. After such wholesale slaughter, the Accords would fail.

Despite the chaos, in a strange way those were happy days. Jocelyn and I sent messages covertly to the faeries, the warlocks, and even to those age-old enemies of wolfkind, the vampires, warning them of Valentine's plans and bidding them prepare for battle. We worked together, werewolf and Nephilim.

On the day of the Accords, I watched from a hidden place as Jocelyn and Valentine left the manor house. I remember how she bent to kiss the white-blond head of her son. I remember the way the sun shone on her hair; I remember her smile.

They rode into Alicante by carriage; I followed running on four feet, and my pack ran with me. The Great Hall of the Angel was crowded with all the assembled Clave and score upon score of Downworlders. When the Accords were presented for signing, Valentine rose to his feet, and the Circle rose with him, sweeping back their cloaks to lift their weapons. As the Hall exploded into chaos, Jocelyn ran to the great double doors of the Hall and flung them open.

My pack were the first at the door. We burst into the Hall, tearing the night with our howls, and were followed by faerie knights with weapons of glass and twisted thorns. After them came the Night Children with bared fangs, and warlocks wielding flame and iron. As the panicked masses fled the Hall, we fell upon the members of the Circle.

Never had the Hall of the Angel seen such bloodshed. We tried not to harm those Shadowhunters who were not of the Circle; Jocelyn marked them out, one by one, with a warlock's spell. But many died, and I fear we were responsible for some. Certainly, afterward, we were blamed for many. As for the Circle, there were far more of them than we had imagined, and they clashed fiercely with the Downworlders. I fought through the crowd to Valentine. My only thought had been of him—that I might be the one to kill him, that I might have that honor. I found him at last by the great statue of the Angel, dispatching a faerie knight with a broad stroke of his bloodstained dagger. When he saw me, he smiled, fierce and feral. "A werewolf who fights with sword and dagger," he said, "is as unnatural as a dog who eats with a fork and a knife."

"You know the sword, you know the dagger," I said. "And you know who I am. If you must address me, use my name."

"I do not know the names of half men," said Valentine. "Once I had a friend, a man of honor who would have died before he let his blood be polluted. Now a nameless monster with his face stands before me." He raised his blade. "I should have killed you while I had the chance," he cried, and lunged for me.

I parried the blow, and we fought up and down the dais, while the battle raged around us and one by one the members of the Circle fell. I saw the Lightwoods drop their weapons and flee; Hodge was already gone, having fled at the outset. And then I saw Jocelyn racing up the stairs toward me, her face a mask of fear. "Valentine, stop!" she cried out. "This is Luke, your friend, almost your brother—"

With a snarl Valentine seized her and dragged her in front of him, his dagger to her throat. I dropped my blade. I would

not risk his harming her. He saw what was in my eyes. “You always wanted her,” he hissed. “And now the two of you have plotted my betrayal together. You will regret what you have done, all the rest of your lives.”

With that, he snatched the locket from Jocelyn’s throat and hurled it at me. The silver cord burned me like a lash. I screamed and fell back, and in that moment he vanished into the melee, dragging her with him. I followed, burned and bleeding, but he was too fast, cutting a path through the thick of the crowd and over the dead.

I staggered out into the moonlight. The Hall was burning and the sky was lit with fire. I could see all down the green lawns of the capital to the dark river, and the road along the riverbank where people were fleeing into the night. I found Jocelyn by the banks of the river, at last. Valentine was gone and she was terrified for Jonathan, desperate to get home. We found a horse, and she plunged away. Dropping into wolf form, I followed at her heels.

Wolves are fast, but a rested horse is faster. I fell far behind, and she arrived at the manor house before I did.

I knew even as I neared the house that something was terribly wrong. Here too the smell of fire hung heavy in the air, and there was something overlaying it, something thick and sweet—the stench of demonic witchcraft. I became a man again as I limped up the long drive, white in the moonlight, like a river of silver leading . . . to ruins. For the manor house had been reduced to ashes, layer upon layer of sifting whiteness, strewn across the lawns by the night wind. Only the foundations, like burned bones, were still visible: here a window, there a leaning chimney—but the substance of the house, the bricks and the mortar, the priceless books and ancient tapestries handed down through generations of Shadowhunters, were dust blowing across the face of the moon.

Valentine had destroyed the house with demon fire. He must have. No fire of this world burns so hot, nor leaves so little behind.

I made my way into the still-smoldering ruins. I found Jocelyn kneeling on what had perhaps once been the front doorsteps. They were blackened by fire. And, there were bones. Charred to blackness, but recognizably human, with scraps of cloth here and there, and bits of jewelry the fire had not taken. Red and gold threads still clung to the bones of Jocelyn's mother, and the heat had melted her father's dagger to his skeletal hand. Among another pile of bones gleamed Valentine's silver amulet, with the insignia of the Circle still burning white-hot upon its face . . . and among the remains, scattered as if they were too fragile to hold together, were the bones of a child.

You will regret what you have done, Valentine had said. And as I knelt with Jocelyn on the burned paving stones, I knew that he was right. I did regret it and have regretted it every day since.

We rode back through the city that night, among the still-burning fires and shrieking people, and then out into the darkness of the country. It was a week before Jocelyn spoke again. I took her out of Idris. We fled to Paris. We had no money, but she refused to go to the Institute there and ask for help. She was done with Shadowhunters, she told me, done with the Shadow World.

I sat in the tiny, cheap hotel room we had rented and tried to reason with her, but it did no good. She was obstinate. At last she told me why: She was carrying another child, and had known it for weeks. She would make a new life for herself and her baby, and she wanted no whisper of Clave or Covenant ever to taint her future. She showed me the amulet she had taken from the pile of bones; in the flea market at Clignancourt she sold it, and with that money purchased an airplane ticket. She wouldn't tell me where she was going. The farther away she could get from Idris, she said, the better.

I knew that leaving her old life behind meant leaving me behind as well, and I argued with her, but to no avail. I knew that if not for the child she carried, she would have taken her own life, and since to lose her to the mundane world was better than to lose her to death, I at last reluctantly agreed to

her plan. And so it was that I bid her good-bye at the airport. The last words Jocelyn spoke to me in that dreary departure hall chilled me to the bone: “Valentine is not dead.”

After she was gone, I returned to my pack, but I found no peace there. Always there was a hollow aching inside me, and always I woke with her name unspoken on my lips. I was not the leader I had once been; I knew that much. I was just and fair, but remote; I could not find friends among the wolf-people, nor a mate. I was, in the end, too much human—too much Shadowhunter—to be at rest among the lycanthropes. I hunted, but the hunt brought no satisfaction; and when it came time for the Accords to be signed at last, I went into the city to sign them.

In the Hall of the Angel, scrubbed free of blood, the Shadowhunters and the four branches of half humans sat down again to sign the papers that would bring peace among us. I was astonished to see the Lightwoods, who seemed equally astonished that I wasn’t dead. They themselves, they said, along with Hodge Starkweather and Michael Wayland, were the only members of the former Circle to have escaped death that night in the Hall. Michael, wracked with grief over the loss of his wife, had hidden himself away at his country estate with his young son. The Clave had punished the other three with exile: They were leaving for New York, to run the Institute there. The Lightwoods, who had connections to the highest families in the Clave, got off with a far lighter sentence than Hodge. A curse had been laid on him: He would go with them, but if ever he were to leave the hallowed ground of the Institute, he would be instantly slain. He was devoting himself to his studies, they said, and would make a fine tutor for their children.

When we had signed the Accords, I rose from my chair and went from the hall, down to the river where I had found Jocelyn on the night of the Uprising. Watching the dark waters flow, I knew I could never find peace in my homeland: I had to be with her or nowhere at all. I determined to look for her.

I left my pack, naming another in my stead; I think they were relieved to see me go. I traveled as the wolf without a

pack travels: alone, at night, keeping to the byways and country roads. I went back to Paris, but found no clue there. Then I went to London. From London I took a boat to Boston.

I stayed awhile in the cities, then in the White Mountains of the frozen north. I traveled a good deal, but more and more I found myself thinking of New York, and the exiled Shadowhunters there. Jocelyn, in a way, was an exile too. At length I arrived in New York with a single duffel bag and no idea where to look for your mother. It would have been easy enough for me to find a wolf pack and join it, but I resisted. As I had done in other cities, I sent out messages through Downworld, searching for any sign of Jocelyn, but there was nothing, no word at all, as if she had simply disappeared into the mundane world without a trace. I began to despair.

In the end I found her by chance. I was prowling the streets of SoHo, randomly. As I stood on the cobblestones of Broome Street, a painting hanging in a gallery window caught my eye.

It was the study of a landscape I recognized immediately: the view from the windows of her family's manor house, the green lawns sweeping down to the line of trees that hid the road beyond. I recognized her style, her brushwork, everything. I banged on the door of the gallery, but it was closed and locked. I returned to the painting, and this time saw the signature. It was the first time I had seen her new name: Jocelyn Fray.

By that evening, I had found her, living in a fifth-floor walk-up in that artists' haven, the East Village. I walked up the grimy half-lit stairs with my heart in my throat, and knocked on her door. It was opened by a little girl with dark red braids and inquisitive eyes. And then, behind her, I saw Jocelyn walking toward me, her hands stained with paint and her face just the same as it had been when we were children. . . .

The rest you know.

For a long moment after Luke finished speaking, there was silence in the room. The only sound was the faint drip of water down the stone walls. Finally, he said:

“Say something, Clary.”

“What do you want me to say?”

He sighed. “Maybe that you understand?”

Clary could hear her blood pounding in her ears. She felt as if her life had been built on a sheet of ice as thin as paper, and now the ice was beginning to crack, threatening to plunge her into the icy darkness below. Down into the dark water, she thought, where all her mother’s secrets drifted in the currents, the forgotten remains of a shipwrecked life.

She looked up at Luke. He seemed wavering, indistinct, as if she looked through a blurred glass. “My father,” she said. “That picture my mother always kept on the mantel—”

“That wasn’t your father,” said Luke.

“Did he ever even exist?” Clary’s voice rose. “Was there ever a John Clark, or did my mother make him up too?”

“John Clark existed. But he wasn’t your father. He was the son of two of your mother’s neighbors when you lived in the East Village. He died in a car crash, just like your mother told you, but she never knew him. She had his photo because the neighbors commissioned her to paint a portrait of him in his Army uniform. She gave them the portrait but kept the photo, and pretended the man in it had been your father. I think she thought it was easier that way. After all, if she’d claimed he’d run off or disappeared, you’d have wanted to look for him. A dead man—”

“Won’t contradict your lies,” Clary finished for him bitterly. “Didn’t she think it was wrong, all those years, letting me think my father was dead, when my real father—”

Luke said nothing, letting her find the end of the sentence herself, letting her think the unthinkable thought on her own.

“Is *Valentine*.” Her voice shook. “That’s what you’re telling me, right? That Valentine was—is—my father?”

Luke nodded, his knotted fingers the only sign of the tension he felt. “Yes.”

“Oh, my *God*.” Clary leaped to her feet, no longer able to sit still. She paced to the bars of the cell. “That’s not possible. It’s just not possible.”

“Clary, please don’t get upset—”

“Don’t get upset? You’re telling me that my dad is a guy who’s basically an evil overlord, and you want me not to get upset?”

“He wasn’t evil to begin with,” Luke said, sounding almost apologetic.

“Oh, I beg to differ. I think he was *clearly* evil. All that stuff he was spouting about keeping the human race pure and the importance of untainted blood—he was like one of those creepy white power guys. And you two totally fell for it.”

“I wasn’t the one talking about ‘slimy’ Downworlders just minutes ago,” Luke said quietly. “Or about how they couldn’t be trusted.”

“That’s not the same thing!” Clary could hear the tears in her voice. “I had a brother,” she went on, her voice catching. “Grandparents, too. They’re dead?”

Luke nodded, looking down at his big hands, open on his knees. “They’re dead.”

“Jonathan,” she said softly. “He would have been older than me? A year older?”

Luke said nothing.

“I always wanted a brother,” she said.

“Don’t,” he said wretchedly. “Don’t torture yourself. You can see why your mother kept all this from you, can’t you? What good would it have done you to know what you had lost before you were even born?”

“That box,” Clary said, her mind working feverishly. “With the J.C. on it. Jonathan Christopher. That was what she was always crying over, that was his lock of hair—my brother’s, not my father’s.”

“Yes.”

“And when you said ‘Clary isn’t Jonathan,’ you meant my brother. My mom was so overprotective of me because she’d already had one child who died.”

Before Luke could reply, the cell door clanged open and Gretel entered. The “healing kit,” which Clary had been envisioning as a hard plastic-sided box with the Red Cross insignia on it, turned out to be a big wooden tray, stacked with folded bandages, steaming bowls of unidentified liquids, and herbs that gave off a pungent lemony odor. Gretel set the tray down beside the cot and gestured for Clary to sit down, which she did unwillingly.

“That’s a good girl,” said the wolf-woman, dipping a cloth into one of the bowls and lifting it to Clary’s face. Gently she cleaned away the dried blood. “What happened to you?” she asked disapprovingly, as if she suspected Clary of taking a cheese grater to her face.

“I was wondering that myself,” said Luke, watching the goings-on with folded arms.

“Hugo attacked me.” Clary tried not to wince as the astringent liquid stung her wounds.

“Hugo?” Luke blinked. “Hodge’s bird. I think it was his bird, anyway. Maybe it was Valentine’s.”

“Hugin,” Luke said softly. “Hugin and Munin were Valentine’s pet birds. Their names mean ‘Thought’ and ‘Memory.’”

“Well, they should mean ‘Attack’ and ‘Kill,’” said Clary. “Hugo almost tore my eyes out.”

“That’s what he’s trained to do.” Luke was tapping the fingers of one hand against his other arm. “Hodge must have taken him in after the Uprising. But he’d still be Valentine’s creature.”

“Just like Hodge was,” Clary said, wincing as Gretel cleaned the long slash along her arm, which was crusted with dirt and dried blood. Then Gretel began bandaging it up neatly.

“Clary—”

“I don’t want to talk about the past anymore,” she said fiercely. “I want to know what we’re going to do now. Now Valentine’s got my mom, Jace—and the Cup. And we’ve got nothing.”

“I wouldn’t say we have nothing,” said Luke. “We have a powerful wolf pack. The problem is that we don’t know where Valentine is.”

Clary shook her head. Lank strings of hair fell into her eyes, and she tossed them back impatiently. God, she was filthy. The one thing she wanted more than anything else—*almost* anything else—was a shower. “Doesn’t Valentine have some kind of hideout? A secret lair?”

“If he does,” said Luke, “he has kept it secret indeed.” Gretel released Clary, who moved her arm gingerly. The greenish ointment Gretel had smeared on the cut had minimized the pain, but the arm still felt stiff and wooden. “Wait a second,” Clary said.

“I never understand why people say that,” Luke said, to no one in particular. “I wasn’t going anywhere.”

“Could Valentine be somewhere in New York?”

“Possibly.”

“When I saw him at the Institute, he came through a Portal. Magnus said there are only two Portals in New York. One at Dorothea’s, and one at Renwick’s. The one at Dorothea’s was destroyed, and I can’t really see him hiding out there anyway, so—”

“Renwick’s?” Luke looked baffled. “Renwick isn’t a Shadowhunter name.”

“What if Renwick isn’t a person, though?” said Clary. “What if it’s a place? *Renwick’s*. Like a restaurant, or . . . or a hotel or something.”

Luke’s eyes went suddenly wide. He turned to Gretel, who was advancing on him with the medical kit. “Get me a phone book,” he said.

She stopped in her tracks, holding the tray out toward him in an accusatory manner. “But, sir, your *wounds*—”

“Forget my wounds and get me a phone book,” he snapped. “We’re in a police station. You’d think there’d be plenty of old ones around.”

With a look of disdainful exasperation Gretel set the tray down on the ground and marched out of the room. Luke looked at Clary over his spectacles, which had slid partway down his nose. “Good thinking.”

She didn’t reply. There was a hard knot at the center of her stomach. She found herself trying to breathe around it. The beginning of a thought tickled at the edge of her mind, wanting to resolve itself into a full-blown realization. But she pushed it firmly down and away. She couldn’t afford to give her resources, her energy, to anything but the issue immediately at hand.

Gretel returned with damp-looking yellow pages and thrust them at Luke. He read the book standing up while the wolf-woman attacked his injured side with bandages and sticky pots of ointment. “There are seven Renwicks in the phone book,” he said finally. “No restaurants, hotels, or other locations.” He pushed his spectacles up; they slid down again instantly. “They are not Shadowhunters,” he said, “and it seems unlikely to me that Valentine would set up headquarters in the home of a mundane or a Downworlder. Though, perhaps—”

“Do you have a phone?” Clary interrupted.

“Not on me.” Luke, still holding the phone book, peered under it at Gretel. “Could you get the telephone?”

With a disgusted snort she tossed the wad of bloody cloths she'd been holding onto the floor, and stalked out of the room a second time. Luke set the phone book down on the table, picked up the roll of bandaging, and began winding it around the diagonal cut across his ribs. "Sorry," he said, as Clary stared. "I know it's disgusting."

"If we catch Valentine," she asked abruptly, "can we kill him?"

Luke nearly dropped the bandages. "What?"

She fiddled with a stray thread poking out of the pocket of her jeans. "He killed my older brother. He killed my grandparents. Didn't he?"

Luke set the bandages on the table and pulled his shirt down. "And you think killing him will what? Erase those things?"

Gretel returned before Clary could say anything to that. She wore a martyred expression and handed Luke a clunky-looking old-fashioned cell phone. Clary wondered who paid the phone bills.

Clary held her hand out. "Let me make a call."

Luke seemed hesitant. "Clary . . ."

"It's about Renwick's. It'll only take a second."

He handed her the phone warily. She punched in the number, and half-turned away from him to give herself the illusion of privacy.

Simon picked up on the third ring. "Hello?"

"It's me."

His voice climbed an octave. "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine. Why? Have you heard anything from Isabelle?"

"No. What would I have heard from Isabelle? *Is* there something wrong? Is it Alec?"

"No," Clary said, not wanting to lie and say that Alec was fine. "It's not Alec. Look, I just need you to Google something

for me.”

Simon snorted. “You’re kidding. Don’t they have a computer there? You know what, don’t answer that.” She heard the sounds of a door opening and the thump-meow as Simon’s mother’s cat was banished from his perch on the keyboard of his computer. She could picture Simon quite clearly in her head as he sat down, his fingers moving quickly over the keyboard. “What do you want me to look up?”

She told him. She could feel Luke’s worried eyes on her as she talked. It was the same way he’d looked at her when she was eleven years old and had the flu with a spiking fever. He’d brought her ice cubes to suck on and had read to her out of her favorite books, doing all the voices.

“You’re right,” Simon said, snapping her out of her reverie. “It’s a place. Or at least, it was a place. It’s abandoned now.”

Her sweaty hand slipped on the phone, and she tightened her grip. “Tell me about it.”

“The most famous of the lunatic asylums, debtor’s prisons, and hospitals built on Roosevelt Island in the 1800s,” Simon read dutifully. *“Renwick Smallpox Hospital was designed by architect Jacob Renwick and intended to quarantine the poorest victims of Manhattan’s uncontrollable smallpox epidemic. During the next century the hospital was abandoned to disrepair. Public access to the ruin is forbidden.”*

“Okay, that’s enough,” said Clary, her heart pounding. “That’s *got* to be it. Roosevelt Island? Don’t people *live* there?”

“Not everyone lives in the Slope, princess,” said Simon, with a fair degree of mock sarcasm. “Anyway, do you need me to give you a ride again or something?”

“No! I’m fine, I don’t need anything. I just wanted the information.”

“All right.” He sounded a little hurt, Clary thought, but told herself it didn’t matter. He was safe at home, and that was what was important.

She hung up, turning to Luke. “There’s an abandoned hospital at the south end of Roosevelt Island called Renwick’s. I think Valentine’s there.”

Luke shoved his glasses up again. “Blackwell’s Island. Of course.”

“What do you mean, Blackwell’s? I said—”

He cut her off with a gesture. “That’s what Roosevelt Island used to be called. Blackwell’s. It was owned by an old Shadowhunter family. I should have guessed.” He turned to Gretel. “Get Alaric. We’re going to need everyone back here as soon as possible.” His lips were curled into a half smile that reminded Clary of the cold grin Jace wore during fights. “Tell them to ready themselves for battle.”



They made their way up to the street via a circuitous maze of cells and corridors that eventually opened out into what had once been the lobby of a police station. The building was abandoned now, and the slanting light of late afternoon cast strange shadows over the empty desks, the padlocked cabinets pocked with black termite holes, the cracked floor tiles spelling out the motto of the NYPD: *Fidelis ad Mortem*.

“Faithful unto death,” said Luke, following her gaze.

“Let me guess,” said Clary. “On the inside it’s an abandoned police station; from the outside, mundanes only see a condemned apartment building, or a vacant lot, or . . .”

“Actually it looks like a Chinese restaurant from the outside,” Luke said. “Takeout only, no table service.”

“A Chinese restaurant?” Clary echoed in disbelief.

He shrugged. “Well, we are in Chinatown. This was the Second Precinct building once.”

“People must think it’s weird that there’s no phone number to call for orders.”

Luke grinned. “There is. We just don’t answer it much. Sometimes, if they’re bored, some of the cubs will deliver someone some mu shu pork.”

“You’re kidding.”

“Not at all. The tips come in handy.” He pushed the front door open, letting in a stream of sunlight.

Still not sure whether he was kidding or not, Clary followed Luke across Baxter Street to where his car was parked. The inside of the pickup truck was comfortingly familiar. The faint smell of wood chips and old paper and soap, the faded pair of plush gold dice that she’d given him when she was ten because they looked like the gold dice hanging from the rearview mirror of the Millennium Falcon. The discarded gum wrappers and empty coffee cups rolling around on the floor. Clary hauled herself up into the passenger seat, settling back against the headrest with a sigh. She was more tired than she would have liked to admit.

Luke shut the door after her. “Stay right here.”

She watched as he talked to Gretel and Alaric, who were standing on the steps of the old police station, waiting patiently. Clary amused herself by letting her eyes fade in and out of focus, watching the glamour appear and disappear. First it was an old police station, then it was a dilapidated storefront sporting a yellow awning that read JADE WOLF CHINESE CUISINE.

Luke was gesturing to his second and third, pointing down the street. His pickup was the first in a line of vans, motorcycles, Jeeps, and even a wrecked-looking old school bus. The vehicles stretched in a line down the block and around the corner. A convoy of were-wolves. Clary wondered how they’d begged, borrowed, stolen, or commandeered so many vehicles on such short notice. On the plus side, at least they wouldn’t all have to go on the aerial tram.

Luke accepted a white paper bag from Gretel, and with a nod, bounded back to the pickup. Folding his lanky body behind the wheel, he handed her the bag. “You’re in charge of this.”

Clary peered at it suspiciously. “What is it? Weapons?”

Luke’s shoulders shook with soundless laughter. “Steamed bao buns, actually,” he said, pulling the truck out into the

street. “And coffee.”

Clary ripped the bag open as they headed uptown, her stomach growling furiously. She tore a bun apart, savoring the rich savory-salt taste of the pork, the chewiness of the white dough. She washed it down with a swig of black supersweet coffee, and offered a bun to Luke. “Want one?”

“Sure.” It was almost like old times, she thought, as they swung onto Canal Street, when they had picked up bags of hot dumplings from the Golden Carriage Bakery and eaten half of them on the drive home over the Manhattan Bridge.

“So tell me about this Jace,” said Luke.

Clary nearly choked on a bun. She reached for the coffee, drowning her coughs with hot liquid. “What about him?”

“Do you have any idea what Valentine might want with him?”

“No.”

Luke frowned into the setting sun. “I thought Jace was one of the Lightwood kids?”

“No.” Clary bit into a third bun. “His last name is Wayland. His father was—”

“Michael Wayland?”

She nodded. “And when Jace was ten years old, Valentine killed him. Michael, I mean.”

“That sounds like something he would do,” said Luke. His tone was neutral, but there was something in his voice that made Clary look at him sideways. Did he not believe her?

“Jace saw him die,” she added, as if to bolster her claim.

“That’s awful,” said Luke. “Poor messed-up kid.”

They were driving over the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge. Clary glanced down and saw the river turned all to gold and blood by the setting sun. She could glimpse the south end of Roosevelt Island from here, though it was just a smudge to the north. “He’s not so bad,” she said. “The Lightwoods have taken good care of him.”

“I can imagine. They were always close with Michael,” observed Luke, swerving into the left lane. In the side mirror Clary could see the caravan of following vehicles alter its course to mimic his. “They would want to look after his son.”

“So what happens when the moon comes up?” she asked. “Are you all going to suddenly wolf out, or what?”

Luke’s mouth twitched. “Not exactly. Only the young ones, the ones who’ve just Changed, can’t control their transformations. Most of the rest of us have learned how to, over the years. Only the moon at its fullest can force a Change on me now.”

“So when the moon’s only partly full, you only feel a little wolfy?” Clary asked.

“You could say that.”

“Well, you can go ahead and hang your head out the car window if you feel like it.”

Luke laughed. “I’m a werewolf, not a golden retriever.”

“How long have you been the clan leader?” she asked abruptly.

Luke hesitated. “About a week.”

Clary swung around to stare at him. “A *week*?”

He sighed. “I knew Valentine had taken your mother,” he said without much inflection. “I knew I had little chance against him by myself and that I could expect no assistance from the Clave. It took me a day to track down the location of the nearest lycanthrope pack.”

“You killed the clan leader so you could take his place?”

“It was the fastest way I could think of to acquire a sizeable number of allies in a short period of time,” said Luke, without any regret in his tone, though without any pride either. She remembered spying on him in his house, how she’d noticed the deep scratches on his hands and face and the way he’d winced when he moved his arm. “I had done it before. I was fairly sure I could do it again.” He shrugged. “Your mother

was gone. I knew I'd made you hate me. I had nothing to lose."

Clary braced her green sneakers against the dashboard. Through the cracked windshield, above the tips of her toes, the moon was rising over the bridge. "Well," she said. "You do now."



The hospital at the southern end of Roosevelt Island was floodlit at night, its ghostly outlines curiously visible against the darkness of the river and the greater illumination of Manhattan. Luke and Clary fell silent as the pickup skirted the tiny island, as the paved road they were on turned to gravel and finally to packed dirt. The road followed the curve of a high chain-link fence, the top of which was strung with curlicues of razor wire like festive loops of ribbon.

When the road grew too bumpy for them to drive any farther, Luke pulled the truck to a stop and killed the lights. He looked at Clary. "Any chance if I asked you to wait here for me, you would?"

She shook her head. "It wouldn't necessarily be any safer in the car. Who knows what Valentine's got patrolling his perimeter?"

Luke laughed softly. "*Perimeter*. Listen to you." He swung himself out of the truck and came around to her side to help her down. She could have jumped down from the truck herself, but it was nice to have him help, the way he'd done since she was too small to climb down on her own.

Her feet hit the dry-packed dirt, sending up puffs of dust. The cars that had been following them were pulling up, one by one, forming a sort of circle around Luke's truck. Their headlights swept across her view, lighting the chain-link fence to white-silver. Beyond the fence, the hospital itself was a ruin bathed in harsh light that pointed out its dilapidated state: the roofless walls jutting up from the uneven ground like broken teeth, the crenellated stone parapets overgrown with a green carpet of ivy. "It's a wreck," she heard herself say softly, a

flicker of apprehension in her voice. “I don’t see how Valentine could possibly be hiding here.”

Luke glanced past her at the hospital. “It’s a strong glamour,” he said. “Try to look past the lights.” Alaric was walking over to them along the road, the light breeze making his denim jacket flutter open, showing the scarred chest underneath. The were-wolves walking behind him looked like completely ordinary people, Clary thought. If she’d seen them all together in a group somewhere, she might have thought they knew each other somehow—there was a certain nonphysical resemblance, a bluntness to their gazes, a forcefulness to their expressions. She might have thought they were farmers, since they looked more sunburned, lean, and rawboned than your average city-dweller, or maybe she would have taken them for a biker gang. But they looked nothing like monsters.

They came together in a quick conference by Luke’s truck, like a football huddle. Clary, feeling very much on the outside, turned to look at the hospital again. This time she tried to stare around the lights, or through them, the way you could sometimes look past a thin topcoat of paint to see what was underneath. As it usually did, thinking of how she would draw it helped. The lights seemed to fade, and now she was looking across an oak-dusted lawn to an ornate Gothic Revival structure that seemed to loom up above the trees like the bulwark of a great ship. The windows of the lower floors were dark and shuttered, but light poured through the mitred arches of the third-story windows, like a line of flame burning along the ridge of a distant mountain range. A heavy stone porch faced outward, hiding the front door.

“You see it?” It was Luke, who had come up behind her with the padding grace of—well, a wolf.

She was still staring. “It looks more like a castle than a hospital.”

Taking her by the shoulders, Luke turned her to face him. “Clary, listen to me.” His grip was painfully tight. “I want you to stay next to me. Move when I move. Hold on to my sleeve if you have to. The others are going to stay around us,

protecting us, but if you get outside the circle, they won't be able to guard you. They're going to move us toward the door." He dropped his hands from her shoulders, and when he moved, she saw the glint of something metal just inside his jacket. She hadn't realized he was carrying a weapon, but then she remembered what Simon had said about what was in Luke's old green duffel bag and supposed it made sense. "Do you promise you'll do what I say?"

"I promise."

The fence was real, not part of the glamour. Alaric, still in front, rattled it experimentally, then raised a lazy hand. Long claws sprouted from beneath his fingernails, and he slashed at the chain-link with them, slicing the metal to ribbons. They fell in a clattering pile, like Tinkertoys.

"Go." He gestured the others through. They surged forward like one person, a coordinated sea of movement. Gripping Clary's arm, Luke pushed her ahead of him, ducking to follow. They straightened up inside the fence, looking up toward the smallpox hospital, where gathered dark shapes, massed on the porch, were beginning to move down the steps.

Alaric had his head up, sniffing the wind. "The stench of death lies heavy on the air."

Luke's breath left his lungs in a hissing rush. "*Forsaken.*"

He shoved Clary behind him; she went, stumbling slightly on the uneven ground. The pack began to move toward her and Luke; as they neared, they dropped to all fours, lips snarling back from their lengthening fangs, limbs extending into long, furred extremities, clothes overgrown by fur. Some tiny instinctual voice in the back of Clary's brain was screaming at her: *Wolves! Run away!* But she fought it and stayed where she was, though she could feel the jump and tremble of nerves in her hands.

The pack encircled them, facing outward. More wolves flanked the circle on either side. It was as if she and Luke were the center of a star. Like that, they began to move toward the front porch of the hospital. Still behind Luke, Clary didn't even see the first of the Forsaken as they struck. She heard a

wolf howl as if in pain. The howl went up and up, turning quickly into a snarl. There was a thudding sound, then a gurgling cry and a sound like ripping paper—

Clary found herself wondering if the Forsaken were edible.

She glanced up at Luke. His face was set. She could see them now, beyond the ring of wolves, the scene lit to brilliance by floodlights and the shimmering glow of Manhattan: dozens of Forsaken, their skin corpse-pale in the moonlight, seared by lesionlike runes. Their eyes were vacant as they hurled themselves at the wolves, and the wolves met them head-on, claws tearing, teeth gouging and rending. She saw one of the Forsaken warriors—a woman—fall back, throat torn out, arms still twitching. Another hacked at a wolf with one arm while the other arm lay on the ground a meter away, blood pulsing from the stump. Black blood, brackish as swamp water, ran in streams, slicking the grass so that Clary's feet slipped out from under her. Luke caught her before she could fall. "Stay with me."

I'm here, she wanted to say, but no words would come out of her mouth. The group was still moving up the lawn toward the hospital, agonizingly slowly. Luke's grip was rigid as iron. Clary couldn't tell who was winning, if anyone. The wolves had size and speed on their side, but the Forsaken moved with a grim inevitability and were surprisingly hard to kill. She saw the big brindled wolf who was Alaric take one down by tearing its legs out from under it, then leaping for its throat. It kept moving even as he ripped it apart, its slashing axe opening up a long red cut along Alaric's glinting coat.

Distracted, Clary hardly noticed the Forsaken that broke through the protective circle, until it loomed up in front of her, as if it had sprung up from the grass at her feet. White-eyed, with matted hair, it raised a dripping knife.

She screamed. Luke whirled, dragging her sideways, and caught the thing's wrist, and twisted. She heard the snap of bone, and the knife fell to the grass. The Forsaken's hand dangled limply, but it kept coming on toward them, evincing no sign of pain. Luke was shouting hoarsely for Alaric. Clary tried to reach the dagger in her belt, but Luke's grip on her arm

was too strong. Before she could shout at him to let go of her, a lick of slim silver fire hurtled between them. It was Gretel. She landed with her front paws against the Forsaken's chest, knocking it to the ground. A fierce whine of rage rose from Gretel's throat, but the Forsaken was stronger; it flung her aside like a rag doll and rolled to its feet.

Something lifted Clary off her feet. She shouted, but it was Alaric, half in and half out of wolf form, his hands taloned with sharp claws. Still, they held her gently as he swung her up into his arms.

Luke was motioning at them. "Get her out of here! Get her to the doors!" he was shouting.

"Luke!" Clary twisted in Alaric's grasp.

"Don't look," Alaric said in a growl.

But she did look. Long enough to see Luke start toward Gretel, a blade in his hand, but he was too late. The Forsaken seized up its knife, which had fallen into the blood-wet grass, and sank it into Gretel's back, again and again as she clawed and struggled and finally collapsed, the light in her silvery eyes fading into darkness. With a shout Luke swung his blade at the Forsaken's throat—

"I told you not to look," Alaric growled, turning so that her line of sight was blocked by his looming bulk. They were racing up the steps now, the sound of his clawed feet scraping the granite like nails on a blackboard.

"Alaric," Clary said.

"Yes?"

"I'm sorry I threw a knife at you."

"Don't be. It was a well-placed blow."

She tried to look past him. "Where's Luke?"

"I'm here," Luke said. Alaric turned. Luke was coming up the steps, sliding his sword back into its sheath, which was strapped to his side, beneath his jacket. The blade was black and sticky.

Alaric let Clary slide to the porch. She landed, turning. She couldn't see Gretel or the Forsaken who had killed her, only a mass of heaving bodies and flashing metal. Her face was wet. She reached up with a free hand to see if she was bleeding but realized that she was crying instead. Luke looked at her curiously. "She was only a Downworlder," he said.

Clary's eyes burned. "Don't *say* that."

"I see." He turned to Alaric. "Thank you for taking care of her. While we go on—"

"I'm going with you," said Alaric. He had made most of the transformation to man-form, but his eyes were still wolf's eyes, and his lips were drawn back from teeth as long as toothpicks. He flexed his long-nailed hands.

Luke's eyes were troubled. "Alaric, no."

Alaric's growling voice was flat. "You are the pack leader. I am your second now that Gretel is dead. It would not be right to let you go alone."

"I—" Luke looked at Clary, and then back out at the field in front of the hospital. "I need you out here, Alaric. I'm sorry. That's an order."

Alaric's eyes flashed resentfully, but he stepped aside. The hospital door was ornate heavy carved wood, patterns familiar to Clary, the roses of Idris, curling runes, rayed suns. It gave with the popping noise of a burst latch when Luke kicked at it. He pushed Clary forward as the door swung wide. "Get inside."

She stumbled past him, turned on the threshold. She caught a single brief glimpse of Alaric looking after them, his wolf eyes gleaming. Behind him the lawn in front of the hospital was strewn with bodies, the dirt stained with blood, black and red. When the door slammed shut behind her, cutting off her view, she was grateful.

She and Luke stood in half-lit dimness, in a stone entryway lit by a single torch. After the din of battle the silence was like a smothering cloak. Clary found herself gasping in breaths

of air, air that wasn't thick with humidity and the smell of blood.

Luke gripped her shoulder with his hand. "Are you all right?"

She wiped at her cheeks. "You shouldn't have said that. About Gretel being just a Downworlder. I don't think that."

"I'm glad to hear it." He reached for the torch in its metal holder. "I hated the idea of the Lightwoods turning you into a copy of them."

"Well, they haven't."

The torch would not come away in Luke's hand; he frowned. Digging into her pocket, Clary removed the smooth rune-stone Jace had given her for her birthday, and raised it high. Light burst between her fingers, as if she'd cracked a seed of darkness, letting out the illumination trapped inside. Luke let go of the torch.

"Witchlight?" he said.

"Jace gave it to me." She could feel it pulse in her hand, like the heartbeat of a tiny bird. She wondered where Jace was in this gray stone pile of rooms, if he was frightened, if he had wondered whether he'd see her again.

"It's been years since I fought by witchlight," Luke said, and started up the stairs. They creaked loudly under his boots. "Follow me."

The flaring glow of the witchlight cast their shadows, weirdly elongated, against the smooth granite walls. They paused at a stone landing that curved around in an arc. Above them she could see light. "Is this what the hospital used to look like, hundreds of years ago?" Clary whispered.

"Oh, the bones of what Renwick built are still here," said Luke. "But I would imagine Valentine, Blackwell, and the others had the place renovated to be a bit more to their taste. Look here." He scraped a boot along the floor: Clary glanced down and saw a rune carved into the granite beneath their feet: a circle, in the center of which was a Latin motto: *In Hoc Signo Vincas*.

“What does that mean?” she asked.

“It means ‘By this sign we will conquer.’ It was the motto of the Circle.”

She glanced up, toward the light. “So they’re here.”

“They’re here,” said Luke, and there was anticipation in the narrow edge of his tone. “Come.”

They went up the winding staircase, circling under the light until it was all around them and they were standing at the entrance to a long and narrow corridor. Torches blazed along the passage. Clary closed her hand over the witchlight, and it blinked out like a doused star.

There were doors set at intervals along the corridor, all of them closed tight. She wondered if they had been wards when this had once been a hospital, or perhaps private rooms. As they moved down the corridor, Clary saw the marks of bootprints, muddy from the grass outside, crisscrossing the passage. Someone had walked here recently.

The first door they tried swung open easily, but the room beyond was empty: only polished wood floor and stone walls, lit to eeriness by the moonlight spilling through the window. The dim roar of the battle outside filled the room, as rhythmic as the sound of the ocean. The second room was full of weapons: swords, maces, and axes. Moonlight ran like silver water over row upon row of cold unsheathed steel. Luke whistled under his breath. “Quite a collection.”

“You think Valentine uses all these?”

“Unlikely. I suspect they’re for his army.” Luke turned away. The third room was a bedroom. The hangings around the four-poster bed were blue, the Persian carpet patterned in blue, black, and gray, and the furniture was painted white, like the furnishings in a child’s room. A thin and ghostly layer of dust covered it all, glinting faintly in the moonlight.

In the bed lay Jocelyn, asleep.

She was on her back, one hand thrown carelessly across her chest, her hair spread across the pillow. She wore a sort of white nightdress Clary had never seen, and she was breathing

regularly and quietly. In the piercing moonlight Clary could see the flutter of her mother's eyelids as she dreamed.

With a little scream Clary hurled herself forward—but Luke's outflung arm caught her across the chest like a bar of iron, holding her back. "Wait," he said, his own voice tense with effort. "We have to be careful."

Clary glared at him, but he was looking past her, his expression angry and pained. She followed the line of his gaze and saw what she had not wanted to see before. Silver manacles closed around Jocelyn's wrists and feet, the ends of their chains sunk deep into the stone floor on either side of the bed. The table beside the bed was covered in a weird array of tubes and bottles, glass jars and long, wickedly tipped instruments glinting with surgical steel. A rubberized tube ran from one of the glass jars to a vein in Jocelyn's left arm.

Clary jerked herself away from Luke's restraining hand and lunged toward the bed, wrapping her arms around her mother's unresponsive body. But it was like trying to hug a badly jointed doll. Jocelyn remained motionless and stiff, her slow breathing unaltered.

A week ago Clary would have cried as she had that first terrible night she had discovered her mother missing, cried and called out. But no tears came now, as she let her mother go and straightened up. There was no terror in her now, and no self-pity: only a bitter rage and a need to find the man who'd done this, the one responsible for all of it.

"Valentine," she said.

"Of course." Luke was beside her, touching her mother's face lightly, raising her eyelids. The eyes beneath were as blank as marbles. "She's not drugged," he said. "Some kind of spell, I expect."

Clary let her breath out in a tight half sob. "How do we get her out of here?"

"I can't touch the manacles," said Luke. "Silver. Do you have—"

“The weapons room,” Clary said, standing up. “I saw an axe there. Several. We could cut the chains—”

“Those chains are unbreakable.” The voice that spoke from the door was low, gritty, and familiar. Clary spun and saw Blackwell. He was grinning now, wearing the same clotted-blood-colored robes as before, the hood pushed back, muddy boots visible under the hem. “Graymark,” he said. “What a nice surprise.”

Luke stood up. “If you’re surprised, you’re an idiot,” he said. “I didn’t exactly arrive quietly.”

Blackwell’s cheeks flushed a darker purple, but he didn’t move toward Luke. “Clan leader again, are you?” he said, and gave an unpleasant laugh. “Can’t break yourself of the habit of getting Downworlders to do your dirty work? Valentine’s troops are busy strewing pieces of them all over the lawn, and you’re up here safe with your girlfriends.” He sneered in Clary’s direction. “That one looks a little young for you, Lucian.”

Clary flushed angrily, her hands balling into fists, but Luke’s voice, when he replied, was polite. “I wouldn’t exactly call those *troops*, Blackwell,” he said. “They’re Forsaken. Tormented once-human beings. If I recall properly, the Clave looks pretty darkly on all that—torturing people, performing black magic. I can’t imagine they’ll be too pleased.”

“Damn the Clave,” growled Blackwell. “We don’t need them and their half-breed-tolerating ways. Besides, the Forsaken won’t be Forsaken much longer. Once Valentine uses the Cup on them, they’ll be Shadowhunters as good as the rest of us—better than what the Clave is passing off as warriors these days. Downworlder-loving milksops.” He bared his blunt teeth.

“If that is his plan for the Cup,” said Luke, “why hasn’t he done it already? What’s he waiting for?”

Blackwell’s eyebrows went up. “Didn’t you know? He’s got his—”

A silky laugh interrupted him. Pangborn had appeared at his elbow, all in black with a leather strap across his shoulder. "Enough, Blackwell," he said. "You talk too much, as usual." He flashed his pointed teeth at Luke. "Interesting move, Graymark. I didn't think you'd have the stomach for leading your newest clan on a suicide mission."

A muscle twitched in Luke's cheek. "Jocelyn," he said. "What has he done to her?"

Pangborn chuckled musically. "I thought you didn't care."

"I don't see what he wants with her now," Luke went on, ignoring the jibe. "He's got the Cup. She can't be of further use. Valentine was never one for pointless murder. Murder with a point. Now, that might be a different story."

Pangborn shrugged indifferently. "It makes no difference to us what he does with her," he said. "She was his wife. Perhaps he hates her. That's a point."

"Let her go," said Luke, "and we'll leave with her, call the clan off. I'll owe you one."

"No!" Clary's furious outburst made Pangborn and Blackwell swing their stares to her. Both looked faintly incredulous, as if she were a talking cockroach. She turned to Luke. "There's still Jace. He's here somewhere."

Blackwell was chuckling. "Jace? Never heard of a Jace," he said. "Now, I could ask Pangborn to let her out. But I'd rather not. She was always a bitch to me, Jocelyn was. Thought she was better than the rest of us, with her looks and her lineage. Just a pedigreed bitch, that's all. She only married him so she could turn it around on us all—"

"Disappointed you didn't get to marry him yourself, Blackwell?" was all Luke said in reply, though Clary could hear the cold rage in his voice.

Blackwell, his face purpling, took an angry step forward into the room.

And Luke, moving so swiftly that Clary almost did not see him do it, seized a scalpel from the bedside table and flung it. It flipped twice in the air and sank point-first into Blackwell's

throat, cutting off his growling retort. He gagged, eyes rolling up to the whites, and fell to his knees, hands at his throat. Scarlet liquid pulsed between his spread fingers. He opened his mouth as if to speak, but only a thin line of blood dribbled out. His hands slipped from his throat, and he crashed to the ground like a tree falling.

“Oh, dear,” said Pangborn, gazing at the fallen body of his comrade with fastidious distaste. “How unpleasant.”

Blood from Blackwell’s cut throat was spreading across the floor in a viscous red pool. Luke, taking Clary’s shoulder, whispered something in her ear. It meant nothing. Clary was aware only of a numb buzzing in her head. She remembered another poem from English class, something about how after the first death you saw, no other deaths mattered. That poet hadn’t known what he was talking about.

Luke let her go. “The keys, Pangborn,” he said.

Pangborn nudged Blackwell with a foot, and glanced up. He looked irritable. “Or what? You’ll throw a syringe at me? There was only one blade on that table. No,” he added, reaching behind him and drawing from his shoulder a long and wicked-looking sword, “I’m afraid that if you want the keys, you’ll have to come and get them. Not because I care about Jocelyn Morgenstern one way or the other, you understand, but only because I, for one, have been looking forward to killing you . . . for years.”

He drew the last word out, savoring it with a delicious exultation as he moved forward into the room. His blade flashed, a spear of lightning in the moonlight. Clary saw Luke thrust a hand out toward her—a strangely elongated hand, tipped with nails like tiny daggers—and she realized two things: that he was about to Change, and that what he had whispered in her ear was a single word.

Run.

She ran. She zigzagged around Pangborn, who barely glanced at her, skirted Blackwell’s body, and was out the door and in the corridor, heart pounding, before Luke’s transformation was complete. She didn’t glance back, but she

heard a howl, long and piercing, the sound of metal on metal, and a shattering fall. Breaking glass, she thought. Perhaps they had knocked over the bedside table.

She dashed down the hall to the weapons room. Inside, she reached for a weathered steel-hafted axe. It stuck firmly to the wall, no matter how hard she yanked at it. She tried a sword, and then a featherstaff—even a small dagger—but not a single blade would come free in her hand. At last, nails torn and fingers bloodied with effort, she had to give up. There was magic in this room, and not runic magic either: something wild and strange, something *dark*.

She backed out of the room. There was nothing on this floor that could help her. She limped down the corridor—she was beginning to feel the ache of true exhaustion in her legs and arms—and found herself at the junction of the stairs. Up or down? Down, she recalled, had been lightless, empty. Of course, there was the witchlight in her pocket, but something in her quailed at the thought of entering those black spaces alone. Upstairs she saw the blaze of more lights, caught a flicker of something that might have been movement.

She went up. Her legs hurt, her feet hurt, everything hurt. Her cuts had been bandaged, but that didn't stop them from stinging. Her face ached where Hugo had slashed her cheek, and her mouth tasted metallic and bitter.

She reached the last landing. It was curved gently like the bow of a ship, as silent here as it had been downstairs; no sound of the fighting outside reached her ears. Another long corridor stretched out in front of her, with the same multiple doors, but here some were open, spilling even more light out into the hallway. She went forward, and some instinct drew her to the last door on her left. Cautiously she glanced inside.

At first the room reminded her of one of the period reconstruction displays in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It was as if she had stepped into the past—the paneled walls gleamed as if recently polished, as did the endlessly long dining table set with delicate china. An ornate gold-framed mirror adorned the far wall, between two oil portraits in heavy frames. Everything glittered under the torchlight: the plates on

the table, heaped with food, the fluted glasses shaped like calla lilies, the linens so white they were blinding. At the end of the room were two wide windows, draped with swags of heavy velvet. Jace stood at one of the windows, so still that for a moment she imagined he was a statue, until she realized she could see the light shining on his hair. His left hand held the curtain aside, and in the dark window she saw the reflection of the dozens of candles inside the room, trapped in the glass like fireflies.

“Jace,” she said. She heard her own voice as if from a distance: astonishment, gratitude, longing so sharp it was painful. He turned, dropping the curtain, and she saw the wondering look on his face.

“Jace!” she said again, and ran toward him. He caught her as she flung herself at him. His arms wrapped tightly around her.

“Clary.” His voice was almost unrecognizable. “Clary, what are you doing here?”

Her voice was muffled against his shirt. “I came for you.”

“You shouldn’t have.” His grip on her loosened suddenly; he stepped back, holding her a little away from him. “My God,” he said, touching her face. “You idiot, what a thing to do.” His voice was angry, but the gaze that swept her face, the fingers that gently brushed her hair back, were tender. She had never seen him look like this; there was a sort of fragility about him, as if he might be not just touched but hurt, even. “Why don’t you ever *think*?” he whispered.

“I *was* thinking,” she said. “I was thinking about you.”

He closed his eyes for a moment. “If anything had happened to you . . .” His hands traced the line of her arms gently, down to her wrists, as if to reassure himself that she was really there. “How did you find me?”

“Luke,” she replied. “I came with Luke. To rescue you.” Still holding her, he glanced from her face to the window, a slight frown curling the edge of his mouth. “So those are—you came with the wolf clan?” he asked, an odd tone in his voice.

“Luke’s,” she said. “He’s a werewolf, and—”

“I know.” Jace cut her off. “I should have guessed—the manacles.” He glanced toward the door. “Where is he?”

“Downstairs,” said Clary slowly. “He killed Blackwell. I came up to look for you—”

“He’s going to have to call them off,” said Jace.

She looked at him uncomprehendingly. “What?”

“Luke,” said Jace. “He’s going to have to call off his pack. There’s been a misunderstanding.”

“What, you kidnapped yourself?” She’d meant to sound teasing, but her voice was too thin. “Come on, Jace.”

She yanked at his wrist, but he resisted. He was looking at her intently, and she realized with a jolt what she had not noticed in her first rush of relief.

The last time she had seen him, he’d been cut and bruised, clothes stained with dirt and blood, his hair filthy with ichor and dust. Now he was dressed in a loose white shirt and dark pants, his scrubbed hair falling all around his face, pale gold and flyaway. He swept a few strands out of his eyes with a slim hand, and she saw that his heavy silver ring was back on his finger.

“Are those your clothes?” she asked, baffled. “And—you’re all bandaged up . . .” Her voice trailed off. “Valentine seems to be taking awfully good care of you.”

He smiled at her with a weary affection. “If I told you the truth, you’d say I was crazy,” he said.

She felt her heart flutter hard against the inside of her chest, like a hummingbird’s rapid wing beat. “No, I wouldn’t.”

“My father gave me these clothes,” he said.

The flutter became a rapid pounding. “Jace,” she said carefully, “your father is dead.”

“No.” He shook his head. She had the sense that he was holding back some enormous feeling, like horror or delight—

or both. “I thought he was, but he isn’t. It’s all been a mistake.”

She remembered what Hodge had said about Valentine and his ability to tell charming and convincing lies. “Is this something Valentine told you? Because he’s a liar, Jace. Remember what Hodge said. If he’s telling you your father is alive, it’s a lie to get you to do what he wants.”

“I’ve seen my father,” said Jace. “I’ve talked to him. He gave me this.” He tugged on the new, clean shirt, as if it were ineluctable proof. “My father isn’t dead. Valentine didn’t kill him. Hodge lied to me. All these years I thought he was dead, but he wasn’t.”

Clary glanced around wildly, at the room with its shining china and guttering torches and empty, glaring mirrors. “Well, if your father’s really in this place, then where is he? Did Valentine kidnap him, too?”

Jace’s eyes were shining. The neck of his shirt was open and she could see the thin white scars that covered his collarbone, like cracks in the smooth golden skin. “My father —”

The door of the room, which Clary had shut behind her, opened with a creak, and a man walked into the room.

It was Valentine. His silvery close-cropped hair gleamed like a polished steel helmet and his mouth was hard. He wore a waist sheath on his thick belt and the hilt of a long sword protruded from the top of it. “So,” he said, resting a hand on the hilt as he spoke, “have you gathered your things? Our Forsaken can hold off the wolf-men for only so—”

Seeing Clary, he broke off midsentence. He was not the sort of man who was ever really caught off guard, but she saw the flicker of astonishment in his eyes. “What is this?” he asked, turning his glance to Jace.

But Clary was already fumbling at her waist for the dagger. She seized it by the hilt, jerking it out of its scabbard, and drew her hand back. Rage pounded behind her eyes like a drumbeat. She could kill this man. She *would* kill him.

Jace caught at her wrist. “No.”

She could not contain her disbelief. “But, Jace—”

“Clary,” he said firmly. “This is my father.”

“I see I’ve interrupted something,” said Valentine, his voice as dry as a desert afternoon. “Son, would you care to tell me who this is? One of the Lightwood children, perhaps?”

“No,” said Jace. He sounded tired and unhappy, but the hand on her wrist didn’t loosen. “This is Clary. Clarissa Fray. She’s a friend of mine. She—”

Valentine’s black eyes raked her slowly, from the top of her disheveled head to the toes of her scuffed sneakers. They fastened on the dagger still gripped in her hand.

An indefinable look passed over his face—part amusement, part irritation. “Where did you come by that blade, young lady?”

Clary answered coldly. “Jace gave it to me.”

“Of course he did,” said Valentine. His tone was mild. “May I see it?”

“No!” Clary took a step back, as if she thought he might lunge at her, and felt the blade plucked neatly out of her fingers. Jace, holding the dagger, looked at her with an apologetic expression. “*Jace*,” she hissed, putting every ounce of the betrayal she felt into the single syllable of his name.

All he said was, “You still don’t understand, Clary.” With a sort of deferential care that made her feel sick to her stomach, he went to Valentine and handed him the dagger. “Here you go, Father.”

Valentine took the dagger in his big, long-boned hand and examined it. “This is a *kindjal*, a Circassian dagger. This particular one used to be one of a matched pair. Here, see the star of the Morgensterns, carved into the blade.” He turned it

over, showing it to Jace. "I'm surprised the Lightwoods never noticed it."

"I never showed it to them," said Jace. "They let me have my own private things. They didn't pry."

"Of course they didn't," said Valentine. He handed the *kindjal* back to Jace. "They thought you were Michael Wayland's son."

Jace, sliding the red-hilted dagger into his belt, looked up. "So did I," he said softly, and in that moment Clary saw that this was no joke, that Jace was not just playing along for his own purposes. He really thought Valentine was his father returned to him.

A cold despair was spreading through Clary's veins. Jace angry, Jace hostile, furious, she could have dealt with, but this new Jace, fragile and shining in the light of his own personal miracle, was a stranger to her.

Valentine looked at her over Jace's tawny head; his eyes were cool with amusement. "Perhaps," he said, "it would be a good idea for you to sit down now, Clary?"

She crossed her arms stubbornly over her chest. "No."

"As you like." Valentine pulled out a chair and seated himself at the head of the table. After a moment Jace sat down as well, beside a half-filled bottle of wine. "But you are going to be hearing some things that might make you wish you had taken a chair."

"I'll let you know," Clary told him, "if that happens."

"Very well." Valentine sat back, his hands behind his head. The neck of his shirt gaped open a little, showing his scarred collarbones. Scarred, like his son's, like all the Nephilim. *A life of scars and killing*, Hodge had said. "Clary," he said again, as if tasting the sound of her name. "Short for Clarissa? Not a name I would have chosen."

There was a grim curl to his lips. *He knows I'm his daughter*, Clary thought. *Somehow, he knows. But he isn't saying it. Why isn't he saying it?*

Because of Jace, she realized. Jace would think—she couldn't imagine what he would think. Valentine had seen them embracing when he'd walked in the door. He must know he held a devastating piece of information in his hands. Somewhere behind those fathomless black eyes, his sharp mind was clicking away rapidly, trying to decide how best to use what he knew.

She cast another beseeching glance at Jace, but he was staring down at the wineglass by his left hand, half-full of purplish red liquid. She could see the rapid rise and fall of his chest as he breathed; he was more upset than he was letting on.

"I don't really care what you would have chosen," Clary said.

"I am sure," replied Valentine, leaning forward, "that you don't."

"You're not Jace's father," she said. "You're trying to trick us. Jace's father was Michael Wayland. The Lightwoods know it. Everyone knows it."

"The Lightwoods were misinformed," said Valentine. "They truly believed—*believe* that Jace is the son of their friend Michael. As does the Clave. Even the Silent Brothers do not know who he really is. Although soon enough, they will."

"But the Wayland ring—"

"Ah, yes," said Valentine, looking at Jace's hand, where the ring glittered like snake scales. "The ring. Funny, isn't it, how an *M* worn upside down resembles a *W*? Of course, if you'd bothered to think about it, you'd probably have thought it a little strange that the symbol of the Wayland family would be a falling star. But not at all strange that it would be the symbol of the Morgensterns."

Clary stared. "I have no idea what you mean."

"I forget how regrettably lax mundane education is," Valentine said. "Morgenstern means 'morning star.' As in *How are thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!*"

A small shiver passed over Clary. “You mean Satan.”

“Or any great power lost,” said Valentine, “out of a refusal to serve. As mine was. I would not serve a corrupt government, and for that I lost my family, my lands, almost my life—”

“The Uprising was your *fault!*” snapped Clary. “People died in it! Shadowhunters like you!”

“Clary.” Jace leaned forward, nearly knocking over the glass at his elbow. “Just listen to him, will you? It’s not like you thought. Hodge lied to us.”

“I know,” said Clary. “He betrayed us to Valentine. He was Valentine’s pawn.”

“No,” said Jace. “No, Hodge was the one who wanted the Mortal Cup all along. He was the one who sent the Raveners after your mother. My father—Valentine only found out about it afterward, and came to stop him. He brought your mother here to heal her, not to hurt her.”

“And you believe that crap?” Clary said in disgust. “It isn’t true. Hodge was working for Valentine. They were in it together, getting the Cup. He set us up, it’s true, but he was just a tool.”

“But he was the one who needed the Mortal Cup,” said Jace. “So he could get the curse off him and flee before my father told the Clave about everything he’d done.”

“I know that isn’t true!” said Clary hotly. “I was there!” She turned on Valentine. “I was in the room when you came to get the Cup. You couldn’t see me, but I was there. I saw you. You took the Cup and you lifted the curse off Hodge. He couldn’t have done it by himself. He said so.”

“I did lift his curse,” said Valentine measuredly, “but I was moved by pity. He seemed so pathetic.”

“You didn’t feel pity. You didn’t feel anything.”

“That’s enough, Clary!” It was Jace. She stared at him. His cheeks were flushed as if he’d been drinking the wine at his elbow, his eyes too bright. “Don’t talk to my father like that.”

“He’s *not your father!*”

Jace looked as if she had slapped him. “Why are you so determined not to believe us?”

“Because she loves you,” said Valentine.

Clary felt the blood drain out of her face. She looked at him, not knowing what he might say next, but dreading it. She felt as if she were edging toward a precipice, some terrible hurtling fall into nothing and nowhere. Vertigo gripped her stomach.

“What?” Jace looked surprised.

Valentine was looking at Clary with amusement, as if he could tell he had her pinned there like a butterfly to a board. “She fears I am taking advantage of you,” he said. “That I have brainwashed you. It isn’t so, of course. If you looked into your own memories, Clary, you would know it.”

“Clary.” Jace started to get to his feet, his eyes on her. She could see the circles beneath them, the strain he was under. “I —”

“Sit down,” said Valentine. “Let her come to it on her own, Jonathan.”

Jace subsided instantly, sinking back into the chair. Through the dizziness of vertigo, Clary groped for understanding. *Jonathan?* “I thought your name was Jace,” she said. “Did you lie about that, too?”

“No. Jace is a nickname.”

She was very near to the precipice now, so close she could almost look down. “For what?”

He looked at her as if he couldn’t understand why she was making so much of something so small. “It’s my initials,” he said. “J. C.”

The precipice opened before her. She could see the long fall into darkness. “Jonathan,” she said faintly. “Jonathan Christopher.”

Jace's eyebrows drew together. "How did you—?" Valentine cut in. His voice was soothing. "Jace, I had thought to spare you. I thought a story of a mother who died would hurt you less than the story of a mother who abandoned you before your first birthday."

Jace's slim fingers tightened convulsively around the glass's stem. Clary thought for a moment that it might shatter. "My mother is alive?"

"She is," said Valentine. "Alive, and asleep in one of the downstairs rooms at this very moment. Yes," he said, cutting off Jace before he could speak, "Jocelyn is your mother, Jonathan. And Clary—Clary is your sister."



Jace jerked his hand back. The wineglass tipped, spilling frothing scarlet liquid across the white tablecloth.

"Jonathan," said Valentine.

Jace had gone an awful color, a sort of greenish white. "That's not true," he said. "There's been a mistake. It couldn't possibly be true."

Valentine looked steadily at his son. "A cause for rejoicing," he said in a low, contemplative voice, "I would have thought. Yesterday you were an orphan, Jonathan. And now a father, a mother, a sister, you never knew you had."

"It isn't possible," said Jace again. "Clary isn't my sister. If she were . . ."

"Then what?" Valentine said.

Jace did not reply, but his sick look of nauseous horror was enough for Clary. Stumbling a little, she came around the table and knelt beside his chair, reaching for his hand. "Jace—"

He jerked away from her, his fingers knotting in the sodden tablecloth. "*Don't.*"

Hatred for Valentine burned in her throat like unshed tears. He had held back, and by not saying what he knew—that she was his daughter—made her complicit in his silence. And now, having dropped the truth on them with the weight of a

crushing boulder, he sat back to watch the results with a cool consideration. How could Jace not see how hateful he was?

“Tell me it’s not true,” Jace said, staring at the tablecloth.

Clary swallowed against the burning in her throat. “I can’t do that.”

Valentine sounded as if he were smiling. “So you admit now that I’ve been telling the truth all this time?”

“No,” she shot back without looking at him. “You’re telling lies with a little bit of the truth mixed in, is all.”

“This grows tiresome,” said Valentine. “If you want to hear the truth, Clarissa, this is the truth. You have heard stories of the Uprising and so you think I am a villain. Is that correct?”

Clary said nothing. She was looking at Jace, who seemed as if he might be about to throw up. Valentine went on relentlessly. “It is simple, really. The story you heard was true in some of its parts, but not in others—lies mixed in with a little truth, as you said. The fact is that Michael Wayland is not and has never been Jace’s father. Wayland was killed during the Uprising. I assumed Michael’s name and place when I fled the Glass City with my son. It was easy enough; Wayland had no real relations, and his closest friends, the Lightwoods, were in exile. He himself would have been in disgrace for his part in the Uprising, so I lived that disgraced life, quietly enough, alone with Jace on the Waylands’ estate. I read my books. I raised my son. And I bided my time.” He fingered the filigreed edge of a glass thoughtfully. He was left-handed, Clary saw. Like Jace.

“Ten years on, I received a letter. The writer of the letter indicated that he knew my true identity, and if I were not prepared to take certain steps, he would reveal it. I did not know who the letter was from, but it did not matter. I was not prepared to give the writer of it what he wanted. Besides, I knew my safety was compromised, and would be unless he thought me dead, beyond his reach. I staged my death a second time, with the help of Blackwell and Pangborn, and for Jace’s own safety made sure that my son would be sent here, to the protection of the Lightwoods.”

“So you let Jace think you were dead? You just let him think you were dead, all these years? That’s despicable.”

“Don’t,” said Jace again. He had raised his hands to cover his face. He spoke against his own fingers, voice muffled. “Don’t, Clary.”

Valentine looked at his son with a smile Jace couldn’t see. “Jonathan had to think I was dead, yes. He had to think he was Michael Wayland’s son, or the Lightwoods would not have protected him as they did. It was Michael they owed a debt to, not me. It was on Michael’s account that they loved him, not mine.”

“Maybe they loved him on his own account,” said Clary.

“A commendably sentimental interpretation,” said Valentine, “but unlikely. You do not know the Lightwoods as I once did.” He did not seem to see Jace’s flinch, or if he did, he ignored it. “It hardly matters, in the end,” Valentine added. “The Lightwoods were intended as protection for Jace, not as a replacement family, you see. He has a family. He has a father.”

Jace made a noise in his throat, and moved his hands away from his face. “My mother—”

“Fled after the Uprising,” said Valentine. “I was a disgraced man. The Clave would have hunted me down had they thought I lived. She could not bear her association with me, and ran.” The pain in his voice was palpable—and faked, Clary thought bitterly. The manipulative creep. “I did not know she was pregnant at the time. With Clary.” He smiled a little, running his finger slowly down the wineglass. “But blood calls to blood, as they say,” he went on. “Fate has borne us to this convergence. Our family, together again. We can use the Portal,” he said, turning his gaze to Jace. “Go to Idris. Back to the manor house.”

Jace shivered a little but nodded, still staring numbly at his hands.

“We’ll be together there,” said Valentine. “As we should be.”

That sounds terrific, thought Clary. Just you, your comatose wife, your shell-shocked son, and your daughter who hates your guts. Not to mention that your two kids may be in love with each other. Yeah, that sounds like a perfect family reunion. Aloud, she said only, "I am not going anywhere with you, and neither is my mother."

"He's right, Clary," said Jace hoarsely. He flexed his hands; the fingertips were stained red. "It's the only place for us to go. We can sort things out there."

"You can't be serious—"

An enormous crash came from downstairs, so loud that it sounded as if a wall of the hospital had collapsed in on itself. *Luke*, Clary thought, springing to her feet.

Jace, despite his look of nauseous horror, responded automatically, half-rising from his chair, his hand going to his belt. "Father, they're—"

"They're on their way." Valentine rose to his feet. Clary heard footsteps. A moment later the door of the room was flung open, and Luke stood on the threshold.

Clary bit back a cry. He was covered in blood, his jeans and shirt dark and clotted, the lower half of his face bearded with it. His hands were red to the wrists, the blood that coated them still wet and running. She had no idea if any of the blood was his. She heard herself cry out his name, and then she was running across the room to him and nearly tripping over herself in her eagerness to grab at his shirtfront and hang on, the way she hadn't done since she was eight years old.

For a moment his big hand came up and cupped the back of her head, holding her against him in a one-armed bear hug. Then he pushed her away gently. "I'm all over blood," he said. "Don't worry—it isn't mine."

"Then whose is it?" It was Valentine's voice, and Clary turned, Luke's arm protectively across her shoulders. Valentine was watching them both, his eyes narrow and calculating. Jace had risen to his feet and come around the table and was

standing hesitantly behind his father. Clary could not remember him ever doing anything hesitantly before.

“Pangborn’s,” said Luke.

Valentine passed a hand over his face, as if the news pained him. “I see. Did you tear out his throat with your teeth?”

“Actually,” said Luke, “I killed him with this.” With his free hand he held out the long thin dagger he had killed the Forsaken with. In the light she could see the blue stones in the hilt. “Do you remember it?”

Valentine looked at it, and Clary saw his jaw tighten. “I do,” he said, and Clary wondered if he, too, were remembering their earlier conversation.

This is a kindjal, a Circassian dagger. This particular one used to be one of a matched pair.

“You handed it to me seventeen years ago and told me to end my life with it,” said Luke, the weapon gripped tightly in his hand. The blade of it was longer than the blade of the red-hilted *kindjal* in Jace’s belt; it was somewhere between a dagger and a sword, and its blade was needle-tipped. “And I nearly did.”

“Do you expect me to deny it?” There was pain in Valentine’s voice, the memory of an old grief. “I tried to save you from yourself, Lucian. I made a grave mistake. If only I’d had the strength to kill you myself, you could have died a man.”

“Like you?” asked Luke, and in that moment Clary saw something in him of the Luke she’d always known, who could tell when she was lying or pretending, who called her on it when she was being arrogant or untruthful. In the bitterness of his voice she heard the love he’d once had for Valentine, curdled into a weary hatred. “A man who chains his unconscious wife to a bed in the hopes of torturing her for information when she wakes up? That’s your *bravery*?”

Jace was staring at his father. Clary saw the seizure of anger that momentarily twisted Valentine’s features; then it was

gone, and his face was smooth. "I didn't torture her," he said. "She is chained for her own protection."

"Against *what*?" Luke demanded, stepping farther into the room. "The only thing endangering her is you. The only thing that ever endangered her was you. She's spent her life running to get away from you."

"I loved her," said Valentine. "I never would have hurt her. It was you who turned her against me."

Luke laughed. "She didn't need me to turn her against you. She learned to hate you on her own."

"That is a *lie*!" Valentine roared with sudden savagery, and drew his sword from the sheath at his waist. The blade was flat and matte black, patterned with a design of silver stars. He leveled the blade at Luke's heart.

Jace took a step toward Valentine. "Father—"

"Jonathan, *be silent!*" shouted Valentine, but it was too late; Clary saw the shock on Luke's face as he stared at Jace.

"Jonathan?" he whispered.

Jace's mouth twisted. "Don't you call me that," he said fiercely, his gold eyes blazing. "I'll kill you myself if you call me that."

Luke, ignoring the blade pointed at his heart, didn't take his eyes off Jace. "Your mother would be proud," he said, so quietly that even Clary, standing beside him, had to strain to hear it.

"I don't have a mother," said Jace. His hands were shaking. "The woman who gave birth to me walked away from me before I learned to remember her face. I was nothing to her, so she is nothing to me."

"Your mother is not the one who walked away from you," said Luke, his gaze moving slowly to Valentine. "I would have thought even you," he said slowly, "were above using your own flesh and blood as bait. I suppose I was wrong."

"That's enough." Valentine's tone was almost languid, but there was fierceness in it, a hungry threat of violence. "Let go

of my daughter, or I'll kill you where you stand."

"I'm not your daughter," said Clary fiercely, but Luke pushed her away from him, so hard that she nearly fell.

"Get out of here," he said. "Get to where it's safe."

"I'm not leaving you!"

"Clary, I mean it. *Get out of here.*" Luke was already lifting his dagger. "This is not your fight."

Clary stumbled away from him, toward the door that led to the landing. Maybe she could run for help, for Alaric—

Then Jace was in front of her, blocking her way to the door. She had forgotten how fast he moved, soft as a cat, quick as water. "Are you insane?" he hissed. "They've broken down the front door. This place will be full of Forsaken."

She shoved at him. "Let me out—"

Jace held her back with a grip like iron. "So they can tear you apart? Not a chance."

A loud clash of metal sounded behind her. Clary pulled away from Jace and saw that Valentine had struck at Luke, who had met his blow with an ear-shattering parry. Their blades ground apart, and now they were moving across the floor in a blur of feints and slashes. "Oh, my God," she whispered. "They're going to kill each other."

Jace's eyes were nearly black. "You don't understand," he said. "This is how it's done—" He broke off and sucked in a breath as Luke slipped past Valentine's guard, catching him a blow across the shoulder. Blood flowed freely, staining the cloth of his white shirt.

Valentine threw back his head and laughed. "A true hit," he said. "I hardly thought you had it in you, Lucian."

Luke stood very straight, the knife blocking his face from Clary's view. "You taught me that move yourself."

"But that was years ago," said Valentine in a voice like raw silk, "and since then, you've hardly had need of a knife, have you? Not when you have claws and fangs at your disposal."

“All the better to tear your heart out with.”

Valentine shook his head. “You tore my heart out years ago,” he said, and even Clary could not tell if the sorrow in his voice was real or feigned. “When you betrayed and deserted me.” Luke struck at him again, but Valentine was moving swiftly back across the floor. For a big man he moved surprisingly lightly. “It was you who turned my wife against her own kind. You came to her when she was weakest, with your piteousness, your helpless need. I was distant and she thought you loved her. She was a fool.”

Jace was taut as a wire beside Clary. She could feel his tension, like the sparks given off by a downed electrical cable. “That’s your mother Valentine’s talking about,” she said.

“She abandoned me,” said Jace. “Some mother.”

“She thought you were *dead*. You want to know how I know that? Because she kept a box in her bedroom. It had your initials on it. J.C.”

“So she had a box,” said Jace. “Lots of people have boxes. They keep things in them. It’s a growing trend, I hear.”

“It had a lock of your hair in it. Baby hair. And a photograph, maybe two. She used to take it out every year and cry over it. Awful brokenhearted crying—”

Jace’s hand clenched at his side. “Stop it,” he said between his teeth.

“Stop what? Telling you the truth? She thought you had died—she’d never have left you if she’d known you were alive. You thought your father was dead—”

“I *saw* him die! Or I thought I did. I didn’t just—just hear about it and choose to believe it!”

“She found your burned bones,” said Clary quietly. “In the ruins of her house. Along with the bones of her mother and father.”

At last Jace looked at her. She saw the disbelief plain in his eyes, and around his eyes, the strain of maintaining that disbelief. She could see, almost as if she saw through a glamour,

the fragile construct of his faith in his father that he wore like a transparent armor, protecting him from the truth. Somewhere, she thought, there was a chink in that armor; somewhere, if she could find the right words, it could be breached. “That’s ridiculous,” he said. “I didn’t die—there weren’t any bones.”

“There were.”

“So it was a glamour,” he said roughly. “Ask your father what happened to his mother and father-in-law,” said Clary. She reached to touch his hand. “Ask him if that was a glamour, too—”

“*Shut up!*” Jace’s control cracked and he turned on her, livid. Clary saw Luke glance toward them, startled by the noise, and in that moment of distraction Valentine dove under his guard and, with a single forward thrust, drove the blade of his sword into Luke’s chest, just below his collarbone.

Luke’s eyes flew open as if in astonishment rather than pain. Valentine jerked his hand back, and the blade slid back, stained red to the hilt. With a sharp laugh Valentine struck again, this time knocking the weapon from Luke’s hand. It hit the floor with a hollow clang and Valentine kicked it hard, sending it skittering under the table as Luke collapsed.

Valentine raised the black sword over Luke’s prone body, ready to deliver the killing stroke. Inlaid silvery stars gleamed along the blade’s length and Clary thought, frozen in a moment of horror, *how could anything so deadly be so beautiful?*

Jace, as if knowing what Clary was going to do before she did it, whirled on her. “Clary—”

The frozen moment passed. Clary twisted away from Jace, ducking his reaching hands, and raced across the stone floor to Luke. He was on the ground, supporting himself with one arm; Clary threw herself on him just as Valentine’s sword drove downward.

She saw Valentine’s eyes as the sword hurtled toward her; it seemed like eons, though it could only have been a split second. She saw that he could stop the blow if he wanted. Saw

that he knew it might well strike her if he didn't. Saw that he was going to do it anyway.

She threw her hands up, squeezing her eyes shut—

There was a clang. She heard Valentine cry out, and she looked up to see him holding his empty sword hand, which was bleeding. The red-hilted *kindjal* lay several feet away on the stone floor, next to the black sword. Turning in astonishment, she saw Jace by the door, his arm still raised, and realized he must have flung the dagger with enough force to knock the black sword out of his father's hand.

Very pale, he slowly lowered his arm, his eyes on Valentine—wide and pleading. "Father, I . . ."

Valentine looked at his bleeding hand, and for a moment, Clary saw a spasm of rage cross his face, like a light flickering out. His voice, when he spoke, was mild. "That was an excellent throw, Jace."

Jace hesitated. "But your hand. I just thought—"

"I would not have hurt your sister," said Valentine, moving swiftly to retrieve both his sword and the red-hilted *kindjal*, which he stuck through his belt. "I would have stopped the blow. But your family concern is commendable."

Liar. But Clary had no time for Valentine's prevarications. She turned to look at Luke and felt a sharp nauseous pang. Luke was lying on his back, eyes half-closed, his breathing ragged. Blood bubbled up from the hole in his torn shirt. "I need a bandage," Clary said in a choked voice. "Some cloth, anything."

"Don't move, Jonathan," said Valentine in a steely voice, and Jace froze where he was, hand already reaching toward his pocket. "Clarissa," her father said, in a voice as oily as steel slicked with butter, "this man is an enemy of our family, an enemy of the Clave. We are hunters, and that means sometimes we are killers. Surely you understand that."

"*Demon* hunters," said Clary. "*Demon* killers. Not *murderers*. There's a difference."

“He is a demon, Clarissa,” said Valentine, still in the same soft voice. “A demon with a man’s face. I know how deceptive such monsters can be. Remember, I spared him once myself.”

“*Monster?*” echoed Clary. She thought of Luke, Luke pushing her on the swings when she was five years old, higher, always higher; Luke at her graduation from middle school, camera clicking away like a proud father’s; Luke sorting through each box of books as it arrived at his store, looking for anything she might like and putting it aside. Luke lifting her up to pull apples down from the trees near his farmhouse. Luke, whose place as her father this man was trying to take. “Luke isn’t a monster,” she said in a voice that matched Valentine’s, steel for steel. “Or a murderer. You are.”

“Clary!” It was Jace.

Clary ignored him. Her eyes were fixed on her father’s cold black ones. “You murdered your wife’s parents, not in battle but in cold blood,” she said. “And I bet you murdered Michael Wayland and his little boy, too. Threw their bones in with my grandparents’ so that my mother would think you and Jace were dead. Put your necklace around Michael Wayland’s neck before you burned him so everyone would think those bones were yours. After all your talk about the untainted blood of the Clave—you didn’t care at all about their blood or their innocence when you killed them, did you? Slaughtering old people and children in cold blood, *that’s* monstrous.”

Another spasm of rage contorted Valentine’s features. “That’s *enough!*” Valentine roared, raising the black-star sword again, and Clary heard the truth of who he was in his voice, the rage that had propelled him all his life. The unending seething rage. “Jonathan! Drag your sister out of my way, or by the Angel, I’ll knock her down to kill the monster she’s protecting!”

For the briefest moment Jace hesitated. Then he raised his head. “Certainly, Father,” he said, and crossed the room to Clary. Before she could throw up her hands to ward him off, he had caught her up roughly by the arm. He yanked her to her feet, pulling her away from Luke.

“Jace,” she whispered, appalled.

“Don’t,” he said. His fingers dug painfully into her arms. He smelled of wine and metal and sweat. “Don’t talk to me.”

“But—”

“I said, don’t *talk*.” He shook her, hard. She stumbled, regained her footing, and looked up to see Valentine standing, gloating over Luke’s crumpled body. He reached out a fastidious booted toe and shoved Luke, who made a choking sound.

“Leave him alone!” Clary shouted, trying to yank herself out of Jace’s grasp. It was useless—he was much too strong.

“Stop it,” he hissed in her ear. “You’ll just make it worse for yourself. It’s better if you don’t look.”

“Like you do?” she hissed back. “Shutting your eyes and pretending something’s not happening doesn’t make it not true, Jace. You ought to know better—”

“Clary, *stop*.” His tone almost brought her up short. He sounded desperate.

Valentine was chuckling. “If only I had thought,” he said, “to bring with me a blade of real silver, I could have dispatched you in the true manner of your kind, Lucian.”

Luke snarled something Clary couldn’t hear. She hoped it was rude. She tried to twist away from Jace. Her feet slipped and he caught her, yanking her back with agonizing force. He had his arms around her, she thought, but not the way she had once hoped, not as she had ever imagined.

“At least let me get up,” said Luke. “Let me die on my feet.”

Valentine looked at him along the length of the blade, and shrugged. “You can die on your back or on your knees,” he said. “But only a man deserves to die standing, and you are not a man.”

“NO!” Clary shouted as, not looking at her, Luke began to pull himself painfully into a kneeling position.

“Why do you have to make it worse for yourself?” Jace demanded in a low, tense whisper. “I told you not to look.”

She was panting with exertion and pain. “Why do you have to *lie* to yourself?”

“I’m not lying!” His grip on her tightened savagely, though she hadn’t tried to pull away. “I just want what’s good in my life—my father—my family—I can’t lose it all again.”

Luke was kneeling upright now. Valentine had raised the bloodstained sword. Luke’s eyes were closed, and he was murmuring something: words, a prayer, Clary didn’t know. She twisted in Jace’s arms, wrenching around so that she could look up into his face. His lips were drawn thin, his jaw set, but his eyes—

The fragile armor was breaking. It needed only a last push from her. She struggled for the words.

“You have a family,” she said. “Family, those are just the people who love you. Like the Lightwoods love you. Alec, Isabelle—” Her voice cracked. “Luke is my family, and you’re going to make me watch him die just like you thought you watched your father die when you were ten years old? Is this what you want, Jace? Is this the kind of man you want to be? Like—”

She broke off, suddenly terrified that she had gone too far.

“Like my father,” he said.

His voice was icy, distant, flat as the blade of a knife.

I’ve lost him, she thought despairingly.

“Get down,” he said, and pushed her, hard. She stumbled, fell to the ground, rolled onto one knee. Kneeling upright, she saw Valentine raise his sword high over his head. The glow from the chandelier overhead exploding off the blade sent brilliant points of light stabbing into her eyes. “*Luke!*” she shrieked.

The blade slammed home—into the floor. Luke was no longer there. Jace, having moved faster than Clary would have thought possible even for a Shadowhunter, had knocked him

out of the way, sending him sprawling to the side. Jace stood facing his father over the quivering hilt of the sword, his face white, but his gaze steady.

“I think you should leave,” Jace said.

Valentine stared incredulously at his son. “*What did you say?*”

Luke had pulled himself into a sitting position. Fresh blood stained his shirt. He stared as Jace reached out a hand and gently, almost disinterestedly, caressed the hilt of the sword that had been driven into the floor. “I think you heard me, Father.”

Valentine’s voice was like a whip. “Jonathan Morgenstern —” Quick as lightning, Jace seized the hilt of the sword, tore it free from the floorboards, and raised it. He held it lightly, level and flat, the point hovering a few inches below his father’s chin. “That’s not my name,” he said. “My name is Jace Wayland.”

Valentine’s eyes were still fixed on Jace; he barely seemed to notice the sword at his throat. “*Wayland?*” he roared. “You have no Wayland blood! Michael Wayland was a stranger to you—”

“So,” said Jace calmly, “are you.” He jerked the sword to the left. “Now move.”

Valentine was shaking his head. “Never. I will not take orders from a child.”

The tip of the sword kissed Valentine’s throat. Clary stared in fascinated horror. “I am a very well-trained child,” Jace said. “You instructed me yourself in the precise art of killing. I only need to move two fingers to cut your throat, did you know that?” His eyes were steely. “I suppose you did.”

“You’re skilled enough,” said Valentine. His tone was dismissive, but, Clary noticed, he was standing very still indeed. “But you could not kill me. You have always been softhearted.”

“Perhaps he couldn’t.” It was Luke, on his feet now, pale and bloody but upright. “But I could. And I’m not entirely sure

he could stop me.”

Valentine’s feverish eyes flicked to Luke, and back to his son. Jace hadn’t turned when Luke spoke, but stood still as a statue, the sword unmoving in his hand. “You hear the monster threatening me, Jonathan,” said Valentine. “You side with *it*?”

“It has a point,” said Jace mildly. “I’m not entirely sure I could stop him if he wanted to do you damage. Werewolves heal so fast.”

Valentine’s lip curled. “So,” he spat, “like your mother, you prefer this creature, this half-bred demon thing to your own blood, your own family?”

For the first time the sword in Jace’s hand seemed to tremble. “You left me when I was a child,” he said in a measured voice. “You let me think you were dead and you sent me away to live with strangers. You never told me I had a mother, a sister. You left me *alone*.” The word was a cry.

“I did it for you—to keep you safe,” Valentine protested.

“If you cared about Jace, if you cared about blood, you wouldn’t have killed his grandparents. You murdered innocent people,” Clary cut in, furious.

“Innocent?” snapped Valentine. “No one is innocent in a war! They sided with Jocelyn against me! They would have let her take my son from me!”

Luke let out a hissing breath. “You knew she was going to leave you,” he said. “You knew she was going to run, even before the Uprising?”

“Of course I knew!” roared Valentine. His icy control had cracked and Clary could see the molten rage seething underneath, coiling the tendons in his neck, clenching his hands into fists. “I did what I had to to protect my own, and in the end I gave them more than they ever deserved: the funeral pyre awarded only to the greatest warriors of the Clave!”

“You burned them,” said Clary flatly.

“Yes!” shouted Valentine. “*I burned them.*”

Jace made a strangled noise. “My grandparents—”

“You never knew them,” said Valentine. “Don’t pretend to a grief you do not feel.”

The point of the sword was trembling more rapidly now. Luke put a hand on Jace’s shoulder. “Steady,” he said.

Jace didn’t look at him. He was breathing as if he had been running. Clary could see the sweat shimmering on the sharp divide of his collarbones, sticking his hair to his temples. The veins were visible along the backs of his hands. *He’s going to kill him*, she thought. *He’s going to kill Valentine.*

She stepped forward hastily. “Jace—we need the Cup. Or you know what he’ll do with it.”

Jace licked his dry lips. “The Cup, Father. Where is it?”

“In Idris,” said Valentine calmly. “Where you will never find it.”

Jace’s hand was shaking. “Tell me—”

“Give me the sword, Jonathan.” It was Luke, his voice calm, even kind.

Jace sounded as if he were speaking from the bottom of a well. “What?”

Clary took a step forward. “Give Luke the sword. Let him have it, Jace.”

He shook his head. “I can’t do that.”

She took another step forward; one more, and she’d be close enough to touch him. “Yes, you can,” she said gently. “Please.”

He didn’t look at her. His eyes were locked on his father’s. The moment stretched out and out, interminable. At last he nodded, curtly, without lowering his hand. But he did let Luke move to stand beside him, and place his hand over Jace’s, on the hilt of the blade. “You can let go now, Jonathan,” Luke said—and then, seeing Clary’s face, amended himself. “Jace.”

Jace seemed not to have heard him. He released the hilt and moved away from his father. Some of Jace’s color had come back, and he was now a shade more like putty, his lip bloody

where he'd bitten it. Clary ached to touch him, put her arms around him, knew he'd never let her.

"I have a suggestion," said Valentine to Luke, in a surprisingly even tone.

"Let me guess," said Luke. "It's 'Don't kill me,' isn't it?"

Valentine laughed, a sound without any humor in it. "I would hardly lower myself to ask you for my life," he said.

"Good," said Luke, nudging the other man's chin with his blade. "I'm not going to kill you unless you force my hand, Valentine. I draw the line at murdering you in front of your own children. What I want is the Cup."

The roaring downstairs was louder now. Clary could hear what sounded like footsteps in the corridor outside. "Luke—"

"I hear it," he snapped.

"The Cup's in Idris, I told you," said Valentine, his eyes shifting past Luke.

Luke was sweating. "If it's in Idris, you used the Portal to bring it there. I'll go with you. Bring it back." Luke's eyes were darting. There was more movement in the corridor outside now, sounds of shouting, of something shattering. "Clary, stay with your brother. After we go through, you use the Portal to take you to a safe place."

"I won't leave here," said Jace.

"Yes, you will." Something thudded against the door. Luke raised his voice, "Valentine, the Portal. Move."

"Or what?" Valentine's eyes were fixed on the door with a considering look.

"I'll kill you if you force my hand," Luke said. "In front of them, or not. The Portal, Valentine. Now."

Valentine spread his hands wide. "If you wish."

He stepped lightly backward, just as the door exploded inward, hinges scattering across the floor. Luke ducked out of the way to avoid being crushed by the falling door, turning as he did so, the sword still in his hand.

A wolf stood in the doorway, a mountain of growling, brindled fur, shoulders hunched forward, lips curled back over snarling teeth. Blood ran from innumerable gashes in his pelt.

Jace was swearing softly, a seraph blade already in his hand. Clary caught at his wrist. “Don’t—he’s a friend.”

Jace shot her an incredulous glance, but lowered his arm.

“Alaric—” Luke shouted something then, in a language Clary didn’t understand. Alaric snarled again, crouching closer to the floor, and for a confused moment she thought he was going to hurl himself at Luke. Then she saw Valentine’s hand at his belt, the flash of red jewels, and realized that she had forgotten that he still had Jace’s dagger.

She heard a voice shout Luke’s name, thought it was her own—then realized that her throat seemed glued shut, and that it was Jace who had shouted.

Luke slewed around, excruciatingly slowly, it seemed, as the knife left Valentine’s hand and flew toward him like a silver butterfly, turning over and over in the air. Luke raised his blade—and something huge and tawny gray hurtled between him and Valentine. She heard Alaric’s howl, rising, suddenly cut off; heard the sound as the blade struck. She gasped and tried to run forward, but Jace pulled her back.

The wolf crumpled at Luke’s feet, blood spattering his fur. Feebly, with his paws, Alaric clawed at the hilt of the knife protruding from his chest.

Valentine laughed. “And this is how you repay the unquestioning loyalty you bought so cheaply, Lucian,” he said. “By letting them die for you.” He was backing up, his eyes still on Luke.

Luke, white-faced, looked at him, and then down at Alaric; shook his head once, and dropped to his knees, leaning over the fallen werewolf. Jace, still holding Clary by the shoulders, hissed, “Stay here, you hear me? Stay *here*,” and set off after Valentine, who was hurrying, inexplicably, toward the far wall. Did he plan to throw himself out the window? Clary could see his reflection in the big, gold-framed mirror as he neared it,

and the expression on his face—a sort of sneering relief—filled her with a murderous rage.

“Like hell I will,” she muttered, moving to follow Jace. She paused only to grab the blue-hilted *kindjal* from the floor beneath the table, where Valentine had kicked it. The weapon in her hand felt comfortable now, reassuring, as she pushed a fallen chair out of her way and approached the mirror.

Jace had the seraph blade out, its light casting a hard illumination upward, darkening the circles under his eyes, the hollows of his cheeks. Valentine had turned and stood outlined in its light, his back against the mirror. In its surface Clary could also see Luke behind them; he had set his sword down, and was pulling the red-hilted *kindjal* out of Alaric’s chest, gently and carefully. She felt sick and gripped her own blade more tightly. “Jace—” she began.

He didn’t turn to look at her, though of course he could see her in the mirror’s reflection. “Clary, I told you to wait.”

“She’s like her mother,” said Valentine. One of his hands was behind him; he was running it along the edge of the mirror’s heavy gilt frame. “Doesn’t like to do what she’s told.”

Jace wasn’t shaking as he had been earlier, but Clary could sense how thin his control had been stretched, like the skin over a drum. “I’ll go with him to Idris, Clary. I’ll bring the Cup back.”

“No, you can’t,” Clary began, and saw, in the mirror, how his face twisted.

“Do you have a better idea?” he demanded.

“But Luke—”

“Lucian,” said Valentine in a voice like silk, “is attending to a fallen comrade. As for the Cup, and Idris, they are not far. Through the looking glass, one might say.”

Jace’s eyes narrowed. “The mirror is the Portal?”

Valentine’s lips thinned and he dropped his hand, moving back from the mirror as the image in it swirled and changed like watercolors running in a painting. Instead of the room

with its dark wood and candles, now Clary could see green fields, the thick emerald leaves of trees, and a wide meadow sweeping down to a large stone house in the distance. She could hear the buzzing sound of bees and the rustle of leaves in wind, and smell the honeysuckle carried on the wind.

“I told you it was not far.” Valentine stood in what was now a gilt-arched doorway, his hair stirring in the same wind that ruffled the leaves on the distant trees. “Is it as you remember it, Jonathan? Has nothing changed?”

Clary’s heart clenched inside her chest. She had no doubt this was Jace’s childhood home, presented to tempt him as you might tempt a child with candy or a toy. She looked toward Jace, but he didn’t seem to see her at all. He was staring at the Portal, and the view beyond it of the green fields and the manor house. She saw his face soften, the wistful curve of his mouth, as if he were looking at someone he loved.

“You can still come home,” said his father. The light from the seraph blade that Jace held threw his shadow backward so it seemed to move across the Portal, darkening the bright fields, the meadow beyond.

The smile faded from Jace’s mouth. “That’s not my home,” he said. “This is my home now.”

A spasm of fury twisting his features, Valentine looked at his son. She would never forget that look—it made her feel a sudden wild longing for her mother. Because no matter how angry her mother had been with her, Jocelyn had never looked at her like that. She had always looked at her with love.

If she could have felt more pity for Jace than she already did, she would have felt it then.

“Very well,” said Valentine, and took a swift step back through the Portal so that his feet struck the earth of Idris. His lips curved into a smile. “Ah,” he said, “home.”

Jace stumbled to the edge of the Portal before stopping, a hand against the gilt frame. A strange hesitation seemed to have taken hold of him, even as Idris shimmered before his eyes like a mirage in the desert. It would only take a step—

“Jace, don’t,” Clary said quickly. “Don’t go after him.”

“But the Cup,” said Jace. She could not tell what he was thinking, but the blade in his hand was shaking violently as his hand shook.

“Let the Clave get it! Jace, please.” *If you go through that Portal, you might never come back. Valentine will kill you. You don’t want to believe it, but he will.*

“Your sister is right.” Valentine was standing amid green grass and wildflowers, the blades waving around his feet, and Clary realized that though he and they were inches away from each other, they stood in different countries. “Do you really think you can win this? Though you have a seraph blade and I am unarmed? Not only am I stronger than you, but I doubt you have it in you to kill me. And you will have to kill me, Jonathan, before I’ll give the Cup to you.”

Jace tightened his grip on the angel blade. “I can—”

“No, you can’t.” Valentine reached out, *through* the Portal, and seized Jace’s wrist in his hand, dragging it forward until the tip of the seraph blade touched his chest. Where Jace’s hand and wrist passed through the Portal, they seemed to shimmer as if they had been cast in water. “Do it, then,” said Valentine. “Drive the blade in. Three inches—maybe four.” He jerked the blade forward, the dagger’s tip slicing the fabric of his shirt. A red circle like a poppy bloomed just over his heart. Jace, with a gasp, yanked his arm free and staggered back.

“As I thought,” said Valentine. “Too softhearted.” And with a shocking suddenness he swung his fist toward Jace. Clary cried out, but the blow never connected: instead it struck the surface of the Portal between them with a sound like a thousand fragile shattering things. Spiderwebbing cracks fissured the glass-that-was-not-glass; the last thing Clary heard before the Portal dissolved into a deluge of ragged shards was Valentine’s derisive laughter.



Glass surged across the floor like a shower of ice, a strangely beautiful cascade of silver shards. Clary stepped back, but Jace

stood very still as the glass rained around him, staring at the empty frame of the mirror.

Clary had expected him to swear, to shout or curse at his father, but instead he only waited for the shards to stop falling. When they did, he knelt down silently and carefully in the welter of broken glass and picked up one of the larger pieces, turning it over in his hands.

“Don’t.” Clary knelt down next to him, setting down the knife she’d been holding. Its presence no longer comforted her. “There wasn’t anything you could have done.”

“Yes, there was.” He was still looking down at the glass. Broken slivers of it powdered his hair. “I could have killed him.” He turned the shard toward her. “Look,” he said.

She looked. In the bit of glass she could still see a piece of Idris—a bit of blue sky, the shadow of green leaves. She exhaled painfully. “Jace—”

“Are you all right?”

Clary looked up. It was Luke, standing over them. He was weaponless, his eyes sunk into blue circles of exhaustion. “We’re fine,” she said. She could see a crumpled figure on the ground behind him, half-covered in Valentine’s long coat. A hand protruded from beneath the fabric’s edge; it was tipped with claws. “Alaric . . . ?”

“Is dead,” said Luke. There was a wealth of controlled pain in his voice; though he had barely known Alaric, Clary knew the crushing weight of guilt would stay with him forever. *And this is how you repay the unquestioning loyalty you bought so cheaply, Lucian. By letting them die for you.*

“My father got away,” said Jace. “With the Cup.” His voice was dull. “We delivered it right to him. I failed.”

Luke let one of his hands fall on Jace’s head, brushing the glass from his hair. His claws were still out, his fingers stained with blood, but Jace suffered his touch as if he didn’t mind it, and said nothing at all. “It’s not your fault,” Luke said, looking down at Clary. His blue eyes were steady. They said: *Your brother needs you; stay with him.*

She nodded, and Luke left them and went to the window. He threw it open, sending a draft of air through the room that guttered the candles. Clary could hear him shouting, calling down to the wolves below.

She knelt down next to Jace. "It's all right," she said haltingly, though clearly it wasn't, and might never be again, and she put her hand on his shoulder. The cloth of his shirt was rough under her fingertips, damp with sweat, strangely comforting. "We have my mom back. We have you. We have everything that matters."

"He was right. That's why I couldn't make myself go through the Portal," Jace whispered. "I couldn't do it. I couldn't kill him."

"The only way you would have failed," she said, "is if you had."

He said nothing, only whispered something under his breath. She couldn't quite hear the words, but she reached out and took the bit of glass out of his hand. He was bleeding where he'd held it, from two fine and narrow gashes. She put the shard down and took his hand, closing his fingers over the injured palm. "Honestly, Jace," she said, as gently as she'd touched him, "don't you know better than to play with broken glass?"

He made a sound like a choked laugh before he reached out and pulled her into his arms. She was aware of Luke watching them from the window, but she shut her eyes resolutely and buried her face against Jace's shoulder. He smelled of salt and blood, and only when his mouth came close to her ear did she understand what he was saying, what he had been whispering before, and it was the simplest litany of all: her name, just her name.

Epilogue

THE ASCENT BECKONS

The hospital hallway was blindingly white. After so many days living by torchlight, gaslight, and eerie witchlight, the fluorescent lighting made things look sallow and unnatural. When Clary signed herself in at the front desk, she noticed that the nurse handing her the clipboard had skin that looked strangely yellowish under the bright lights. *Maybe she's a demon*, Clary thought, handing the clipboard back. "Last door at the end of the hall," said the nurse, flashing a kind smile. *Or I could be going crazy.*

"I know," said Clary. "I was here yesterday." *And the day before, and the day before that.* It was early evening, and the hallway wasn't crowded. An old man shuffled along in carpet slippers and a robe, dragging a mobile oxygen unit behind him.

Two doctors in green surgical scrubs carried Styrofoam cups of coffee, steam rising from the surface of the liquid into the frigid air. Inside the hospital it was aggressively air-conditioned, though outside the weather had finally begun to turn toward fall.

Clary found the door at the end of the hall. It was open. She peered inside, not wanting to wake Luke up if he was asleep in the chair by the bed, as he had been the last two times she'd come. But he was up and conferring with a tall man in the parchment-colored robes of the Silent Brothers. He turned, as if sensing Clary's arrival, and she saw that it was Brother Jeremiah.

She crossed her arms over her chest. "What's going on?" Luke looked exhausted, with three days' worth of scruffy beard growth, his glasses pushed up to the top of his head. She could see the bulk of the bandages that still wrapped his upper

chest under his loose flannel shirt. "Brother Jeremiah was just leaving," he said.

Raising his hood, Jeremiah moved toward the door, but Clary blocked his way. "So?" she challenged him. "Are you going to help my mother?"

Jeremiah came closer to her. She could feel the cold that wafted off his body, like the steam from an iceberg. *You cannot save others until you first save yourself*, said the voice in her mind.

"This fortune-cookie stuff is getting really old," Clary said. "What's wrong with my mother? Do you know? Can the Silent Brothers help her like you helped Alec?"

We helped no one, said Jeremiah. *Nor is it our place to assist those who have willingly separated themselves from the Clave.*

She drew back as Jeremiah moved past her into the hallway.

She watched him walk away, mingling with the crowd, none of whom gave him a second glance. When she let her own eyes fall half-shut, she saw the shimmering aura of glamour that surrounded him, and wondered what they were seeing: Another patient? A doctor hurrying along in surgical scrubs? A grieving visitor?

"He was telling the truth," said Luke from behind her. "He didn't cure Alec; that was Magnus Bane. And he doesn't know what's wrong with your mother either."

"I know," said Clary, turning back into the room. She approached the bed warily. It was hard to connect the small white figure in the bed, snaked over and under by a nest of tubes, with her vibrant flame-haired mother. Of course, her hair was still red, spread out across the pillow like a shawl of coppery thread, but her skin was so pale that she reminded Clary of the wax Sleeping Beauty in Madame Tussauds, whose chest rose and fell only because it was animated by clockwork.

She took her mother's thin hand and held it, as she'd done yesterday and the day before. She could feel the pulse beating in Jocelyn's wrist, steady and insistent. *She wants to wake up*, Clary thought. *I know she does*.

"Of course she does," said Luke, and Clary started in the realization that she had spoken aloud. "She has everything to get better for, even more than she could know."

Clary laid her mother's hand gently back down on the bed. "You mean Jace."

"Of course I mean Jace," said Luke. "She's mourned him for seventeen years. If I could tell her that she no longer needed to mourn—" he broke off.

"They say people in comas can sometimes hear you," Clary offered. Of course, the doctors had also said that this was no ordinary coma—no injury, no lack of oxygen, no sudden failure of heart or brain had caused it. It was as if she were simply asleep, and could not be woken up.

"I know," said Luke. "I've been talking to her. Almost non-stop." He flashed a tired smile. "I've told her how brave you've been. How she'd be proud of you. Her warrior daughter."

Something sharp and painful rose up the back of her throat. She swallowed it down, looking away from Luke toward the window. Through it she could see the blank brick wall of the building opposite. No pretty views of trees or river here. "I did the shopping you asked," she said. "I got peanut butter and milk and cereal and bread from Fortunato Brothers." She dug into her jeans pocket. "I've got change—"

"Keep it," said Luke. "You can use it for cab fare back."

"Simon's driving me back," said Clary. She checked the butterfly watch dangling from her key chain. "In fact, he's probably downstairs now."

"Good, I'm glad you'll be spending some time with him." Luke looked relieved. "Keep the money anyway. Get some take-out tonight."

She opened her mouth to argue, then closed it. Luke was, as her mother had always said, a rock in times of trouble—solid, dependable, and totally immovable. “Come home eventually, okay? You need to sleep too.”

“Sleep? Who needs sleep?” he scoffed, but she saw the tiredness in his face as he went back to sit down by her mother’s bed. Gently he reached to brush a strand of hair away from Jocelyn’s face. Clary turned away, her eyes stinging.

Eric’s van was idling at the curb when she walked out of the hospital’s main exit. The sky arced overhead, the perfect blue of a china bowl, darkening to sapphire over the Hudson River, where the sun was going down. Simon leaned over to pop the door for her, and she scrambled up into the seat beside him. “Thanks.”

“Where to? Back home?” he asked, pulling the van out into the traffic on First.

Clary sighed. “I don’t even know where that is anymore.”

Simon glanced at her sideways. “Feeling sorry for yourself, Fray?” His tone was mocking, but gentle. If she looked past him, she could still see the dark stains on the backseat where Alec had lain, bleeding, across Isabelle’s lap.

“Yes. No. I don’t know.” She sighed again, tugging on a wayward curl of copper hair. “Everything’s changed. Everything’s different. I wish sometimes it could all go back to the way it was before.”

“I don’t,” said Simon, to her surprise. “Where are we going again? Tell me uptown or downtown at least.”

“To the Institute,” said Clary. “Sorry,” she added, as he executed a terrifically illegal U-turn. The van, turning on two wheels, screeched in protest. “I should have told you that before.”

“Huh,” said Simon. “You haven’t been back yet, right? Not since—”

“No, not since,” said Clary. “Jace called me and told me Alec and Isabelle were okay. Apparently their parents are

racing back from Idris, now that someone finally *actually* told them what's going on. They'll be here in a couple of days."

"Was it weird, hearing from Jace?" asked Simon, his voice carefully neutral. "I mean, since you found out . . ."

His voice trailed off.

"Yes?" said Clary, her voiced sharply edged. "Since I found out what? That he's a killer transvestite who molests cats?"

"No wonder that cat of his hates everyone."

"Oh, shut up, Simon," Clary said crossly. "I know what you mean, and no, it wasn't weird. Nothing ever happened between us anyway."

"Nothing?" echoed Simon, disbelief plain in his tone.

"Nothing," Clary repeated firmly, glancing out the window so that he wouldn't see the blood staining her cheeks. They were passing a row of restaurants, and she could see Taki's, brightly lit in the gathering twilight.

They turned the corner just as the sun disappeared behind the rose window of the Institute, flooding the street below with seashell light that only they could see. Simon pulled up in front of the door and killed the engine, jittering the keys in his hand. "Do you want me to go up with you?"

She hesitated. "No. I should do this on my own."

She saw the look of disappointment flicker across his face, but it vanished quickly. Simon, she thought, had grown up a lot in these past two weeks, just as she had. Which was good, since she wouldn't have wanted to leave him behind. He was part of her, as much as her drawing talent, the dusty air of Brooklyn, her mother's laughter, and her own Shadowhunter blood. "All right," he said. "Are you going to need a ride later?"

She shook her head. "Luke gave me money for a cab. Want to come over tomorrow, though?" she added. "We could watch some *Trigun*, pop some corn. I could use some couch time."

He nodded. "That sounds good." He leaned forward then, and brushed a kiss along her cheekbone. It was a kiss as light

as a blown leaf, but she felt a shiver far down in her bones. She looked at him.

“Do you think that it was a coincidence?” she asked.

“Do I think what was a coincidence?”

“That we wound up in Pandemonium the same night that Jace and the others just happened to be there, pursuing a demon? The night before Valentine came for my mother?”

Simon shook his head. “I don’t believe in coincidences,” he said.

“Neither do I.”

“But I have to admit,” Simon added, “coincidence or not, it turned out to be a fortuitous occurrence.”

“The Fortuitous Occurrences,” said Clary. “Now there’s a band name for you.”

“It’s better than most of the ones we’ve come up with,” Simon admitted.

“You bet.” She jumped down out of the van, slamming the door behind her. She heard him honk as she ran up the path to the door between the slabs of overgrown grass, and waved without turning around.

The interior of the cathedral was cool and dark, and smelled of rain and damp paper. Her footsteps echoed loudly on the stone floor, and she thought of Jace in the church in Brooklyn: *There might be a God, Clary, and there might not. Either way, we’re on our own.*

In the elevator she stole a look at herself in the mirror as the door clanged shut behind her. Most of her bruises and scrapes had healed to invisibility. She wondered if Jace had ever seen her looking as prim as she did today—she’d dressed for the hospital in a black pleated skirt, pink lip gloss, and a vintage sailor-collared blouse. She thought she looked about eight.

Not that it mattered what Jace thought about how she looked, she reminded herself, now or ever. She wondered if they’d ever be the way Simon was with his sister: a mixture of boredom and loving irritation. She couldn’t imagine it.

She heard the loud meows before the elevator door even opened. “Hey, Church,” she said, kneeling down by the wriggling gray ball on the floor. “Where is everyone?”

Church, who clearly wanted his stomach rubbed, muttered ominously. With a sigh Clary gave in. “Demented cat,” she said, rubbing with vigor. “Where—”

“Clary!” It was Isabelle, swooping into the foyer in a long red skirt, her hair piled on top of her head with jeweled clips. “It’s so great to see you!”

She descended on Clary with a hug that nearly overbalanced her.

“Isabelle,” Clary gasped. “It’s good to see you, too,” she added, letting Isabelle pull her up to a standing position.

“I was so worried about you,” said Isabelle brightly. “After you guys went off to the library with Hodge, and I was with Alec, I heard the most terrific banging explosion, and when I got to the library, of course, you were gone, and everything was strewn all over the floor. And there was blood and sticky black goo everywhere.” She shuddered. “What was that stuff?”

“A curse,” Clary said quietly. “Hodge’s curse.”

“Oh, right,” Isabelle said. “Jace told me about Hodge.”

“He did?” Clary was surprised.

“That he got the curse taken off him and left? Yeah, he did. I would have thought he’d have stayed to say good-bye.” Isabelle added, “I’m kind of disappointed in him. But I guess he was scared of the Clave. He’ll get in touch eventually, I bet.”

So Jace hadn’t told them that Hodge had betrayed them, Clary thought, not sure how she felt about that. Then again, if Jace was trying to spare Isabelle confusion and disappointment, maybe she shouldn’t interfere.

“Anyway,” Isabelle went on, “it was horrible, and I don’t know what we would have done if Magnus hadn’t showed up and magicked Alec back to health. Is that a word, ‘magicked’?” She crinkled her eyebrows. “Jace told us all

about what happened on the island afterward. Actually, we knew about it even before, because Magnus was on the phone about it all night. Everyone in Downworld was buzzing about it. You're famous, you know."

"Me?"

"Sure. Valentine's daughter."

Clary shuddered. "So I guess Jace is famous too."

"You're both famous," said Isabelle in the same overbright voice. "The famous brother and sister."

Clary looked at Isabelle curiously. "I didn't expect you to be this glad to see me, I have to admit."

The other girl put her hands on her hips indignantly. "Why not?"

"I didn't think you liked me all that much."

Isabelle's brightness faded and she looked down at her silvery toes. "I didn't think I did either," she admitted. "But when I went to look for you and Jace, and you were gone . . ." Her voice trailed off. "I wasn't just worried about him; I was worried about you, too. There's something so . . . reassuring about you. And Jace is so much better when you're around."

Clary's eyes widened. "He is?"

"He is, actually. Less sharp-edged, somehow. It's not so much that he's kinder, but that he lets you see the kindness in him." She paused. "And I guess I resented you at first, but I realize now that was stupid. Just because I've never had a friend who was a girl doesn't mean I couldn't learn how to have one."

"Me too, actually," said Clary. "And Isabelle?"

"Yeah?"

"You don't have to pretend to be nice. I like it better when you just act like yourself."

"Bitchy, you mean?" Isabelle said, and laughed.

Clary was about to protest when Alec swung into the entry-way on a pair of crutches. One of his legs was bandaged, his jeans rolled up to the knee, and there was another bandage on his temple, under the dark hair. Otherwise he looked remarkably healthy for someone who'd nearly died four days before. He waved a crutch in greeting.

"Hi," Clary said, surprised to see him up and around. "Are you . . ."

"All right? I'm fine," Alec said. "I won't even need these in a few days."

Guilt swelled her throat. If it hadn't been for her, Alec wouldn't be on crutches at all. "I'm really glad you're okay, Alec," she said, putting every ounce of sincerity into her voice that she could muster.

Alec blinked. "Thanks."

"So Magnus fixed you?" Clary said. "Luke said—"

"He did!" said Isabelle. "It was so awesome. He showed up and ordered everyone out of the room and shut the door. Blue and red sparks kept exploding out into the hallway from underneath the floor."

"I don't remember any of it," said Alec.

"Then he sat by Alec's bed all night and into the morning to make sure he woke up okay," Isabelle added.

"I don't remember that, either," Alec added hastily. Isabelle's red lips curved into a smile. "I wonder how Magnus knew to come? I asked him, but he wouldn't say."

Clary thought of the folded paper Hodge had thrown into the fire after Valentine had gone. He was a strange man, she thought, who'd taken the time to do what he could to save Alec even while betraying everyone—and everything—he'd ever cared about. "I don't know," she said.

Isabelle shrugged. "I guess he heard about it somewhere. He does seem to be hooked into an enormous gossip network. He's such a *girl*."

“He’s the High Warlock of Brooklyn, Isabelle,” Alec reminded her, but not without some amusement. He turned to Clary. “Jace is up in the greenhouse if you want to see him,” he said. “I’ll walk you.”

“You will?”

“Sure.” Alec looked only slightly uncomfortable. “Why not?” Clary glanced at Isabelle, who shrugged. Whatever Alec was up to, he hadn’t shared it with his sister. “Go on,” said Isabelle. “I’ve got stuff to do anyway.” She waved a hand at them. “Shoo.”

They set off down the hallway together. Alec’s pace was fast, even on crutches. Clary had to jog to keep up. “I have short legs,” she reminded him.

“Sorry.” He slowed down, contrite. “Look,” he began. “Those things you said to me, when I yelled at you about Jace . . .”

“I remember,” she said in a small voice.

“When you told me that you, you know, that I was just—that it was because—” He seemed to be having trouble forming a complete sentence. He tried again. “When you said I was . . .”

“Alec, don’t.”

“Sure. Never mind.” He clamped his lips together. “You don’t want to talk about it.”

“It’s not that. It’s that I feel awful about what I said. It was horrible. It wasn’t true at all—”

“But it was true,” said Alec. “Every word.”

“That doesn’t make it okay,” she said. “Not everything that’s true needs to be said. It was mean. And when I said Jace had told me you’d never killed a demon, he said it was because you were always protecting him and Isabelle. It was a good thing he was saying about you. Jace can be a jerk, but he —” *Loves you*, she was about to say, and stopped. “Never said a bad word about you to me, ever. I swear.”

“You don’t have to swear,” he said. “I know already.” He sounded calm, even confident in a way she’d never heard him sound before. She looked at him, surprised. “I know I didn’t kill Abbadon either. But I appreciate you telling me I had.”

She laughed shakily. “You appreciate me lying to you?”

“You did it out of kindness,” he said. “That means a lot, that you would be kind to me, even after how I treated you.”

“I think Jace would have been pretty pissed at me for lying if he hadn’t been so upset at the time,” said Clary. “Not as mad as he would be if he knew what I’d said to you before, though.”

“I’ve got an idea,” said Alec, his mouth turning up at the corners. “Let’s not tell him. I mean, maybe Jace *can* behead a Du’sien demon from a distance of fifty feet with just a corkscrew and a rubber band, but sometimes I think he doesn’t know much about people.”

“I guess so.” Clary grinned.

They’d reached the bottom of the spiral staircase that led to the roof. “I can’t go up.” Alec tapped his crutch against a metal step. It rang tinnily.

“It’s okay. I can find my way.”

He made as if to turn away, then glanced back at her. “I should have guessed you were Jace’s sister,” he said. “You both have the same artistic talent.”

Clary paused, her foot on the lowest stair. She was taken aback. “Jace can draw?”

“Nah.” When Alec smiled, his eyes lit like blue lamps, and Clary could see what Magnus had found so captivating about him. “I was just kidding. He can’t draw a straight line.” Chuckling, he swung away on his crutches. Clary watched him go, bemused. An Alec who cracked jokes and poked fun at Jace was something she could get used to, even if his sense of humor was somewhat inexplicable.

The greenhouse was just as she’d remembered it, though the sky above the glass roof was sapphire now. The clean,

soapy smell of the flowers cleared her head. Breathing in deeply, she pushed her way through the tightly woven leaves and branches.

She found Jace sitting on the marble bench in the middle of the greenhouse. His head was bent, and he seemed to be turning an object over in his hands, idly. He looked up as she ducked under a branch, and quickly closed his hand around the object. "Clary." He sounded surprised. "What are you doing here?"

"I came to see you," she said. "I wanted to know how you were."

"I'm fine." He was wearing jeans and a white T-shirt. She could see his still-fading bruises, like the dark spots on the white flesh of an apple. Of course, she thought, the real injuries were internal, hidden from every eye but his own.

"What is that?" she asked, pointing to his closed hand.

He opened his fingers. A jagged shard of silver lay in his palm, glimmering blue and green at the edges. "A piece of the Portal mirror."

She sat down on the bench next to him. "Can you see anything in it?"

He turned it a little, letting the light run over it like water. "Bits of sky. Trees, a path . . . I keep angling it, trying to see the manor house. My father."

"Valentine," she corrected. "Why would you want to see him?"

"I thought maybe I could see what he was doing with the Mortal Cup," he said reluctantly. "Where it was."

"Jace, that's not our responsibility anymore. Not our problem. Now that the Clave finally knows what happened, the Lightwoods are rushing back. Let them deal with it."

Now he did look at her. She wondered how it was that they could be brother and sister and look so little alike. Couldn't she at least have gotten the curling dark lashes or the angular cheekbones? It hardly seemed fair. He said, "When I looked

through the Portal and saw Idris, I knew exactly what Valentine was trying to do, that he wanted to see if I'd break. And it didn't matter—I still wanted to go home more badly than I could have imagined.”

She shook her head. “I don't see what's so great about Idris. It's just a place. The way you and Hodge talk about it—” She broke off.

He closed his hand over the shard again. “I was happy there. It was the only place I was ever happy like that.”

Clary plucked a stem from a nearby bush and began to denude it of its leaves. “You felt sorry for Hodge. That's why you didn't tell Alec and Isabelle what he really did.”

He shrugged.

“They'll find out eventually, you know.”

“I know. But I won't be the one who told them.”

“Jace . . .” The surface of the pond was green with fallen leaves. “How could you have been happy there? I know what you thought, but Valentine was a terrible father. He killed your pets, lied to you, and I know he hit you—don't even try to pretend he didn't.”

A flicker of a smile ghosted across Jace's face. “Only on alternate Thursdays.”

“Then how could—”

“It was the only time I ever felt sure about who I was. Where I belonged. It sounds stupid, but . . .” He shrugged. “I kill demons because it's what I'm good at and what I was taught to do, but it isn't who I am. And I'm partly good at it because after I thought my father had died, I was—cut free. No consequences. No one to grieve. No one who had a stake in my life because they'd been part of giving it to me.” His face looked as if it had been carved out of something hard. “I don't feel that way anymore.”

The stem was entirely denuded of leaves; Clary threw it aside. “Why not?”

“Because of you,” he said. “If it weren’t for you, I would have gone with my father through the Portal. If it weren’t for you, I would go after him right now.”

Clary stared down into the clogged pond. Her throat burned. “I thought I made you feel unsettled.”

“It’s been so long,” he said simply, “that I think I was unsettled by the idea of feeling like I belonged anywhere. But you made me feel like I belong.”

“I want you to go somewhere with me,” she said abruptly.

He looked at her sideways. Something about the way his light gold hair fell into his eyes made her feel unbearably sad. “Where?”

“I was hoping you’d come to the hospital with me.”

“I knew it.” His eyes narrowed until they looked like the edges of coins. “Clary, that woman—”

“She’s your mother too, Jace.”

“I know,” he said. “But she’s a stranger to me. I only ever had one parent, and he’s gone. Worse than dead.”

“I know. And I know there’s no point in telling you how great my mom is, what an amazing, terrific, wonderful person she is and that you’d be lucky to know her. I’m not asking this for you, I’m asking for me. I think if she heard your voice . . .”

“Then what?”

“She might wake up.” She looked at him steadily.

He held her gaze, then broke it with a smile—crooked and a little battered, but a real smile. “Fine. I’ll go with you.” He stood up. “You don’t have to tell me good things about your mother,” he added. “I already know them.”

“Do you?”

He shrugged slightly. “She raised you, didn’t she?” He glanced toward the glass roof. “The sun’s almost set.”

Clary got to her feet. “We should head out to the hospital. I’ll pay for the cab,” she added, as an afterthought. “Luke gave

me some cash.”

“That won’t be necessary.” Jace’s smile widened. “Come on. I’ve got something to show you.”



“But where did you get it?” Clary demanded, staring at the motorcycle perched at the edge of the cathedral’s roof. It was a shiny poison green, with silver-rimmed wheels and bright flames painted on the seat.

“Magnus was complaining that someone had left it outside his house the last time he had a party,” said Jace. “I convinced him to give it to me.”

“And you flew it up here?” She was still staring.

“Uh-huh. I’m getting pretty good at it.” He swung a leg over the seat, and beckoned her to come and sit behind him. “Come on, I’ll show you.”

“Well, at least you know it works this time,” she said, getting on behind him. “If we crash into the parking lot of a Key Food, I’ll kill you, you know that?”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” said Jace. “There are no parking lots on the Upper East Side. Why drive when you can get your groceries delivered?” The bike started with a roar, drowning out his laugh. Shrieking, Clary grabbed hold of his belt as the bike hurtled down the slanted roof of the Institute and launched itself into space.

The wind tore her hair as they rose up, up over the cathedral, up above the roofs of the nearby high-rises and apartment buildings. And there it was spread out before her like a carelessly opened jewelry box, this city more populous and more amazing than she had ever imagined: There was the emerald square of Central Park, where the faerie courts met on midsummer evenings; there were the lights of the clubs and bars downtown, where the vampires danced the nights away at Pandemonium; there the alleys of Chinatown down which the werewolves slunk at night, their coats reflecting the city’s lights. There walked warlocks in all their bat-winged, cat-eyed glory, and here, as they swung out over the river, she saw the

darting flash of multicolored tails under the silvery skin of the water, the shimmer of long, pearl-strewn hair, and heard the high, rippling laughter of the mermaids.

Jace turned to look over his shoulder, the wind whipping his hair into tangles. “What are you thinking?” he called back to her.

“Just how different everything down there is now, you know, now that I can *see*.”

“Everything down there is exactly the same,” he said, angling the cycle toward the East River. They were heading toward the Brooklyn Bridge again. “You’re the one that’s different.”

Her hands tightened convulsively on his belt as they dipped lower and lower over the river. “Jace!”

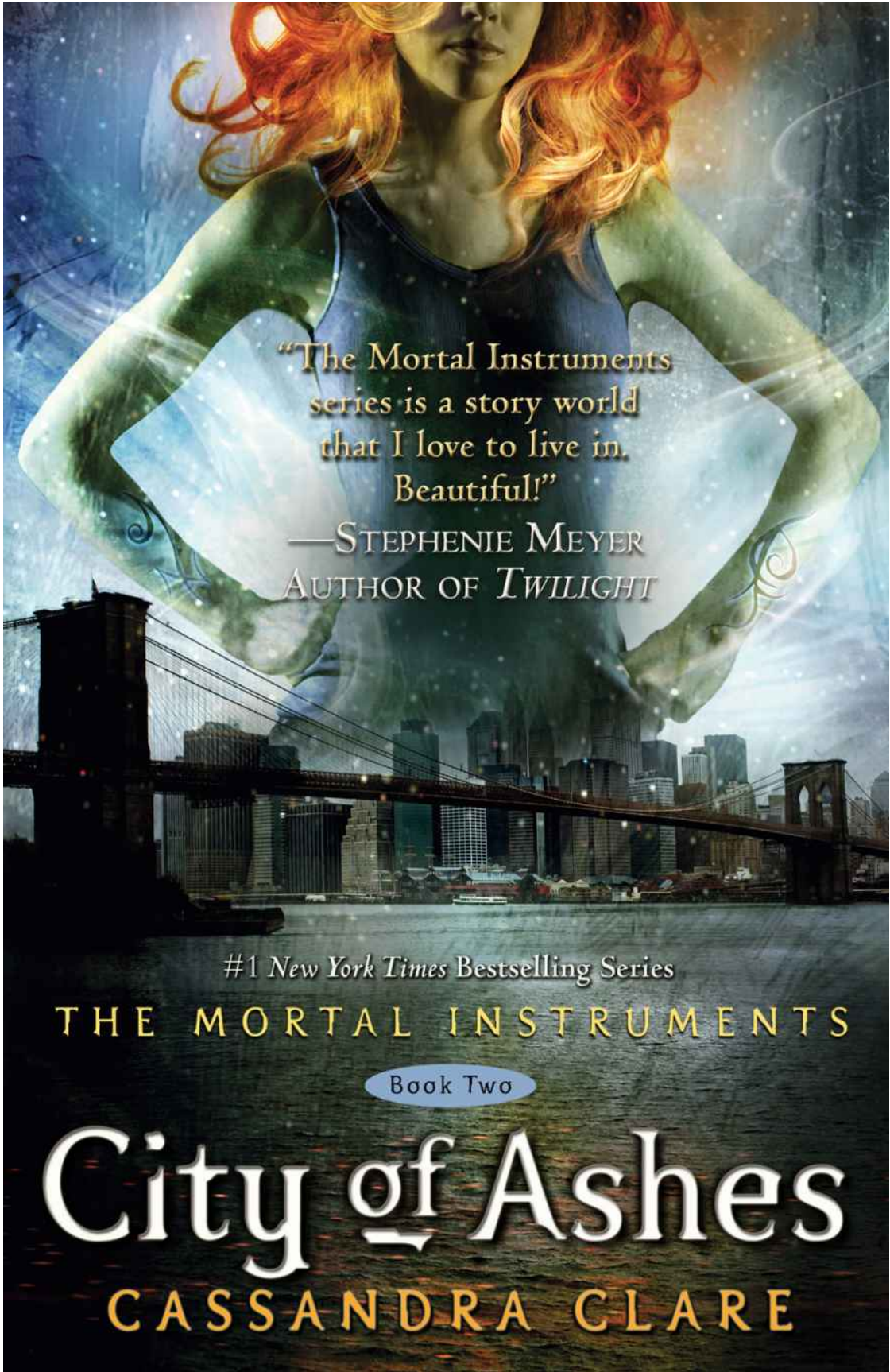
“Don’t worry.” He sounded maddeningly amused. “I know what I’m doing. I won’t drown us.”

She squinted her eyes against the tearing wind. “Are you testing what Alec said about some of these bikes being able to go underwater?”

“No.” He leveled the bike out carefully as they rose from the river’s surface. “I think that’s just a story.”

“But Jace,” she said. “All the stories are true.”

She didn’t hear him laugh, but she felt it, vibrating through his rib cage and into her fingertips. She held on tightly as he angled the cycle up, gunning it so that it shot forward and darted up the side of the bridge like a bird freed from a cage. Her stomach dropped out from under her as the silver river spun away and the spires of the bridge slid under her feet, but this time Clary kept her eyes open, so that she could see it all.

The book cover features a large, ethereal figure of a young woman with long, flowing red hair, wearing a blue tank top. She is positioned in the upper half of the cover, with her arms outstretched. The background is a dark, starry sky with a city skyline and a bridge visible in the lower half. The text is overlaid on the image.

"The Mortal Instruments
series is a story world
that I love to live in.
Beautiful!"

—STEPHENIE MEYER
AUTHOR OF *TWILIGHT*

#1 *New York Times* Bestselling Series

THE MORTAL INSTRUMENTS

Book Two

City of Ashes

CASSANDRA CLARE

THE MORTAL INSTRUMENTS

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City of Ashes

CASSANDRA CLARE

Margaret K. McElderry Books

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Epilogue

For my father,
who is not evil.
Well, maybe a little bit.



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This Bitter Language

*I know your streets, sweet city,
I know the demons and angels that flock
and roost in your boughs like birds.
I know you, river, as if you flowed through my heart.
I am your warrior daughter.
There are letters made of your body
as a fountain is made of water.
There are languages
of which you are the blueprint
and as we speak them
the city rises.*

— Elka Cloke



Prologue

SMOKE AND DIAMONDS

The formidable glass-and-steel structure rose from its position on Front Street like a glittering needle threading the sky. There were fifty-seven floors to the Metropole, Manhattan's most expensive new downtown condominium tower. The topmost floor, the fifty-seventh, contained the most luxurious apartment of all: the Metropole penthouse, a masterpiece of sleek black-and-white design. Too new to have gathered dust yet, its bare marble floors reflected back the stars visible through the enormous floor-to-ceiling windows. The window glass was perfectly translucent, providing such a complete illusion that there was nothing between the viewer and the view that it had been known to induce vertigo even in those unafraid of heights.

Far below ran the silver ribbon of the East River, braceleted by shining bridges, flecked by boats as small as flyspecks, splitting the shining banks of light that were Manhattan and Brooklyn on either side. On a clear night the illuminated Statue of Liberty was just visible to the south—but there was fog tonight, and Liberty Island was hidden behind a white bank of mist.

However spectacular the view, the man standing in front of the window didn't look particularly impressed by it. There was a frown on his narrow, ascetic face as he turned away from the glass and strode across the floor, the heels of his boots echoing against the marble floor. "Aren't you ready *yet*?" he demanded, raking a hand through his salt-white hair. "We've been here nearly an hour."

The boy kneeling on the floor looked up at him, nervous and petulant. "It's the marble. It's more solid than I thought. It's making it hard to draw the pentagram."

“So skip the pentagram.” Up close it was easier to see that despite his white hair, the man wasn’t old. His hard face was severe but unlined, his eyes clear and steady.

The boy swallowed hard and the membranous black wings protruding from his narrow shoulder blades (he had cut slits in the back of his denim jacket to accommodate them) flapped nervously. “The pentagram is a necessary part of any demonraising ritual. You know that, sir. Without it . . .”

“We’re not protected. I know that, young Elias. But get on with it. I’ve known warlocks who could raise a demon, chat him up, and dispatch him back to hell in the time it’s taken you to draw half a five-pointed star.”

The boy said nothing, only attacked the marble again, this time with renewed urgency. Sweat dripped from his forehead and he pushed his hair back with a hand whose fingers were connected with delicate weblike membranes. “Done,” he said at last, sitting back on his heels with a gasp. “It’s done.”

“Good.” The man sounded pleased. “Let’s get started.”

“My money—”

“I told you. You’ll get your money *after* I talk to Agramon, not before.”

Elias got to his feet and shrugged his jacket off. Despite the holes he’d cut in it, it still compressed his wings uncomfortably; freed, they stretched and expanded themselves, wafting a breeze through the unventilated room. His wings were the color of an oil slick: black threaded with a rainbow of dizzying colors. The man looked away from him, as if the wings displeased him, but Elias didn’t seem to notice. He began circling the pentagram he’d drawn, circling it counterclockwise and chanting in a demon language that sounded like the crackle of flames.

With a sound like air being sucked from a tire, the outline of the pentagram suddenly burst into flames. The dozen huge windows cast back a dozen burning reflected five-pointed stars.

Something was moving inside the pentagram, something formless and black. Elias was chanting more quickly now, raising his webbed hands, tracing delicate outlines on the air with his fingers. Where they passed, blue fire crackled. The man couldn't speak Chthonian, the warlock language, with any fluency, but he recognized enough of the words to understand Elias's repeated chant: *Agramon, I summon thee. Out of the spaces between the worlds, I summon thee.*

The man slid a hand into his pocket. Something hard and cold and metallic met the touch of his fingers. He smiled.

Elias had stopped walking. He was standing in front of the pentagram now, his voice rising and falling in a steady chant, blue fire crackling around him like lightning. Suddenly a plume of black smoke rose inside the pentagram; it spiraled upward, spreading and solidifying. Two eyes hung in the shadow like jewels caught in a spider's web.

"Who has called me here across the worlds?" Agramon demanded in a voice like shattering glass. *"Who summons me?"*

Elias had stopped chanting. He was standing still in front of the pentagram—still except for his wings, which beat the air slowly. The air stank of corrosion and burning.

"Agramon," the warlock said. "I am the warlock Elias. I am the one who has summoned you."

For a moment there was silence. Then the demon laughed, if smoke can be said to laugh. The laugh itself was caustic as acid. *"Foolish warlock,"* Agramon wheezed. *"Foolish boy."*

"You are the foolish one, if you think you can threaten me," Elias said, but his voice trembled like his wings. "You will be a prisoner of that pentagram, Agramon, until I release you."

"Will I?" The smoke surged forward, forming and reforming itself. A tendril took the shape of a human hand and stroked the edge of the burning pentagram that contained it. Then, with a surge, the smoke seethed past the edge of the star, poured over the border like a wave breaching a levee. The flames guttered and died as Elias, screaming, stumbled

backward. He was chanting now, in rapid Chthonian, spells of containment and banishment. Nothing happened; the black smoke-mass came on inexorably, and now it was starting to have something of a shape—a malformed, enormous, hideous shape, its glowing eyes altering, rounding to the size of saucers, spilling a dreadful light.

The man watched with impassive interest as Elias screamed again and turned to run. He never reached the door. Agramon surged forward, his dark mass crashing down over the warlock like a surge of boiling black tar. Elias struggled feebly for a moment under the onslaught—and then was still.

The black shape withdrew, leaving the warlock lying contorted on the marble floor.

“I do hope,” said the man, who had taken the cold metal object out of his pocket and was toying with it idly, “that you haven’t done anything to him that will render him useless to me. I need his blood, you see.”

Agramon turned, a black pillar with deadly diamond eyes. They took in the man in the expensive suit, his narrow, unconcerned face, the black Marks covering his skin, and the glowing object in his hand. “*You paid the warlock child to summon me? And you did not tell him what I could do?*”

“You guess correctly,” said the man.

Agramon spoke with grudging admiration. “*That was clever.*”

The man took a step toward the demon. “I *am* very clever. And I’m also your master now. I hold the Mortal Cup. You must obey me, or face the consequences.”

The demon was silent a moment. Then it slid to the ground in a mockery of obeisance—the closest a creature with no real body could come to kneeling. “*I am at your service, my Lord... ?*”

The sentence ended politely, on a question.

The man smiled. “You may call me Valentine.”

Part One

A Season in Hell



I believe I am in Hell, therefore I am.

—Arthur Rimbaud

1

VALENTINE'S ARROW

“Are you still mad?”

Alec, leaning against the wall of the elevator, glared across the small space at Jace. “I’m not mad.”

“Oh, yes you are.” Jace gestured accusingly at his stepbrother, then yelped as pain shot up his arm. Every part of him hurt from the thumping he’d taken that afternoon when he’d dropped three floors through rotted wood onto a pile of scrap metal. Even his fingers were bruised. Alec, who’d only recently put away the crutches he’d had to use after his fight with Abbadon, didn’t look much better than Jace felt. His clothes were covered in mud and his hair hung down in lank, sweaty strips. There was a long cut down the side of his cheek.

“I am not,” Alec said, through his teeth. “Just because you said dragon demons were extinct—”

“I said mostly extinct.”

Alec jabbed a finger toward him. “Mostly extinct,” he said, his voice trembling with rage, “is NOT EXTINCT ENOUGH.”

“I see,” said Jace. “I’ll just have them change the entry in the demonology textbook from ‘almost extinct’ to ‘not extinct enough for Alec. He prefers his monsters really, really extinct.’ Will *that* make you happy?”

“Boys, boys,” said Isabelle, who’d been examining her face in the elevator’s mirrored wall. “Don’t fight.” She turned away from the glass with a sunny smile. “All right, so it was a little more action than we were expecting, but I thought it was fun.”

Alec looked at her and shook his head. “How do you manage *never* to get mud on you?”

Isabelle shrugged philosophically. "I'm pure at heart. It repels the dirt."

Jace snorted so loudly that she turned on him with a frown. He wiggled his mud-caked fingers at her. His nails were black crescents. "Filthy inside and out."

Isabelle was about to reply when the elevator ground to a halt with the sound of screeching brakes. "Time to get this thing fixed," she said, yanking the door open. Jace followed her out into the entryway, already looking forward to shucking his armor and weapons and stepping into a hot shower. He'd convinced his stepsiblings to come hunting with him despite the fact that neither of them was entirely comfortable going out on their own now that Hodge wasn't there to give them instructions. But Jace had wanted the oblivion of fighting, the harsh diversion of killing, and the distraction of injuries. And knowing he wanted it, they'd gone along with it, crawling through filthy deserted subway tunnels until they'd found the Draconidae demon and killed it. The three of them working together in perfect unison, the way they always had. Like family.

He unzipped his jacket and slung it over one of the pegs hanging on the wall. Alec was sitting on the low wooden bench next to him, kicking off his muck-covered boots. He was humming tunelessly under his breath, letting Jace know he wasn't *that* annoyed. Isabelle was pulling the pins out of her long dark hair, allowing it to shower down around her. "Now I'm hungry," she said. "I wish Mom were here to cook us something."

"Better that she isn't," said Jace, unbuckling his weapons belt. "She'd already be shrieking about the rugs."

"You're right about that," said a cool voice, and Jace swung around, his hands still at his belt, and saw Maryse Lightwood, her arms folded, standing in the doorway. She wore a stiff black traveling suit and her hair, black as Isabelle's, was drawn back into a thick rope that hung halfway down her back. Her eyes, a glacial blue, swept over the three of them like a tracking searchlight.

“Mom!” Isabelle, recovering her composure, ran to her mother for a hug. Alec got to his feet and joined them, trying to hide the fact that he was still limping.

Jace stood where he was. There had been something in Maryse’s eyes as her gaze had passed over him that froze him in place. Surely what he had said wasn’t *that* bad. They joked about her obsession with the antique rugs all the time—

“Where’s Dad?” Isabelle asked, stepping back from her mother. “And Max?”

There was an almost imperceptible pause. Then Maryse said, “Max is in his room. And your father, unfortunately, is still in Alicante. There was some business there that required his attention.”

Alec, generally more sensitive to moods than his sister, seemed to hesitate. “Is something wrong?”

“I could ask *you* that.” His mother’s tone was dry. “Are you limping?”

“I . . .”

Alec was a terrible liar. Isabelle picked up for him, smoothly:

“We had a run-in with a Draconidae demon in the subway tunnels. But it was nothing.”

“And I suppose that Greater Demon you fought last week, that was nothing too?”

Even Isabelle was silenced by that. She looked to Jace, who wished she hadn’t.

“That wasn’t planned for.” Jace was having a hard time concentrating. Maryse hadn’t greeted him yet, hadn’t said so much as hello, and she was still looking at him with eyes like blue daggers. There was a hollow feeling in the pit of his stomach that was beginning to spread. She’d never looked at him like this before, no matter what he’d done. “It was a mistake—”

“Jace!” Max, the youngest Lightwood, squeezed his way around Maryse and darted into the room, evading his mother’s

reaching hand. “You’re back! You’re all back.” He turned in a circle, grinning at Alec and Isabelle in triumph. “I *thought* I heard the elevator.”

“And I thought I told you to stay in your room,” said Maryse.

“I don’t remember that,” said Max, with a seriousness that made even Alec smile. Max was small for his age—he looked about seven—but he had a self-contained gravity that, combined with his oversize glasses, gave him the air of someone older. Alec reached over and ruffled his brother’s hair, but Max was still looking at Jace, his eyes shining. Jace felt the cold fist clenched in his stomach relax ever so slightly. Max had always hero-worshiped him in a way that he didn’t worship his own older brother, probably because Jace was far more tolerant of Max’s presence. “I heard you fought a Greater Demon,” he said. “Was it awesome?”

“It was . . . different,” Jace hedged. “How was Alicante?”

“It was *awesome*. We saw the coolest stuff. There’s this huge armory in Alicante and they took me to some of the places where they make the weapons. They showed me a new way to make seraph blades too, so they last longer, and I’m going to try to get Hodge to show me—”

Jace couldn’t help it; his eyes flicked instantly to Maryse, his expression incredulous. So Max didn’t know about Hodge? Hadn’t she *told* him?

Maryse saw his look and her lips thinned into a knifelike line. “That’s enough, Max.” She took her youngest son by the arm.

He craned his head to look up at her in surprise. “But I’m talking to Jace—”

“I can see that.” She pushed him gently toward Isabelle. “Isabelle, Alec, take your brother to his room. Jace,”—there was a tightness in her voice when she spoke his name, as if invisible acid were drying up the syllables in her mouth—“get yourself cleaned up and meet me in the library as soon as you can.”

“I don’t get it,” said Alec, looking from his mother to Jace, and back again. “What’s going on?”

Jace could feel cold sweat start up along his spine. “Is this about my father?”

Maryse jerked twice, as if the words “my father” had been two separate slaps. “The *library*,” she said, through clenched teeth. “We’ll discuss the matter there.”

Alec said, “What happened while you were gone wasn’t Jace’s fault. We were all in on it. And Hodge said—”

“We’ll discuss Hodge later as well.” Maryse’s eyes were on Max, her tone warning.

“But, Mother,” Isabelle protested. “If you’re going to punish Jace, you should punish us as well. It would only be fair. We all did exactly the same things.”

“No,” said Maryse, after a pause so long that Jace thought perhaps she wasn’t going to say anything at all. “You didn’t.”



“Rule number one of anime,” Simon said. He sat propped up against a pile of pillows at the foot of his bed, a bag of potato chips in one hand and the TV remote in the other. He was wearing a black T-shirt that said I BLOGGED YOUR MOM and a pair of jeans with a hole ripped in one knee. “Never screw with a blind monk.”

“I know,” Clary said, taking a potato chip and dunking it into the can of dip balanced on the TV tray between them. “For some reason they’re always way better fighters than monks who can see.” She peered at the screen. “Are those guys dancing?”

“That’s not dancing. They’re trying to kill each other. This is the guy who’s the mortal enemy of the other guy, remember? He killed his dad. Why would they be dancing?”

Clary crunched at her chip and stared meditatively at the screen, where animated swirls of pink and yellow clouds rippled between the figures of two winged men, who floated around each other, each clutching a glowing spear. Every once

in a while one of them would speak, but since it was all in Japanese with Chinese subtitles, it didn't clarify much. "The guy with the hat," she said. "He was the evil guy?"

"No, the hat guy was the dad. He was the magical emperor, and that was his hat of power. The evil guy was the one with the mechanical hand that talks."

The telephone rang. Simon set the bag of chips down and made as if to get up and answer it. Clary put her hand on his wrist. "Don't. Just leave it."

"But it might be Luke. He could be calling from the hospital."

"It's not Luke," Clary said, sounding more sure than she felt. "He'd call my cell, not your house."

Simon looked at her a long moment before sinking back down on the rug beside her. "If you say so." She could hear the doubt in his voice, but also the unspoken assurance, *I just want you to be happy*. She wasn't sure "happy" was anything she was likely to be right now, not with her mother in the hospital hooked up to tubes and beeping machines, and Luke like a zombie, slumped in the hard plastic chair next to her bed. Not with worrying about Jace all the time and picking up the phone a dozen times to call the Institute before setting it back down, the number still undialed. If Jace wanted to talk to her, *he* could call.

Maybe it had been a mistake to take him to see Jocelyn. She'd been so sure that if her mother could just hear the voice of her son, her firstborn, she'd wake up. But she hadn't. Jace had stood stiff and awkward by the bed, his face like a painted angel's, with blank indifferent eyes. Clary had finally lost her patience and shouted at him, and he'd shouted back before storming off. Luke had watched him go with a clinical sort of interest on his exhausted face. "That's the first time I've seen you act like sister and brother," he'd remarked.

Clary had said nothing in response. There was no point telling him how badly she wanted Jace *not* to be her brother. You couldn't rip out your own DNA, no matter how much you

wished you could. No matter how much it would make you *happy*.

But even if she couldn't quite manage happy, she thought, at least here in Simon's house, in his bedroom, she felt comfortable and at home. She'd known him long enough to remember when he had a bed shaped like a fire truck and LEGOs piled in a corner of the room. Now the bed was a futon with a brightly striped quilt that had been a present from his sister, and the walls were plastered with posters of bands like Rock Solid Panda and Stepping Razor. There was a drum set wedged into the corner of the room where the LEGOs had been, and a computer in the other corner, the screen still frozen on an image from *World of Warcraft*. It was almost as familiar as being in her own bedroom at home—which no longer existed, so at least this was the next best thing.

"More chibis," said Simon gloomily. All the characters on-screen had turned into inch-high baby versions of themselves and were chasing each other around waving pots and pans. "I'm changing the channel," Simon announced, seizing the remote. "I'm tired of this anime. I can't tell what the plot is and no one ever has sex."

"Of course they don't," Clary said, taking another chip. "Anime is wholesome family entertainment."

"If you're in the mood for less wholesome entertainment, we could try the porn channels," Simon observed. "Would you rather watch *The Witches of Breastwick* or *As I Lay Dianne*?"

"Give me that!" Clary grabbed for the remote, but Simon, chortling, had already switched the TV to another channel.

His laughter broke off abruptly. Clary looked up in surprise and saw him staring blankly at the TV. An old black-and-white movie was playing—*Dracula*. She'd seen it before, with her mother. Bela Lugosi, thin and white-faced, was on-screen, wrapped in the familiar high-collared cloak, his lips curled back from his pointed teeth. "I never drink . . . wine," he intoned in his thick Hungarian accent.

"I love how the spiderwebs are made out of rubber," Clary said, trying to sound light. "You can totally tell."

But Simon was already on his feet, dropping the remote onto the bed. “I’ll be right back,” he muttered. His face was the color of winter sky just before it rained. Clary watched him go, biting her lip hard—it was the first time since her mother had gone to the hospital that she’d realized maybe Simon wasn’t too *happy* either.



Towelings off his hair, Jace regarded his reflection in the mirror with a quizzical scowl. A healing rune had taken care of the worst of his bruises, but it hadn’t helped the shadows under his eyes or the tight lines at the corners of his mouth. His head ached and he felt slightly dizzy. He knew he should have eaten something that morning, but he’d woken up nauseated and panting from nightmares, not wanting to pause to eat, just wanting the release of physical activity, to burn out his dreams in bruises and sweat.

Tossing the towel aside, he thought longingly of the sweet black tea Hodge used to brew from the night-blooming flowers in the greenhouse. The tea had taken away hunger pangs and brought a swift surge of energy. Since Hodge’s disappearance, Jace had tried boiling the plants’ leaves in water to see if he could produce the same effect, but the only result was a bitter, ashy-tasting liquid that made him gag and spit.

Barefoot, he padded into the bedroom and threw on jeans and a clean shirt. He pushed back his wet blond hair, frowning. It was too long at the moment, falling into his eyes—something Maryse would be sure to chide him about. She always did. He might not be the Lightwoods’ biological son, but they’d treated him like it since they’d adopted him at age ten, after the death of his own father. The *supposed* death, Jace reminded himself, that hollow feeling in his guts resurfacing again. He’d felt like a jack-o’-lantern for the past few days, as if his guts had been yanked out with a fork and dumped in a heap while a grinning smile stayed plastered on his face. He often wondered if anything he’d believed about his life, or himself, had ever been true. He’d thought he was an orphan—he wasn’t. He’d thought he was an only child—he had a sister.

Clary. The pain came again, stronger. He pushed it down. His eyes fell on the bit of broken mirror that lay atop his dresser, still reflecting green boughs and a diamond of blue sky. It was nearly twilight now in Idris: The sky was dark as cobalt. Choking on hollowness, Jace yanked his boots on and headed downstairs to the library.

He wondered as he clattered down the stone steps just what it was that Maryse wanted to say to him alone. She'd looked like she'd wanted to haul off and smack him. He couldn't remember the last time she'd laid a hand on him. The Lightwoods weren't given to corporal punishment—quite a change from being brought up by Valentine, who'd concocted all sorts of painful castigations to encourage obedience. Jace's Shadowhunter skin always healed, covering all but the worst of the evidence. In the days and weeks after his father died Jace could remember searching his body for scars, for some mark that would be a token, a remembrance to tie him physically to his father's memory.

He reached the library and knocked once before pushing the door open. Maryse was there, sitting in Hodge's old chair by the fire. Light streamed down through the high windows and Jace could see the touches of gray in her hair. She was holding a glass of red wine; there was a cut-glass decanter on the table beside her.

"Maryse," he said.

She jumped a little, spilling some of the wine. "Jace. I didn't hear you come in."

He didn't move. "Do you remember that song you used to sing to Isabelle and Alec—when they were little and afraid of the dark—to get them to fall asleep?"

Maryse appeared taken aback. "What are you talking about?"

"I used to hear you through the walls," he said. "Alec's bedroom was next to mine then."

She said nothing.

"It was in French," Jace said. "The song."

“I don’t know why you’d remember something like that.” She looked at him as if he’d accused her of something.

“You never sang to me.”

There was a barely perceptible pause. Then, “Oh, you,” she said. “You were never afraid of the dark.”

“What kind of ten-year-old is never afraid of the dark?”

Her eyebrows went up. “Sit down, Jonathan,” she said. “Now.”

He went, just slowly enough to annoy her, across the room, and threw himself into one of the wing-back chairs beside the desk. “I’d rather you didn’t call me Jonathan.”

“Why not? It’s your name.” She looked at him consideringly. “How long have you known?”

“Known what?”

“Don’t be stupid. You know exactly what I’m asking you.” She turned her glass in her fingers. “How long have you known that Valentine is your father?”

Jace considered and discarded several responses. Usually he could get his way with Maryse by making her laugh. He was one of the only people in the world who *could* make her laugh. “About as long as you have.”

Maryse shook her head slowly. “I don’t believe that.”

Jace sat up straight. His hands were in fists where they rested on the chair arms. He could see a slight tremor in his fingers, wondered if he’d ever had it before. He didn’t think so. His hands had always been as steady as his heartbeat. “You don’t *believe* me?”

He heard the incredulity in his own voice and winced inwardly. Of course she didn’t believe him. That had been obvious from the moment she had arrived home.

“It doesn’t make sense, Jace. How could you not know who your own father is?”

“He told me he was Michael Wayland. We lived in the Wayland country house—”

“A nice touch,” said Maryse, “that. And your name? What’s your real name?”

“You know my real name.”

“Jonathan. I knew that was Valentine’s son’s name. I knew Michael had a son named Jonathan too. It’s a common enough Shadowhunter name—I never thought it was strange they shared it, and as for Michael’s boy’s middle name, I never inquired. But now I can’t help wondering. How long had Valentine been planning what he was going to do? How long did he know he was going to murder Jonathan Wayland—?” She broke off, her eyes fixed on Jace. “You never looked like Michael, you know,” she said. “But sometimes children don’t look like their parents. I didn’t think about it before. But now I can see Valentine in you. The way you’re looking at me. That defiance. You don’t care what I say, do you?”

But he did care. All he was good at was making sure she couldn’t see it. “Would it make a difference if I did?”

She set the glass down on the table beside her. It was empty. “And you answer questions with questions to throw me off, just like Valentine always did. Maybe I should have known.”

“Maybe nothing. I’m still exactly the same person I’ve been for the past seven years. Nothing’s changed about me. If I didn’t remind you of Valentine before, I don’t see why I would now.”

Her glance moved over him and away as if she couldn’t bear to look directly at him. “Surely when we talked about Michael, you must have known we couldn’t possibly have meant your father. The things we said about him could never have applied to Valentine.”

“You said he was a good man.” Anger twisted inside him. “A brave Shadowhunter. A loving father. I thought that seemed accurate enough.”

“What about photographs? You must have seen photographs of Michael Wayland and realized he wasn’t the

man you called your father.” She bit her lip. “Help me out here, Jace.”

“All the photographs were destroyed in the Uprising. That’s what *you* told me. Now I wonder if it wasn’t because Valentine had them all burned so nobody would know who was in the Circle. I never had a photograph of my father,” Jace said, and wondered if he sounded as bitter as he felt.

Maryse put a hand to her temple and massaged it as if her head were aching. “I can’t believe this,” she said, as if to herself. “It’s insane.”

“So don’t believe it. Believe *me*,” Jace said, and felt the tremor in his hands increase.

She dropped her hand. “Don’t you think I *want* to?” she demanded, and for a moment he heard the echo in her voice of the Maryse who’d come into his bedroom at night when he was ten years old and staring dry-eyed at the ceiling, thinking of his father—and she’d sat by the bed with him until he’d fallen asleep just before dawn.

“I didn’t know,” Jace said again. “And when he asked me to come with him back to Idris, I said no. I’m still here. Doesn’t that count for anything?”

She turned to look back at the decanter, as if considering another drink, then seemed to discard the idea. “I wish it did,” she said. “But there are so many reasons your father might want you to remain at the Institute. Where Valentine is concerned, I can’t afford to trust anyone his influence has touched.”

“His influence touched you,” Jace said, and instantly regretted it at the look that flashed across her face.

“And *I* repudiated him,” said Maryse. “Have you? *Could* you?” Her blue eyes were the same color as Alec’s, but Alec had never looked at him like this. “Tell me you hate him, Jace. Tell me you hate that man and everything he stands for.”

A moment passed, and another, and Jace, looking down, saw that his hands were so tightly fisted that the knuckles

stood out white and hard like the bones in a fish's spine. "I can't say that."

Maryse sucked in her breath. "*Why not?*"

Why can't you say that you trust me? I've lived with you almost half my life. Surely you must know me better than that?"

"You sound so honest, Jonathan. You always have, even when you were a little boy trying to pin the blame for something you'd done wrong on Isabelle or Alec. I've only ever met one person who could sound as persuasive as you."

Jace tasted copper in his mouth. "You mean my father."

"There were only ever two kinds of people in the world for Valentine," she said. "Those who were for the Circle and those who were against it. The latter were enemies, and the former were weapons in his arsenal. I saw him try to turn each of his friends, even his own wife, into a weapon for the Cause—and you want me to believe he wouldn't have done the same with his own son?" She shook her head. "I knew him better than that." For the first time, Maryse looked at him with more sadness than anger. "You are an arrow shot directly into the heart of the Clave, Jace. You are Valentine's arrow. Whether you know it or not."



Clary shut the bedroom door on the blaring TV and went to look for Simon. She found him in the kitchen, bent over the sink with the water running. His hands were braced on the draining board.

"Simon?" The kitchen was a bright, cheerful yellow, the walls decorated with framed chalk and pencil sketches Simon and Rebecca had done in grade school. Rebecca had some drawing talent, you could tell, but Simon's sketches of people all looked like parking meters with tufts of hair.

He didn't look up now, though she could tell by the tightening of his shoulder muscles that he'd heard her. She went over to the sink, laying a hand lightly on his back. She felt the sharp nubs of his spine through the thin cotton T-shirt

and wondered if he'd lost weight. She couldn't tell by looking at him, but looking at Simon was like looking in a mirror—when you saw someone every day, you didn't always notice small changes in their outward appearance. “Are you okay?”

He turned the water off with a hard jerk of his wrist. “Sure. I'm fine.”

She laid a finger against the side of his chin and turned his face toward her. He was sweating, the dark hair that lay across his forehead stuck to his skin, though the air coming through the half-open kitchen window was cool. “You don't look fine. Was it the movie?”

He didn't answer.

“I'm sorry. I shouldn't have laughed, it's just—”

“You don't remember?” His voice sounded hoarse.

“I . . .” Clary trailed off. That night, looking back, seemed a long haze of running, of blood and sweat, of shadows glimpsed in doorways, of falling through space. She remembered the white faces of the vampires, like paper cutouts against the darkness, and remembered Jace holding her, shouting hoarsely into her ear. “Not really. It's a blur.”

His gaze flicked past her and then back. “Do I seem different to you?” he asked.

She raised her eyes to his. His were the color of black coffee—not really black, but a rich brown without a touch of gray or hazel. Did he seem different? There might have been an extra touch of confidence in the way he held himself since the day he'd killed Abbadon, the Greater Demon; but there was also a wariness about him, as if he were waiting or watching for something. It was something she had noticed about Jace as well. Perhaps it was only the awareness of mortality. “You're still Simon.”

He half-closed his eyes as if in relief, and as his eyelashes lowered, she saw how angular his cheekbones looked. He *had* lost weight, she thought, and was about to say so when he leaned down and kissed her.

She was so surprised at the feel of his mouth on hers that she went rigid all over, grabbing for the edge of the draining board to support herself. She did not, however, push him away, and clearly taking this as a sign of encouragement, Simon slid his hand behind her head and deepened the kiss, parting her lips with his. His mouth was soft, softer than Jace's had been, and the hand that cupped her neck was warm and gentle. He tasted like salt.

She let her eyes fall shut and for a moment floated dizzily in the darkness and the heat, the feel of his fingers moving through her hair. When the harsh ring of the telephone cut through her daze, she jumped back as if he'd pushed her away, though he hadn't moved. They stared at each other for a moment, in wild confusion, like two people finding themselves suddenly transported to a strange landscape where nothing was familiar.

Simon turned away first, reaching for the phone that hung on the wall beside the spice rack. "Hello?" He sounded normal, but his chest was rising and falling fast. He held the receiver out to Clary. "It's for you."

Clary took the phone. She could still feel the pounding of her heart in her throat, like the fluttering wings of an insect trapped under her skin. *It's Luke, calling from the hospital. Something's happened to my mother.*

She swallowed. "Luke? Is it you?"

"No. It's Isabelle."

"Isabelle?" Clary looked up and saw Simon watching her, leaning against the sink. The flush on his cheeks had faded. "Why are you—I mean, what's up?"

There was a hitch in the other girl's voice, as if she'd been crying. "Is Jace there?"

Clary actually held out the phone so she could stare at it before bringing the receiver back to her ear. "Jace? No. Why would he be here?"

Isabelle's answering breath echoed down the phone line like a gasp. "The thing is . . . he's *gone*."

2

THE HUNTER'S MOON

Maia Roberts had never trusted beautiful boys, which was why she hated Jace Wayland the first time she ever laid eyes on him.

Her older brother, Daniel, had been born with her mother's honey-colored skin and huge dark eyes, and he'd turned out to be the sort of person who lit the wings of butterflies on fire to watch them burn and die as they flew. He'd tormented her as well, in small and petty ways at first, pinching her where the bruises wouldn't show, switching the shampoo in her bottle for bleach. She'd gone to her parents but they hadn't believed her. No one had, looking at Daniel; they'd confused beauty with innocence and harmlessness. When he broke her arm in ninth grade, she ran away from home, but her parents brought her back. In tenth grade, Daniel was knocked down in the street by a hit-and-run driver and killed instantly. Standing next to her parents at the graveside, Maia had been ashamed by her own overwhelming sense of relief. God, she thought, would surely punish her for being glad that her brother was dead.

The next year, He did. She met Jordan. Long dark hair, slim hips in worn jeans, indie-boy rocker shirts and lashes like a girl's. She never thought he'd go for her—his type usually preferred skinny, pale girls in hipster glasses—but he seemed to like her rounded shape. He told her she was beautiful in between kisses. The first few months were like a dream; the last few months like a nightmare. He became possessive, controlling. When he was angry with her, he'd snarl and whip the back of his hand across her cheek, leaving a mark like too much blusher. When she tried to break up with him, he pushed her, knocked her down in her own front yard before she ran inside and slammed the door.

Later, she let him see her kissing another boy, just to get the point across that it was over. She didn't even remember that boy's name anymore. What she did remember was walking home that night, the rain misting her hair in fine droplets, mud splattering up the legs of her jeans as she took a shortcut through the park near her house. She remembered the dark shape exploding out from behind the metal merry-go-round, the huge wet wolf body knocking her into the mud, the savage pain as its jaws clamped down on her throat. She'd screamed and thrashed, tasting her own hot blood in her mouth, her brain screaming: *This is impossible. Impossible.* There weren't wolves in New Jersey, not in her ordinary suburban neighborhood, not in the twenty-first century.

Her cries brought lights on in the nearby houses, one after another of the windows lighting up like struck matches. The wolf let her go, its jaws trailing ribbons of blood and torn flesh.

Twenty-four stitches later, she was back in her pink bedroom, her mother hovering anxiously. The emergency room doctor had said the bite looked like a large dog's, but Maia knew better. Before the wolf had turned to race away, she'd heard a hot, familiar whispered voice in her ear, "You're mine now. You'll always be mine."

She never saw Jordan again—he and his parents packed up their apartment and moved, and none of his friends knew where he'd gone, or would admit they did. She was only half-surprised the next full moon when the pains started: tearing pains that ripped up and down her legs, forcing her to the ground, bending her spine the way a magician might bend a spoon. When her teeth burst out of her gums and rattled to the floor like spilled Chiclets, she fainted. Or thought she did. She woke up miles away from her house, naked and covered in blood, the scar on her throat pulsing like a heartbeat. That night she hopped the train to Manhattan. It wasn't a hard decision. It was bad enough being biracial in her conservative suburban neighborhood. God knew what they'd do to a werewolf.

It hadn't been that hard to find a pack to fall in with. There were several of them in Manhattan alone. She wound up with the downtown pack, the ones who slept in the old police station in Chinatown.

Pack leaders were mutable. There'd been Kito first, then Véronique, then Gabriel, and now Luke. She'd liked Gabriel all right, but Luke was better. He had a trustworthy look and kind blue eyes and wasn't too handsome, so she didn't dislike him on the spot. She was comfortable enough here with the pack, sleeping in the old police station, playing cards and eating Chinese food on nights when the moon wasn't full, hunting through the park when it was, and the next day drinking off the hangover of the Change at the Hunter's Moon, one of the city's better underground werewolf bars. There was ale by the yard, and nobody ever carded you to see if you were under twenty-one. Being a lycanthrope made you grow up fast, and as long as you sprouted hair and fangs once a month, you were good to drink at the Moon, no matter how old you were in mundane years.

These days she hardly thought of her family at all, but when the blond boy in the long black coat stalked his way into the bar, Maia stiffened all over. He didn't look like Daniel, not exactly—Daniel had had dark hair that curled close to the nape of his neck and honey skin, and this boy was all white and gold. But they had the same lean bodies, the same way of walking, like a panther on the lookout for prey, and the same total confidence in their own attraction. Her hand tightened convulsively around the stem of her glass and she had to remind herself: *He's dead. Daniel's dead.*

A rush of murmurs swept through the bar on the heels of the boy's arrival, like the froth of a wave spreading out from the stern of a boat. The boy acted as if he didn't notice anything, hooking a bar stool toward himself with a booted foot and settling onto it with his elbows on the bar. Maia heard him order a shot of single malt in the quiet that followed the murmurs. He downed half the drink with a neat flip of his wrist. The liquor was the same dark gold color as his hair. When he lifted his hand to set the glass back down on the bar,

Maia saw the thick coiling black Marks on his wrists and the backs of his hands.

Bat, the guy sitting next to her—she'd dated him once, but they were friends now—muttered something under his breath that sounded like "Nephilim."

So that's it. The boy wasn't a werewolf at all. He was a Shadowhunter, a member of the arcane world's secret police force. They upheld the Law, backed by the Covenant, and you couldn't become one of them: You had to be born into it. Blood made them what they were. There were a lot of rumors about them, most unflattering: They were haughty, proud, cruel; they looked down on and despised Downworlders. There were few things a lycanthrope liked less than a Shadowhunter—except maybe a vampire.

People also said that the Shadowhunters killed demons. Maia remembered when she'd first heard that demons existed and had been told about what they did. It had given her a headache. Vampires and werewolves were just people with a disease, that much she understood, but expecting her to believe in all that heaven and hell crap, demons and angels, and still nobody could tell her for sure if there was a God or not, or where you went after you died? It wasn't fair. She believed in demons now—she'd seen enough of what they did that she wasn't able to deny it—but she wished she didn't have to.

"I take it," the boy said, leaning his elbows onto the bar, "that you don't serve Silver Bullet here. Too many bad associations?" His eyes gleamed, narrow and shining like the moon at a quarter full.

The bartender, Freaky Pete, just looked at the boy and shook his head in disgust. If the boy hadn't been a Shadowhunter, Maia guessed, Pete would have tossed him out of the Moon, but instead he just walked to the other end of the bar and busied himself polishing glasses.

"Actually," said Bat, who was unable to stay out of anything, "we don't serve it because it's really crappy beer."

The boy turned his narrow, shining gaze on Bat, and smiled delightedly. Most people didn't smile delightedly when Bat

looked at them funny: Bat was six and a half feet tall, with a thick scar that disfigured half his face where silver powder had burned his skin. Bat wasn't one of the overnights, the pack who lived in the police station, sleeping in the old cells. He had his own apartment, even a job. He'd been a pretty good boyfriend, right up until he dumped Maia for a redheaded witch named Eve who lived in Yonkers and ran a palmistry shop out of her garage.

"And what are *you* drinking?" the boy inquired, leaning so close to Bat that it was like an insult. "A little hair of the dog that bit—well, everyone?"

"You really think you're pretty funny." By this point the rest of the pack was leaning in to hear them, ready to back up Bat if he decided to knock this obnoxious brat into the middle of next week. "Don't you?"

"Bat," Maia said. She wondered if she were the only pack member in the bar who doubted Bat's *ability* to knock the boy into next week. It wasn't that she doubted Bat. It was something about the boy's eyes. "Don't."

Bat ignored her. "*Don't* you?"

"Who am I to deny the obvious?" The boy's eyes slid over Maia as if she were invisible and went back to Bat. "I don't suppose you'd like to tell me what happened to your face? It looks like—" And here he leaned forward and said something to Bat so quietly that Maia didn't hear it. The next thing she knew, Bat was swinging a blow at the boy that should have shattered his jaw, only the boy was no longer there. He was standing a good five feet away, laughing, as Bat's fist connected with his abandoned glass and sent it soaring across the bar to strike the opposite wall in a shower of shattering glass.

Freaky Pete was around the side of the bar, his big fist knotted in Bat's shirt, before Maia could blink an eye. "That's enough," he said. "Bat, why don't you take a walk and cool down."

Bat twisted in Pete's grasp. "Take a *walk*? Did you hear—"

“I heard.” Pete’s voice was low. “He’s a Shadowhunter. Walk it off, cub.”

Bat swore and pulled away from the bartender. He stalked toward the exit, his shoulders stiff with rage. The door banged shut behind him.

The boy had stopped smiling and was looking at Freaky Pete with a sort of dark resentment, as if the bartender had taken away a toy he’d intended to play with. “That wasn’t necessary,” he said. “I can handle myself.”

Pete regarded the Shadowhunter. “It’s my bar I’m worried about,” he said finally. “You might want to take your business elsewhere, Shadowhunter, if you don’t want any trouble.”

“I didn’t say I didn’t want trouble.” The boy sat back down on his stool. “Besides, I didn’t get to finish my drink.”

Maia glanced behind her, where the wall of the bar was soaked with alcohol. “Looks like you finished it to me.”

For a second the boy just looked blank; then a curious spark of amusement lit in his golden eyes. He looked so much like Daniel in that moment that Maia wanted to back away.

Pete slid another glass of amber liquid across the bar before the boy could reply to her. “Here you go,” he said. His eyes drifted to Maia. She thought she saw some admonishment in them.

“Pete—,” she began. She didn’t get to finish. The door to the bar flew open. Bat was standing there in the doorway. It took a moment for Maia to realize that the front of his shirt and his sleeves were soaked with blood.

She slid off her stool and ran to him. “Bat! Are you hurt?”

His face was gray, his silvery scar standing out on his cheek like a piece of twisted wire. “An attack,” he said. “There’s a body in the alley. A dead kid. Blood—everywhere.” He shook his head, looked down at himself. “Not my blood. I’m fine.”

“A body? But who—”

Bat’s reply was swallowed in the commotion. Seats were abandoned as the pack rushed to the door. Pete came out from

behind his counter and pushed his way through the mob. Only the Shadowhunter boy stayed where he was, his head bent over his drink.

Through gaps in the crowd around the door, Maia caught a glimpse of the gray paving of the alley, splashed with blood. It was still wet and had run between the cracks in the paving like the tendrils of a red plant. “His *throat* cut?” Pete was saying to Bat, whose color had come back. “How—”

“There was someone in the alley. Someone kneeling over him,” Bat said. His voice was tight. “Not like a person—like a shadow. They ran off when they saw me. He was still alive. A little. I bent down over him, but—” Bat shrugged. It was a casual movement, but the cords in his neck were standing out like thick roots wrapping a tree trunk. “He died without saying anything.”

“Vampires,” said a buxom female lycanthrope—her name was Amabel, Maia thought—who was standing by the door. “The Night Children. It can’t have been anything else.”

Bat looked at her, then turned and stalked across the room toward the bar. He grabbed the Shadowhunter by the back of the jacket—or reached out as if he meant to, but the boy was already on his feet, turning fluidly. “What’s your problem, werewolf?”

Bat’s hand was still outstretched. “Are you deaf, Nephilim?” he snarled. “There’s a dead boy in the alley. One of ours.”

“Do you mean a lycanthrope or some other sort of Downworlder?” The boy arched his light eyebrows. “You all blend together to me.”

There was a low growl—from Freaky Pete, Maia noted with some surprise. He had come back into the bar and was surrounded by the rest of the pack, their eyes fixed on the Shadowhunter. “He was only a cub,” said Pete. “His name was Joseph.”

The name didn’t ring any bells for Maia, but she saw the tight set of Pete’s jaw and felt a flutter in her stomach. The

pack was on the warpath now and if the Shadowhunter had any sense, he'd be backpedaling like crazy. He wasn't, though. He was just standing there looking at them with those gold eyes and that funny smile on his face. "A lycanthrope boy?" he said.

"He was one of the pack," said Pete. "He was only fifteen."

"And what exactly do you expect me to do about it?" said the boy.

Pete was staring incredulously. "You're Nephilim," he said. "The Clave owes us protection in these circumstances."

The boy looked around the bar, slowly and with such a look of insolence that a flush spread over Pete's face.

"I don't see anything you need protecting from here," said the boy. "Except some bad décor and a possible mold problem. But you can usually clear that up with bleach."

"There's a *dead body* outside this bar's front door," said Bat, enunciating carefully. "Don't you think—"

"I think it's a little too late for him to need protection," said the boy, "if he's already dead."

Pete was still staring. His ears had grown pointed, and when he spoke, his voice was muffled by his thickening canine teeth. "You want to be careful, Nephilim," he said. "You want to be very careful."

The boy looked at him with opaque eyes. "Do I?"

"So you're going to do nothing?" Bat said. "Is that it?"

"I'm going to finish my drink," said the boy, eyeing his halfempty glass, still on the counter, "if you'll let me."

"So that's the attitude of the Clave, a week after the Accords?" said Pete with disgust. "The death of Downworlders is nothing to you?"

The boy smiled, and Maia's spine prickled. He looked exactly like Daniel just before Daniel reached out and yanked the wings off a ladybug. "How like Downworlders," he said, "expecting the Clave to clean your mess up for you. As if we

could be bothered just because some stupid cub decided to splatter-paint himself all over your alley—”

And he used a word, a word for weres that they never used themselves, a filthily unpleasant word that implied an improper relationship between wolves and human women.

Before anyone else could move, Bat flung himself at the Shadowhunter—but the boy was gone. Bat stumbled and whirled around, staring. The pack gasped.

Maia’s mouth dropped open. The Shadowhunter boy was standing on the bar, feet planted wide apart. He really did look like an avenging angel getting ready to dispatch divine justice from on high, as the Shadowhunters were meant to do. Then he reached out a hand and curled his fingers toward himself, quickly, a gesture familiar to her from the playground as *Come and get me*—and the pack rushed at him.

Bat and Amabel swarmed up onto the bar; the boy spun, so quickly that his reflection in the mirror behind the bar seemed to blur. Maia saw him kick out, and then the two were groaning on the floor in a flurry of smashed glass. She could hear the boy laughing even as someone else reached up and pulled him down; he sank into the crowd with an ease that spoke of willingness, and then she couldn’t see him at all, just a welter of flailing arms and legs. Still, she thought she could hear him laughing, even as metal flashed—the edge of a knife—and she heard herself suck in her breath.

“That’s enough.”

It was Luke’s voice, quiet, steady as a heartbeat. It was strange how you always knew your pack leader’s voice. Maia turned and saw him standing just at the entrance to the bar, one hand against the wall. He looked not just tired, but *ravaged*, as if something were tearing him down from the inside; still, his voice was calm as he said again, “That’s enough. Leave the boy alone.”

The pack melted away from the Shadowhunter, leaving just Bat still standing there, defiant, one hand still gripping the back of the Shadowhunter’s shirt, the other holding a shortbladed knife. The boy himself was bloody-faced but

hardly looked like someone who needed saving; he was grinning a grin as dangerous-looking as the broken glass that littered the floor. “He’s not a boy,” Bat said. “He’s a Shadowhunter.”

“They’re welcome enough here,” said Luke, his tone neutral. “They are our allies.”

“He said it didn’t matter,” said Bat angrily. “About Joseph —”

“I know,” Luke said quietly. His eyes shifted to the blond boy. “Did you come in here just to pick a fight, Jace Wayland?”

The boy—Jace—smiled, stretching his split lip so that a thin trickle of blood ran down his chin. “Luke.”

Bat, startled to hear their pack leader’s first name come out of the Shadowhunter’s mouth, let go of the back of Jace’s shirt. “I didn’t know—”

“There’s nothing *to* know,” said Luke, the tiredness in his eyes creeping into his voice.

Freaky Pete spoke, his voice a bass rumble. “He said the Clave wouldn’t care about the death of a single lycanthrope, even a child. And it’s a week after the Accords, Luke.”

“Jace doesn’t speak for the Clave,” said Luke, “and there’s nothing he could have done even if he’d wanted to. Isn’t that right?”

He looked at Jace, who was very pale. “How do you—”

“I know what happened,” said Luke. “With Maryse.”

Jace stiffened, and for a moment Maia saw through the Daniel-like savage amusement to what was underneath, and it was dark and agonized and reminded her more of her own eyes in the mirror than of her brother’s. “Who told you? Clary?”

“Not Clary.” Maia had never heard Luke speak that name before, but he said it with a tone that implied that this was someone special to him, and to the Shadowhunter boy as well.

“I’m the pack leader, Jace. I hear things. Now come on. Let’s go to Pete’s office and talk.”

Jace hesitated for a moment before shrugging. “Fine,” he said, “but you owe me for the Scotch I didn’t drink.”



“That was my last guess,” Clary said with a defeated sigh, sinking down onto the steps outside the Metropolitan Museum of Art and staring disconsolately down Fifth Avenue.

“It was a good one.” Simon sat down beside her, long legs sprawled out in front of him. “I mean, he’s a guy who likes weapons and killing, so why not the biggest collection of weapons in the whole city? And I’m always up for a visit to Arms and Armor, anyway. Gives me ideas for my campaign.”

She looked at him in surprise. “You still gaming with Eric and Kirk and Matt?”

“Sure. Why wouldn’t I be?”

“I thought gaming might have lost some of its appeal for you since . . .” *Since our real lives started to resemble one of your campaigns.* Complete with good guys, bad guys, really nasty magic, and important enchanted objects you had to find if you wanted to win the game.

Except in a game, the good guys always won, defeated the bad guys and came home with the treasure. Whereas in real life, they’d lost the treasure, and sometimes Clary still wasn’t clear on who the bad and good guys actually were.

She looked at Simon and felt a wave of sadness. If he did give up gaming, it would be her fault, just like everything that had happened to him in the past weeks had been her fault. She remembered his white face at the sink that morning, just before he’d kissed her.

“Simon—,” she began.

“Right now I’m playing a half-troll cleric who wants revenge on the Orcs who killed his family,” he said cheerfully. “It’s awesome.”

She laughed just as her cell phone rang. She dug it out of her pocket and flipped it open; it was Luke. “We didn’t find him,” she said, before he could say hello.

“No. But I did.”

She sat up straight. “You’re kidding. Is he there? Can I talk to him?” She caught sight of Simon looking at her sharply and dropped her voice. “Is he all right?”

“Mostly.”

“What do you mean, mostly?”

“He picked a fight with a werewolf pack. He’s got some cuts and bruises.”

Clary half-closed her eyes. Why, oh why, had Jace picked a fight with a pack of wolves? What had possessed him? Then again, it was Jace. He’d pick a fight with a Mack truck if the urge took him.

“I think you should come down here,” Luke said. “Someone has to reason with him and I’m not having much luck.”

“Where are you?” Clary asked.

He told her. A bar called the Hunter’s Moon on Hester Street. She wondered if it was glamoured. Flipping her phone shut, she turned to Simon, who was staring at her with raised eyebrows.

“The prodigal returns?”

“Sort of.” She scrambled to her feet and stretched her tired legs, mentally calculating how long it would take them to get to Chinatown on the train and whether it was worth shelling out the pocket money Luke had given her for a cab. Probably not, she decided—if they got stuck in traffic, it would take longer than the subway.

“... come with you?” Simon finished, standing up. He was on the step below her, which made them almost the same height. “What do you think?”

She opened her mouth, then closed it again quickly. “Er . . .”

He sounded resigned. “You haven’t heard a word I said these past two minutes, have you?”

“No,” she admitted. “I was thinking about Jace. It sounded like he was in bad shape. Sorry.”

His brown eyes darkened. “I take it you’re rushing off to bind up his wounds?”

“Luke asked me to come down,” she said. “I was hoping you’d come with me.”

Simon kicked at the step above his with a booted foot. “I will, but—why? Can’t Luke return Jace to the Institute without your help?”

“Probably. But he thinks Jace might be willing to talk to me about what’s going on first.”

“I thought maybe we could do something tonight,” Simon said. “Something fun. See a movie. Get dinner downtown.”

She looked at him. In the distance, she could hear water splashing into a museum fountain. She thought of the kitchen at his house, his damp hands in her hair, but it all seemed very far away, even though she could picture it—the way you might remember the photograph of an incident without really remembering the incident itself any longer.

“He’s my brother,” she said. “I have to go.”

Simon looked as if he were too weary to even sigh. “Then I’ll go with you.”



The back office of Hunter’s Moon was down a narrow corridor strewn with sawdust. Here and there the sawdust was churned up by footsteps and spotted with a dark liquid that didn’t look like beer. The whole place smelled smoky and gamy, a little like—Clary had to admit it, though she wouldn’t have said so to Luke—wet dog.

“He’s not in a very good mood,” said Luke, pausing in front of a closed door. “I shut him up in Freaky Pete’s office after he nearly killed half my pack with his bare hands. He wouldn’t talk to me, so”—Luke shrugged—“I thought of you.” He looked from Clary’s baffled face to Simon’s. “What?”

“I can’t believe he came *here*,” Clary said.

“I can’t believe you know someone named Freaky Pete,” said Simon.

“I know a lot of people,” said Luke. “Not that Freaky Pete is strictly *people*, but I’m hardly one to talk.” He swung the office door wide. Inside was a plain room, windowless, the walls hung with sports pennants. There was a paper-strewn desk weighted down with a small TV set, and behind it, in a chair whose leather was so cracked it looked like veined marble, was Jace.

The moment the door opened, Jace seized up a yellow pencil lying on the desk and threw it. It sailed through the air and struck the wall just next to Luke’s head, where it stuck, vibrating. Luke’s eyes widened.

Jace smiled faintly. “Sorry, I didn’t realize it was you.”

Clary felt her heart contract. She hadn’t seen Jace in days, and he looked different somehow—not just the bloody face and bruises, which were clearly new, but the skin on his face seemed tighter, the bones more prominent.

Luke indicated Simon and Clary with a wave of his hand. “I brought some people to see you.”

Jace’s eyes moved to them. They were as blank as if they had been painted on. “Unfortunately,” he said, “I only had the one pencil.”

“Jace—,” Luke started.

“I don’t want him in here.” Jace jerked his chin toward Simon.

“That’s hardly fair.” Clary was indignant. Had he forgotten that Simon had saved Alec’s life, possibly all their lives?

“Out, mundane,” said Jace, pointing to the door.

Simon waved a hand. "It's fine. I'll wait in the hallway." He left, refraining from banging the door shut behind him, though Clary could tell he wanted to.

She turned back to Jace. "Do you have to be so—," she began, but stopped when she saw his face. It looked stripped down, oddly vulnerable.

"Unpleasant?" he finished for her. "Only on days when my adoptive mother tosses me out of the house with instructions never to darken her door again. Usually, I'm remarkably goodnatured. Try me on any day that doesn't end in y."

Luke frowned. "Maryse and Robert Lightwood are not my favorite people, but I can't believe Maryse would do that."

Jace looked surprised. "You know them? The Lightwoods?"

"They were in the Circle with me," said Luke. "I was surprised when I heard they were heading the Institute here. It seems they made a deal with the Clave, after the Uprising, to ensure some kind of lenient treatment for themselves, while Hodge—well, we know what happened to him." He was silent a moment. "Did Maryse say why she was exiling you, so to speak?"

"She doesn't believe that I thought I was Michael Wayland's son. She accused me of being in it with Valentine all along—saying I helped him get away with the Mortal Cup."

"Then why would you still be here?" Clary asked. "Why wouldn't you have fled with him?"

"She wouldn't say, but I suspect she thinks I stayed to be a spy. A viper in their bosoms. Not that she used the word 'bosoms,' but the thought was there."

"A spy for Valentine?" Luke sounded dismayed.

"She thinks Valentine assumed that because of their affection for me, she and Robert would believe whatever I said. So Maryse has decided that the solution to that is not to have any affection for me."

“Affection doesn’t work like that.” Luke shook his head. “You can’t turn it off, like a tap. Especially if you’re a parent.”

“They’re not really my parents.”

“There’s more to parentage than blood. They’ve been your parents for seven years in all the ways that matter. Maryse is just hurt.”

“Hurt?” Jace sounded incredulous. “*She’s* hurt?”

“She loved Valentine, remember,” said Luke. “As we all did. He hurt her badly. She doesn’t want his son to do the same. She worries you’ve lied to them. That the person she thought you were all these years was a ruse, a trick. You have to reassure her.”

Jace’s expression was a perfect mixture of stubbornness and astonishment. “Maryse is an adult! She shouldn’t need reassurance from me.”

“Oh, come *on*, Jace,” Clary said. “You can’t wait for perfect behavior from everyone. Adults screw up too. Go back to the Institute and talk to her rationally. Be a man.”

“I don’t want to be a man,” said Jace. “I want to be an angstridden teenager who can’t confront his own inner demons and takes it out verbally on other people instead.”

“Well,” said Luke, “you’re doing a fantastic job.”

“Jace,” Clary said hastily, before they could start fighting in earnest, “you have to go back to the Institute. Think about Alec and Izzy, think what this will do to them.”

“Maryse will make something up to calm them down. Maybe she’ll say I ran off.”

“That won’t work,” said Clary. “Isabelle sounded frantic on the phone.”

“Isabelle always sounds frantic,” said Jace, but he looked pleased. He leaned back in the chair. The bruises along his jaw and cheekbone stood out like dark, shapeless Marks against his skin. “I won’t go back to a place where I’m not trusted. I’m not ten years old anymore. I can take care of myself.”

Luke looked as if he weren't sure about that. "Where will you go? How will you live?"

Jace's eyes glittered. "I'm seventeen. Practically an adult. Any adult Shadowhunter is entitled to—"

"Any *adult*. But you're not one. You can't draw a salary from the Clave because you're too young, and in fact the Lightwoods are bound by the Law to care for you. If they won't, someone else would be appointed or—"

"Or what?" Jace sprang up from the chair. "I'll go to an orphanage in Idris? Be dumped on some family I've never met? I can get a job in the mundane world for a year, live like one of *them*—"

"No, you can't," Clary said. "I ought to know, Jace, I *was* one of them. You're too young for any job you'd want and besides, the skills you have—well, most professional killers are older than you. And they're criminals."

"I'm not a killer."

"If you lived in the mundane world," said Luke, "that's all you'd be."

Jace stiffened, his mouth tightening, and Clary knew Luke's words had hit him where it hurt. "You don't get it," he said, a sudden desperation in his voice. "I can't go back. Maryse wants me to say I hate Valentine. And I can't do that."

Jace raised his chin, his jaw set, his eyes on Luke as if he half-expected the older man to respond with derision or even horror. After all, Luke had more reason to hate Valentine than almost anyone else in the world.

"I know," said Luke. "I loved him once too."

Jace exhaled, almost a sound of relief, and Clary thought suddenly, *This is why he came here, to this place. Not just to start a fight, but to get to Luke. Because Luke would understand.* Not everything Jace did was insane and suicidal, she reminded herself. It just seemed that way.

"You shouldn't have to claim you hate your father," said Luke. "Not even to reassure Maryse. She ought to

understand.”

Clary looked at Jace closely, trying to read his face. It was like a book written in a foreign language she’d studied all too briefly. “Did she really say she never wanted you to come back?” Clary asked. “Or did you just assume that was what she meant, so you left?”

“She told me it would probably be better if I found somewhere else to be for a while,” Jace said. “She didn’t say where.”

“Did you give her a chance to?” Luke said. “Look, Jace. You’re absolutely welcome to stay with me as long as you need to. I want you to know that.”

Clary’s stomach flipped. The thought of Jace in the same house she lived in, always nearby, filled her with a mixture of exultation and horror.

“Thanks,” said Jace. His voice was even, but his eyes had gone instantly, helplessly, to Clary, and she could see in them the same awful mixture of emotions she felt herself. *Luke*, she thought. *Sometimes I wish you weren’t quite so generous. Or so blind.*

“But,” Luke went on, “I think you should at least go back to the Institute long enough to talk to Maryse and find out what’s really going on. It sounds like there’s more to this than she’s telling you. More, maybe, than you were willing to hear.”

Jace tore his gaze from Clary’s. “All right.” His voice was rough. “But on one condition. I don’t want to go by myself.”

“I’ll go with you,” Clary said quickly.

“I know.” Jace’s voice was low. “And I want you to. But I want Luke to come too.”

Luke looked startled. “Jace—I’ve lived here fifteen years and I’ve never gone to the Institute. Not once. I doubt Maryse is any fonder of me—”

“Please,” Jace said, and though his voice was flat and he spoke quietly, Clary could almost feel, like a palpable thing, the pride he’d had to fight down to say that single word.

“All right.” Luke nodded, the nod of a pack leader used to doing what he had to do, whether he wanted to or not. “Then I’ll come with you.”



Simon leaned against the wall in the corridor outside Pete’s office and tried not to feel sorry for himself.

The day had started off well. Fairly well, anyway. First there’d been that bad episode with the Dracula film on television making him feel sick and faint, bringing up all the emotions, the longings, he’d been trying to push down and forget about. Then somehow the sickness had knocked the edge off his nerves and he’d found himself kissing Clary the way he’d wanted to for so many years. People always said that things never turned out the way you imagined they would. People were wrong.

And she’d kissed him *back*....

But now she was in there with Jace, and Simon had a knotting, twisting feeling in his stomach, like he’d swallowed a bowl full of worms. It was a sick feeling he’d grown used to lately. It hadn’t always been like this, even after he’d realized how he felt about Clary. He’d never pressed her, never pushed his feelings on her. He’d always been sure that one day she would wake up out of her dreams of animated princes and kung fu heroes and realize what was staring them both in the face: They belonged together. And if she hadn’t seemed interested in Simon, at least she hadn’t seemed interested in anyone else either.

Until Jace. He remembered sitting on the porch steps of Luke’s house, watching Clary as she explained to him who Jace was, what he did, while Jace examined his nails and looked superior. Simon had barely heard her. He’d been too busy noticing how she *looked* at the blond boy with the strange tattoos and the angular, pretty face. Too pretty, Simon had thought, but Clary clearly hadn’t thought so: She’d looked at him as though he were one of her animated heroes come to life. He had never seen her look at anyone that way before, and had always thought that if she ever did, it would be him.

But it wasn't, and that hurt more than he'd ever imagined anything could hurt.

Finding out that Jace was Clary's brother was like being marched up in front of a firing squad and then being handed a reprieve at the last minute. Suddenly the world seemed full of possibilities again.

Now he wasn't so sure.

"Hey, there." Someone was coming along the corridor, a not-very-tall someone picking their way gingerly among the blood spatters. "Are you waiting to see Luke? Is he in there?"

"Not exactly." Simon moved away from the door. "I mean, sort of. He's in there with a friend of mine."

The person, who had just reached him, stopped and stared. Simon could see that she was a girl, about sixteen years old, with smooth light brown skin. Her brown-gold hair was braided close to her head in dozens of small braids, and her face was nearly the exact shape of a heart. She had a compact, curvy body, wide hips flaring out from a smaller waist. "That guy from the bar? The Shadowhunter?"

Simon shrugged.

"Well, I hate to tell you this," she said, "but your friend is an asshole."

"He's not my friend," said Simon. "And I couldn't agree with you more, actually."

"But I thought you said—"

"I'm waiting for his sister," said Simon. "She's my best friend."

"And she's in there with him right now?" The girl jerked her thumb toward the door. She wore rings on each of her fingers, primitive-looking bands hammered out of bronze and gold. Her jeans were worn but clean and when she turned her head, he saw the scar that ran along her neck, just above the collar of her T-shirt. "Well," she said grudgingly, "I know about asshole brothers. I guess it's not her fault."

“It’s not,” said Simon. “But she’s maybe the only person he might listen to.”

“He didn’t strike me as the listening type,” said the girl, and caught his sidelong look with a look of her own. Amusement flickered across her face. “You’re looking at my scar. It’s where I was bitten.”

“Bitten? You mean you’re a—”

“A werewolf,” said the girl. “Like everyone else here. Except you, and the asshole. And the asshole’s sister.”

“But you weren’t always a werewolf. I mean, you weren’t born one.”

“Most of us aren’t,” said the girl. “That’s what makes us different than your Shadowhunter buddies.”

“What?”

She smiled fleetingly. “We were human once.”

Simon said nothing to that. After a moment the girl held her hand out. “I’m Maia.”

“Simon.” He shook her hand. It was dry and soft. She looked up at him through golden-brown eyelashes, the color of buttered toast. “How do you know Jace is an asshole?” he said. “Or maybe I should say, how did you find out?”

She took her hand back. “He tore up the bar. Punched out my friend Bat. Even knocked a couple of the pack unconscious.”

“Are they all right?” Simon was alarmed. Jace hadn’t seemed perturbed, but knowing him, Simon had no doubt he could kill several people in a single morning and go out for waffles afterward. “Did they get to a doctor?”

“A warlock,” said the girl. “We don’t have much to do with mundane doctors, our kind.”

“Downworlders?”

Her eyebrows went up. “Someone taught you all the lingo, didn’t they?”

Simon was nettled. “How do you know I’m not one of them? Or you? A Shadowhunter or a Downworlder, or—”

She shook her head until her braids bounced. “It just shines out of you,” she said, a little bitterly, “your *humanity*.”

The intensity in her voice almost made him shiver. “I could knock on the door,” he suggested, feeling suddenly lame. “If you want to talk to Luke.”

She shrugged. “Just tell him Magnus is here, checking out the scene in the alley.” He must have looked startled, because she said, “Magnus Bane. He’s a warlock.”

I know, Simon wanted to say, but didn’t. The whole conversation had been weird enough already. “Okay.”

Maia turned as if to go, but paused partway down the hall, one hand on the doorjamb. “You think she’ll be able to talk sense into him?” she asked. “His sister?”

“If he listens to anyone, it would be her.”

“That’s sweet,” said Maia. “That he loves his sister like that.”

“Yeah,” Simon said. “It’s precious.”

3

THE INQUISITOR

The first time Clary had ever seen the Institute, it had looked like a dilapidated church, its roof broken in, stained yellow police tape holding the door closed. Now she didn't have to concentrate to dispel the illusion. Even from across the street she could see it exactly as it was, a towering Gothic cathedral whose spires seemed to pierce the dark blue sky like knives.

Luke fell silent. It was clear from the look on his face that some kind of struggle was taking place inside him. As they mounted the steps, Jace reached inside his shirt as if from habit, but when he drew his hand out, it was empty. He laughed without any mirth. "I forgot. Maryse took my keys from me before I left."

"Of course she did." Luke was standing directly in front of the Institute's doors. He gently touched the symbols carved into the wood, just below the architrave. "These doors are just like the ones at the Council Hall in Idris. I never thought I would see their like again."

Clary almost felt guilty interrupting Luke's reverie, but there were practical matters to attend to. "If we don't have a key—"

"One shouldn't be necessary. An Institute should be open to any of the Nephilim who mean no harm to the inhabitants."

"What if they mean harm to us?" Jace muttered.

Luke's mouth quirked at the corner. "I don't think that makes a difference."

"Yeah, the Clave always stacks the deck its way." Jace's voice sounded muffled—his lower lip was swelling, his left

eyelid turning purple.

Why didn't he heal himself? Clary wondered. "Did she take your stele, too?"

"I didn't take anything when I left," Jace said. "I didn't want to take anything the Lightwoods got for me."

Luke looked at him with some concern. "Every Shadowhunter must have a stele."

"So I'll get another one," said Jace, and put his hand to the Institute's door. "In the name of the Clave," he said, "I ask entry to this holy place. And in the name of the Angel Raziel, I ask your blessings upon my mission against—"

The doors swung open. Clary could see the cathedral's interior through them, the shadowy darkness illuminated here and there by candles in tall iron candelabras.

"Well, that's convenient," said Jace. "I guess blessings are easier to come by than I thought. Maybe I should ask for blessings on my mission against all those who wear white after Labor Day."

"The Angel knows what your mission is," said Luke. "You don't have to say the words aloud, Jonathan."

For a moment Clary thought she saw something flicker across Jace's face—uncertainty, surprise—and maybe even relief? But all he said was, "Don't call me that. It's not my name."



They made their way through the ground floor of the cathedral, past the empty pews and the light burning forever on the altar. Luke looked around him curiously, and even seemed surprised when the elevator, like a gilded birdcage, arrived to carry them up. "This must have been Maryse's idea," he said as they stepped into it. "It's entirely her taste."

"It's been here as long as I have," said Jace, as the door clanged shut behind them. The ride up was brief, and none of them spoke. Clary played nervously with the fringe of her scarf. She felt a little guilty about having told Simon to go

home and wait for her to call him later. She had seen from the annoyed set of his shoulders as he stalked off down Canal Street that he'd felt summarily dismissed. Still, she couldn't imagine having him—a mundane—here while Luke petitioned Maryse Lightwood on Jace's behalf; it would just make everything awkward.

The elevator came to a clanging stop and they stepped out to find Church waiting for them in the entryway, a slightly dilapidated red bow around his neck. Jace bent to rub the back of his hand along the cat's head. "Where's Maryse?"

Church made a noise in his throat, halfway between a purr and a growl, and headed off down the corridor. They followed, Jace silent, Luke glancing around with evident curiosity. "I never thought I'd see the inside of this place."

Clary asked, "Does it look like you thought it would?"

"I've been to the Institutes in London and Paris; this is not unlike those, no. Though somehow—"

"Somehow what?" Jace was several strides ahead.

"Colder," said Luke.

Jace said nothing. They had reached the library. Church sat down as if to indicate that he planned to go no farther. Voices were faintly audible through the thick wooden door, but Jace pushed it open without knocking and strode inside.

Clary heard a voice exclaim in surprise. For a moment her heart contracted as she thought of Hodge, who had all but lived in this room. Hodge, with his gravelly voice, and Hugin, the raven who was his almost constant companion—and who had, at Hodge's orders, nearly ripped out her eyes.

It wasn't Hodge, of course. Behind the enormous plank desk that balanced on the backs of two kneeling angels sat a middle-aged woman with Isabelle's ink black hair and Alec's thin, wiry build. She wore a neat black suit, very plain, in contrast to the multiple brightly colored rings that burned on her fingers.

Beside her stood another figure: a slender teenage boy, slightly built, with curling dark hair and honey-colored skin.

As he turned to look at them, Clary couldn't hold back an exclamation of surprise. "Raphael?"

For a moment the boy looked taken aback. Then he smiled, his teeth very white and sharp—not surprising, considering that he was a vampire. "*Dios*," he said, addressing himself to Jace. "What happened to you, brother? You look as if a pack of wolves tried to tear you apart."

"That's either a shockingly good guess," said Jace, "or you heard about what happened."

Raphael's smile turned into a grin. "I hear things."

The woman behind the desk rose to her feet. "Jace," she said, her voice full of anxiety. "Did something happen? Why are you back so soon? I thought you were going to stay with —" Her gaze moved past him to Luke and Clary. "And who are you?"

"Jace's sister," Clary said.

Maryse's eyes rested on Clary. "Yes, I can see it. You look like Valentine." She turned back to Jace. "You brought your sister with you? And a mundane, as well? It's not safe for any of you here right now. And *especially* a mundane—"

Luke, smiling faintly, said, "But I'm not a mundane."

Maryse's expression changed slowly from bewilderment to shock as she looked at Luke—*really* looked at him—for the first time. "*Lucian?*"

"Hello, Maryse," said Luke. "It's been a long time."



Maryse's face was very still, and in that moment she looked suddenly much older, older even than Luke. She sat down carefully. "Lucian," she said again, her hands flat on the desk. "Lucian Graymark."

Raphael, who had been watching the proceedings with the bright, curious gaze of a bird, turned to Luke. "You killed Gabriel."

Who was Gabriel? Clary stared at Luke, puzzled. He gave a slight shrug. “I did, yes, just like he killed the pack leader before him. That’s how it works with lycanthropes.”

Maryse looked up at that. “The pack leader?”

“If you lead the pack now, it’s time for us to talk,” said Raphael, inclining his head graciously in Luke’s direction, though his eyes were wary. “Though not at this exact moment, perhaps.”

“I’ll send someone over to arrange it,” said Luke. “Things have been busy lately. I might be behind on the niceties.”

“You might,” was all that Raphael said. He turned back to Maryse. “Is our business here concluded?”

Maryse spoke with an effort. “If you say the Night Children aren’t involved in these killings, then I’ll take you at your word. I’m required to, unless other evidence comes to light.”

Raphael frowned. “To light?” he said. “That is not a phrase I like.” He turned then, and Clary saw with a start that she could see *through* the edges of him, as if he were a photograph that had blurred around the margins. His left hand was transparent, and through it she could see the big metal globe Hodge had always kept on the desk. She heard herself make a little noise of surprise as the transparency spread up his arms from his hands—and down his chest from his shoulders, and in a moment he was gone, like a figure erased from a sketch. Maryse exhaled a sigh of relief.

Clary gaped. “Is he *dead*?”

“What, Raphael?” said Jace. “Not likely. That was just a projection of him. He can’t come into the Institute in his corporeal body.”

“Why not?”

“Because this is hallowed ground,” said Maryse. “And he is damned.” Her wintry eyes lost none of their coldness when she turned her glance on Luke. “You, head of the pack here?” she asked. “I suppose I should hardly be surprised. It does seem to be your method, doesn’t it?”

Luke ignored the bitterness in her tone. “Was Raphael here about the cub who was killed today?”

“That, and a dead warlock,” Maryse said. “Found murdered downtown, two days apart.”

“But why was Raphael here?”

“The warlock was drained of blood,” said Maryse. “It seems that whoever murdered the werewolf was interrupted before the blood could be taken, but suspicion naturally fell on the Night Children. The vampire came here to assure me his folk had nothing to do with it.”

“Do you believe him?” Jace said.

“I don’t care to talk about Clave business with you right now, Jace—especially not in front of Lucian Graymark.”

“I’m just called Luke now,” Luke said placidly. “Luke Garroway.”

Maryse shook her head. “I hardly recognized you. You look like a mundane.”

“That’s the idea, yes.”

“We all thought you were dead.”

“Hoped,” said Luke, still placidly. “Hoped I was dead.”

Maryse looked as if she’d swallowed something sharp. “You might as well sit down,” she said finally, pointing toward the chairs in front of the desk. “Now,” said Maryse, once they’d taken their seats, “perhaps you might tell me why you’re here.”

“Jace,” said Luke, without preamble, “wants a trial before the Clave. I’m willing to vouch for him. I was there that night at Renwick’s, when Valentine revealed himself. I fought him and we nearly killed each other. I can confirm that everything Jace says happened is the truth.”

“I’m not sure,” countered Maryse, “what *your* word is worth.”

“I may be a lycanthrope,” said Luke, “but I’m also a Shadowhunter. I’m willing to be tried by the Sword, if that

will help.”

By the Sword? That sounded bad. Clary looked over at Jace. He was outwardly calm, his fingers laced together in his lap, but there was a shuddering tension about him, as if he were a hairsbreadth from exploding. He caught her look and said, “The Soul-Sword. The second of the Mortal Instruments. It’s used in trials to determine if a Shadowhunter is lying.”

“You’re not a Shadowhunter,” said Maryse to Luke, as if Jace hadn’t spoken. “You haven’t lived by the Law of the Clave in a long, long time.”

“There was a time when you didn’t live by it either,” said Luke. High color flooded Maryse’s cheeks. “I would have thought,” he went on, “that by now you would have gotten past not being able to trust anyone, Maryse.”

“Some things you never forget,” she said. Her voice held a dangerous softness. “You think pretending his own death was the biggest lie Valentine ever told us? You think charm is the same as honesty? I used to think so. I was wrong.” She stood up and leaned on the table with her thin hands. “He told us he would lay down his life for the Circle and that he expected us to do the same. And we would have—all of us—I know it. I nearly *did* it.” Her gaze swept over Jace and Clary and her eyes locked with Luke’s. “You remember,” she said, “the way he told us that the Uprising would be nothing, hardly a battle, a few unarmed ambassadors against the full might of the Circle. I was so confident in our swift victory that when I rode out to Alicante, I left Alec at home. I asked Jocelyn to watch him while I was away. She refused. I know why now. She *knew*—and so did you. And you didn’t warn us.”

“I’d tried to warn you about Valentine,” said Luke. “You didn’t listen.”

“I don’t mean about Valentine. I mean about the Uprising! There were fifty of us against five hundred Downworlders—”

“You’d been willing to slaughter them unarmed when you thought there would be only five of them,” said Luke quietly.

Maryse's hands clenched on the desk. "*We* were slaughtered," she said. "In the midst of the carnage, we looked to Valentine to lead us. But he wasn't there. By that time the Clave had surrounded the Hall of Accords. We thought Valentine had been killed, were ready to give our own lives in a final desperate rush. Then I remembered Alec—if I died, what would happen to my little boy?" Her voice caught. "So I laid my arms down and gave myself up to the Clave."

"You did the right thing, Maryse," said Luke.

She turned on him, eyes blazing. "Don't *patronize* me, werewolf. If it weren't for you—"

"Don't yell at him!" Clary cut in, almost rising to her feet herself. "It's your fault for believing Valentine in the first place —"

"You think I don't know that?" There was a ragged edge to Maryse's voice now. "Oh, the Clave made that point nicely when they questioned us—they had the Soul-Sword and they knew when we were lying, but they couldn't *make* us talk—nothing could make us talk, until—"

"Until what?" It was Luke who spoke. "I've never known. I always wondered what they told you to make you turn on him."

"Just the truth," Maryse said, sounding suddenly tired. "That Valentine hadn't died there in the Hall. He'd fled—left us there to die without him. He'd died later, we were told, burned to death in his house. The Inquisitor showed us his bones, the charred bones of his family. Of course, that was another lie. . . ." Her voice trailed off, and then she rallied again, her words crisp: "It was all coming apart by then, anyway. We were finally talking to one another, those of us in the Circle. Before the battle, Valentine had drawn me aside, told me that out of all the Circle, I was the one he trusted most, his closest lieutenant. When the Clave questioned us I found out he'd said the same thing to everyone."

"Hell hath no fury," Jace muttered, so quietly that only Clary heard him.

“He lied not just to the Clave but to us. He used our loyalty and our affection. Just as he did when he sent you to us,” Maryse said, looking directly at Jace now. “And now he’s back, and he has the Mortal Cup. He’s been planning all this for years, all along, all of it. I can’t afford to trust you, Jace. I’m sorry.”

Jace said nothing. His face was expressionless, but he’d gone paler as Maryse spoke, his new bruises standing out livid on his jaw and cheek.

“Then what?” Luke said. “What is it you expect him to do? Where is he supposed to go?”

Her eyes rested for a moment on Clary. “Why not to his sister?” she said. “Family—”

“*Isabelle* is Jace’s sister,” interrupted Clary. “Alec and Max are his brothers. What are you going to tell them? They’ll hate you forever if you throw Jace out of your house.”

Maryse’s eyes rested on her. “What do *you* know about it?”

“I know Alec and Isabelle,” said Clary. The thought of Valentine came, unwelcome; she pushed it away. “Family is more than blood. Valentine isn’t my father. Luke is. Just like Alec and Max and Isabelle are Jace’s family. If you try to tear him out of your family, you’ll leave a wound that won’t ever heal.”

Luke was looking at her with a sort of surprised respect. Something flickered in Maryse’s eyes—uncertainty?

“Clary,” Jace said softly. “Enough.” He sounded defeated. Clary turned on Maryse.

“What about the Sword?” she demanded.

Maryse looked at her for a moment with genuine puzzlement. “The Sword?”

“The Soul-Sword,” said Clary. “The one you can use to tell if a Shadowhunter is lying or not. You can use it on Jace.”

“That’s a good idea.” There was a spark of animation in Jace’s voice.

“Clary, you mean well, but you don’t know what the Sword entails,” Luke said. “The only one who can use it is the Inquisitor.”

Jace sat forward. “Then call on her. Call the Inquisitor. I want to end this.”

“No,” Luke said, but Maryse was looking at Jace.

“The Inquisitor,” she said reluctantly, “is already on her way—”

“Maryse.” Luke’s voice cracked. “Tell me you haven’t called her into this!”

“I didn’t! Did you think the Clave wouldn’t involve itself in this wild tale of Forsaken warriors and Portals and staged deaths? After what Hodge did? We’re all under investigation now, thanks to Valentine,” she finished, seeing Jace’s white and stunned expression. “The Inquisitor could put Jace in prison. She could strip his Marks. I thought it would be better . . .”

“If Jace were gone when she arrived,” said Luke. “No wonder you’ve been so eager to send him away.”

“Who is the Inquisitor?” Clary demanded. The word conjured up images of the Spanish Inquisition, of torture, the whip and the rack. “What does she *do*?”

“She investigates Shadowhunters for the Clave,” said Luke. “She ensures the Law hasn’t been broken by Nephilim. She investigated all the Circle members after the Uprising.”

“She cursed Hodge?” Jace said. “She sent you here?”

“She chose our exile and his punishment. She has no love for us, and hates your father.”

“I’m not leaving,” said Jace, still very pale. “What will she do to you if she gets here and I’m gone? She’ll think you conspired to hide me. She’ll punish *you*—you and Alec and Isabelle and Max.”

Maryse said nothing.

“Maryse, don’t be a fool,” Luke said. “She’ll blame you more if you let Jace go. Keeping him here and allowing the trial by Sword would be a sign of good faith.”

“Keeping Jace—you can’t be serious, Luke!” Clary said. She knew using the Sword had been her idea, but she was beginning to regret ever having brought it up. “She sounds awful.”

“But if Jace leaves,” said Luke, “he can never come back. He’ll never be a Shadowhunter again. Like it or not, the Inquisitor is the Law’s right hand. If Jace wants to stay a part of the Clave, he has to cooperate with her. He does have something on his side, something the members of the Circle did not have after the Uprising.”

“And what’s that?” Maryse asked.

Luke smiled faintly. “Unlike you,” he said, “Jace is telling the truth.”

Maryse took a hard breath, then turned to Jace. “Ultimately, it’s your decision,” she said. “If you want the trial, you can stay here until the Inquisitor comes.”

“I’ll stay,” Jace said. There was a firmness in his tone, devoid of anger, that surprised Clary. He seemed to be looking past Maryse, a light flickering in his eyes, as if of reflected fire. In that moment Clary couldn’t help but think that he looked very like his father.

4

THE CUCKOO IN THE NEST

“Orange juice, molasses, eggs—weeks past their sell-by date, though—and something that looks kind of like lettuce.”

“Lettuce?” Clary peered over Simon’s shoulder into the fridge. “Oh. That’s some mozzarella.”

Simon shuddered and kicked Luke’s fridge door shut. “Order pizza?”

“I already did,” said Luke, coming into the kitchen with the cordless phone in hand. “One large veggie pie, three Cokes. And I called the hospital,” he added, hanging the phone up. “There’s been no change with Jocelyn.”

“Oh,” Clary said. She sat down at the wooden table in Luke’s kitchen. Usually Luke was pretty neat, but at the moment the table was covered in unopened mail and stacks of dirty plates. Luke’s green duffel hung across the back of a chair. She knew she should be helping with the cleaning up, but lately she just hadn’t had the energy. Luke’s kitchen was small and a little dingy at the best of times—he wasn’t much of a cook, as evidenced by the fact that the spice rack that hung over the old-fashioned gas stove was empty of spices. Instead, he used it to hold boxes of coffee and tea.

Simon sat down next to her as Luke cleared the dirty dishes off the table and dumped them into the sink. “Are you okay?” he asked in a low voice.

“I’m all right.” Clary managed a smile. “I didn’t expect my mom to wake up today, Simon. I have this feeling she’s—waiting for something.”

“Do you know what?”

“No. Just that something’s missing.” She looked up at Luke, but he was involved in vigorously scrubbing the plates clean in the sink. “Or someone.”

Simon looked quizzically at her, then shrugged. “So it sounds like the scene at the Institute was pretty intense.”

Clary shuddered. “Alec and Isabelle’s mom is scary.”

“What’s her name again?”

“May-ris,” said Clary, copying Luke’s pronunciation.

“It’s an old Shadowhunter name.” Luke dried his hands on a dishcloth.

“And Jace decided to stay there and deal with this Inquisitor person? He didn’t want to leave?” Simon said.

“It’s what he has to do if he ever wants to have a life as a Shadowhunter,” said Luke. “And being that—one of the Nephilim—means everything to him. I knew other Shadowhunters like him, back in Idris. If you took that away from him—”

The familiar buzz of the doorbell sounded. Luke tossed the dishcloth onto the counter. “I’ll be right back.”

As soon as he was out of the kitchen, Simon said, “It’s really weird thinking of Luke as someone who was once a Shadowhunter. Weirder than it is thinking of him as a werewolf.”

“Really? Why?”

Simon shrugged. “I’ve heard of werewolves before. They’re sort of a known element. So he turns into a wolf once a month, so what. But the Shadowhunter thing—they’re like a cult.”

“They’re not like a cult.”

“Sure they are. Shadowhunting is their whole lives. And they look down on everyone else. They call us mundanes. Like they’re not human beings. They’re not friends with ordinary people, they don’t go to the same places, they don’t know the same jokes, they think they’re above us.” Simon pulled one

gangly leg up and twisted the frayed edge of the hole in the knee of his jeans. "I met another werewolf today."

"Don't tell me you were hanging out with Freaky Pete at the Hunter's Moon." There was an uneasy feeling in the pit of her stomach, but she couldn't have said exactly what was causing it. Probably free-floating stress.

"No. It was a girl," Simon said. "About our age. Named Maia."

"Maia?" Luke was back in the kitchen carrying a square white pizza box. He dropped it onto the table and Clary reached over to pop it open. The smell of hot dough, tomato sauce, and cheese reminded her how starved she was. She tore off a slice, not waiting for Luke to slide a plate across the table to her. He sat down with a grin, shaking his head.

"Maia's one of the pack, right?" Simon asked, taking a slice himself.

Luke nodded. "Sure. She's a good kid. I've had her over here a few times looking out for the bookstore while I've been at the hospital. She lets me pay her in books."

Simon looked at Luke over his pizza. "Are you low on money?"

Luke shrugged. "Money's never been important to me, and the pack looks after its own."

Clary said, "My mom always said that when we ran low on money she'd sell one of my dad's stocks. But since the guy I thought was my dad wasn't my dad, and I doubt Valentine has any stocks—"

"Your mother was selling her jewelry off bit by bit," said Luke. "Valentine had given her some of his family's pieces, jewelry that had been with the Morgensterns for generations. Even a small piece would fetch a high price at auction." He sighed. "Those are gone now—though Valentine may have recovered them from the wreckage of your old apartment."

"Well, I hope it gave her some satisfaction, anyway," Simon said. "Selling off his stuff like that." He took a third piece of pizza. It was truly amazing, Clary thought, how much

teenage boys were able to eat without ever gaining weight or making themselves sick.

“It must have been weird for you,” she said to Luke. “Seeing Maryse Lightwood like that, after such a long time.”

“Not precisely weird. Maryse isn’t that different now from how she was then—in fact, she’s more like herself than ever, if that makes sense.”

Clary thought it did. The way that Maryse Lightwood had looked recollected to her the slim dark girl in the photo Hodge had given her, the one with the haughty tilt to her chin. “How do you think she feels about you?” she asked. “Do you really think they hoped you were dead?”

Luke smiled. “Maybe not out of hatred, no, but it would have been more convenient and less messy for them if I had died, certainly. That I’m not just alive but am leading the downtown pack can’t be something they’d hoped for. It’s their job, after all, to keep the peace between Downworlders—and here I come, with a history with them and plenty of reason to want revenge. They’ll be worried I’m a wild card.”

“Are you?” asked Simon. They were out of pizza, so he reached over without looking and took one of Clary’s nibbled crusts. He knew she hated crust. “A wild card, I mean.”

“There’s nothing wild about me. I’m stolid. Middle-aged.”

“Except that once a month you turn into a wolf and go tearing around slaughtering things,” Clary said.

“It could be worse,” Luke said. “Men my age have been known to purchase expensive sports cars and sleep with supermodels.”

“You’re only thirty-eight,” Simon pointed out. “That’s not middle-aged.”

“Thank you, Simon, I appreciate that.” Luke opened the pizza box and, finding it empty, shut it with a sigh. “Though you did eat all the pizza.”

“I only had five slices,” Simon protested, leaning his chair backward so it balanced precariously on its two back legs.

“How many slices did you think were in a pizza, dork?” Clary wanted to know.

“Less than five slices isn’t a meal. It’s a snack.” Simon looked apprehensively at Luke. “Does this mean you’re going to wolf out and eat me?”

“Certainly not.” Luke rose to toss the pizza box into the trash. “You would be stringy and hard to digest.”

“But kosher,” Simon pointed out cheerfully.

“I’ll be sure to point any Jewish lycanthropes your way.” Luke leaned his back against the sink. “But to answer your earlier question, Clary, it was strange seeing Maryse Lightwood, but not because of *her*. It was the surroundings. The Institute reminded me too much of the Hall of Accords in Idris—I could feel the strength of the Gray Book’s runes all around me, after fifteen years of trying to forget them.”

“Did you?” Clary asked. “Manage to forget them?”

“There are some things you never forget. The runes of the Book are more than illustrations. They become part of you. Part of your skin. Being a Shadowhunter never leaves you. It’s a gift that’s carried in your blood, and you can no more change it than you can change your blood type.”

“I was wondering,” Clary said, “if maybe I should get some Marks myself.”

Simon dropped the pizza crust he’d been gnawing on. “You’re kidding.”

“No, I’m not. Why would I joke about something like that? And why *shouldn’t* I get Marks? I’m a Shadowhunter. I might as well go for what protection I can get.”

“Protection from what?” Simon demanded, leaning forward so that the front legs of his chair hit the floor with a bang. “I thought all this Shadowhunting stuff was over. I thought you were trying to live a normal life.”

Luke’s tone was mild. “I’m not sure there’s such a thing as a normal life.”

Clary looked down at her arm, where Jace had drawn the only Mark she'd ever received. She could still see the lacelike white tracery it had left behind, more a memory than a scar. "Sure, I want to get away from the weirdness. But what if the weirdness comes after me? What if I don't have a choice?"

"Or maybe you don't want to get away from the weirdness that badly," Simon muttered. "Not as long as Jace is still involved with it, anyway."

Luke cleared his throat. "Most Nephilim go through levels of training before they receive their Marks. I wouldn't recommend getting any until you've completed some instruction. And whether you even want to do that is up to you, of course. However, there is something you should have. Something every Shadowhunter should have."

"An obnoxious, arrogant attitude?" Simon said.

"A stele," said Luke. "Every Shadowhunter should have a stele."

"Do *you* have one?" Clary asked, surprised.

Without responding, Luke headed out of the kitchen. He was back in a few moments, holding an object wrapped in black fabric. Setting the object down on the table, he unrolled the cloth, revealing a gleaming wandlike instrument, made of a pale, opaque crystal. A stele.

"Pretty," said Clary.

"I'm glad you think so," said Luke, "because I want you to have it."

"Have it?" She looked at him in astonishment. "But it's yours, isn't it?"

He shook his head. "This was your mother's. She didn't want to keep it at the apartment in case you happened across it, so she asked me to hold on to it for her."

Clary picked the stele up. It felt cool to the touch, though she knew it would heat to a glow when used. It was a strange object, not quite long enough to be a weapon, not quite short enough to be an easily manipulated drawing tool. She

supposed the odd size was just something you got used to over time.

“I can have it?”

“Sure. It’s an old model, of course, almost twenty years out of date. They may have refined the designs since. Still, it’s reliable enough.”

Simon watched her as she held the stele like a conductor’s baton, tracing invisible patterns lightly on the air between them. “This kind of reminds me of the time my grandfather gave me his old golf clubs.”

Clary laughed and lowered her hand. “Yeah, except you never used those.”

“And I hope you never have to use that,” Simon said, and looked quickly away before she could reply.



Smoke rose from the Marks in black spirals and he smelled the choking scent of his own skin burning. His father stood over him with the stele, its tip gleaming red like the tip of a poker left too long in the fire. “Close your eyes, Jonathan,” he said. “Pain is only what you allow it to be.” But Jace’s hand curled in on itself, unwillingly, as if his skin were writhing, twisting to get away from the stele. He heard the snap as one bone in his hand broke, and then another...

Jace opened his eyes and blinked up at the darkness, his father’s voice fading away like smoke in rising wind. He tasted pain, metallic on his tongue. He’d bitten the inside of his lip. He sat up, wincing.

The snap came again and involuntarily he glanced down at his hand. It was unmarked. He realized the sound was coming from outside the room. Someone knocking, albeit hesitantly, at the door.

He rolled off the bed, shivering as his bare feet hit the cold floor. He’d fallen asleep in his clothes and he looked down at his wrinkled shirt in distaste. He probably still smelled like wolf. And he ached all over.

The knock came again. Jace strode across the room and threw the door open. He blinked in surprise. "Alec?"

Alec, hands in his jeans pockets, shrugged self-consciously. "Sorry to wake you up. Mom sent me to get you. She wants to see you in the library."

"Right now?" Jace peered at his friend. "I went to your room before, but you weren't there."

"I was out." Alec didn't look eager to give out more information than that.

Jace ran a hand through his tousled hair. "All right. Hang on a second while I change my shirt." Heading to the wardrobe, he rummaged through neatly folded square stacks until he found a dark blue long-sleeved T-shirt. He peeled the shirt he was wearing off carefully—in some places it was stuck to his skin with dried blood.

Alec looked away. "What happened to you?" His voice was oddly constricted.

"Picked a fight with a pack of werewolves." Jace slid the blue shirt over his head. Dressed, he padded after Alec into the hallway. "You have something on your neck," he observed.

Alec's hand flew to his throat. "What?"

"Looks like a bite mark," said Jace. "What have you been doing all day, anyway?"

"Nothing." Beet red, his hand still clamped to his neck, Alec started down the corridor. Jace followed him. "I went walking in the park. Tried to clear my head."

"And ran into a vampire?"

"What? No! I fell."

"On your *neck*?" Alec made a noise, and Jace decided the issue was clearly better dropped. "Fine, whatever. What did you need to clear your head about?"

"You. My parents," Alec said. "My mother came and explained why she was so angry after you left. And she

explained about Hodge. Thanks for not telling me that, by the way.”

“Sorry.” It was Jace’s turn to flush. “I couldn’t bring myself to do it, somehow.”

“Well, it doesn’t look good.” Alec finally dropped his hand from his neck and turned to look accusingly at Jace. “It looks like you were hiding things. Things about Valentine.”

Jace stopped in his tracks. “Do *you* think I was lying? About not knowing Valentine was my father?”

“No!” Alec looked startled, either at the question or at Jace’s vehemence in asking it. “And I don’t care who your father is either. It doesn’t matter to me. You’re still the same person.”

“Whoever that is.” The words came out cold, before he could stop them.

“I’m just saying.” Alec’s tone was placating. “You can be a little—harsh sometimes. Just think before you talk, that’s all I’m asking. No one’s your enemy here, Jace.”

“Well, thanks for the advice,” Jace said. “I can walk myself the rest of the way to the library.”

“Jace—”

But Jace was already gone, leaving Alec’s distress behind. Jace hated it when other people were worried on his behalf. It made him feel like maybe there really was something to worry about.

The library door was half open. Not bothering to knock, Jace went in. It had always been one of his favorite rooms in the Institute—there was something comforting about its oldfashioned mix of wood and brass fittings, the leather- and velvet-bound books ranged along the walls like old friends waiting for him to return. Now a blast of cold air hit him the moment the door swung open. The fire that usually blazed in the huge fireplace all through the fall and winter was a heap of ashes. The lamps had been switched off. The only light came through the narrow louvered windows and the tower’s skylight, high above.

Not wanting to, Jace thought of Hodge. If he were here, the fire would be lit, the gas lamps turned up, casting shaded pools of golden light onto the parquet floor. Hodge himself would be slouched in an armchair by the fire, Hugo on one shoulder, a book propped at his side—

But there *was* someone in Hodge's old armchair. A thin, gray someone, who rose from the armchair, fluidly uncoiling like a snake charmer's cobra, and turned toward him with a cool smile.

It was a woman. She wore a long, old-fashioned dark gray cloak that fell to the tops of her boots. Beneath it was a fitted slate-colored suit with a mandarin collar, the stiff points of which pressed into her neck. Her hair was a sort of colorless pale blond, pulled tightly back with combs, and her eyes were flinty gray chips. Jace could feel them, like the touch of freezing water, as her gaze traveled from his filthy, mud-splattered jeans, to his bruised face, to his eyes, and locked there.

For a second something hot flickered in her gaze, like the glow of a flame trapped under ice. Then it vanished. "You are the boy?"

Before Jace could reply, another voice answered: It was Maryse, having come into the library behind him. He wondered why he hadn't heard her approaching and realized she had abandoned her heels for slippers. She wore a long robe of patterned silk and a thin-lipped expression. "Yes, Inquisitor," she said. "This is Jonathan Morgenstern."

The Inquisitor moved toward Jace like drifting gray smoke. She stopped in front of him and held out a hand—long-fingered and white, it reminded him of an albino spider. "Look at me, boy," she said, and suddenly those long fingers were under his chin, forcing his head up. She was incredibly strong. "You will call me Inquisitor. You will not call me anything else." The skin around her eyes was mazed with fine lines like cracks in paint. Two narrow grooves ran from the edges of her mouth to her chin. "Do you understand?"

For most of his life the Inquisitor had been a distant halfmythical figure to Jace. Her identity, even many of her duties, were shrouded in the secrecy of the Clave. He had always imagined she would be like the Silent Brothers, with their selfcontained power and hidden mysteries. He had not imagined someone so direct—or so hostile. Her eyes seemed to cut at him, to slice away his armor of confidence and amusement, stripping him down to the bone.

“My name is Jace,” he said. “Not boy. Jace Wayland.”

“You have no right to the name of Wayland,” she said. “You are Jonathan Morgenstern. To claim the name of Wayland makes you a liar. Just like your father.”

“Actually,” said Jace, “I prefer to think that I’m a liar in a way that’s uniquely my own.”

“I see.” A small smile curved her pale mouth. It was not a nice smile. “You are intolerant of authority, just as your father was. Like the angel whose name you both bear.” Her fingers gripped his chin with a sudden ferocity, her nails digging in painfully. “Lucifer was rewarded for his rebellion when God cast him into the pits of hell.” Her breath was sour as vinegar. “If you defy *my* authority, I can promise that you will envy him his fate.”

She released Jace and stepped back. He could feel the slow trickle of blood where her nails had cut his face. His hands shook with anger, but he refused to raise one to wipe the blood away.

“Imogen—,” began Maryse, then corrected herself. “Inquisitor Herondale. He’s agreed to a trial by the Sword. You can find out whether he’s telling the truth.”

“About his father? Yes. I know I can.” Inquisitor Herondale’s stiff collar dug into her throat as she turned to look at Maryse. “You know, Maryse, the Clave is not pleased with you. You and Robert are the guardians of the Institute. You’re just lucky your record over the years has been relatively clean. Few demonic disturbances until recently, and everything’s been quiet the past few days. No reports, even from Idris, so the Clave is feeling lenient. We have sometimes

wondered if you'd actually rescinded your allegiance to Valentine. As it is, he set a trap for you and you fell right into it. One might think you'd know better."

"There was no trap," Jace cut in. "My father knew the Lightwoods would raise me if they thought I was Michael Wayland's son. That's all."

The Inquisitor stared at him as if he were a talking cockroach. "Do you know about the cuckoo bird, Jonathan Morgenstern?"

Jace wondered if perhaps being the Inquisitor—it couldn't be a pleasant job—had left Imogen Herondale a little unhinged. "The what?"

"The cuckoo bird," she said. "You see, cuckoos are parasites. They lay their eggs in other birds' nests. When the egg hatches, the baby cuckoo pushes the other baby birds out of the nest. The poor parent birds work themselves to death trying to find enough food to feed the enormous cuckoo child who has murdered their babies and taken their places."

"Enormous?" said Jace. "Did you just call me fat?"

"It was an analogy."

"I am not fat."

"And I," said Maryse, "don't want your pity, Imogen. I refuse to believe the Clave will punish either myself or my husband for choosing to bring up the son of a dead friend." She squared her shoulders. "It isn't as if we didn't tell them what we were doing."

"And I've never harmed any of the Lightwoods in any way," said Jace. "I've worked hard, and trained hard—say whatever you want about my father, but he made a Shadowhunter out of me. I've earned my place here."

"Don't defend your father to me," the Inquisitor said. "I knew him. He was—is—the vilest of men."

"Vile? Who says 'vile'? What does that even mean?"

The Inquisitor's colorless lashes grazed her cheeks as she narrowed her eyes, her gaze speculative. "You *are* arrogant,"

she said at last. “As well as intolerant. Did your father teach you to behave this way?”

“Not to him,” Jace said shortly.

“Then you’re aping him. Valentine was one of the most arrogant and disrespectful men I’ve ever met. I suppose he brought you up to be just like him.”

“Yes,” Jace said, unable to help himself, “I was trained to be an evil mastermind from a young age. Pulling the wings off flies, poisoning the earth’s water supply—I was covering that stuff in kindergarten. I guess we’re all just lucky my father faked his own death before he got to the raping and pillaging part of my education, or no one would be safe.”

Maryse let out a sound much like a groan of horror. “Jace —”

But the Inquisitor cut her off. “And just like your father, you can’t keep your temper,” she said. “The Lightwoods have coddled you and let your worst qualities run rampant. You may look like an angel, Jonathan Morgenstern, but I know exactly what you are.”

“He’s just a boy,” said Maryse. Was she *defending* him? Jace looked at her quickly, but her eyes were averted.

“Valentine was just a boy once. Now before we do any digging around in that blond head of yours to find out the truth, I suggest you cool your temper. And I know just where you can do that best.”

Jace blinked. “Are you sending me to my room?”

“I’m sending you to the prisons of the Silent City. After a night there I suspect you’ll be a great deal more cooperative.”

Maryse gasped. “Imogen—you can’t!”

“I certainly can.” Her eyes gleamed like razors. “Do you have anything to say to me, Jonathan?”

Jace could only stare. There were levels and levels to the Silent City, and he had seen only the first two, where the archives were kept and where the Brothers sat in council. The prison cells were at the very lowest level of the City, beneath

the graveyard levels where thousands of buried Shadowhunter dead rested in silence. The cells were reserved for the worst of criminals: vampires gone rogue, warlocks who broke the Covenant Law, Shadowhunters who spilled each other's blood. Jace was none of those things. How could she even suggest sending him there?

"Very wise, Jonathan. I see you're already learning the best lesson the Silent City has to teach you." The Inquisitor's smile was like a grinning skull's. "How to keep your mouth shut."



Clary was in the middle of helping Luke clean up the remains of dinner when the doorbell rang again. She straightened up, her gaze flicking to Luke. "Expecting someone?"

He frowned, drying his hands on the dish towel. "No. Wait here." She saw him reach up to grab something off one of the shelves as he left the kitchen. Something that glinted.

"Did you see that knife?" Simon whistled, standing up from the table. "Is he expecting trouble?"

"I think he's always expecting trouble," Clary said, "these days." She peered around the side of the kitchen door, saw Luke at the open front door. She could hear his voice, but not what he was saying. He didn't sound upset, though.

Simon's hand on her shoulder pulled her back. "Keep away from the door. What are you, crazy? What if there's some demon thing out there?"

"Then Luke could probably use our help." She looked down at his hand on her shoulder, grinning. "Now you're all protective? That's cute."

"Clary!" Luke called her from the front room. "Come here. I want you to meet someone."

Clary patted Simon's hand and set it aside. "Be right back."

Luke was leaning against the door frame, arms crossed. The knife in his hand had magically disappeared. A girl stood on the front steps of the house, a girl with curling brown hair in

multiple braids and a tan corduroy jacket. “This is Maia,” Luke said. “Who I was just telling you about.”

The girl looked at Clary. Her eyes under the bright porch light were a strange amber green. “You must be Clary.”

Clary admitted that this was the case.

“So that kid—the boy with the blond hair who tore up the Hunter’s Moon—he’s your brother?”

“Jace,” Clary said shortly, not liking the girl’s intrusive curiosity.

“Maia?” It was Simon, coming up behind Clary, hands thrust into the pockets of his jean jacket.

“Yeah. You’re Simon, right? I suck at names, but I remember you.” The girl smiled past Clary at him.

“Great,” said Clary. “Now we’re all friends.”

Luke coughed and straightened up. “I wanted you to meet each other because Maia’s going to be working around the bookshop for the next few weeks,” he said. “If you see her going in and out, don’t worry about it. She’s got a key.”

“And I’ll keep an eye out for anything weird,” Maia promised. “Demons, vamps, whatever.”

“Thanks,” said Clary. “I feel so safe now.”

Maia blinked. “Are you being sarcastic?”

“We’re all a little tense,” Simon said. “I for one am happy to know someone will be around here keeping an eye on my girlfriend when no one else is home.”

Luke raised his eyebrows, but said nothing. Clary said, “Simon’s right. Sorry I snapped at you.”

“It’s all right.” Maia looked sympathetic. “I heard about your mom. I’m sorry.”

“Me too,” Clary said, turned around, and went back to the kitchen. She sat down at the table and put her face in her hands. A moment later Luke followed her.

“Sorry,” he said. “I guess you weren’t in the mood to meet anyone.”

Clary looked at him through splayed fingers. “Where’s Simon?”

“Talking to Maia,” Luke said, and indeed Clary could hear their voices, soft as murmurs, from the other end of the house. “I just thought it would be good for you to have a friend right now.”

“I have Simon.”

Luke pushed his glasses back up his nose. “Did I hear him call you his girlfriend?”

She almost laughed at his bewildered expression. “I guess so.”

“Is that something new, or is this something I’m already supposed to know, but forgot?”

“I hadn’t heard it before myself.” She took her hands away from her face and looked at them. She thought of the rune, the open eye, that decorated the back of the right hand of every Shadowhunter. “Somebody’s girlfriend,” she said. “Somebody’s sister, somebody’s daughter. All these things I never knew I was before, and I still don’t really know what I am.”

“Isn’t that always the question,” Luke said, and Clary heard the door shut at the other end of the house, and Simon’s footsteps approaching the kitchen. The smell of cold night air came in with him.

“Would it be okay if I crashed here tonight?” he asked. “It’s a little late to head home.”

“You know you’re always welcome.” Luke glanced at his watch. “I’m going to get some sleep. Have to be up at five a.m. to get to the hospital by six.”

“Why six?” Simon asked, after Luke had left the kitchen.

“That’s when hospital visiting hours start,” Clary said. “You don’t have to sleep on the couch. Not if you don’t want to.”

“I don’t mind staying to keep you company tomorrow,” he said, shaking dark hair out of his eyes impatiently. “Not at all.”

“I know. I meant you don’t have to sleep *on the couch* if you don’t want to.”

“Then where . . .” His voice trailed off, eyes wide behind his glasses. “Oh.”

“It’s a double bed,” she said. “In the guest room.”

Simon took his hands out of his pockets. There was bright color in his cheeks. Jace would have tried to look cool; Simon didn’t even try. “Are you *sure*?”

“I’m sure.”

He came across the kitchen to her and, bending down, kissed her lightly and clumsily on the mouth. Smiling, she got to her feet. “Enough with the kitchens,” she said. “No more kitchens.” And taking him firmly by the wrists, she pulled him after her, out of the kitchen, toward the guest room where she slept.

5

SINS OF THE FATHERS

The darkness of the prisons of the Silent City was more profound than any darkness Jace had ever known. He couldn't see the shape of his own hand in front of his eyes, couldn't see the floor or ceiling of his cell. What he knew of the cell, he knew from the torchlit first glimpse he'd had, guided down here by a contingent of Silent Brothers, who had opened the barred gate of the cell for him and ushered him inside as if he were a common criminal.

Then again, that's probably exactly what they thought he was.

He knew that the cell had a flagged stone floor, that three of the walls were hewn rock, and that the fourth was made of narrowly spaced electrum bars, each end sunk deeply into stone. He knew there was a door set into those bars. He also knew that a long metal bar ran along the east wall, because the Silent Brothers had attached one loop of a pair of silver cuffs to this bar, and the other cuff to his wrist. He could walk up and down the cell a few steps, rattling like Marley's ghost, but that was as far as he could go. He had already rubbed his right wrist raw yanking thoughtlessly at the cuff. At least he was left-handed—a small bright spot in the impenetrable blackness. Not that it mattered much, but it was reassuring to have his better fighting hand free.

He began another slow promenade along the length of his cell, trailing his fingers along the wall as he walked. It was unnerving not to know what time it was. In Idris his father had taught him to tell time by the angle of the sun, the length of afternoon shadows, the position of the stars in the night sky. But there were no stars here. In fact, he had begun to wonder if he would ever see the sky again.

Jace paused. Now, why had he wondered that? Of course he'd see the sky again. The Clave weren't going to *kill* him. The penalty of death was reserved for murderers. But the flutter of fear stayed with him, just under his rib cage, strange as an unexpected twinge of pain. Jace wasn't exactly prone to random fits of panic—Alec would have said he could have benefited from a bit more in the way of constructive cowardice. Fear wasn't something that had ever affected him much.

He thought of Maryse saying, *You were never afraid of the dark.*

It was true. This anxiety was unnatural, not like him at all. There had to be more to it than simple darkness. He took another shallow breath. He just had to get through the night. One night. That was it. He took another step forward, his manacle jingling drearily.

A sound split the air, freezing him in his tracks. It was a high, howling ululation, a sound of pure and mindless terror. It seemed to go on and on like a singing note plucked from a violin, growing higher and thinner and sharper until it was abruptly cut off.

Jace swore. His ears were ringing, and he could taste terror in his mouth, like bitter metal. Who would have thought that fear had a taste? He pressed his back against the wall of the cell, willing himself to calm down.

The sound came again, louder this time, and then there was another scream, and another. Something crashed overhead, and Jace ducked involuntarily before remembering that he was several levels below ground. He heard another crash, and a picture formed in his mind: mausoleum doors smashing open, the corpses of centuries-dead Shadowhunters staggering free, nothing more than skeletons held together by dried tendon, dragging themselves across the white floors of the Silent City with fleshless, bony fingers—

Enough! With a gasp of effort, Jace forced the vision away. The dead did not come back. And besides, they were the corpses of Nephilim like himself, his slain brothers and sisters.

He had nothing to fear from them. *So why was he so afraid?* He clenched his hands into fists, nails digging into his palms. This panic was unworthy of him. He would master it. He would crush it down. He took a deep breath, filling his lungs, just as another scream sounded, this one very loud. The breath rasped out of his chest as something crashed loudly, very close to him, and he saw a sudden bloom of light, a hot fire-flower stabbing into his eyes.

Brother Jeremiah staggered into view, his right hand clutching a still-burning torch, his parchment hood fallen back to reveal a face torqued into a grotesque expression of terror. His previously sewn-shut mouth gaped open in a soundless scream, the gory threads of torn stitches dangling from his shredded lips. Blood, black in the torchlight, splattered his light robes. He took a few staggering steps forward, his hands outstretched—and then, as Jace watched in utter disbelief, Jeremiah pitched forward and fell headlong to the floor. Jace heard the shatter of bones as the archivist's body struck the ground and the torch sputtered, rolling out of Jeremiah's hand and toward the shallow stone gutter cut into the floor just outside the barred cell door.

Jace went to his knees instantly, stretching as far as the chain would let him, his fingers reaching for the torch. He couldn't quite touch it. The light was fading rapidly, but by its waning glow he could see Jeremiah's dead face turned toward him, blood still leaking from his open mouth. His teeth were gnarled black stubs.

Jace's chest felt as if something heavy were pressed against it. The Silent Brothers never opened their mouths, never spoke or laughed or screamed. But that had been the sound Jace had heard, he was sure of it now—the screams of men who hadn't cried out in half a century, the sound of a terror more profound and powerful than the ancient Rune of Silence. But how could that be? And where were the other Brothers?

Jace wanted to scream for help, but the weight was still on his chest, pressing down. He couldn't seem to get enough air. He lunged for the torch again and felt one of the small bones in his wrist shatter. Pain shot up his arm, but it gave him the

extra inch he needed. He swept the torch into his hand and rose to his feet. As the flame leaped back into life, he heard another noise. A *thick* noise, a sort of ugly, dragging slither. The hair on the back of his neck stood up, sharp as needles. He thrust the torch forward, his shaking hand sending wild flicks of light dancing across the walls, brilliantly illuminating the shadows.

There was nothing there.

Instead of relief, though, he felt his terror intensify. He was now gasping in air in great sucking drafts, as if he'd been underwater. The fear was all the worse because it was so unfamiliar. What had *happened* to him? Had he suddenly become a coward?

He jerked hard against the manacle, hoping the pain would clear his head. It didn't. He heard the noise again, the thumping slither, and now it was close. There was another sound too, behind the slither, a soft, constant whispering. He had never heard any sound quite so evil. Half out of his mind with horror, he staggered back against the wall and raised the torch in his wildly jerking hand.

For a moment, bright as daylight, he saw the whole room: the cell, the barred door, the bare flagstones beyond, and the dead body of Jeremiah huddled against the floor. There was a door just behind Jeremiah. It was opening slowly. Something heaved its way through the door. Something huge and dark and formless. Eyes like burning ice, sunk deep into dark folds, regarded Jace with a snarling amusement. Then the thing lunged forward. A great cloud of roiling vapor rose up in front of Jace's eyes like a wave sweeping across the surface of the ocean. The last thing he saw was the flame of his torch guttering green and blue before it was swallowed up by the darkness.



Kissing Simon was pleasant. It was a gentle sort of pleasant, like lying in a hammock on a summer day with a book and a glass of lemonade. It was the sort of thing you could keep doing and not feel bored or apprehensive or disconcerted or

bothered by much of anything except the fact that the metal bar on the sofa bed was digging into your back.

“Ouch,” Clary said, trying to wriggle away from the bar and not succeeding.

“Did I hurt you?” Simon raised himself up on his side, looking concerned. Or maybe it was just that without his glasses his eyes seemed twice as large and dark.

“No, not you—the bed. It’s like a torture instrument.”

“I didn’t notice,” he said somberly, as she grabbed a pillow from the floor, where it had fallen, and wedged it underneath them.

“You wouldn’t.” She laughed. “Where were we?”

“Well, my face was approximately where it is now, but your face was a lot closer to mine. That’s what I remember, anyway.”

“How romantic.” She pulled him down on top of her, where he balanced on his elbows. Their bodies lay neatly aligned and she could feel the beat of his heart through both their T-shirts. His lashes, normally hidden behind his glasses, brushed her cheek when he leaned to kiss her. She let out a shaky little laugh. “Is this weird for you?” she whispered.

“No. I think when you imagine something often enough, the reality of it seems—”

“Anticlimactic?”

“No. No!” Simon pulled back, looking at her with nearsighted conviction. “Don’t ever think that. This is the opposite of anticlimactic. It’s—”

Suppressed giggles bubbled up in her chest. “Okay, maybe you don’t want to say *that*, either.”

He half-closed his eyes, his mouth curving into a smile. “Okay, now I want to say something smart-ass back at you, but all I can think is . . .”

She grinned up at him. “That you want sex?”

“Stop that.” He caught her hands with his, pinned them to the bedspread, and looked down at her gravely. “That I love you.”

“So you *don’t* want sex?”

He let go of her hands. “I didn’t say that.”

She laughed and pushed at his chest with both hands. “Let me up.”

He looked alarmed. “I didn’t mean I *only* want sex . . .”

“It’s not that. I want to change into my pajamas. I can’t take making out seriously when I still have my socks on.” He watched her mournfully while she gathered up her pajamas from the dresser and headed into the bathroom. Pulling the door closed, she made a face at him. “I’ll be right back.”

Whatever he said in response was lost as she shut the door. She brushed her teeth and then ran the water in the sink for a long time, staring at herself in the medicine cabinet mirror. Her hair was tousled and her cheeks were red. Did that count as glowing, she wondered? People in love were supposed to glow, weren’t they? Or maybe that was just pregnant women, she couldn’t remember exactly, but surely she was supposed to look a little different. After all, this was the first real long kissing session she’d ever had—and it was nice, she told herself, safe and pleasant and comfortable.

Of course, she’d kissed Jace, on the night of her birthday, and that hadn’t been safe and comfortable and pleasant at all. It had been like opening up a vein of something unknown inside her body, something hotter and sweeter and bitterer than blood. *Don’t think about Jace*, she told herself fiercely, but looking at herself in the mirror, she saw her eyes darken and knew her body remembered even if her mind didn’t want to.

She ran the water cold and splashed it over her face before reaching for her pajamas. Great, she realized, she’d brought her pajama bottoms in with her but not the top. However much Simon might appreciate it, it seemed early to break out the topless sleeping arrangements. She went back into the bedroom, only to discover that Simon was asleep in the center

of the bed, clutching the bolster pillow as if it were a human being. She stifled a laugh.

“Simon . . . ,” she whispered—then she heard the sharp twotone beep that signaled that a text message had just arrived on her cell phone. The phone itself was lying folded on the bedside table; Clary picked it up and saw that the message was from Isabelle.

She flipped the phone open and scrolled hastily down to the text. She read it twice, just to make sure she wasn’t imagining things. Then she ran to the closet to get her coat.



“Jonathan.”

The voice spoke out of the blackness: slow, dark, familiar as pain. Jace blinked his eyes open and saw only darkness. He shivered. He was lying curled on the icy flagstone floor. He must have fainted. He felt a stab of fury at his own weakness, his own frailty.

He rolled onto his side, his torn wrist throbbing in its manacle. “Is anyone there?”

“Surely you recognize your own father, Jonathan.” The voice came again, and Jace did know it: its sound of old iron, its smooth near-tonelessness. He tried to scramble to his feet but his boots slipped on a puddle of something and he skidded backward, his shoulders hitting the stone wall hard. His chain rattled like a chorus of steel wind chimes.

“Are you hurt?” A light blazed upward, searing Jace’s eyes. He blinked away burning tears and saw Valentine standing on the other side of the bars, beside the corpse of Brother Jeremiah. A glowing witchlight stone in one hand cast a sharp whitish glow over the room. Jace could see the stains of old blood on the walls—and newer blood, a small lake of it, which had spilled from Jeremiah’s open mouth. He felt his stomach roil and clench, and thought of the black formless shape he’d seen before with eyes like burning jewels. “That thing,” he choked out. “Where is it? What *was* it?”

“You *are* hurt.” Valentine moved closer to the bars. “Who ordered you locked up here? Was it the Clave? The Lightwoods?”

“It was the Inquisitor.” Jace looked down at himself. There was more blood on his pants legs and on his shirt. He couldn’t tell if any of it was his. Blood was seeping slowly from beneath his manacle.

Valentine regarded him thoughtfully through the bars. It was the first time in years Jace had seen his father in real battle dress—the thick leather Shadowhunter clothes that allowed freedom of movement while protecting the skin from most kinds of demon venom; the electrum-plated braces on his arms and legs, each marked with a series of glyphs and runes. There was a wide strap across his chest and the hilt of a sword gleamed above his shoulder. He squatted down then, putting his cool black eyes on a level with Jace’s. Jace was surprised to see no anger in them. “The Inquisitor and the Clave are one and the same. And the Lightwoods should never have allowed this to happen. I would never have let anyone do this to you.”

Jace pressed his shoulders back against the wall; it was as far as his chain would let him get from his father. “Did you come down here to kill me?”

“*Kill* you? Why would I want to kill you?”

“Well, why did you kill Jeremiah? And don’t bother feeding me some story about how you just happened to wander along after he spontaneously died. I know you did this.”

For the first time Valentine glanced down at the body of Brother Jeremiah. “I did kill him, and the rest of the Silent Brothers as well. I had to. They had something I needed.”

“What? A sense of decency?”

“This,” said Valentine, and drew the Sword from his shoulder sheath in one swift movement. “Maellartach.”

Jace choked back the gasp of surprise that rose in his throat. He recognized it well enough: The huge, heavy-bladed silver Sword with the hilt in the shape of outspread wings was the

one that hung above the Speaking Stars in the Silent Brothers' council room. "You *took* the Silent Brothers' sword?"

"It was never theirs," Valentine said. "It belongs to all Nephilim. This is the blade with which the Angel drove Adam and Eve out of the garden. *And he placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way,*" he quoted, gazing down at the blade.

Jace licked his dry lips. "What are you going to do with it?"

"I'll tell you that," said Valentine, "when I think I can trust you, and I know that you trust me."

"*Trust* you? After the way you sneaked through the Portal at Renwick's and smashed it so I couldn't come after you? And the way you tried to kill Clary?"

"I would never have hurt your sister," said Valentine, with a flash of anger. "Any more than I would hurt you."

"All you've ever done is hurt me! It was the Lightwoods who protected me!"

"I'm not the one who locked you up here. I'm not the one who threatens and distrusts you. That's the Lightwoods and their friends in the Clave." Valentine paused. "Seeing you like this—how they've treated you, and yet you remain stoic—I'm proud of you."

At that, Jace looked up in surprise, so quickly that he felt a wave of dizziness. His hand gave an insistent throb. He pushed the pain down and back until his breathing eased. "*What?*"

"I realize now what I did wrong at Renwick's," Valentine went on. "I was picturing you as the little boy I left behind in Idris, obedient to my every wish. Instead I found a headstrong young man, independent and courageous, yet I treated you as if you were still a child. No wonder you rebelled against me."

"Rebelled? I—" Jace's throat tightened, cutting off the words he wanted to say. His heart had begun pounding in rhythm with the throbbing in his hand.

Valentine pressed on. "I never had a chance to explain my past to you, to tell you why I've done the things I've done."

“There’s nothing to explain. You killed my grandparents. You held my mother prisoner. You slew other Shadowhunters to further your own ends.” Every word in Jace’s mouth tasted like poison.

“You only know half the facts, Jonathan. I lied to you when you were a child because you were too young to understand. Now you are old enough to be told the truth.”

“So *tell* me the truth.”

Valentine reached through the bars of the cell and laid his hand on top of Jace’s. The rough, callused texture of his fingers felt exactly the way it had when Jace had been ten years old.

“I want to trust you, Jonathan,” he said. “Can I?”

Jace wanted to reply, but the words wouldn’t come. His chest felt as if an iron band was being slowly tightened around it, cutting off his breath by inches. “I wish . . .,” he whispered.

A noise sounded above them. A noise like the clang of a metal door; then Jace heard footsteps, whispers echoing off the City’s stone walls. Valentine started to his feet, closing his hand over the witchlight until it was only a dim glow and he himself was a faintly outlined shadow. “Quicker than I thought,” he murmured, and looked down at Jace through the bars.

Jace looked past him, but he could see nothing but blackness beyond the faint illumination of the witchlight. He thought of the roiling dark form he had seen before, crushing out all light before it. “What’s coming? What is it?” he demanded, scrabbling forward on his knees.

“I must go,” said Valentine. “But we’re not done, you and I.”

Jace put his hand to the bars. “Unchain me. Whatever it is, I want to be able to fight it.”

“Unchaining you would hardly be a kindness now.” Valentine closed his hand around the witchlight stone completely. It winked out, plunging the room into darkness.

Jace flung himself against the bars of the cell, his broken hand screaming its protest and pain.

“No!” he shouted. “Father, *please*.”

“When you want to find me,” Valentine said, “you will find me.” And then there was only the sound of his footsteps rapidly receding and Jace’s own ragged breathing as he slumped against the bars.



On the subway ride uptown Clary found herself unable to sit down. She paced up and down the near-empty train car, her iPod headphones dangling around her neck. Isabelle hadn’t picked up the phone when Clary had called her, and an irrational sense of worry gnawed at Clary’s insides.

She thought of Jace at the Hunter’s Moon, covered in blood. With his teeth bared in snarling anger, he’d looked more like a werewolf himself than a Shadowhunter charged with protecting humans and keeping Downworlders in line.

She charged up the stairs at the Ninety-sixth Street subway stop, only slowing to a walk as she approached the corner where the Institute hulked like a huge gray shadow. It had been hot down in the tunnels, and the sweat on the back of her neck was prickling coldly as she made her way up the cracked concrete walk to the Institute’s front door.

She reached for the enormous iron bellpull that hung from the architrave, then hesitated. She was a Shadowhunter, wasn’t she? She had a right to be in the Institute, just as much as the Lightwoods did. With a surge of resolve, she seized the door handle, trying to remember the words Jace had spoken. “In the name of the Angel, I—”

The door swung open onto a darkness starred by the flames of dozens of tiny candles. As she hurried between the pews, the candles flickered as if they were laughing at her. She reached the elevator and clanged the metal door shut behind her, stabbing at the buttons with a shaking finger. She willed her nervousness to subside—was she worried *about* Jace, she wondered, or just worried about *seeing* Jace? Her face, framed

by the upturned collar of her coat, looked very white and small, her eyes big and dark green, her lips pale and bitten. Not pretty at all, she thought in dismay, and forced the thought back. What did it matter how she looked? Jace didn't care. Jace *couldn't* care.

The elevator came to a clanging stop and Clary pushed the door open. Church was waiting for her in the foyer. He greeted her with a disgruntled meow.

"What's wrong, Church?" Her voice sounded unnaturally loud in the quiet room. She wondered if anyone were here in the Institute. Maybe it was just her. The thought gave her the creeps. "Is anyone home?"

The blue Persian turned his back and headed down the corridor. They passed the music room and the library, both empty, before Church turned another corner and sat down in front of a closed door. *Right, then. Here we are*, his expression seemed to say.

Before she could knock, the door opened, revealing Isabelle standing on the threshold, barefoot in a pair of jeans and a soft violet sweater. She started when she saw Clary. "I thought I heard someone coming down the hall, but I didn't think it would be *you*," she said. "What are you doing here?"

Clary stared at her. "You sent me that text message. You said the Inquisitor threw Jace in *jail*."

"Clary!" Isabelle glanced up and down the corridor, then bit her lip. "I didn't mean you should race down here right *now*."

Clary was horrified. "Isabelle! *Jail!*"

"Yes, but—" With a defeated sigh, Isabelle stood aside, gesturing for Clary to enter her room. "Look, you might as well come in. And shoo, you," she said, waving a hand at Church. "Go guard the elevator."

Church gave her a horrified look, lay down on his stomach, and went to sleep.

"Cats," Isabelle muttered, and slammed the door.

“Hey, Clary.” Alec was sitting on Isabelle’s unmade bed, his booted feet dangling over the side. “What are you doing here?”

Clary sat down on the padded stool in front of Isabelle’s gloriously messy vanity table. “Isabelle texted me. She told me what happened to Jace.”

Isabelle and Alec exchanged a meaningful look. “Oh, come on, Alec,” Isabelle said. “I thought she should know. I didn’t know she’d come racing up here!”

Clary’s stomach lurched. “Of course I came! Is he all right? Why on earth did the Inquisitor throw him in prison?”

“It’s not prison exactly. He’s in the Silent City,” said Alec, sitting up straight and pulling one of Isabelle’s pillows across his lap. He picked idly at the beaded fringe sewed to its edges.

“In the Silent City? Why?”

Alec hesitated. “There are cells under the Silent City. They keep criminals there sometimes before deporting them to Idris to stand trial before the Council. People who’ve done really bad things. Murderers, renegade vampires, Shadowhunters who break the Accords. That’s where Jace is now.”

“Locked up with a bunch of *murderers*?” Clary was on her feet, outraged. “What’s wrong with you people? Why aren’t you more upset?”

Alec and Isabelle exchanged another look. “It’s just for a night,” Isabelle said. “And there isn’t anyone else down there with him. We asked.”

“But why? What did Jace *do*?”

“He mouthed off to the Inquisitor. That was it, as far as I know,” said Alec.

Isabelle perched herself on the edge of the vanity table. “It’s unbelievable.”

“Then the Inquisitor must be insane,” said Clary.

“She’s not, actually,” said Alec. “If Jace were in your mundane army, do you think he’d be allowed to mouth off to

his superiors? Absolutely not.”

“Well, not during a *war*. But Jace isn’t a soldier.”

“But we’re all soldiers. Jace as much as the rest of us. There’s a hierarchy of command and the Inquisitor is near the top. Jace is near the bottom. He should have treated her with more respect.”

“If you agree that he ought to be in jail, why did you ask me to come here? Just to get me to agree with you? I don’t see the point. What do you want me to do?”

“We didn’t say he should be in jail,” Isabelle snapped. “Just that he shouldn’t have talked back to one of the highest-ranked members of the Clave. Besides,” she added in a smaller voice, “I thought that maybe you could help.”

“Help? How?”

“I told you before,” Alec said, “half the time it seems like Jace is trying to get himself killed. He has to learn to look out for himself, and that includes cooperating with the Inquisitor.”

“And you think I can help you make him do that?” Clary said, disbelief coloring her voice.

“I’m not sure anyone can make Jace do anything,” said Isabelle. “But I think you can remind him that he has something to live for.”

Alec looked down at the pillow in his hand and gave a sudden savage yank to the fringe. Beads rattled down onto Isabelle’s blanket like a shower of localized rain.

Isabelle frowned. “Alec, don’t.”

Clary wanted to tell Isabelle that they were Jace’s family, that she wasn’t, that their voices carried more weight with him than hers ever would. But she kept hearing Jace’s voice in her head, saying, *I never felt like I belonged anywhere. But you make me feel like I belong.* “Can we go to the Silent City and see him?”

“Will you tell him to cooperate with the Inquisitor?” Alec demanded.

Clary considered. "I want to hear what he has to say first."

Alec dropped the denuded pillow onto the bed and stood up, frowning. Before he could say anything, there was a knock at the door. Isabelle unhitched herself from the vanity table and went to answer it.

It was a small, dark-haired boy, his eyes half-hidden by glasses. He wore jeans and an oversize sweatshirt and carried a book in one hand. "Max," Isabelle said, with some surprise, "I thought you were asleep."

"I was in the weapons room," said the boy—who had to be the Lightwoods' youngest son. "But there were noises coming from the library. I think someone might be trying to contact the Institute." He peered around Isabelle at Clary. "Who's that?"

"That's Clary," said Alec. "She's Jace's sister."

Max's eyes rounded. "I thought Jace didn't have any brothers or sisters."

"That's what we all thought," said Alec, picking up the sweater he'd left draped over one of Isabelle's chairs and yanking it on. His hair rayed out around his head like a soft dark halo, crackling with static electricity. He pushed it back impatiently. "I'd better get to the library."

"We'll both go," Isabelle said, taking her gold whip, which was twisted into a shimmering rope, out of a drawer and sliding the handle through her belt. "Maybe something's happened."

"Where are your parents?" Clary asked.

"They got called out a few hours ago. A fey was murdered in Central Park. The Inquisitor went with them," Alec explained.

"You didn't want to go?"

"We weren't invited." Isabelle looped her two dark braids up on top of her head and stuck the coil of hair through with a small glass dagger. "Look after Max, will you? We'll be right back."

“But—,” Clary protested.

“We’ll be *right back*.” Isabelle darted out into the corridor, Alec on her heels. The moment the door shut behind them, Clary sat down on the bed and regarded Max with apprehension. She’d never spent much time around children—her mother had never let her babysit—and she wasn’t really sure how to talk to them or what might amuse them. It helped a little that this particular little boy reminded her of Simon at that age, with his skinny arms and legs and glasses that seemed too big for his face.

Max returned her stare with a considering glance of his own, not shy, but thoughtful and contained. “How old are you?” he said finally.

Clary was taken aback. “How old do I look?”

“Fourteen.”

“I’m sixteen, but people always think I’m younger than I am because I’m so short.”

Max nodded. “Me too,” he said. “I’m nine but people always think I’m seven.”

“You look nine to me,” said Clary. “What’s that you’re holding? Is it a book?”

Max brought his hand out from behind his back. He was holding a wide, flat paperback, about the size of one of those small magazines they sold at grocery store counters. This one had a brightly colored cover with Japanese kanji script on it under the English words. Clary laughed. “*Naruto*,” she said. “I didn’t know you liked manga. Where did you get that?”

“In the airport. I like the pictures but I can’t figure out how to read it.”

“Here, give it to me.” She flipped it open, showing him the pages. “You read it backward, right to left instead of left to right. And you read each page clockwise. Do you know what that means?”

“Of course,” said Max. For a moment Clary was worried she’d annoyed him. He seemed pleased enough, though, when

he took the book back and flipped to the last page. “This one is number nine,” he said. “I think I should get the other eight before I read it.”

“That’s a good idea. Maybe you can get someone to take you to Midtown Comics or Forbidden Planet.”

“Forbidden *Planet*?” Max looked bemused, but before Clary could explain, Isabelle burst through the door, clearly out of breath.

“It *was* someone trying to contact the Institute,” she said, before Clary could ask. “One of the Silent Brothers. Something’s happened in the Bone City.”

“What kind of something?”

“I don’t know. I’ve never heard of the Silent Brothers asking for help before.” Isabelle was clearly distressed. She turned to her brother. “Max, go to your room and stay there, okay?”

Max set his jaw. “Are you and Alec going out?”

“Yes.”

“To the Silent City?”

“Max—”

“I want to come.”

Isabelle shook her head; the hilt of the dagger at the back of her head glittered like a point of fire. “Absolutely not. You’re too young.”

“You’re not eighteen either!”

Isabelle turned to Clary with a look half of anxiety and half of desperation. “Clary, come here for a second, *please*.”

Clary got up, wonderingly—and Isabelle grabbed her by the arm and yanked her out of the room, slamming the door shut behind her. There was a thump as Max threw himself against it. “Damn it,” said Isabelle, holding the knob, “can you grab my stele for me, please? It’s in my pocket—”

Hastily, Clary held out the stele Luke had given her earlier that night. "Use mine."

With a few swift strokes, Isabelle had carved a Locking rune onto the door. Clary could still hear Max's protests from the other side as Isabelle stepped away from the door, grimacing, and handed Clary back her stele. "I didn't know you had one of these."

"It was my mother's," said Clary, then she mentally chided herself. *Is my mother's. It is my mother's.*

"Huh." Isabelle thumped on the door with a closed fist. "Max, there's some PowerBars in the nightstand drawer if you get hungry. We'll be back as soon as we can."

There was another outraged yell from behind the door; with a shrug, Isabelle turned and hurried back down the hallway, Clary at her side. "What did the message say?" Clary demanded. "Just that there was trouble?"

"That there was an attack. That's it."

Alec was waiting for them outside the library. He was wearing black leather Shadowhunter armor over his clothes. Gauntlets protected his arms and Marks circled his throat and wrists. Seraph blades, each one named for an angel, gleamed at the belt around his waist. "Are you ready?" he said to his sister. "Is Max taken care of?"

"He's fine." She held out her arms. "Mark me."

As Alec traced the patterns of runes along the backs of Isabelle's hands and the insides of her wrists, he glanced over at Clary. "You should probably head home," he said. "You don't want to be here by yourself when the Inquisitor gets back."

"I want to go with you," Clary said, the words spilling out before she could stop them.

Isabelle took one of her hands back from Alec and blew on the Marked skin as if she were cooling a too-hot cup of coffee. "You sound like Max."

"Max is nine. I'm the same age as you."

“But you haven’t got any training,” Alec argued. “You’ll just be a liability.”

“No, I won’t. Has either of *you* ever been inside the Silent City?” Clary demanded. “I have. I know how to get in. I know how to find my way around.”

Alec straightened up, putting his stele away. “I don’t think —”

Isabelle cut in. “She has a point, actually. I think she should come if she wants.”

Alec looked taken aback. “Last time we faced a demon, she just cowered and screamed.” Seeing Clary’s acid glare, he shot her an apologetic glance. “I’m sorry, but it’s true.”

“I think she needs a chance to learn,” Isabelle said. “You know what Jace always says. Sometimes you don’t have to search out danger, sometimes danger finds *you*.”

“You can’t lock me up like you did Max,” Clary added, seeing Alec’s weakening resolution. “I’m not a child. And I know where the Bone City is. I can find my way there without you.”

Alec turned away, shaking his head and muttering something about girls. Isabelle held out a hand to Clary. “Give me your stele,” she said. “It’s time you got some Marks.”

6

CITY OF ASHES

In the end Isabelle gave Clary only two Marks, one on the back of each hand. One was the open eye that decorated the hand of every Shadowhunter. The other was like two crossed sickles; Isabelle said it was a Rune of Protection. Both runes burned when the stele first touched skin, but the pain faded as Clary, Isabelle, and Alec headed downtown in a black gypsy cab. By the time they reached Second Avenue and stepped out onto the pavement, Clary's hands and arms felt as light as if she were wearing water wings in a swimming pool.

The three of them were silent as they passed under the wrought iron arch and into the Marble Cemetery. The last time Clary had been in this small courtyard she had been hurrying along after Brother Jeremiah. Now, for the first time, she noticed the names carved into the walls: *Youngblood*, *Fairchild*, *Thrushcross*, *Nightwine*, *Ravenscar*. There were runes beside them. In Shadowhunter culture each family had their own symbol: The Waylands' was a blacksmith's hammer, the Lightwoods' a torch, and Valentine's a star.

The grass grew tangled over the feet of the Angel statue in the courtyard's center. The Angel's eyes were closed, his slim hands closed over the stem of a stone goblet, a reproduction of the Mortal Cup. His stone face was impassive, streaked with dirt and grime.

Clary said, "Last time I was here, Brother Jeremiah used a rune on the statue to open the door to the City."

"I wouldn't want to use one of the Silent Brothers' runes," Alec said. His face was grim. "They should have sensed our presence before we got this far. Now I'm starting to worry." He took a dagger from his belt and drew the blade of it across his bare palm. Blood welled from the shallow gash. Making a

fist over the stone Cup, he let the blood drip into it. "Blood of the Nephilim," he said. "It should work as a key."

The stone Angel's eyelids flew open. For a moment Clary almost expected to see eyes glaring at her from between the folds of stone, but there was only more granite. A second later, the grass at the Angel's feet began to split. A crooked black line, rippling like the back of a snake, curved away from the statue, and Clary jumped back hastily as a dark hole opened at her feet.

She peered down into it. Stairs led away into shadow. Last time she had been here, the darkness had been lit at intervals by torches, illuminating the steps. Now there was only blackness.

"Something's wrong," Clary said. Neither Isabelle nor Alec seemed inclined to argue. Clary took the witchlight stone Jace had given her out of her pocket and raised it overhead. Light burst from it, raying out through her spread fingers. "Let's go."

Alec stepped in front of her. "I'll go first, then you follow me. Isabelle, bring up the rear."

They clambered down slowly, Clary's damp boots slipping on the age-rounded steps. At the foot of the stairs was a short tunnel that opened out into an enormous hall, a stone orchard of white arches inset with semiprecious stones. Rows of mausoleums huddled in the shadows like toadstool houses in a fairy story. The more distant of them disappeared into shadow; the witchlight was not strong enough to light the whole hall.

Alec looked somberly down the rows. "I never thought I would enter the Silent City," he said. "Not even in death."

"I wouldn't sound so sad about it," Clary said. "Brother Jeremiah told me what they do to your dead. They burn them up and use most of the ashes to make the City's marble." *The blood and bone of demon slayers is itself a powerful protection against evil. Even in death, the Clave serves the Cause.*

"Hmph," said Isabelle. "It's considered an honor. Besides, it's not like you mundies don't burn your dead."

That doesn't make it not creepy, Clary thought. The smell of ashes and smoke hung heavy on the air, familiar to her from the last time she was here—but there was something else underlying those smells, a heavier, thicker stench, like rotting fruit.

Frowning as if he smelled it too, Alec took one of his angel blades out of his weapons belt. “*Arathiel*,” he whispered, and its glow joined the illumination of Clary’s witchlight as they found the second staircase and descended into even denser gloom. The witchlight pulsed in Clary’s hand like a dying star—she wondered if they ever ran out of power, witchlight stones, like flashlights ran out of batteries. She hoped not. The idea of being plunged into sightless darkness in this creepy place filled her with a visceral terror.

The smell of rotting fruit grew stronger as they reached the end of the stairs and found themselves in another long tunnel. This one opened out into a pavilion surrounded by spires of carved bone—a pavilion Clary remembered very well. Inlaid silver stars sprinkled the floor like precious confetti. In the center of the pavilion was a black table. Dark fluid had pooled on its slick surface and trickled across the floor in rivulets.

When Clary had stood before the Council of Brothers, there had been a heavy silver sword hanging on the wall behind the table. The Sword was gone now, and in its place, smeared across the wall, was a great fan of scarlet.

“Is that *blood*?” Isabelle whispered. She didn’t sound afraid, just stunned.

“Looks like it.” Alec’s eyes scanned the room. The shadows were as thick as paint, and seemed full of movement. His grip was tight on his seraph blade.

“What could have happened?” Isabelle said. “The Silent Brothers—I thought they were *indestructible*....”

Her voice trailed off as Clary turned, the witchlight in her hand catching strange shadows among the spires. One was more strangely shaped than the others. She willed the witchlight to burn brighter and it did, sending a lancing bolt of brightness into the distance.

Impaled on one of the spires, like a worm on a hook, was the dead body of a Silent Brother. Hands, ribboned in blood, dangled just above the marble floor. His neck looked broken. Blood had pooled beneath him, clotted and black in the witchlight.

Isabelle gasped. "Alec. Do you see—"

"I see." Alec's voice was grim. "And I've seen worse. It's Jace I'm worried about."

Isabelle went forward and touched the black basalt table, her fingers skimming the surface. "This blood is almost fresh. Whatever happened, it happened not long ago."

Alec moved toward the Brother's impaled corpse. Smeared marks led away from the blood pool on the floor. "Footprints," he said. "Someone running." Alec indicated with a curled hand that the girls should follow him. They did, Isabelle pausing only to wipe her bloody hands off on her soft leather leg guards.

The path of footprints led from the pavilion and down a narrow tunnel, disappearing into darkness. When Alec stopped, looking around him, Clary pushed past him impatiently, letting the witchlight blaze a silvery-white path of light ahead of them. She could see a set of double doors at the end of the tunnel; they were ajar.

Jace. Somehow she sensed him, that he was close. She took off at a half run, her boots clacking loudly against the hard floor. She heard Isabelle call after her, and then Alec and Isabelle were also running, hard on her heels. She burst through the doors at the end of the hall and found herself in a large stone-bound room bisected by a row of metal bars sunk deep into the ground. Clary could just make out a slumped shape on the other side of the bars. Just outside the cell sprawled the limp form of a Silent Brother.

Clary knew immediately that he was dead. It was the way he was lying, like a doll whose joints had been twisted the wrong way until they broke. His parchment-colored robes were halftorn off. His scarred face, contorted into a look of utter terror, was still recognizable. It was Brother Jeremiah.

She pushed past his body to the door of the cell. It was made of bars spaced close together and hinged on one side. There seemed to be no lock or knob that she could pull. She heard Alec, behind her, say her name, but her attention wasn't on him: It was on the door. Of course there was no visible way to open it, she realized; the Brothers didn't deal in what was visible, but rather what wasn't. Holding the witchlight in one hand, she scrabbled for her mother's stele with the other.

From the other side of the bars came a noise. A sort of muffled gasp or whisper; she wasn't sure which, but she recognized the source. *Jace*. She slashed at the cell door with the tip of her stele, trying to hold the rune for Open in her mind even as it appeared, black and jagged against the hard metal. The electrum sizzled where the stele touched it. *Open*, she willed the door, *open, open, OPEN!*

A noise like ripping cloth tore through the room. Clary heard Isabelle cry out as the door blew off its hinges entirely, crashing into the cell like a drawbridge falling. Clary could hear other noises, metal coming uncoupled from metal, a loud rattle like a handful of tossed pebbles. She ducked into the cell, the fallen door wobbling under her feet.

Witchlight filled the small room, lighting it as bright as day. She barely noticed the rows of manacles—all of different metals: gold, silver, steel, and iron—as they came undone from the bolts in the walls and clattered to the stone floor. Her eyes were on the slumped figure in the corner; she could see the bright hair, the hand outstretched, the loose manacle lying a little distance away. His wrist was bare and bloody, the skin braceleted with ugly bruises.

She went down on her knees, setting her stele aside, and gently turned him over. It *was* Jace. There was another bruise on his cheek, and his face was very white, but she could see the darting movement under his eyelids. A vein pulsed at his throat. He was alive.

Relief went through her like a hot wave, undoing the tight cords of tension that had held her together this long. The witchlight fell to the floor beside her, where it continued to blaze. She stroked Jace's hair back from his forehead with a

tenderness that felt foreign to her—she'd never had any brothers or sisters, not even a cousin. She'd never had occasion to bind up wounds or kiss scraped knees or take care of anyone, really.

But it was all right to feel tenderness toward Jace like this, she thought, unwilling to draw her hand back even as Jace's eyelids twitched and he groaned. He was her brother; why shouldn't she care what happened to him?

His eyes opened. The pupils were huge, dilated. Maybe he'd banged his head? His eyes fixed on her with a look of dazed bemusement. "*Clary*," he said. "What are you doing here?"

"I came to find you," she said, because it was the truth.

A spasm went across his face. "You're really here? I'm not—I'm not dead, am I?"

"No," she said, gliding her hand down the side of his face. "You passed out, is all. Probably hit your head too."

His hand came up to cover hers where it lay on his cheek. "Worth it," he said in such a low voice that she wasn't sure it was what he'd said, after all.

"What's going on?" It was Alec, ducking through the low doorway, Isabelle just behind him. Clary jerked her hand back, then cursed herself silently. She hadn't been doing anything wrong.

Jace struggled into a sitting position. His face was gray, his shirt spotted with blood. Alec's look turned to one of concern. "And are you all right?" he demanded, kneeling down. "What happened? Can you remember?"

Jace held up his uninjured hand. "One question at a time, Alec. My head already feels like it's going to split open."

"Who did this to you?" Isabelle sounded both bewildered and furious.

"No one did anything to me. I did it to myself trying to get the manacles off." Jace looked down at his wrist—it looked as if he'd nearly scraped all the skin off it—and winced.

“Here,” said both Clary and Alec at the same time, reaching out for his hand. Their eyes met, and Clary dropped her hand first. Alec took hold of Jace’s wrist and drew out his stele; with a few quick flicks of his wrist, he drew an *iratze*—a healing rune—just below the bracelet of bleeding skin.

“Thanks,” said Jace, drawing his hand back. The injured part of his wrist was already beginning to knit back together. “Brother Jeremiah—”

“Is dead,” said Clary.

“I know.” Disdaining Alec’s offered assistance, Jace pulled himself up to a standing position, using the wall to hold him up. “He was murdered.”

“Did the Silent Brothers kill each other?” Isabelle asked. “I don’t understand—I don’t understand why they’d *do* that—”

“They didn’t,” said Jace. “Something killed them. I don’t know what.” A spasm of pain twisted his face. “My head—”

“Maybe we should go,” said Clary nervously. “Before whatever killed them . . .”

“Comes back for us?” said Jace. He looked down at his bloody shirt and bruised hand. “I think it’s gone. But I suppose he could still bring it back.”

“Who could bring what back?” Alec demanded, but Jace said nothing. His face had gone from gray to paper white. Alec caught him as he began to slide down the wall. “Jace—”

“I’m all right,” Jace protested, but his hand gripped Alec’s sleeve tightly. “I can stand.”

“It looks to me like you’re using a wall to prop you up. That’s not my definition of ‘standing.’”

“It’s leaning,” Jace told him. “Leaning comes right before standing.”

“Stop bickering,” said Isabelle, kicking a doused torch out of her way. “We need to get out of here. If there’s something out there nasty enough to kill the Silent Brothers, it’ll make short work of us.”

“Izzy’s right. We should go.” Clary retrieved the witchlight and stood up. “Jace—are you okay to walk?”

“He can lean on me.” Alec drew Jace’s arm across his shoulders. Jace leaned heavily against him. “Come on,” Alec said gently. “We’ll fix you up when we get outside.”

Slowly they moved toward the cell door, where Jace paused, staring down at the figure of Brother Jeremiah lying twisted on the paving stones. Isabelle knelt down and drew the Silent Brother’s brown wool hood down to cover his contorted face. When she straightened up, all their faces were grave.

“I’ve never seen a Silent Brother afraid,” Alec said. “I didn’t think it was possible for them to feel fear.”

“Everyone feels fear.” Jace was still very pale, and though he was cradling his injured hand against his chest, Clary didn’t think it was because of physical pain. He looked distant, as if he had withdrawn into himself, hiding from something.

They retraced their steps through the dark corridors and up the narrow steps that led to the pavilion of the Speaking Stars. When they reached it, Clary noticed the thick scent of blood and burning as she hadn’t when she’d passed through it before. Jace, leaning on Alec, looked around with a sort of mingled horror and confusion on his face. Clary saw that he was staring at the far wall where it was splattered thickly with blood, and she said, “Jace. Don’t look.” Then she felt stupid; he was a demon hunter, after all, he’d seen worse.

He shook his head. “Something feels wrong—”

“Everything feels wrong here.” Alec tilted his head toward the forest of arches that led away from the pavilion. “That’s the fastest way out of here. Let’s go.”

They didn’t talk much as they made their way back through the Bone City. Every shadow seemed to surge with movement, as if the darkness concealed creatures waiting to jump out at them. Isabelle was whispering something under her breath. Though Clary couldn’t hear the words themselves, it sounded like another language, something old—Latin, maybe.

When they reached the stairs that led up out of the City, Clary breathed a silent sigh of relief. The Bone City might have been beautiful once, but it was terrifying now. As they reached the last flight of steps, light stabbed into her eyes, making her cry out in surprise. She could faintly see the Angel statue that stood at the head of the stairs, backlit with brilliant golden light, bright as day. She glanced around at the others; they looked as confused as she felt.

“The sun couldn’t have risen yet—could it?” Isabelle murmured. “How long were we down here?”

Alec checked his watch. “Not that long.”

Jace muttered something, too low for anyone else to hear him. Alec craned his ear down. “What did you say?”

“Witchlight,” Jace said, more loudly this time.

Isabelle hurried up the stairs, Clary behind her, Alec just behind them, struggling to half-carry Jace up the steps. At the head of the stairs Isabelle stopped suddenly as if frozen. Clary called out to her, but she didn’t move. A moment later Clary was standing beside her and it was her turn to stare around in amazement.

The garden was full of Shadowhunters—twenty, maybe thirty, of them in dark hunting regalia, inked with Marks, each holding a blazing witchlight stone.

At the front of the group stood Maryse, in black Shadowhunter armor and a cloak, her hood thrown back. Behind her ranged dozens of strangers, men and women Clary had never seen, but who bore the Marks of the Nephilim on their arms and faces. One of them, a handsome ebony-skinned man, turned to stare at Clary and Isabelle—and beside her, at Jace and Alec, who had come up from the steps and stood blinking in the unexpected light.

“By the Angel,” the man said. “Maryse—there was already someone down there.”

Maryse’s mouth opened in a silent gasp when she saw Isabelle. Then she closed it, her lips tightening into a thin white line, like a slash drawn in chalk across her face.

“I know, Malik,” she said. “These are my children.”

THE MORTAL SWORD

A muttering gasp went through the crowd. The ones who were hooded threw their hoods back, and Clary could see from the looks on the faces of Jace, Alec, and Isabelle that many of the Shadowhunters in the courtyard were familiar to them.

“By the Angel.” Maryse’s incredulous gaze swept from Alec to Jace, passed over Clary, and returned to her daughter. Jace had moved away from Alec the moment Maryse spoke, and he stood a little way away from the other three, his hands in his pockets as Isabelle nervously twisted her golden-white whip in her hands. Alec, meanwhile, seemed to be fidgeting with his cell phone, though Clary couldn’t imagine who he might be calling. “What are you doing here, Alec? Isabelle? There was a distress call from the Silent City—”

“We answered it,” Alec said. His gaze moved anxiously over the gathered crowd. Clary could hardly blame him for his nerves. This was the largest crowd of adult Shadowhunters—of Shadowhunters in general—that she herself had ever seen. She kept looking from face to face, marking the differences between them—they varied widely in age and race and overall appearance, and yet they all gave the same impression of immense, contained power. She could sense their subtle gazes on her, examining her, evaluating. One of them, a woman with rippling silver hair, was staring at her so fiercely that there was nothing subtle about it. Clary blinked and looked away as Alec continued, “You weren’t at the Institute—and we couldn’t raise anyone—so we came ourselves.”

“Alec—”

“It doesn’t matter, anyway,” Alec said. “They’re dead. The Silent Brothers. They’re all dead. They’ve been murdered.”

This time there was no sound from the assembled crowd. Instead they seemed to go still, the way a pride of lions might go still when it spotted a gazelle.

“*Dead?*” Maryse repeated. “What do you mean, they’re dead?”

“I think it’s quite clear what he means.” A woman in a long gray coat had appeared suddenly at Maryse’s side. In the flickering light she looked to Clary like a sort of Edward Gorey caricature, all sharp angles and pulled-back hair and eyes like black pits scraped out of her face. She held a glimmering chunk of witchlight on a long silver chain, looped through the skinniest fingers Clary had ever seen. “They are all dead?” she asked, addressing herself to Alec. “You found no one alive in the City?”

Alec shook his head. “Not that we saw, Inquisitor.”

So *that* was the Inquisitor, Clary realized. She certainly looked like someone capable of tossing teenage boys into dungeon cells for no reason other than that she didn’t like their attitude.

“That you *saw*, ” repeated the Inquisitor, her eyes like hard, glittering beads. She turned to Maryse. “There may yet be survivors. I would send your people into the City for a thorough check.”

Maryse’s lips tightened. From what very little Clary had learned about Maryse, she knew that Jace’s adoptive mother didn’t like being told what to do. “Very well.”

She turned to the rest of the Shadowhunters—there were not as many, Clary was coming to realize, as she had initially thought, closer to twenty than thirty, though the shock of their appearance had made them seem like a teeming crowd.

Maryse spoke to Malik in a low voice. He nodded. Taking the arm of the silver-haired woman, he led the Shadowhunters toward the entrance to the Bone City. As one after another descended the stairs, taking their witchlight with them, the glow in the courtyard began to fade. The last one in line was the woman with the silver hair. Halfway down the stairs she

paused, turned, and looked back—directly at Clary. Her eyes were full of a terrible yearning, as if she longed desperately to tell Clary something. After a moment she drew her hood back up over her face and vanished into the shadows.

Maryse broke the silence. “Why would anyone murder the Silent Brothers? They’re not warriors, they don’t carry battle Marks—”

“Don’t be naive, Maryse,” said the Inquisitor. “This was no random attack. The Silent Brothers may not be warriors, but they are primarily guardians, and very good at their jobs. Not to mention hard to kill. Someone wanted something from the Bone City and was willing to kill the Silent Brothers to get it. This was premeditated.”

“What makes you so sure?”

“That wild goose chase that called us all out to Central Park? The dead fey child?”

“I wouldn’t call that a wild goose chase. The fey child was drained of blood, like the others. These killings could cause serious trouble between the Night Children and other Downworlders—”

“Distractions,” said the Inquisitor dismissively. “He wanted us gone from the Institute so that no one would respond to the Brothers when they called for aid. Ingenious, really. But then he always was ingenious.”

“He?” It was Isabelle who spoke, her face very pale between the black wings of her hair. “You mean—”

Jace’s next words sent a shock through Clary, as if she’d touched a live current. “Valentine,” he said. “Valentine took the Mortal Sword. That’s why he killed the Silent Brothers.”

A thin, sudden smile curved on the Inquisitor’s face, as if Jace had said something that pleased her very much.

Alec started and turned to stare at Jace. “*Valentine?* But you didn’t say he was here.”

“Nobody asked.”

“He couldn’t have killed the Brothers. They were torn *apart*. No one person could have done all that.”

“He probably had demonic help,” said the Inquisitor. “He’s used demons to aid him before. And with the protection of the Cup on him, he could summon some very dangerous creatures. More dangerous than Raveners,” she added with a curl of her lip, and though she didn’t look at Clary when she said it, the words felt somehow like a verbal slap. Clary’s faint hope that the Inquisitor hadn’t noticed or recognized her vanished. “Or the pathetic Forsaken.”

“I don’t know about that.” Jace was very pale, with hectic spots like fever on his cheekbones. “But it was Valentine. I saw him. In fact, he had the Sword with him when he came down to the cells and taunted me through the bars. It was like a bad movie, except he didn’t actually twirl his mustache.”

Clary looked at him worriedly. He was talking too fast, she thought, and looked unsteady on his feet.

The Inquisitor didn’t seem to notice. “So you’re saying that Valentine *told* you all this? He told you he killed the Silent Brothers because he wanted the Angel’s Sword?”

“What else did he tell you? Did he tell you where he was going? What he plans to do with the two Mortal Instruments?” Maryse asked quickly.

Jace shook his head.

The Inquisitor moved toward him, her coat swirling around her like drifting smoke. Her gray eyes and gray mouth were drawn into tight horizontal lines. “I don’t believe you.”

Jace just looked at her. “I didn’t think you would.”

“I doubt the Clave will believe you either.”

Alec said hotly, “Jace isn’t a liar—”

“Use your brain, Alexander,” said the Inquisitor, not taking her eyes off Jace. “Leave aside your loyalty to your friend for a moment. What’s the likelihood that Valentine stopped by his son’s cell for a paternal chat about the Soul-Sword, and didn’t

mention what he planned to do with it, or even where he was going?”

“*S’io credesse che mia risposta fosse,*” Jace said in a language Clary didn’t know, “*a persona che mai tornasse al mondo ...*”

“Dante.” The Inquisitor looked dryly amused. “The *Inferno*. You’re not in hell yet, Jonathan Morgenstern, though if you insist on lying to the Clave, you’ll wish you were.” She turned back to the others. “And doesn’t it seem odd to anyone that the Soul-Sword should disappear the night before Jonathan Morgenstern is supposed to stand trial by its blade—and that his father is the one who took it?”

Jace looked shocked at that, his lips parting slightly in surprise, as if this had never occurred to him. “My father didn’t take the Sword for *me*. He took it for *him*. I doubt he even knew about the trial.”

“How awfully convenient for you, regardless. And for him. He won’t have to worry about you spilling his secrets.”

“Yeah,” Jace said, “he’s terrified I’ll tell everyone that he’s always really wanted to be a ballerina.” The Inquisitor simply stared at him. “I don’t *know* any of my father’s secrets,” he said, less sharply. “He never told me anything.”

The Inquisitor regarded him with something close to boredom. “If your father didn’t take the Sword to protect you, then why *did* he take it?”

“It’s a Mortal Instrument,” said Clary. “It’s powerful. Like the Cup. Valentine likes power.”

“The Cup has an immediate use,” said the Inquisitor. “He can use it to make an army. The Sword is used in trials. I can’t see how that would interest him.”

“He might have done it to destabilize the Clave,” suggested Maryse. “To sap our morale. To say that there is nothing we can protect from him if he wants it badly enough.” It was a surprisingly good argument, Clary thought, but Maryse didn’t sound very convinced. “The fact is—”

But they never got to hear what the fact was, because at that moment Jace raised his hand as if he meant to ask a question, looked startled, and sat down on the grass suddenly, as if his legs had given out. Alec knelt down next to him, but Jace waved away his concern. “Leave me alone. I’m fine.”

“You’re not fine.” Clary joined Alec on the grass, Jace watching her with eyes whose pupils were huge and dark, despite the witchlight illuminating the night. She glanced down at his wrist, where Alec had drawn the *iratze*. The Mark was gone, not even a faint white scar left behind to show that it had worked. Her eyes met Alec’s and she saw her own anxiety reflected there. “Something’s wrong with him,” she said. “Something serious.”

“He probably needs a healing rune.” The Inquisitor looked as if she were exquisitely annoyed at Jace for being injured during events of such importance. “An *iratze*, or—”

“We tried that,” said Alec. “It isn’t working. I think there’s something of demonic origin going on here.”

“Like demon poison?” Maryse moved as if she meant to go to Jace, but the Inquisitor held her back.

“He’s shamming,” she said. “He ought to be in the Silent City’s cells right now.”

Alec rose to his feet at that. “You can’t say that—*look* at him!” He gestured at Jace, who had slumped back on the grass, his eyes closed. “He can’t even stand up. He needs doctors, he needs—”

“The Silent Brothers are dead,” said the Inquisitor. “Are you suggesting a mundane hospital?”

“No.” Alec’s voice was tight. “I thought he could go to Magnus.”

Isabelle made a sound somewhere between a sneeze and a cough. She turned away as the Inquisitor looked at Alec blankly. “Magnus?”

“He’s a warlock,” said Alec. “Actually, he’s the High Warlock of Brooklyn.”

“You mean Magnus Bane,” said Maryse. “He has a reputation—”

“He healed me after I fought a Greater Demon,” said Alec. “The Silent Brothers couldn’t do anything, but Magnus . . .”

“It’s ridiculous,” said the Inquisitor. “What you want is to help Jonathan escape.”

“He’s not well enough to escape,” Isabelle said. “Can’t you see that?”

“Magnus would never let that happen,” Alec said, with a quelling glance at his sister. “He’s not interested in crossing the Clave.”

“And how would he propose preventing it?” The Inquisitor’s voice dripped acid sarcasm. “Jonathan *is* a Shadowhunter; we’re not so easy to keep under lock and key.”

“Maybe you should ask him,” Alec suggested.

The Inquisitor smiled her razor smile. “By all means. Where is he?”

Alec glanced down at the phone in his hand and then back at the thin gray figure in front of him. “He’s here,” he said. He raised his voice. “Magnus! Magnus, come on out.”

Even the Inquisitor’s eyebrows shot up when Magnus strode through the gate. The High Warlock was wearing black leather pants, a belt with a buckle in the shape of a jeweled M, and a cobalt-blue Prussian military jacket open over a white lace shirt. He shimmered with layers of glitter. His gaze rested for a moment on Alec’s face with amusement and a hint of something else before moving on to Jace, prone on the grass. “Is he dead?” he inquired. “He looks dead.”

“No,” snapped Maryse. “He’s not dead.”

“Have you checked? I could kick him if you want.” Magnus moved toward Jace.

“Stop that!” the Inquisitor snapped, sounding like Clary’s third-grade teacher demanding that she stop doodling on her desk with a marker. “He’s not dead, but he’s injured,” she

added, almost grudgingly. “Your medical skills are required. Jonathan needs to be well enough for the interrogation.”

“Fine, but it’ll cost you.”

“I’ll pay it,” said Maryse.

The Inquisitor didn’t even blink. “Very well. But he can’t remain at the Institute. Just because the Sword is gone doesn’t mean the interrogation won’t proceed as planned. And in the meantime, the boy must be held under observation. He’s clearly a flight risk.”

“A flight risk?” Isabelle demanded. “You act as if he tried to escape from the Silent City—”

“Well,” the Inquisitor said. “He’s no longer in his cell now, is he?”

“That’s not fair! You couldn’t have expected him to stay down there surrounded by dead people!”

“Not fair? Not *fair*? Do you honestly expect me to believe that you and your brother were motivated to come to the Bone City because of a distress call, and not because you wanted to free Jonathan from what you clearly consider unnecessary confinement? And do you expect me to believe you won’t try to free him again if he’s allowed to remain at the Institute? Do you think you can fool me as easily as you fool your parents, Isabelle Lightwood?”

Isabelle turned scarlet. Magnus cut in before she could reply:

“Look, it’s not a problem,” he said. “I can keep Jace at my place easily enough.”

The Inquisitor turned to Alec. “Your warlock does realize,” she said, “that Jonathan is a witness of utmost importance to the Clave?”

“He’s not *my* warlock.” The tops of Alec’s angular cheekbones flared a dark red.

“I’ve held prisoners for the Clave before,” Magnus said. The joking edge had left his voice. “I think you’ll find I have

an excellent record in that department. My contract is one of the best.”

Was it Clary’s imagination, or did his eyes seem to linger on Maryse when he said that? She didn’t have time to wonder; the Inquisitor made a sharp noise that might have been amusement or disgust, and said, “It’s settled, then. Let me know when he’s well enough to talk, warlock. I’ve still got plenty of questions for him.”

“Of course,” Magnus said, but Clary got the sense that he wasn’t really listening to her. He crossed the lawn gracefully and came to stand over Jace; he was as tall as he was thin, and when Clary glanced up to look at him, she was surprised how many stars he blotted out. “Can he talk?” Magnus asked Clary, indicating Jace.

Before Clary could respond, Jace’s eyes slid open. He looked up at the warlock, dazed and dizzy. “What are you doing here?”

Magnus grinned down at Jace, and his teeth sparkled like sharpened diamonds.

“Hey, roommate,” he said.

Part Two

The Gates of Hell



*Before me things created were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon, ye who enter here.
—Dante, Inferno*

8

THE SEELIE COURT

In the dream Clary was a child again, walking down the narrow strip of beach near the boardwalk at Coney Island. The air was thick with the smell of hot dogs and roasting peanuts, and with the shouts of children. The sea surged in the distance, its blue-gray surface alive with sunlight.

She could see herself as if from a distance, wearing oversize child's pajamas. The hems of the pajama bottoms dragged along the beach. Damp sand grated between her toes, and her hair hung heavily against the nape of her neck. There were no clouds and the sky was blue and clear, but she shivered as she walked along the perimeter of the water toward a figure she could see only dimly in the distance.

As she approached, the figure became suddenly clear, as if Clary had focused the lens of a camera. It was her mother, kneeling in the ruins of a half-built sand castle. She wore the same white dress Valentine had put her in at Renwick's. In her hand was a twisted bit of driftwood, silvery from long exposure to salt and wind.

"Have you come to help me?" her mother said, raising her head. Jocelyn's hair was undone and it blew free in the wind, making her look younger than she was. "There's so much to do and so little time."

Clary swallowed against the hard lump in her throat. "Mom—I've missed you, Mom."

Jocelyn smiled. "I've missed you, too, honey. But I'm not gone, you know. I'm only sleeping."

"Then how do I wake you up?" Clary cried, but her mother was looking out to sea, her face troubled. The sky had turned a

twilight iron gray and the black clouds looked like heavy stones.

“Come here,” said Jocelyn, and when Clary came to her, she said, “Hold out your arm.”

Clary did. Jocelyn moved the driftwood over her skin. The touch stung like the burning of a stele, and left the same thick black line behind. The rune Jocelyn drew was a shape Clary had never seen before, but she found it instinctively soothing to her eye. “What does this do?”

“It should protect you.” Clary’s mother released her.

“Against what?”

Jocelyn didn’t answer, just looked out toward the sea. Clary turned and saw that the ocean had drawn far out, leaving brackish piles of garbage, heaps of seaweed and flopping, desperate fish in its wake. The water had gathered itself into a huge wave, rising like the side of a mountain, like an avalanche ready to fall. The shouts of children from the boardwalk had turned into screams. As Clary stared in horror, she saw that the side of the wave was as transparent as a membrane, and through it she could see things that seemed to move under the surface of the sea, huge dark shapeless things pushing against the skin of the water. She threw up her hands

And woke up, gasping, her heart slamming painfully against her ribs. She was in her bed in the spare room in Luke’s house, and afternoon light was filtering in through the curtains. Her hair was plastered to her neck with sweat, and her arm burned and ached. When she sat up and flipped on the bedside light, she saw without surprise the black Mark that ran the length of her forearm.



When she went into the kitchen, she found Luke had left breakfast for her in the form of a Danish in a grease-spotted cardboard box. He’d also left a note stuck to the fridge. *Gone to the hospital.*

Clary ate the Danish on the way to meet Simon. He was supposed to be on the corner of Bedford by the L train stop at five, but he wasn't. She felt a faint tug of anxiety before she remembered the used record store on the corner of Sixth. Sure enough, he was sorting through the CDs in the new arrivals section. He wore a rust-colored corduroy jacket with a torn sleeve and a blue T-shirt bearing the logo of a headphone-wearing boy dancing with a chicken. He grinned when he saw her. "Eric thinks we should change the name of our band to Mojo Pie," he said, by way of greeting.

"What is it now? I forgot."

"Champagne Enema," he said, selecting a Yo La Tengo CD.

"Change it," Clary said. "By the way, I know what your T-shirt means."

"No you don't." He headed up to the front of the store to buy his CD. "You're a good girl."

Outside, the wind was cold and brisk. Clary drew her striped scarf up around her chin. "I was worried when I didn't see you at the L stop."

Simon pulled his knit cap down, wincing as if the sunlight hurt his eyes. "Sorry. I remembered I wanted this CD, and I thought—"

"It's fine." She waved a hand at him. "It's me. I panic way too easily these days."

"Well, after what you've been through, no one could blame you." Simon sounded contrite. "I still can't believe what happened to the Silent City. I can't believe you were *there*."

"Neither could Luke. He freaked out completely."

"I bet." They were walking through McCarren Park, the grass underfoot turning winter brown, the air full of golden light. Dogs were running off their leashes among the trees. *Everything changes in my life, and the world stays the same*, Clary thought. "Have you talked to Jace since it happened?" Simon asked, keeping his voice neutral.

“No, but I checked in with Isabelle and Alec a few times. Apparently he’s fine.”

“Did he ask to see you? Is that why we’re going?”

“He doesn’t *have* to ask.” Clary tried to keep the irritation out of her voice as they turned onto Magnus’s street. It was lined with low warehouse buildings that had been converted into lofts and studios for artistic—and wealthy—residents. Most of the cars parked along the shallow curb were expensive.

As they neared Magnus’s building, Clary saw a lanky figure unfurl itself from where it had been sitting on the stoop. Alec. He was wearing a long black coat made of the tough, slightly shiny material Shadowhunters liked to use for their gear. His hands and throat were marked with runes, and it was evident from the faint shimmer in the air around him that he was glamourised into invisibility.

“I didn’t know you were bringing the mundane.” His blue eyes flicked uneasily over Simon.

“That’s what I like about you people,” said Simon. “You always make me feel so welcome.”

“Oh, come on, Alec,” said Clary. “What’s the big deal? It’s not like Simon hasn’t been here before.”

Alec heaved a theatrical sigh, shrugged, and led the way up the stairs. He unlocked the door to Magnus’s apartment using a thin silver key, which he tucked back into the breast pocket of his jacket the moment he’d finished, as if he hoped to keep his companions from seeing it.

In daylight the apartment looked the way an empty nightclub might look during off hours: dark, dirty, and unexpectedly small. The walls were bare, spackled here and there with glitter paint, and the floorboards where faeries had danced a week ago were warped and shiny with age.

“Hello, hello.” Magnus swept toward them. He was wearing a floor-length green silk dressing gown open over a silver mesh shirt and black jeans. A glittering red stone winked in his left ear. “Alec, my darling. Clary. And rat-boy.” He

swept a bow toward Simon, who looked annoyed. “To what do I owe the pleasure?”

“We came to see Jace,” Clary said. “Is he all right?”

“I don’t know,” Magnus said. “Does he normally just lie on the floor like that without moving?”

“What—,” Alec began, and broke off as Magnus laughed. “That’s not funny.”

“You’re so easy to tease. And yes, your friend is just fine. Well, except that he keeps putting all my things away and trying to clean up. Now I can’t find anything. He’s compulsive.”

“Jace does like things neat,” Clary said, thinking of his monklike room at the Institute.

“Well, I don’t.” Magnus was watching Alec out of the corner of his eye while Alec stared off into the middle distance, scowling. “Jace is in there if you want to see him.” He pointed toward a door at the end of the room.

“In there” turned out to be a medium-size den—surprisingly cozy, with smudged walls, velvet curtains drawn across the windows, and cloth-draped armchairs marooned like fat, colorful icebergs in a sea of nubbly beige carpeting. A hot-pink couch was made up with sheets and a blanket. Next to it was a duffel bag stuffed full of clothes. No light came through the heavy curtains; the only source of illumination was a flickering television screen, which glowed brightly despite the fact that the television itself was not plugged in.

“What’s on?” Magnus inquired.

“*What Not to Wear*,” came a familiar drawling voice, emanating from a sprawled figure in one of the armchairs. He sat forward and for a moment Clary thought Jace might get up and greet them. Instead, he shook his head at the screen. “High-waisted khaki pants? Who *wears* those?” He turned and glared at Magnus. “Nearly unlimited supernatural power,” he said, “and all you do is use it to watch reruns. What a waste.”

“Also, TiVo accomplishes much the same thing,” pointed out Simon.

“My way is cheaper.” Magnus clapped his hands together and the room was suddenly flooded with light. Jace, slumped in the chair, raised an arm to cover his face. “Can you do *that* without magic?”

“Actually,” said Simon, “yes. If you watched infomercials, you’d know that.”

Clary sensed the mood in the room was deteriorating. “That’s enough,” she said. She looked at Jace, who had lowered his arm and was blinking resentfully into the light. “We need to talk,” she said. “All of us. About what we’re going to do now.”

“I was going to watch *Project Runway*,” said Jace. “It’s on next.”

“No you’re not,” said Magnus. He snapped his fingers and the TV went off, releasing a small puff of smoke as the picture died. “You need to deal with this.”

“Suddenly you’re interested in solving my problems?”

“I’m interested in getting my apartment back. I’m tired of you cleaning all the time.” Magnus snapped his fingers again, menacingly. “Get up.”

“Or you’ll be the next one to go up in smoke,” said Simon with relish.

“There’s no need to clarify my finger snap,” said Magnus. “The implication was clear in the snap itself.”

“Fine.” Jace got up out of the chair. He was barefoot and there was a line of purplish silver skin around his wrist where his injuries were still healing. He looked tired, but not as if he were still in pain. “You want a round table meeting, we can have a round table meeting.”

“I love round tables,” said Magnus brightly. “They suit me so much better than square.”

In the living room Magnus conjured up an enormous circular table surrounded by five high-backed wooden chairs. “That’s amazing,” Clary said, sliding into a chair. It was

surprisingly comfortable. “How can you create something out of nothing like that?”

“You can’t,” said Magnus. “Everything comes from somewhere. These come from an antiques reproduction store on Fifth Avenue, for instance. And these”—suddenly five white waxed paper cups appeared on the table, steam rising gently from the holes in their plastic lids—“come from Dean & DeLuca on Broadway.”

“That seems like stealing, doesn’t it?” Simon pulled a cup toward him. He drew the lid back. “Ooh. Mochaccino.” He looked at Magnus. “Did you pay for these?”

“Sure,” said Magnus, while Jace and Alec snickered. “I make dollar bills magically appear in their cash register.”

“Really?”

“No.” Magnus popped the lid off his own coffee. “But you can pretend I did if it makes you feel better. So, first order of business is what?”

Clary put her hands around her own coffee cup. Maybe it was stolen, but it was also hot and full of caffeine. She could stop by Dean & DeLuca and drop a dollar in their tip jar some other time. “Figuring out what’s going on would be a start,” she said, blowing on her foam. “Jace, you said what happened in the Silent City was Valentine’s fault?”

Jace stared down at his coffee. “Yes.”

Alec put his hand on Jace’s arm. “What happened? Did you see him?”

“I was in the cell,” said Jace, his voice dead. “I heard the Silent Brothers screaming. Then Valentine came downstairs with—with something. I don’t know what it was. Like smoke, with glowing eyes. A demon, but not like any I’ve ever seen before. He came up to the bars and he told me . . .”

“Told you what?” Alec’s hand slid up Jace’s arm to his shoulder. Magnus cleared his throat. Alec dropped his hand, red-faced, while Simon grinned into his undrunk coffee.

“Maellartach,” Jace said. “He wanted the Soul-Sword and he killed the Silent Brothers to get it.”

Magnus was frowning. “Alec, last night, when the Silent Brothers called for your help, where was the Conclave? Why was no one at the Institute?”

Alec looked surprised to be asked. “There was a Downworlder murder in Central Park last night. A faerie child was killed. The body was drained of blood.”

“I bet the Inquisitor thinks I did that, too,” said Jace. “My reign of terror continues.”

Magnus stood up and went to the window. He pushed the curtain back, letting in just enough light to silhouette his hawklike profile. “Blood,” he said, half to himself. “I had a dream two nights ago. I saw a city all of blood, with towers made of bone, and blood ran in the streets like water.”

Simon slewed his eyes over to Jace. “Is standing by the window muttering about blood something he does all the time?”

“No,” said Jace, “sometimes he sits on the couch and does it.”

Alec shot them both a sharp glance. “Magnus, what’s wrong?”

“The blood,” said Magnus again. “It can’t be a coincidence.” He seemed to be looking down at the street. Sunset was coming on fast over the silhouette of the city in the distance: The sky was striped with bars of aluminum and rosy gold. “There have been several murders this week,” he said, “of Downworlders. A warlock, killed in an apartment tower down by the South Street Seaport. His neck and wrists were cut and the body drained of blood. And a werewolf was killed at the Hunter’s Moon a few days ago. The throat was cut in that case as well.”

“It sounds like vampires,” said Simon, suddenly very pale.

“I don’t think so,” Jace said. “At least, Raphael said it wasn’t the Night Children’s work. He seemed adamant about it.”

“Yeah, ’cause *he’s* trustworthy,” muttered Simon.

“In this case I think he was telling the truth,” said Magnus, drawing the curtain closed. His face was angular, shadowed. As he came back to the table, Clary saw that he was carrying a heavy book bound in green cloth. She didn’t think he’d been holding it a few moments ago. “There was a strong demonic presence at both locations. I think someone else was responsible for all three deaths. Not Raphael and his tribe, but Valentine.”

Clary’s eyes went to Jace. His mouth was a thin line, but “Why do you say that?” was all he asked.

“The Inquisitor thought the faerie murder was a diversion,” she said quickly. “So that he could plunder the Silent City without worrying about the Conclave.”

“There are easier ways to create a diversion,” said Jace, “and it is unwise to antagonize the Fair Folk. He wouldn’t have murdered one of the clan of faerie if he didn’t have a reason.”

“He had a reason,” said Magnus. “There was something he wanted from the faerie child, just as there was something he wanted from the warlock and the werewolf he killed.”

“What’s that?” asked Alec.

“Their blood,” said Magnus, and opened the green book. The thin parchment pages had words written on them that glowed like fire. “Ah,” he said, “here.” He looked up, tapping the page with a sharp fingernail. Alec leaned forward. “You won’t be able to read it,” Magnus warned him. “It’s written in a demon language. Purgatic.”

“I can recognize the drawing, though. That’s Maellartach. I’ve seen it before in books.” Alec pointed at an illustration of a silver sword, familiar to Clary—it was the one she’d noticed was missing from the wall of the Silent City.

“The Ritual of Infernal Conversion,” Magnus said. “That’s what Valentine’s trying to do.”

“The what of what?” Clary frowned.

“Every magical object has an alliance,” Magnus explained. “The alliance of the Soul-Sword is seraphic—like those angel knives you Shadowhunters use, but a thousand times more so, because its power was drawn from the Angel himself, not simply from the invocation of an angelic name. What Valentine wants to do is reverse its alliance—make it an object of demonic rather than angelic power.”

“Lawful good to lawful evil!” said Simon, pleased.

“He’s quoting Dungeons and Dragons,” said Clary. “Ignore him.”

“As the Angel’s Sword, Maellartach’s use to Valentine would be limited,” said Magnus. “But as a sword whose demonic power is equal to the angelic power it once possessed—well, there is much it could offer him. Power over demons, for one. Not just the limited protection the Cup might offer, but power to call demons to him, to force them to do his bidding.”

“A demon army?” said Alec.

“This guy is big on armies,” observed Simon.

“Power even to bring them into Idris, perhaps,” Magnus finished.

“I don’t know why he’d want to go there,” Simon said. “That’s where all the demon hunters are, aren’t they? Wouldn’t they just *annihilate* the demon guys?”

“Demons come from other dimensions,” said Jace. “We don’t know how many of them there are. Their numbers could be infinite. The wardings keep most of them back, but if they all came through at once . . .”

Infinite, Clary thought. She remembered the Greater Demon, Abbadon, and tried to imagine hundreds more of it. Or thousands. Her skin felt cold and exposed.

“I don’t get it,” said Alec. “What does the ritual have to do with dead Downworlders?”

“To perform the Ritual of Conversion, you need to seethe the Sword until it’s red-hot, then cool it four times, each time

in the blood of a Downworld child. Once in the blood of a child of Lilith, once in the blood of a child of the moon, once in the blood of a child of the night, and once in the blood of a child of faerie,” Magnus explained.

“Oh my God,” said Clary. “So he’s not done killing? There’s still one more child to go?”

“Two more. He didn’t succeed with the werewolf child. He was interrupted before he could get all the blood he needed.” Magnus shut the book, dust puffing out from its pages. “Whatever Valentine’s ultimate goal is, he’s already more than halfway to reversing the Sword. He’s probably able to garner some power from it already. He could already be calling on demons—”

“But you’d think if he were doing that, there’d be reports of disturbances, excess demon activity,” Jace said. “But the Inquisitor said the opposite is true—that everything’s been quiet.”

“And so it might be,” said Magnus, “if Valentine were calling *all the demons to him*. No wonder it’s quiet.”

The group stared at one another. Before anyone could think of a single thing to say, a sharp noise cut through the room, making Clary start. Hot coffee spilled onto her wrist and she gasped at the sudden pain.

“It’s my mother,” said Alec, checking his phone. “I’ll be right back.” He went over to the window, head down, voice too low to overhear.

“Let me see,” said Simon, taking Clary’s hand. There was an angry red blotch on her wrist where the hot liquid had scalded her.

“It’s okay,” she said. “No big deal.”

Simon lifted her hand and kissed the injury. “All better now.”

Clary made a startled noise. He had never done anything like that before. Then again, that was the sort of thing boyfriends did, didn’t they? Drawing her wrist back, she looked across the table and saw Jace staring at them, his

golden eyes blazing. “You’re a Shadowhunter,” he said. “You know how to deal with injuries.” He slid his stele across the table toward her. “Use it.”

“No,” Clary said, and pushed the stele back across the table at him.

Jace slammed his hand down on the stele. “Clary—”

“She said she doesn’t want it,” said Simon. “Ha-ha.”

“Ha-ha?” Jace looked incredulous. “*That’s* your comeback?”

Alec, folding his phone, approached the table with a puzzled look. “What’s going on?”

“We seem to be trapped in an episode of *One Life to Waste*,” Magnus observed. “It’s all very dull.”

Alec flicked a strand of hair out of his eyes. “I told my mother about the Infernal Conversion.”

“Let me guess,” said Jace. “She didn’t believe you. Plus, she blamed everything on me.”

Alec frowned. “Not exactly. She said she’d bring it up with the Conclave, but that she didn’t have the Inquisitor’s ear right now. I get the feeling the Inquisitor has pushed Mom out of the way and taken over. She sounded angry.” The phone in his hand rang again. He held up a finger. “Sorry. It’s Isabelle. One sec.” He wandered to the window, phone in hand.

Jace glanced over at Magnus. “I think you’re right about the werewolf at the Hunter’s Moon. The guy who found his body said someone else was in the alley with him. Someone who ran off.”

Magnus nodded. “It sounds to me like Valentine was interrupted in the middle of doing whatever it is he does to get the blood he needs. He’ll probably try again with a different lycanthrope child.”

“I ought to warn Luke,” Clary said, half-rising out of her chair.

“Wait.” Alec was back, phone in hand, a peculiar expression on his face.

“What did Isabelle want?” Jace asked.

Alec hesitated. “Isabelle says the Queen of the Seelie Court has requested an audience with us.”

“Sure,” said Magnus. “And Madonna wants me as a backup dancer on her next world tour.”

Alec looked puzzled. “Who’s Madonna?”

“Who’s the Queen of the Seelie Court?” said Clary.

“She is the Queen of Faerie,” said Magnus. “Well, the local one, anyway.”

Jace put his head in his hands. “Tell Isabelle no.”

“But she thinks it’s a good idea,” Alec protested.

“Then tell her no *twice*.”

Alec frowned. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Oh, just that some of Isabelle’s ideas are world-beaters and some are total disasters. Remember that idea she had about using abandoned subway tunnels to get around under the city? Talk about giant rats—”

“Let’s not,” said Simon. “I’d rather not talk about rats at all, in fact.”

“This is different,” said Alec. “She wants us to go to the Seelie Court.”

“You’re right, this is different,” said Jace. “This is her worst idea *ever*.”

“She knows a knight in the Court,” said Alec. “He told her that the Seelie Queen is interested in meeting with us. Isabelle overheard my conversation with our mother—and she thought if we could explain our theory about Valentine and the Soul-Sword to the Queen, the Seelie Court would side with us, maybe even ally with us against Valentine.”

“Is it safe to go there?” Clary asked.

“Of course it’s not safe,” Jace said, as if she’d asked the stupidest question he’d ever heard.

She shot a glare at him. “I don’t know anything about the Seelie Court. Vampires and werewolves I get. There are enough movies about them. But faeries are little-kid stuff. I dressed up as a faerie for Halloween when I was eight. My mom made me a hat shaped like a buttercup.”

“I remember that.” Simon had leaned back in his chair, arms crossed over his chest. “I was a Transformer. Actually, I was a Decepticon.”

“Can we get back to the point?” Magnus asked.

“Fine,” Alec said. “Isabelle thinks—and I *agree*—that it’s not a good idea to ignore the Fair Folk. If they want to talk, what harm can it do? Besides, if the Seelie Court were on our side, the Clave would *have* to listen to what we have to say.”

Jace laughed without any humor. “The Fair Folk don’t help *humans*.”

“Shadowhunters are not human,” Clary said. “Not really.”

“We are not much better to them,” said Jace.

“They can’t be worse than vampires,” Simon muttered. “And you did all right with them.”

Jace looked at Simon as if he were something he’d found growing under the sink. “Did *all right with them*? By which I take it you mean we survived?”

“Well . . .”

“Faeries,” Jace went on, as if Simon hadn’t spoken, “are the offspring of demons and angels, with the beauty of angels and the viciousness of demons. A vampire might attack you, if you entered its domain, but a faerie could make you dance until you died with your legs ground down into stumps, trick you into a midnight swim and drag you screaming underwater until your lungs burst, fill your eyes with faerie dust until you gouged them out at the roots—”

“Jace!” Clary snapped, cutting him off mid-rant. “Shut up. Jesus. That’s enough.”

“Look, it’s easy to outsmart a werewolf or a vampire,” Jace said. “They’re no smarter than anyone else. But faeries live for hundreds of years and they’re as cunning as snakes. They can’t lie, but they love to engage in creative truth-telling. They’ll find out whatever it is you want most in the world and give it to you—with a sting in the tail of the gift that will make you regret you ever wanted it in the first place. “He sighed. “They’re not really about helping people. More about harm disguised as help.”

“And you don’t think we’re smart enough to know the difference?” asked Simon.

“I don’t think you’re smart enough not to get turned into a rat by accident.”

Simon glared at him. “I don’t see that it matters what you think we should do,” he said. “Considering that you can’t go with us in the first place. You can’t go anywhere.”

Jace stood up, knocking his chair back violently. “You are not taking Clary to the Seelie Court without me and *that is final!*”

Clary stared at him with her mouth open. He was flushed with anger, teeth gritted, veins corded in his neck. He was also avoiding looking at her.

“I can take care of Clary,” Alec said, and there was hurt in his voice—whether because Jace had doubted his abilities or because of something else, Clary wasn’t sure.

“Alec,” said Jace, his eyes locked with his friend’s. “No. You can’t.”

Alec swallowed. “We’re going,” he said. He spoke the words like an apology. “Jace—a request from the Seelie Court—it would be stupid to ignore it. Besides, Isabelle’s probably already told them we’re coming.”

“There is no chance I’m going to let you do this, Alec,” Jace said in a dangerous voice. “I’ll wrestle you to the ground if I have to.”

“While that does sound tempting,” said Magnus, flipping his long silk sleeves back, “there is another way.”

“What other way? This is a directive from the Clave. I can’t just weasel out of it.”

“But I can.” Magnus grinned. “Never doubt my weaseling abilities, Shadowhunter, for they are epic and memorable in their scope. I specifically enchanted the contract with the Inquisitor so that I could let you go for a short time if I desired, as long as another of the Nephilim was willing to take your place.”

“Where are we going to find another—Oh,” Alec said meekly. “You mean me.”

Jace’s eyebrows shot up. “Oh, now you don’t *want* to go to the Seelie Court?”

Alec flushed. “I think it’s more important for you to go than me. You’re Valentine’s son, I’m sure you’re the one the Queen really wants to see. Besides, you’re charming.”

Jace glared at him.

“Maybe not at the moment,” Alec amended. “But you’re *usually* charming. And faeries are very susceptible to charm.”

“Plus, if you stay here, I’ve got the whole first season of *Gilligan’s Island* on DVD,” Magnus said.

“No one could turn *that* down,” said Jace. He still wouldn’t look at Clary.

“Isabelle can meet you in the park by Turtle Pond,” said Alec. “She knows the secret entrance to the Court. She’ll be waiting.”

“And one last thing,” Magnus said, jabbing a ringed finger at Jace. “Try not to get yourself killed in the Seelie Court. If you die, I’ll have a lot of explaining to do.”

At that, Jace broke into a grin. It was an unsettling grin, less a flash of amusement than the gleam of an unsheathed blade. “You know,” he said, “I have a feeling that that’s going to be the case whether I get myself killed or not.”



Thick tendrils of moss and plants surrounded the rim of Turtle Pond like a bordering of green lace. The surface of the water was still, rippled here and there in the wake of drifting ducks, or dimpled by the silvery flick of a fish's tail.

There was a small wooden gazebo built out over the water; Isabelle was sitting in it, staring out across the lake. She looked like a princess in a fairy tale, waiting at the top of her tower for someone to ride up and rescue her.

Not that traditional princess behavior was like Isabelle at all. Isabelle with her whip and boots and knives would chop anyone who tried to pen her up in a tower into pieces, build a bridge out of the remains, and walk carelessly to freedom, her hair looking fabulous the *entire time*. This made Isabelle a hard person to like, though Clary was trying.

"Izzy," said Jace, as they neared the pond, and she jumped up and spun around. Her smile was dazzling.

"Jace!" She flew at him and hugged him. Now that was the way sisters were supposed to act, Clary thought. Not all stiff and weird and peculiar, but happy and loving. Watching Jace hug Isabelle, she tried to school her features into a happy and loving expression.

"Are you all right?" Simon asked, with some concern. "Your eyes are crossing."

"I'm fine." Clary abandoned the attempt.

"Are you sure? You looked sort of . . . *contorted*."

"Something I ate."

Isabelle drifted over, Jace a pace behind her. She was wearing a long black dress with boots and an even longer cutaway coat of soft green velvet, the color of moss. "I can't believe you did it!" she exclaimed. "How did you get Magnus to let Jace leave?"

"Traded him for Alec," Clary said.

Isabelle looked mildly alarmed. "Not *permanently*?"

"No," said Jace. "Just for a few hours. Unless I don't come back," he added thoughtfully. "In which case, maybe he does

get to keep Alec. Think of it as a lease with an option to buy.”

Isabelle looked dubious. “Mom and Dad won’t be pleased if they find out.”

“That you freed a possible criminal by trading away your brother to a warlock who looks like a gay Sonic the Hedgehog and dresses like the Child Catcher from *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*?” Simon inquired. “No, probably not.”

Jace looked at him thoughtfully. “Is there some particular reason that you’re here? I’m not so sure we should be bringing you to the Seelie Court. They hate mundanes.”

Simon rolled his eyes upward. “Not this again.”

“Not what again?” said Clary.

“Every time I annoy him, he retreats into his No Mundanes Allowed tree house.” Simon pointed at Jace. “Let me remind you, the last time you wanted to leave me behind, I saved all your lives.”

“Sure,” said Jace. “One time—”

“The faerie courts *are* dangerous,” cut in Isabelle. “Even your skill with the bow won’t help you. It’s not that kind of danger.”

“I can take care of myself,” said Simon. A sharp wind had come up. It blew drying leaves across the gravel at their feet and made Simon shiver. He dug his hands into the wool-lined pockets of his jacket.

“You don’t have to come,” Clary said.

He looked at her, a steady, measured look. She remembered him back at Luke’s, calling her *my girlfriend* with no measure of doubt or indecision. Whatever else you could say about Simon, he knew what he wanted. “Yeah,” he said. “I do.”

Jace made a noise under his breath. “Then I suppose we’re ready,” he said. “Don’t expect any special consideration, mundane.”

“Look on the bright side,” said Simon. “If they need a human sacrifice, you can always offer me. I’m not sure the rest

of you qualify anyway.”

Jace brightened. “It’s always nice when someone volunteers to be the first up against the wall.”

“Come on,” Isabelle said. “The door is about to open.”

Clary glanced around. The sun had set completely and the moon was up, a wedge of creamy white casting its reflection onto the pond. It wasn’t quite full, but shadowed at one edge, giving it the look of a half-lidded eye. Night wind rattled the tree branches, knocking them against one another with a sound like hollow bones.

“Where do we go?” Clary asked. “Where’s the door?”

Isabelle’s smile was like a whispered secret. “Follow me.”

She moved down to the edge of the water, her boots leaving deep impressions in the wet mud. Clary followed, glad she was wearing jeans and not a skirt as Isabelle hiked her coat and dress up over her knees, leaving her slim white legs bare above her boots. Her skin was covered in Marks like licks of black fire.

Simon, behind her, swore as he slipped in the mud; Jace moved automatically to steady him as they all turned. Simon jerked his arm back. “I don’t need your help.”

“Stop it.” Isabelle tapped a booted foot in the shallow water at the lake’s edge. “Both of you. In fact, all three of you. If we don’t stick together in the Seelie Court, we’re dead.”

“But I haven’t—,” Clary started.

“Maybe *you* haven’t, but the way you let those two act . . .” Isabelle indicated the boys with a disdainful wave of her hand.

“I can’t tell them what to do!”

“Why not?” the other girl demanded. “Honestly, Clary, if you don’t start utilizing a bit of your natural feminine superiority, I just don’t know what I’ll do with you.” She turned toward the pond, then spun around again. “And lest I forget,” she added sternly, “for the love of the Angel, *don’t* eat or drink anything while we’re underground, any of you. Okay?”

“Underground?” said Simon worriedly. “Nobody said anything about underground.”

Isabelle threw up her hands and splashed out into the pond. Her green velvet coat swirled out around her like an enormous lily pad. “Come on. We only have until the moon moves.”

The moon *what*? Shaking her head, Clary stepped out into the pond. The water was shallow and clear; in the bright starlight, she could see the black shapes of tiny darting fish moving past her ankles. She gritted her teeth as she waded farther out into the pond. The cold was intense.

Behind her, Jace moved out into the water with a contained grace that barely rippled the surface. Simon, behind him, was splashing and cursing. Isabelle, having reached the center of the pond, paused there, up to her rib cage in water. She held out her hand toward Clary. “Stop.”

Clary stopped. Just in front of her, the reflection of the moon glimmered atop the water like a huge silvery dinner plate. Some part of her knew that it didn’t work like this; the moon was supposed to move away from you as you approached, ever receding. But here it was, hovering just on the surface of the water as if it were anchored in place.

“Jace, you go first,” Isabelle said, and beckoned him. “Come on.”

He brushed past Clary, smelling of wet leather and char. She saw him smile as he turned, and then he stepped backward into the reflection of the moon—and vanished.

“Okay,” said Simon unhappily. “Okay, that was weird.”

Clary glanced back at him. He was only hip-deep in water, but he was shivering, his hands hugging his elbows. She smiled at him and took a step backward, feeling a shock of icier cold when she moved into the shimmering silver reflection. She teetered for a moment, as if she’d lost her balance on the highest rung of a ladder—and then fell backward into darkness as the moon swallowed her up.



She hit packed earth, stumbled, and felt a hand on her arm, steadying her. It was Jace. “Easy does it,” he said, and let her go.

She was soaking wet, rivulets of cold water running down the back of her shirt, her damp hair clinging to her face. Her drenched clothes felt as if they weighed a ton.

They were in a hollowed-out dirt corridor, illuminated by faintly glowing moss. A tangle of dangling vines formed a curtain at one end of the corridor and long, hairy tendrils hung like dead snakes from the ceiling. Tree roots, Clary realized. They were underground. And it was cold down here, cold enough to make her breath puff out in an icy mist when she exhaled.

“Cold?” Jace was soaking wet too, his light hair almost colorless where it stuck to his cheeks and forehead. Water ran from his wet jeans and jacket, and made the white shirt he was wearing transparent. She could see the dark lines of his permanent Marks through it and the faint scar on his shoulder.

She looked away quickly. Water clung to her lashes, blurring her vision like tears. “I’m fine.”

“You don’t look fine.” He moved closer, and she could feel the warmth of him even through his wet clothes and hers, thawing her icy skin.

A dark shape hurtled by, just out of the corner of her eye, and hit the ground with a thud. It was Simon, also soaking wet. He rolled onto his knees and looked around frantically. “My glasses—”

“I’ve got them.” Clary was used to retrieving Simon’s glasses for him during soccer games. They always seemed to fall just under his feet, where they were inevitably stepped on. “Here you go.”

He slid them on, scraping dirt off the lenses. “Thanks.”

Clary could feel Jace watching them, feel his gaze like a weight on her shoulders. She wondered if Simon could too. He stood up with a frown, just as Isabelle dropped out of the heavens, landing gracefully on her feet. Water ran from her

long, streaming hair and weighed down her heavy velvet coat, but she barely seemed to notice. “Oooh, that was fun.”

“That does it,” said Jace. “I’m going to get you a dictionary for Christmas this year.”

“Why?” Isabelle said.

“So you can look up ‘fun.’ I’m not sure you know what it means.”

Isabelle pulled the long heavy mass of her wet hair forward and wrung it out as if it were wet washing. “You’re raining on my parade.”

“It’s a pretty wet parade already, if you hadn’t noticed.” Jace glanced around. “Now what? Which way do we go?”

“Neither way,” said Isabelle. “We wait here, and they come and get us.”

Clary was not impressed by this suggestion. “How do they know we’re here? Is there a doorbell we have to ring or something?”

“The Court knows all that happens in their lands. Our presence won’t go unnoticed.”

Simon looked at her with suspicion. “And how do you know so much about faeries and the Seelie Court, anyway?”

Isabelle, to everyone’s surprise, blushed. A moment later the curtain of vines was drawn aside and a faerie stepped through it, shaking back his long hair. Clary had seen some of the fey before at Magnus’s party and had been struck by both their cold beauty and a certain wild unearthliness they possessed even when they were dancing and drinking. This faerie was no exception: His hair fell in blue-black sheets around a cool, sharp, lovely face; his eyes were green as vines or moss and there was the shape of a leaf, either a birthmark or tattoo, across one of his cheekbones. He wore an armor of a silvery brown like the bark of trees in winter, and when he moved, the armor flashed a multitude of colors: peat black, moss green, ash gray, sky blue.

Isabelle gave a cry and jumped into his arms. “Meliorn!”

“Ah,” said Simon, quietly and not without amusement, “so *that’s* how she knows.”

The faerie—Meliorn—looked down at her gravely, then detached her and set her gently aside. “This is not a time for affection,” he said. “The Queen of the Seelie Court has requested an audience with the three Nephilim among you. Will you come?”

Clary put a protective hand on Simon’s shoulder. “What about our friend?”

Meliorn looked impassive. “Mundane humans are not permitted in the Court.”

“I wish someone had mentioned that earlier,” said Simon, to no one in particular. “I take it I’m just supposed to wait out here until vines start growing on me?”

Meliorn considered. “That might offer significant amusement.”

“Simon’s not an ordinary mundane. He can be trusted,” Jace said, startling them all, and Simon more than the rest. Clary could tell Simon was surprised because he stared at Jace without offering a single smart remark. “He has fought many battles with us.”

“By which you mean one battle,” muttered Simon. “Two if you count the one where I was a rat.”

“We will not enter the Seelie Court without Simon,” Clary said, her hand still on Simon’s shoulder. “Your Queen requested this audience with us, remember? It wasn’t our idea to come here.”

There was a spark of dark amusement in Meliorn’s green eyes. “As you wish,” he said. “Let it not be said that the Seelie Court does not respect the desires of its guests.” He spun on a perfectly booted heel and began to lead them down the corridor without pausing to see if they were following him. Isabelle hurried to walk alongside him, leaving Jace, Clary, and Simon to follow the two of them in silence.

“Are you *allowed* to date faeries?” Clary asked finally. “Would your—would the Lightwoods be cool with Isabelle

and whatshisname—”

“Meliorn,” put in Simon.

“—Meliorn going out?”

“I’m not sure they’re *going out*,” Jace said, weighting the last two words with a heavy irony. “I’d guess they mostly stay in. Or in this case, under.”

“You sound like you disapprove.” Simon pushed a tree root aside. They had moved from a dirt-walled corridor to one lined with smooth stones, only the occasional root snaking down between the stones from above. The floor was some kind of polished hard stuff, not marble but stone veined and flaked with lines of shimmering material like powdered jewels.

“I don’t disapprove exactly,” said Jace. “The faeries are known to dally with the occasional mortal, but they always end in abandoning them, usually the worse for wear.”

His words sent a shiver down Clary’s spine. At that moment Isabelle laughed, and Clary could see now why Jace had dropped his voice, because the stone walls threw Isabelle’s voice back to them amplified and echoing so that Isabelle’s laughter seemed to bounce off the walls.

“You’re so funny!” She tripped as the heel of her boot caught between two stones, and Meliorn caught and righted her without changing expression.

“I do not understand how you humans can walk in shoes that are that tall.”

“It’s my motto,” said Isabelle, with a sultry smile. ““Nothing less than seven inches.””

Meliorn gazed at her stonily.

“I’m talking about my *heels*,” she said. “It’s a pun. You know? A play on—”

“Come,” the faerie knight said. “The Queen will be growing impatient.” He headed down the corridor without giving Isabelle a second glance.

“I forgot,” Isabelle muttered as the rest of them caught up to her. “Faeries have no sense of humor.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t say that,” said Jace. “There’s a pixie nightclub downtown called Hot Wings. Not,” he added, “that I have ever been there.”

Simon looked at Jace, opened his mouth as if he intended to ask him a question, then seemed to think better of it. He closed his mouth with a snap just as the corridor opened out into a wide room whose floor was packed dirt and whose walls were lined with high stone pillars twined all over with vines and bright flowers bursting with color. Thin cloths were hung between the pillars, dyed a soft blue that was almost the exact hue of the sky. The room was filled with light, though Clary could see no torches, and the overall effect was of a summer pavilion in bright sunshine rather than a dirt and stone room underground.

Clary’s first impression was that she was outside; her second was that the room was full of people. There was a strange sweet music playing, flawed with sweet-sour notes, a sort of aural equivalent of honey mixed with lemon juice, and there was a circle of faeries dancing to the music, their feet barely seeming to skim the floor. Their hair—blue, black, brown and scarlet, metal gold and ice white—flew like banners.

She could see why they were called the Fair Folk, for they were fair indeed with their pale lovely faces, their wings of lilac and gold and blue—how could she have believed Jace that they meant to harm her? The music that had jarred her ears at first now sounded only sweet. She felt the urge to toss her own hair and to move her own feet in the dance. The music told her that if she did that, she too would be so light that her feet would barely touch the earth. She took a step forward—

And was jerked back by a hand on her arm. Jace was glaring at her, his golden eyes bright as a cat’s. “If you dance with them,” he said in a low voice, “you’ll dance until you die.”

Clary blinked at him. She felt as if she'd been pulled out of a dream, groggy and half-awake. Her voice slurred when she spoke. "Whaaat?"

Jace made an impatient noise. He had his stele in his hand; she hadn't seen him take it out. He gripped her wrist and inscribed a quick, stinging Mark onto the skin of her inner arm. "Now look."

She looked again—and froze. The faces that had seemed so lovely to her were *still* lovely, yet behind them lurked something vulpine, almost feral. The girl with the pink and blue wings beckoned, and Clary saw that her fingers were made of twigs, budded with closed leaves. Her eyes were entirely black, without iris or pupil. The boy dancing next to her had poison green skin and curling horns twisting from his temples. When he turned in the dance, his coat fell open and Clary saw that beneath it, his chest was an empty rib cage. Ribbons were woven through his bare rib bones, possibly to make him look more festive. Clary's stomach lurched.

"Come *on*." Jace pushed her and she stumbled forward. When she regained her balance, she looked around anxiously for Simon. He was up ahead and she saw that Isabelle had a firm grip on him. This once, she didn't mind. She doubted Simon would have made it through the room on his own.

Skirting the circle of dancers, they made their way to the far end of the room and through a parted curtain of blue silk. It was a relief to be out of the room and into another corridor, this one carved from a glossy brown material like the outside of a nut. Isabelle let go of Simon and he stopped walking immediately; when Clary caught up to him, she saw that this was because Isabelle had tied her scarf across his eyes. He was fiddling with the knot when Clary reached him. "Let me get it," she said, and he went still while she untied him and handed the scarf back to Isabelle with a nod of thanks.

Simon pushed his hair back; it was damp where the scarf had held it down. "That was some music," he observed. "A little bit country, a little bit rock and roll."

Meliorn, who had paused to wait for them, frowned. “You didn’t care for it?”

“I cared for it a little too much,” Clary said. “What was that supposed to be, some kind of test? Or a joke?”

He shrugged. “I am used to mortals who are easily swayed by our faerie glammers; not so the Nephilim. I thought you had protections.”

“She does,” Jace said, meeting Meliorn’s jade green gaze with his own.

Meliorn only shrugged and began walking again. Simon kept pace beside Clary for a few moments without speaking before he said, “So what did I miss? Naked dancing ladies?”

Clary thought of the male faerie’s torn-open ribs and shuddered. “Nothing that pleasant.”

“There are ways for a human to join the faerie revels,” Isabelle, who had been eavesdropping, put in. “If they give you a token—like a leaf or a flower—to hold on to, and you keep it through the night, you’ll be fine in the morning. Or if you go with a faerie for a companion . . .” She shot a glance at Meliorn, but he had reached a leafy screen set into the wall and paused there.

“These are the Queen’s chambers,” he said. “She’s come from her Court in the north to see about the child’s death. If there’s to be war, she wants to be the one declaring it.”

Up close, Clary could see that the screen was made of thickly woven vines, budded with amber droplets. He drew the vines apart and ushered them into the chamber on the other side.

Jace ducked through first, followed by Clary. She straightened up, looking around her curiously.

The room itself was plain, the earthen walls hung with pale fabric. Will-o’-the-wisps glowed in glass jars. A lovely woman reclined on a low couch surrounded by what must have been her courtiers—a motley assortment of faeries, from tiny sprites to what looked like lovely human girls with long hair . . . if you discounted their black, pupil-less eyes.

“My Queen,” said Meliorn, bowing low. “I have brought the Nephilim to you.”

The Queen sat up straight. She had long scarlet hair that seemed to float around her like autumn leaves in a breeze. Her eyes were clear blue as glass, her gaze sharp as a razor. “Three of these are Nephilim,” she said. “The other is a mundane.”

Meliorn seemed to shrink back, but the Queen didn’t even look at him. Her gaze was on the Shadowhunters. Clary could feel the weight of it, like a touch. Despite her loveliness, there was nothing fragile about the Queen. She was as bright and hard to look at as a burning star.

“Our apologies, my lady.” Jace stepped forward, putting himself between the Queen and his companions. His voice had changed its tone—there was something in the way he spoke now, something careful and delicate. “The mundane is our responsibility. We owe him protection. Therefore we keep him with us.”

The Queen tilted her head to the side, like an interested bird. All her attention was on Jace now. “A blood debt?” she murmured. “To a mundane?”

“He saved my life,” Jace said. Clary felt Simon stiffen beside her in surprise. She willed him not to show it. Faeries couldn’t lie, Jace had said, and Jace wasn’t lying, either—Simon *had* saved his life. That just wasn’t why they’d brought him with them. Clary began to appreciate what Jace had meant by creative truth-telling. “Please, my lady. We had hoped you would understand. We had heard you were as kind as you were beautiful, and in that case—well,” Jace said, “your kindness must be extreme indeed.”

The Queen smirked and leaned forward, gleaming hair falling to shadow her face. “You are as charming as your father, Jonathan Morgenstern,” she said, and gestured at the cushions scattered around the floor. “Come, sit beside me. Eat something. Drink. Rest yourselves. Talk is better with wet lips.”

For a moment Jace looked thrown. He hesitated. Meliorn leaned over to him and spoke softly. “It would be unwise to

refuse the bounty of the Queen of the Seelie Court.”

Isabelle’s eyes flicked toward him. Then she shrugged. “It won’t hurt us just to sit down.”

Meliorn led them over to a pile of silky cushions near the Queen’s divan. Clary sat down cautiously, half-expecting there to be some kind of big sharp root just waiting to poke her in the behind. It seemed like the sort of thing the Queen would find amusing. But nothing happened. The cushions were very comfortable; she settled back with the others around her.

A pixie with bluish skin came toward them carrying a platter with four silver cups on it. They each took a cup of the goldtoned liquid. There were rose petals floating on the top.

Simon set his cup down beside him.

“Don’t you want any?” the pixie asked.

“The last faerie drink I had didn’t agree with me,” he muttered.

Clary barely heard him. The drink had a heady, intoxicating scent, richer and more delicious than roses. She picked a petal out of the liquid and crushed it between her thumb and forefinger, releasing more of the scent.

Jace jostled her arm. “Don’t drink any of it,” he said under his breath.

“But—”

“Just don’t.”

She set the cup down, as Simon had done. Her finger and thumb were stained pink.

“Now,” said the Queen. “Meliorn tells me you claim to know who killed our child in the park last night. Though I tell you now, it seems no mystery to me. A faerie child, drained of blood? Is it that you bring me the name of a single vampire? But all vampires are at fault here, for the breaking of the Law, and should be punished accordingly. Despite what may seem, we are not such a particular people.”

“Oh, come on,” said Isabelle. “It isn’t vampires.”

Jace shot her a look. “What Isabelle means to say is that we’re almost certain that the murderer is someone else. We think he may be trying to throw suspicion on the vampires to shield himself.”

“Have you proof of that?”

Jace’s tone was calm, but the shoulder that brushed Clary’s was tight with tension. “Last night the Silent Brothers were slaughtered as well, and none of them were drained of blood.”

“And this has to do with our child, how? Dead Nephilim are a tragedy to Nephilim, but nothing to me.”

Clary felt a sharp sting at her left hand. Looking down, she saw the tiny shape of a sprite darting away between the pillows. A red bead of blood had risen on her finger. She put the finger into her mouth with a wince. The sprites were cute, but they had a mean bite.

“The Soul-Sword was stolen as well,” said Jace. “You know of Maellartach?”

“The sword that makes Shadowhunters tell the truth,” said the Queen, with dark amusement. “We fey have no need of such an object.”

“It was taken by Valentine Morgenstern,” said Jace. “He killed the Silent Brothers to get it, and we think he killed the faerie as well. He needed the blood of a faerie child to effect a transformation on the Sword. To make it a tool he could use.”

“And he won’t stop,” Isabelle added. “He needs more blood after that.”

The Queen’s high eyebrows were arched even higher. “More blood of the Folk?”

“No,” Jace said, shooting a look at Isabelle that Clary couldn’t quite interpret. “More Downworlder blood. He needs the blood of a werewolf, and a vampire—”

The Queen’s eyes shone with reflected light. “That seems hardly our concern.”

“He killed one of *yours*,” Isabelle said. “Don’t you want revenge?”

The Queen's gaze brushed her like a moth's wing. "Not immediately," she said. "We are a patient folk, for we have all the time in the world. Valentine Morgenstern is an old enemy of ours—but we have enemies older still. We are content to wait and watch."

"He's summoning demons to him," Jace said. "Creating an army—"

"Demons," said the Queen lightly, as her courtiers chattered behind her. "Demons are your charge, are they not, Shadowhunter? Is that not why you hold authority over us all? Because you are the ones who *slay demons*?"

"I'm not here to give you orders on behalf of the Clave. We came when you asked us because we thought that if you knew the truth, you'd help us."

"Is that what you thought?" The Queen sat forward in her chair, her long hair rippling and alive. "Remember, Shadowhunter, there are those of us who chafe under the rule of the Clave. Perhaps we are tired of fighting your wars for you."

"But it isn't our war alone," said Jace. "Valentine hates Downworlders more than he hates demons. If he defeats us, he'll go after you next."

The Queen's eyes bored into him.

"And when he does," said Jace, "remember that it was a Shadowhunter who warned you what was coming."

There was silence. Even the Court had fallen silent, watching their Lady. At last, the Queen leaned back on her cushions and took a swallow from a silver chalice. "Warning me about your own parent," she said. "I had thought you mortals capable of filial affection, at least, and yet you seem to feel no loyalty toward Valentine your father."

Jace said nothing. He seemed, for a change, lost for words.

Sweetly, the Queen went on, "Or perhaps this hostility of yours is the pretense. Love does make liars out of your kind."

“But we don’t love our father,” said Clary, as Jace remained frighteningly silent. “We hate him.”

“*Do you?*” The Queen looked almost bored.

“You know how the bonds of family are, my lady,” said Jace, recovering his voice. “They cling as tightly as vines. And sometimes, like vines, they cling tightly enough to kill.”

The Queen’s lashes fluttered. “You would betray your own father for the sake of the Clave?”

“Even so, Lady.”

She laughed, a sound as bright and cold as icicles. “Who would have thought,” she said, “that Valentine’s little experiments would turn on him?”

Clary looked at Jace, but she could see by the expression on his face that he had no idea what the Queen meant.

It was Isabelle who spoke. “*Experiments?*”

The Queen didn’t even glance at her. Her gaze, a luminous blue, was fixed on Jace. “The Fair Folk are a people of secrets,” she said. “Our own, and others’. Ask your father, when next you see him, what blood runs in your veins, Jonathan.”

“I hadn’t planned on asking him anything next time I see him,” Jace said. “But if you desire it, my lady, it will be done.”

The Queen’s lips curved into a smile. “I think you are a liar. But what a charming one. Charming enough that I will swear you this: Ask your father that question, and I will promise you what aid is in my power, should you strike against Valentine.”

Jace smiled. “Your generosity is as remarkable as your loveliness, Lady.”

Clary made a gagging noise, but the Queen looked pleased.

“And I think we’re done here now,” Jace added, rising from the cushions. He’d set his untouched drink down earlier, beside Isabelle’s. They all rose after him. Isabelle was already talking to Meliorn in the corner, by the vine door. He looked slightly hunted.

“A moment.” The Queen rose. “One of you must remain.”

Jace paused halfway to the door, and turned to face her. “What do you mean?”

She stretched out one hand to indicate Clary. “Once our food or drink passes mortal lips, the mortal is ours. You know that, Shadowhunter.”

Clary was stunned. “But I didn’t drink any of it!” She turned to Jace. “She’s lying.”

“Faeries don’t lie,” he said, confusion and dawning anxiety chasing each other across his face. He turned back to the Queen. “I’m afraid you’re mistaken, Lady.”

“Look to her fingers and tell me she didn’t lick them clean.”

Simon and Isabelle were staring now. Clary glanced down at her hand. “Of blood,” she said. “One of the sprites bit my finger—it was bleeding—” She remembered the sweet taste of the blood, mixed with the juice on her finger. Panicked, she moved toward the vine door, and stopped as what felt like invisible hands shoved her back into the room. She turned to Jace, stricken. “It’s true.”

Jace’s face was flushed. “I suppose I should have expected a trick like that,” he said to the Queen, his previous flirtatiousness gone. “Why are you doing this? What do you want from us?”

The Queen’s voice was soft as spider’s fur. “Perhaps I am only curious,” she said. “It is not often I have young Shadowhunters so close within my purview. Like us, you trace your ancestry to heaven; that intrigues me.”

“But unlike you,” said Jace, “there is nothing of hell in us.”

“You are mortal; you age; you die,” the Queen said dismissively. “If that is not hell, pray tell me, what is?”

“If you just want to study a Shadowhunter, I won’t be much use to you,” Clary cut in. Her hand ached where the sprite had bitten it, and she fought the urge to scream or burst into tears. “I don’t know anything about Shadowhunting. I hardly have

any training. I'm the wrong person to pick." *On*, she added silently.

For the first time the Queen looked directly at her. Clary wanted to shrink back. "In truth, Clarissa Morgenstern, you are precisely the right person." Her eyes gleamed as she took in Clary's discomfiture. "Thanks to the changes your father worked in you, you are not like other Shadowhunters. Your gifts are different."

"My *gifts*?" Clary was bewildered.

"Yours is the gift of words that cannot be spoken," the Queen said to her, "and your brother's is the Angel's own gift. Your father made sure of it, when your brother was a child and before you were ever born."

"My father never gave me anything," Clary said. "He didn't even give me a name."

Jace looked as blank as Clary felt. "While the Fair Folk do not lie," he said, "they can be lied *to*. I think you have been the victim of a trick or joke, my lady. There is nothing special about myself or my sister."

"How deftly you downplay your charms," said the Queen with a laugh. "Though you must know you are not of the usual sort of human boy, Jonathan...." She looked from Clary to Jace to Isabelle—Isabelle closed her mouth, which had been wide open, with a snap—and back at Jace again. "Could it be that you do not know?" she murmured.

"I know that I will not leave my sister here in your Court," said Jace, "and since there is nothing to be learned from either her or myself, perhaps you could do us the favor of releasing her?" *Now that you've had your fun?* his eyes said, though his voice was polite and cool as water.

The Queen's smile was wide and terrible. "What if I told you she could be freed by a kiss?"

"You want Jace to *kiss* you?" Clary said, bewildered.

The Queen burst out laughing, and immediately, the courtiers copied her mirth. The laughter was a bizarre and

inhuman mix of hoots, squeaks, and cackles, like the high shrieking of animals in pain.

“Despite his charms,” the Queen said, “that kiss will not free the girl.”

The four looked at each other, startled. “I could kiss Meliorn,” suggested Isabelle.

“Nor that. Nor any one of my Court.”

Meliorn moved away from Isabelle, who looked at her companions and threw up her hands. “I’m not kissing *any* of you,” she said firmly. “Just so it’s official.”

“That hardly seems necessary,” Simon said. “If a kiss is all . . .”

He moved toward Clary, who was frozen in surprise. When he took her by the elbows, she had to fight the urge to push him away. Not that she hadn’t kissed Simon before, but this would have been a peculiar situation even if kissing him were something she was entirely comfortable doing, which it wasn’t. And yet it was the logical answer, wasn’t it? Without being able to help it, she cast a quick look over her shoulder at Jace and saw him scowl.

“No,” said the Queen, in a voice like tinkling crystal. “That is not what I want either.”

Isabelle rolled her eyes. “Oh, for the Angel’s sake. Look, if there’s no other way of getting out of this, *I’ll* kiss Simon. I’ve done it before, it wasn’t that bad.”

“Thanks,” said Simon. “That’s very flattering.”

“Alas,” said the Queen of the Seelie Court. Her expression was sharp with a sort of cruel delight, and Clary wondered if it weren’t a kiss she wanted so much as simply to watch them all squirm in discomfort. “I’m afraid that won’t do either.”

“Well, I’m not kissing the mundane,” said Jace. “I’d rather stay down here and rot.”

“Forever?” said Simon. “Forever’s an awfully long time.”

Jace raised his eyebrows. "I knew it," he said. "You want to kiss me, don't you?"

Simon threw up his hands in exasperation. "Of course not. But if—"

"I guess it's true what they say," observed Jace. "There are no straight men in the trenches."

"That's *atheists*, jackass," said Simon furiously. "There are no *atheists* in the trenches."

"While this is all very amusing," said the Queen coolly, leaning forward, "the kiss that will free the girl is the kiss that she most desires." The cruel delight in her face and voice had sharpened, and her words seemed to stab into Clary's ears like needles. "Only that and nothing more."

Simon looked as if she had hit him. Clary wanted to reach out to him, but she stood frozen to the spot, too horrified to move.

"Why are you doing this?" Jace demanded.

"I rather thought I was offering *you* a boon."

Jace flushed, but said nothing. He avoided looking at Clary.

Simon said, "That's ridiculous. They're brother and sister."

The Queen shrugged, a delicate twitch of her shoulders. "Desire is not always lessened by disgust. Nor can it be bestowed, like a favor, to those most deserving of it. And as my words bind my magic, so you can know the truth. If she doesn't desire his kiss, she won't be free."

Simon said something angrily, but Clary didn't hear him: Her ears were buzzing, as if a swarm of angry bees were trapped inside her head. Simon whirled around, looking furious, and said, "You *don't* have to do this, Clary, it's a trick —"

"Not a trick," said Jace. "A test."

"Well, I don't know about you, Simon," said Isabelle, her voice edged. "But *I'd* like to get Clary out of here."

“Like you’d kiss Alec,” Simon said, “just because the Queen of the Seelie Court asked you to?”

“Sure I would.” Isabelle sounded annoyed. “If the other option was being stuck in the Seelie Court forever? Who cares, anyway? It’s just a kiss.”

“That’s right.” It was Jace. Clary saw him, at the blurred edge of her vision, as he moved toward her and put a hand on her shoulder, turning her to face him. “It’s just a kiss,” he said, and though his tone was harsh, his hands were inexplicably gentle. She let him turn her, looked up at him. His eyes were very dark, perhaps because it was so dim down here in the Court, perhaps because of something else. She could see her reflection in each of his dilated pupils, a tiny image of herself inside his eyes. He said, “You can close your eyes and think of England, if you like.”

“I’ve never even been to England,” she said, but she shut her eyelids. She could feel the dank heaviness of her clothes, cold and itchy against her skin, and the cloying sweet air of the cave, colder yet, and the weight of Jace’s hands on her shoulders, the only things that were warm. And then he kissed her.

She felt the brush of his lips, light at first, and her own opened automatically beneath the pressure. Almost against her will she felt herself go fluid and pliant, stretching upward to twine her arms around his neck the way that a sunflower twists toward light. His arms slid around her, his hands knotting in her hair, and the kiss stopped being gentle and became fierce, all in a single moment like tinder flaring into a blaze. Clary heard a sound like a sigh rush through the Court, all around them, a wave of noise, but it meant nothing, was lost in the rush of her blood through her veins, the dizzying sense of weightlessness in her body.

Jace’s hands moved from her hair, slid down her spine; she felt the hard press of his palms against her shoulder blades—and then he pulled away, gently disengaging himself, drawing her hands away from his neck and stepping back. For a moment Clary thought she might fall; she felt as if something essential had been torn away from her, an arm or a leg, and she

stared at Jace in blank astonishment—what did he feel, did he feel nothing? She didn't think she could bear it if he felt nothing.

He looked back at her, and when she saw the look on his face, she saw his eyes at Renwick's, when he had watched the Portal that separated him from his home shatter into a thousand irretrievable pieces. He held her gaze for a split second, then looked away from her, the muscles in his throat working. His hands were clenched into fists at his sides. "Was that good enough?" he called, turning to face the Queen and the courtiers behind her. "Did that entertain you?"

The Queen had a hand across her mouth, half-covering a smile. "We are quite entertained," she said. "But not, I think, so much as the both of you."

"I can only assume," said Jace, "that mortal emotions amuse you because you have none of your own."

The smile slipped from her mouth at that.

"Easy, Jace," said Isabelle. She turned to Clary. "Can you leave now? Are you free?"

Clary went to the door and was not surprised to find no resistance barring her way. She stood with her hand among the vines and turned to Simon. He was staring at her as if he'd never seen her before.

"We should go," she said. "Before it's too late."

"It's already too late," he said.



Meliorn led them from the Seelie Court and deposited them back in the park, all without speaking a single word. Clary thought his back looked stiff and disapproving. He turned away after they'd splashed out of the pond, without even a good-bye for Isabelle, and disappeared back into the wavering reflection of the moon.

Isabelle watched him go with a scowl. "He is *so* broken up with."

Jace made a sound like a choked laugh and flipped the collar of his wet jacket up. They were all shivering. The cold night smelled like dirt and plants and human modernity—Clary almost thought she could scent the iron on the air. The ring of city surrounding the park sparked with fierce lights: ice blue, cool green, hot red, and the pond lapped quietly against its dirt shores. The moon's reflection had moved to the pond's far edge and quivered there as if it were afraid of them.

"We'd better get back." Isabelle drew her still-wet coat closer around her shoulders. "Before we freeze to death."

"It's going to take forever to get back to Brooklyn," Clary said. "Maybe we should take a taxi."

"Or we could just go to the Institute," suggested Isabelle. At Jace's look, she said quickly, "No one's there anyway—they're all in the Bone City, looking for clues. It'll just take a second to stop by and grab your clothes, change into something dry. Besides, the Institute is still your home, Jace."

"It's fine," Jace said, to Isabelle's evident surprise. "There's something I need from my room there anyway."

Clary hesitated. "I don't know. I might just grab a cab back with Simon." Maybe if they spent a little time alone together, she could explain to him what had happened down in the Seelie Court, and that it wasn't what he thought.

Jace had been examining his watch for water damage. Now he looked at her, eyebrows raised. "That might be a little difficult," he said, "seeing that he left already."

"He *what*?" Clary whirled around and stared. Simon was gone; the three of them were alone by the pond. She ran a little way up the hill and shouted his name. In the distance, she could just see him, striding purposefully away along the concrete path that led out of the park and onto the avenue. She called out to him again, but he didn't turn around.

9

AND DEATH SHALL HAVE NO DOMINION

Isabelle had been telling the truth: The Institute was entirely deserted. Almost entirely, anyway. Max was asleep on the red couch in the foyer when they came in. His glasses were slightly askew and he clearly hadn't meant to fall asleep: There was a book open on the floor where he'd dropped it and his sneakered feet dangled over the couch's edge in a manner that looked as if it were probably uncomfortable.

Clary's heart went out to him immediately. He reminded her of Simon at the age of nine or ten, all glasses and awkward blinking and *ears*.

"Max is like a cat. He can sleep anywhere." Jace reached down and plucked the glasses from Max's face, setting them down on a squat inlaid table nearby. There was a look on his face Clary had never seen before—a fierce protective gentleness that surprised her.

"Oh, leave his stuff alone—you'll just get mud on it," said Isabelle crossly, unbuttoning her wet coat. Her dress clung to her long torso and water darkened the thick leather belt around her waist. The glitter of her coiled whip was just visible where the handle protruded from the edge of the belt. She was frowning. "I can feel a cold coming on," she said. "I'm going to take a hot shower."

Jace watched her disappear down the corridor with a sort of reluctant admiration. "Sometimes she reminds me of the poem. 'Isabelle, Isabelle, didn't worry. Isabelle didn't scream or scurry—'"

"Do you ever feel like screaming?" Clary asked him.

"Some of the time." Jace shrugged off his wet coat and hung it on the peg next to Isabelle's. "She's right about the hot

shower, though. I could certainly use one.”

“I don’t have anything to change into,” Clary said, suddenly wanting a few moments to herself. Her fingers itched to dial Simon’s number on her cell phone, find out if he was all right. “I’ll just wait for you here.”

“Don’t be stupid. I’ll lend you a T-shirt.” His jeans were soaked and hung low on his hipbones, showing a strip of pale, tattooed skin between the denim and the edge of his T-shirt.

Clary looked away. “I don’t think—”

“Come on.” His tone was firm. “There’s something I want to show you, anyway.”

Surreptitiously, Clary checked the screen on her phone as she followed Jace down the hall to his room. Simon hadn’t tried to call. Ice seemed to crystallize inside her chest. Until two weeks ago, it had been years since she and Simon had had a fight. Now he seemed to be mad at her all the time.

Jace’s room was just as she remembered it: neat as a pin and bare as a monk’s cell. There was nothing about the room that told you anything about Jace: no posters on the walls, no books stacked on the night table. Even the duvet on the bed was plain white.

He went to the dresser and pulled a folded long-sleeved blue T-shirt out of a drawer. He tossed it to Clary. “That one shrank in the wash,” he said. “It’ll probably still be big on you, but . . .” He shrugged. “I’m going to shower. Yell if you need anything.”

She nodded, holding the shirt across her chest as if it were a shield. He looked as if he were about to say something else, but apparently thought better of it; with another shrug, he disappeared into the bathroom, closing the door firmly behind him.

Clary sank down onto the bed, the shirt across her lap, and pulled her phone out of her pocket. She dialed Simon’s number. After four rings, it went to voice mail. “Hi, you’ve reached Simon. Either I’m away from the phone or I’m avoiding you. Leave me a message and—”

“What are you doing?”

Jace stood in the open doorway of the bathroom. Water ran loudly in the shower behind him and the bathroom was half full of steam. He was shirtless and barefoot, damp jeans riding low on his hips, showing the deep indentations above his hipbones, as if someone had pressed their fingers to the skin there.

Clary snapped her phone closed and dropped it onto the bed. “Nothing. Checking the time.”

“There’s a clock next to the bed,” Jace pointed out. “You were calling the mundane, weren’t you?”

“His name is *Simon*.” Clary wadded Jace’s shirt into a ball between her fists. “And you don’t have to be such a bastard about him all the time. He’s helped you out more than once.”

Jace’s eyes were lidded, thoughtful. The bathroom was rapidly filling with steam, making his hair curl more. He said, “And now you feel guilty because he’s run off. I wouldn’t bother calling him. I’m sure he’s avoiding you.”

Clary didn’t try to keep the anger out of her voice. “And you know this because you and he are *so close*?”

“I know it because I saw the look on his face before he took off,” Jace said. “You didn’t. You weren’t looking at him. But I was.”

Clary raked her still-dank hair out of her eyes. Her clothes itched where they clung to her skin, and she suspected she smelled like the bottom of a pond, and she couldn’t stop seeing Simon’s face when he’d looked at her in the Seelie Court—as if he hated her. “It’s your fault,” she said suddenly, rage gathering around her heart. “You shouldn’t have kissed me like that.”

He had been leaning against the door frame; now he stood up straight. “How should I have kissed you? Is there another way you like it?”

“No.” Her hands trembled in her lap. They were cold, white, wrinkled by water. She laced her fingers together to stop the shaking. “I just don’t want to be kissed by you.”

“It didn’t seem to me that either of us had a choice in the matter.”

“That’s what I don’t understand!” Clary burst out. “Why did she make you kiss me? The Queen, I mean. Why force us to do—that? What pleasure could she possibly have gotten out of it?”

“You heard what the Queen said. She thought she was doing me a favor.”

“That’s not true.”

“It is true. How many times do I have to tell you? The Fair Folk don’t lie.”

Clary thought of what Jace had said back at Magnus’s. *They’ll find out whatever it is you want most in the world and give it to you—with a sting in the tail of the gift that will make you regret you ever wanted it in the first place.* “Then she was wrong.”

“She wasn’t wrong.” Jace’s tone was bitter. “She saw the way I looked at you, and you at me, and she played us like the instruments we are to her.”

“I don’t look at you,” Clary whispered.

“What?”

“I said, *I don’t look at you.*” She released the hands that had been clasped together in her lap. There were red marks where her fingers had gripped each other. “At least I try not to.”

His eyes were narrowed, just a glint of gold showing through the lashes, and she remembered the first time she had seen him and how he had reminded her of a lion, golden and deadly. “Why not?”

“Why do you think?” Her words were almost soundless, barely a whisper.

“Then *why?*” His voice shook. “Why all this with Simon, why keep pushing me away, not letting me near you—”

“Because it’s *impossible*,” she said, and the last word came out as a sort of wail, despite her efforts at control. “You know

that as well as I do!”

“Because you’re my sister,” Jace said.

She nodded without speaking.

“Possibly,” said Jace. “And because of that, you’ve decided your old friend Simon makes a useful distraction?”

“It’s not like that,” she said. “I love Simon.”

“Like you love Luke,” said Jace. “Like you love your mother.”

“No.” Her voice was as cold and pointed as an icicle. “Don’t tell me what I feel.”

A small muscle jumped at the side of his mouth. “I don’t believe you.”

Clary stood up. She couldn’t meet his eyes, so instead she fixed her gaze on the thin star-shaped scar on his shoulder, a memory of some old injury. *This life of scars and killing*, Hodge had said once. *You have no part in it*. “Jace,” she said. “Why are you doing this to me?”

“Because you’re lying to me. And you’re lying to yourself.” Jace’s eyes were blazing, and even though his hands were stuffed into his pockets, she could see that they were knotted into fists.

Something inside Clary cracked and broke, and words came pouring out. “*What do you want me to tell you?* The truth? The truth is that I love Simon like I should love you, and I wish he was my brother and you weren’t, but I can’t do anything about that and *neither can you!* Or do you have some ideas, since you’re so goddamned smart?”

Jace sucked a breath in, and she realized he had never expected her to say what she’d just said, not in a million years. The look on his face said as much.

She scrambled to regain her composure. “Jace, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean—”

“No. You’re not sorry. Don’t be sorry.” He moved toward her, almost tripping over his feet—Jace, who never stumbled,

never tripped over anything, never made an ungraceful move. His hands came up to cup her face; she felt the warmth of his fingertips, millimeters from her skin; knew she ought to pull away, but stood frozen, staring up at him. “You don’t understand,” he said. His voice shook. “I’ve never felt this way about anyone. I didn’t think I could. I thought—the way I grew up—my father—”

“To love is to destroy,” she said numbly. “I remember.”

“I thought that part of my heart was broken,” he said, and there was a look on his face as he spoke as if he were surprised to hear himself saying these words, saying *my heart*. “Forever. But you—”

“Jace. Don’t.” She reached up and covered his hand with hers, folding his fingers into her own. “It’s pointless.”

“That’s not true.” There was desperation in his voice. “If we both feel the same way—”

“It doesn’t matter what we feel. There’s nothing we can do.” She heard her voice as if a stranger were speaking: remote, miserable. “Where would we go to be together? How could we live?”

“We could keep it a secret.”

“People would find out. And I don’t want to lie to my family, do you?”

His reply was bitter. “What family? The Lightwoods hate me anyway.”

“No, they don’t. And I could never tell Luke. And my mother, what if she woke up, what would we *say* to her? This, what we want, it would be sickening to everyone we care about—”

“*Sickening?*” He dropped his hands from her face as if she’d pushed him away. He sounded stunned. “What we feel—what I feel—it’s sickening to you?”

She caught her breath at the look on his face. “Maybe,” she said in a whisper. “I don’t know.”

“Then you should have said that to begin with.”

“Jace—”

But he was gone from her, his expression shut and locked like a door. It was hard to believe he’d ever looked at her another way. “I’m sorry I said anything, then.” His voice was stiff, formal. “I won’t be kissing you again. You can count on that.”

Clary’s heart did a slow, purposeless somersault as he moved away from her, plucked a towel off the top of the dresser, and headed back toward the bathroom. “But—Jace, what are you doing?”

“Finishing my shower. And if you’ve made me run through all the hot water, I’ll be very annoyed.” He stepped into the bathroom, kicking the door shut behind him.

Clary collapsed onto the bed and stared up at the ceiling. It was as blank as Jace’s face had been before he turned his back on her. Rolling over, she realized she was lying on top of his blue shirt: It even smelled like him, like soap and smoke and coppery blood. Curling around it like she’d once curled around her favorite blanket when she was very small, she closed her eyes.



In the dream, she looked down on shimmering water, spread out below her like an endless mirror that reflected the night sky. And like a mirror, it was solid and hard, and she could walk on it. She walked, smelling night air and wet leaves and the smell of the city, glittering in the far distance like a faerie castle wreathed in lights—and where she walked, spiderwebbing cracks fissured out from her footsteps and slivers of glass splashed up like water.

The sky began to shine. It was alight with points of fire, like burning match tips. They fell, a rain of hot coals from the sky, and she cowered, throwing up her arms. One fell just in front of her, a hurtling bonfire, but when it struck the ground it became a boy: It was Jace, all in burning gold with his gold eyes and gold hair, and white-gold wings sprouted from his back, wider and more thickly feathered than any bird’s.

He smiled like a cat and pointed behind her, and Clary turned to see that a dark-haired boy—was it Simon?—was standing there, and wings spread from his back as well, feathered black as midnight, and each feather was tipped with blood.

Clary woke up gasping, her hands knotted in Jace's shirt. It was dark in the bedroom, the only light streaming from the one narrow window beside the bed. She sat up. Her head felt heavy and the back of her neck ached. She scanned the room slowly and jumped as a bright pinpoint of light, like a cat's eyes in the darkness, shone out at her.

Jace was sitting in an armchair beside the bed. He was wearing jeans and a gray sweater and his hair looked nearly dry. He was holding something in his hand that gleamed like metal. A weapon? Though what he might be guarding against, here in the Institute, Clary couldn't guess.

"Did you sleep well?"

She nodded. Her mouth felt thick. "Why didn't you wake me up?"

"I thought you could use the rest. Besides, you were sleeping like the dead. You even drooled," he added. "On my shirt."

Clary's hand flew to her mouth. "Sorry."

"It's not often you get to see someone drool," Jace observed. "Especially with such total abandon. Mouth wide open and everything."

"Oh, shut up." She felt around among the bedcovers until she located her phone and checked it again, though she knew what it would say. *No calls*. "It's three in the morning," she noted with dismay. "Do you think Simon's all right?"

"I think he's weird, actually," said Jace. "Though that has little to do with the time."

She shoved the phone into her jeans pocket. "I'm going to change."

Jace's white-painted bathroom was no bigger than Isabelle's, though it was considerably neater. There wasn't much variation among the rooms in the Institute, Clary thought, closing the door behind her, but at least there was privacy. She shucked off her wet shirt and hung it on the towel rack, splashed water over her face, and ran a comb through her wildly curling hair.

Jace's shirt was too big for her, but the material was soft against her skin. She rolled the sleeves up and went back into the bedroom, where she found Jace sitting exactly where he had been before, staring moodily down at the glinting object in his hands. She leaned on the back of the armchair. "What is that?"

Instead of answering, he turned it over so that she could see it properly. It was a jagged piece of broken glass, but instead of reflecting her own face, it held an image of green grass and blue sky and the bare black branches of trees.

"I didn't know you kept that," she said. "That piece of the Portal."

"It's why I wanted to come here," he said. "To get this." Longing and loathing were mixed in his voice. "I keep thinking maybe I'll see my father in a reflection. Figure out what he's up to."

"But he's not there, is he? I thought he was somewhere here. In the city."

Jace shook his head. "Magnus has been looking for him and he doesn't think so."

"Magnus has been looking for him? I didn't know that. How—"

"Magnus didn't get to be High Warlock for nothing. His power extends through the city and beyond. He can sense what's out there, to an extent."

Clary snorted. "He can feel disturbances in the Force?"

Jace slewed around in the chair and frowned at her. "I'm not joking. After that warlock was killed down in TriBeCa, he started looking into it. When I went to stay with him, he asked

me for something of my father's to make the tracking easier. I gave him the Morgenstern ring. He said he'd let me know if he senses Valentine anywhere in the city, but so far he hasn't."

"Maybe he just wanted your ring," Clary said. "He sure wears a lot of jewelry."

"He can have it." Jace's hand tightened around the bit of mirror in his grasp; Clary noted with alarm the blood welling up around the jagged edges where they cut into his skin. "It's worthless to me."

"Hey," she said, and leaned down to take the glass out of his hand. "Easy there." She slid the piece of Portal into the pocket of his jacket where it hung on the wall. The edges of the glass were dark with blood, Jace's palms scored with red lines. "Maybe we should get you back to Magnus's," she said as gently as she could. "Alec's been there a long time, and—"

"I doubt he minds, somehow," Jace said, but he stood up obediently enough and reached for his stele, which was propped against the wall. As he drew a healing rune on the back of his bleeding right hand, he said, "There's something I've been meaning to ask you."

"And what's that?"

"When you got me out of the cell in the Silent City, how did you do it? How did you unlock the door?"

"Oh. I just used a regular Opening rune, and—"

She was interrupted by a harsh, tolling ring, and clapped her hand to her pocket before she realized that the sound she'd heard was much louder and sharper than any sound her phone could make. She looked around in confusion.

"That's the Institute's doorbell," Jace said, grabbing his jacket. "Come on."

They were halfway to the foyer when Isabelle burst out of her own bedroom door, wearing a cotton bathrobe, a pink silk sleep mask pushed up on her forehead, and a semi-dazed expression. "It's three in the morning!" she said to them, in a tone that suggested that this was all Jace's, or possibly Clary's, fault. "Who's ringing our doorbell at three in the morning?"

“Maybe it’s the Inquisitor,” Clary said, feeling suddenly cold.

“She could get in on her own,” said Jace. “Any Shadowhunter could. The Institute is only closed to mundanes and Downworlders.”

Clary felt her heart contract. “Simon!” she said. “It must be him!”

“Oh, for goodness’ sake,” yawned Isabelle, “is he really waking us up at this ungodly hour just to prove his love to you or something? Couldn’t he have *called*? Mundane men are such twits.” They had reached the foyer, which was empty; Max must have gone to bed on his own. Isabelle stalked across the room and toggled a switch on the far wall. Somewhere inside the cathedral a distant rumbling *thump* was audible. “There,” Isabelle said. “Elevator’s on its way.”

“I can’t believe he didn’t have the dignity and presence of mind just to get drunk and pass out in some gutter,” said Jace. “I must say, I’m disappointed in the little fellow.”

Clary barely heard him. A rising sense of fear made her blood slow and thick. She remembered her dream: the angels, the ice, Simon with his bleeding wings. She shivered.

Isabelle looked at her sympathetically. “It *is* cold in here,” she observed. She reached up and took down what looked like a blue velvet coat from one of the coat hooks. “Here,” she said. “Put this on.”

Clary slid the coat on and drew it close around her. It was too long, but it was warm. It had a hood, too, lined with satin. Clary pushed it back so she could see the elevator doors opening.

They opened on a hollow box whose mirrored sides reflected her own pale and startled face. Without a pause for thought, she stepped inside.

Isabelle looked at her in confusion. “What are you doing?”

“It’s Simon down there,” Clary said. “I know it is.”

“But—”

Suddenly, Jace was beside Clary, holding the doors open for Isabelle. “Come on, Izzy,” he said. With a theatrical sigh, she followed.

Clary tried to catch his eye as the three of them rode down in silence—Isabelle pinning up the last long coil of her hair—but Jace wouldn’t look at her. He was looking at himself sidelong in the elevator mirror, whistling softly under his breath as he always did when he was nervous. She remembered the slight tremor in his touch as he had taken hold of her in the Seelie Court. She thought of the look on Simon’s face—and then of him almost running to get away from her, vanishing into the shadows at the edge of the park. There was a knot of dread inside her chest and she didn’t know why.

The elevator doors opened onto the nave of the cathedral, alive with the dancing light of candles. She pushed past Jace in her hurry to get out of the elevator and practically ran down the narrow aisle between the pews. She stumbled on the dragging edge of her coat and bunched it up impatiently in her hand before dashing to the wide double doors. On the inside they were barred with bronze bolts the size of Clary’s arms. As she reached for the highest bolt, the bell rang through the church again. She heard Isabelle whisper something to Jace, and then Clary was hauling on the bolt, dragging it back, and she felt Jace’s hand over hers, helping her pull the heavy doors open.

Night air swept in, guttering the candles in their brackets. The air smelled of city: of salt and fumes, cooling concrete and garbage, and underneath those familiar smells, the scent of copper, like the tang of a new penny.

At first Clary thought the steps were empty. Then she blinked and saw Raphael standing there, his head of black curls tousled by the night breeze, his white shirt open at the neck to show the scar in the hollow of his throat. In his arms he held a body. That was all Clary saw as she stared at him in bewilderment, a *body*. Someone very dead, arms and legs dangling like limp ropes, head fallen back to expose the mangled throat. She felt Jace’s hand tighten around her arm like a vise, and only then did she look more closely and see the

familiar corduroy jacket with its torn sleeve, the blue T-shirt underneath now stained and spotted with blood, and she screamed.



The scream made no sound. Clary felt her knees give and would have slid to the ground if Jace hadn't been holding her up. "Don't look," he said in her ear. "For God's sake, don't look." But she couldn't *not* look at the blood matting Simon's brown hair, his torn throat, the gashes along his dangling wrists. Black spots dotted her vision as she fought for breath.

It was Isabelle who snatched one of the empty candelabras from the side of the door and aimed it at Raphael as if it were an enormous three-pointed spear.

"*What have you done to Simon?*" For that moment, her voice clear and commanding, she sounded exactly like her mother.

"*Él no está muerto,*" Raphael said, in a flat and emotionless voice, and laid Simon down on the ground almost at Clary's feet, with a surprising gentleness. She had forgotten how strong he must be—he had a vampire's unnatural strength despite his slowness.

In the light of the candles that spilled through the doorway, Clary could see that Simon's shirt was soaked through at the front with blood.

"Did you say—," she began.

"He isn't dead," Jace said, holding her tighter. "He's not dead."

She pulled away from him with a hard jerk and went to her knees on the concrete. She felt no disgust at touching Simon's bloodied skin as she slid her hands under his head, pulling him up into her lap. She felt only the terrified childish horror she remembered from being five years old and having broken her mother's priceless Liberty lamp. *Nothing*, said a voice in the back of her head, *will put these pieces back together again*.

"Simon," she whispered, touching his face. His glasses were gone. "Simon, it's me."

“He can’t hear you,” said Raphael. “He’s dying.”

Her head jerked up. “But you said—”

“I said he was not dead yet,” said Raphael. “But in a few minutes—ten, perhaps—his heart will slow and stop. Already he is beyond seeing or hearing anything.”

Her arms tightened around him involuntarily. “We have to get him to a hospital—or call Magnus.”

“They can’t do him any good,” said Raphael. “You don’t understand.”

“No,” said Jace, his voice as soft as silk tipped with needlesharp points. “We don’t. And perhaps you should explain yourself. Because otherwise I’m going to assume you’re a rogue bloodsucker, and cut your heart out. Like I should have done last time we met.”

Raphael smiled at him without amusement. “You swore not to harm me, Shadowhunter. Have you forgotten?”

“I never actually finished the oath,” Jace reminded him.

“And I never started,” said Isabelle, brandishing the candelabra.

Raphael ignored her. He was still looking at Jace. “I remembered that night you broke into the Dumort looking for your friend. It is why I brought him here”—and he gestured at Simon—“when I found him in the hotel, instead of letting the others drink him to death. You see, he broke in, without permission, and therefore was fair game for us. But I kept him alive, knowing he was yours. I have no wish for a war with the Nephilim.”

“He *broke in*?” Clary said in disbelief. “Simon would never do anything that stupid and crazy.”

“But he did,” said Raphael, with the faintest trace of a smile, “because he was afraid he was becoming one of us, and he wanted to know if the process could be reversed. You might remember that when he was in the form of a rat, and you came to fetch him from us, he bit me.”

“Very enterprising of him,” said Jace. “I approved.”

“Perhaps,” said Raphael. “In any case, he took some of my blood into his mouth when he did it. You know that is how we pass our powers to each other. Through the blood.”

Through the blood. Clary remembered Simon jerking away from the vampire film on TV, wincing at the sunlight in McCarren Park. “He thought he was turning into one of you,” she said. “He went to the hotel to see if it was true.”

“Yes,” said Raphael. “The pity of it is that the effects of my blood would probably have faded over time had he done nothing. But now—” He gestured at Simon’s limp body expressively.

“Now what?” said Isabelle, with a hard edge to her voice. “Now he’ll die?”

“And rise again. Now he will be a vampire.”

The candelabra tipped forward as Isabelle’s eyes widened in shock. “*What?*”

Jace caught the makeshift weapon before it hit the floor. When he turned to Raphael, his eyes were bleak. “You’re lying.”

“He consumed vampire blood,” said Raphael. “Therefore he will die and rise as one of the Night Children. That is also why I came. Simon is one of mine now.” There was nothing in his voice, no sorrow or pleasure, but Clary could not help but wonder what hidden glee he might feel at having so opportunely lucked into an effective bargaining chip.

“There’s nothing that can be done? No way to reverse it?” demanded Isabelle, panic tinging her voice. Clary thought distantly that it was strange that these two, Jace and Isabelle, who did not love Simon the way she did, were the ones doing all the talking. But perhaps they were speaking for her precisely because she couldn’t bear to say a word.

“You could cut off his head and burn his heart in a fire, but I doubt that you will do that.”

“No!” Clary’s arms tightened around Simon. “Don’t you dare hurt him.”

“I have no need to,” said Raphael.

“I wasn’t talking to you.” Clary didn’t look up. “Don’t you even think about it, Jace. Don’t even think about it.”

There was silence. She could hear Isabelle’s worried intake of breath, and Raphael of course did not breathe at all. Jace hesitated a moment before he said, “Clary, what would Simon want? Is this what he’d want for himself?”

She jerked her head up. Jace was looking down at her, the three-pronged metal candelabra still in his hand, and suddenly an image flashed across her mental landscape of Jace holding Simon down and plunging the sharp end of it into his chest, making the blood splash up like a fountain. “*Get away from us!*” she screamed suddenly, so loudly that she saw the distant figures walking along the avenue in front of the cathedral turn and look behind them, as if startled at the noise.

Jace went white to the roots of his hair, so white that his wide eyes looked like gold disks, inhuman and weirdly out of place. He said, “Clary, you don’t think—”

Simon gasped suddenly, arching upward in Clary’s grasp. She screamed again and caught at him, pulling him up toward her. His eyes were wide and blind and terrified. He reached up. She wasn’t sure if he was trying to touch her face or claw at her, not knowing who she was.

“It’s me,” she said, gently pushing his hand down to his chest, lacing their fingers together. “Simon, it’s me. It’s Clary.” Her hands slipped on his; when she looked down, she saw they were wet with blood from his shirt and from the tears that had slid down her face without her noticing. “Simon, I love you,” she said.

His hands tightened on hers. He breathed out—a harsh, ratcheting sound—and then did not breathe in again.



I love you. I love you. I love you. Her last words to Simon seemed to echo in Clary’s ears as he went limp in her grasp. Isabelle was suddenly next to her, saying something in her ear, but Clary couldn’t hear her. The sound of rushing water, like

an oncoming tidal wave, filled her ears. She watched as Isabelle tried gently to pry her hands away from Simon's, and couldn't. Clary was surprised. She didn't feel like she was holding on to him that tightly.

Giving up, Isabelle got to her feet and turned angrily on Raphael. She was shouting. Halfway through her tirade, Clary's hearing switched back on, like a radio that had finally found a station within range. "—and *now* what are we supposed to do?" Isabelle screamed.

"Bury him," said Raphael.

The candelabra swung up again in Jace's hand. "That's not funny."

"It isn't supposed to be," said the vampire, unfazed. "It is how we are made. We are drained, blooded, and buried. When he digs his own way out of a grave, that is when a vampire is born."

Isabelle made a faint sound of disgust. "I don't think I could do that."

"Some can't," said Raphael. "If no one is there to help them dig out, they stay like that, trapped like rats under the earth."

A sound tore its way out of Clary's throat. A sob that was as raw as a scream. She said, "I won't put him in the ground."

"Then he'll stay like this," said Raphael mercilessly. "Dead but not quite dead. Never waking."

They were all staring down at her. Isabelle and Jace as if they were holding their breaths, waiting on her response. Raphael looked incurious, almost bored.

"You didn't come into the Institute because you can't, isn't that right?" Clary said. "Because it's holy ground and you're unholy."

"That's not exactly—," Jace began, but Raphael cut him off with a gesture.

"I should tell you," said the vampire boy, "that there is not much time. The longer we wait before putting him into the

ground, the less likely he'll be able to dig his own way back out of it."

Clary looked down at Simon. He really would look as if he were sleeping, if it weren't for the long gashes along his bare skin. "We can bury him," she said. "But I want it to be in a Jewish cemetery. And I want to be there when he wakes up."

Raphael's eyes glittered. "It will not be pleasant."

"Nothing ever is." She set her jaw. "Let's get going. We only have a few hours until dawn."

10

A FINE AND PRIVATE PLACE

The cemetery was in the outskirts of Queens, where apartment buildings gave way to rows of orderly-looking Victorian houses painted gingerbread colors: pink, white, and blue. The streets were wide and mostly deserted, the avenue leading up to the cemetery unlit except by a single streetlight. It took them a short while with their steles to break in through the locked gates, and another while to find a spot hidden enough for Raphael to begin digging. It was at the top of a low hill, sheltered from the road below by a thick line of trees. Clary, Jace, and Isabelle were protected with glamour, but there was no way to hide Raphael, or to hide Simon's body, so the trees provided a welcome cover.

The sides of the hill not facing the road were thickly layered with headstones, many of them bearing a pointed Star of David at the top. They gleamed white and smooth as milk in the moonlight. In the distance was a lake, its surface pleated with glittering ripples. A nice place, Clary thought. A good place to come and lay flowers on someone's grave, to sit awhile and think about their life, what they meant to you. Not a good place to come at night, under cover of darkness, to bury your friend in a shallow dirt grave without the benefit of a coffin or a service.

"Did he suffer?" she asked Raphael.

He looked up from his digging, leaning on the handle of the shovel like the grave digger in *Hamlet*. "What?"

"Simon. Did he suffer? Did the vampires hurt him?"

"No. The blood death is not such a bad way to die," said Raphael, his musical voice soft. "The bite drugs you. It is pleasant, like going to sleep."

A wave of dizziness passed over her, and for a moment she thought she might faint.

“Clary.” Jace’s voice snapped her out of her reverie. “Come on. You don’t have to watch this.”

He held out his hand to her. Looking past him, she could see Isabelle standing with her whip in her hand. They had wrapped Simon’s body in a blanket and it lay on the ground at her feet, as if she were guarding it. *Not it*, Clary reminded herself fiercely. *Him*. Simon.

“I want to be here when he wakes up.”

“I know. We’ll come right back.” When she didn’t move, Jace took her unresisting arm and drew her away from the clearing and down the side of the hill. There were boulders here, just above the first line of graves; he sat down on one, zipping up his jacket. It was surprisingly chilly out. For the first time this season Clary could see her breath when she exhaled.

She sat down on the boulder beside Jace and stared down at the lake. She could hear the rhythmic *thump-thump* of Raphael’s spade hitting the dirt and the shoveled dirt hitting the ground. Raphael wasn’t human; he worked fast. It wouldn’t take that long for him to dig a grave. And Simon wasn’t all that big a person; the grave wouldn’t have to be that deep.

A stab of pain twisted through her abdomen. She bent forward, hands splayed across her stomach. “I feel sick.”

“I know. That’s why I brought you out here. You looked like you were going to throw up on Raphael’s feet.”

She made a soft groaning noise.

“Might have wiped the smirk off his face,” Jace observed reflectively. “There’s that to consider.”

“Shut up.” The pain had eased. She tipped her head back, looking up at the moon, a circle of chipped silver polish floating in a sea of stars. “This is my fault.”

“It’s not your fault.”

“You’re right. It’s *our* fault.”

Jace turned toward her, exasperation clear in the lines of his shoulders. “How do you figure that?”

She looked at him silently for a moment. He needed a haircut. His hair curled the way vines did when they got too long, in looping tendrils, the color of white gold in the moonlight. The scars on his face and throat looked like they had been etched there with metallic ink. He was beautiful, she thought miserably, beautiful and there was nothing there in him, not an expression, not a slant of cheekbone or shape of jaw or curve of lips that bespoke any family resemblance to herself or her mother at all. He didn’t even really look like Valentine.

“What?” he said. “Why are you looking at me like that?”

She wanted to throw herself into his arms and sob at the exact same time that she wanted to pound on him with her fists. Instead, she said, “If it weren’t for what happened in the faerie court, Simon would still be alive.”

He reached down and savagely yanked a hunk of grass out of the ground. Dirt still clung to the roots. He tossed it aside. “We were forced to do what we did. It’s not as if we did it for fun, or to hurt him. Besides,” he said, with the ghost of a smile, “you’re my sister.”

“Don’t say it like that—”

“What, ‘sister’?” He shook his head. “When I was a little kid, I realized that if you say any word over and over fast enough, it loses all its meaning. I’d lie awake saying the words over and over to myself—‘sugar,’ ‘mirror,’ ‘whisper,’ ‘dark.’ ‘Sister,’” he said, softly. “You’re my sister.”

“It doesn’t matter how many times you say it. It’ll still be true.”

“And it doesn’t matter what you won’t let me say, that’ll still be true too.”

“*Jace!*” Another voice, calling his name. It was Alec, slightly out of breath from running. He was holding a black plastic bag in one hand. Behind him stalked Magnus,

impossibly tall and thin and glowering in a long leather coat that flapped in the wind like a bat's wing. Alec came to a stop in front of Jace and held out the bag. "I brought blood," he said. "Like you asked."

Jace opened the top of the bag, peered in, and wrinkled his nose. "Do I want to ask you where you got this?"

"From a butcher shop in Greenpoint," said Magnus, joining them. "They bleed their meat to make it halal. It's animal blood."

"Blood is blood," said Jace, and stood up. He looked down at Clary and hesitated. "When Raphael said this wouldn't be pleasant, he wasn't lying. You can stay here. I'll send Isabelle down to wait with you."

She tipped her head back to look up at him. The moonlight cast the shadow of branches across his face. "Have you ever seen a vampire rise?"

"No, but I—"

"Then you don't really know, do you?" She stood up, and Isabelle's blue coat fell around her in rustling folds. "I want to be there. I *have* to be there."

She could see only part of his face in the shadows, but she thought he looked almost—impressed. "I know better than to tell you there's anything you can't do," he said. "Let's go."

Raphael was tamping down a large rectangle of dirt when they came back into the clearing, Jace and Clary a little ahead of Magnus and Alec, who seemed to be arguing about something. Simon's body was gone. Isabelle was sitting on the ground, her whip coiled at her ankles in a golden circle. She was shivering. "Jesus, it's cold," Clary said, pulling Isabelle's heavy coat close around her. The velvet was warm, at least. She tried to ignore the fact that the hem of it was stained with Simon's blood. "It's as if it turned to winter overnight."

"Be glad it isn't winter," said Raphael, setting the spade against the trunk of a nearby tree. "The ground freezes like iron in winter. Sometimes it is impossible to dig and the

fledgling must wait months, starving underground, before it can be born.”

“Is that what you call them? Fledglings?” said Clary. The word seemed wrong, too friendly somehow. It reminded her of ducklings.

“Yes,” said Raphael. “It means the not-yet or newly born.” He caught sight of Magnus then, and for a split second looked surprised before he wiped the expression carefully from his features. “High Warlock,” he said. “I hadn’t expected to see you here.”

“I was curious,” said Magnus, his cat eyes glittering. “I’ve never seen one of the Night Children rise.”

Raphael glanced at Jace, who was lounging against a tree trunk. “You keep surprisingly illustrious company, Shadowhunter.”

“Are you talking about yourself again?” asked Jace. He smoothed the churned dirt with the tip of a boot. “That seems boastful.”

“Maybe he meant me,” said Alec. Everyone looked at him in surprise. Alec so rarely made jokes. He smiled nervously. “Sorry,” he said. “Nerves.”

“There’s no need for that,” said Magnus, reaching to touch Alec’s shoulder. Alec moved quickly out of range, and Magnus’s outstretched hand fell to his side.

“So what do we do now?” Clary demanded, hugging herself for warmth. Cold seemed to have seeped into every pore of her body. Surely it was too cold for late summer.

Raphael, noticing her gesture, smiled minutely. “It is always cold at a rising,” he said. “The fledgling draws strength from the living things that surround it, taking from them the energy to rise.”

Clary glared at him resentfully. “You don’t seem cold.”

“I’m not living.” He stepped back a little from the edge of the grave—Clary forced herself to think of it as a grave, since that’s exactly what it was—and gestured to the others to do the

same. "Make room," he said. "Simon can hardly rise if you are all standing on top of him."

They moved hastily backward. Clary found Isabelle clutching her elbow and turned to see that the other girl was white to the lips. "What's wrong?"

"Everything," Isabelle said. "Clary, maybe we should have just let him go—"

"Let him die, you mean." Clary jerked her arm out of Isabelle's grip. "Of course that's what you think. You think everyone who isn't just like you is better off dead anyway."

Isabelle's face was the picture of misery. "That isn't—"

A sound tore through the clearing, a sound unlike any Clary had ever heard before—a sort of pounding rhythm coming from deep underground, as if suddenly the heartbeat of the world had become audible.

What's happening? Clary thought, and then the ground buckled and heaved under her. She fell to her knees. The grave was roiling like the surface of an unsteady ocean. Ripples appeared in its surface. Suddenly it burst apart, clods of dirt flying. A small mountain of dirt, like an anthill, heaved itself upward. At the center of the mountain was a hand, fingers splayed, clawing at the dirt.

"*Simon!*" Clary tried to rush forward, but Raphael yanked her back.

"Let me go!" She tried to pull herself free, but Raphael's grip was like steel. "Can't you see he needs our help?"

"He should do this himself," Raphael said, without loosening his hold on her. "It is better that way."

"It's your way! It's not mine!" She jerked herself out of his grip and ran toward the grave, just as it heaved upward, hurling her back to the ground. A hunched shape was forcing itself out of the hastily dug grave, fingers like filthy claws sunk deep into the earth. Its bare arms were streaked black with dirt and blood. It tore itself free of the sucking earth, crawled a few feet, and collapsed onto the ground.

“Simon,” she whispered. Because of course it was Simon, *Simon*, not an *it*. She scrambled to her feet and ran toward him, her sneakers sinking deep into the churned earth.

“Clary!” Jace shouted. “What are you doing?”

She stumbled, her ankle twisting as her leg sank into the dirt. She fell onto her knees next to Simon, who lay as still as if he really were dead. His hair was filthy and matted with clots of dirt, his glasses gone, his T-shirt torn down the side, blood on the skin that showed under it. “Simon,” she said, and reached to touch his shoulder. “Simon, are you—”

His body tensed under her fingers, every muscle tightening, his skin hard as iron.

“—all right?” she finished.

He turned his head, and she saw his eyes. They were blank, lifeless. With a sharp cry he rolled over and sprang at her, swift as a striking snake. He struck her squarely, knocking her back into the dirt. “Simon!” she shouted, but he didn’t seem to hear. His face was twisted, unrecognizable as he loomed up over her, his lips curling back, and she saw his sharp canines, the fang-teeth, gleam in the moonlight like white bone needles. Suddenly terrified, she kicked out at him, but he grabbed her shoulders and forced her back down into the dirt. His hands were bloody, the nails broken, but he was incredibly strong, stronger even than her own Shadowhunter muscles. The bones in her shoulders ground together painfully as he bent down over her—

And was plucked away and sent flying as if he weighed no more than a pebble. Clary shot to her feet, gasping, and met Raphael’s grim gaze. “I told you to stay away from him,” he said, and turned to kneel down by Simon, who had landed a short distance away and was curled, twitching, on the ground.

Clary sucked in a breath. It sounded like a sob. “He doesn’t know me.”

“He knows you. He doesn’t care.” Raphael looked over his shoulder at Jace. “He is starving. He needs blood.”

Jace, who had been standing white-faced and frozen at the grave's edge, stepped forward and held out the plastic bag mutely, like an offering. Raphael snatched it and tore it open. A number of plastic packets of red fluid fell out. He seized one, muttering, and tore it open with sharp nails, spattering blood down the front of his dirt-stained white shirt.

Simon, as if scenting the blood, curled up and let out a piteous wail. He was still twitching; his broken-nailed hands gouged at the dirt and his eyes were rolled back to the whites. Raphael held out the blood packet, letting some of the red fluid drip onto Simon's face, streaking the white skin with scarlet. "There you go," he said, almost in a croon. "Drink, little fledgling. Drink."

And Simon, who had been a vegetarian since he was ten years old, who wouldn't drink milk that wasn't organic, who fainted at the sight of needles—Simon snatched the packet of blood out of Raphael's thin brown hand and tore into it with his teeth. He swallowed the blood in a few gulps and tossed the packet aside with another wail; Raphael was ready with a second one, and pressed it into his hand. "Do not drink too fast," he cautioned. "You will make yourself sick." Simon, of course, ignored him; he had managed to get the second packet open without help and was gulping greedily at the contents. Blood ran from the corners of his mouth, down his throat, and spattered his hands with fat red drops. His eyes were closed.

Raphael turned to look at Clary. She could feel Jace staring at her too, and the others, all with identical expressions of horror and disgust. "Next time he feeds," Raphael said calmly, "it will not be quite so messy."

Messy. Clary turned away and stumbled out of the clearing, hearing Jace call out for her but ignoring him, starting to run when she reached the trees. She was halfway down the hill when the pain hit. She went to her knees, gagging, as everything in her stomach came up in a wrenching flood. When it was over, she crawled a short distance away and collapsed against the ground. She knew she was probably lying on someone's grave, but she didn't care. She rested her

hot face against the cool dirt and thought, for the first time,
that maybe the dead weren't so unlucky after all.

The critical care unit of Beth Israel hospital always reminded Clary of photos she'd seen of Antarctica: It was cold and remote-feeling, and everything was either gray, white, or pale blue. The walls of her mother's room were white, the tubes that snaked around her head and the endless beeping banks of instruments around the bed were gray, and the blanket pulled up around her chest was pale blue. Her face was white. The only color in the room was her red hair, flaring across the snowy expanse of pillow like a bright, incongruous flag planted at the south pole.

Clary wondered how Luke was managing to pay for this private room, where the money had come from and how he'd gotten it. She supposed she could ask him when he got back from buying vending machine coffee in the ugly little café on the third floor. The coffee from the machine down there looked like tar and tasted like it too, but Luke seemed addicted to the stuff.

The metal legs of the bedside chair squeaked across the floor as Clary pulled it out and sat down slowly, smoothing her skirt down over her legs. Whenever she came to see her mother in the hospital she felt nervous and dry-mouthed, as if she were about to get in trouble for something. Maybe because the only times she'd ever seen her mother's face like this, flat and without animation, was when her mother was about to explode with rage.

"Mom," she said. She reached out and took her mother's left hand; there was a puncture mark on the wrist still, where Valentine had shoved one end of a tube. The skin of her mother's hand—always rough and chapped, spattered with paint and turpentine—felt like the dry bark of a tree. Clary

folded her fingers around Jocelyn's, feeling a hard lump come into her throat. "Mom, I . . ." She cleared her throat. "Luke says you can hear me. I don't know if that's true or not. Anyway, I came because I needed to talk to you. It's okay if you can't say anything back. See, the thing is, it's . . ." She swallowed again and looked toward the window, the strip of blue sky visible at the edge of the brick wall that faced the hospital. "It's Simon. Something's happened to him. Something that was my fault."

Now that she wasn't looking at her mother's face, the story poured out of her, all of it: how she'd met Jace and the other Shadowhunters, the search for the Mortal Cup, Hodge's betrayal and the battle at Renwick's, the realization that Valentine was her father as well as Jace's. More recent events too: the nighttime visit to the Bone City, the Soul-Sword, the Inquisitor's hatred of Jace, and the woman with the silver hair. And then she told her mother about the Seelie Court, about the price the Queen had demanded, and what had happened to Simon afterward. She could feel tears burn her throat while she talked, but it was a relief to tell it, to unburden herself to someone, even someone who—probably—couldn't hear her.

"So, basically," she said, "I've screwed everything up royally. I remember you saying that growing up happens when you start having things you look back on and wish you could change. I guess that means I've grown up now. It's just that—that I—" *I thought you'd be there when I did.* She choked on tears just as someone behind her cleared his throat.

Clary wheeled around and saw Luke standing in the doorway, a Styrofoam cup in his hand. Under the hospital's fluorescent lights, she could see how tired he looked. There was gray in his hair, and his blue flannel shirt was rumpled.

"How long have you been standing there?"

"Not long," he said. "I brought you some coffee." He held out the cup but she waved it away.

"I hate that stuff. It tastes like feet."

At that he smiled. "How would you know what feet taste like?"

“I just know.” She leaned forward and kissed Jocelyn’s cold cheek before standing up. “Bye, Mom.”

Luke’s blue pickup was parked in the concrete lot under the hospital. They had pulled out onto the FDR highway before he spoke.

“I heard what you said back at the hospital.”

“I *thought* you were eavesdropping.” She spoke without anger. There was nothing in what she’d said to her mother that Luke couldn’t know.

“What happened to Simon wasn’t your fault.”

She heard the words, but they seemed to bounce off her as if there were an invisible wall surrounding her. Like the wall Hodge had built around her when he’d betrayed her to Valentine, but this time she couldn’t hear anything through it, couldn’t feel anything through it either. She was as numb as if she’d been encased in ice.

“Did you hear me, Clary?”

“It’s a nice thing to say, but of course it was my fault. Everything that happened to Simon was my fault.”

“Because he was angry at you when he went back to the hotel? He didn’t go back to the hotel *because* he was angry at you, Clary. I’ve heard of situations like this before. They call them ‘darklings,’ those who are half-turned. He would have felt drawn back to the hotel by a compulsion he couldn’t control.”

“Because he had Raphael’s blood in him. But that would never have happened either if it weren’t for me. If I hadn’t brought him to that party—”

“You thought it would be safe there. You weren’t putting him in any danger you hadn’t put yourself in. You can’t torture yourself like this,” said Luke, turning onto the Brooklyn Bridge. The water slid by under them in sheets of silvery gray. “There’s no point to it.”

She slumped lower in her seat, curling her fingers into the sleeves of her knitted green hoodie. Its edges were frayed and

the yarn tickled her cheek.

“Look,” Luke went on. “In all the years I’ve known him, there’s always been exactly one place Simon wanted to be, and he’s always fought like hell to make sure he got there and stayed there.”

“Where’s that?”

“Wherever you were,” said Luke. “Remember when you fell out of that tree on the farm when you were ten, and broke your arm? Remember how he made them let him ride with you in the ambulance on the way to the hospital? He kicked and yelled till they gave in.”

“You laughed,” said Clary, remembering, “and my mom hit you in the shoulder.”

“It was hard not to laugh. Determination like that in a ten-year-old is something to see. He was like a pit bull.”

“If pit bulls wore glasses and were allergic to ragweed.”

“You can’t put a price on that kind of loyalty,” said Luke, more seriously.

“I know. Don’t make me feel worse.”

“Clary, I’m telling you he made his own decisions. What you’re blaming yourself for is *being what you are*. And that’s no one’s fault and nothing you can change. You told him the truth and he made up his own mind what he wanted to do about that. Everyone has choices to make; no one has the right to take those choices away from us. Not even out of love.”

“But that’s just it,” Clary said. “When you love someone, you don’t have a choice.” She thought of the way her heart had contracted when Isabelle had called to tell her Jace was missing. She’d left the house without a moment’s thought or hesitation. “Love takes your choices away.”

“It’s a lot better than the alternative.” Luke guided the truck onto Flatbush. Clary didn’t reply; just gazed dully out the window. The area just off the bridge was not one of the prettier parts of Brooklyn; either side of the avenue was lined with ugly office buildings and auto body shops. Normally she hated

it but right now the surroundings suited her mood. “So, have you heard from—?” Luke began, apparently deciding it was time to change the subject.

“Simon? Yes, you know I have.”

“Actually, I was going to say Jace.”

“Oh.” Jace had called her cell phone several times and left messages. She hadn’t picked up or called him back. Not talking to him was her penance for what had happened to Simon. It was the worst way she could think to punish herself. “No, I haven’t.”

Luke’s voice was carefully neutral. “You might want to. Just to see if he’s all right. He’s probably having a pretty bad time of it, considering—”

Clary shifted in her seat. “I thought you checked in with Magnus. I heard you talking to him about Valentine and the whole reversing the Soul-Sword thing. I’m sure he’d tell you if Jace wasn’t okay.”

“Magnus can reassure me about Jace’s physical health. His mental health, on the other hand—”

“Forget it. I’m not calling Jace.” Clary heard the coldness in her own voice and was almost shocked at herself. “I have to be there for Simon right now. It’s not like his mental health is so great either.”

Luke sighed. “If he’s having trouble coming to terms with his condition, maybe he should—”

“Of course he’s having trouble!” She shot Luke an accusing look, though he was concentrating on traffic and didn’t notice. “You of all people ought to understand what it’s like to—”

“Wake up a monster one day?” Luke didn’t sound bitter, just weary. “You’re right, I do understand. And if he ever wants to talk to me, I’d be happy to tell him all about it. He will get through this, even if he thinks he won’t.”

Clary frowned. The sun was setting just behind them, making the rearview mirror shine like gold. Her eyes stung from the brightness. “It’s not the same,” she said. “At least you

grew up knowing werewolves were real. Before he can tell anyone he's a vampire, he'll have to convince them that vampires *exist* in the first place."

Luke looked as if he were about to say something, then changed his mind. "I'm sure you're right." They were in Williamsburg now, driving down half-empty Kent Avenue, warehouses rising above them on either side. "Still. I got him something. It's in the glove compartment. Just in case . . ."

Clary snapped the compartment open and frowned. She took out a shiny folded pamphlet, the kind they kept stacked in clear plastic stands in hospital waiting rooms. "*How to Come Out to Your Parents*," she read out loud. "LUKE. Don't be ridiculous. Simon's not gay, he's a vampire."

"I recognize that, but the pamphlet's all about telling your parents difficult truths about yourself they may not want to face. Maybe he could adapt one of the speeches, or just listen to the advice in general—"

"Luke!" She spoke so sharply that he pulled the truck to a stop with a loud screech of brakes. They were just in front of his house, the water of the East River glittering darkly on their left, the sky streaked with soot and shadows. Another, darker shadow crouched on Luke's front porch.

Luke narrowed his eyes. In wolf form, he'd told her, his eyesight was perfect; in human form, he remained nearsighted. "Is that . . . ?"

"Simon. Yes." She knew him even as an outline. "I'd better go talk to him."

"Sure. I'll, ah, run some errands. I have things to pick up."

"What kind of things?"

He waved her away. "Food things. I'll be back in a half hour. Don't stay outside, though. Go in the house and lock up."

"You know I will."

She watched as the pickup sped away, then turned toward the house. Her heart was pounding. She'd talked to Simon on

the phone a few times but she hadn't seen him since they'd brought him, groggy and blood-splattered, to Luke's house in the dark early hours of that horrible morning to clean up before driving him home. She'd thought he ought to go to the Institute, but of course that was impossible. Simon would never see the inside of a church or synagogue again.

She'd watched him walking up the path to his front door, shoulders hunched forward as if he were walking against a heavy wind. When the porch light came on automatically, he flinched away from it, and she knew it was because he had thought it was the light of the sun; and she started to cry, silently, in the backseat of the pickup, the tears splashing down onto the strange black Mark on her forearm.

"Clary," Jace had whispered, and he'd reached for her hand, but she'd recoiled from him just as Simon had recoiled from the light. She wouldn't touch him. She'd never touch him again. That was her penance, her payment for what she'd done to Simon.

Now, as she mounted the steps to Luke's porch, her mouth went dry and her throat swelled with the pressure of tears. She told herself not to cry. Crying would only make him feel worse.

He was sitting in the shadows at the corner of the porch, watching her. She could see the gleam of his eyes in the darkness. She wondered if they'd held that sort of light in them before; she couldn't remember. "Simon?"

He stood up in one single smooth graceful movement that sent a chill up her spine. There was one thing Simon had never been, and that was graceful. There was something else about him, something different—

"Sorry if I startled you." He spoke carefully, almost formally, as if they were strangers.

"It's all right, it's just—How long have you been here?"

"Not long. I can only travel after the sun starts going down, remember? I accidentally put my hand about an inch out the

window yesterday and nearly charred off my fingers. Luckily I heal fast.”

She fumbled for her key, unlocked the door, swung it open. Pale light spilled out onto the porch. “Luke said we should stay inside.”

“Because the nasty things,” Simon said, pushing past her, “they come out in the dark.”

The living room was full of warm yellow light. Clary shut the door behind them and flipped the dead bolts closed. Isabelle’s blue coat was still hanging on a hook by the door. She’d meant to take it to a dry cleaner to see if they could get the bloodstains out, but she hadn’t had a chance. She stared at it for a moment, steeling herself, before turning to look at Simon.

He was standing in the middle of the room, hands awkwardly in the pockets of his jacket. He was wearing jeans and a frayed I ♥ NEW YORK T-shirt that had belonged to his dad. Everything about him was familiar to Clary, and yet he seemed like a stranger. “Your glasses,” she said, belatedly realizing what had seemed strange to her out on the porch. “You’re not wearing them.”

“Have *you* ever seen a vampire wearing glasses?”

“Well, no, but—”

“I don’t need them anymore. Perfect vision seems to come with the territory.” He sat down on the couch and Clary joined him, sitting beside him but not too near. Up close she could see how pale his skin looked, blue tracers of veins apparent just beneath the surface. His eyes without the glasses looked huge and dark, the lashes like black ink strokes. “Of course I still have to wear them around the house or my mother would freak out. I’m going to have to tell her I’m getting contacts.”

“You’re going to have to tell her, period,” Clary said, more firmly than she felt. “You can’t hide your—your condition forever.”

“I can try.” He raked a hand through his dark hair, his mouth twisting. “Clary, what am I going to *do*? My mom

keeps bringing me food and I have to throw it out the window—I haven't been outside in two days, but I don't know how much longer I can go on pretending I have the flu. Eventually she's going to bring me to the doctor, and then what? I don't have a *heartbeat*. He'll tell her that I'm *dead*."

"Or write you up as a medical miracle," said Clary.

"It's not funny."

"I know, I was just trying to—"

"I keep thinking about blood," Simon said. "I dream about it. Wake up thinking about it. Pretty soon I'll be writing morbid emo poetry about it."

"Don't you have those bottles of blood Magnus gave you? You're not running out, are you?"

"I have them. They're in my mini-fridge. But I've only got three left." His voice sounded thin with tension. "What about when I run out?"

"You won't. We'll get you some more," Clary said, with more confidence than she felt. She supposed she could always hit up Magnus's friendly local supplier of lamb's blood, but the whole business made her queasy. "Look, Simon, Luke thinks you should tell your mom. You can't hide it from her forever."

"I can damn well try."

"Think about Luke," she said desperately. "You can still live a normal life."

"And what about us? Do you want a vampire boyfriend?" He laughed bitterly. "Because I foresee many romantic picnics in our future. You, drinking a virgin piña colada. Me, drinking the blood of a virgin."

"Think of it as a handicap," Clary urged. "You just have to learn how to work your life around it. Lots of people do it."

"I'm not sure I'm people. Not anymore."

"You are to me," she said. "Anyway, being human is overrated."

“At least Jace can’t call me *mundane* anymore. What’s that you’re holding?” he asked, noticing the pamphlet, still rolled up in her left hand.

“Oh, this?” She held it up. “*How to Come Out to Your Parents.*”

He widened his eyes. “Something you want to tell me?”

“It’s not for me. It’s for you.” She handed it to him.

“I don’t have to come out to my mother,” said Simon. “She already thinks I’m gay because I’m not interested in sports and I haven’t had a serious girlfriend yet. Not that she knows about, anyway.”

“But you have to come out as a vampire,” Clary pointed out. “Luke thought maybe you could, you know, use one of the suggested speeches in the pamphlet, except use the word ‘undead’ instead of—”

“I get it, I get it.” Simon spread the pamphlet open. “Here, I’ll practice on you.” He cleared his throat. “Mom. I have something to tell you. I’m undead. Now, I know you may have some preconceived notions about the undead. I know you may not be comfortable with the idea of me being undead. But I’m here to tell you that the undead are just like you and me.” Simon paused. “Well, okay. Possibly more like me than you.”

“SIMON.”

“All right, all right.” He went on. “The first thing you need to understand is that I’m the same person I always was. Being undead isn’t the most important thing about me. It’s just part of who I am. The second thing you should know is that it isn’t a choice. I was born this way.” Simon squinted at her over the pamphlet. “Sorry, *reborn* this way.”

Clary sighed. “You’re not *trying*.”

“At least I can tell her you buried me in a Jewish cemetery,” Simon said, abandoning the pamphlet. “Maybe I should start small. Tell my sister first.”

“I’ll go with you if you want. Maybe I can help make them understand.”

He looked up at her, surprised, and she saw the cracks in his armor of bitter humor, and the fear that was underneath. “You’d do that?”

“I—,” Clary began, and was cut off by a sudden deafening screech of tires and the sound of shattering glass. She leaped to her feet and raced to the window, Simon beside her. She yanked the curtain aside and stared out.

Luke’s pickup truck was pulled up onto the lawn, its motor grinding, dark strips of burned rubber laid across the sidewalk. One of the truck’s headlights was blazing; the other had been smashed and there was a dark stain across the front grille of the truck—and something humped, white and motionless lying underneath the front wheels. Bile rose in Clary’s throat. Had Luke run someone over? But no—impatiently she scraped the glamour from her vision as if she were scraping dirt from a window. The thing under Luke’s wheels wasn’t human. It was smooth, white, almost larval, and it twitched like a worm pinned to a board.

The driver’s side door of the truck burst open and Luke leaped out. Ignoring the creature pinned under his wheels, he dashed across the lawn toward the porch. Following him with her gaze, Clary saw that there was a dark shape sprawled in the shadows there. This shape *was* human—small, with light, braided hair—

“That’s that werewolf girl. Maia.” Simon sounded astonished. “What *happened*?”

“I don’t know.” Clary grabbed her stele off the top of a bookcase. They clattered down the steps, and dashed for the shadows where Luke crouched, his hands on Maia’s shoulders, lifting her and propping her gently against the side of the porch. Up close, Clary could see that the front of her shirt was torn and there was a gash in her shoulder, leaking a slow pulse of blood.

Simon stopped dead. Clary, nearly crashing into him, gave a gasp of surprise and shot him an angry look before she realized. *The blood*. He was afraid of it, afraid of looking at it.

“She’s all right,” said Luke, as Maia’s head rolled and she groaned. He slapped her cheek lightly and her eyes fluttered open. “Maia. Maia, can you hear me?”

She blinked and nodded, looking dazed. “Luke?” she whispered. “What happened?” She winced. “My shoulder—”

“Come on. I’d better get you inside.” Luke hoisted her in his arms, and Clary remembered that she’d always thought he was surprisingly strong for someone who worked in a bookstore. She’d put it down to all that hauling around of heavy boxes. Now she knew better. “Clary. Simon. Come on.”

They headed back inside, where Luke laid Maia down on the tattered gray velour couch. He sent Simon running for a blanket and Clary to the kitchen for a wet towel. When Clary returned, she found Maia propped up against one of the cushions, looking flushed and feverish. She was chattering rapidly and nervously to Luke, “I was coming across the lawn when—I smelled something. Something rotten, like garbage. I turned around and it hit me—”

“What hit you?” said Clary, handing Luke the towel.

Maia frowned. “I didn’t see it. It knocked me over and then—I tried to kick it off, but it was too fast—”

“I saw it,” said Luke, his voice flat. “I was driving up to the house and I saw you crossing the lawn—and then I saw it following you, in the shadows at your heels. I tried to yell out the window to you, but you didn’t hear me. Then it knocked you down.”

“*What* was following her?” asked Clary.

“It was a Drevak demon,” said Luke, his voice grim. “They’re blind. They track by smell. I drove the car up onto the lawn and crushed it.”

Clary glanced out the window at the truck. The thing that had been twitching under the wheels was gone, unsurprisingly—demons always returned to their home dimensions when they died. “Why would it attack Maia?” She dropped her voice as a thought occurred to her: “Do you think it was Valentine?”

Looking for werewolf blood for his spell? He got interrupted the last time—”

“I don’t think so,” Luke said, to her surprise. “Drevak demons aren’t bloodsuckers and they definitely couldn’t cause the kind of mayhem you saw in the Silent City. Mostly they’re spies and messengers. I think Maia just got in its way.” He bent to look at Maia, who was moaning softly, her eyes closed. “Can you pull your sleeve up so I can see your shoulder?”

The werewolf girl bit her lip and nodded, then reached over to roll up the sleeve of her sweater. There was a long gash just below her shoulder. Blood had dried to a crust on her arm. Clary sucked her breath in as she saw that the jagged red cut was lined with what looked like thin black needles poking grotesquely out of the skin.

Maia stared down at her arm in obvious horror. “What *are* those?”

“Drevak demons don’t have teeth; they have poisonous spines in their mouths,” Luke said. “Some of the spines have broken off in your skin.”

Maia’s teeth had begun to chatter. “Poison? Am I going to die?”

“Not if we work fast,” Luke reassured her. “I’m going to have to pull them out, though, and it’s going to hurt. Do you think you can handle it?”

Maia’s face was contorted into a grimace of pain. She managed to nod. “Just . . . get them out of me.”

“Get what out?” asked Simon, coming into the room with a rolled-up blanket. He dropped the blanket when he saw Maia’s arm, and took an involuntary step back. “What are *those*?”

“Squeamish about blood, mundane?” Maia said, with a small, twisted smile. Then she gasped. “Oh. It hurts—”

“I know,” Luke said, gently wrapping the towel around the lower part of her arm. From his belt he drew a thin-bladed knife. Maia took a look at the knife and squeezed her eyes shut.

“Do what you have to,” she said in a small voice. “But—I don’t want the others watching.”

“I understand.” Luke turned to Simon and Clary. “Go in the kitchen, both of you,” he said. “Call the Institute. Tell them what’s happened and have them send someone. They can’t send one of the Brothers, so preferably someone with medical training, or a warlock.” Simon and Clary stared at him, paralyzed by the sight of the knife and Maia’s slowly purpling arm. “Go!” he said, more sharply, and this time they went.

12

THE HOSTILITY OF DREAMS

Simon watched Clary as she leaned against the refrigerator, biting her lip like she always did when she was upset. Often he forgot how small she was, how light-boned and fragile, but at times like this—times when he wanted to put his arms around her—he was restrained by the thought that holding her too hard might hurt her, especially now when he no longer knew his own strength.

Jace, he knew, didn't feel that way. Simon had watched with a sick feeling in his stomach, unable to look away, as Jace had taken Clary in his arms and kissed her with such force Simon had thought one or the both of them might shatter. He'd held her as if he wanted to crush her into himself, as if he could fold the two of them into one person.

Of course Clary was strong, stronger than Simon gave her credit for. She was a Shadowhunter, with all that entailed. But that didn't matter; what they had between them was still as fragile as a flickering candle flame, as delicate as eggshell—and he knew that if it shattered, if he somehow let it break and be destroyed, something inside him would shatter too, something that could never be fixed.

"Simon." Her voice brought him back down to earth. "Simon, are you listening to me?"

"What? Yes, I am. Of course." He leaned against the sink, trying to look as if he'd been paying attention. The tap was dripping, which momentarily distracted him again—each silvery drop of water seemed to shimmer, tear-shaped and perfect, just before it fell. Vampire sight was a strange thing, he thought. His attention kept getting caught by the most ordinary things—the glitter of water, the flowering cracks in a

bit of pavement, the sheen of oil on a road—as if he'd never seen them before.

“Simon!” Clary said again, exasperated. He realized she was holding something pink and metallic out to him. Her new cell phone. “I said I want you to call Jace.”

That snapped him back to attention. “*Me* call him? He hates me.”

“No, he doesn’t,” she said, though he could tell from the look in her eyes that she only half-believed that. “Anyway, I don’t want to talk to him. Please?”

“Fine.” He took the phone from her and scrolled through to Jace’s number. “What do you want me to say?”

“Just tell him what happened. He’ll know what to do.”

Jace picked up the phone on the third ring, sounding out of breath. “Clary,” he said, startling Simon until he realized that of course Clary’s name would have popped up on Jace’s phone. “Clary, are you all right?”

Simon hesitated. There was a tone in Jace’s voice he’d never heard before, an anxious concern devoid of sarcasm or defense. Was that how he spoke to Clary when they were alone? Simon glanced at her; she was watching him with wide green eyes, biting unself-consciously on her right index fingernail.

“Clary.” Jace again. “I thought you were avoiding me—”

A flash of irritation shot through Simon. *You’re her brother*, he wanted to shout down the phone line, *that’s all. You don’t own her. You’ve got no right to sound so—so—*

Brokenhearted. That was the word. Though he’d never thought of Jace as having a heart to break.

“You were right,” he said finally, his voice cold. “She still is. This is Simon.”

There was such a long silence that Simon wondered if Jace had dropped the phone.

“Hello?”

“I’m here.” Jace’s voice was crisp and cool as autumn leaves, all vulnerability gone. “If you’re calling me up just to chat, mundane, you must be lonelier than I thought.”

“Believe me, I wouldn’t be calling you if I had a choice. I’m doing this because of Clary.”

“Is she all right?” Jace’s voice was still crisp and cool but with an edge to it now, autumn leaves frosted with a sheen of hard ice. “If something’s happened to her—”

“Nothing’s happened to her.” Simon fought to keep the anger out of his voice. As briefly as he could, he gave Jace a rundown of the night’s events and Maia’s resultant condition. Jace waited until he was done, then rapped out a set of short instructions. Simon listened in a daze and found himself nodding before realizing that of course Jace couldn’t see him. He began to speak and realized he was listening to silence; the other boy had hung up. Wordlessly, Simon flipped the phone shut and handed it to Clary. “He’s coming here.”

She sagged against the sink. “Now?”

“Now. Magnus and Alec will be with him.”

“Magnus?” she said dazedly, and then, “Oh, of course. Jace would have been at Magnus’s. I was thinking he was at the Institute, but of course he wouldn’t have been there. I—”

A harsh cry from the living room cut her off. Her eyes widened. Simon felt the hair on his neck stand up like wires. “It’s all right,” he said, as soothingly as he could. “Luke wouldn’t hurt Maia.”

“He *is* hurting her. He has no choice,” Clary said. She was shaking her head. “That’s how it always is these days. There’s never any choice.” Maia cried out again and Clary gripped the edge of the counter as if she were in pain herself. “I *hate* this!” she burst out. “I hate all of it! Always being scared, always being hunted, always wondering who’s going to get hurt next. I wish I could go back to the way things used to be!”

“But you can’t. None of us can,” Simon said. “At least you can still go out in daylight.”

She turned to him, lips parted, her eyes wide and dark. "Simon, I didn't mean—"

"I know you didn't." He backed away, feeling as if there were something caught in his throat. "I'm going to go see how they're doing." For a moment he thought she might follow him, but she let the kitchen door fall shut between them without protest.

All the lights were on in the living room. Maia lay gray-faced on the couch, the blanket he had brought pulled up to her chest. She was holding a wad of cloth against her right arm; the cloth was partly soaked through with blood. Her eyes were shut.

"Where's Luke?" Simon said, then winced, wondering if his tone was too harsh, too demanding. She looked awful, her eyes sunken into gray hollows, her mouth tight with pain. Her eyes fluttered open and fixed on him.

"Simon," she breathed. "Luke went outside to move the car off the lawn. He was worried about the neighbors."

Simon glanced toward the window. He could see the sweep of the headlights grazing the house as Luke swung the car into the driveway. "How about you?" he asked. "Did he get those things out of your arm?"

She nodded dully. "I'm just so tired," she whispered through cracked lips. "And—thirsty."

"I'll get you some water." There was a pitcher of water and a stack of glasses on the sideboard next to the dining room table. Simon poured a glass full of the tepid liquid and brought it to Maia. His hands were shaking slightly and some of the water spilled as she took the glass from him. She was lifting her head, about to say something—*Thank you*, probably—when their fingers touched and she jerked back so hard that the glass went flying. It hit the edge of the coffee table and shattered, splashing water across the polished wood floor.

"Maia? Are you all right?"

She shrank away from him, her shoulders pressed against the back of the sofa, her lips pulled away from bared teeth.

Her eyes had gone a luminous yellow. A low growl came from her throat, the sound of a cornered dog at bay.

“Maia?” Simon said again, appalled.

“*Vampire*,” she snarled.

He felt his head rock back as if she had slapped him. “Maia —”

“I thought you were *human*. But you’re a monster. A bloodsucking leech.”

“I am human—I mean, I *was* human. I got turned. A few days ago.” His mind was swimming; he felt dizzy and sick. “Just like you were—”

“Don’t ever compare yourself to me!” She had struggled up into a sitting position, those ghastly yellow eyes still on him, scouring him with their disgust. “I’m still human, still alive—you’re a dead thing that feeds on blood.”

“*Animal* blood—”

“Just because you can’t get human, or the Shadowhunters will burn you alive—”

“Maia,” he said, and her name in his mouth was half fury and half a plea; he took a step toward her and her hand whipped out, nails shooting out like talons, suddenly impossibly long. They raked his cheek, sending him staggering back, his hand clapped to his face. Blood coursed down his cheek, into his mouth. He tasted the salt of it and his stomach rumbled.

Maia was crouched on the sofa’s arm now, her knees drawn up, clawed fingers leaving deep gouges in the gray velveteen. A low growl poured from her throat and her ears were long and flat against her head. When she bared her teeth, they were sharply jagged—not needle-thin like his own, but strong, whitely pointed canines. She had dropped the bloody cloth that had wrapped her arm and he could see the punctures where the spines had gone in, the glimmer of blood, welling, spilling—

A sharp pain in his lower lip told him that his fangs had slid from their sheaths. Some part of him wanted to fight her, to

wrestle her down and puncture her skin with his teeth, to gulp her hot blood. The rest of him felt as if it were screaming. He took a step back and then another, his hands out as if he could hold her back.

She tensed to spring, just as the door to the kitchen flew open and Clary burst into the room. She leaped onto the coffee table, landing lightly as a cat. She held something in her hand, something that flashed a bright white-silver when she raised her arm. Simon saw that it was a dagger as elegantly curved as a bird's wing; a dagger that whipped past Maia's hair, millimeters from her face, and sank to the hilt in gray velveteen. Maia tried to pull away and gasped; the blade had gone through her sleeve and pinned it to the sofa.



Clary yanked the blade back. It was one of Luke's. The moment she'd cracked the kitchen door and gotten a look at what was going on in the living room, she'd made a beeline for the personal weapons stash he kept in his office. Maia might be weakened and sick, but she'd looked mad enough to kill, and Clary didn't doubt her abilities.

"What the hell is it with you?" As if from a distance, Clary heard herself speaking, and the steel in her own voice astonished her. "Werewolves, vampires—you're both Downworlders."

"Werewolves don't hurt people, or each other. Vampires are murderers. One killed a boy down at the Hunter's Moon just the other day—"

"That wasn't a vampire." Clary saw Maia blanch at the certainty in her voice. "And if you could stop blaming each other all the time for every bad thing that happens Downworld, maybe the Nephilim would start taking you seriously and actually *do* something about it." She turned to Simon. The vicious cuts across his cheek were already healing to silvery red lines. "Are you all right?"

"Yes." His voice was barely audible. She could see the hurt in his eyes, and for a moment she wrestled the urge to call Maia a number of unprintable names. "I'm fine."

Clary turned back to the werewolf girl. “You’re lucky he’s not as much of a bigot as you are, or I’d complain to the Clave and make the whole pack pay for your behavior.”

Maia bristled. “You don’t get it. Vampires are what they are because they’re infected with demon energies—”

“So are lycanthropes!” Clary said. “I may not know much, but I do know that.”

“But that’s the problem. The demon energies change us, make us different—you can call it a sickness or whatever you want, but the demons who created vampires and the demons who created werewolves came from species who were at war with each other. They hated each other, so it’s in our blood to hate each other too. We can’t help it. A werewolf and a vampire can never be friends because of it.” She looked at Simon. Her eyes were bright with anger and something else. “You’ll start hating me soon enough,” she said. “You’ll hate Luke, too. You won’t be able to help it.”

“Hate *Luke*?” Simon was ashen, but before Clary could reassure him, the front door banged open. She looked around, expecting Luke, but it wasn’t Luke. It was Jace. He was all in black, two seraph blades stuck through the belt that circled his narrow hips. Alec and Magnus were just behind him, Magnus in a long, swirling cape that looked as if it were decorated with bits of crushed glass.

Jace’s golden eyes, with the precision of a laser, fixed immediately on Clary. If she’d thought he might look apologetic, concerned, or even ashamed after all that had happened, she was wrong. All he looked was angry. “What,” he said, with a sharp and deliberate annoyance, “do you think you’re doing?”

Clary glanced down at herself. She was still perched on the coffee table, knife in hand. She fought the urge to hide it behind her back. “We had an incident. I took care of it.”

“Really.” Jace’s voice dripped sarcasm. “Do you even know how to use that knife, Clarissa? *Without* poking a hole in yourself or any innocent bystanders?”

“I didn’t hurt anyone,” Clary said between her teeth.

“She stabbed the couch,” said Maia in a dull voice, her eyes falling shut. Her cheeks were still flushed red with fever and rage, but the rest of her face was alarmingly pale.

Simon looked at her worriedly. “I think she’s getting worse.”

Magnus cleared his throat. When Simon didn’t move, he said, “Get out of the way, mundane,” in a tone of immense annoyance. He flung his cloak back as he stalked across the room to where Maia lay on the couch. “I take it you’re my patient?” he inquired, gazing down at her through glitter-crusted lashes.

Maia stared up at him with unfocused eyes.

“I’m Magnus Bane,” he went on in a soothing tone, stretching out his ringed hands. Blue sparks had begun to dance between them like bioluminescence dancing in water. “I’m the warlock who’s here to cure you. Didn’t they tell you I was coming?”

“I know who you are, but . . .” Maia looked dazed. “You look so . . . so . . . *shiny*.”

Alec made a noise that sounded very much like a laugh stifled by a cough as Magnus’s thin hands wove a shimmering blue curtain of magic around the werewolf girl.

Jace wasn’t laughing. “Where,” he asked, “is Luke?”

“He’s outside,” Simon said. “He was moving the truck off the lawn.”

Jace and Alec exchanged a quick look.

“Funny,” Jace said. He didn’t sound amused. “I didn’t see him when we were coming up the stairs.”

A thin tendril of panic unfurled like a leaf inside Clary’s chest. “Did you see his pickup?”

“I saw it,” Alec said. “It was in the driveway. The lights were off.”

At that even Magnus, intent on Maia, looked up. Through the net of enchantment he had woven around himself and the werewolf girl, his features seemed blurred and indistinct, as if he were looking at them through water. “I don’t like it,” he said, his voice sounding hollow and far away. “Not after a Drevak attack. They roam in packs.”

Jace’s hand was already reaching for one of his seraph blades. “I’ll go check on him. Alec, you stay here, keep the house secure.”

Clary jumped down from the table. “I’m coming with you.”

“No, you’re not.” He headed for the door, not glancing behind him to see if she was following.

She put on a burst of speed and threw herself between him and the front door. “*Stop.*”

For a moment she thought he was going to keep right on going even if he had to walk *through* her, but he paused, just inches from her, so close she could feel his breath stir her hair when he spoke. “I *will* knock you down if I have to, Clarissa.”

“Stop calling me that.”

“Clary,” he said in a low voice, and the sound of her name in his mouth was so intimate that a shudder ran up her spine. The gold in his eyes had turned hard, metallic. She wondered for a moment if he might actually spring at her, what it would be like if he struck her, knocked her down, grabbed her wrists even. Fighting to him was like sex to other people. The thought of him touching her like that brought the blood to her cheeks in a hot flood.

She spoke around the breathless catch in her voice. “He’s my uncle, not yours—”

A savage humor flashed across his face. “Any uncle of yours is an uncle of mine, darling sister,” he said, “and he’s no blood relation to either of us.”

“Jace—”

“Besides, I haven’t got time to Mark you,” he said, lazy gold eyes raking her, “and all you’ve got is that knife. It won’t

be much use if it's demons we're dealing with."

She jammed the knife into the wall beside the door, point-first, and was rewarded by the look of surprise on his face. "So what? You've got two seraph blades; give me one."

"Oh, for the love of—" It was Simon, hands jammed into his pockets, eyes burning like black coals in his white face. "*I'll go.*"

Clary said, "Simon, don't—"

"At least I'm not wasting my time standing here flirting while we don't know what's happened to Luke." He gestured for her to move aside from the door.

Jace's lips thinned. "We'll *all* go." To Clary's surprise he jerked a seraph blade out of his belt and handed it to her. "Take it."

"What's its name?" she asked, moving away from the door.

"Nakir."

Clary had left her jacket in the kitchen, and the cold air sheeting off the East River cut through her thin shirt the moment she stepped out onto the dark porch. "Luke?" she called. "*Luke!*"

The truck was pulled up in the driveway, one of the doors hanging open. The roof light was on, shedding a faint glow. Jace frowned. "The keys are in the ignition. The car's idling."

Simon shut the front door behind them. "How do you know that?"

"I can hear it." Jace looked at Simon speculatively. "And so could you if you tried, bloodsucker." He loped down the stairs, a faint chuckle drifting behind him on the wind.

"I think I liked 'mundane' better than 'bloodsucker,'" Simon muttered.

"With Jace, you don't really get to choose your insulting nickname." Clary felt in her jeans pocket until her fingers encountered cool, smooth stone. She raised the witchlight in

her hand, its glow raying out between her fingers like the light of a tiny sun. “Come on.”

Jace had been right; the truck *was* idling. Clary smelled the exhaust as they approached, her heart sinking. Luke would never have left the car door open and the keys in the ignition like that unless something had happened.

Jace was circling the truck, frowning. “Bring that witchlight closer.” He knelt down in the grass, running his fingers lightly over it. From an inner pocket he drew an object Clary recognized: a smooth piece of metal, engraved all over with delicate runes. A Sensor. Jace ran it over the grass and it obliged with a series of loud clicking noises, like a Geiger counter gone berserk. “Definite demonic action. I’m picking up heavy traces.”

“Could that be left over from the demon who attacked Maia?” Simon asked.

“The levels are too high. There’s been more than one demon here tonight.” Jace rose to his feet, all business. “Maybe you two should go back inside. Send Alec out here. He’s dealt with this sort of thing before.”

“Jace—” Clary was furious all over again. She broke off as something caught her eye. It was a flicker of movement, across the street, down by the cement rock-strewn bank of the East River. There was something about the movement—an angle as a gesture caught the light, something too quick, too *elongated* to be human....

Clary flung an arm out, pointing. “Look! By the water!”

Jace’s gaze followed hers and he sucked in his breath. Then he was running, and they were running after him, over the asphalt of Kent Street and onto the scrubby grass that bordered the waterfront. The witchlight swung in Clary’s hand as she ran, lighting bits of the riverbank with haphazard illumination: a patch of weeds there, a jut of broken concrete that nearly tripped her up, a heap of trash and broken glass—and then, as they came in clear sight of the lapping water, the crumpled figure of a man.

It was Luke—Clary saw that instantly, though the two dark, humped shapes crouching over him blocked his face from her view. He was on his back, so close to the water that she wondered for a panicked moment if the hunched creatures were holding him under, trying to drown him. Then they drew back, hissing through perfectly circular lipless mouths, and she saw that his head was resting on the gravelly riverbank. His face was slack and gray.

“Raum demons,” Jace whispered.

Simon’s eyes were wide. “Are those the same things that attacked Maia—?”

“No. These are much worse.” Jace gestured at Simon and Clary to get behind him. “You two, stay back.” He raised his seraph blade. “*Israfiel!*” he cried, and there was a sudden hot burst of light as it blazed up. Jace leaped forward, sweeping his weapon at the nearest of the demons. In the light of the seraph blade, the demon’s appearance was unpleasantly visible: deadwhite, scaled skin, a black hole for a mouth, bulging, toadlike eyes, and arms that ended in tentacles where hands should have been. It lashed out now with those tentacles, whipping them toward Jace with incredible speed.

But Jace was faster. There was a nasty *snick* sort of noise as Israfiel sheared through the demon’s wrist and its tentacled appendage flew through the air. The tentacle tip came to rest at Clary’s feet, still twitching. It was gray-white, tipped with blood-red suckers. Inside each sucker was a cluster of tiny, needle-sharp teeth.

Simon made a gagging noise. Clary was inclined to agree. She kicked at the spasming clot of tentacles, sending it rolling across the dirty grass. When she looked up, she saw that Jace had knocked the injured demon down and they were tumbling together across the rocks at the river’s edge. The glow of Jace’s seraph blade sent elegant arcs of light shattering across the water as he writhed and twisted to avoid the creature’s remaining tentacles—not to mention the black blood spraying from its severed wrist. Clary hesitated—should she go to Luke or run to help Jace?—and in that moment of hesitation she

heard Simon shout, “Clary, watch *out!*” and turned to see the second demon lunging straight at her.



There was no time to reach for the seraph blade at her belt, no time to remember and shout out its name. She threw her hands out and the demon struck her, knocking her backward. She went down with a cry, hitting her shoulder painfully against the uneven ground. Slick tentacles rasped against her skin. One braceleted her arm, squeezing painfully; the other whipped forward, wrapping her throat.

She grabbed frantically at her neck, trying to pull the lashing, flexible limb away from her windpipe. Already her lungs were aching. She kicked and twisted—

And suddenly the pressure was gone; the thing was off her. She sucked in a whistling breath and rolled to her knees. The demon was in a half crouch, staring at her with black, pupilless eyes. Getting ready to lunge again? She grabbed for her blade, spat: “*Nakir,*” and a spear of light shot from her fingers. She’d never held an angel knife before. The hilt of it trembled and vibrated in her hand; it felt alive. “*NAKIR!*” she cried, staggering to her feet, the blade outstretched and pointed at the Raum demon.

To her surprise, the demon skittered backward, tentacles waving, almost as if it were—but this wasn’t possible—*afraid* of her. She saw Simon, running toward her, a length of what looked like steel pipe in his hand; behind him, Jace was getting to his knees. She couldn’t see the demon he’d been fighting; perhaps he’d killed it. As for the second Raum demon, its mouth was open and it was making a distressed, hooting noise, like a monstrous owl. Abruptly, it turned and, with tentacles waving, dashed toward the bank and leaped into the river. A gush of blackish water splashed upward, and then the demon was gone, vanishing beneath the river’s surface without even a telltale spray of bubbles to mark its place.

Jace reached her side just as it vanished. He was bent over, panting, smeared with black demon blood. “What—happened?” he demanded between gasps for breath.

“I don’t know,” Clary admitted. “It came at me—I tried to fight it off but it was too fast—and then it just *left*. Like it saw something that scared it.”

“Are you all right?” It was Simon, skidding to a stop in front of her, not panting—he didn’t breathe anymore, she reminded herself—but anxious, clutching a thick length of pipe in his hand.

“Where did you get that?” Jace demanded.

“I wrenched it off the side of a telephone pole.” Simon looked as if the recollection surprised him. “I guess you can do anything when your adrenaline is up.”

“Or when you have the unholy strength of the damned,” Jace said.

“Oh, shut up, both of you,” snapped Clary, earning herself a martyred look from Simon and a leer from Jace. She pushed past the two of them, heading for the riverbank. “Or have you forgotten about Luke?”

Luke was still unconscious, but breathing. He was as pale as Maia had been, and his sleeve was torn across the shoulder. When Clary drew the blood-stiffened fabric away from the skin, working as gingerly as she could, she saw that across his shoulder was a cluster of circular red wounds where a tentacle had gripped him. Each was oozing a mixture of blood and blackish fluid. She sucked in her breath. “We have to get him inside.”

Magnus was waiting for them on the front porch when Simon and Jace carried Luke, slumped between them, up the stairs. Having finished with Maia, Magnus had put her to bed in Luke’s room, so they set Luke down on the sofa where she’d been lying and let Magnus go to work on him.

“Will he be all right?” Clary demanded, hovering around the couch as Magnus summoned blue fire that shimmered between his hands.

“He’ll be fine. Raum poison is a little more complex than a Drevak sting, but nothing I can’t handle.” Magnus motioned her away. “At least not if you get back and let me work.”

Reluctantly, she sank down into an armchair. Jace and Alec were over by the window, heads close together. Jace was gesturing with his hands. She guessed he was explaining to Alec what had happened with the demons. Simon, looking uncomfortable, was leaning against the wall beside the kitchen door. He seemed lost in thought. Not wanting to look at Luke's slack gray face and sunken eyes, Clary let her gaze rest on Simon, gauging the ways in which he looked both familiar and very alien. Without the glasses, his eyes seemed twice their size, and very dark, more black than brown. His skin was pale and smooth as white marble, traced with darker veins at the temples and the sharply angled cheekbones. Even his hair seemed darker, in stark contrast to the white of his skin. She remembered looking at the crowd in Raphael's hotel, wondering why there didn't seem to be any ugly or unattractive vampires. Maybe there was some rule about not making vampires out of the physically unappealing, she'd thought then, but now she wondered if the vampirism itself wasn't transformative, smoothing out blotched skin, adding color and luster to eyes and hair. Perhaps it was an evolutionary advantage to the species. Good looks could only help vampires lure their prey.

She realized then that Simon was staring back at her, his dark eyes wide. Snapping out of her reverie, she turned back to see Magnus getting to his feet. The blue light was gone. Luke's eyes were still closed but the ugly grayish tint had gone from his skin, and his breathing was deep and regular.

"He's all right!" Clary exclaimed, and Alec, Jace, and Simon came hurrying over to have a look. Simon slid his hand into Clary's, and she wrapped her fingers around his, glad for the reassurance.

"So he'll live?" Simon said, as Magnus sank down onto the armrest of the nearest chair. He looked exhausted, drawn and bluish. "You're sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure," Magnus said. "I'm the High Warlock of Brooklyn; I know what I'm doing." His eyes moved to Jace, who had just said something to Alec in a voice too low for any of the rest of them to hear. "Which reminds me," Magnus went

on, sounding stiff—and Clary had never heard him sound stiff before—“that I’m not exactly sure what it is you think you’re doing, calling on me every time one of you has so much as an ingrown toenail that needs clipping. As High Warlock, my time is valuable. There are plenty of lesser warlocks who’d be happy to do a job for you at a greatly reduced rate.”

Clary blinked at him in surprise. “You’re *charging* us? But Luke is a friend!”

Magnus took a thin blue cigarette out of his shirt pocket. “Not a friend of mine,” he said. “I met him only on the few occasions when your mother brought him along when your memory spells were being refreshed.” He passed his hand across the cigarette’s tip and it lit with a multicolored flame. “Did you think I was helping you out of the goodness of my heart? Or am I just the only warlock you happen to know?”

Jace had listened to this short speech with a smolder of fury sparking his amber eyes to gold. “No,” he said now, “but you *are* the only warlock we know who happens to be dating a friend of ours.”

For a moment everyone stared at him—Alec in sheer horror, Magnus in astonished anger, and Clary and Simon in surprise. It was Alec who spoke first, his voice shaking. “Why would you say something like that?”

Jace looked baffled. “Something like what?”

“That I’m dating—that we’re—it’s not *true*,” Alec said, his voice rising and dropping several octaves as he fought to control it.

Jace looked at him steadily. “I didn’t say he was dating *you*,” he said, “but funny that you knew just what I meant, isn’t it?”

“We’re not dating,” Alec said again.

“Oh?” Magnus said. “So you’re just that friendly with everybody, is that it?”

“*Magnus.*” Alec stared imploringly at the warlock. Magnus, however, it seemed, had had enough. He crossed his

arms over his chest and leaned back in silence, regarding the scene before him with slitted eyes.

Alec turned to Jace. “You don’t—,” he began. “I mean, you couldn’t possibly think—”

Jace was shaking his head in puzzlement. “What I don’t get is you going to all these lengths to hide your relationship with Magnus from me when it’s not as if I would mind if you *did* tell me about it.”

If he meant his words to be reassuring, it was clear that they weren’t. Alec went a pale gray color, and said nothing. Jace turned to Magnus. “Help me convince him,” he said, “that I really don’t care.”

“Oh,” Magnus said quietly, “I think he believes you about that.”

“Then I don’t . . .” Bewilderment was plain on Jace’s face, and for a moment Clary saw Magnus’s expression and knew he was strongly tempted to answer. Moved by a hasty pity for Alec, she pulled her hand out of Simon’s and said,

“Jace, that’s enough. Let it alone.”

“Let what alone?” Luke inquired. Clary whirled around to find him sitting up on the couch, wincing a little with pain but looking otherwise healthy enough.

“Luke!” She darted to the side of the sofa, considered hugging him, saw the way he was holding his shoulder, and decided against it. “Do you remember what happened?”

“Not really.” Luke passed a hand across his face. “The last thing I remember was going out to the truck. Something hit my shoulder and jerked me sideways. I remember the most incredible pain—Anyway, I must have passed out after that. The next thing I knew I was listening to five people shouting. What was all that about, anyway?”

“Nothing,” chorused Clary, Simon, Alec, Magnus, and Jace, in surprising and probably never-to-be-repeated unison.

Despite his obvious exhaustion, Luke’s eyebrows shot up. But “I see,” was all he said.



Since Maia was still asleep in Luke's bedroom, he announced that he'd be just fine on the couch. Clary tried to give him the bed in her room, but he refused to take it. Giving up, she headed into the narrow hallway to retrieve sheets and blankets from the linen closet. She was dragging a comforter down from a high shelf when she sensed someone behind her. Clary whirled, dropping the blanket she'd been holding into a soft pile at her feet.

It was Jace. "Sorry to startle you."

"It's fine." She bent to retrieve the blanket.

"Actually, I'm not sorry," he said. "That's the most emotion I've seen from you in days."

"I haven't seen you in days."

"And whose fault is that? I've called you. You don't pick up the phone. And it's not as if I could simply come see you. I've been in prison, in case you've forgotten."

"Not exactly prison." She tried to sound light as she straightened up. "You've got Magnus to keep you company. And *Gilligan's Island*."

Jace suggested that the cast of *Gilligan's Island* could do something anatomically unlikely with themselves.

Clary sighed. "Aren't you supposed to be leaving with Magnus?"

His mouth twisted and she saw something fracture behind his eyes, a starburst of pain. "Can't wait to get rid of me?"

"No." She hugged the blanket against herself and stared down at his hands, unable to meet his eyes. His slender fingers were scarred and beautiful, with the faint white band of paler skin still visible where he had worn the Morgenstern ring on his right index finger. The yearning to touch him was so bad she wanted to let go of the blankets and scream. "I mean, no, it's not that. I don't hate you, Jace."

"I don't hate you, either."

She looked up at him, relieved. "I'm glad to hear that—"

"I wish I could hate you," he said. His voice was light, his mouth curved in an unconcerned half smile, his eyes sick with misery. "I want to hate you. I try to hate you. It would be so much easier if I did hate you. Sometimes I think I do hate you and then I see you and I—"

Her hands had grown numb with their grip on the blanket. "And you what?"

"What do you *think*?" Jace shook his head. "Why should I tell you everything about how I feel when you never tell me anything? It's like banging my head on a wall, except at least if I were banging my head on a wall, I'd be able to make myself stop."

Clary's lips were trembling so violently that she found it hard to speak. "Do you think it's easy for me?" she demanded. "Do you think—"

"Clary?" It was Simon, coming into the hallway with that new soundless grace of his, startling her so badly that she dropped the blanket again. She turned aside, but not fast enough to hide her expression from him, or the telltale shine in her eyes. "I see," he said, after a long pause. "Sorry to interrupt." He vanished back into the living room, leaving Clary staring after him through a wavering lens of tears.

"*Damn* it." She turned on Jace. "What is it about you?" she said, with more savagery than she'd intended. "Why do you have to ruin *everything*?" She shoved the blanket at him hastily and darted out of the room after Simon.

He was already out the front door. She caught up to him on the porch, letting the front door bang shut behind her. "Simon! Where are you going?"

He turned around almost reluctantly. "Home. It's late—I don't want to get caught here with the sun coming up."

Since the sun wasn't coming up for hours, this struck Clary as a feeble excuse. "You know you're welcome to stay and sleep here during the day if you want to avoid your mom. You can sleep in my room—"

“I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“Why not? I don’t understand why you’re going.”

He smiled at her. It was a sad smile with something else underneath. “You know what the worst thing I can imagine is?”

She blinked at him. “No.”

“Not trusting someone I love.”

She put her hand on his sleeve. He didn’t move away, but he didn’t respond to her touch, either. “Do you mean—”

“Yes,” he said, knowing what she was about to ask. “I mean you.”

“But you *can* trust me.”

“I used to think I could,” he said. “But I get the feeling you’d rather pine over someone you can never possibly be with than try being with someone you can.”

There was no point pretending. “Just give me time,” she said. “I just need some time to get over—to get over it all.”

“You’re not going to tell me I’m wrong, are you?” he said. His eyes looked very wide and dark in the dim porch light. “Not this time.”

“Not this time. I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be.” He turned away from her and her outstretched hand, heading for the porch steps. “At least it’s the truth.”

For whatever that’s worth. She shoved her hands into her pockets, watching him as he walked away from her until he was swallowed up by the darkness.



It turned out that Magnus and Jace weren’t leaving after all; Magnus wanted to spend a few more hours at the house to make sure that Maia and Luke were recovering as expected. After a few minutes of awkward conversation with a bored Magnus while Jace, sitting on Luke’s piano bench and

industriously studying some sheet music, ignored her, Clary decided to go to bed early.

But sleep didn't come. She could hear Jace's soft piano playing through the walls, but that wasn't what was keeping her awake. She was thinking of Simon, leaving for a house that no longer felt like home to him, of the despair in Jace's voice as he said *I want to hate you*, and of Magnus, not telling Jace the truth: that Alec did not want Jace to know about his relationship because he was still in love with him. She thought of the satisfaction it would have brought Magnus to say the words out loud, to acknowledge what the truth was, and the fact that he hadn't said them—had let Alec go on lying and pretending—because that was what Alec wanted, and Magnus cared about Alec enough to give him that. Maybe it was true what the Seelie Queen had said, after all: Love made you a liar.

13

A HOST OF REBEL ANGELS

There are three distinct sections to Ravel's *Gaspard de la Nuit*; Jace had played his way through the first when he got up from the piano, went into the kitchen, picked up Luke's phone, and made a single call. Then he went back to the piano and the *Gaspard*.

He was halfway through the third section when he saw a light sweep across Luke's front lawn. It cut off a moment later, plunging the view from the front window into darkness, but Jace was already on his feet and reaching for his jacket.

He closed Luke's front door behind him soundlessly and loped down the front steps two at a time. On the lawn by the footpath was a motorcycle, the engine still rumbling. It had a weirdly organic look to it: Pipes like ropy veins wound up and over the chassis, and the single headlight, now dim, resembled a gleaming eye. In a way, it looked as alive as the boy who was leaning against the cycle, looking at Jace curiously. He was wearing a brown leather jacket and his dark hair curled down to the collar of it and fell over his narrowed eyes. He was grinning, exposing pointed white teeth. Of course, Jace thought, neither the boy nor the motorcycle was *really* alive; they both ran on demon energies, fed by the night.

"Raphael," Jace said, by way of greeting.

"You see," Raphael said, "I have brought it, as you asked me to."

"I see that."

"Though, I might add, I have been very curious as to why you should want such a thing as a demonic motorcycle. They are not exactly Covenant, for one thing, and for another, it is rumored you already have one."

“I do have one,” Jace admitted, circling the cycle so as to examine it from all angles. “But it’s on the roof of the Institute, and I can’t get to it right now.”

Raphael chuckled softly. “It seems we’re both unwelcome at the Institute.”

“You bloodsuckers still on the Most Wanted list?”

Raphael leaned to the side and spit, delicately, onto the ground. “They accuse us of murders,” he said angrily. “The death of the were-creature, the faerie, even the warlock, though I have told them we do not drink warlock blood. It is bitter and can work strange changes in those who consume it.”

“You told Maryse this?”

“Maryse.” Raphael’s eyes glittered. “I could not speak with her if I wanted to. All decisions are made through the Inquisitor now, all inquiries and requests routed through her. It is a bad situation, friend, a bad situation.”

“You’re telling me,” said Jace. “And we’re not friends. I agreed not to tell the Clave what happened with Simon because I needed your help. Not because I like you.”

Raphael grinned, his teeth flashing white in the dark. “You like me.” He tilted his head to the side. “It is odd,” he reflected. “I would have thought you would seem different now that you are in disgrace with the Clave. No longer their favored son. I thought some of that arrogance might have been beaten out of you. But you are just the same.”

“I believe in consistency,” Jace said. “Are you going to let me have the bike, or not? I’ve only got a few hours until sunrise.”

“I take it that means you’re not going to give me a ride home?” Raphael moved gracefully away from the motorcycle; as he moved, Jace caught the bright glint of the gold chain around his throat.

“Nope.” Jace climbed onto the bike. “But you can sleep in the cellar under the house if you’re worried about sunrise.”

“Mmm.” Raphael seemed thoughtful; he was a few inches shorter than Jace, and though he looked younger physically, his eyes were much older. “So are we even for Simon now, Shadowhunter?”

Jace gunned the bike, turning it toward the river. “We’ll never be even, bloodsucker, but at least this is a start.”



Jace hadn’t ridden a cycle since the weather had changed, and he was caught short by the icy wind that arced off the river, piercing his thin jacket and the denim of his jeans with dozens of ice-tipped needles of cold. Jace shivered, glad that at least he had worn leather gloves to protect his hands.

Though the sun had just gone down, the world already seemed leached of color. The river was the color of steel, the sky gray as a dove, the horizon a thick black painted line in the distance. Lights winked and glittered along the spans of the Williamsburg and Manhattan Bridges. The air tasted of snow, though winter was months away.

The last time he’d flown over the river, Clary had been with him, her arms around him and her small hands bunched in the material of his jacket. He hadn’t been cold then. He banked the cycle viciously and felt it lurch sideways; he thought he saw his own shadow flung against the water, tilted crazily to the side. As he righted himself, he saw it: a ship with black metal sides, unmarked and almost lightless, its prow a narrow blade scything the water ahead. It reminded him of a shark, lean and quick and deadly.

He braked and drifted carefully downward, soundless, a leaf caught in a tide. He didn’t feel as if he were falling, more as if the ship were lifting itself to meet him, buoyed on a rising current. The wheels of the cycle touched down onto the deck and he glided slowly to a stop. There was no need to cut the engine; he swung his legs off the cycle and its rumble subsided to a growl, then a purr, then silence. When he glanced back at it, it looked a little as if it were glowering at him, like an unhappy dog after being told to stay.

He grinned at it. "I'll be back for you," he said. "I've got to check out this boat first."

There was a lot to check out. He was standing on a wide deck, the water to his left. Everything was painted black: the deck, the metal guardrail that encircled it; even the windows in the long, narrow cabin were blacked out. The boat was bigger than he'd expected it to be: probably the length of a football field, maybe more. It wasn't like any ship he'd ever seen before: too big to be a yacht, too small to be a naval vessel, and he'd never seen a ship where everything was painted black. Jace wondered where his father had gotten it.

Leaving the bike, he started a slow circuit around the deck. The clouds had cleared and the stars shone down, impossibly bright. He could see the city illuminated on both sides of him as if he stood in an empty narrow-walled passage made of light. His boots echoed hollowly against the deck. He wondered suddenly if Valentine was even here. Jace had rarely been anywhere that seemed so thoroughly deserted.

He paused for a moment at the bow of the boat, looking out over the river that sliced between Manhattan and Long Island like a scar. The water was churned to gray peaks, lashed with silver along their tops, and a strong and steady wind was blowing, the kind of wind that blew only across water. He stretched his arms out and let the wind take his jacket and blow it back like wings, whip his hair across his face, sting his eyes to tears.

There had been a lake by the manor house in Idris. His father had taught him to sail on it, taught him the language of wind and water, of buoyancy and air. *All men should know how to sail*, he had said. It was one of the few times he'd ever spoken like that, saying *all men* and not *all Shadowhunters*. It was a brief reminder that whatever else Jace might be, he was still part of the human race.

Turning away from the bow with his eyes stinging, Jace saw a door set into the wall of the cabin between two blacked-out windows. Crossing the deck quickly, he tried the handle; it was locked. With his stele, he carved a quick set of Opening runes into the metal and the door swung open, the hinges

shrieking in protest and shedding red flakes of rust. Jace ducked under the low doorway and found himself in a dimly lit metal stairwell. The air smelled of rust and disuse. He took another step forward and the door shut behind him with an echoing metallic slam, plunging him into darkness.

He swore, feeling for the witchlight rune-stone in his pocket. His gloves felt suddenly clunky, his fingers stiff with cold. He was colder inside than he had been out on the deck. The air was like ice. He drew his hand out of his pocket, shivering, and not just from the temperature. The hair along the back of his neck was prickling, his every nerve screaming. Something was wrong.

He raised the rune-stone and it flared into light, making his eyes water even more. Through the blur he saw the slender figure of a girl standing in front of him, her hands clasped across her chest, her hair a splash of red color against the black metal all around them.

His hand shook, scattering leaping darts of witchlight as if a host of fireflies had risen out of the darkness below. "*Clary?*"

She stared at him, white-faced, her lips trembling. Questions died in his throat—what was she doing here? How had she gotten to the ship? A spasm of terror gripped him, worse than any fear he'd ever felt for himself. Something was wrong with her, with Clary. He took a step forward, just as she moved her hands away from her chest and held them out to him. They were sticky with blood. Blood covered the front of her white dress like a scarlet bib.

He caught her with one arm as she sagged forward. He nearly dropped the witchlight as her weight fell against him. He could feel the beat of her heart, the brush of her soft hair against his chin, so familiar. The scent of her was different, though. That scent he associated with Clary, a mix of floral soap and clean cotton, was gone; he smelled only blood and metal. Her head tilted back, her eyes rolling up to the whites. The wild beating of her heart was slowing—stopping—

"No!" He shook her, hard enough that her head rolled against his arm. "Clary! Wake up!" He shook her again, and

this time her lashes fluttered; he felt his relief like a sudden cold sweat, and then her eyes were open, but they were no longer green; they were an opaque and glowing white, white and blinding as headlights on a dark road, white as the clamoring noise inside his own mind. *I've seen those eyes before*, he thought, and then darkness surged up over him like a wave, bringing silence with it.



There were holes punched into the darkness, glimmering dots of light against shadow. Jace closed his eyes, trying to calm his own breathing. There was a coppery taste in his mouth, like blood, and he could tell that he was lying on a cold metal surface and that the chill was seeping through his clothes and into his skin. He counted backward from one hundred inside his head until his breathing slowed. Then he opened his eyes again.

The darkness was still there, but it had resolved itself into familiar night sky punctuated by stars. He was on the deck of the ship, flat on his back in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge, which loomed at the ship's bow like a gray mountain of metal and stone. He groaned and lifted himself onto his elbows—then froze as he became aware of another shadow, this one recognizably human, leaning over him. “That was a nasty knock to the head you got,” said the voice that haunted his nightmares. “How do you feel?”

Jace sat up and immediately regretted it as his stomach lurched. If he'd eaten anything in the past ten hours, he was fairly sure he would have thrown it up. As it was, the sour taste of bile flooded his mouth. “I feel like hell.”

Valentine smiled. He was sitting on a stack of empty, flattened boxes, wearing a neat gray suit and tie, as if he were seated behind the elegant mahogany desk at the Wayland manor house in Idris. “I have another obvious question for you. How did you find me?”

“I tortured it out of your Raum demon,” said Jace. “You're the one who taught me where they keep their hearts. I threatened it and it told me—well, they're not very bright, but

it managed to tell me it had come from a ship on the river. I looked up and saw the shadow of your boat on the water. It told me you'd summoned it too, but I already knew that."

"I see." Valentine seemed to be hiding a smile. "Next time you should at least tell me you're coming before you drop by. It would save you a nasty run-in with my guards."

"Guards?" Jace propped himself against the cold metal railing and took in deep breaths of clean, cold air. "You mean demons, don't you? You used the Sword to summon them."

"I don't deny that," Valentine said. "Lucian's beasts shattered my army of Forsaken, and I had neither time nor inclination to create more. Now that I have the Mortal Sword, I no longer need them. I have others."

Jace thought of Clary, bloody and dying in his arms. He put a hand to his forehead. It was cool where the metal railing had touched it. "That thing in the stairwell," he said. "It wasn't Clary, was it?"

"Clary?" Valentine sounded mildly surprised. "Is that what you saw?"

"Why wouldn't it be what I saw?" Jace struggled to keep his voice flat, nonchalant. He wasn't unfamiliar or uncomfortable with secrets—either his own or other people's—but his feelings for Clary were something he had told himself he could bear only if he did not look at them too closely.

But this was Valentine. He looked at everything closely, studying it, analyzing in what way it could be turned to his advantage. In that way he reminded Jace of the Queen of the Seelie Court: cool, menacing, calculating.

"What you encountered in the stairwell," Valentine said, "was Agramon—the Demon of Fear. Agramon takes the form of whatever most terrifies you. When it is done feeding on your terror, it kills you, presuming you are still alive at that point. Most men—and women—die of fear before that. You are to be congratulated for holding out as long as you did."

“Agramon?” Jace was astonished. “That’s a Greater Demon. Where did you get hold of *that*?”

“I paid a young and hubristic warlock to summon it for me. He thought that if the demon remained inside his pentagram, he could control it. Unfortunately for him, his greatest fear was that a demon he summoned would break the wards of the pentagram and attack him, and that’s exactly what happened when Agramon came through.”

“So that’s how he died,” Jace said.

“How who died?”

“The warlock,” Jace said. “His name was Elias. He was sixteen. But you knew that, didn’t you? The Ritual of Infernal Conversion—”

Valentine laughed. “You *have* been busy, haven’t you? So you know why I sent those demons to Lucian’s house, don’t you?”

“You wanted Maia,” said Jace. “Because she’s a werewolf child. You need her blood.”

“I sent the Drevak demons to spy out what there was to see at Lucian’s and report back to me,” Valentine said. “Lucian killed one of them, but when the other reported the presence of a young lycanthrope—”

“You sent the Raum demons to take her.” Jace felt suddenly very tired. “Because Luke is fond of her and you wanted to hurt him if you could.” He paused, and then said, in a measured tone: “Which is pretty low, even for you.”

For a moment a spark of anger lit Valentine’s eyes; then he threw his head back and roared with mirth. “I admire your stubbornness. It’s so much like mine.” He got to his feet then and held a hand out for Jace to take. “Come. Walk around the deck with me. There’s something I want to show you.”

Jace wanted to spurn the offered hand, but wasn’t sure, considering the pain in his head, that he could make it to his feet unaided. Besides, it was probably better not to anger his father so soon; whatever Valentine might say about prizing

Jace's rebelliousness, he had never had much patience with disobedient behavior.

Valentine's hand was cool and dry, his grip oddly reassuring. When Jace was on his feet, Valentine released his hold and drew a stele out of his pocket. "Let me take those injuries away," he said, reaching out for his son.

Jace drew away—after a second's hesitation that Valentine would surely have noticed. "I don't want your help."

Valentine put the stele away. "As you like." He began to walk, and Jace, after a moment, followed him, jogging to catch up. He knew his father well enough to know he would never turn around to see if Jace had pursued him, but would just expect that he had and begin talking accordingly.

He was right. By the time Jace reached his father's side, Valentine had already started speaking. He had his hands loosely clasped behind his back and moved with an easy, careless grace, unusual in a big, broad-shouldered man. He leaned forward as he walked, almost as if he were striding into a heavy wind.

"... if I recall correctly," Valentine was saying, "you are in fact familiar with Milton's *Paradise Lost*?"

"You only made me read it ten or fifteen times," said Jace. "It's better to reign in hell than serve in heaven, etcetera, and so on."

"*Non serviam*," said Valentine. "'I will not serve.' It's what Lucifer had inscribed upon his banner when he rode with his host of rebel angels against a corrupt authority."

"What's your point? That you're on the devil's side?"

"Some say Milton was on the devil's side himself. His Satan is certainly a more interesting figure than his God." They had nearly reached the front of the ship. He stopped and leaned against the guardrail.

Jace joined him there. They had passed the bridges of the East River and were heading out into the open water between Staten Island and Manhattan. The lights of the downtown financial district shimmered like witchlight on the water. The

sky was powdered with diamond dust and the river hid its secrets under a slick black sheet, broken here and there with a silvery flash that could have been a fish's tail—or a mermaid's. *My city*, Jace thought, experimentally, but the words still brought to mind Alicante and its crystal towers, not the skyscrapers of Manhattan.

After a moment Valentine said, "Why are you here, Jonathan? I wondered after I saw you in the Bone City if your hatred for me was implacable. I had nearly given up on you."

His tone was level, as it almost always was, but there was something in it—not vulnerability but at least a sort of genuine curiosity, as if he had realized that Jace was capable of surprising him.

Jace looked out at the water. "The Queen of the Seelie Court wanted me to ask you a question," he said. "She told me to ask you what blood runs in my veins."

Surprise passed over Valentine's face like a hand smoothing away all expression. "You spoke with the Queen?"

Jace said nothing.

"It is the way of the Folk. Everything they say has more than one meaning. Tell her, if she asks again, that the blood of the Angel runs in your veins."

"And in every Shadowhunter's veins," said Jace, disappointed. He'd hoped for a better answer. "You wouldn't lie to the Queen of the Seelie Court, would you?"

Valentine's tone was short. "No. And you wouldn't come here just to ask me that ridiculous question. Why are you really here, Jonathan?"

"I had to talk to someone." He wasn't as good at controlling his voice as his father was; he could hear the pain in it, like a bleeding wound just under the surface. "The Lightwoods—I'm nothing but trouble for them. Luke must hate me by now. The Inquisitor wants me dead. I did something to hurt Alec and I'm not even sure what."

"And your sister?" Valentine said. "What about Clarissa?"

Why do you have to ruin everything? “She’s not too pleased with me either.” He hesitated. “I remembered what you said at the Bone City. That you never got a chance to tell me the truth. I don’t trust you,” he added. “I want you to know that. But I thought I’d give you the chance to tell me *why*.”

“You have to ask me more than why, Jonathan.” There was a note in his father’s voice that startled Jace—a fierce humility that seemed to temper Valentine’s pride, as steel might be tempered by fire. “There are so many *whys*.”

“Why did you kill the Silent Brothers? Why did you take the Mortal Sword? What are you planning? Why wasn’t the Mortal Cup enough for you?” Jace caught himself before he could ask any more questions. *Why did you leave me a second time? Why did you tell me I wasn’t your son anymore, then come back for me anyway?*

“You know what I want. The Clave is hopelessly corrupt and must be destroyed and built again. Idris must be freed from the influence of the degenerate races, and Earth made proof against the demonic threat.”

“Yeah, about that demonic threat.” Jace glanced around, as if he half-expected to see the black shadow of Agramon hulking toward him. “I thought you hated demons. Now you use them like servants. The Ravener, the Drevak demons, Agramon—they’re your *employees*. Guards, butler—personal chef, for all I know.”

Valentine tapped his fingers on the railing. “I’m no friend to demons,” he said. “I am Nephilim, no matter how much I might think the Covenant is useless and the Law fraudulent. A man doesn’t have to agree with his government to be a patriot, does he? It takes a true patriot to dissent, to say he loves his country more than he cares for his own place in the social order. I’ve been vilified for my choice, forced into hiding, banished from Idris. But I am—I will always be—Nephilim. I can’t change the blood in my veins if I wished to—and I don’t.”

I do. Jace thought of Clary. He glanced down at the dark water again, knowing it wasn’t true. To give up the hunt, the

kill, the knowledge of one's own soaring speed and sure abilities: It was impossible. He *was* a warrior. He could be nothing else.

"Do you?" Valentine asked. Jace looked away quickly, wondering if his father could read his face. It had been just the two of them alone for so many years. He'd known his father's face better than his own, once. Valentine was the one person from whom he felt he could never hide what he was feeling. Or the first person, at least. Sometimes he felt as if Clary could look right through him as if he were glass.

"No," he said. "I don't."

"You're a Shadowhunter forever?"

"I am," Jace said, "in the end, what you made me."

"Good," said Valentine. "That's what I wanted to hear." He leaned back against the railing, looking up at the night sky. There was gray in his silvery white hair; Jace had never noticed it before. "This is a war," Valentine said. "The only question is, what side will you fight on?"

"I thought we were all on the same side. I thought it was us against the demon worlds."

"If only it could be. Don't you understand that if I felt that the Clave had the best interests of this world at heart, if I thought they were doing the best job they possibly could—by the Angel, why would I fight them? What reason would I have?"

Power; Jace thought, but he said nothing. He was no longer sure what to say, much less what to believe.

"If the Clave goes on as they are," Valentine said, "the demons will see their weakness and attack, and the Clave, distracted by their endless courting of the degenerate races, will be in no condition to fight them off. The demons will attack and they will destroy and there will be nothing left."

The degenerate races. The words carried an uncomfortable familiarity; they recalled Jace's childhood to him, in a way that was not entirely unpleasant. When he thought of his father and of Idris, it was always the same blurred memory of hot

sunshine burning down on the green lawns in front of their country house, and of a big, dark, broad-shouldered figure leaning down to lift him off the grass and carry him inside. He must have been very young then, and he had never forgotten it, not the way the grass had smelled—green and bright and newly cut—or the way the sun had turned his father’s hair to a white halo, nor the feeling of being carried. Of being safe.

“Luke,” Jace said, with some difficulty. “Luke isn’t a degenerate—”

“Lucian is different. He was a Shadowhunter once.” Valentine’s tone was flat and final. “This isn’t about specific Downworlders, Jonathan. This is about the survival of every living creature in this world. The Angel chose the Nephilim for a reason. We are the best of this world, and we are meant to save it. We are the closest thing that exists in this world to gods—and we must use that power to save this world from destruction, whatever the cost to us.”

Jace leaned his elbows on the railing. It was cold here: The icy wind cut through his clothes, and the tips of his fingers were numb. But in his mind, he saw green hills and blue water and the honey-colored stones of the Wayland manor house.

“In the old tale,” he said, “Satan said to Adam and Eve ‘You shall be as gods’ when he tempted them into sin. And they were cast out of the garden because of it.”

There was a pause before Valentine laughed. He said, “See, that’s what I need you for, Jonathan. You keep me from the sin of pride.”

“There are all sorts of sins.” Jace straightened up and turned to face his father. “You didn’t answer my question about the demons, Father. How can you justify summoning them, *associating* with them? Do you plan to send them against the Clave?”

“Of course I do,” said Valentine, without hesitation, without a moment’s pause to consider whether it might be wise to reveal his plans to someone who might share them with his enemies. Nothing could have shaken Jace more than to realize how sure his father was of success. “The Clave won’t yield to

reason, only to force. I tried to build an army of Forsaken; with the Cup, I could create an army of new Shadowhunters, but that will take years. I don't have years. *We*, the human race, don't have years. With the Sword I can call to me an obedient army of demons. They will serve me as tools, do whatever I demand. They will have no choice. And when I am done with them, I will command them to destroy themselves, and they will do it." His voice was emotionless.

Jace was gripping the railing so hard that his fingers had begun to ache. "You can't slaughter every Shadowhunter who opposes you. That's murder."

"I won't have to. When the Clave sees the power arrayed against them, they'll surrender. They're not suicidal. And there are those among them who support me." There was no arrogance in Valentine's voice, only a calm certainty. "They will step forward when the time comes."

"I think you're underestimating the Clave." Jace tried to make his voice steady. "I don't think you understand how much they hate you."

"Hate is nothing when weighed against survival." Valentine's hand went to his belt, where the hilt of the Sword gleamed dully. "But don't take my word for it. I told you there was something I wanted to show you. Here it is."

He drew the Sword from its sheath and held it out to Jace. Jace had seen Maellartach before in the Bone City, hanging on the wall in the pavilion of the Speaking Stars. And he had seen the hilt of it protruding from Valentine's shoulder sheath, but he'd never really examined it up close. *The Angel's Sword*. It was a dark, heavy silver, glimmering with a dull sheen. Light seemed to move over and through it, as if it were made of water. In its hilt bloomed a fiery rose of light.

Jace spoke through his dry mouth. "Very nice."

"I want you to hold it." Valentine presented the Sword to his son, the way he'd always taught him, hilt first. The Sword seemed to shimmer blackly in the starlight.

Jace hesitated. "I don't . . ."

“Take it.” Valentine pressed it into his hand.

The moment Jace’s fingers closed around the grip, a spear of light shot up the hilt of the Sword and down the core of it into the blade. He looked quickly to his father, but Valentine was expressionless.

A dark pain spread up Jace’s arm and through his chest. It wasn’t that the Sword was heavy; it wasn’t. It was that it seemed to want to pull him downward, to drag him through the ship, through the green ocean water, through the fragile crust of the earth itself. Jace felt as if the breath were being torn out of his lungs. He flung his head up and looked around

And saw that the night had changed. A glimmering net of thin gold wires had been flung across the sky, and the stars shone down through it, bright as nail heads hammered into the darkness. Jace saw the curve of the world as it slipped away from him, and for a moment was struck by the beauty of it all. Then the night sky seemed to crack open like a glass and pouring through the shards came a horde of dark shapes, humped and twisted, gnarled and faceless, howling out a soundless scream that seared the inside of his mind. Icy wind burned him as six-legged horses hurtled past, their hooves striking bloody sparks from the deck of the ship. The things that rode them were indescribable. Overhead eyeless, leathery-winged creatures circled, screeching and dripping a venomous green slime.

Jace bent over the railing, retching uncontrollably, the Sword still gripped in his hand. Below him the water churned with demons like a poisonous stew. He saw spiny creatures with bloody saucerlike eyes struggling as they were dragged under by boiling masses of slippery black tentacles. A mermaid caught in the grip of a ten-legged water spider screamed hopelessly as it sank its fangs into her thrashing tail, its red eyes glittering like beads of blood.

The Sword fell from Jace’s hand and clattered to the deck. Abruptly the sound and spectacle were gone and the night was silent. He hung tightly to the railing, staring down at the sea

below in disbelief. It was empty, its surface ruffled only by wind.

“What *was* that?” Jace whispered. His throat felt rough, as if it had been scraped with sandpaper. He looked wildly at his father, who had bent to retrieve the Soul-Sword from the deck where Jace had dropped it. “Are those the demons you’ve already called?”

“No.” Valentine slid Maellartach into its sheath. “Those are the demons that have been drawn to the edges of this world by the Sword. I brought my ship to this place because the wards are thin here. What you saw is my army, waiting on the other side of the wards—waiting for me to call them to my side.” His eyes were grave. “Do you still think the Clave won’t capitulate?”

Jace closed his eyes and said, “Not all of them—not the Lightwoods—”

“You could convince them. If you stand with me, I swear no harm will come to them.”

The darkness behind Jace’s eyes began to turn red. He had been imagining the ashes of Valentine’s old house, the blackened bones of the grandparents he’d never met. Now he saw other faces. Alec’s. Isabelle’s. Max’s. Clary’s.

“I’ve done so much to hurt them already,” he whispered. “Nothing else must happen to any of them. Nothing.”

“Of course. I understand.” And Jace realized, to his astonishment, that Valentine *did* understand, that somehow he saw what no one else seemed to be able to understand. “You think it is your fault, all the harm that has befallen your friends, your family.”

“It *is* my fault.”

“You’re right. It is.” At that, Jace looked up in absolute astonishment. Surprise at being agreed with battled with horror and relief in equal measures.

“Is it?”

“The harm is not deliberate, of course. But you are like me. We poison and destroy everything we love. There *is* a reason for that.”

“What reason?”

Valentine glanced up at the sky. “We are meant for a higher purpose, you and I. The distractions of the world are just that, distractions. If we allow ourselves to be turned aside from our course by them, we are duly punished.”

“And our punishment is visited on everyone we care about? That seems a little hard on *them*.”

“Fate is never fair. You are caught in a current much stronger than you are, Jonathan; struggle against it and you’ll drown not just yourself but those who try to save you. Swim with it, and you’ll survive.”

“Clary—”

“No harm will come to your sister if you join with me. I will go to the ends of the earth to protect her. I will bring her to Idris, where nothing can happen to her. I promise you that.”

“Alec. Isabelle. Max—”

“The Lightwood children, also, will have my protection.”

Jace said softly, “Luke—”

Valentine hesitated, then said, “All your friends will be protected. Why can’t you believe me, Jonathan? This is the only way that you can save them. I swear it.”

Jace couldn’t speak. He shut his eyes again. Inside him the cold of fall battled with the memory of summer.

“Have you made your decision?” Valentine said; Jace couldn’t see him, but he could hear the finality in the question. He even sounded eager.

Jace opened his eyes. The starlight was a white burst against his irises; for a moment he could see nothing else. He said, “Yes, Father. I’ve made my decision.”

Part Three

Day of Wrath



*Day of wrath, that day of burning,
Seer and Sibyl speak concerning,
All the world to ashes turning.*

—Abraham Coles

When Clary awoke, light was streaming in through the windows and there was a sharp pain in her left cheek. Rolling over, she saw that she'd fallen asleep on her sketchpad and the corner of it had been digging into her face. She'd also dropped her pen onto the duvet, and there was a black stain spreading across the cloth. With a groan she sat up, rubbed her cheek ruefully, and went in search of a shower.

The bathroom showed telltale signs of the activities of the night before; there were bloody cloths shoved into the trash and a smear of dried blood across the sink. With a shudder Clary ducked into the shower with a bottle of grapefruit body wash, determined to scrub away her lingering feelings of unease.

Afterward, wrapped in one of Luke's robes and with a towel around her damp hair, she pushed the bathroom door open to discover Magnus lurking on the other side, clutching a towel in one hand and his glittery hair in the other. He must have slept on it, she thought, because one side of the glittered spikes looked dented in. "Why does it take girls so long to shower?" he demanded. "Mortal girls, Shadowhunters, female warlocks, you're all the same. I'm not getting any younger waiting out here."

Clary stepped aside to let him pass. "How old *are* you, anyway?" she asked curiously.

Magnus winked at her. "I was alive when the Dead Sea was just a lake that was feeling a little poorly."

Clary rolled her eyes.

Magnus made a shooing motion. "Now move your petite behind. I need to get in there; my hair is a *wreck*."

“Don’t use up all my body wash, it’s expensive,” Clary told him, and headed into the kitchen, where she rooted around for some filters and plugged in the Mr. Coffee machine. The familiar burble of the percolator and the smell of coffee damped down her feeling of unease. As long as there was coffee in the world, how bad could things be?

She headed back to the bedroom to get dressed. Ten minutes later, in jeans and a blue-and-green striped sweater, she was in the living room shaking Luke awake. He sat up with a groan, his hair ruffled and his face creased with sleep.

“How are you feeling?” Clary asked, handing him a chipped mug full of steaming coffee.

“Better now.” Luke glanced down at the torn fabric of his shirt; the edges of the tear were stained with blood. “Where’s Maia?”

“She’s asleep in your room, remember? You said she could have it.” Clary perched on the arm of the sofa.

Luke rubbed at his shadowed eyes. “I don’t remember last night all that well,” he admitted. “I remember going out to the truck and not much after that.”

“There were more demons hiding outside. They attacked you. Jace and I took care of them.”

“More Drevak demons?”

“No.” Clary spoke with reluctance. “Jace called them Raum demons.”

“Raum demons?” Luke sat up straight. “That’s serious stuff. Drevak demons are dangerous pests, but the Raum—”

“It’s all right,” Clary told him. “We got rid of them.”

“You got rid of them? Or Jace did? Clary, I don’t want you —”

“It wasn’t like that.” She shook her head. “It was like . . .”

“Wasn’t Magnus around? Why didn’t he go with you?” Luke interrupted, clearly upset.

“I was healing *Maia*, that’s why,” Magnus said, coming into the living room smelling strongly of grapefruit. His hair was wrapped in a towel and he was dressed in a blue satin tracksuit with silver stripes down the side. “Where is the gratitude?”

“I *am* grateful.” Luke looked as if he were both angry and trying not to laugh at the same time. “It’s just that if anything had happened to Clary—”

“Maia would have died if I’d gone out there with them,” Magnus said, flopping down into a chair. “Clary and Jace handled the demons just fine on their own, didn’t you?” He turned to Clary.

She squirmed. “You see, that’s just it—”

“What’s just it?” It was Maia, still in the clothes she’d worn the night before, with one of Luke’s big flannel shirts thrown over her T-shirt. She moved stiffly across the room and sat down gingerly in a chair. “Is that coffee I smell?” she asked hopefully, wrinkling her nose.

Honestly, Clary thought, it was hardly fair for a werewolf to be curvy and pretty; she ought to be big and hirsute, possibly with hair coming out of her ears. *And this*, Clary added silently, *is exactly why I don’t have any female friends and spend all my time with Simon. I’ve got to get a grip.* She rose to her feet. “You want me to get you some?”

“Sure.” Maia nodded. “Milk and sugar!” she called as Clary left the room, but by the time she was back from the kitchen, steaming mug in hand, the werewolf girl was frowning. “I don’t really remember what happened last night,” she said, “but there’s something about Simon, something that’s bothering me . . .”

“Well, you did try to kill him,” Clary said, settling back onto the arm of the sofa. “Maybe that’s it.”

Maia paled, staring down into her coffee. “I’d forgotten. He’s a vampire now.” She looked up at Clary. “I didn’t mean to hurt him. I was just . . .”

“Yes?” Clary raised her eyebrows. “Just what?”

Maia's face went a slow, dark red. She set her coffee down on the table beside her.

"You might want to lie down," Magnus advised. "I find that helps when the crushing sense of horrible realization sets in."

Maia's eyes filled suddenly with tears. Clary looked toward Magnus in horror—he looked equally shocked, she noticed—and then to Luke. "*Do something,*" she hissed at him under her breath. Magnus might be a warlock who could heal fatal injuries with a flash of blue fire, but Luke was hands down the top choice between the two for dealing with crying teenage girls.

Luke began to kick back his blanket in preparation for rising, but before he could get to his feet, the front door banged open and Jace came in, followed by Alec, who was carrying a white box. Magnus hastily pulled the towel off his head and dropped it behind the armchair. Without the gel and glitter, his hair was dark and straight, halfway to his shoulders.

Clary's eyes went immediately to Jace, as they always did; she couldn't help it, but at least no one else seemed to notice. Jace looked strung up, wired and tense, but also exhausted, his eyes ringed with gray. His eyes slid over her without expression and landed on Maia, who was still weeping soundlessly and didn't seem to have heard them come in. "Everyone in a good mood, I see," he observed. "Keeping up morale?"

Maia rubbed at her eyes. "Crap," she muttered. "I hate crying in front of Shadowhunters."

"So go cry in another room," Jace said, his voice devoid of warmth. "We certainly don't need you sniveling in here while we're talking, do we?"

"Jace," Luke began warningly, but Maia had already gotten to her feet and stalked out of the room through the kitchen door.

Clary turned on Jace. "Talking? We weren't talking."

"But we will be," Jace said, flopping down onto the piano bench and stretching out his long legs. "Magnus wants to

shout at me, don't you, Magnus?"

"Yes," Magnus said, tearing his eyes away from Alec long enough to scowl. "Where the hell were you? I thought I was clear with you that you were to stay in the house."

"I thought he didn't have a choice," Clary said. "I thought he *had* to stay where you are. You know, because of magic."

"Normally, yes," Magnus said crossly, "but last night, after everything I did, my magic was—depleted."

"Depleted?"

"Yes." Magnus looked angrier than ever. "Even the High Warlock of Brooklyn doesn't have inexhaustible resources. I'm only human. Well," he amended, "half-human, anyway."

"But you must have known your resources were depleted," Luke said, not unkindly, "didn't you?"

"Yes, and I made the little bastard swear to stay in the house." Magnus glared at Jace. "Now I know what your muchvaunted Shadowhunter vows are worth."

"You need to know how to make me swear properly," Jace said, unfazed. "Only an oath on the Angel has any meaning."

"It's true," Alec said. It was the first thing he'd said since they'd come into the house.

"Of course it's true." Jace picked up Maia's untouched mug of coffee and took a sip. He made a face. "Sugar."

"Where were you all night, anyway?" Magnus asked, his voice sour. "With Alec?"

"I couldn't sleep, so I went for a walk," Jace said. "When I got back, I bumped into this sad bastard mooning around the porch." He pointed at Alec.

Magnus brightened. "Were you there all night?" he asked Alec.

"No," Alec said. "I went home and then came back. I'm wearing different clothes, aren't I? Look."

Everyone looked. Alec was wearing a dark sweater and jeans, which was exactly what he'd been wearing the day before. Clary decided to give him the benefit of the doubt. "What's in the box?" she asked.

"Oh. Ah." Alec looked at the box as if he'd forgotten it. "Doughnuts, actually." He opened the box and set it down on the coffee table. "Does anyone want one?"

Everyone, as it turned out, wanted a doughnut. Jace wanted two. After downing the Boston cream that Clary brought him, Luke seemed moderately revitalized; he kicked the blanket the rest of the way off and sat up against the back of the couch. "There's one thing I don't get," he said.

"Just one thing? You're way ahead of the rest of us," said Jace.

"The two of you went out after me when I didn't come back to the house," Luke said, looking from Clary to Jace.

"Three of us," Clary said. "Simon came with."

Luke looked pained. "Fine. The three of you. There were two demons, but Clary says you killed neither of them. So what happened?"

"I would have killed mine, but it ran off," Jace said. "Otherwise—"

"But why would it do that?" Alec inquired. "Two of them, three of you—maybe it felt outnumbered?"

"No offense to anyone involved, but the only one among you who seems formidable is Jace," Magnus said. "An untrained Shadowhunter and a scared vampire . . ."

"I think it might have been me," Clary said. "I think maybe I scared it off."

Magnus blinked. "Didn't I just say—"

"I don't mean I scared it off because I'm so terrifying," Clary said. "I think it was this." She raised her hand, turning it so that they could see the Mark on her inner arm.

There was a sudden quiet. Jace looked at her steadily, then away; Alec blinked, and Luke looked astounded. "I've never seen that Mark before," he said finally. "Has anyone else?"

"No," Magnus said. "But I don't like it."

"I'm not sure what it is, or what it means," Clary said, lowering her arm. "But it doesn't come from the Gray Book."

"All runes come from the Gray Book." Jace's voice was firm.

"Not this one," Clary said. "I saw it in a dream."

"In a *dream*?" Jace looked as furious as if she were personally insulting him. "What are you playing at, Clary?"

"I'm not playing at anything. Don't you remember when we were in the Seelie Court—"

Jace looked as if she had hit him. Clary went on, quickly, before he could say anything:

"—and the Seelie Queen told us we were experiments? That Valentine had done—had done *things* to us, to make us different, special? She told me that mine was the gift of words that cannot be spoken, and yours was the Angel's own gift?"

"That was faerie nonsense."

"Faeries don't lie, Jace. Words that cannot be spoken—she meant runes. Each has a different meaning, but they're meant to be drawn, not said aloud." She went on, ignoring his doubtful look. "Remember when you asked me how I'd gotten into your cell in the Silent City? I told you I just used a regular Opening rune—"

"Was that all you did?" Alec looked surprised. "I got there just after you did and it looked like someone had ripped that door off its hinges."

"And my rune didn't just unlock the door," Clary said. "It unlocked everything inside the cell, too. It broke Jace's manacles open." She took a breath. "I think the Queen meant I can draw runes that are more powerful than ordinary runes. And maybe even create new ones."

Jace shook his head. “No one can create new runes—”

“Maybe she can, Jace.” Alec sounded thoughtful. “It’s true, none of us have ever seen that Mark on her arm before.”

“Alec’s right,” Luke said. “Clary, why don’t you go and get your sketchbook?”

She looked at him in some surprise. His gray-blue eyes were tired, a little sunken, but held the same steadiness they’d held when she was six years old and he’d promised her that if she climbed the jungle gym in the Prospect Park playground, he’d always be standing underneath it to catch her if she fell. And he always had been.

“Okay,” she said. “I’ll be right back.”

To get to the spare bedroom, Clary had to cross through the kitchen, where she found Maia seated on a stool pulled up to the counter, looking miserable. “Clary,” she said, jumping down from the stool. “Can I talk to you for a second?”

“I’m just going to my room to get something—”

“Look, I’m sorry about what happened with Simon. I was delirious.”

“Oh, yeah? What happened to all that werewolves are destined to hate vampires business?”

Maia blew out an exasperated breath. “We are, but—I guess I don’t have to hurry the process along.”

“Don’t explain it to me; explain it to Simon.”

Maia flushed again, her cheeks turning dark red. “I doubt he’ll want to talk to me.”

“He might. He’s pretty forgiving.”

Maia looked at her more closely. “Not that I want to pry, but are you two going out?”

Clary felt *herself* start to flush and thanked her freckles for providing at least some cover-up. “Why do you want to know?”

Maia shrugged. “The first time I met him he referred to you as his best friend, but the second time he called you his girlfriend. I wondered if it was an on-off thing.”

“Sort of. We were friends first. It’s a long story.”

“I see.” Maia’s blush had vanished and her tough-girl smirk was back on her face. “Well, you’re lucky, that’s all. Even if he is a vampire now. You must be pretty used to all sorts of weird stuff, being a Shadowhunter, so I bet it doesn’t faze you.”

“It fazes me,” Clary said, more sharply than she’d intended. “I’m not Jace.”

The smirk widened. “No one is. And I get the feeling he knows it.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Oh, you know. Jace reminds me of an old boyfriend. Some guys look at you like they want sex. Jace looks at you like you’ve already *had* sex, it was great, and now you’re just friends—even though you want more. Drives girls crazy. You know what I mean?”

Yes, Clary thought. “No,” she said.

“I guess you wouldn’t, being his sister. You’ll have to take my word on it.”

“I have to go.” Clary was almost out the kitchen door when something occurred to her and she turned around. “What happened to him?”

Maia blinked. “What happened to who?”

“The old boyfriend. The one Jace reminds you of.”

“Oh,” Maia said. “He’s the one who turned me into a werewolf.”



“All right, I got it,” Clary said, coming back into the living room with her sketchpad in one hand and a box of Prismacolor pencils in the other. She pulled a chair out from the little-used dining room table—Luke always ate in the kitchen or in his office, and the table was covered in paper and old bills—and

sat down, sketchpad in front of her. She felt as if she were taking a test at art school. *Draw this apple.* “What do you want me to do?”

“What do you think?” Jace was still sitting on the piano bench, his shoulders slumped forward; he looked as if he hadn’t slept all night. Alec was leaning against the piano behind him, probably because it was as far away from Magnus as he could get.

“Jace, that’s enough.” Luke was sitting up straight but looked as if it were something of an effort. “You said you could draw new runes, Clary?”

“I said I thought so.”

“Well, I’d like you to try.”

“Now?”

Luke smiled faintly. “Unless you’ve got something else in mind?”

Clary flipped the sketchpad to a blank page and stared down at it. Never had a sheet of paper looked quite so empty to her before. She could sense the stillness in the room, everyone watching her: Magnus with his ancient, tempered curiosity; Alec too preoccupied with his own problems to care much for hers; Luke hopefully; and Jace with a cold, frightening blankness. She remembered him saying that he wished he could hate her and wondered if someday he might succeed.

She threw her pencil down. “I can’t just do it on command like that. Not without an idea.”

“What kind of idea?” said Luke.

“I mean, I don’t even know what runes already exist. I need to know a meaning, a word, before I can draw a rune for it.”

“It’s hard enough for us to remember every rune—,” Alec began, but Jace, to Clary’s surprise, cut him off.

“How about,” he said quietly, “Fearless?”

“Fearless?” she echoed.

“There are runes for bravery,” said Jace. “But never anything to take away fear. But if you, as you say, can create new runes . . .” He glanced around, and saw Alec’s and Luke’s surprised expressions. “Look, I just remembered that there isn’t one, that’s all. And it seems harmless enough.”

Clary looked over at Luke, who shrugged. “Fine,” he said.

Clary took a dark gray pencil from the box and set the tip of it to the paper. She thought of shapes, lines, curlicues; she thought of the signs in the Gray Book, ancient and perfect, embodiments of a language too faultless for speech. A soft voice spoke inside her head: *Who are you, to think you can speak the language of heaven?*

The pencil moved. She was almost sure she hadn’t moved it, but it slid across the paper, describing a single line. She felt her heart skip. She thought of her mother, sitting dreamily before her canvas, creating her own vision of the world in ink and oil paint. She thought, *Who am I? I am Jocelyn Fray’s daughter.* The pencil moved again, and this time her breath caught; she found she was whispering the word, under her breath: “Fearless. Fearless.” The pencil looped back up, and now she was guiding it rather than being guided by it. When she was done, she set the pencil down and gazed for a moment, wonderingly, at the result.

The completed Fearless rune was a matrix of strongly swirling lines: a rune as bold and aerodynamic as an eagle. She tore the page free and held it up so the others could see it. “There,” she said, and was rewarded by the startled look on Luke’s face—so he *hadn’t* believed her—and the fractional widening of Jace’s eyes.

“Cool,” Alec said.

Jace got to his feet and crossed the room, taking the sheet of paper out of her hand. “But does it work?”

Clary wondered if he meant the question or if he was just being nasty. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, how do we know it works? Right now it’s just a drawing—you can’t take fear away from a piece of paper, it

doesn't have any to begin with. We have to try it out on one of us before we can be sure it's a real rune."

"I'm not sure that's such a great idea," Luke said.

"It's a fabulous idea." Jace dropped the paper back onto the table, and began to slide off his jacket. "I've got a stele we can use. Who wants to do me?"

"A regrettable choice of words," muttered Magnus.

Luke stood up. "No," he said. "Jace, you already behave as if you've never heard the word 'fear.' I fail to see how we're going to be able to tell the difference if it *does* work on you."

Alec stifled what sounded like a laugh. Jace simply smiled a tight, unfriendly smile. "I've heard the word 'fear,'" he said. "I simply choose to believe it doesn't apply to me."

"Exactly the problem," said Luke.

"Well, why don't I try it on you, then?" Clary said, but Luke shook his head.

"You can't Mark Downworlders, Clary, not with any real effect. The demon disease that causes lycanthropy prevents the Marks from taking effect."

"Then . . ."

"Try it on me," Alec said unexpectedly. "I could do with some fearlessness." He slid his jacket off, tossed it over the piano stool, and crossed the room to stand in front of Jace. "Here. Mark my arm."

Jace glanced over at Clary. "Unless you think you should do it?"

She shook her head. "No. You're probably better at actually applying Marks than I am."

Jace shrugged. "Roll up your sleeve, Alec."

Obediently, Alec rolled his sleeve up. There was already a permanent Mark on his upper arm, an elegant scroll of lines meant to give him perfect balance. They all leaned forward, even Magnus, as Jace carefully traced the outlines of the Fearless rune on Alec's arm, just below the existing Mark.

Alec winced as the stele traced its burning path across his skin. When Jace was done, he slid his stele back into his pocket and stood a moment admiring his handiwork. “Well, it *looks* nice at least,” he announced. “Whether it works or not . . .”

Alec touched the new Mark with his fingertips, then glanced up to find everyone else in the room staring at him.

“So?” Clary said.

“So what?” Alec rolled his sleeve down, covering the Mark.

“So, how do you *feel*? Any different?”

Alec looked considering. “Not really.”

Jace threw his hands up. “So it doesn’t work.”

“Not necessarily,” Luke said. “There might simply be nothing going on that might activate it. Perhaps there isn’t anything here that Alec is afraid of.”

Magnus glanced at Alec and raised his eyebrows. “Boo,” he said.

Jace was grinning. “Come on, surely you’ve got a phobia or two. What scares you?”

Alec thought for a moment. “Spiders,” he said.

Clary turned to Luke. “Have you got a spider anywhere?”

Luke looked exasperated. “Why would I have a *spider*? Do I look like someone who would collect them?”

“No offense,” Jace said, “but you kind of do.”

“You know”—Alec’s tone was sour—“maybe this was a stupid experiment.”

“What about the dark?” Clary suggested. “We could lock you in the basement.”

“I’m a demon hunter,” Alec said, with exaggerated patience. “Clearly, I am *not afraid of the dark*.”

“Well, you might be.”

“But I’m not.”

Clary was spared replying by the buzz of the doorbell. She looked over at Luke, raising her eyebrows. “Simon?”

“Couldn’t be. It’s daylight.”

“Oh, right.” She’d forgotten again. “Do you want me to get it?”

“No.” He stood up with only a short grunt of pain. “I’m fine. It’s probably someone wondering why the bookstore’s shut.”

He crossed the room and threw the door open. His shoulders went stiff with surprise; Clary heard the bark of a familiar, stridently angry female voice, and a moment later Isabelle and Maryse Lightwood pushed past Luke and strode into the room, followed by the gray, menacing figure of the Inquisitor. Behind them was a tall and burly man, dark-haired and oliveskinned, with a thick black beard. Though it had been taken many years ago, Clary recognized him from the old photo Hodge had showed her: This was Robert Lightwood, Alec and Isabelle’s father.

Magnus’s head went up with a snap. Jace paled markedly, but showed no other emotion. And Alec—Alec stared from his sister, to his mother, to his father, and then looked at Magnus, his clear, light blue eyes darkened with a hard resolution. He took a step forward, placing himself between his parents and everyone else in the room.

Maryse, on seeing her eldest son in the middle of Luke’s living room, did a double take. “Alec, what on *earth* are you doing here? I thought I made it clear that—”

“Mother.” Alec’s voice as he interrupted his mother was firm, implacable, and not unkind. “Father. There’s something I have to tell you.” He smiled at them. “I’m seeing someone.”

Robert Lightwood looked at his son with some exasperation. “Alec,” he said. “This is hardly the time.”

“Yes, it is. This is important. You see, I’m not just seeing anyone.” Words seemed to be pouring out of Alec in a torrent, while his parents looked on in confusion. Isabelle and Magnus were staring at him with expressions of nearly identical

astonishment. “I’m seeing a Downworlder. In fact, I’m seeing a war—”

Magnus’s fingers moved, quick as a flash of light, in Alec’s direction. There was a faint shimmer in the air around Alec—his eyes rolled up—and he dropped to the floor, felled like a tree.

“Alec!” Maryse clapped her hand to her mouth. Isabelle, who had been standing closest to her brother, dropped down beside him. But Alec had already begun to stir, his eyelids fluttering open. “Wha—what—why am I on the floor?”

“That’s a good question.” Isabelle glowered down at her brother. “What *was* that?”

“What was what?” Alec sat up, holding his head. A look of alarm crossed his face. “Wait—did I say anything? Before I passed out, I mean.”

Jace snorted. “You know how we were wondering if that thing Clary did would work or not?” he asked. “It works all right.”

Alec looked supremely horrified. “What did I say?”

“You said you were seeing someone,” his father told him. “Though you weren’t clear as to why that was important.”

“It’s not,” Alec said. “I mean, I’m not seeing anyone. And it’s not important. Or it wouldn’t be if I was seeing someone, which I’m not.”

Magnus looked at him as if he were an idiot. “Alec’s been delirious,” he said. “Side effect of some demon toxins. Most unfortunate, but he’ll be fine soon.”

“Demon toxins?” Maryse’s voice had become shrill. “No one reported a demon attack to the Institute. *What* is going on here, Lucian? This is your house, isn’t it? You know perfectly well if there’s been a demon attack you’re supposed to report it —”

“Luke was attacked too,” Clary said. “He’s been unconscious.”

“How convenient. Everyone’s either unconscious or apparently delirious,” said the Inquisitor. Her knifelike voice cut through the room, silencing everyone. “Downworlder, you know perfectly well that Jonathan Morgenstern should not be in your house. He should have been locked up in the warlock’s care.”

“I have a name, you know,” Magnus said. “Not,” he added, seeming to think twice about interrupting the Inquisitor, “that that matters, really. In fact, forget all about it.”

“I know your name, Magnus Bane,” said the Inquisitor. “You’ve failed in your duty once; you won’t get another chance.”

“Failed in my duty?” Magnus frowned. “Just by bringing the boy here? There was nothing in the contract I signed that said I couldn’t bring him with me at my own discretion.”

“That wasn’t your failure,” the Inquisitor said. “Letting him see his father last night, *that* was your failure.”

There was a stunned silence. Alec scrambled up off the floor, his eyes seeking out Jace’s—but Jace wouldn’t look at him. His face was a mask.

“That’s ridiculous,” Luke said. Clary had rarely seen him look so angry. “Jace doesn’t even know where Valentine is. Stop hounding him.”

“Hounding is what I do, Downworlder,” said the Inquisitor. “It’s my job.” She turned to Jace. “Tell the truth, now, boy,” she said, “and it will all be much easier.”

Jace raised his chin. “I don’t have to tell you anything.”

“If you’re innocent, why not exonerate yourself? Tell us where you really were last night. Tell us about Valentine’s little pleasure boat.”

Clary stared at him. *I went for a walk*, he’d said. But that didn’t mean anything. Maybe he really had gone for a walk. But her heart, her stomach, felt sick. *You know what the worst thing I can imagine is?* Simon had said. *Not trusting someone I love.*

When Jace didn't speak, Robert Lightwood said, in his deep bass voice: "Imogen? You're saying Valentine is—was —"

"On a boat in the middle of the East River," said the Inquisitor. "That's correct."

"That's why I couldn't find him," Magnus said, half to himself. "All that water—it disrupted my spell."

"What's Valentine doing in the middle of the river?" Luke said, bewildered.

"Ask Jonathan," said the Inquisitor. "He borrowed a motorcycle from the head of the city's vampire clan and he flew it to the boat. Isn't that right, Jonathan?"

Jace said nothing. His face was unreadable. The Inquisitor, though, looked hungry, as if she were feeding off the suspense in the room.

"Reach into the pocket of your jacket," she said. "Take out the object you've been carrying with you since you last left the Institute."

Slowly, Jace did as she asked. As he drew his hand out of his pocket, Clary recognized the shimmering blue-gray object he held. The piece of the Portal mirror.

"Give it to me." The Inquisitor snatched it out of his hand. He winced; the edge of the glass had cut him, and blood welled up along his palm. Maryse made a soft noise, but didn't move. "I knew you'd return to the Institute for this," said the Inquisitor, positively gloating now. "I knew your sentimentality wouldn't allow you to leave it behind."

"What is it?" Robert Lightwood sounded bewildered.

"A bit of a Portal in mirror form," said the Inquisitor. "When the Portal was destroyed, the image of its last destination was preserved." She turned the bit of glass over in her long, spidery fingers. "In this case, the Wayland country house."

Jace's eyes followed the movement of the mirror. In the bit of it Clary could see, there seemed to be a trapped piece of

blue sky. She wondered if it ever rained in Idris.

With a sudden, violent motion at odds with her calm tone, the Inquisitor dashed the piece of mirror to the ground. It shattered instantly into powdery shards. Clary heard Jace suck his breath in, but he didn't move.

The Inquisitor drew on a pair of gray gloves and knelt among the bits of mirror, sifting them through her fingers until she found what she was looking for—a single sheet of thin paper. She stood, holding it up for everyone in the room to see the thick rune written on it in black ink. “I marked this paper with a tracking rune and slipped it between the bit of mirror and its backing. Then I replaced it in the boy's room. Don't feel bad for not noticing it,” she said to Jace. “Older heads and wiser than yours have been fooled by the Clave.”

“You've been spying on me,” Jace said, and now his voice was colored with anger. “Is that what the Clave does, invade the privacy of its fellow Shadowhunters to—”

“Be careful what you say to me. You are not the only one who's broken the Law.” The Inquisitor's chilly gaze slid around the room. “In releasing you from the Silent City, in freeing you from the warlock's control, your friends have done the same.”

“Jace isn't our friend,” said Isabelle. “He's our brother.”

“I'd be careful what you say, Isabelle Lightwood,” said the Inquisitor. “You could be considered complicit.”

“Complicit?” To everyone's surprise, it was Robert Lightwood who had spoken. “The girl was just trying to keep you from shattering our family. For God's sake, Imogen, these are all just children—”

“Children?” The Inquisitor turned her icicle gaze on Robert. “Just as you were children when the Circle plotted the destruction of the Clave? Just as my son was a child when he —” She caught herself with a sort of gasp, as if gaining control of herself by main force.

“So this is about Stephen after all,” said Luke, with a sort of pity in his voice. “Imogen—”

The Inquisitor's face contorted. "This is not about Stephen! This is about the *Law*!"

Maryse's thin fingers twisted as her hands worked at each other. "And Jace," she said. "What's going to happen to him?"

"He will return to Idris with me tomorrow," said the Inquisitor. "You've forfeited your right to know any more than that."

"How can you take him back to that place?" Clary demanded. "When will he come *back*?"

"Clary, *don't*," Jace said. The words were a plea, but she battled on.

"Jace isn't the problem here! Valentine is the problem!"

"Leave it alone, Clary!" Jace yelled. "For your own good, leave it alone!"

Clary couldn't help herself, she flinched away from him—he'd never shouted at her like that, not even when she'd dragged him to their mother's hospital room. She saw the look on his face as he registered her flinch and wished she could take it back somehow.

Before she could say anything else, Luke's hand descended onto her shoulder. He spoke, sounding as grave as he had the night he'd told her the story of his life. "If the boy went to his father," he said, "knowing the kind of father Valentine was, it is because we failed him, not because he has failed us."

"Save your sophistry, Lucian," said the Inquisitor. "You've gone as soft as a mundane."

"She's right." Alec was sitting on the edge of the sofa, his arms crossed and his jaw set. "Jace lied to us. There's no excuse for that."

Jace's jaw dropped. He'd been sure of Alec's loyalty, at least, and Clary didn't blame him. Even Isabelle was staring at her brother in horror. "Alec, how can you *say* that?"

"The Law is the Law, Izzy," said Alec, not looking at his sister. "There's no way around that."

At that, Isabelle gave a little gasping cry of rage and astonishment and bolted out the front door, letting it swing open behind her. Maryse made a move as if to follow her, but Robert drew his wife back, saying something in a low voice.

Magnus got to his feet. "I do believe that's my cue to leave as well," he said. Clary noticed he was avoiding looking at Alec. "I'd say it's been nice meeting you all, but, in fact, it hasn't. It's been quite awkward, and frankly, the next time I see a single one of you will be far too soon."

Alec stared at the ground as Magnus stalked out of the living room and through the front door. This time it shut behind him with a bang.

"Two down," said Jace, with ghastly amusement. "Who's next?"

"That's enough from you," said the Inquisitor. "Give me your hands."

Jace held his hands out as the Inquisitor produced a stele from some hidden pocket and proceeded to trace a Mark around the circumference of his wrists. When she took her hands away, Jace's wrists were crossed, one over the other, bound together with what looked like a circlet of burning flames.

Clary cried out. "What are you doing? You'll hurt him—"

"I'm fine, little sister." Jace spoke calmly enough, but she noticed that he couldn't seem to look at her. "The flames won't burn me unless I try to get my hands free."

"And as for you," the Inquisitor added, and turned on Clary, much to Clary's surprise. Up until now the Inquisitor had barely seemed to notice she was alive. "You were lucky enough to be raised by Jocelyn and escape your father's taint. Nevertheless, I'll be keeping an eye on you."

Luke's grip tightened on Clary's shoulder. "Is that a threat?"

"The Clave does not make threats, Lucian Graymark. The Clave makes promises and keeps them." The Inquisitor sounded almost cheerful. She was the only one in the room

who could be described that way; everyone else looked shell-shocked, except for Jace. His teeth were bared in a snarl Clary doubted he was even aware of. He looked like a lion in a trap.

“Come, Jonathan,” the Inquisitor said. “Walk in front of me. If you make a single move to flee, I’ll put a blade between your shoulders.”

Jace had to struggle to turn the front doorknob with his bound hands. Clary set her teeth to keep from screaming, and then the door was open and Jace was gone and so was the Inquisitor. The Lightwoods followed in a line, Alec still staring at the ground. The door shut behind them and Clary and Luke were alone in the living room, silent in shared disbelief.

THE SERPENT'S TOOTH

“Luke,” Clary began, the moment the door had shut behind the Lightwoods. “What are we going to *do*—”

Luke had his hands pressed to either side of his head as if he were keeping it from splitting in half. “Coffee,” he declared. “I need coffee.”

“I brought you coffee.”

He dropped his hands and sighed. “I need more.”

Clary followed him into the kitchen, where he helped himself to yet more coffee before sitting down at the kitchen table and running his hands distractedly through his hair. “This is bad,” he said. “Very bad.”

“You think?” Clary couldn’t imagine drinking coffee right now. Her nerves already felt like they were stretched out as thin as wires. “What happens if they take him to Idris?”

“Trial before the Clave. They’ll probably find him guilty. Then punishment. He’s young, so they might just strip his Marks, not curse him.”

“What does that mean?”

Luke didn’t meet her eyes. “It means they’ll take his Marks away, unmake him as a Shadowhunter, and throw him out of the Clave. He’ll be a mundane.”

“But that would kill him. It really would. He’d rather die.”

“Don’t you think I know that?” Luke had finished his coffee and stared morosely at the mug before setting it back down. “But that won’t make any difference to the Clave. They can’t get their hands on Valentine, so they’ll punish his son instead.”

“What about me? I’m his daughter.”

“But you’re not of their world. Jace is. Not that I don’t suggest you lie low for a while yourself. I wish we could head up to the farmhouse—”

“We can’t just leave Jace with them!” Clary was appalled. “I’m not going anywhere.”

“Of course you aren’t.” Luke waved away her protest. “I said I wish we could, not that I thought we should. There’s the question of what Imogen will do now that she knows where Valentine is, of course. We could find ourselves in the middle of a war.”

“I don’t care if she wants to kill Valentine. She’s welcome to Valentine. I just want to get Jace back.”

“That may not be so easy,” said Luke, “considering that in this case, he actually did what he’s accused of doing.”

Clary was outraged. “What, you think he killed the Silent Brothers? You think—”

“No. I don’t think he killed the Silent Brothers. I think he did exactly what Imogen saw him do: He went to see his father.”

Remembering something, Clary asked: “What did you mean when you said we’d failed him, not the other way around? You mean you don’t blame him?”

“I do and I don’t.” Luke looked weary. “It was a stupid thing to do. Valentine isn’t to be trusted. But when the Lightwoods turned their backs on him, what did they expect him to do? He’s still just a child, he still needs parents. If they won’t have him, he’ll go looking for someone who will.”

“I thought maybe,” said Clary, “maybe he was looking to *you* for that.”

Luke looked unutterably sad. “I thought so too, Clary. I thought so too.”



Very faintly, Maia could hear the sound of voices coming from the kitchen. They were done with all their shouting in the living room. Time to get out. She folded up the note she'd scribbled hastily, left it on Luke's bed, and crossed the room to the window she'd spent the past twenty minutes forcing open. Cool air spilled through it—it was one of those early fall days when the sky seemed impossibly blue and distant and the air was faintly tinged with the smell of smoke.

She scooted onto the windowsill and looked down. It would have been a worrying jump for her before she'd been Changed; now she spared only a moment's thought for her injured shoulder before leaping. She landed in a crouch on the cracked concrete of Luke's backyard. Straightening up, she glanced back at the house, but no one threw a door open or called out to her to come back.

She fought down an errant stab of disappointment. It wasn't as if they'd paid that much attention to her when she *was* in the house, she thought, scrambling up the high chain-link fence that separated Luke's backyard from the alley, so why would they notice that she'd left it? She was clearly an afterthought, just as she'd always been. The only one of them who'd treated her as if she were of any importance was Simon.

The thought of Simon made her wince as she dropped down onto the other side of the fence and jogged up the alley to Kent Avenue. She'd said to Clary that she didn't remember the previous night, but it wasn't true. She remembered the look on his face when she'd recoiled from him—as if it were imprinted on the backs of her eyelids. The strangest thing was that in that moment he had still looked human to her, more human than almost anyone she'd ever known.

She crossed the street to avoid passing right in front of Luke's house. The street was nearly deserted, Brooklynners sleeping their late Sunday-morning sleep. She headed toward the Bedford Avenue subway, her mind still on Simon. There was a hollow place in the pit of her stomach that ached when she thought of him. He was the first person she'd wanted to trust in years, and he'd made trusting him impossible.

Of course, if trusting him is impossible, then why are you on your way to see him right now? came the whisper in the back of her mind that always spoke to her in Daniel's voice. *Shut up*, she told it firmly. *Even if we can't be friends, I owe him an apology at least.*

Someone laughed. The sound echoed off the high factory walls on her left. Her heart contracting with sudden fear, Maia whirled around, but the street behind her was empty. There was an old woman walking her dogs along the riverside, but Maia doubted she was within shouting distance.

She sped up her pace anyway. She could outwalk most humans, she reminded herself, not to mention outrun them. Even in her present state, with her arm aching like someone had slammed a sledgehammer into her shoulder, it wasn't as if she had anything to fear from a mugger or rapist. Two teenage boys armed with knives had tried to grab her while she was walking through Central Park one night after she'd first come to the city, and only Bat had kept her from killing them both.

So why was she so panicked?

She glanced behind her. The old woman was gone; Kent was empty. The old abandoned Domino sugar factory rose up in front of her. Seized by a sudden urge to get off the street, she ducked down the alley beside it.

She found herself in a narrow space between two buildings, full of garbage, discarded bottles, the skittering of rats. The roofs above her touched, blocking out the sun and making her feel as if she had ducked into a tunnel. The walls were brick, set with small, dirty windows, many of which had been smashed in by vandals. Through them she could see the abandoned factory floor and row after row of metal boilers, furnaces, and vats. The air smelled of burned sugar. She leaned against one of the walls, trying to still the pounding of her heart. She had almost succeeded in calming herself down when an impossibly familiar voice spoke to her out of the shadows:

"Maia?"

She whirled around. He was standing at the entrance to the alley, his hair lit from behind, shining like a halo around his beautiful face. Dark eyes fringed with long lashes regarded her curiously. He was wearing jeans and, despite the chill in the air, a short-sleeved T-shirt. He still looked fifteen.

“*Daniel*,” she whispered.

He moved toward her, his steps making no sound. “It’s been a long time, little sister.”

She wanted to run, but her legs felt like bags of water. She pressed herself back against the wall as if she could disappear into it. “But—you’re *dead*.”

“And you didn’t cry at my funeral, did you, Maia? No tears for your big brother?”

“You were a monster,” she whispered. “You tried to kill me —”

“Not hard enough.” There was something long and sharp in his hand now, something that gleamed like silver fire in the dimness. Maia wasn’t sure what it was; her vision was blurred by terror. She slid to the ground as he moved toward her, her legs no longer able to hold her up.

Daniel knelt down beside her. She could see what it was in his hand now: a snapped-off jagged edge of glass from one of the broken windows. Terror rose and broke over her like a wave, but it wasn’t fear of the weapon in her brother’s hand that was crushing her, it was the emptiness in his eyes. She could look into them and through them and see only darkness. “Do you remember,” he said, “when I told you I’d cut out your tongue before I’d let you tattle on me to Mom and Dad?”

Paralyzed with fear, she could only stare at him. Already she could feel the glass cutting into her skin, the choking taste of blood filling her mouth, and she wished she were dead, already dead, anything was better than this horror and this dread—

“Enough, Agramon.” A man’s voice cut through the fog in her head. Not Daniel’s voice—it was soft, cultured, undeniably human. It reminded her of someone—but who?

“*As you wish, Lord Valentine.*” Daniel breathed outward, a soft sigh of disappointment—and then his face began to fade and crumble. In a moment he was gone, and with him the sense of paralyzing, bone-crushing terror that had threatened to choke the life out of her. She sucked in a desperate breath.

“Good. She’s breathing.” The man’s voice again, irritable now. “Really, Agramon. A few more seconds and she’d have been dead.”

Maia looked up. The man—Valentine—was standing over her, very tall, dressed all in black, even the gloves on his hands and the thick-soled boots on his feet. He used the tip of a boot now to force her chin up. His voice when he spoke was cool, perfunctory. “How old are you?”

The face gazing down at hers was narrow, sharp-boned, leached of all color, his eyes black and his hair so white he looked like a photograph in negative. On the left side of his throat, just above the collar of his coat, was a spiraling Mark.

“You’re Valentine?” she whispered. “But I thought that you —”

The boot came down on her hand, sending a stab of pain shooting up her arm. She screamed.

“I asked you a question,” he said. “How old are you?”

“How *old* am I?” The pain in her hand, mixed with the acrid stench of garbage all around, made her stomach turn. “Screw you.”

A bar of light seemed to leap between his fingers; he slashed it down and across her face so quickly that she didn’t have time to jerk back. A hot line of pain burned its way across her cheek; she slapped a hand to her face and felt blood slick her fingers.

“Now,” Valentine said, in the same precise and cultured voice. “How old are you?”

“Fifteen. I’m fifteen.”

She sensed, rather than saw, him smile. “*Perfect.*”



Once back at the Institute, the Inquisitor herded Jace away from the Lightwoods and up the stairs to the training room. Catching sight of himself in the long mirrors that ran along the walls, he stiffened in shock. He hadn't really looked at himself in days, and last night had been a bad one. His eyes were surrounded by black shadows, his shirt smeared with dried blood and filthy mud from the East River. His face looked hollow and drawn.

"Admiring yourself?" The Inquisitor's voice cut through his reverie. "You won't look so pretty when the Clave gets through with you."

"You do seem obsessed with my looks." Jace turned away from the mirror with some relief. "Could it be that all this is because you're attracted to me?"

"Don't be revolting." The Inquisitor had taken four long strips of metal from the gray pouch that hung at her waist. Angel blades. "You could be my son."

"Stephen." Jace remembered what Luke had said back at the house. "That's what he's called, right?"

The Inquisitor whirled on him. The blades she gripped were vibrating with her rage. "*Don't you ever say his name.*"

For a moment Jace wondered if she might really try to kill him. He said nothing as she got herself under control. Without looking at him, she pointed with one of the blades. "Stand there in the center of the room, please."

Jace obeyed. Though he tried not to look at the mirrors, he could see his reflection—and the Inquisitor's—out of the corner of his eye, the mirrors reflecting back at each other until an infinite number of Inquisitors stood there, threatening an infinite number of Jaces.

He glanced down at his bound hands. His wrists and shoulders had gone from aching to a hard, stabbing pain, but he didn't wince as the Inquisitor regarded one of the blades, named it Jophiel, and plunged it into the polished wooden floorboards at her feet. He waited, but nothing happened.

“Boom?” he said eventually. “Was something supposed to happen there?”

“Shut up.” The Inquisitor’s tone was final. “And stay where you are.”

Jace stayed, watching with growing curiosity as she moved to his other side, named a second blade Harahel, and proceeded to drive that one into the floorboards as well.

With the third blade—Sandalphon—he realized what she was doing. The first blade had been driven into the floor just south of him, the next to the east, and the next to the north. She was marking out the points of a compass. He struggled to remember what this might mean, came up with nothing. This was clearly Clave ritual, beyond anything he’d been taught. By the time she reached the last blade, Taharial, his palms were sweating, chafing where they rubbed against each other.

The Inquisitor straightened, looking pleased with herself. “There.”

“There what?” Jace demanded, but she held a hand up.

“Not quite yet, Jonathan. There’s one more thing.” She moved to the southernmost blade and knelt in front of it. With a quick movement she produced a stele and marked a single dark rune into the floor just below the knife. As she rose to her feet, a high sharp sweet chime sounded through the room, the sound of a delicate bell being struck. Light poured from the four angel blades, so blinding that Jace turned his face away, half-closing his eyes. When he turned back, a moment later, he saw that he was standing inside a cage whose walls looked as if they had been woven out of filaments of light. They were not static, but moving, like sheets of illuminated rain.

The Inquisitor was now a blurred figure behind a glowing wall. When Jace called out to her, even his voice sounded wavering and hollow, as if he were calling to her through water. “What is this? What have you done?”

She laughed.

Jace took an angry step forward, and then another; his shoulder brushed a glowing wall. As if he’d touched an

electrified fence, the shock that pulsed through him was like a blow, knocking him off his feet. He tumbled awkwardly to the floor, unable to use his hands to break his fall.

The Inquisitor laughed again. “If you try to walk *through* the wall, you’ll get more than a shock. The Clave calls this particular punishment the Malachi Configuration. These walls can’t be broken as long as the seraph blades remain where they are. I wouldn’t,” she added, as Jace, kneeling, made a move toward the blade closest to him. “Touch the blades and you’ll die.”

“But *you* can touch them,” he said, unable to keep the loathing out of his voice.

“I can, but I won’t.”

“But what about food? Water?”

“All in good time, Jonathan.”

He got to his feet. Through the blurred wall, he saw her turn as if to go.

“But my hands—” He looked down at his bound wrists. The burning metal was eating into his skin like acid. Blood welled around the fiery manacles.

“You should have thought of that before you went to see Valentine.”

“You’re not exactly making me fear the revenge of the Council. They can’t be worse than you.”

“Oh, you’re not going to the Council,” the Inquisitor said. There was a quiet calm in her tone that Jace did not like.

“What do you mean, I’m not going to the Council? I thought you said you were taking me to Idris tomorrow?”

“No. I’m planning to return you to your father.”

The shock of her words almost knocked him back off his feet. “*My father?*”

“Your father. I’m planning to trade you to him for the Mortal Instruments.”

Jace stared at her. “You must be joking.”

“Not at all. It’s simpler than a trial. Of course, you’ll be banned from the Clave,” she added, as a sort of afterthought, “but I assume you expected that.”

Jace was shaking his head. “You have the wrong guy. I hope you realize that.”

A look of annoyance flashed across her face. “I thought we’d dispensed with your pretense of innocence, Jonathan.”

“I didn’t mean me. I meant my father.”

For the first time since he’d met her, she looked confused. “I don’t understand what you mean.”

“My father won’t trade the Mortal Instruments for me.” The words were bitter, but Jace’s tone wasn’t. It was matter-of-fact. “He’d let you kill me in front of him before he’d hand you either the Sword or the Cup.”

The Inquisitor shook her head. “You don’t understand,” she said, and there was a puzzling trace of resentment in her voice. “Children never do. The love a parent has for a child, there *is* nothing else like it. No other love so consuming. No father—not even Valentine—would sacrifice his son for a hunk of metal, no matter how powerful.”

“You don’t know my father. He’ll laugh in your face and offer you some money to mail my body back to Idris.”

“Don’t be absurd—”

“You’re right,” Jace said. “Come to think of it, he’ll probably make you pay the shipping charges yourself.”

“I see that you’re still your father’s son. You don’t want him to lose the Mortal Instruments—it would be a loss of power to you as well. You don’t want to live out your life as the disgraced son of a criminal, so you’ll say anything to sway my decision. But you don’t fool me.”

“Listen.” Jace’s heart was pounding, but he tried to speak calmly. She *had* to believe him. “I know you hate me. I know you think I’m a liar like my father. But I’m telling you the truth now. My father absolutely believes in what he’s doing.

You think he's evil. But he thinks he's *right*. He thinks he's doing God's work. He won't give that up for me. You were tracking me when I went out there, you must have heard what he said—"

"I *saw* you speak to him," said the Inquisitor. "I *heard* nothing."

Jace cursed under his breath. "Look, I'll swear any oath you want to prove I'm not lying. He's using the Sword and the Cup to summon demons and control them. The more you waste your time with me, the more he can build up his army. By the time you realize he won't make the trade, you'll have no chance against him—"

The Inquisitor turned away with a noise of disgust. "I'm tired of your lies."

Jace caught his breath in disbelief as she turned her back on him and stalked toward the door.

"*Please!*" he cried.

She stopped at the door and turned to look at him. Jace could only see the angular shadows of her face, the pointed chin, and dark hollows at her temples. Her gray clothes vanished into the shadows so that she looked like a bodiless floating skull. "Don't think," she said, "that returning you to your father is what I *want* to do. It's better than Valentine Morgenstern deserves."

"What does he deserve?"

"To hold the dead body of his child in his arms. To see his dead son and know that there is nothing he can do, no spell, no incantation, no bargain with hell that will bring him back—" She broke off. "He should *know*," she said, in a whisper, and pushed at the door, her hands scrabbling against the wood. It shut behind her with a click, leaving Jace, his wrists burning, staring after her in confusion.



Clary hung up the phone with a frown. "No answer."

“Who is it you were trying to call?” Luke was on his fifth cup of coffee and Clary was starting to worry about him. Surely there was such a thing as caffeine poisoning? He didn’t seem on the verge of a fit or anything, but she surreptitiously unplugged the percolator on her way back to the table, just in case. “Simon?”

“No. I feel weird waking him up during the daytime, though he said it doesn’t bother him as long as he doesn’t have to see daylight.”

“So . . .”

“I was calling Isabelle. I want to know what’s going on with Jace.”

“She didn’t answer?”

“No.” Clary’s stomach rumbled. She went to the refrigerator, removed a peach yogurt, and ate it mechanically, tasting nothing. She was halfway through the container when she remembered something. “Maia,” she said. “We should check and see if she’s okay.” She set the yogurt down. “I’ll go.”

“No, I’m her pack leader. She trusts me. I can calm her down if she’s upset,” Luke said. “I’ll be right back.”

“Don’t say that,” Clary begged. “I hate it when people say that.”

He smiled at her crookedly and ducked out into the hallway. Within a few minutes he was back, looking stunned. “She’s gone.”

“Gone? Gone how?”

“I mean she snuck out of the house. She left this.” He tossed a folded piece of paper onto the table. Clary picked it up and read the scrawled sentences with a frown:

Sorry about everything. Gone to make amends. Thanks for all you’ve done. Maia.

“Gone to make amends? What does that mean?”

Luke sighed. “I was hoping you would know.”

“Are you worried?”

“Raum demons are retrievers,” Luke said. “They find people and bring them back to whoever summoned them. That demon could still be looking for her.”

“Oh,” Clary said in a small voice. “Well, my guess would be that she means she went to see Simon.”

Luke looked surprised. “Does she know where he lives?”

“I don’t know,” Clary admitted. “They seem kind of close in a way. She might.” She fished into her pocket for her phone. “I’ll call him.”

“I thought calling him made you feel weird.”

“Not as weird as everything else that’s going on.” She scrolled through her address book for Simon’s number. It rang three times before he picked up, sounding groggy.

“Hello?”

“It’s me.” She turned away from Luke as she spoke, more out of habit than from any desire to hide the conversation from him.

“You do know I’m nocturnal now,” he said with groan. She could hear him rolling over in bed. “That means I sleep all day.”

“Are you at home?”

“Yeah, where else would I be?” His voice sharpened, sleep falling away. “What is it, Clary, what’s wrong?”

“Maia ran off. She left a note saying she might be going to your house.”

Simon sounded puzzled. “Well, she didn’t. Or if she did, she hasn’t shown up yet.”

“Is anyone else home but you?”

“No, my mom’s at work and Rebecca has classes. Why, you really think Maia’s going to show up here?”

“Just give us a call if she does—”

Simon cut her off. “Clary.” His tone was urgent. “Hang on a second. I think someone’s trying to break into my house.”



Time passed inside the prison, and Jace watched the shocking silver rain falling all around him with a detached sort of interest. His fingers had started to go numb, which he suspected was a bad sign, but he couldn’t bring himself to care. He wondered if the Lightwoods knew he was up here, or if someone entering the training room would get a nasty surprise when they found him locked up in it. But no, the Inquisitor wasn’t that sloppy. She would have told them the room was off-limits until she disposed of the prisoner in whatever manner she saw fit. He supposed he ought to be angry, even afraid, but he couldn’t bring himself to care about that either. Nothing seemed real anymore: not the Clave, not the Covenant, not the Law, not even his father.

A soft footfall alerted him to the presence of someone else in the room. He’d been lying on his back, staring at the ceiling; now he sat up, his gaze flicking around the room. He could see a dark shape just beyond the shimmering rain-curtain. *It must be the Inquisitor*, back to sneer at him some more. He braced himself—then saw, with a jolt, the dark hair and familiar face.

Maybe there were still some things he cared about, after all. “Alec?”

“It’s me.” Alec knelt down on the other side of the glimmering wall. It was like looking at someone through clear water rippled with current; Jace could see Alec clearly now, but occasionally his features would seem to waver and dissolve as the fiery rain shimmered and undulated.

It was enough to make you seasick, Jace thought.

“What in the Angel’s name is this stuff?” Alec reached out to touch the wall.

“Don’t.” Jace reached out, then drew back quickly before he made contact with the wall. “It’ll shock you, maybe kill you if you try to pass through it.”

Alec drew his hand back with a low whistle. “The Inquisitor meant business.”

“Of course she did. I’m a dangerous criminal. Or hadn’t you heard?” Jace heard the acid in his own tone, saw Alec flinch, and was meanly, momentarily, glad.

“She didn’t call you a criminal, exactly . . .”

“No, I’m just a very naughty boy. I do all sorts of bad things. I kick kittens. I make rude gestures at nuns.”

“Don’t joke. This is serious stuff.” Alec’s eyes were somber. “What the hell were you thinking, going to see Valentine? I mean, seriously, what was going through your head?”

A number of smart remarks occurred to Jace, but he found he didn’t want to make any of them. He was too tired. “I was thinking that he’s my father.”

Alec looked as if he were mentally counting to ten to maintain his patience. “Jace—”

“What if it was your father? What would you do?”

“My father? My father would never do the things that Valentine—”

Jace’s head jerked up. “Your father *did do those things!* He was in the Circle along with my father! Your mother, too! Our parents were all the same. The only difference is that yours got caught and punished, and mine didn’t!”

Alec’s face tightened. But “The *only* difference?” was all he said.

Jace looked down at his hands. The burning cuffs weren’t meant to be left on so long. The skin underneath them was dotted with beads of blood.

“I just meant,” Alec said, “that I don’t see how you could want to see him, not after what’s he’s done in general, but after what he did to *you*.”

Jace said nothing.

“All those years,” Alec said. “He let you think he was dead. Maybe you don’t remember what it was like when you were ten years old, but I do. Nobody who loved you could do—could do anything like that.”

Thin lines of blood were making their way down Jace’s hands, like red string unraveling. “Valentine told me,” he said quietly, “that if I supported him against the Clave, if I did that, he’d make sure no one I cared about was hurt. Not you or Isabelle or Max. Not Clary. Not your parents. He said—”

“No one would be hurt?” Alec echoed derisively. “You mean he wouldn’t hurt them himself. Nice.”

“I saw what he can do, Alec. The kind of demonic force he can summon. If he brings his demon army against the Clave, there *will* be a war. And people get hurt in wars. They die in wars.” He hesitated. “If you had the chance to save everyone you loved—”

“But what kind of chance is it? What’s Valentine’s word even worth?”

“If he swears on the Angel that he’ll do something, he’ll do it. I know him.”

“*If* you support him against the Clave.”

Jace nodded.

“He must have been pretty pissed when you said no,” Alec observed.

Jace looked up from his bleeding wrists and stared. “What?”

“I said—”

“I know what you said. What makes you think I said no?”

“Well, you did. Didn’t you?”

Very slowly, Jace nodded.

“I know you,” Alec said, with supreme confidence, and stood up. “You told the Inquisitor about Valentine and his plans, didn’t you? And she didn’t care?”

“I wouldn’t say she didn’t care. More like she didn’t really believe me. She’s got a plan she thinks will take care of Valentine. The only problem is, her plan sucks.”

Alec nodded. “You can fill me in on that later. First things first: We have to figure out how to get you out of here.”

“*What?*” Disbelief made Jace feel slightly dizzy. “I thought you came down right on the side of go directly to jail, do not pass Go, do not collect two hundred dollars. ‘The Law is the Law, Isabelle.’ What was all that you were spouting?”

Alec looked astonished. “You can’t have thought I *meant* that. I just wanted the Inquisitor to trust me so she wouldn’t be watching me all the time like she’s watching Izzy and Max. She knows they’re on your side.”

“And you? Are you on my side?” Jace could hear the roughness in his own question and was almost overwhelmed by how much the answer meant to him.

“I’m with you,” Alec said, “always. Why do you even have to ask? I may respect the Law, but what the Inquisitor has been doing to you has nothing to do with the Law. I don’t know exactly what’s going on, but the hatred she has for you is personal. It has nothing to do with the Clave.”

“I bait her,” said Jace. “I can’t help it. Vicious bureaucrats get under my skin.”

Alec shook his head. “It’s not that either. It’s an old hate. I can feel it.”

Jace was about to answer when the cathedral bells began to ring. This close to the roof, the sound was echoingly loud. He glanced up—he still half-expected to see Hugo flying among the wooden rafters in his slow, thoughtful circles. The raven had always liked it up there between the rafters and the arched stone ceiling. At the time Jace had thought the bird liked to dig his claws into the soft wood; now he realized the rafters had lent him an excellent vantage point for spying.

An idea began to take shape in the back of Jace’s mind, dark and formless. Out loud he said only, “Luke said something about the Inquisitor having a son named Stephen.

He said she was trying to get even for him. I asked her about him and she freaked out. I think it might have something to do with why she hates me so much.”

The bells had stopped ringing. Alec said, “Maybe. I could ask my parents, but I doubt they’d tell me.”

“No, don’t ask them. Ask Luke.”

“Go all the way back to Brooklyn, you mean? Look, sneaking out of here is going to be all but impossible—”

“Use Isabelle’s phone. Text Clary. Tell her to ask Luke.”

“Okay.” Alec paused. “Do you want me to say anything else to her for you? To Clary, I mean, not Isabelle.”

“No,” Jace said. “I don’t have anything to say to her.”



“Simon!” Clutching the phone, Clary whirled toward Luke. “He says someone’s trying to break into his house.”

“Tell him to get out of there.”

“I can’t get out of here,” Simon said tightly. “Not unless I want to catch on fire.”

“Daylight,” she said to Luke, but she saw he’d already realized the problem and was searching for something in his pockets. Car keys. He held them up.

“Tell Simon we’re coming. Tell him to lock himself in a room until we get there.”

“Did you hear that? Lock yourself in a room.”

“I heard.” Simon’s voice sounded tense; Clary could hear a soft scraping sound, then a heavy thump.

“Simon!”

“I’m fine. I’m just piling things against the door.”

“What kind of things?” She was out on the porch now, shivering in her thin sweater. Luke, behind her, was locking up the house.

“A desk,” Simon said with some satisfaction. “And my bed.”

“Your bed?” Clary climbed up into the truck beside Luke, struggling one-handed with her seat belt as Luke peeled out of the driveway and rocketed down Kent. He reached over and buckled it for her. “How did you lift your bed?”

“You forget. Super vampire strength.”

“Ask him what he’s hearing,” Luke said. They were speeding down the street, which would have been fine if the Brooklyn waterfront had been better maintained. Clary gasped every time they hit a pothole.

“What are you hearing?” she asked, catching her breath.

“I heard the front door crash in. I think someone must have kicked it open. Then Yossarian came streaking into my room and hid under the bed. That’s how I knew there was definitely someone in the house.”

“And now?”

“Now I don’t hear anything.”

“That’s good, right?” Clary turned to Luke. “He says he doesn’t hear anything now. Maybe they went away.”

“Maybe.” Luke sounded doubtful. They were on the expressway now, speeding toward Simon’s neighborhood. “Keep him on the phone anyway.”

“What are you doing now, Simon?”

“Nothing. I’ve shoved everything in the room against the door. Now I’m trying to get Yossarian out from behind the heating vent.”

“Leave him where he is.”

“This is all going to be very hard to explain to my mom,” Simon said, and the phone went dead. There was a click and then nothing. CALL DISCONNECTED flashed on the digital display.

“No. No!” Clary hit the redial button, her fingers trembling.

Simon picked up immediately. “Sorry. Yossarian scratched me and I dropped the phone.”

Her throat burned with relief. “That’s fine, just as long as you’re still okay and—”

A noise like a tidal wave crashed through the phone, obliterating Simon’s voice. She yanked the phone away from her ear. The display still read CALL CONNECTED.

“*Simon!*” she screamed into the phone. “Simon, can you hear me?”

The crashing noise stopped. There was the sound of something shattering, and a high, unearthly yowl—Yossarian? Then the sound of something heavy striking the ground.

“Simon?” she whispered.

There was a click and then a drawling, amused voice spoke in her ear. “Clarissa,” it said. “I should have known you’d be on the other end of this phone line.”

She squeezed her eyes shut, her stomach falling out from under her as if she were on a roller coaster that had just made its first drop. “Valentine.”

“You mean ‘Father,’” he said, sounding genuinely annoyed. “I deplore this modern habit of calling one’s parents by their first names.”

“What I actually want to call you is a hell of a lot more unprintable than your name,” she snapped. “Where’s Simon?”

“You mean the vampire boy? Questionable company for a Shadowhunter girl of good family, don’t you think? From now on I’ll be expecting to have a say in your choice of friends.”

“*What did you do to Simon?*”

“Nothing,” said Valentine, amused. “Yet.”

And he hung up.



By the time Alec came back into the training room, Jace was lying on the floor, envisioning lines of dancing girls in an

effort to ignore the pain in his wrists. It wasn't working.

"What are you doing?" Alec asked, kneeling down as close to the shimmering wall of the prison as he could get. Jace tried to remind himself that when Alec asked this sort of question, he really meant it, and that it was something he had once found endearing rather than annoying. He failed.

"I thought I'd lie on the floor and writhe in pain for a while," he grunted. "It relaxes me."

"It does? Oh—you're being sarcastic. That's a good sign, probably," Alec said. "If you can sit up, you might want to. I'm going to try to slide something through the wall."

Jace sat up so quickly that his head spun. "Alec, don't—"

But Alec had already moved to push something toward him with both hands, as if he were rolling a ball to a child. A red sphere broke through the shimmering curtain and rolled to Jace, bumping gently against his knee.

"An apple." He picked it up with some difficulty. "How appropriate."

"I thought you might be hungry."

"I am." Jace took a bite of the apple; juice ran down his hands and sizzled in the blue flames that cuffed his wrists. "Did you text Clary?"

"No. Isabelle won't let me into her room. She just throws things against the door and screams. She said if I came in she'd jump out the window. She'd do it too."

"Probably."

"I get the feeling," Alec said, and smiled, "she hasn't forgiven me for betraying you, as she sees it."

"Good girl," said Jace with appreciation.

"I *didn't* betray you, idiot."

"It's the thought that counts."

"Good, because I brought you something else, too. I don't know if it'll work, but it's worth a try." He slid something

small and metallic through the wall. It was a silvery disk about the size of a quarter. Jace set the apple aside and picked the disk up curiously. “What’s this?”

“I got it off the desk in the library. I’ve seen my parents use it before to take off restraints. I think it’s an Unlocking rune. It’s worth trying—”

He broke off as Jace touched the disk to his wrists, holding it awkwardly between two fingers. The moment it touched the line of blue flame, the cuff flickered and vanished.

“Thanks.” Jace rubbed his wrists, each one braceleted with a line of chafed, bleeding skin. He was starting to be able to feel his fingertips again. “It’s not a file hidden in a birthday cake, but it’ll keep my hands from falling off.”

Alec looked at him. The wavering lines of the rain-curtain made his face look elongated, worried—or maybe he *was* worried. “You know, something occurred to me when I was talking to Isabelle earlier. I told her she couldn’t jump out the window—and not to try or she’d get herself killed.”

Jace nodded. “Sound big-brotherly advice.”

“But then I started wondering if that was true in your case—I mean, I’ve seen you do things that were practically flying. I’ve seen you fall three stories and land like a cat, jump from the ground to a roof—”

“Hearing my achievements recited is certainly gratifying, but I’m not sure what your point is, Alec.”

“My point is that there are four walls to this prison, not five.”

Jace stared at him. “So Hodge wasn’t lying when he said we’d actually use geometry in our daily lives. You’re right, Alec. There are four walls to this cage. Now if the Inquisitor had gone with two, I might—”

“JACE,” Alec said, losing patience. “I mean, there’s no *top* to the cage. Nothing between you and the ceiling.”

Jace craned his head back. The rafters seemed to sway dizzily high above him, lost in shadow. “You’re crazy.”

“Maybe,” Alec said. “Maybe I just know what you can do.” He shrugged. “You could try, at least.”

Jace looked at Alec—at his open, honest face and steady blue eyes. *He is crazy*, Jace thought. It was true, in the heat of fighting, he’d done some amazing things, but so had they all. Shadowhunter blood, years of training . . . but he couldn’t jump thirty feet straight up into the air.

How do you know you can’t, said a soft voice in his head, *if you’ve never tried it?*

Clary’s voice. He thought of her and her runes, of the Silent City and the handcuff popping off his wrist as if it had cracked under some enormous pressure. He and Clary shared the same blood. If Clary could do things that shouldn’t be possible . . .

He got to his feet, almost reluctantly, and looked around, taking slow stock of the room. He could still see the floor-length mirrors and the multitude of weapons hanging on the walls, their blades glinting dully, through the curtain of silver fire that surrounded him. He bent and retrieved the half-eaten apple off the floor, looked at it for a thoughtful moment—then cocked his arm back and threw it as hard as he could. The apple sailed through the air, hit a shimmering silver wall, and burst into a corona of molten blue flame.

Jace heard Alec gasp. So the Inquisitor *hadn’t* been exaggerating. If he hit one of the prison walls too hard, he’d die.

Alec was on his feet, suddenly wavering. “Jace, I don’t know—”

“Shut up, Alec. And don’t watch me. It’s not helping.”

Whatever Alec said in response, Jace didn’t hear it. He was doing a slow pivot in place, his eyes focused on the rafters. The runes that gave him excellent long sight kicked in, the rafters coming into better focus: He could see their chipped edges, their whorls and knots, the black stains of age. But they were solid. They’d held up the Institute roof for hundreds of years. They could hold a teenage boy. He flexed his fingers, taking deep, slow, controlled breaths, just as his father had

taught him. In his mind's eye he saw himself leaping, soaring, catching hold of a rafter with ease and swinging himself up onto it. He was light, he told himself, light as an arrow, winging its way easily through the air, swift and unstoppable. It would be easy, he told himself. Easy.

“I am Valentine's arrow,” Jace whispered. “Whether he knows it or not.”

And he jumped.

A STONE OF THE HEART

Clary hit the button to call Simon back, but the phone went straight to voice mail. Hot tears splashed down her cheeks and she threw her own phone at the dashboard. “Damn it, damn it—”

“We’re almost there,” Luke said. They’d gotten off the expressway and she hadn’t even noticed. They pulled up in front of Simon’s house, a wooden one-family whose front was painted a cheerful red. Clary was out of the car and running up the front walk before Luke had even yanked on the security brake. She could hear him yelling her name as she dashed up the steps and pounded frantically on the front door.

“Simon!” she shouted. “*Simon!*”

“Clary, enough.” Luke caught up to her on the front porch. “The neighbors—”

“Screw the neighbors.” She fumbled for the key ring on her belt, found the right key, and slid it into the lock. She swung the door open and stepped warily into the hallway, Luke just behind her. They peered through the first door on the left into the kitchen. Everything looked exactly as it always had, from the meticulously clean counter to the fridge magnets. There was the sink where she’d kissed Simon just a few days ago. Sunshine streamed in through the windows, filling the room with pale yellow light. Light that was capable of charring Simon away to ashes.

Simon’s room was the last one at the end of the hall. The door stood slightly open, though Clary could see nothing but darkness through the crack.

She slid her stele out of her pocket and gripped it tightly. She knew it wasn’t really a weapon, but the feel of it in her

hand was calming. Inside, the room was dark, black curtains drawn across the windows, the only light coming from the digital clock on the bedside table. Luke was reaching across her to flip on the light when something—something that hissed and spit and snarled like a demon—launched itself at him out of the darkness.

Clary screamed as Luke seized her shoulders and pushed her roughly aside. She stumbled and nearly fell; when she righted herself, she turned to see an astonished-looking Luke holding a yowling, struggling white cat, its fur sticking out all over. It looked like a ball of cotton with claws.

“Yossarian!” Clary exclaimed.

Luke dropped the cat. Yossarian immediately shot between his legs and disappeared down the hall.

“Stupid cat,” Clary said.

“It’s not his fault. Cats don’t like me.” Luke reached for the light switch and flipped it on. Clary gasped. The room was completely in order, nothing at all out of place, not even the rug askew. Even the coverlet was folded neatly on the bed.

“Is it a glamour?”

“Probably not. Probably just magic.” Luke moved into the center of the room, looking around him thoughtfully. As he moved to pull one of the curtains aside, Clary saw something gleam in the carpet at his feet.

“Luke, wait.” She went to where he was standing and knelt to retrieve the object. It was Simon’s silver cell phone, badly bent out of shape, the antenna snapped off. Heart pounding, she flipped the phone open. Despite the crack that ran the length of the display screen, a single text message was still visible: *Now I have them all.*

Clary sank down on the bed in a daze. Distantly, she felt Luke pluck the phone out of her hand. She heard him suck in his breath as he read the message.

“What does that mean? ‘Now I have them all’?” asked Clary.

Luke set Simon's phone down on the desk and passed a hand over his face. "I'm afraid it means that now he has Simon and, we might as well face it, Maia, too. It means he has everything he needs for the Ritual of Conversion."

Clary stared at him. "You mean this isn't just about getting at me—and you?"

"I'm sure Valentine regards that as a pleasant side effect. But it's not his main goal. His main goal is to reverse the characteristics of the Soul-Sword. And for that he needs—"

"The blood of Downworlder children. But Maia and Simon aren't children. They're teenagers."

"When that spell was created, the spell to turn the Soul-Sword to darkness, the word 'teenager' hadn't even been invented. In Shadowhunter society, you're an adult when you're eighteen. Before that, you're a child. For Valentine's purposes, Maia and Simon are children. He has the blood of a faerie child already, and the blood of a warlock child. All he needed was a werewolf and a vampire."

Clary felt as if the air had been punched out of her. "Then why didn't we do something? Why didn't we think of protecting them somehow?"

"So far Valentine has done what's convenient. None of his victims were chosen for any other reason than that they were there and available. The warlock was easy to find; all Valentine had to do was hire him under the pretense of wanting a demon raised. It's simple enough to spot faeries in the park if you know where to look. And the Hunter's Moon is exactly where you'd go if you wanted to find a werewolf. Putting himself to this extra danger and trouble just to strike out at us when nothing's changed—"

"Jace," said Clary.

"What do you mean, Jace? What about him?"

"I think it's Jace he's trying to get back at. Jace must have done something last night on the boat, something that really pissed Valentine off. Pissed him off enough to abandon whatever plan he had before and make a new one."

Luke looked baffled. “What makes you think that Valentine’s change of plans had anything to do with your brother?”

“Because,” Clary said with grim certainty, “only Jace can piss someone off *that* much.”



“Isabelle!” Alec pounded on his sister’s door. “Isabelle, open the door. I know you’re in there.”

The door opened a crack. Alec tried to peer through it, but no one appeared to be on the other side. “She doesn’t want to talk to you,” said a well-known voice.

Alec glanced down and saw gray eyes glaring at him from behind a bent pair of spectacles. “Max,” he said. “Come on, little brother, let me in.”

“I don’t want to talk to you either.” Max started to push the door shut, but Alec, quick as a flick of Isabelle’s whip, wedged his foot into the gap.

“Don’t make me knock you over, Max.”

“You wouldn’t.” Max pushed back with all his might.

“No, but I might go get our parents, and I have a feeling Isabelle doesn’t want that. Do you, Izzy?” he demanded, pitching his voice loud enough for his sister, inside the room, to hear.

“Oh, for God’s sake.” Isabelle sounded furious. “All right, Max. Let him in.”

Max stepped away and Alec pushed his way in, letting the door swing half-shut behind him. Isabelle was kneeling in the embrasure of the window beside her bed, her gold whip coiled around her left arm. She was wearing her hunting gear, the tough black trousers and skintight shirt with their silvery, near-invisible design of runes. Her boots were buckled up to her knees and her black hair whipped in the breeze from the open window. She glared at him, reminding him for a moment of nothing more than Hugo, Hodge’s black raven.

“What the hell are you doing? Trying to get yourself killed?” he demanded, striding furiously across the room toward his sister.

Her whip snaked out, coiling around his ankles. Alec stopped dead, knowing that with a single flick of her wrist Isabelle could jerk him off his feet and land him in a trussed bundle on the hardwood floor. “Don’t come any closer to me, Alexander Lightwood,” she said in her angriest voice. “I’m not feeling very charitable toward you at the moment.”

“Isabelle—”

“How could you just turn on Jace like that? After all he’s been through? And you swore that oath to watch out for each other too—”

“Not,” he reminded her, “if it meant breaking the Law.”

“The *Law*!” Isabelle snapped in disgust. “There’s a higher law than the Clave, Alec. The law of family. Jace is your family.”

“The law of family? I’ve never heard of that before,” Alec said, nettled. He knew he ought to be defending himself, but it was hard not to be distracted by the lifelong habit of correcting one’s younger siblings when they were wrong. “Could that be because you just made it up?”

Isabelle flicked her wrist. Alec felt his feet go out from under him and twisted to absorb the impact of falling with his hands and wrists. He landed, rolled onto his back, and looked up to see Isabelle looming over him. Max was beside her. “What should we do with him, Maxwell?” Isabelle asked. “Leave him tied up here for the parents to find?”

Alec had had enough. He whipped a blade from the sheath at his wrist, twisted, and slashed it through the whip around his ankles. The electrum wire parted with a snap and he sprang to his feet as Isabelle drew her arm back, the wire hissing around her.

A low chuckle broke the tension. “All right, all right, you’ve tortured him enough. I’m here.”

Isabelle’s eyes flew wide. “Jace!”

“The same.” Jace ducked into Isabelle’s room, shutting the door behind him. “No need for the two of you to fight—” He winced as Max careened into him, yelping his name. “Careful there,” he said, gently disentangling the boy. “I’m not in the best shape right now.”

“I can see that,” Isabelle said, her eyes raking him anxiously. His wrists were bloody, his fair hair was plastered sweatily to his neck and forehead, and his face and hands were stained with dirt and ichor. “Did the Inquisitor hurt you?”

“Not too badly.” Jace’s eyes met Alec’s across the room. “She just locked me up in the weapons gallery. Alec helped me get out.”

The whip drooped in Isabelle’s hand like a flower. “Alec, is that true?”

“Yes.” Alec brushed dust from the floor off his clothes with deliberate ostentation. He couldn’t resist adding: “So there.”

“Well, you should have *said*.”

“And you should have had some faith in me—”

“Enough. There’s no time for bickering,” Jace said. “Isabelle, what kind of weapons do you have in here? And bandages, any bandages?”

“Bandages?” Isabelle set her whip down and took her stele out of a drawer. “I can fix you up with an *iratze*—”

Jace raised his wrists. “An *iratze* would be good for my bruises, but it won’t help these. These are rune burns.” They looked even worse in the bright light of Isabelle’s room—the circular scars were black and cracked in places, oozing blood and clear fluid. He lowered his hands as Isabelle paled. “And I’ll need some weapons, too, before I—”

“Bandages first. Weapons later.” She set her stele down on top of the dresser and herded Jace into the bathroom with a basketful of ointments, gauze pads, and bandage strips. Alec watched them through the half-open door, Jace leaning against the sink as his adoptive sister sponged his wrists and wrapped them in white gauze. “Okay, now take your shirt off.”

“I knew there was something in this for you.” Jace slid off his jacket and drew his T-shirt over his head, wincing. His skin was pale gold, layered over hard muscle. Black ink Marks twined his slim arms. A mundane might have thought the white scars that snowflaked Jace’s skin, remnants of old runes, made him less than perfect, but Alec didn’t. They all had those scars; they were badges of honor, not flaws.

Jace, seeing Alec watching him through the half-open door, said, “Alec, can you get the phone?”

“It’s on the dresser.” Isabelle didn’t look up. She and Jace were conversing in low tones; Alec couldn’t hear them, but suspected this was because they were trying not to scare Max.

Alec looked. “It’s *not* on the dresser.”

Isabelle, tracing an *iratze* on Jace’s back, swore in annoyance. “Oh, hell. I left my phone in the kitchen. Crap. I don’t want to go looking for it in case the Inquisitor’s around.”

“I’ll get it,” Max offered. “She doesn’t care about me, I’m too young.”

“I suppose.” Isabelle sounded reluctant. “What do you need the phone for, Alec?”

“We just need it,” Alec said impatiently. “Izzy—”

“If you’re texting Magnus to say ‘I think u r kewl,’ I’m going to kill you.”

“Who’s Magnus?” Max inquired.

“He’s a warlock,” said Alec.

“A sexy, sexy warlock,” Isabelle told Max, ignoring Alec’s look of total fury.

“But warlocks are bad,” protested Max, looking baffled.

“Exactly,” said Isabelle.

“I don’t understand,” said Max. “But I’m going to get the phone. I’ll be right back.”

He slipped out the door as Jace pulled his shirt and jacket back on and came back into the bedroom, where he

commenced looking for weapons in the piles of Isabelle's belongings that were strewn around the floor. Isabelle followed him, shaking her head. "What's the plan now? Are we all leaving? The Inquisitor's going to freak when she finds out you're not there anymore."

"Not as much as she'll freak when Valentine turns her down." Tersely, Jace outlined the Inquisitor's plan. "The only problem is, he'll never go for it."

"The—the *only* problem?" Isabelle was so furious she was almost stuttering, something she hadn't done since she was six. "She can't do that! She can't just trade you away to a psychopath! You're a member of the Clave! You're our *brother!*"

"The Inquisitor doesn't think so."

"I don't care what she thinks. She's a hideous bitch and she has *got* to be stopped."

"Once she finds out her plan is seriously flawed, she might be able to be talked down," Jace observed. "But I'm not sticking around to find out. I'm getting out of here."

"It's not going to be easy," Alec said. "The Inquisitor's got this place locked up tighter than a pentagram. You know there are guards downstairs? She's called in half the Conclave."

"She must think highly of me," said Jace, tossing aside a pile of magazines.

"Maybe she's not wrong." Isabelle looked at him thoughtfully. "Did you seriously jump thirty feet out of a Malachi Configuration? Did he, Alec?"

"He did," Alec confirmed. "I've never seen anything like it."

"I've never seen anything like this." Jace lifted a ten-inch dagger from the floor. One of Isabelle's pink brassieres was speared on the wickedly sharp tip. Isabelle snatched it off, scowling.

"That's not the point. How did you *do* it? Do you know?"

“I jumped.” Jace pulled two razor-edged spinning disks out from under the bed. They were covered in gray cat hair. He blew on them, scattering fur. “*Chakhrams*. Cool. Especially if I meet any demons with serious dander allergies.”

Isabelle thwacked him with the bra. “You’re not answering me!”

“Because I don’t know, Izzy.” Jace scrambled to his feet. “Maybe the Seelie Queen was right. Maybe I have powers I don’t even know about because I’ve never tested them. Clary certainly does.”

Isabelle wrinkled her forehead. “She does?”

Alec’s eyes widened suddenly. “Jace—is that vampire cycle of yours still up on the roof?”

“Possibly. But it’s daylight, so it’s not much use.”

“Besides,” Isabelle pointed out, “we can’t all fit on it.”

Jace slid the *chakhrams* onto his belt, along with the ten-inch dagger. Several angel blades went into his jacket pockets. “That doesn’t matter,” he said. “You’re not coming with me.”

Isabelle spluttered. “What do you mean, we’re not—” She broke off as Max returned, out of breath and clutching her battered pink phone. “Max, you’re a hero.” She snatched the phone from him, shooting a glare at Jace. “I’ll get back to you in a minute. Meanwhile, who are we calling? Clary?”

“I’ll call her—,” Alec began.

“No.” Isabelle batted his hand away. “She likes me better.” She was already dialing; she stuck her tongue out as she held the phone up to her ear. “Clary? It’s Isabelle. I—What?” The color in her face vanished as if it had been wiped away, leaving her gray and staring. “How is that possible? But why —”

“How is what possible?” Jace was at her side in two strides. “Isabelle, what’s happened? Is Clary—”

Isabelle drew the phone away from her ear, her knuckles white. “It’s Valentine. He’s taken Simon and Maia. He’s going to use them to perform the Ritual.”

In one smooth motion, Jace reached over and plucked the phone out of Isabelle's hand. He put it to his ear. "Drive to the Institute," he said. "Don't come in. Wait for me. I'll meet you outside." He snapped the phone shut and handed it to Alec. "Call Magnus," he said. "Tell him to meet us down by the waterfront in Brooklyn. He can pick the place, but it should be somewhere deserted. We're going to need his help getting to Valentine's ship."

"We?" Isabelle perked up visibly.

"Magnus, Luke, and myself," Jace clarified. "You two are staying here and dealing with the Inquisitor for me. When Valentine doesn't come through with his part of her deal, you're the ones who are going to have to convince her to send all the backup the Conclave has got after Valentine."

"I don't get it," Alec said. "How do you plan to get out of here in the first place?"

Jace grinned. "Watch," he said, and jumped up onto Isabelle's windowsill. Isabelle cried out, but Jace was already ducking through the window opening. He balanced for a moment on the sill outside—and then he was gone.

Alec raced to the window and stared out in horror, but there was nothing to see: just the garden of the Institute far below, brown and empty, and the narrow path that led up to the front door. There were no screaming pedestrians on Ninety-sixth Street, no cars pulled over at the sight of a falling body. It was as if Jace had vanished into thin air.



The sound of water woke him. It was a heavy repetitive sound—water sloshing against something solid, over and over, as if he were lying in the bottom of a pool that was rapidly draining and refilling itself. There was the taste of metal in his mouth and the smell of metal all around. He was conscious of a nagging, persistent pain in his left hand. With a groan, Simon opened his eyes.

He was lying on a hard, bumpy metal floor painted an ugly gray-green. The walls were the same green metal. There was a

single high round window in one wall, letting in only a little sunlight, but it was enough. He'd been lying with his hand in a patch of it and his fingers were red and blistered. With another groan, he rolled away from the light and sat up.

And realized he wasn't alone in the room. Though the shadows were thick, he could see in the dark just fine. Across from him, her hands bound together and chained to a large steam pipe, was Maia. Her clothes were torn and there was a massive bruise across her left cheek. He could see where her braids had been torn away from her scalp on one side, her hair matted with blood. The moment he sat up, she stared at him and burst immediately into tears. "I thought," she hiccupped between sobs, "that you—were dead."

"I *am* dead," Simon said. He was staring at his hand. As he watched, the blisters faded, the pain lessening, the skin resuming its normal pallor.

"I know, but I meant—really dead." She swiped at her face with her bound hands. Simon tried to move toward her, but something brought him up short. A metal cuff around his ankle was attached to a thick metal chain sunk into the floor. Valentine was taking no chances.

"Don't cry," he said, and immediately regretted it. It wasn't as if the situation didn't warrant tears. "I'm fine."

"For now," said Maia, rubbing her wet face against her sleeve. "That man—the one with the white hair—his name is Valentine?"

"You saw him?" Simon said. "I didn't see anything. Just my front door blowing in and then a massive shape that came at me like a freight train."

"He's *the* Valentine, right? The one everyone talks about. The one who started the Uprising."

"He's Jace and Clary's father," Simon said. "That's what I know about him."

"I thought his voice sounded familiar. He sounds just like Jace." She looked momentarily rueful. "No wonder Jace is such an ass."

Simon could only agree.

“So you didn’t . . .” Maia’s voice trailed off. She tried again. “Look, I know this sounds weird, but when Valentine came for you, did you see someone you recognized with him, someone who’s dead? Like a ghost?”

Simon shook his head, bewildered. “No. Why?”

Maia hesitated. “I saw my brother. The ghost of my brother. I think Valentine was making me hallucinate.”

“Well, he didn’t try anything like that on me. I was on the phone with Clary. I remember dropping it when the shape came at me—” He shrugged. “That’s it.”

“With Clary?” Maia looked almost hopeful. “Then maybe they’ll figure out where we are. Maybe they’ll come after us.”

“Maybe,” Simon said. “Where are we, anyway?”

“On a boat. I was still conscious when he brought me onto it. It’s a big black hulking metal thing. There are no lights and there are—*things* everywhere. One of them jumped out at me and I started screaming. That was when he grabbed my head and banged it into the wall. I passed out for a while after that.”

“Things? What do you mean, things?”

“Demons,” she said, and shuddered. “He has all sorts of demons here. Big ones and little ones and flying ones. They do whatever he tells them.”

“But Valentine’s a Shadowhunter. And from all I’ve heard, he *hates* demons.”

“Well, they don’t appear to know that,” said Maia. “What I don’t get is what he wants with us. I know he hates Downworlders, but this seems like a lot of effort just to kill two of them.” She had started to shiver, her jaws clicking together like the chatter-teeth toys you could buy in novelty stores. “He must want something from the Shadowhunters. Or Luke.”

I know what he wants, Simon thought, but there was no point in telling Maia; she was upset enough already. He

shrugged his jacket off. “Here,” he said, and tossed it across the room to her.

Twisting around her manacles, she managed to drape it awkwardly around her shoulders. She offered him a wan but grateful smile. “Thanks. But aren’t you cold?”

Simon shook his head. The burn on his hand was entirely gone now. “I don’t feel the cold. Not anymore.”

She opened her mouth, then closed it again. A struggle was taking place behind her eyes. “I’m sorry. About the way I reacted to you yesterday.” She paused, almost holding her breath. “Vampires scare me to death,” she whispered at last. “When I first came to the city, I had a pack I used to hang out with—Bat, and two other boys, Steve and Gregg. We were in the park once and we ran into some vamps sucking on blood bags under a bridge—there was a fight and I mostly remember one of the vamps just picking Gregg up, just picking him up, and *ripping* him in half—” Her voice rose, and she clamped a hand over her mouth. She was shaking. “In half,” she whispered. “All his insides fell out. And then they started eating.”

Simon felt a dull pang of nausea roll over him. He was almost glad that the story made him sick to his stomach, rather than something else. Like hungry. “I wouldn’t do that,” he said. “I like werewolves. I like Luke—”

“I know you do.” Her mouth worked. “It’s just that when I met you, you seemed so *human*. You reminded me what I used to be like, before.”

“Maia,” Simon said. “You’re still human.”

“No, I’m not.”

“In the ways that count, you are. Just like me.”

She tried to smile. He could tell she didn’t believe him, and he hardly blamed her. He wasn’t sure he believed himself.



The sky had turned to gunmetal, weighted with heavy clouds. In the gray light the Institute loomed up, huge as the slabbed

side of a mountain. The angled slate roof shone like unpolished silver. Clary thought she had caught the movement of hooded figures in the shadows by the front door, but she wasn't sure. It was hard to tell anything clearly when they were parked over a block away, peering through the smeared windows of Luke's truck.

"How long has it been?" she asked, for either the fourth or fifth time, she wasn't sure.

"Five minutes longer than the last time you asked me," Luke said. He was leaning back in his seat, his head back, looking utterly exhausted. The stubble coating his jaw and cheek was silvery gray and there were black lines of shadow under his eyes. All those nights at the hospital, the demon attack, and now this, Clary thought, suddenly worried. She could see why he and her mother had hidden from this life for so long. She wished she could hide from it herself. "Do you want to go in?"

"No. Jace said to wait outside." She peered out the window again. Now she was sure there were figures in the doorway. As one of them turned, she thought she caught a flash of silvery hair—

"Look." Luke was sitting bolt upright, rolling his window down hastily.

Clary looked. Nothing appeared to have changed. "You mean the people in the doorway?"

"No. The guards were there before. Look on the roof." He pointed.

Clary pressed her face to the truck window. The slate roof of the cathedral was a riot of Gothic turrets and spires, carved angels, and arched embrasures. She was about to say irritably that she didn't notice anything other than some crumbling gargoyles, when a flash of movement caught her eyes. Someone was up on the roof. A slim, dark figure, moving swiftly among the turrets, darting from one overhang to another, now dropping flat, to edge down the impossibly steep roof—someone with pale hair that glinted in the gunmetal light like brass—

Jace.

Clary was out of the truck before she knew what she was doing, pounding down the street toward the church, Luke shouting after her. The huge edifice seemed to sway overhead, hundreds of feet high, a sheer cliff of stone. Jace was at the edge of the roof now, looking down, and Clary thought, *It can't be, he wouldn't, he wouldn't do this, not Jace*, and then he stepped off the roof into empty air, as calmly as if he were stepping off a porch. Clary screamed out loud as he fell like a stone—

And landed lightly on his feet just in front of her. Clary stared with her mouth open as he rose up out of a shallow crouch and grinned at her. “If I made a joke about just dropping in,” he said, “would you write me off as a cliché?”

“How—how did you—how did you *do that?*” she whispered, feeling as if she were about to throw up. She could see Luke out of the truck, standing with his hands clasped behind his head and staring past her. She whirled around to see the two guards from the front door running toward them. One was Malik; the other was the woman with the silver hair.

“Crap.” Jace grabbed her hand and yanked her after him. They raced toward the truck and piled in beside Luke, who gunned the engine and took off while the passenger side door was still hanging open. Jace reached across Clary and jerked it shut. The truck veered around the two Shadowhunters—Malik, Clary saw, had what looked like a flinging knife in his hand. He was aiming at one of the tires. She heard Jace swear as he fumbled in his jacket for a weapon—Malik drew his arm back, the blade shining—and the silvery-haired woman threw herself onto his back, seizing at his arm. He tried to shake her off—Clary twisted around in her seat, gasping—and then the truck hurtled around the corner and lost itself in the traffic on York Avenue, the Institute receding into the distance behind them.



Maia had fallen into a fitful doze against the steam pipe, Simon's jacket draped around her shoulders. Simon watched the light from the porthole move across the room and tried in

vain to calculate the hours. Usually he used his cell phone to tell him what time it was, but that was gone—he'd searched his pockets in vain. He must have dropped it when Valentine charged into his room.

He had bigger concerns, though. His mouth was dry and papery, his throat aching. He was thirsty in a way that was like every thirst and hunger he'd ever known blended together to form a sort of exquisite torture. And it was only going to get worse.

Blood was what he needed. He thought of the blood in the refrigerator beside his bed at home, and his veins burned like hot silver wires running just under his skin.

"Simon?" It was Maia, lifting her head groggily. Her cheek was printed with white dents where it had lain against the bumpy pipe. As he watched, the white faded into pink as the blood returned to her face.

Blood. He ran his dry tongue around his lips. "Yeah?"

"How long was I asleep?"

"Three hours. Maybe four. It's probably afternoon by now."

"Oh. Thanks for keeping watch."

He hadn't been. He felt vaguely ashamed as he said, "Of course. No problem."

"Simon . . ."

"Yes?"

"I hope you know what I mean when I say I'm sorry you're here, but I'm glad you're with me."

He felt his face crack into a smile. His dry lower lip split and he tasted blood in his mouth. His stomach groaned. "Thanks."

She leaned toward him, the jacket slipping from her shoulders. Her eyes were a light amber-gray that changed as she moved. "Can you reach me?" she asked, holding out her hand.

Simon reached for her. The chain that secured his ankle rattled as he stretched his hand as far as it would go. Maia smiled as their fingertips brushed—

“How touching.” Simon jerked his hand back, staring. The voice that had spoken out of the shadows was cool, cultured, vaguely foreign in a way he couldn’t quite place. Maia dropped her hand and twisted around, the color draining from her face as she stared up at the man in the doorway. The man had come in so quietly neither one of them had heard him. “The children of Moon and Night, getting along at last.”

“Valentine,” Maia whispered.

Simon said nothing. He couldn’t stop staring. So this was Clary and Jace’s father. With his cap of white-silver hair and burning black eyes, he didn’t look much like either one of them, though there was something of Clary in his sharp bone structure and the shape of his eyes, and something of Jace in the lounging insolence with which he moved. He was a big man, broad-shouldered with a thick frame that didn’t resemble either of his children’s. He padded into the green metal room like a cat, despite being weighted down with what looked like enough weaponry to outfit a platoon. Thick black leather straps with silver buckles crisscrossed his chest, holding a wide-hilted silver sword across his back. Another thick strap circled his waist, and through it was thrust a butcher’s array of knives, daggers, and narrow shimmering blades like enormous needles.

“Get up,” he said to Simon. “Keep your back against the wall.”

Simon tilted his chin up. He could see Maia watching him, white-faced and scared, and felt a rush of fierce protectiveness. He would keep Valentine from hurting her if it was the last thing he did. “So you’re Clary’s father,” he said. “No offense, but I can kind of see why she hates you.”

Valentine’s face was impassive, almost motionless. His lips barely moved as he said, “And why is that?”

“Because,” Simon said, “you’re obviously psychotic.”

Now Valentine smiled. It was a smile that moved no part of his face other than his lips, and those twisted only slightly. Then he brought his fist up. It was clenched; Simon thought for a moment that Valentine was going to swing at him, and he flinched reflexively. But Valentine didn't throw the punch. Instead, he opened his fingers, revealing a shimmering pile of what looked like glitter in the center of his broad palm. Turning toward Maia, he bent his head and blew the powder at her in a grotesque parody of a blown kiss. The powder settled on her like a swarm of shimmering bees.

Maia screamed. Gasping and jerking wildly, she thrashed from side to side as if she could twist *away* from the powder, her voice rising in a sobbing scream.

"What did you do to her?" Simon shouted, leaping to his feet. He ran at Valentine, but the leg chain jerked him back. "*What did you do?*"

Valentine's thin smile widened. "Silver powder," he said. "It burns lycanthropes."

Maia had stopped twitching and was curled into a fetal position on the floor, weeping quietly. Blood ran from vicious red scores along her hands and arms. Simon's stomach lurched again and he fell back against the wall, sickened by himself, by all of it. "You bastard," he said as Valentine idly brushed the last of the powder from his fingers. "She's just a girl, she wasn't going to hurt you, she's *chained up*, for—"

He choked, his throat burning.

Valentine laughed. "For God's sake?" he said. "Is that what you were going to say?"

Simon said nothing. Valentine reached over his shoulder and drew the heavy silver Sword from its sheath. Light played along its blade like water slipping down a sheer silver wall, like sunlight itself refracted. Simon's eyes stung and he turned his face away.

"The Angel blade burns you, just as God's name chokes you," said Valentine, his cool voice sharp as crystal. "They say that those who die upon its point will achieve the gates of

heaven. In which case, revenant, I am doing you a favor.” He lowered the blade so that the tip touched Simon’s throat. Valentine’s eyes were the color of black water and there was nothing in them: no anger, no compassion, not even any hate. They were empty as a hollowed-out grave. “Any last words?”

Simon knew what he was supposed to say. *Sh’ma Yisrael, adonai elohanu, adonai echod*. Hear, oh Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One. He tried to speak the words, but a searing pain burned his throat. “*Clary,*” he whispered instead.

A look of annoyance passed across Valentine’s face, as if the sound of his daughter’s name in a vampire’s mouth displeased him. With a sharp flick of his wrist, he brought the Sword level and slashed it with a single smooth gesture across Simon’s throat.

“How did you do that?” Clary demanded as the truck sped uptown, Luke hunched over the wheel.

“You mean how did I get onto the roof?” Jace was leaning back against the seat, his eyes half-closed. There were white bandages tied around his wrists and flecks of dried blood at his hairline. “First I climbed out Isabelle’s window and up the wall. There are a number of ornamental gargoyles that make good handholds. Also, I’d like to note for the record that my motorcycle is no longer where I left it. I bet the Inquisitor took it on a joyride around Hoboken.”

“I *meant*,” Clary said, “how did you jump off the cathedral roof and not die?”

“I don’t know.” His arm brushed hers as he raised his hands to rub at his eyes. “How did you create that rune?”

“I don’t know either,” she whispered. “The Seelie Queen was right, wasn’t she? Valentine, he—he *did* things to us.” She glanced over at Luke, who was pretending to be absorbed in turning left. “Didn’t he?”

“This isn’t the time to talk about that,” Luke said. “Jace, did you have a particular destination in mind or did you just want to get away from the Institute?”

“Valentine’s taken Maia and Simon to the boat to perform the Ritual. He’ll want to do it as soon as possible.” Jace tugged at one of the bandages on his wrist. “I’ve got to get there and stop him.”

“No,” Luke said sharply.

“Okay, *we* have to get there and stop him.”

“Jace, I’m not having you go back to that ship. It’s too dangerous.”

“You saw what I just did,” Jace said, incredulity rising in his voice, “and you’re worried about me?”

“I’m worried about you.”

“There’s no time for that. After my father kills your friends, he’ll call on an army of demons you can’t even imagine. After *that*, he’ll be unstoppable.”

“Then the Clave—”

“The Inquisitor won’t do anything,” Jace said. “She’s blocked the Lightwoods’ access to the Clave. She wouldn’t call for reinforcements, even when I told her what Valentine has planned. She’s obsessed with this insane plan she has.”

“What plan?” Clary said.

Jace’s voice was bitter. “She wanted to trade me to my father for the Mortal Instruments. I told her Valentine would never go for it, but she didn’t believe me.” He laughed, a sharp staccato laugh. “Isabelle and Alec are going to tell her what happened with Simon and Maia. I’m not too optimistic, though. She doesn’t believe me about Valentine and she’s not going to upset her precious plan just to save a couple of Downworlders.”

“We can’t just wait to hear from them, anyway,” Clary said. “We have to get to the boat now. If you can take us to it—”

“I hate to break it to you, but we need a boat to get to another boat,” said Luke. “I’m not sure even Jace can walk on water.”

At that moment Clary’s phone buzzed. It was a text message from Isabelle. Clary frowned. “It’s an address. Down by the waterfront.”

Jace looked over her shoulder. “That’s where we have to go to meet Magnus.” He read the address off to Luke, who executed an irritable U-turn and headed south. “Magnus will get us across the water,” Jace explained. “The ship is surrounded by protection wards. I got onto it before because

my father wanted me to get onto it. This time he won't. We'll need Magnus to deal with the wardings."

"I don't like this." Luke tapped his fingers on the steering wheel. "I think I should go and you two should stay with Magnus."

Jace's eyes flashed. "No. It has to be me who goes."

"Why?" Clary asked.

"Because Valentine's using a fear demon," Jace explained. "That's how he was able to kill the Silent Brothers. It's what slaughtered that warlock, the werewolf in the alley outside the Hunter's Moon, and probably what killed that fey child in the park. And it's why the Brothers had those looks on their faces. Those terrified looks. They were literally scared to death."

"But the blood—"

"He drained the blood later. And in the alley he was interrupted by one of the lycanthropes. That's why he didn't have enough time to get the blood he needed. And that's why he still needs Maia." Jace raked a hand through his hair. "No one can stand up against the fear demon. It gets in your head and destroys your mind."

"Agramon," said Luke. He'd been silent, staring through the windshield. His face looked gray and pinched.

"Yeah, that's what Valentine called it."

"He's not a fear demon. He's *the* fear demon. The Demon of Fear. How did Valentine get Agramon to do his bidding? Even a warlock would have trouble binding a Greater Demon, and *outside* the pentagram—" Luke sucked his breath in. "That's how the warlock child died, isn't it? Summoning Agramon?"

Jace nodded assent, and explained quickly the trick that Valentine had played on Elias. "The Mortal Cup," he finished, "lets him control Agramon. Apparently it gives you some power over demons. Not like the Sword does, though."

"Now I'm even less inclined to let you go," Luke said. "It's a Greater Demon, Jace. It would take this city's worth of

Shadowhunters to deal with it.”

“I know it’s a Greater Demon. But its weapon is fear. If Clary can put the Fearless rune on me, I can take it down. Or at least try.”

“No!” Clary protested. “I don’t want your safety dependent on my stupid rune. What if it doesn’t work?”

“It worked before,” Jace said as they turned off the bridge and headed back into Brooklyn. They were rolling down narrow Van Brunt Street, between high brick factories whose boarded-up windows and padlocked doors betrayed no hint of what lay inside. In the distance, the waterfront glimmered between buildings.

“What if I mess it up this time?”

Jace turned his head toward her, and for a moment their eyes met. His were the gold of distant sunlight. “You won’t,” he said.



“Are you sure this is the address?” asked Luke, bringing the truck to a slow stop. “Magnus isn’t here.”

Clary glanced around. They had drawn up in front of a large factory, which looked as if it had been destroyed by a terrible fire. The hollow brick and plaster walls still stood, but metal struts poked through them, bent and pitted with burns. In the distance Clary could see the financial district of lower Manhattan and the black hump of Governors Island, farther out to sea. “He’ll come,” she said. “If he told Alec he was coming, he’ll do it.”

They got out of the truck. Though the factory stood on a street lined with similar buildings, it was quiet, even for a Sunday. There was no one else around and none of the sounds of commerce—trucks backing up, men shouting—that Clary associated with warehouse districts. Instead there was silence, a cool breeze off the river, and the cries of seabirds. Clary drew her hood up, zipped her jacket, and shivered.

Luke slammed the truck door shut and zipped his flannel jacket closed. Silently, he offered Clary a pair of his thick

woolly gloves. She slid them on and wiggled her fingers. They were so big for her that it was like wearing paws. She glanced around. “Wait—where’s Jace?”

Luke pointed. Jace was kneeling down by the waterline, a dark figure whose bright hair was the only spot of color against the blue-gray sky and brown river.

“You think he wants privacy?” she asked.

“In this situation, privacy is a luxury none of us can afford. Come on.” Luke strode off down the driveway, and Clary followed him. The factory itself backed up right onto the waterline, but there was a wide gravelly beach next to it. Shallow waves lapped at the weed-choked rocks. Logs had been placed in a rough square around a black pit where a fire had once burned. There were rusty cans and bottles strewn everywhere. Jace was standing by the edge of the water, his jacket off. As Clary watched, he threw something small and white toward the water; it hit with a splash and vanished.

“What are you doing?” she said.

Jace turned to face them, the wind whipping his fair hair across his face. “Sending a message.”

Over his shoulder Clary thought she saw a shimmering tendril—like a living piece of seaweed—emerge from the gray river water, a bit of white caught in its grip. A moment later it vanished and she was left blinking.

“A message to who?”

Jace scowled. “No one.” He turned away from the water and stalked across the pebbled beach to where he’d spread his jacket out. There were three long blades laid out on it. As he turned, Clary saw the sharpened metal disks threaded through his belt.

Jace stroked his fingers along the blades—they were flat and gray-white, waiting to be named. “I didn’t have a chance to get to the armory, so these are the weapons we have. I thought we might as well get as ready as we can before Magnus gets here.” He lifted the first blade. “*Abrariel*.” The

seraph knife shimmered and changed color as he named it. He held it out to Luke.

“I’m all right,” Luke said, and drew his jacket aside to show the *kindjal* thrust through his belt.

Jace handed Abrariel to Clary, who took the weapon silently. It was warm in her hand, as if a secret life vibrated inside it.

“*Camael*,” Jace said to the next blade, making it shudder and glow. “*Telantes*,” he said to the third.

“Do you ever use Raziel’s name?” Clary asked as Jace slid the blades into his belt and shrugged his jacket back on, getting to his feet.

“Never,” Luke said. “That’s not done.” His gaze scanned the road behind Clary, looking for Magnus. She could sense his anxiety, but before she could say anything else, her phone buzzed. She flipped it open and handed it wordlessly to Jace. He read the text message, his eyebrows lifting.

“It looks like the Inquisitor gave Valentine until sunset to decide whether he wants me or the Mortal Instruments more,” he said. “She and Maryse have been fighting for hours, so she hasn’t noticed I’m gone yet.”

He handed Clary back her phone. Their fingers brushed and Clary jerked her hand back, despite the thick woolly glove that covered her skin. She saw a shadow pass over his features, but he said nothing to her. Instead, he turned to Luke and demanded, with surprising abruptness, “Did the Inquisitor’s son die? Is that why she’s like this?”

Luke sighed and thrust his hands into the pockets of his coat. “How did you figure that out?”

“The way she reacts when someone says his name. It’s the only time I’ve ever seen her show any human feelings.”

Luke expelled a breath. He had pushed his glasses up and his eyes were squinted against the harsh wind off the river. “The Inquisitor is the way she is for many reasons. Stephen is only one of them.”

“It’s weird,” Jace said. “She doesn’t seem like someone who even *likes* kids.”

“Not other people’s,” said Luke. “It was different with her own. Stephen was her golden boy. In fact, he was everyone’s . . . everyone who knew him. He was one of those people who was good at everything, unfailingly nice without being boring, handsome without everyone hating him. Well, maybe we hated him a little.”

“He went to school with you?” Clary said. “And my mother—and Valentine? Is that how you knew him?”

“The Herondales were in charge of running the London Institute, and Stephen went to school there. I saw him more after we all graduated, when he moved back to Alicante. And there was a time when I saw him very often indeed.” Luke’s eyes had gone distant, the same blue-gray as the river. “After he was married.”

“So he was in the Circle?” Clary asked.

“Not then,” Luke said. “He joined the Circle after I—well, after what happened to me. Valentine needed a new second in command and he wanted Stephen. Imogen, who was utterly loyal to the Clave, was hysterical—she begged Stephen to reconsider—but he cut her off. Wouldn’t speak to her, or his father. He was absolutely in thrall to Valentine. Went everywhere trailing after him like a shadow.” Luke paused. “The thing is, Valentine didn’t think Stephen’s wife was suitable for him. Not for someone who was going to be second in command of the Circle. She had—undesirable family connections.” The pain in Luke’s voice surprised Clary. Had he cared that much about these people? “Valentine forced Stephen to divorce Amatis and remarry—his second wife was a very young girl, only eighteen years old, named Céline. She, too, was utterly under Valentine’s influence, did everything he told her to, no matter how bizarre. Then Stephen was killed in a Circle raid on a vampire nest. Céline killed herself when she found out. She was eight months pregnant at the time. And Stephen’s father died, too, of heartbreak. So that was Imogen’s whole family, all gone. They couldn’t even bury her daughter-in-law and grandchild’s ashes in the Bone City, because Céline

was a suicide. She was buried at a crossroads outside Alicante. Imogen survived, but—she turned to ice. When the Inquisitor was killed in the Uprising, Imogen was offered his job. She returned from London to Idris—but never, as far as I heard, spoke about Stephen again. But it does explain why she hates Valentine as much as she does.”

“Because my father poisons everything he touches?” Jace said bitterly.

“Because your father, for all his sins, still has a son, and she doesn’t. And because she blames him for Stephen’s death.”

“And she’s right,” said Jace. “It was his fault.”

“Not entirely,” said Luke. “He offered Stephen a choice, and Stephen chose. Whatever else his faults were, Valentine never blackmailed or threatened anyone into joining the Circle. He wanted only willing followers. The responsibility for Stephen’s choices rests with him.”

“Free will,” said Clary.

“There’s nothing free about it,” said Jace. “Valentine—”

“Offered you a choice, didn’t he?” Luke said. “When you went to see him. He wanted you to stay, didn’t he? Stay and join up with him?”

“Yes.” Jace looked out across the water toward Governors Island. “He did.” Clary could see the river reflected in his eyes; they looked steely, as if the gray water had drowned all their gold.

“And you said no,” said Luke.

Jace glared. “I wish people would stop guessing that. It’s making me feel predictable.”

Luke turned away as if to hide a smile, and paused. “Someone’s coming.”

Someone was indeed coming, someone very tall with black hair that blew in the wind. “Magnus,” Clary said. “But he looks . . . different.”

As he drew closer, she saw that his hair, normally spiked up and glittered like a disco ball, hung cleanly past his ears like a sheet of black silk. The rainbow leather pants had been replaced by a neat, old-fashioned dark suit and a black frock coat with glimmering silver buttons. His cat's eyes glowed amber and green. "You look surprised to see me," he said.

Jace glanced at his watch. "We did wonder if you were coming."

"I said I would come, so I came. I just needed time to prepare. This isn't some hat trick, Shadowhunter. This is going to take some serious magic." He turned to Luke. "How's the arm?"

"Fine. Thank you." Luke was always polite.

"That's your truck parked up by the factory, isn't it?" Magnus pointed. "It's awfully butch for a bookseller."

"Oh, I don't know," said Luke. "All that lugging around heavy book boxes, climbing stacks, hard-core alphabetizing . . ."

Magnus laughed. "Can you unlock the truck for me? I mean, I could do it myself"—he wiggled his fingers—"but that seems rude."

"Sure." Luke shrugged and they headed back toward the factory. When Clary made as if to follow them, though, Jace caught her arm. "Wait. I want to talk to you for a second."

Clary watched as Magnus and Luke headed for the truck. They made an odd pair, the tall warlock in a long black coat and the shorter, stockier man in jeans and flannel, but they were both Downworlders, both trapped in the same space between the mundane and the supernatural worlds.

"Clary," Jace said. "Earth to Clary. Where are you?"

She looked back at him. The sun was setting off the water now, behind him, leaving his face in shadow and turning his hair to a halo of gold. "Sorry."

"It's all right." He touched her face, gently, with the back of his hand. "You disappear so completely into your head

sometimes,” he said. “I wish I could follow you.”

You do, she wanted to say. *You live in my head all the time*. Instead, she said, “What did you want to tell me?”

He dropped his hand. “I want you to put the Fearless rune on me. Before Luke gets back.”

“Why before he gets back?”

“Because he’s going to say it’s a bad idea. But it’s the only chance of defeating Agramon. Luke hasn’t—encountered it, he doesn’t know what it’s like. But I do.”

She searched his face. “What was it like?”

His eyes were unreadable. “You see what you fear the most in the world.”

“I don’t even know what that is.”

“Trust me. You don’t want to.” He glanced down. “Do you have your stele?”

“Yeah, I have it.” She pulled the woolly glove off her right hand and fished for the stele. Her hand was shaking a little as she drew it out. “Where do you want the Mark?”

“The closer it is to the heart, the more effective.” He turned his back on her hand and drew off his jacket, dropping it on the ground. He shrugged his T-shirt up, baring his back. “On the shoulder blade would be good.”

Clary placed a hand on his shoulder to steady herself. His skin there was a paler gold than the skin of his hands and face, and smooth where it was not scarred. She traced the tip of the stele along the blade of his shoulder and felt him wince, his muscles tightening. “Don’t press so hard—”

“Sorry.” She eased up, letting the rune flow from her mind, down through her arm, into the stele. The black line it left behind looked like charring, a line of ash. “There. You’re finished.”

He turned around, shrugging his shirt back on. “Thanks.” The sun was burning down beyond the horizon now, flooding the sky with blood and roses, turning the edge of the river to

liquid gold, softening the ugliness of the urban waste all around them. "What about you?"

"What about me what?"

He took a step closer. "Push your sleeves up. I'll Mark you."

"Oh. Right." She did as he asked, pushing up her sleeves, holding her bare arms out to him.

The sting of the stele on her skin was like the light touch of a needle's tip, scraping without puncturing. She watched the black lines appear with a sort of fascination. The Mark she'd gotten in her dream was still visible, faded only a little around the edges.

"And the Lord said unto him, Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold. And the Lord set a Mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him."

Clary turned around, pulling her sleeves down. Magnus stood watching them, his black coat seeming to float around him in the wind off the river. A small smile played around his mouth.

"You can quote the Bible?" asked Jace, bending to retrieve his jacket.

"I was born in a deeply religious century, my boy," said Magnus. "I always thought Cain's might have been the first recorded Mark. It certainly protected him."

"But he was hardly one of the angels," said Clary. "Didn't he kill his brother?"

"Aren't we planning to kill our father?" said Jace.

"That's different," said Clary, but didn't get a chance to elaborate on *how* it was different, because at that moment, Luke's truck pulled up onto the beach, spraying gravel from its tires. Luke leaned out the window.

"Okay," he said to Magnus. "Here we go. Get in."

"Are we going to drive to the boat?" Clary said, bewildered. "I thought . . ."

“What boat?” Magnus cackled, as he swung himself up into the cab next to Luke. He jerked a thumb behind him. “You two, get into the back.”

Jace climbed up into the back of the truck and leaned down to help Clary up after him. As she settled herself against the spare tire, she saw that a black pentagram inside a circle had been painted onto the metal floor of the truck bed. The arms of the pentagram were decorated with wildly curlicuing symbols. They weren’t quite the runes she was familiar with—there was something about looking at them that was like trying to understand a person speaking a language that was close to, but not quite, English.

Luke leaned out the window and looked back at them. “You know I don’t like this,” he said, the wind muffling his voice. “Clary, you’re going to stay in the truck with Magnus. Jace and I will go up onto the ship. You understand?”

Clary nodded and huddled into a corner of the truck bed. Jace sat beside her, bracing his feet. “This is going to be interesting.”

“What—,” Clary began, but the truck started up again, tires roaring against gravel, drowning her words. It lurched forward into the shallow water at the edge of the river. Clary was flung against the cab’s back window as the truck moved forward into the river—was Luke planning to drown them all? She twisted around and saw that the cab was full of dizzying blue columns of light, snaking and twisting. The truck seemed to bump over something bulky, as if it had driven over a log. Then they were moving smoothly forward, almost gliding.

Clary hauled herself to her knees and looked over the side of the truck, already fairly sure what she would see.

They were moving—no, *driving*—atop the dark water, the bottom of the truck’s tires just brushing the river’s surface, spreading tiny ripples outward along with the occasional shower of Magnus-created blue sparks. Everything was suddenly very quiet, except for the faint roar of the motor and the call of the seabirds overhead. Clary stared across the truck

bed at Jace, who was grinning. “Now this is *really* going to impress Valentine.”

“I don’t know,” Clary said. “Other crack teams get bat boomerangs and wall-crawling powers; we get the Aquatruck.”

“If you don’t like it, Nephilim,” came Magnus’s voice, faintly, from the truck cab, “you’re welcome to see if you can walk on the water.”



“I think we should go in,” said Isabelle, her ear pressed to the library door. She beckoned for Alec to come closer. “Can you hear anything?”

Alec leaned in beside his sister, careful not to drop the phone he was holding. Magnus said he’d call if he had news or if anything happened. So far, he hadn’t. “No.”

“Exactly. They’ve stopped yelling at each other.” Isabelle’s dark eyes gleamed. “They’re waiting for Valentine now.”

Alec moved away from the door and strode partway down the hall to the nearest window. The sky outside was the color of charcoal half-sunk into ruby ashes. “It’s sunset.”

Isabelle reached for the door handle. “Let’s go.”

“Isabelle, wait—”

“I don’t want her to be able to lie to us about what Valentine says,” Isabelle said. “Or what happens. Besides, I want to see him. Jace’s father. Don’t you?”

Alec moved back to the library door. “Yes, but this isn’t a good idea because—”

Isabelle pushed down on the handle of the library door. It swung wide open. With a half-amused glance over her shoulder at him, she ducked inside; swearing under his breath, Alec followed her.

His mother and the Inquisitor stood at opposite ends of the huge desk, like boxers facing each other across a ring. Maryse’s cheeks were bright red, her hair straggling around

her face. Isabelle shot Alec a look, as if to say, *Maybe we shouldn't have come in here. Mom looks mad.*

On the other hand, if Maryse looked angry, the Inquisitor looked positively demented. She whirled around as the library door opened, her mouth twisted into an ugly shape. “What are you two doing here?” she shouted.

“Imogen,” said Maryse.

“Maryse!” The Inquisitor’s voice rose. “I’ve had about enough of you and your delinquent children—”

“*Imogen,*” Maryse said again. There was something in her voice—an urgency—that made even the Inquisitor turn and look.

The air just by the freestanding brass globe was shimmering like water. A shape began to coalesce out of it, like black paint being stroked over white canvas, evolving into the figure of a man with broad, planklike shoulders. The image was wavering, too much for Alec to see more than that the man was tall, with a shock of close-cropped salt-white hair.

“Valentine.” The Inquisitor looked caught off guard, Alec thought, though surely she must have been expecting him.

The air by the globe was shimmering more violently now. Isabelle gasped as a man stepped out of the wavering air, as if he were coming up through layers of water. Jace’s father was a formidable man, over six feet tall with a wide chest and hard, thick arms corded with ropy muscles. His face was almost triangular, sharpening to a hard, pointed chin. He might have been considered handsome, Alec thought, but he was startlingly unlike Jace, lacking anything of his son’s pale-gold looks. The hilt of a sword was visible just over his left shoulder—the Mortal Sword. It wasn’t as if he needed to be armed, since he wasn’t corporeally present, so he must have worn it to annoy the Inquisitor. Not that she needed to be more annoyed than she was.

“Imogen,” Valentine said, his dark eyes grazing the Inquisitor with a look of satisfied amusement. *That’s Jace all*

over, that look, Alec thought. “And Maryse, my Maryse—it *has* been a long time.”

Maryse, swallowing hard, said with some difficulty, “I’m not your Maryse, Valentine.”

“And these must be your children,” Valentine went on as if she hadn’t spoken. His eyes came to rest on Isabelle and Alec. A faint shiver went through Alec, as if something had plucked at his nerves. Jace’s father’s words were perfectly ordinary, even polite, but there was something in his blank and predatory gaze that made Alec want to step in front of his sister and block her from Valentine’s view. “They look just like you.”

“Leave my children out of this, Valentine,” Maryse said, clearly struggling to keep her voice steady.

“Well, that hardly seems fair,” Valentine said, “considering you haven’t left *my* child out of this.” He turned to the Inquisitor. “I got your message. Surely that’s not the best you can do?”

She hadn’t moved; now she blinked slowly, like a lizard. “I hope the terms of my offer were perfectly clear.”

“My son in return for the Mortal Instruments. That was it, correct? Otherwise you’ll kill him.”

“*Kill* him?” Isabelle echoed. “MOM!”

“Isabelle,” Maryse said tightly. “Shut up.”

The Inquisitor shot Isabelle and Alec a venomous glare between her slitted eyelids. “You have the terms correct, Morgenstern.”

“Then my answer is no.”

“*No?*” The Inquisitor looked as if she’d taken a step forward on solid ground and it had collapsed under her feet. “You can’t bluff me, Valentine. I will do exactly as I threatened.”

“Oh, I have no doubt in you, Imogen. You have always been a woman of single-minded and ruthless focus. I

recognize these qualities in you because I possess them myself.”

“I am nothing like you. I follow the Law—”

“Even when it instructs you to kill a boy still in his teens just to punish his father? This is not about the Law, Imogen, it is that you hate and blame me for the death of your son and this is your manner of recompensing me. It will make no difference. I will not give up the Mortal Instruments, not even for Jonathan.”

The Inquisitor simply stared at him. “But he’s your son,” she said. “Your *child*.”

“Children make their own choices,” said Valentine. “That’s something you never understood. I offered Jonathan safety if he stayed with me; he spurned it and returned to you, and you’ll exact your revenge on him as I told him you would. You are nothing, Imogen,” he finished, “if not predictable.”

The Inquisitor didn’t seem to notice the insult. “The Clave will insist on his death, should you not give me the Mortal Instruments,” she said, like someone caught in a bad dream. “I won’t be able to stop them.”

“I’m aware of that,” said Valentine. “But there is nothing I can do. I offered him a chance. He didn’t take it.”

“Bastard!” Isabelle shouted suddenly, and made as if to run forward; Alec grabbed her arm and dragged her backward, holding her there. “He’s a dickhead,” she hissed, then raised her voice, shouting at Valentine: “You’re a—”

“*Isabelle!*” Alec covered his sister’s mouth with his hand as Valentine spared them both a single, amused glance.

“You . . . offered him . . .” The Inquisitor was starting to remind Alec of a robot whose circuits were shorting out. “And he turned you down?” She shook her head. “But he’s your spy—your weapon—”

“Is that what you thought?” he said, with apparently genuine surprise. “I am hardly interested in spying out the secrets of the Clave. I’m only interested in its destruction, and

to achieve that end I have far more powerful weapons in my arsenal than a boy.”

“But—”

“Believe what you like,” Valentine said with a shrug. “You are nothing, Imogen Herondale. The figurehead of a regime whose power is soon to be shattered, its rule ended. There is nothing you have to offer me that I could possibly want.”

“*Valentine!*” The Inquisitor threw herself forward, as if she could stop him, catch at him, but her hands only went through him as if through water. With a look of supreme disgust, he stepped back and vanished.



The sky was licked with the last tongues of a fading fire, the water had turned to iron. Clary drew her jacket closer around her body and shivered.

“Are you cold?” Jace had been standing at the back of the truck bed, looking down at the wake the car left behind it: two white lines of foam cutting the water. Now he came and slid down beside her, his back against the rear window of the cab. The window itself was almost entirely fogged up with bluish smoke.

“Aren’t you?”

“No.” He shook his head and slid his jacket off, handing it across to her. She put it on, reveling in the softness of the leather. It was too big in that comforting way. “You’re going to stay in the truck like Luke told you to, right?”

“Do I have a choice?”

“Not in the literal sense, no.”

She slid her glove off and reached out her hand to him. He took it, gripping it tightly. She looked down at their interlaced fingers, hers so small, squared-off at the tips, his long and thin. “You’ll find Simon for me,” she said. “I know you will.”

“Clary.” She could see the water all around them mirrored in his eyes. “He may be—I mean, it may be—”

“No.” Her tone left no room for doubt. “He’ll be all right. He has to be.”

Jace exhaled. His irises rippled with dark blue water—like tears, Clary thought, but they weren’t tears, only reflections. “There’s something I want to ask you,” he said. “I was afraid to ask before. But now I’m not afraid of anything.” His hand moved to cup her cheek, his palm warm against her cold skin, and she found that her own fear was gone, as if he could pass the power of the Fearless rune to her through his touch. Her chin went up, her lips parting in expectation—his mouth brushed hers lightly, so lightly it felt like the brush of a feather, the memory of a kiss—and then he pulled back, his eyes widening; she saw the black wall in them, rising up to blot out the incredulous gold: the shadow of the ship.

Jace let go of her with an exclamation and scrambled to his feet. Clary got up awkwardly, Jace’s heavy jacket throwing her off balance. Blue sparks were flying from the windows of the cab, and in their light she could see that the side of the ship was corrugated black metal, that there was a thin ladder crawling down one side, and that an iron railing ran around the top. What looked like big, awkwardly shaped birds were perched on the railing. Waves of cold seemed to roll off the boat like freezing air off an iceberg. When Jace called out to her, his breath came out in white puffs, his words lost in the sudden engine roar of the big ship.

She frowned at him. “What? What did you say?”

He grabbed for her, sliding a hand up under her jacket, his fingertips grazing her bare skin. She yelped in surprise. He yanked the seraph blade he’d give her earlier from her belt and pressed it into her hand. “I said”—and he let her go—“to get Abrariel out, because they’re coming.”

“Who are coming?”

“The demons.” He pointed up. At first Clary saw nothing. Then she noticed the huge, awkward birds she’d seen before. They were dropping off the railing one by one, falling like stones down the side of the boat—then leveling out and heading straight for the truck where it floated on top of the

waves. As they got closer, she saw that they weren't birds at all, but ugly flying things like pterodactyls, with wide, leathery wings and bony triangular heads. Their mouths were full of serrated shark teeth, row on row of them, and their claws glinted like straight razors.

Jace scrambled up onto the roof of the cab, Telantes blazing in his hand. As the first of the flying things reached them, he flung the blade. It struck the demon, slicing off the top of its skull the way you might slice the top off an egg. With a high windy screech, the thing toppled sideways, wings spasming. When it struck the ocean, the water boiled.

The second demon hit the hood of the truck, its claws raking long furrows in the metal. It flung itself against the windshield, spiderwebbing the glass. Clary shouted for Luke, but another one of them dive-bombed her, hurtling down from the steel sky like an arrow. She yanked the sleeve of Jace's jacket up, flinging her arm out to show the defensive rune. The demon *skreeked* as the other one had, wings flapping backward—but it had already come too close, within her reach. She saw that it had no eyes, only indentations on each side of its skull, as she smashed Abrariel into its chest. It burst apart, leaving a wisp of black smoke behind.

"Well done," said Jace. He had jumped down from the truck cab to dispatch another one of the screeching flying things. He had a dagger out now, its hilt slicked with black blood.

"What *are* these things?" Clary panted, swinging Abrariel in a wide arc that slashed across the chest of a flying demon. It cawed and swiped at her with a wing. This close, she could see that the wings ended in blade-sharp ridges of bone. This one caught the sleeve of Jace's jacket and tore it across.

"My *jacket*," said Jace in a rage, and stabbed down at the thing as it rose, piercing its back. It shrieked and disappeared. "I *loved* that jacket."

Clary stared at him, then spun around as the rending screech of metal assailed her ears. Two of the flying demons had their claws in the top of the truck cab, ripping it off the

frame. The air was filled with the screech of tearing metal. Luke was down on the hood of the truck, slashing at the creatures with his *kindjal*. One toppled off the side of the truck, vanishing before it hit the water. The other burst into the air, the cab roof clutched in its claws, *skreeking* triumphantly, and winged back toward the boat.

For the moment the sky was clear. Clary raced up and peered down into the cab. Magnus was slumped down in his seat, his face gray. It was too dark for her to see if he was wounded. “Magnus!” she shouted. “Are you hurt?”

“No.” He struggled to sit upright, then fell back against the seat. “I’m just—drained. The protection spells on the ship are strong. Stripping them, keeping them off, is—difficult.” His voice faded. “But if I don’t do it, anyone who sets foot on that ship, other than Valentine, will die.”

“Maybe you should come with us,” said Luke.

“I can’t work on the wards if I’m on the ship itself. I have to do it from here. That’s the way it works.” Magnus’s grin looked painful. “Besides, I’m no good in a fight. My talents lie elsewhere.”

Clary, still hanging down into the cab, began, “But what if we need—”

“*Clary!*” Luke shouted, but it was too late. None of them had seen the flying creature clinging motionless to the side of the truck. It launched itself upward now, winging sideways, claws sinking deep into the back of Clary’s jacket, a blur of shadowy wings and reeking, jagged teeth. With a howling screech of triumph, it took off into the air, Clary dangling helplessly from its claws.



“*Clary!*” Luke shouted again, and raced to the edge of the truck’s hood and stopped there, staring hopelessly upward at the dwindling winged shape with its slackly hanging burden.

“It won’t kill her,” said Jace, joining him on the hood. “It’s retrieving her for Valentine.”

There was something about his tone that sent a chill through Luke's blood. He turned to stare at the boy next to him. "But—"

He didn't finish. Jace had already dived from the truck, in a single smooth movement. He splashed down in the filthy river water and struck out toward the boat, his strong kicks churning the water to froth.

Luke turned back to Magnus, whose pale face was just visible through the cracked windshield, a white smudge against the darkness. Luke held a hand up, thought he saw Magnus nod in response.

Sheathing his *kindjal* at his side, he dived into the river after Jace.



Alec released his hold on Isabelle, half-expecting her to start screaming the moment he took his hand off her mouth. She didn't. She stood beside him and stared as the Inquisitor stood, swaying slightly, her face a chalky gray-white.

"Imogen," Maryse said. There was no feeling in her voice, not even any anger.

The Inquisitor didn't seem to hear her. Her expression didn't change as she sank bonelessly into Hodge's old chair. "My God," she said, staring down at the desk. "What have I done?"

Maryse glanced over at Isabelle. "Get your father."

Isabelle, looking as frightened as Alec had ever seen her, nodded and slipped out of the room.

Maryse crossed the room to the Inquisitor and looked down at her. "What have you done, Imogen?" she said. "You've handed victory to Valentine. That's what you've done."

"No," the Inquisitor breathed.

"You knew exactly what Valentine was planning when you locked Jace up. You refused to allow the Clave to become involved because it would have interfered with your plan. You wanted to make Valentine suffer as he had made you suffer; to

show him you had the power to kill his son the way he killed yours. You wanted to humble him.”

“Yes. . . .”

“But Valentine will not be humbled,” said Maryse. “I could have told you that. You never had a hold over him. He only pretended to consider your offer to make absolutely certain that we would have no time to call for reinforcements from Idris. And now it’s too late.”

The Inquisitor looked up wildly. Her hair had come loose from its knot and hung in lank strips around her face. It was the most human Alec had seen her look, but he got no pleasure out of it. His mother’s words chilled him: *too late*. “No, Maryse,” she said. “We can still—”

“Still *what*?” Maryse’s voice cracked. “Call on the Clave? We don’t have the days, the hours, it would take them to get here. If we’re going to face Valentine—and God knows we have no choice—”

“We’re going to have to do it now,” interrupted a deep voice. Behind Alec, glowering darkly, was Robert Lightwood.

Alec stared at his father. It had been years since he’d seen him in hunting gear; his time had been taken up with administrative tasks, with running the Conclave and dealing with Downworlder issues. Something about seeing his father in his heavy, dark armored clothes, his broadsword strapped across his back, reminded Alec of being a child again, when his father had been the biggest, strongest and most terrifying man he could imagine. And he was still terrifying. He hadn’t seen his father since he’d embarrassed himself at Luke’s. He tried to catch his eye now, but Robert was looking at Maryse. “The Conclave stands ready,” Robert said. “The boats are waiting at the dock.”

The Inquisitor’s hands fluttered around her face. “It’s no good,” she said. “There aren’t enough of us—we can’t possibly—”

Robert ignored her. Instead, he looked at Maryse. “We should go very soon,” he said, and in his tone there was the

respect that had been lacking when he had addressed the Inquisitor.

“But the Clave,” the Inquisitor began. “They should be informed.”

Maryse shoved the phone on the desk toward the Inquisitor, hard. “You tell them. Tell them what you’ve done. It’s your job, after all.”

The Inquisitor said nothing, just stared at the phone, one hand over her mouth.

Before Alec could start to feel sorry for her, the door opened again and Isabelle came in, in her Shadowhunter gear, with her long silver-gold whip in one hand and a wooden-bladed *naginata* in the other. She frowned at her brother. “Go get ready,” she said. “We’re sailing for Valentine’s ship right away.”

Alec couldn’t help it; the corner of his mouth twitched upward. Isabelle was always so *determined*. “Is that for me?” he asked, indicating the *naginata*.

Isabelle jerked it away from him. “Get your own!”

Some things never change. Alec headed toward the door, but was stopped by a hand on his shoulder. He looked up in surprise.

It was his father. He was looking down at Alec, and though he wasn’t smiling, there was a look of pride on his lined and tired face. “If you’re in need of a blade, Alexander, my *guisarme* is in the entryway. If you’d like to use it.”

Alec swallowed and nodded, but before he could thank his father, Isabelle spoke from behind him:

“Here you go, Mom,” she said. Alec turned and saw his sister in the process of handing the *naginata* to his mother, who took it and spun it expertly in her grasp.

“Thank you, Isabelle,” Maryse said, and with a movement as swift as any of her daughter’s, she lowered the blade so that it pointed directly at the Inquisitor’s heart.

Imogen Herondale looked up at Maryse with the blank, shattered eyes of a ruined statue. “Are you going to kill me, Maryse?”

Maryse hissed through her teeth. “Not even close,” she said. “We need every Shadowhunter in the city, and right now, that includes you. Get up, Imogen, and get yourself ready for battle. From now on, the orders around here are going to come from me.” She smiled grimly. “And the first thing you’re going to do is free my son from that accursed Malachi Configuration.”

She looked magnificent as she spoke, Alec thought with pride, a true Shadowhunter warrior, every line of her blazing with righteous fury.

He hated to spoil the moment—but they were going to find out Jace was gone on their own soon enough. Better that someone cushioned the shock.

He cleared his throat. “Actually,” he said, “there’s something you should probably know . . .”

Clary had always hated roller coasters, hated that feeling of her stomach dropping out through her feet when the coaster hurtled downward. Being snatched from the truck and dragged through the air like a mouse in the claws of an eagle was ten times worse. She screamed out loud as her feet left the truck bed and her body soared upward, unbelievably fast. She screamed and twisted—until she looked down and saw how high she already was above the water and realized what would happen if the flying demon released her.

She went still. The pickup truck looked like a toy below, drifting impossibly on the waves. The city swung around her, blurred walls of glittering light. It might have been beautiful if she weren't so terrified. The demon banked and dived, and suddenly instead of rising she was falling. She thought of the thing dropping her hundreds of feet through the air until she crashed into the icy black water, and shut her eyes—but falling through blind darkness was worse. She opened them again and saw the black deck of the ship rising up from below her like a hand about to swat them both out of the sky. She screamed a second time as they dropped toward the deck—and through a dark square cut into its surface. Now they were inside the ship.

The flying creature slowed its pace. They were dropping through the center of the boat, surrounded by railed metal decks. Clary caught glimpses of dark machinery; none of it looked in working order, and there were gears and tools abandoned in various places. If there had been electrical lights before, they were no longer working, though a faint glow permeated everything. Whatever had powered the ship before, Valentine was now powering it with something else.

Something that had sucked the warmth right out of the atmosphere. Icy air lashed at her face as the demon reached the bottom of the ship and ducked down a long, poorly lit corridor. It wasn't being particularly careful with her. Her knee slammed against a pipe as the creature turned a corner, sending a shock wave of pain up her leg. She cried out and heard its hissing laughter above her. Then it released her and she was falling. Twisting in the air, Clary tried to get her hands and knees under her before she hit the ground. It almost worked. She struck the floor with a jarring impact and rolled to the side, stunned.

She was lying on a hard metal surface, in semidarkness. This had probably been a storage space at one point, because the walls were smooth and doorless. There was a square opening high above her through which the only light filtered. Her whole body felt like one big bruise.

"Clary?" A whispered voice. She rolled onto her side, wincing. A shadow knelt beside her. As her eyes adjusted to the darkness, she saw the small, curvy figure, braided hair, dark brown eyes. *Maia*. "Clary, is that you?"

Clary sat up, ignoring the screaming pain in her back. "Maia. Maia, oh my God." She stared at the other girl, then wildly around the room. It was empty but for the two of them. "Maia, where is he? Where's Simon?"

Maia bit her lip. Her wrists were bloody, Clary saw, her face streaked with dried tears. "Clary, I'm so sorry," she said, in her soft and husky voice. "Simon's dead."



Soaked through and half-frozen, Jace collapsed onto the deck of the ship, water streaming from his hair and clothes. He stared up at the cloudy night sky, gasping in breaths. It had been no easy task to climb the rickety iron ladder badly bolted to the ship's metal side, especially with slippery hands and drenched clothes dragging him down.

If it hadn't been for the Fearless rune, he reflected, he probably would have been worried that one of the flying demons would pick him off the ladder like a bird picking a

bug off a vine. Fortunately, they seemed to have returned to the ship once they'd seized Clary. Jace couldn't imagine why, but he'd long ago given up trying to fathom why his father did anything.

Above him a head appeared, silhouetted against the sky. It was Luke, having reached the top of the ladder. He clambered laboriously onto the railing and dropped down onto the other side of it. He looked down at Jace. "You all right?"

"Fine." Jace got to his feet. He was shivering. It was cold on the boat, colder than it had been down by the water—and his jacket was gone. He'd given it to Clary.

Jace looked around. "Somewhere there's a door that leads into the ship. I found it last time. We just have to walk around the deck until we find it again."

Luke started forward.

"And let me go first," Jace added, stepping in front of him. Luke shot him an extremely puzzled look, seemed as if he were about to say something, and finally fell into step just beside Jace as they approached the curved front of the ship, where Jace had stood with Valentine the night before. He could hear the oily slap of water against the bow, far below.

"Your father," Luke said, "what did he say to you when you saw him? What did he promise you?"

"Oh, you know. The usual. A lifetime's supply of Knicks tickets." Jace spoke lightly but the memory bit into him deeper than the cold. "He said he'd make sure no harm came to me or anyone I cared about if I'd leave the Clave and return to Idris with him."

"Do you think—" Luke hesitated. "Do you think he'd hurt Clary to get back at you?"

They rounded the bow and Jace caught a brief glimpse of the Statue of Liberty off in the distance, a pillar of glowing light. "No. I think he took her to make us come onto the boat like this, to give him a bargaining chip. That's all."

"I'm not sure he needs a bargaining chip." Luke spoke in a low voice as he unsheathed his *kindjal*. Jace turned to follow

Luke's gaze, and for a moment could only stare.

There was a black hole in the deck on the west side of the ship, a hole like a square that had been cut into the metal, and out of its depths poured a dark cloud of monsters. Jace flashed back to the last time he had stood here, with the Mortal Sword in his hand, staring around him in horror as the sky above him and the sea below him turned to roiling masses of nightmares. Only now they stood in front of him, a cacophony of demons: the bone-white Raum that had attacked them at Luke's; Oni demons with their green bodies, wide mouths, and horns; the slinking black Kuri demons, spider demons with their eight pincer-tipped arms and the poison-dripping fangs that protruded from their eye sockets—

Jace couldn't count them all. He felt for Camael and took it from his belt, its white glare lighting the deck. The demons hissed at the sight of it, but none of them backed away. The Fearless rune on Jace's shoulder blade began to burn. He wondered how many demons he could kill before it burned itself away.

"Stop! *Stop!*" Luke's hand, knotted in the back of Jace's shirt, jerked him backward. "There's too many, Jace. If we can get back to the ladder—"

"We can't." Jace yanked himself out of Luke's grip and pointed. "They've cut us off on both sides."

It was true. A phalanx of Moloch demons, flames jetting from their empty eyes, blocked their retreat. Luke swore, fluently and viciously. "Jump over the side, then. I'll hold them off."

"You jump," Jace said. "I'm fine here."

Luke threw his head back. His ears had gone pointed, and when he snarled at Jace, his lips drew back over canines that were suddenly sharp. "You—" He broke off as a Moloch demon leaped at him, claws outstretched. Jace stabbed it casually in the spine as it went by, and it staggered into Luke, yowling. Luke seized it in clawed hands and hurled it over the railing. "You used that Fearless rune, didn't you?" Luke said, turning back to Jace with eyes that glowed amber.

There was a distant splash.

“You’re not wrong,” Jace admitted.

“Christ,” said Luke. “Did you put it on yourself?”

“No. Clary put it on me.” Jace’s seraph blade cut the air with white fire; two Drevak demons fell. There were dozens more where it had come from, lurching toward them, their needle-tipped hands outstretched. “She’s good at that, you know.”

“*Teenagers*,” said Luke, as if it were the filthiest word he knew, and threw himself into the oncoming horde.



“Dead?” Clary stared at Maia as if she’d spoken in Bulgarian. “He can’t be dead.”

Maia said nothing, just watched her with sad, dark eyes.

“I would know.” Clary pressed her hand, clenched into a fist, against her chest. “I would know it *here*.”

“I thought that myself,” Maia said. “Once. But you don’t know. You never know.”

Clary scrambled to her feet. Jace’s jacket hung off her shoulders, the back of it nearly shredded through. She shrugged it off impatiently and dropped it onto the floor. It was ruined, the back scored through with a dozen razored claw marks. *Jace will be upset that I wrecked his jacket*, she thought. *I should buy him a new one. I should—*

She drew a long, ragged breath. She could hear her own heart pounding, but that sounded distant too. “What—happened to him?”

Maia was still kneeling on the floor. “Valentine got us both,” she said. “He chained us up in a room together. Then he came in with a weapon—a sword, really long and bright, as if it was glowing. He threw silver powder at me so I couldn’t fight him, and he—he stabbed Simon in the throat.” Her voice faded to a whisper. “He cut his wrists open and he poured the blood into bowls. Some of those demon creatures of his came in and helped him take it. Then he just left Simon lying there,

like some toy he'd ripped all the insides out of so he had no use for it anymore. I screamed—but I knew he was dead. Then one of the demons picked me up and brought me down here.”

Clary pressed the back of her hand against her mouth, pressed and pressed until she tasted salty blood. The sharp taste of the blood seemed to cut through the fog in her brain. “We have to get out of here.”

“No offense, but that’s pretty obvious.” Maia got to her feet, wincing. “There’s no way out of here. Not even for a Shadowhunter. Maybe if you were . . .”

“If I were what?” Clary demanded, pacing the square of their cell. “Jace? Well, I’m not.” She kicked at the wall. It echoed hollowly. She dug into her pocket and pulled out her stele. “But I have my own talents.”

She shoved the tip of the stele against the wall and began to draw. The lines seemed to flow out of her, black and charred-looking, hot as her furious anger. She slammed the stele against the wall again and again and the black lines flowed up out of its tip like flames. When she drew back, breathing hard, she saw Maia staring at her in astonishment.

“Girl,” she said, “what did you do?”

Clary wasn’t sure. It looked as if she had thrown a bucket of acid against the wall. The metal all around the rune was sagging and dripping like ice cream on a hot day. She stepped back, eyeing it warily as a hole the size of a large dog opened in the wall. Clary could see steel struts behind it, more of the ship’s metal innards. The edges of the hole still sizzled, though it had stopped spreading outward. Maia took a step forward, pushing Clary’s arm away.

“Wait.” Clary was suddenly nervous. “The melted metal—it could be, like, toxic sludge or something.”

Maia snorted. “I’m from New Jersey. I was *born* in toxic sludge.” She marched up to the hole and peered through it. “There’s a metal catwalk on the other side,” she announced. “Here—I’m going to pull myself through.” She turned around and stuck her feet through the hole, then her legs, moving

backward slowly. She grimaced as she wriggled her body through, then froze. “Ouch! My shoulders are stuck. Push me?” She held her hands out.

Clary took her hands and pushed. Maia’s face turned white, then red—and she suddenly pulled free, like a champagne cork popped from the bottle. With a shriek, she tumbled backward. There was a crash and Clary stuck her head anxiously through the hole. “Are you all right?”

Maia was lying on a narrow metal catwalk several feet below. She rolled over slowly and pushed herself into a sitting position, wincing. “My ankle—but I’ll be fine,” she added, seeing Clary’s face. “We heal fast too, you know.”

“I know. Okay, my turn.” Clary’s stele poked uncomfortably into her stomach as she bent, prepared to slide through the hole after Maia. The drop to the catwalk was intimidating, but not as intimidating as the idea of waiting in the storage space for whatever came to claim them. She turned over onto her stomach, sliding her feet into the hole—

And something seized her by the back of her shirt, hauling her upward. Her stele fell out of her belt and rattled to the floor. She gasped in sudden shock and pain; the neck band of her sweater cut into her throat, and she choked. A moment later she was released. She crashed to the floor, her knees hitting the metal with a hollow clang. Gagging, she rolled onto her back and looked up, knowing what she would see.

Valentine stood over her. In one hand he held a seraph blade, glittering with a harsh white light. His other hand, which had gripped the back of her shirt, was clenched into a fist. His carved white face was set into a sneer of disdain. “Always your mother’s daughter, Clarissa,” he said. “What have you done now?”

Clary pulled herself painfully up to her knees. Her mouth was filled with the salty blood from where her lip had torn open. As she looked at Valentine, her simmering rage bloomed like a poisonous flower inside her chest. This man, her father, had killed Simon and left him dead on the floor like so much

discarded trash. She had thought she had hated people before in her life; she'd been wrong. *This* was hatred.

"The werewolf girl," Valentine went on, frowning, "where is she?"

Clary leaned forward and spat her mouthful of blood onto his shoes. With a sharp exclamation of disgust and surprise, he stepped backward, raising the blade in his hand, and for a moment Clary saw the unguarded fury in his eyes and thought he was really going to do it, was really going to kill her right there where she crouched at his feet, for spitting on his shoes.

Slowly, he lowered the blade. Without a word, he walked past Clary, and stared through the hole she had made in the wall. Slowly, she turned, her eyes raking the floor until she saw it. Her mother's stele. She reached for it, her breath catching—

Valentine, turning, saw what she was doing. With a single stride, he was across the room. He kicked the stele out of her reach; it spun across the metal floor and fell through the hole in the wall. She half-closed her eyes, feeling the loss of the stele like the loss of her mother all over again.

"The demons will find your Downworlder friend," said Valentine, in his cold, still voice, sliding his seraph blade into a sheath at his waist. "There is nowhere for her to flee to. Nowhere for any of you to go. Now get up, Clarissa."

Slowly, Clary got to her feet. Her whole body ached from the pummeling it had taken. A moment later she gasped in surprise as Valentine seized her by the shoulders, turning her so that her back was to him. He whistled; a high, sharp, and unpleasant sound. The air stirred overhead and she heard the ugly flap of leathery wings. With a little cry, she tried to break away, but Valentine was too strong. The wings settled around them both and then they were rising into the air together, Valentine holding her in his arms, as if he really were her father.



Jace had thought he and Luke would be dead by now. He wasn't sure why they weren't. The deck of the ship was slippery with blood. He was covered in filth. Even his hair was lank and sticky with ichor, and his eyes stung with blood and sweat. There was a deep cut along the top of his right arm, and no time to carve a Healing rune into the skin. Every time he lifted the arm, a searing pain shot through his side.

They had managed to wedge themselves into a recess in the metal wall of the ship, and they fought from this shelter as the demons lurched at them. Jace had used both his chakrams and was down to his last seraph blade and the dagger he'd taken from Isabelle. It wasn't much—he wouldn't have gone out to face only a few demons this poorly armed, and now he was facing a horde. He ought to be frightened, he knew, but he felt almost nothing at all—only a disgust for the demons, who did not belong in this world, and rage at Valentine, who had summoned them here. Distantly, he knew his lack of fear wasn't entirely a good thing. He wasn't even afraid of how much blood he was losing from his arm.

A spider demon scuttled toward Jace, chittering and jetting yellow poison. He ducked away, not quite fast enough to keep a few drops of the poison from splattering his shirt. It hissed as it ate through the material; he felt the sting as it burned his skin like a dozen tiny superheated needles.

The spider demon clicked in satisfaction, and sprayed another jet of poison. Jace ducked and the venom hit an Oni demon coming toward him from the side; the Oni screamed in agony and thrashed its way to the spider demon, claws extended. The two grappled together, rolling across the deck.

The surrounding demons surged away from the spilled poison, which made a barrier between them and the Shadowhunter. Jace took advantage of the momentary breather to turn to Luke beside him. Luke was almost unrecognizable. His ears rose to sharp, wolfish points; his lips were pulled back from his snarling muzzle in a permanent rictus, his clawed hands black with demon ichor.

"We should go for the railings." Luke's voice was half a growl. "Get off the ship. We can't kill them all. Maybe

Magnus—”

“I don’t think we’re doing so badly.” Jace twirled his seraph blade—which was a bad idea; his hand was wet with blood and the blade almost slipped out of his grasp. “All things considered.”

Luke made a noise that might have been a snarl or a laugh, or a combination of both. Then something huge and shapeless fell out of the sky, knocking them both to the ground.

Jace hit the ground hard, his seraph blade flying out of his hand. It struck the deck, skittered across the metal surface, and slid over the edge of the boat, out of sight. Jace swore and staggered to his feet.

The thing that had landed on them was an Oni demon. It was unusually big for its kind—not to mention unusually smart to have thought of climbing up onto the roof and dropping down on them from above. It was sitting on top of Luke now, slashing at him with the sharp tusks that sprouted from its forehead. Luke was defending himself as best he could with his own claws, but he was already drenched in blood; his *kind-jal* lay a foot away from him on the deck. Luke grabbed for it and the Oni seized one of his legs in a spadelike hand, bringing the leg down like a tree branch over its knee. Jace heard the bone break with a snap as Luke cried out.

Jace dived for the *kindjal*, grabbed it, and rolled to his feet, flinging the dagger hard at the back of the Oni demon’s neck. It sliced through with enough force to decapitate the creature, which sagged forward, black blood gushing from its neck stump. A moment later it was gone. The *kindjal* thumped to the deck beside Luke.

Jace ran to him and knelt down. “Your leg—”

“It’s broken.” Luke struggled into a sitting position. His face twisted in pain.

“But you heal fast.”

Luke looked around, his face grim. The Oni might have been dead, but the other demons had learned from its example. They were swarming up onto the roof. Jace couldn’t tell, in the

dim moonlight, how many of them there were—dozens? Hundreds? After a certain number it didn't matter anymore.

Luke closed his hand around the hilt of the *kindjal*. “Not fast enough.”

Jace drew Isabelle's dagger from his belt. It was the last of his weapons and it seemed suddenly and pitifully small. A sharp emotion pierced him—not fear, he was still beyond that, but sorrow. He saw Alec and Isabelle as if they were standing in front of him, smiling at him, and then he saw Clary with her arms out as if she were welcoming him home.

He rose to his feet just as they fell from the roof in a wave, a shadow tide blotting out the moon. Jace moved to try to block Luke, but it was no use; the demons were all around. One reared up in front of him. It was a six-foot skeleton, grinning with broken teeth. Scraps of brightly colored Tibetan prayer flags hung from its rotting bones. It gripped a *katana* sword in a bony hand, which was unusual—most demons didn't arm themselves. The blade, inscribed with demonic runes, was longer than Jace's arm, curling and sharp and deadly.

Jace flung the dagger. It struck the demon's bony rib cage and stuck there. The demon barely seemed to notice; it only kept moving, inexorable as death. The air around it stank of death and graveyards. It raised the *katana* in a clawed hand—

A gray shadow cut the darkness in front of Jace, a shadow that moved with a whirling, precise, and deadly motion. The downward swing of the *katana* met with the grinding screech of metal on metal; the shadowy figure thrust the *katana* back at the demon, stabbing upward with the other hand with a swiftness that Jace's eye could barely follow. The demon fell back, its skull shattering as it crumpled into nothingness. All around him he could hear the shrieks of demons howling in pain and surprise. Whirling, he saw that dozens of shapes—*human* shapes—were crawling up over the railings, dropping to the ground, and racing to close with the mass of demons that crawled, slithered, hissed, and flew upon the deck. They carried blades of light and wore the dark, tough clothing of—

“*Shadowhunters?*” Jace said, so startled that he spoke out loud.

“Who else?” A grin flashed in the darkness.

“Malik? Is that you?”

Malik inclined his head. “Sorry about earlier today,” he said. “I was under orders.”

Jace was about to tell Malik that his having just saved his life more than made up for his earlier attempt to prevent Jace from leaving the Institute, when a group of Raum demons surged toward them, tentacles lashing the air. Malik whirled and charged to meet them with a shout, his seraph blade blazing like a star. Jace was about to follow him when a hand seized him by the arm and pulled him sideways.

It was a Shadowhunter, all in black, a hood shading the face beneath. “Come with me.”

The hand tugged insistently at his sleeve.

“I need to get to Luke. He’s been hurt.” He jerked his arm back. “Let *go* of me.”

“Oh, for the Angel’s sake—” The figure released him and reached up to push back the hood of its long cloak, revealing a narrow white face and gray eyes that blazed like chips of diamond. “Now will you do what you’re told, Jonathan?”

It was the Inquisitor.



Despite the whirling speed with which they flew through the air, Clary would have kicked out at Valentine if she could. But he held her as if his arms were iron bands. Her feet swung free, but struggle as she might, she didn’t seem to be able to connect with anything.

When the demon banked and swerved suddenly, she let out a scream. Valentine laughed. Then they were spinning through a narrow metal tunnel and into a much larger, wider room. Instead of dropping them unceremoniously, the flying demon set them down gently on the floor.

Much to Clary's surprise, Valentine let her go. She jerked away from him and stumbled into the middle of the room, looking around wildly. It was a big space, probably once some kind of machine room. Machinery still lined the walls, shoved out of the way to create a wide square space in the center. The floor was thick black metal, splotted here and there with darker stains. In the middle of the empty space were four basins, big enough to wash a dog in. The interiors of the first two were stained a dark rust brown. The third was full of dark red liquid. The fourth was empty.

A metal footlocker stood behind the bowls. A dark cloth had been thrown over it. As she drew closer, she saw that on top of the cloth rested a silver sword that glowed with a blackish light, almost an absence of illumination: a radiant, visible darkness.

Clary whirled around and stared at Valentine, who was quietly watching her. "How could you do it?" she demanded. "How could you kill Simon? He was just a—he was just a boy, just an ordinary human—"

"He wasn't human," said Valentine, in his silky voice. "He had become a monster. You just couldn't see it, Clarissa, because it wore the face of a friend."

"He wasn't a monster." She moved a little closer to the Sword. It looked huge, heavy. She wondered if she could lift it—and even if she could, could she swing it? "He was still Simon."

"Don't think I'm not sympathetic to your situation," said Valentine. He stood unmoving in the single shaft of light that came down from the trapdoor in the ceiling. "It was the same for me when Lucian was bitten."

"He told me," she spat at him. "You gave him a dagger and told him to kill himself."

"That was a mistake," said Valentine.

"At least you admit it—"

"I should have killed him myself. It would have showed that I cared."

Clary shook her head. “But you didn’t. You’ve never cared about anyone. Not even my mother. Not even Jace. They were just things that belonged to you.”

“But isn’t that what love is, Clarissa? Ownership? ‘I am my beloved’s and my beloved is mine,’ as the Song of Songs goes.”

“No. And don’t quote the Bible at me. I don’t think you get it.” She was standing very near to the locker now, the hilt of the Sword within reaching distance. Her fingers were wet with sweat and she dried them surreptitiously on her jeans. “It’s not just that someone belongs to you, it’s that you give yourself to them. I doubt *you’ve* ever given anything to anyone. Except maybe nightmares.”

“To give yourself to someone?” The thin smile didn’t waver. “As you’ve given yourself to Jonathan?”

Her hand, which had been lifting toward the Sword, spasmed into a fist. She pulled it back against her chest, staring at him unbelievably. “*What?*”

“You think I haven’t seen the way you two look at each other? The way he says your name? You may not think I can feel, but that doesn’t mean I can’t see feelings in others.” Valentine’s tone was cool, every word a sliver of ice stabbing into her ears. “I suppose we have only ourselves to blame, your mother and I; having kept you two apart so long, you never developed the revulsion toward each other that would be more natural between siblings.”

“I don’t know what you mean.” Clary’s teeth were chattering.

“I think I make myself plain enough.” He had moved out of the light. His face was a study in shadow. “I saw Jonathan after he faced the fear demon, you know. It showed itself to him as you. That told me all I needed to know. The greatest fear in Jonathan’s life is the love he feels for his sister.”



“I don’t do what I’m told,” said Jace. “But I might do what you want if you ask me nicely.”

The Inquisitor looked as if she wanted to roll her eyes but had forgotten how. “I need to talk to you.”

Jace stared at the Inquisitor. “*Now?*”

She put a hand on his arm. “Now.”

“You’re insane.” Jace looked down the length of the ship. It looked like a Bosch painting of hell. The darkness was full of demons: lumbering, howling, squawking, and slashing out with claws and teeth. Nephilim darted back and forth, their weapons bright in the shadows. Jace could see already that there weren’t enough Shadowhunters. Not nearly enough. “There’s no way—we’re in the middle of a battle—”

The Inquisitor’s bony grip was surprisingly strong. “*Now.*” She pushed him, and he took a step back, too surprised to do anything else, and then another, until they were standing in the recess of a wall. She let go of Jace and felt in the folds of her dark cloak, drawing forth two seraph blades. She whispered their names, and then several words Jace didn’t know, and flung them at the deck, one on either side of him. They stuck, points down, and a single blue-white sheet of light sprang up from them, walling Jace and the Inquisitor off from the rest of the ship.

“Are you locking me up *again?*” Jace demanded, staring at the Inquisitor in disbelief.

“This isn’t a Malachi Configuration. You can get out of it if you want.” Her thin hands clasped each other tightly. “Jonathan—”

“You mean Jace.” He could no longer see the battle past the wall of white light, but he could still hear the sounds of it, the screams and the howling of the demons. If he turned his head, he could just catch a glimpse of a small section of ocean, sparkling with light like diamonds scattered over the surface of a mirror. There were about a dozen boats down there, the sleek, multi-hulled trimarans used on the lakes in Idris. Shadowhunter boats. “What are you doing here, Inquisitor? Why did you come?”

“You were right,” she said. “About Valentine. He wouldn’t make the trade.”

“He told you to let me die.” Jace felt suddenly light-headed.

“The moment he refused, of course, I called the Conclave together and brought them here. I—I owe you and your family an apology.”

“Noted,” said Jace. He hated apologies. “Alec and Isabelle? Are they here? They won’t be punished for helping me?”

“They’re here, and no, they won’t be punished.” She was still staring at him, eyes searching. “I can’t understand Valentine,” she said. “For a father to throw away the life of his child, his only son—”

“Yeah,” said Jace. His head ached and he wished she would shut up, or that a demon would attack them. “It’s a conundrum, all right.”

“Unless . . .”

Now he looked at her in surprise. “Unless what?”

She jabbed a finger at his shoulder. “When did you get that?”

Jace looked down and saw that the spider demon’s poison had eaten a hole in his shirt, leaving a good deal of his left shoulder bare. “The shirt? At Macy’s. Winter sale.”

“The *scar*. This scar, here on your shoulder.”

“Oh, that.” Jace wondered at the intensity of her gaze. “I’m not sure. Something that happened when I was very young, my father said. An accident of some kind. Why?”

Breath hissed through the Inquisitor’s teeth. “It can’t be,” she murmured. “You can’t be—”

“I can’t be what?”

There was a note of uncertainty in the Inquisitor’s voice. “All those years,” she said, “when you were growing up—you *truly* thought you were Michael Wayland’s son—?”

Sharp fury went through Jace, made all the more painful by the tiny stab of disappointment that accompanied it. “By the *Angel*,” he spat, “you dragged me off here in the middle of battle just to ask me the same goddamned questions again? You didn’t believe me the first time and you still don’t believe me. You’ll never believe me, despite everything that’s happened, even though *everything I told you was the truth*.” He jabbed a finger toward whatever was happening on the other side of the wall of light. “I should be out there fighting. Why are you keeping me here? So after this is all over, if any of us are still even alive, you can go to the Clave and tell them I wouldn’t fight on your side against my father? *Nice* try.”

She had gone even paler than he’d thought possible. “Jonathan, that’s not what I—”

“*My name is Jace!*” he shouted. The Inquisitor flinched, her mouth half-open, as if she were still about to say something. Jace didn’t want to hear it. He stalked past her, nearly knocking her to the side, and kicked at one of the seraph blades in the deck. It toppled over and the wall of light vanished.

Beyond it was chaos. Dark shapes hurtled to and fro on deck, demons clambered over crumpled bodies, and the air was full of smoke and screaming. He strained to see anyone he knew in the melee. Where was Alec? Isabelle?

“Jace!” The Inquisitor hurried after him, her face pulled tight with fear. “Jace, you don’t have a weapon, at least take —”

She broke off as a demon loomed up out of the darkness in front of Jace like an iceberg off the bow of a ship. It wasn’t one he’d seen before tonight; this one had the wrinkled face and agile hands of a huge monkey, but the long, barbed tail of a scorpion. Its eyes were rolling and yellow. It hissed at him through broken needle teeth. Before Jace could duck, its tail shot forward with the speed of a striking cobra. He saw the needle tip whipping toward his face—

And for the second time that night, a shadow passed between him and death. Drawing a long-bladed knife, the

Inquisitor threw herself in front of him, just in time for the scorpion's sting to bury itself in her chest.

She screamed, but stayed on her feet. The demon's tail whipped back, ready for another strike—but the Inquisitor's knife had already left her hand, flying straight and true. The runes carved on its blade gleamed as it sliced through the demon's throat. With a hiss, as of air escaping from a punctured balloon, it folded inward, its tail spasming as it vanished.

The Inquisitor crumpled to the deck. Jace knelt down beside her and laid a hand on her shoulder, rolling her onto her back. Blood was spreading across the gray front of her blouse. Her face was slack and yellow, and for a moment Jace thought she was already dead.

"Inquisitor?" He couldn't say her first name, not even now.

Her eyes fluttered open. Their whites were already dulling. With a great effort she beckoned him toward her. He bent closer, close enough to hear her whisper in his ear, whisper on a last exhale of breath—

"What?" Jace said, bewildered. "What does that mean?"

There was no answer. The Inquisitor had slumped back against the deck, her eyes wide open and staring, her mouth curved into what almost looked like a smile.

Jace sat back on his heels, numb and staring. She was dead. Dead because of him.

Something seized hold of the back of his shirt and hauled him to his feet. Jace clapped a hand to his belt—realized he was weaponless—and twisted around to see a familiar pair of blue eyes staring into his with utter incredulity.

"You're alive," Alec said—two short words, but there was a wealth of feeling behind them. The relief on his face was plain, as was his exhaustion. Despite the chill in the air, his black hair was plastered to his cheeks and forehead with sweat. His clothes and skin were streaked with blood and there was a long rip in the sleeve of his armored jacket, as if something jagged and sharp had torn it open. He clutched a

bloody *guisarme* in his right hand and Jace's collar in the other.

"I seem to be," Jace admitted. "I won't be for long if you don't give me a weapon, though."

With a quick glance around, Alec let go of Jace, took a seraph blade from his belt, and handed it over. "Here," he said. "It's called Samandiriel."

Jace barely had the blade in his hand when a medium-size Drevak demon scuttled toward them, chittering imperiously. Jace raised Samandiriel, but Alec had already dispatched the creature with a jabbing blow from his *guisarme*.

"Nice weapon," Jace said, but Alec was looking past him, at the crumpled gray figure on the deck.

"Is that the Inquisitor? Is she . . . ?"

"She's dead," Jace said.

Alec's jaw set. "Good riddance. How'd she get it?"

Jace was about to reply when he was interrupted by a loud cry of "Alec! *Jace!*" It was Isabelle, hurrying toward them through the stench and smoke. She wore a close-fitting dark jacket, smeared with yellowish blood. Gold chains hung with rune charms circled her wrists and ankles, and her whip curled around her like a net of electrum wire.

She held her arms out. "Jace, we thought—"

"No." Something made Jace step back, shying away from her touch. "I'm all covered in blood, Isabelle. Don't."

A hurt expression crossed her face. "But we've all been looking for you—Mom and Dad, they—"

"*Isabelle!*" Jace shouted, but it was too late: A massive spider demon reared up behind her, jetting yellow poison from its fangs. Isabelle screamed as the poison struck her, but her whip shot out with blinding speed, slicing the demon in half. It thudded to the deck in two pieces, then vanished.

Jace darted toward Isabelle just as she slumped forward. Her whip slipped from her hand as he caught her, cradling her

awkwardly against him. He could see how much of the poison had gotten on her: It had splashed mostly onto her jacket, but some of it spattered her throat, and where it touched, the skin burned and sizzled. Barely audibly, she whimpered—Isabelle, who never showed pain.

“Give her to me.” It was Alec, dropping his weapon as he hurried to help his sister. He took Isabelle from Jace’s arms and lowered her gently to the deck. Kneeling beside her, stele in hand, he looked up at Jace. “Hold off whatever comes while I heal her.”

Jace couldn’t drag his eyes away from Isabelle. Blood streamed from her neck down onto her jacket, soaking her hair. “We have to get her off this boat,” he said roughly. “If she stays here—”

“She’ll die?” Alec was tracing the tip of his stele as gently as he could over his sister’s throat. “We’re all going to die. There are too many of them. We’re being slaughtered. The Inquisitor deserved to die for this—this is all her fault.”

“A Scorpions demon tried to kill me,” Jace said, wondering why he was saying it, why he was defending someone he hated. “The Inquisitor got in its way. Saved my life.”

“She did?” Astonishment was clear in Alec’s tone. “Why?”

“I guess she decided I was worth saving.”

“But she always—” Alec broke off, his expression changing to one of alarm. “Jace, behind you—two of them—”

Jace whirled. Two demons were approaching: a Ravener, with its alligator-like body and serrated teeth, its scorpion tail curling forward over its back, and a Drevak, its pale white maggot-flesh gleaming in the moonlight. Jace heard Alec, behind him, suck in an alarmed breath; then Samandiriel left his hand, cutting a silvery path through the air. It sliced through the Ravener’s tail, just below the pendulous poison sac at the end of its long stinger.

The Ravener howled. The Drevak turned, confused—and got the poison sac full in the face. The sac broke open, drenching the Drevak in venom. It emitted a single garbled

scream and crumpled, its head eaten away to the bone. Blood and poison splattered the deck as the Drevak vanished. The Ravener, blood gushing from its tail stump, dragged itself a few more paces forward before it, too, disappeared.

Jace bent and picked up Samandiriel gingerly. The metal deck was still sizzling where the Ravener's poison had spilled on it, pocking it with tiny spreading holes like cheesecloth.

"Jace." Alec was on his feet, holding a pale but upright Isabelle by the arm. "We need to get Isabelle out of here."

"Fine," Jace said. "You get her out of here. I'm going to deal with that."

"With what?" Alec said, bewildered.

"With that," Jace said again, and pointed. Something was coming toward them through the smoke and flames, something huge, humped, and massive. Easily five times the size of any other demon on the ship, it had an armored body, many-limbed, each appendage ending in a spiked chitinous talon. Its feet were elephant feet, huge and splayed. It had the head of a giant mosquito, Jace saw as it came closer, complete with insectile eyes and a dangling blood-red feeding tube.

Alec sucked in his breath. "What the hell is it?"

Jace thought for a moment. "Big," he said finally. "Very."

"Jace—"

Jace turned and looked at Alec, and then at Isabelle. Something inside him told him that this might very well be the last time he ever saw them, and yet he still wasn't afraid, not for himself. He wanted to say something to them, maybe that he loved them, that either one of them was worth more to him than a thousand Mortal Instruments and the power they could bring. But the words wouldn't come.

"Alec," he heard himself say. "Get Isabelle to the ladder, now, or we'll all die."

Alec met his gaze and held it for a moment. Then he nodded and pushed Isabelle, still protesting, toward the railing. He helped her up onto it and then over, and with immense

relief Jace saw her dark head disappearing as she began to descend the ladder. *And now you, Alec*, he thought. *Go.*

But Alec wasn't going. Isabelle, now out of view, cried out sharply as her brother jumped back down from the railing, onto the deck of the ship. His *guisarme* lay on the deck where he'd dropped it; he seized it now and moved to stand next to Jace and face the demon as it came.

He never got that far. The demon, bearing down on Jace, made a sudden swerve and rushed toward Alec, its bloody feeding tube whipping back and forth hungrily. Jace spun to block Alec, but the metal deck he was standing on, rotted with poison, crumbled underneath him. His foot plunged through and he fell hard against the deck.

Alec had time to shout Jace's name, and then the demon was on him. He stabbed at it with his *guisarme*, plunging the sharp end of it deep into the demon's flesh. The creature reared back, screaming a weirdly human scream, black blood spraying from the wound. Alec retreated, reaching for another weapon, just as the demon's talon whipped around, knocking him to the deck. Then its feeding tube wrapped around him.

Somewhere, Isabelle was screaming. Jace struggled desperately to pull his leg from the deck; sharp edges of metal stabbed into him as he jerked himself free and staggered to his feet.

He raised Samandiriel. Light blazed forth from the seraph blade, bright as a falling star. The demon flinched back, making a low hissing sound. It relaxed its grip on Alec and for a moment Jace thought it might be going to let him go. Then it whipped its head back with a sudden, startling speed and flung Alec with immense force. Alec hit the blood-slippery deck hard, skidded across it—and fell, with a single hoarse cry, over the side of the ship.

Isabelle was screaming Alec's name; her screams were like spikes being driven into Jace's ears. Samandiriel was still blazing in his hand. Its light illuminated the demon stalking toward him, its insectile gaze bright and predatory, but all he could see was Alec; Alec falling over the side of the ship, Alec

drowning in the black water far below. He thought he tasted seawater in his own mouth, or it might have been blood. The demon was almost on him; he raised Samandiriel in his hand and flung it—the demon squealed, a high, agonized sound—and then the deck gave way beneath Jace with a screech of crumbling metal and he fell into darkness.

19

DIES IRAE

“You’re wrong,” Clary said, but her voice held no conviction. “You don’t know anything about me or Jace. You’re just trying to—”

“To what? I’m trying to reach you, Clarissa. To make you understand.” There was no feeling in Valentine’s voice that Clary could detect beyond a faint amusement.

“You’re laughing at us. You think you can use me to hurt Jace, so you’re laughing at us. You’re not even angry anymore,” she added. “A real father would be angry.”

“I am a real father. The same blood that runs in my veins runs in yours.”

“You’re not my father. Luke is,” said Clary, almost wearily. “We’ve been over this.”

“You only look to Luke as your father because of his relationship with your mother—”

“Their *relationship*?” Clary laughed out loud. “Luke and my mother are friends.”

For a moment she was sure she saw a look of surprise pass over his face. But “Is that so,” was all he said. And then, “You really think he endured all this—Lucian, I mean—this life of silence and hiding and running, this devotion to the protection of a secret even he didn’t fully understand, just for *friendship*? You know very little about people, Clary, at your age, and less about men.”

“You can make all the innuendoes about Luke you want. It won’t make any difference. You’re wrong about him, just like you’re wrong about Jace. You have to give everyone ugly

motives for everything they do, because ugly motives are all you understand.”

“Is that what it would be if he loved your mother? Ugly?” said Valentine. “What’s so ugly about love, Clarissa? Or is it that you sense, deep down, that your precious Lucian is neither truly human nor truly capable of feelings as we would understand them—”

“Luke’s as human as I am,” Clary flung at him. “You’re just a bigot.”

“Oh, no,” Valentine said. “I’m anything but that.” He moved a little closer to her, and she stepped in front of the Sword, blocking it from his view. “You think of me that way because you look at me and at what I do through the lens of your mundane understanding of the world. Mundane humans create distinctions between themselves, distinctions that seem ridiculous to any Shadowhunter. Their distinctions are based on race, religion, national identity, any of a dozen minor and irrelevant markers. To mundanes these seem logical, for though mundanes cannot see, understand, or acknowledge the demon worlds, still somewhere buried in their ancient memories, they know that there are those that walk this earth that are *other*. That do not belong, that mean only harm and destruction. Since the demon threat is invisible to mundanes, they must assign the threat to others of their own kind. They place the face of their enemy onto the face of their neighbor, and thus are generations of misery assured.” He took another step toward her, and Clary instinctively moved backward; she was pressed up against the footlocker now. “I’m not like that,” he went on. “I can see the truth of it. Mundanes see as through a glass, darkly, but Shadowhunters—we see face-to-face. We know the truth of evil, and know that while it walks among us, it is not *of* us. What does not belong to our world must not be allowed to take root here, to grow like a poisonous flower and extinguish all life.”

Clary had meant to go for the Sword and then for Valentine, but his words shook her. His voice was so soft, so persuasive, and it wasn’t as if she thought demons *should* be allowed to stay on earth, to drain it away to ashes as they’d drained away

so many other worlds. . . . It almost made sense, what he said, but—

“Luke isn’t a demon,” she said.

“It seems to me, Clarissa,” said Valentine, “that you’ve had very little experience of what a demon is and what it is not. You have met a few Downworlders who seemed to you to be kind enough, and it is through the lens of their kindness that you view the world. Demons, to you, are hideous creatures that leap out from the shadows to rend and attack. And there are such creatures. But there are also demons of deep subtlety and secrecy, demons who walk among humans unrecognized and unhindered. Yet I have seen them do such dreadful things that their more bestial colleagues seem gentle in comparison. There was a demon in London that I once knew, who posed as a very powerful financier. He was never alone, so it was difficult for me to get close enough to kill him, though I knew what he was. He would have his servants bring him animals and young children—anything that was small and helpless—”

“Stop.” Clary put her hands up to her ears. “I don’t want to hear this.”

But Valentine’s voice droned on, inexorable, muffled but not inaudible. “He would eat them slowly, over the course of many days. He had his tricks, his ways of keeping them alive through the worst imaginable tortures. If you can imagine a child trying to crawl to you with half its body torn away—”

“*Stop!*” Clary tore her hands away from her ears. “That’s enough, *enough!*”

“Demons feed on death and pain and madness,” Valentine said. “When I kill, it is because I must. You grew up in a falsely beautiful paradise surrounded by fragile glass walls, my daughter. Your mother created the world she wanted to live in and she brought you up in it, but she never told you it was an illusion. And all the time the demons waited with their weapons of blood and terror to smash the glass and pull you free of the lie.”

“You smashed the walls,” Clary whispered. “You dragged me into all this. No one but you.”

“And the glass that cut you, the pain you felt, the blood? Do you blame me for that as well? I was not the one who put you into the prison.”

“Stop it. Just stop talking.” Clary’s head was ringing. She wanted to scream at him, *You kidnapped my mother, you did this, it’s your fault!* But she had begun to see what Luke had meant when he’d said you couldn’t argue with Valentine. Somehow he’d made it impossible for her to disagree with him without feeling as if she were standing up for demons who bit children in half. She wondered how Jace had stood it all those years, living in the shadow of that demanding, overwhelming personality. She began to see where Jace’s arrogance came from, his arrogance and his carefully controlled emotions.

The edge of the locker behind her was biting into the back of her legs. She could feel the cold coming off the Sword, making the hair on the back of her neck prickle. “What is it you want from me?” she asked Valentine.

“What makes you think I want anything from you?”

“You wouldn’t be talking to me otherwise. You’d have whacked me on the head and be waiting around for—for whatever the next step is after this.”

“The next step,” said Valentine, “is for your Shadowhunter friends to track you down and for me to tell them that if they want to retrieve you alive, they’ll trade the werewolf girl for you. I still need her blood.”

“They’ll never trade Maia for me!”

“That’s where you’re wrong,” said Valentine. “They know the value of a Downworlder as compared to that of a Shadowhunter child. They’ll make the trade. The Clave requires it.”

“The Clave? You mean—that’s part of the Law?”

“Codified into its very being,” said Valentine. “Now do you see? We are not so very different, the Clave and I, or Jonathan and I, or even you and I, Clarissa. We merely have a small disagreement as to method.” He smiled, and stepped forward to close the space between them.

Moving more quickly than she would have thought she could, Clary reached behind her and snatched up the Soul-Sword. It was as heavy as she'd thought it would be, so heavy she nearly overbalanced. Putting out a hand to steady herself, she lifted it, pointing the blade directly at Valentine.



Jace's fall ended abruptly when he struck a hard metal surface with enough force to rattle his teeth. He coughed, tasting blood in his mouth, and staggered painfully to his feet.

He was standing on a bare metal catwalk painted a dull green. The inside of the ship was hollow, a great echoing chamber of metal with dark outward-curving walls. Looking up, Jace could see a tiny patch of starry sky through the smoking hole in the hull far above.

The belly of the ship was a maze of catwalks and ladders that seemed to lead nowhere, twisting in on each other like the guts of a giant snake. It was freezing cold. Jace could see his breath puffing out in white clouds when he exhaled. There was very little light. He squinted into the shadows, then reached into his pocket to retrieve his witchlight rune-stone.

Its white glow lit the dimness. The catwalk was long, with a ladder at the far end leading down to a lower level. As Jace moved toward it, something glinted at his feet.

He bent down. It was a stele. He couldn't help but stare around him, as if half-expecting someone to materialize out of the shadows; how the *hell* had a Shadowhunter stele gotten down here? He picked it up carefully. All steles had a sort of aura to them, a ghostly imprint of their owner's personality. This one sent a shot of painful recognition through him. *Clary*.

A sudden, soft laugh broke the silence. Jace spun around, shoving the stele through his belt. In the glare of the witchlight, Jace could see a dark figure standing at the end of the catwalk. The face was hidden in shadow.

"Who's there?" he called.

There was no answer, only a sense that someone was laughing at him. Jace's hand went automatically to his belt, but

he had dropped the seraph blade when he fell. He was out of weapons.

But what had his father always taught him? Used correctly, almost anything could be a weapon. He moved slowly toward the figure, his eyes taking in the various details around him—a strut he could catch hold of and swing from, kicking out with his feet; an exposed bit of broken metal he could throw an opponent against, puncturing their spine. All these thoughts went through his head in a split second, the single split second before the figure at the end of the catwalk turned, his white hair shining in the witchlight, and Jace recognized him.

Jace stopped dead in his tracks. “Father? Is that you?”



The first thing Alec was aware of was freezing cold. The second was that he couldn’t breathe. He tried to suck in air and his body spasmed. He sat upright, expelling dirty river water from his lungs in a bitter flood that made him gag and choke.

Finally he could breathe, though his lungs felt like they were on fire. Gasping, he looked around. He was sitting on a corrugated metal platform—no, it was the back of a truck. A pickup truck, floating in the middle of the river. His hair and clothes were streaming cold water. And Magnus Bane was sitting opposite him, regarding him with amber cat’s eyes that glowed in the dark.

His teeth began to chatter. “What—what *happened*?”

“You tried to drink the East River,” Magnus said, and Alec saw, as if for the first time, that Magnus’s clothes were soaking wet too, sticking to his body like a dark second skin. “I pulled you out.”

Alec’s head was pounding. He felt at his belt for his stele, but it was gone. He tried to think back—the ship, overrun with demons; Isabelle falling and Jace catching her; blood, everywhere underfoot, the demon attacking—

“Isabelle! She was climbing down when I fell—”

“She’s fine. She made it to a boat. I saw her.” Magnus reached out to touch Alec’s head. “You, on the other hand,

might have a concussion.”

“I need to get back to the battle.” Alec pushed his hand away. “You’re a warlock. Can’t you, I don’t know, *fly* me back to the boat or something? And fix my concussion while you’re at it?”

Magnus, his hand still outstretched, sank back against the side of the truck bed. In the starlight his eyes were chips of green and gold, hard and flat as jewels.

“Sorry,” Alec said, realizing how he had sounded, though he still felt that Magnus ought to see that getting to the ship was the most important thing. “I know you don’t have to help us out—it’s a favor—”

“Stop. I don’t do you favors, Alec. I do things for you because—well, why do you think I do them?”

Something rose up in Alec’s throat, cutting off his response. It was always like this when he was with Magnus. It was as if there were a bubble of pain or regret that lived inside his heart, and when he wanted to say something, anything, that seemed meaningful or true, it rose up and choked off his words. “I need to get back to the ship,” he said, finally.

Magnus sounded too tired to even be angry. “I would help you,” he said. “But I can’t. Stripping the protection wards off the ship was bad enough—it’s a strong, strong enchantment, demon-based—but when you fell, I had to put a fast spell on the truck so it wouldn’t sink when I lost consciousness. And I will lose consciousness, Alec. It’s just a matter of time.” He passed a hand across his eyes. “I didn’t want you to drown,” he said. “The enchantment should hold enough for you to get the truck back to land.”

“I—didn’t realize.” Alec looked at Magnus, who was three hundred years old but had always looked timeless, as if he had stopped getting older around the age of nineteen. Now there were sharp lines cut into the skin around his eyes and mouth. His hair hung lankly over his forehead, and the slump in his shoulders was not his usual careless posture but true exhaustion.

Alec put his hands out. They were pale in the moonlight, wrinkled from water and dotted with dozens of silver scars. Magnus looked down at them, and then back at Alec, confusion darkening his gaze.

“Take my hands,” Alec said. “And take my strength too. Whatever of it you can use to—to keep yourself going.”

Magnus didn’t move. “I thought you had to get back to the ship.”

“I have to fight,” said Alec. “But that’s what you’re doing, isn’t it? You’re part of the fight just as much as the Shadowhunters on the ship—and I know you can take some of my strength, I’ve heard of warlocks doing that—so I’m offering. Take it. It’s yours.”



Valentine smiled. He was wearing his black armor, and gauntlet gloves that shone like the carapaces of black insects. “My son.”

“Don’t call me that,” Jace said, and then, feeling a tremor begin in his hands, “Where’s Clary?”

Valentine was still smiling. “She defied me,” he said. “I had to teach her a lesson.”

“What have you done to her?”

“Nothing.” Valentine came closer to Jace, close enough to touch him if he had chosen to extend his hand. He didn’t. “Nothing she won’t recover from.”

Jace closed his hand into a fist so his father wouldn’t see it shaking. “I want to see her.”

“Really? With all this going on?” Valentine glanced up, as if he could see through the hull of the ship to the carnage on deck. “I would have thought you’d want to be fighting with the rest of your Shadowhunter friends. Pity their efforts are for nothing.”

“You don’t know that.”

“I do know it. For every one of them, I can summon a thousand demons. Even the best Nephilim can’t hold out against those odds. As in the case,” Valentine added, “of poor Imogen.”

“How do you—”

“I see everything that happens on my ship.” Valentine’s eyes narrowed. “You do know it’s your fault she died, don’t you?”

Jace sucked in a breath. He could feel his heart pounding as if it wanted to tear its way out of his chest.

“If it weren’t for you, none of them would have come to the ship. They thought they were rescuing you, you know. If it had just been about the two Downworlders, they wouldn’t have bothered.”

Jace had almost forgotten. “Simon and Maia—”

“Oh, they’re dead. Both of them.” Valentine’s tone was casual, even soft. “How many have to die, Jace, before you see the truth?”

Jace’s head felt as if it were full of swirling smoke. His shoulder burned with pain. “We’ve had this conversation. You’re wrong, Father. You might be right about demons, you might even be right about the Clave, but this is not the way—”

“I meant,” said Valentine, “when will you see that you’re *just like me*?”

Despite the cold, Jace had begun to sweat. “What?”

“You and I, we’re alike,” said Valentine. “As you said to me before, you are what I made you to be, and I made you as a copy of myself. You have my arrogance. You have my courage. And you have that quality that causes others to give their lives for you without question.”

Something hammered at the back of Jace’s mind. Something he ought to know, or had forgotten—his shoulder *burned*—“I don’t *want* people giving their lives for me,” he cried.

“No. You do. You like knowing that Alec and Isabelle would die for you. That your sister would. The Inquisitor *did* die for you, didn’t she, Jonathan? And you stood by and let her —”

“No!”

“You’re just like me—it isn’t surprising, is it? We’re father and son, why shouldn’t we be alike?”

“*No!*” Jace’s hand shot out and seized the twisted metal strut. It came off in his hand with an explosive snap, its broken edge jagged and wickedly sharp. “*I am not like you!*” he cried, and drove the strut directly into his father’s chest.

Valentine’s mouth opened. He staggered back, the end of the strut protruding from his chest. For a moment Jace could only stare, thinking, *I was wrong—it’s really him*—and then Valentine seemed to collapse in on himself, his body crumbling away like sand. The air was full of the smell of burning as Valentine’s body turned to ash that blew away on the cold air.

Jace put a hand to his shoulder. The skin where the Fearless rune had burned itself away felt hot to the touch. A great sense of weakness overwhelmed him. “*Agramon,*” he whispered, and fell to his knees on the catwalk.



It was only a few moments that he knelt on the ground as his hammering pulse slowed, but to Jace it felt like forever. When he finally stood up, his legs were stiff with cold. His fingertips were blue. The air still stank of something burned, though there was no sign of Agramon.

Still gripping the piece of metal strut, Jace made for the ladder at the end of the catwalk. The effort of clambering down one-handed cleared his head. He dropped from the last rung to find himself on a second narrow catwalk that ran along the side of a vast metal chamber. There were dozens of other catwalks laddering the walls and a variety of pipes and machinery. Banging sounds came from inside the pipes, and

every once in a while one of the pipes would give off a blast of what looked like steam, though the air remained bitterly cold.

Quite a place you've got for yourself here, Father, Jace thought. The bare industrial interior of the ship didn't fit with the Valentine he knew, who was particular about the type of cut crystal his decanters were made out of. Jace glanced around. It was a labyrinth down here; there was no way to know which direction he should go. He turned to climb down the next ladder and noticed a dark red smear on the metal floor.

Blood. He scraped the toe of his boot through it. It was still damp, slightly tacky. Fresh blood. His pulse quickened. Partway down the catwalk, he saw another spot of red, and then another a farther distance away, like a trail of bread crumbs in a fairy tale.

Jace followed the blood, his boots echoing loudly on the metal catwalk. The pattern of the blood splatters was peculiar, not as if there had been a fight, but more as if someone had been carried, bleeding, along the catwalk—

He reached a door. It was made of black metal, silvered here and there with dents and chips. There was a bloody handprint around the knob. Gripping the jagged strut more tightly, Jace pushed the door open.

A wave of even colder air hit him and he sucked in a breath. The room was empty except for a metal pipe that ran along one wall, and what looked like a heap of sacking in the corner. A little light came in through a porthole high up in the wall. As Jace stepped gingerly forward, the light from the porthole fell on the heap in the corner and he realized that it wasn't a pile of trash after all, but a body.

Jace's heart started to bang like an unlocked door in a windstorm.

The metal floor was sticky with blood. His boots pulled away from it with an ugly suctioning sound as he crossed the room and bent down beside the crumpled figure in the corner. A boy, dark-haired and dressed in jeans and a blood-soaked blue T-shirt.

Jace took the body by the shoulder and heaved. It flipped over, limp and boneless, brown eyes staring sightlessly upward. Jace's breath caught in his throat. It *was* Simon. He was white as paper. There was an ugly gash at the base of his throat, and both wrists had been slashed, leaving gaping, ragged-edged wounds.

Jace sank to his knees, still holding Simon's shoulder. He thought hopelessly of Clary, of her pain when she found out, of the way she'd crushed his hands in hers, so much strength in those small fingers. *Find Simon. I know you will.*

And he had. But it was too late.

When Jace was ten, his father had explained to him all the ways to kill vampires. Stake them. Cut their heads off and set them to burning like eerie jack-o'-lanterns. Let the sun scorch them to ashes. Or drain their blood. They needed blood to live, they ran on it, like cars ran on gasoline. Looking at the ragged wound in Simon's throat, it wasn't hard to see what Valentine had done.

Jace reached out to close Simon's staring eyes. If Clary had to see him dead, better she not see him like this. He moved his hand down to the collar of Simon's shirt, meaning to tug it up, to cover the gash.

Simon moved. His eyelids twitched and opened, his eyes rolled back to the whites. He gurgled then, a faint sound, lips curling back, showing the points of vampire fangs. The breath rattled in his slashed throat.

Nausea rose in the back of Jace's throat, his hand tightening on Simon's collar. *He wasn't dead.* But God, the pain, it must be incredible. He couldn't heal, couldn't regenerate, not without—

Not without blood. Jace let go of Simon's shirt and dragged his right sleeve up with his teeth. Using the jagged tip of the broken strut, he slashed a deep cut lengthwise down his wrist. Blood gushed to the surface of the skin. He dropped the strut; it hit the metal floor with a clang. He could smell his own blood in the air, sharp and coppersy.

He looked down at Simon, who hadn't moved. The blood was running down Jace's hand now, his wrist stinging. He held it out over Simon's face, letting the blood drip down his fingers, spill onto Simon's mouth. There was no reaction. Simon wasn't moving. Jace moved closer; he was kneeling over Simon now, his breath making white puffs in the icy air. He leaned down, pressed his bleeding wrist against Simon's mouth. "Drink my blood, idiot," he whispered. "*Drink it.*"

For a moment nothing happened. Then Simon's eyes fluttered shut. Jace felt a sharp sting in his wrist, a sort of pull, a hard pressure—and Simon's right hand flew up and clamped onto Jace's arm, just above the elbow. Simon's back arched off the floor, the pressure on Jace's wrist increasing as Simon's fangs sank deeper. Pain shot up Jace's arm. "Okay," Jace said. "Okay, enough."

Simon's eyes opened. The whites were gone, the dark brown irises focused on Jace. There was color in his cheeks, a hectic flush like a fever. His lips were slightly parted, the white fangs stained with blood.

"Simon?" Jace said.

Simon rose up. He moved with incredible speed, knocking Jace sideways and rolling on top of him. Jace's head hit the metal floor, his ears ringing as Simon's teeth sank into his neck. He tried to twist away, but the other boy's arms were like iron bars, pinning him to the ground, fingers digging into his shoulders.

But Simon wasn't hurting him—not really—the pain that had started out sharp faded to a sort of dull burn, pleasant the way the burn of the stele was sometimes pleasant. A drowsy sense of peace stole through Jace's veins and he felt his muscles relax; the hands that had been trying to push Simon away a moment ago now pressed him closer. He could feel the beat of his own heart, feel it slowing, its hammering fading to a softer echo. A shimmering darkness crept in at the corners of his vision, beautiful and strange. Jace closed his eyes—

Pain lanced through his neck. He gasped and his eyes flew open; Simon was sitting up on him, staring down with wide

eyes, his hand across his own mouth. Simon's wounds were gone, though fresh blood stained the front of his shirt.

Jace could feel the pain of his bruised shoulders again, the slash across his wrist, his punctured throat. He could no longer hear his heart beating, but knew it was slamming away inside his chest.

Simon took his hand away from his mouth. The fangs were gone. "I could have killed you," he said. There was a sort of pleading in his voice.

"I would have let you," said Jace.

Simon stared down at him, then made a noise in the back of his throat. He rolled off Jace and hit the floor on his knees, hugging his elbows. Jace could see the dark tracery of Simon's veins through the pale skin of his throat, branching blue and purple lines. Veins full of blood.

My blood. Jace sat up. He fumbled for his stele. Dragging it across his arm felt like hauling a lead pipe across a football field. His head throbbed. When he finished the *iratze*, he leaned his head back against the wall behind him, breathing hard, the pain leaving him as the healing rune took effect. *My blood in his veins.*

"I'm sorry," Simon said. "I'm so sorry."

The healing rune was having its effect. Jace's head started to clear and the banging in his chest slowed. He got to his feet, carefully, expecting a wave of dizziness, but he felt only a little weak and tired. Simon was still on his knees, staring down at his hands. Jace reached down and grabbed the back of his shirt, hauling him to his feet. "Don't apologize," he said, letting Simon go. "Just get moving. Valentine has Clary and we haven't got much time."



The second her fingers closed around the hilt of Maellartach, a searing blast of cold shot up Clary's arm. Valentine watched with an expression of mild interest as she gasped with pain, her fingers going numb. She clutched desperately at the

Sword, but it slipped from her grasp and clattered to the ground at her feet.

She barely saw Valentine move. A moment later he was standing in front of her with the Sword in his grasp. Clary's hand was stinging. She glanced down and saw that a red, burning weal was rising along her palm.

"Did you really think," Valentine said, a tinge of disgust coloring his voice, "that I'd let you near a weapon I thought you could use?" He shook his head. "You didn't understand a word I said, did you? It appears that of my two children, only one seems capable of understanding the truth."

Clary closed her injured hand into a fist, almost welcoming the pain. "If you mean Jace, he hates you too."

Valentine swung the Sword up, bringing the tip of it level with Clary's collarbone. "That is enough," he said, "out of you."

The tip of the Sword was sharp; when she breathed, it pricked her throat, and a trickle of blood threaded its way down her chest. The Sword's touch seemed to spill cold through her veins, sending sizzling ice particles through her arms and legs, numbing her hands.

"Ruined by your upbringing," Valentine said. "Your mother was always a stubborn woman. It was one of the things I loved about her in the beginning. I thought she would stand by her ideals."

It was strange, Clary thought with a detached sort of horror, that when she had seen her father before at Renwick's, his considerable personal charisma had been on display for Jace's benefit. Now he wasn't bothering, and without the surface patina of charm, he seemed—empty. Like a hollow statue, eyes cut out to show only darkness inside.

"Tell me, Clarissa—did your mother ever talk about me?"

"She told me my father was dead." *Don't say anything else*, she warned herself, but she was sure he could read the rest of the words in her eyes. *And I wish she had been telling the truth.*

“And she never told you you were different? Special?”

Clary swallowed, and the tip of the blade cut a little deeper. More blood trickled down her chest. “She never told me I was a Shadowhunter.”

“Do you know why,” Valentine said, looking down the length of the Sword at her, “your mother left me?”

Tears burned the back of Clary’s throat. She made a choking noise. “You mean there was only *one* reason?”

“She told me,” he went on, as if Clary hadn’t spoken, “that I had turned her first child into a monster. She left me before I could do the same to her second. You. *But she was too late.*”

The cold at her throat, in her limbs, was so intense that she was beyond shivering. It was as if the Sword was turning her to ice. “She’d never say that,” Clary whispered. “Jace isn’t a monster. Neither am I.”

“I wasn’t talking about—”

The trapdoor over their heads slammed open and two shadowy figures dropped from the hole, landing just behind Valentine. The first, Clary saw with a bright shock of relief, was Jace, falling through the air like an arrow shot from a bow, sure of its target. He hit the floor with an assured lightness. He was clutching a bloodstained steel strut in one hand, its end broken off to a wicked point.

The second figure landed beside Jace with the same lightness if not the same grace. Clary saw the outline of a slender boy with dark hair and thought, *Alec*. It was only when he straightened and she recognized the familiar face that she realized who it was.

She forgot the Sword, the cold, the pain in her throat, forgot everything. “*Simon!*”

Simon looked across the room at her. Their eyes met for just a moment and Clary hoped he could read in her face her full and overwhelming relief. The tears that had been threatening came, and spilled down her face. She didn’t move to wipe them away.

Valentine turned his head to look behind him, and his mouth sagged in the first expression of honest surprise Clary had ever seen on his face. He whirled to face Jace and Simon.

The moment the point of the Sword left Clary's throat, the ice drained from her, taking all her strength with it. She sank to her knees, shivering uncontrollably. When she raised her hands to wipe the tears away from her face, she saw that the tips of her fingers were white with the beginnings of frostbite.

Jace stared at her in horror, then at his father. "What did you do to her?"

"Nothing," Valentine said, regaining control of himself. "Yet."

To Clary's surprise, Jace paled, as if his father's words had shocked him.

"I'm the one who should be asking you what you've done, Jonathan," Valentine said, and though he spoke to Jace, his eyes were on Simon. "Why is it still alive? Revenants can regenerate, but not with such little blood in them."

"You mean me?" Simon demanded. Clary stared. Simon sounded *different*. He didn't sound like a kid smarting off to an adult; he sounded like someone who felt like he could face Valentine Morgenstern on equal footing. Like someone who *deserved* to face him on equal footing. "Oh, that's right, you left me for dead. Well, dead-er."

"Shut up." Jace shot a glare at Simon; his eyes were very dark. "Let me answer this." He turned to his father. "I let Simon drink my blood," he said. "So he wouldn't die."

Valentine's already severe face settled into harder lines, as if the bones were pushing out through the skin. "You *willingly* let a vampire drink your blood?"

Jace seemed to hesitate for a moment—he glanced over at Simon, who was staring fixedly at Valentine with a look of intense hatred. Then he said, carefully, "Yes."

"You have no idea what you've done, Jonathan," said Valentine in a terrible voice. "No idea."

“I saved a life,” said Jace. “One you tried to take. I know that much.”

“Not a human life,” said Valentine. “You resurrected a monster that will only kill to feed again. His kind are always hungry—”

“I’m hungry right now,” Simon said, and smiled to reveal that his fang teeth had slid from their sheaths. They glittered white and pointed against his lower lip. “I wouldn’t mind a little more blood. Of course your blood would probably choke me, you poisonous piece of—”

Valentine laughed. “I’d like to see you try it, revenant,” he said. “When the Soul-Sword cuts you, you will burn as you die.”

Clary saw Jace’s eyes go to the Sword, and then to her. There was an unspoken question in them. Quickly, she said, “The Sword isn’t turned. Not quite. He didn’t get Maia’s blood, so he didn’t finish the ceremony—”

Valentine turned toward her, Sword in hand, and she saw him smile. The Sword seemed to flick in his grasp, and then something hit her—it was like being knocked over by a wave, thrown down and then lifted against your will and tossed through the air. She rolled across the floor, helpless to stop herself, until she struck the bulkhead with bruising force. She crumpled at the base of it, gasping with breathlessness and pain.

Simon started toward her at a run. Valentine swung the Soul-Sword and a sheet of sheer, blazing fire rose up, sending him stumbling backward with its surging heat.

Clary struggled to raise herself onto her elbows. Her mouth was full of blood. The world swayed around her and she wondered how hard she’d hit her head and if she was going to pass out. She willed herself to stay conscious.

The fire had receded, but Simon was still crouched on the floor, looking dazed. Valentine glanced briefly at him, and then at Jace. “If you kill the revenant now,” he said, “you can still undo what you’ve done.”

“No,” Jace whispered.

“Just take the weapon you hold in your hand and drive it through his heart.” Valentine’s voice was soft. “One simple motion. Nothing you haven’t done before.”

Jace met his father’s stare with a level gaze. “I saw Agramon,” he said. “It had your face.”

“You *saw* Agramon?” The Soul-Sword glittered as Valentine moved toward his son. “And you lived?”

“I killed it.”

“You killed the Demon of Fear, but you won’t kill a single vampire, not even at my order?”

Jace stood watching Valentine without expression. “He’s a vampire, that’s true,” he said. “But his name is Simon.”

Valentine stopped in front of Jace, the Soul-Sword in his hand, burning with a harsh black light. Clary wondered for a terrified moment if Valentine meant to stab Jace where he stood, and if Jace meant to let him. “I take it, then,” Valentine said, “that you haven’t changed your mind? What you told me when you came to me before, that was your final word, or do you regret having disobeyed me?”

Jace shook his head slowly. One hand still clutched the broken strut, but his other hand—his right—was at his waist, drawing something from his belt. His eyes, though, never left Valentine’s, and Clary wasn’t sure Valentine saw what he was doing. She hoped not.

“Yes,” Jace said, “I regret having disobeyed you.”

No! Clary thought, but her heart sank. Was he giving up, did he think it was the only way to save her and Simon?

Valentine’s face softened. “Jonathan—”

“Especially,” Jace said, “since I plan to do it again. Right now.” His hand moved, quick as a flash of light, and something hurtled through the air toward Clary. It fell a few inches from her, hitting the metal with a clang and rolling. Her eyes widened.

It was her mother's stele.

Valentine began to laugh. "A *stele*? Jace, is this some sort of joke? Or have you finally—"

Clary didn't hear the rest of what he said; she heaved herself up, gasping as pain lanced through her head. Her eyes watered, her vision blurred; she reached out a shaking hand for the stele—and as her fingers touched it, she heard a voice, as clear inside her head as if her mother stood beside her. *Take the stele, Clary. Use it. You know what to do.*

Her fingers closed spasmodically around it. She sat up, ignoring the wave of pain that went through her head and down her spine. She was a Shadowhunter, and pain was something you lived with. Dimly, she could hear Valentine call her name, hear his footsteps, coming nearer—and she flung herself at the bulkhead, thrusting the stele forward with such force that when its tip touched the metal, she thought she heard the sizzle of something burning.

She began to draw. As always happened when she drew, the world fell away and there was only herself and the stele and the metal she drew on. She remembered standing outside Jace's cell whispering to herself, *Open, open, open*, and knew that she had drawn on all her strength to create the rune that had broken Jace's bonds. And she knew that the strength she had put into that rune was not a tenth, not a hundredth, of the strength she was putting into *this*. Her hands burned and she cried out as she dragged the stele down the metal wall, leaving a thick black line like char behind it. *Open.*

All her frustration, all her disappointment, all her rage went through her fingers and into the stele and into the rune. *Open.* All her love, all her relief at seeing Simon alive, all her hope that they still might survive. *Open!*

Her hand, still holding the stele, dropped to her lap. For a moment there was utter silence as all of them—Jace, Valentine, even Simon—stared along with her at the rune that burned on the ship's bulkhead.

It was Simon who spoke, turning to Jace. "What does it say?"

But it was Valentine who answered, not taking his eyes from the wall. There was a look on his face—not at all the look Clary had expected, a look that mixed triumph and horror, despair and delight. “It says,” he said, “‘*Mene mene tekel upharsin.*’”

Clary staggered to her feet. “That’s not what it says,” she whispered. “It says open.”

Valentine met her eyes with his own. “Clary—”

The scream of metal drowned out his words. The wall Clary had drawn on, a wall made of sheets of solid steel, warped and shuddered. Rivets tore free of their housings and jets of water sprayed into the room.

She could hear Valentine calling, but his voice was drowned out by the deafening sounds of metal being wrenched from metal as every nail, every screw, and every rivet that held together the enormous ship began tearing free from its moorings.

She tried to run toward Jace and Simon, but fell to her knees as another surge of water came through the widening hole in the wall. This time the wave knocked her down, icy water drawing her under. Somewhere Jace was calling her name, his voice loud and desperate over the screaming of the ship. She shouted his name only once before she was sucked out the jagged hole in the bulkhead and into the river.

She spun and kicked in the black water. Terror gripped her, terror of the blind darkness and of the depths of the river, the millions of tons of water all around her, pressing in on her, choking out the air in her lungs. She couldn’t tell which way was up or which direction to swim. She could no longer hold her breath. She sucked in a lungful of filthy water, her chest bursting with the pain, stars exploding behind her eyes. In her ears the sound of rushing water was replaced by a high, sweet, impossible singing. *I’m dying*, she thought in wonder. A pair of pale hands reached out of the black water and drew her close. Long hair drifted around her. *Mom*, Clary thought, but before she could clearly see her mother’s face, the darkness closed her eyes.



Clary came back to consciousness with voices all around her and lights shining in her eyes. She was flat on her back on the corrugated steel of Luke's truck bed. The gray-black sky swam overhead. She could smell river water all around her, mixed with the smell of smoke and blood. White faces hovered over her like balloons on strings. They swam into focus as she blinked her eyes.

Luke. And Simon. They were both looking down at her with expressions of anxious concern. For a moment she thought Luke's hair had gone white; then, blinking, she realized it was full of ashes. In fact, so was the air—it tasted of ashes—and their clothes and skin were streaked with blackish grime.

She coughed, tasting ash in her mouth. "Where's Jace?"

"He's . . ." Simon's eyes went to Luke, and Clary felt her heart contract.

"He's all right, isn't he?" she demanded. She struggled to sit up and a hard pain shot through her head. "Where is he? Where *is he*?"

"I'm here." Jace appeared at the edge of her vision, his face in shadow. He knelt down next to her. "I'm sorry. I should have been here when you woke up. It's just . . ."

His voice cracked.

"It's just what?" She stared at him; backlit by starlight, his hair was more silver than gold, his eyes bleached of color. His skin was streaked with black and gray.

"He thought you were dead too," Luke said, and stood up abruptly. He was staring out at the river, at something Clary couldn't see. The sky was full of swirls of black and scarlet smoke, as if it were on fire.

"Dead too? Who else—?" She broke off as a nauseating pain gripped her. Jace saw her expression and reached into his pocket, bringing out his stele.

“Hold still, Clary.” There was a burning pain in her forearm, and then her head began to clear. She sat up and saw that she was sitting on a wet plank shoved up against the back of the truck cab. The bed was full of several inches of sloshing water, mixed with swirls of the ash that was sifting down from the sky in a fine black rain.

She glanced at the place where Jace had drawn a healing Mark on the inside of her arm. Her weakness was already receding, as if he’d shot a jolt of strength into her veins.

He traced the line of the *iratze* he’d drawn on her arm with his fingers before he drew back. His hand felt as cold and wet as her skin did. The rest of him was wet too; his hair damp and his soaked clothes sticking to his body.

There was an acrid taste in her mouth, as if she’d licked the bottom of an ashtray. “What happened? Was there a fire?”

Jace glanced toward Luke, who was staring out at the heaving black-gray river. The water was dotted here and there with small boats, but there was no sign of Valentine’s ship. “Yes,” he said. “Valentine’s ship burned down to the waterline. There’s nothing left.”

“Where is everyone?” Clary moved her gaze to Simon, who was the only one of them who was dry. There was a faint greenish cast to his already pale skin, as if he were sick or feverish. “Where are Isabelle and Alec?”

“They’re on one of the other Shadowhunter boats. They’re fine.”

“And Magnus?” She twisted around to look into the truck cab, but it was empty.

“He was needed to tend to some of the more badly wounded Shadowhunters,” said Luke.

“But everyone’s all right? Alec, Isabelle, Maia—they are all right, aren’t they?” Clary’s voice sounded small and thin in her own ears.

“Isabelle was injured,” said Luke. “So was Robert Lightwood. He’ll be needing a good amount of time to heal. Many of the other Shadowhunters, including Malik and

Imogen, are dead. This was a very hard battle, Clary, and it didn't go well for us. Valentine is gone. So is the Sword. The Conclave is in tatters. I don't know—"

He broke off. Clary stared at him. There was something in his voice that frightened her. "I'm sorry," she said. "This was my fault. If I hadn't—"

"If you hadn't done what you did, Valentine would have killed everyone on the ship," said Jace fiercely. "You're the only thing that kept this from being a massacre."

Clary stared at him. "You mean what I did with the rune?"

"You tore that ship to fragments," Luke said. "Every bolt, every rivet, anything that might have held it together, just snapped apart. The whole thing shuddered into pieces. The oil tanks came apart too. Most of us barely had time to jump into the water before it all started to burn. What you did—no one's ever seen anything like it."

"Oh," Clary said in a small voice. "Was anyone—did I hurt anyone?"

"Quite a few of the demons drowned when the ship sank," said Jace. "But none of the Shadowhunters were hurt, no."

"Because they can swim?"

"Because they were rescued. Nixies pulled us all out of the water."

Clary thought of the hands in the water, the impossible sweet singing that had surrounded her. So it hadn't been her mother after all. "You mean water faeries?"

"The Queen of the Seelie Court came through, in her way," said Jace. "She did promise us what aid was in her power."

"But how did she . . ." *How did she know?* Clary was going to say, but she thought of the Queen's wise and cunning eyes, and of Jace throwing that bit of white paper into the water by the beach in Red Hook, and decided not to ask.

"The Shadowhunter boats are starting to move," said Simon, looking out at the river. "I guess they've picked up everyone they could."

“Right.” Luke squared his shoulders. “Time to get going.” He moved slowly toward the truck cab—he was limping, though he seemed otherwise mostly uninjured.

Luke swung himself into the driver’s seat, and in a moment the truck’s engine was roiling again. They took off, skimming the water, the drops splashed up by the wheels catching the gray-silver of the lightening sky.

“This is so weird,” said Simon. “I keep expecting the truck to start sinking.”

“I can’t believe you just went through what we went through and you think *this* is weird,” said Jace, but there was no malice in his tone and no annoyance. He sounded only very, very tired.

“What will happen to the Lightwoods?” Clary asked. “After everything that’s happened—the Clave—”

Jace shrugged. “The Clave works in mysterious ways. I don’t know what they’ll do. They’ll be very interested in you, though. And in what you can do.”

Simon made a noise. Clary thought at first that it was a noise of protest, but when she looked closely at him, she saw he was greener than ever. “What’s wrong, Simon?”

“It’s the river,” he said. “Running water isn’t good for vampires. It’s pure, and—we’re not.”

“The East River’s hardly pure,” said Clary, but she reached out and touched his arm gently anyway. He smiled at her. “Didn’t you fall into the water when the ship came apart?”

“No. There was a piece of metal floating in the water and Jace tossed me onto it. I stayed out of the river.”

Clary looked over her shoulder at Jace. She could see him a little more clearly now; the darkness was fading. “Thank you,” she said. “Do you think . . .”

He raised his eyebrows. “Do I think what?”

“That Valentine might have drowned?”

“Never believe the bad guy is dead until you see a body,” said Simon. “That just leads to unhappiness and surprise ambushes.”

“You’re not wrong,” said Jace. “My guess is he isn’t dead. Otherwise we would have found the Mortal Instruments.”

“Can the Clave go on without them? Whether Valentine’s alive or not?” Clary wondered.

“The Clave always goes on,” said Jace. “That’s all it knows how to do.” He turned his face toward the eastern horizon. “The sun’s coming up.”

Simon went rigid. Clary stared at him in surprise for a moment, and then in shocked horror. She whirled to follow Jace’s gaze. He was right—the eastern horizon was a blood-red stain spreading out from a golden disc. Clary could see the first edge of the sun staining the water around them unearthly hues of green and scarlet and gold.

“*No!*” she whispered.

Jace looked at her in surprise, and then at Simon, who sat motionless, staring at the rising sun like a trapped mouse staring at a cat. Jace got quickly to his feet and walked over to the truck cab. He spoke in a low voice. Clary saw Luke turn to look at her and Simon, and then back at Jace. He shook his head.

The truck lurched forward. Luke must have pressed his foot to the gas. Clary grabbed for the side of the truck bed to steady herself. Up front, Jace was shouting at Luke that there had to be some way to make the damn thing go faster, but Clary knew they’d never outrun the dawn.

“There must be something,” she said to Simon. She couldn’t believe that in less than five minutes she’d gone from incredulous relief to incredulous horror. “We could cover you, maybe, with our clothes—”

Simon was still staring at the sun, white-faced. “A pile of rags won’t work,” he said. “Raphael explained—it takes walls to protect us from sunlight. It’ll burn through cloth.”

“But there must be something—”

“Clary.” She could see him clearly now, in the gray predawn light, his eyes huge and dark in his white face. He held out his hands to her. “Come here.”

She fell against him, trying to cover as much of his body as she could with her own. She knew it was useless. When the sun touched him, he’d fall away to ashes.

They sat for a moment in perfect stillness, arms wrapped around each other. Clary could feel the rise and fall of his chest—habit, she reminded herself, not necessity. He might not breathe, but he could still die.

“I won’t let you die,” she said.

“I don’t think you get a choice.” She felt him smile. “I didn’t think I’d get to see the sun again,” he said. “I guess I was wrong.”

“Simon—”

Jace shouted something. Clary looked up. The sky was flooded with rose-colored light, like dye poured into clear water. Simon tensed under her. “I love you,” he said. “I have never loved anyone else but you.”

Gold threads shot through the rosy sky like the gold veining in expensive marble. The water around them blazed with light and Simon went rigid, his head falling back, his open eyes filling with gold as if molten liquid were rising inside of him. Black lines appeared on his skin like cracks in a shattered statue.

“*Simon!*” Clary screamed. She reached for him but felt herself hauled suddenly backward; it was Jace, his hands gripping her shoulders. She tried to pull away but he held her tightly; he was saying something in her ear, over and over, and only after a few moments did she even begin to understand him:

“Clary, look. *Look.*”

“No!” Her hands flew to her face. She could taste the brackish water from the bottom of the truck bed on her palms. It was salty, like tears. “I don’t want to look. I don’t want to —”

“Clary.” Jace’s hands were at her wrists, pulling her hands away from her face. The dawn light stung her eyes. *“Look.”*

She looked. And heard her own breath whistle harshly in her lungs as she gasped. Simon was sitting up at the back of the truck, in a patch of sunlight, openmouthed and staring down at himself. The sun danced on the water behind him and the edges of his hair glinted like gold. He had not burned away to ash, but sat unscorched in the sunlight, and the pale skin of his face and arms and hands was entirely unmarked.



Outside the Institute, night was falling. The faint red of sunset glowed in through the windows of Jace’s bedroom as he stared at the pile of his belongings on the bed. The pile was much smaller than he thought it would be. Seven whole years of life in this place, and this was all he had to show for it: half a duffel bag’s worth of clothes, a small stack of books, and a few weapons.

He had debated whether he should bring the few things he’d saved from the manor house in Idris with him when he left tonight. Magnus had given him back his father’s silver ring, which he no longer felt comfortable wearing. He had hung it on a loop of chain around his throat. In the end, he had decided to take everything: There was no point leaving anything of himself behind in this place.

He was packing the duffel with clothes when a knock sounded at the door. He went to it, expecting Alec or Isabelle.

It was Maryse. She wore a severe black dress and her hair was pulled back sharply from her face. She looked older than he remembered her. Two deep lines ran from the corners of her mouth to her jaw. Only her eyes had any color. “Jace,” she said. “Can I come in?”

“You can do what you like,” he said, returning to the bed. “It’s your house.” He grabbed up a handful of shirts and stuffed them into the duffel bag with possibly unnecessary force.

“Actually, it’s the Clave’s house,” said Maryse. “We’re only its guardians.”

Jace shoved books into the bag. “Whatever.”

“What are you doing?” If Jace hadn’t known better, he would have thought her voice wavered slightly.

“I’m packing,” he said. “It’s what people generally do when they’re moving out.”

She blanched. “Don’t leave,” she said. “If you want to stay —”

“I don’t want to stay. I don’t belong here.”

“Where will you go?”

“Luke’s,” he said, and saw her flinch. “For a while. After that, I don’t know. Maybe to Idris.”

“Is that where you think you belong?” There was an aching sadness in her voice.

Jace stopped packing for a moment and stared down at his bag. “I don’t know where I belong.”

“With your family.” Maryse took a tentative step forward. “With us.”

“You threw me out.” Jace heard the harshness in his own voice, and tried to soften it. “I’m sorry,” he said, turning to look at her. “About everything that’s happened. But you didn’t want me before, and I can’t imagine you want me now. Robert’s going to be sick awhile; you’ll be needing to take care of him. I’ll just be in the way.”

“In the way?” She sounded incredulous. “Robert wants to *see* you, Jace—”

“I doubt that.”

“What about Alec? Isabelle, Max—they need you. If you don’t believe me that I want you here—and I couldn’t blame you if you didn’t—you must know that they do. We’ve been through a bad time, Jace. Don’t hurt them more than they’re already hurt.”

“That’s not fair.”

“I don’t blame you if you hate me.” Her voice *was* wavering. Jace swung around to stare at her in surprise. “But what I did—even throwing you out—treating you as I did, it was to protect you. And because I was afraid.”

“Afraid of me?”

She nodded.

“Well, that makes me feel *much* better.”

Maryse took a deep breath. “I thought you would break my heart like Valentine did,” she said. “You were the first thing I loved, you see, after him, that wasn’t my own blood. The first living creature. And you were just a child—”

“You thought I was someone else.”

“No. I’ve always known just who you are. Ever since the first time I saw you getting off the ship from Idris, when you were ten years old—you walked into my heart, just as my own children did when they were born.” She shook her head. “You can’t understand. You’ve never been a parent. You never love anything like you love your children. And nothing can make you angrier.”

“I did notice the angry part,” Jace said, after a pause.

“I don’t expect you to forgive me,” Maryse said. “But if you’d stay for Isabelle and Alec and Max, I’d be so grateful —”

It was the wrong thing to say. “I don’t want your gratitude,” Jace said, and turned back to the duffel bag. There was nothing left to put in it. He tugged at the zipper.

“*A la claire fontaine,*” Maryse said, “*m’en allant promener.*”

He turned to look at her. “What?”

“*Il y a longtemps que je t’aime. Jamais je ne t’oublierai—* it’s the old French ballad I used to sing to Alec and Isabelle. The one you asked me about.”

There was very little light in the room now, and in the dimness Maryse looked to him almost as she had when he was ten years old, as if she had not changed at all in the past seven years. She looked severe and worried, anxious—and hopeful. She looked like the only mother he'd ever known.

“You were wrong that I never sang it to you,” she said. “It’s just that you never heard me.”

Jace said nothing, but he reached out and yanked the zipper open on the duffel bag, letting his belongings spill out onto the bed.

Epilogue

“Clary!” Simon’s mother beamed all over her face at the sight of the girl standing on her doorstep. “I haven’t seen you for ages. I was starting to worry you and Simon had had a fight.”

“Oh, no,” Clary said. “I just wasn’t feeling well, that’s all.” *Even when you’ve got magic healing runes, apparently you’re not invulnerable.* She hadn’t been surprised to wake up the morning after the battle to find she had a pounding headache and a fever; she’d thought she had a cold—who wouldn’t, after freezing in wet clothes on the open water for hours at night?—but Magnus said she had most likely exhausted herself creating the rune that had destroyed Valentine’s ship.

Simon’s mother clucked sympathetically. “The same bug Simon had the week before last, I bet. He could barely get out of bed.”

“He’s better now, though, right?” Clary said. She knew it was true, but she didn’t mind hearing it again.

“He’s fine. He’s out in the back garden, I think. Just go on through the gate.” She smiled. “He’ll be happy to see you.”

The redbrick row houses on Simon’s street were divided by pretty white wrought iron fences, each of which had a gate that led to a tiny patch of garden in the back of the house. The sky was bright blue and the air cool, despite the sunny skies. Clary could taste the tang of future snow on the air.

She fastened the gate shut behind her and went looking for Simon. He was in the back garden, as promised, lying on a plastic lounging chair with a comic open in his lap. He pushed it aside when he saw Clary, sat up, and grinned. “Hey, baby.”

“*Baby?*” She perched beside him on the chair. “You’re kidding me, right?”

“I was trying it out. No?”

“No,” she said firmly, and leaned over to kiss him on the mouth. When she drew back, his fingers lingered in her hair, but his eyes were thoughtful.

“I’m glad you came over,” he said.

“Me too. I would have come sooner, but—”

“You were sick. I know.” She’d spent the week texting him from Luke’s couch, where she’d lain wrapped up in a blanket watching *CSI* reruns. It was comforting to spend time in a world where every puzzle had a detectable, scientific answer.

“I’m better now.” She glanced around and shivered, pulling her white cardigan closer around her body. “What are you doing lying around outside in this weather, anyway? Aren’t you freezing?”

Simon shook his head. “I don’t really feel cold or heat anymore. Besides”—his mouth curled into a smile—“the kissing stuff; I want to spend as much time in the sunlight as I can. I still get sleepy during the day, but I’m fighting it.”

She touched the back of her hand to his cheek. His face was warm from the sun, but underneath, the skin was cool. “But everything else is still . . . still the same?”

“You mean am I still a vampire? Yeah. It looks like it. Still want to drink blood, still no heartbeat. I’ll have to avoid the doctor, but since vampires don’t get sick . . .” He shrugged.

“And you talked to Raphael? He still has no idea why you can go out into the sun?”

“None. He seems pretty pissed about it too.” Simon blinked at her sleepily, as if it were two in the morning instead of the afternoon. “I think it upsets his ideas about the way things should be. Plus he’s going to have a harder job getting me to roam the night when I’m determined to roam the day instead.”

“You’d think he’d be thrilled.”

“Vampires don’t like change. They’re very traditional.” He smiled at her, and she thought, *He’ll always look like this. When I’m fifty or sixty, he’ll still look sixteen.* It wasn’t a

happy thought. “Anyway, this’ll be good for my music career. If that Anne Rice stuff is anything to go by, vampires make great rock stars.”

“I’m not sure that information is reliable.”

He leaned back against the chair. “What is? Besides you, of course.”

“*Reliable?* Is that how you think of me?” she demanded in mock indignation. “That’s not very romantic.”

A shadow passed across his face. “Clary . . .”

“What? What is it?” She reached for his hand and held it. “You’re using your bad news voice.”

He looked away from her. “I don’t know if it’s bad news or not.”

“Everything’s one or the other,” Clary said. “Just tell me you’re all right.”

“I’m all right,” he said. “But—I don’t think we should see each other anymore.”

Clary almost fell off the lounge chair. “*You don’t want to be friends anymore?*”

“Clary—”

“Is it because of the demons? Because I got you turned into a vampire?” Her voice was rising higher and higher. “I know everything’s been crazy, but I can keep you away from all that. I can—”

Simon winced. “You’re starting to sound like a dolphin, do you know that? Stop.”

Clary stopped.

“I still want to be friends,” he said. “It’s the *other* stuff I’m not so sure about.”

“Other stuff?”

He started to blush. She hadn’t known vampires *could* blush. It looked startling against his pale skin. “The girlfriend-boyfriend stuff.”

She was silent for a long moment, searching for words. Finally, she said: “At least you didn’t say ‘the kissing stuff.’ I was afraid you were going to call it that.”

He looked down at their hands, where they lay intertwined on the plastic of the lounge chair. Her fingers looked small against his, but for the first time, her skin was a shade darker. He stroked his thumb absently over her knuckles and said, “I wouldn’t have called it that.”

“I thought this was what you wanted,” she said. “I thought you said that—”

He looked up at her through his dark lashes. “That I loved you? I do love you. But that’s not the whole story.”

“Is this because of Maia?” Her teeth had started to chatter, only partly from the cold. “Because you like her?”

Simon hesitated. “No. I mean, yes, I like her, but not the way you mean. It’s just that when I’m around her—I know what it’s like to have someone like *me* that way. And it’s not like it is with you.”

“But you don’t love her—”

“Maybe I could someday.”

“Maybe I could love *you* someday.”

“If you ever do,” he said, “come and let me know. You know where to find me.”

Her teeth were chattering harder. “I can’t lose you, Simon. I *can’t*.”

“You never will. I’m not leaving you. But I’d rather have what we have, which is real and true and important, than have you pretend anything else. When I’m with you, I want to know I’m with the real you, the real Clary.”

She leaned her head against his, closing her eyes. He still felt like Simon, despite everything; still smelled like him, like his laundry soap. “Maybe I don’t know who that is.”

“But I do.”



Luke's brand-new pickup was idling by the curb when Clary left Simon's house, fastening the gate shut behind her.

"You dropped me off. You didn't have to pick me up too," she said, swinging herself up into the cab beside him. Trust Luke to replace his old, destroyed truck with a new one that was exactly like it.

"Forgive me my paternal panic," said Luke, handing her a waxed paper cup of coffee. She took a sip—no milk and lots of sugar, the way she liked it. "I tend to get a little nervous when you're not in my immediate line of sight these days."

"Oh, yeah?" Clary held the coffee tightly to keep it from spilling as they bumped down the potholed road. "How long do you think that's going to go on for?"

Luke looked considering. "Not long. Five, maybe six years."

"Luke!"

"I plan to let you start dating when you're thirty, if that helps."

"Actually, that doesn't sound so bad. I may not be ready until I'm thirty."

Luke looked at her sideways. "You and Simon . . . ?"

She waved the hand that wasn't holding the coffee cup. "Don't ask."

"I see." He probably did. "Did you want me to drop you at home?"

"You're going to the hospital, right?" She could tell from the nervous tension underlying his jokes. "I'll go with you."

They were on the bridge now, and Clary looked out over the river, nursing her coffee thoughtfully. She never got tired of this view, the narrow river of water between the canyon walls of Manhattan and Brooklyn. It glittered in the sun like aluminum foil. She wondered why she'd never tried to draw it. She remembered asking her mother once why she'd never used her as a model, never drawn her own daughter. "To draw something is to try to capture it forever," Jocelyn had said,

sitting on the floor with a paintbrush dripping cadmium blue onto her jeans. “If you really love something, you never try to keep it the way it is forever. You have to let it be free to change.”

But I hate change. She took a deep breath. “Luke,” she said. “Valentine said something to me when I was on the ship, something about—”

“Nothing good ever starts with the words ‘Valentine said,’” muttered Luke.

“Maybe not. But it was about you and my mom. He said you were in love with her.”

Silence. They were stopped in traffic on the bridge. She could hear the sound of the Q train rumbling past. “Do *you* think that’s true?” Luke said at last.

“Well.” Clary could sense the tension in the air and tried to choose her words carefully. “I don’t know. I mean, he said it before and I just dismissed it as paranoia and hatred. But this time I started thinking, and well—it is sort of weird that you’ve always been around, you’ve been like a dad to me, we practically lived on the farm in the summer, and yet neither you nor my mom ever dated anyone else. So I thought maybe . . .”

“You thought maybe what?”

“That maybe you’ve been together all this time and you just didn’t want to tell me. Maybe you thought I was too young to get it. Maybe you were afraid it would start me asking questions about my dad. But I’m not too young to get it anymore. You can tell me. I guess that’s what I’m saying. You can tell me anything.”

“Maybe not anything.” There was another silence as the truck inched forward in the crawling traffic. Luke squinted into the sun, his fingers tapping on the wheel. Finally, he said, “You’re right. I am in love with your mother.”

“That’s great,” Clary said, trying to sound supportive despite how gross the idea happened to be of people her mom’s and Luke’s age being in love.

“But,” he said, finishing, “she doesn’t know it.”

“She doesn’t know it?” Clary made a wide sweeping gesture with her arm. Fortunately, her coffee cup was empty. “How could she not know? Haven’t you told her?”

“As a matter of fact,” said Luke, slamming his foot down on the gas so that the truck lurched forward, “no.”

“Why not?”

Luke sighed and rubbed his stubbled chin tiredly. “Because,” he said. “It never seemed like the right time.”

“That is a lame excuse, and you know it.”

Luke managed to make a noise halfway between a chuckle and a grunt of annoyance. “Maybe, but it’s the truth. When I first realized how I felt about Jocelyn, I was the same age you are. Sixteen. And we’d all just met Valentine. I wasn’t any competition for him. I was even a little glad that if it wasn’t going to be me she wanted, it was going to be someone who really deserved her.” His voice hardened. “When I realized how wrong I was about that, it was too late. When we ran away together from Idris, and she was pregnant with you, I offered to marry her, to take care of her. I said it didn’t matter who the father of her baby was, I’d raise it like my own. She thought I was being charitable. I couldn’t convince her I was being as selfish as I knew how to be. She told me she didn’t want to be a burden on me, that it was too much to ask of anyone. After she left me in Paris, I went back to Idris but I was always restless, never happy. There was always that part of me missing, the part that was Jocelyn. I would dream that she was somewhere needing my help, that she was calling out to me and I couldn’t hear her. Finally I went looking for her.”

“I remember she was happy,” Clary said in a small voice. “When you found her.”

“She was and she wasn’t. She was glad to see me, but at the same time I symbolized for her that whole world she’d run from, and she wanted no part of it. She agreed to let me stay when I promised I’d give up all ties to the pack, to the Clave, to Idris, to all of it. I would have offered to move in with both

of you, but Jocelyn thought my transformations would be too hard to hide from you, and I had to agree. I bought the bookstore, took a new name, and pretended Lucian Graymark was dead. And for all intents and purposes, he has been.”

“You really did a lot for my mom. You gave up a whole life.”

“I would have done more,” Luke said matter-of-factly. “But she was so adamant about wanting nothing to do with the Clave or Downworld, and whatever I might pretend, I’m still a lycanthrope. I’m a living reminder of all of that. And she was so sure she wanted *you* never to know any of it. You know, I never agreed with the trips to Magnus, to altering your memories or your Sight, but it was what she wanted and I let her do it because if I’d tried to stop her, she would have sent me away. And there’s no way—no way—she would have let me marry her, be your father and *not* tell you the truth about myself. And that would have brought down everything, all those fragile walls she’d tried so hard to build between herself and the Invisible World. I couldn’t do that to her. So I stayed silent.”

“You mean you never told her how you felt?”

“Your mother isn’t stupid, Clary,” said Luke. He sounded calm, but there was a certain tightness in his voice. “She must have known. I offered to *marry* her. However kind her denials might have been, I do know one thing: She knows how I feel and she doesn’t feel the same way.”

Clary was silent.

“It’s all right,” Luke said, trying for lightness. “I accepted it a long time ago.”

Clary’s nerves were singing with a sudden tension that she didn’t think was from the caffeine. She pushed back thoughts about her own life. “You offered to marry her, but did you say it was because you loved her? It doesn’t sound like it.”

Luke was silent.

“I think you should have told her the truth. I think you’re wrong about how she feels.”

“I’m not, Clary.” Luke’s voice was firm: *That’s enough now.*

“I remember once I asked her why she didn’t date,” Clary said, ignoring his admonishing tone. “She said it was because she’d already given her heart. I thought she meant to my dad, but now—now I’m not so sure.”

Luke looked actually astonished. “She *said* that?” He caught himself, and added, “Probably she did mean Valentine, you know.”

“I don’t think so.” She shot him a look out of the corner of her eye. “Besides, don’t you hate it? Not ever saying how you really feel?”

This time the silence lasted until they were off the bridge and rumbling down Orchard Street, lined with shops and restaurants whose signs were in beautiful Chinese characters of curling gold and red. “Yes, I hated it,” Luke said. “At the time, I thought what I had with you and your mother was better than nothing. But if you can’t tell the truth to the people you care about the most, eventually you stop being able to tell the truth to yourself.”

There was a sound like rushing water in Clary’s ears. Looking down, she saw that she’d crushed the empty waxed-paper cup she was holding into an unrecognizable ball.

“Take me to the Institute,” she said. “Please.”

Luke looked over at her in surprise. “I thought you wanted to come to the hospital?”

“I’ll meet you there when I’m finished,” she said. “There’s something I have to do first.”



The lower level of the Institute was full of sunlight and pale dust motes. Clary ran down the narrow aisle between the pews, threw herself at the elevator, and stabbed at the button. “Come on, come *on*,” she muttered. “Come—”

The golden doors creaked open. Jace was standing inside the elevator. His eyes widened when he saw her.

“—on,” Clary finished, and dropped her arm. “Oh. Hi.”

He stared at her. “Clary?”

“You cut your hair,” she said without thinking. It was true—the long metallic strands were no longer falling in his face, but were neatly and evenly cut. It made him look more civilized, even a little older. He was dressed neatly too, in a dark blue sweater and jeans. Something silver glinted at his throat, just under the collar of the sweater.

He raised a hand. “Oh. Right. Maryse cut it.” The door of the elevator began to slide closed; he held it back. “Did you need to come up to the Institute?”

She shook her head. “I just wanted to talk to you.”

“Oh.” He looked a little surprised at that, but stepped out of the elevator, letting the door clang shut behind him. “I was just running over to Taki’s to pick up some food. No one really feels like cooking....”

“I understand,” Clary said, then wished she hadn’t. It wasn’t as if the Lightwoods’ desire to cook or not cook had anything to do with her.

“We can talk there,” Jace said. He started toward the door, then paused and looked back at her. Standing between two of the burning candelabras, their light casting a pale gold overlay onto his hair and skin, he looked like a painting of an angel. Her heart constricted. “Are you coming, or not?” he snapped, not sounding angelic in the least.

“Oh. Right. I’m coming.” She hurried to catch up with him.

As they walked to Taki’s, Clary tried to keep the conversation away from topics related to her, Jace, or her and Jace. Instead, she asked him how Isabelle, Max, and Alec were doing.

Jace hesitated. They were crossing First and a cool breeze was blowing up the avenue. The sky was a cloudless blue, a perfect New York autumn day.

“I’m sorry.” Clary winced at her own stupidity. “They must be pretty miserable. All these people they knew are dead.”

“It’s different for Shadowhunters,” Jace said. “We’re warriors. We expect death in a way you—”

Clary couldn’t help a sigh. “‘You *mundanes* don’t.’ That’s what you were going to say, isn’t it?”

“I was,” he admitted. “Sometimes it’s hard even for me to know what you really are.”

They had stopped in front of Taki’s, with its sagging roof and windowless facade. The ifrit who guarded the front door gazed down at them with suspicious red eyes.

“I’m Clary,” she said.

Jace looked down at her. The wind was blowing her hair across her face. He reached out and pushed it back, almost absently. “I know.”

Inside, they found a corner booth and slid into it. The diner was nearly empty: Kaelie, the pixie waitress, lounged against the counter, lazily fluttering her blue-white wings. She and Jace had dated once. A pair of werewolves occupied another booth. They were eating raw shanks of lamb and arguing about who would win in a fight: Dumbledore from the Harry Potter books or Magnus Bane.

“Dumbledore would totally win,” said the first one. “He has the badass Killing Curse.”

The second lycanthrope made a trenchant point. “But Dumbledore isn’t real.”

“I don’t think Magnus Bane is real either,” scoffed the first. “Have you ever *met* him?”

“This is so weird,” said Clary, slinking down in her seat. “Are you listening to them?”

“No. It’s rude to eavesdrop.” Jace was studying the menu, which gave Clary the opportunity to covertly study him. *I never look at you*, she’d told him. It was true too, or at least she never looked at him the way she wanted to, with an artist’s eye. She would always get lost, distracted by a detail: the curve of his cheekbone, the angle of his eyelashes, the shape of his mouth.

“You’re staring at me,” he said, without looking up from the menu. “Why are you staring at me? Is something wrong?”

Kaelie’s arrival at their table saved Clary from having to answer. Her pen, Clary noticed, was a silvery birch twig. She regarded Clary curiously out of all-blue eyes. “Do you know what you want?”

Unprepared, Clary ordered a few random items off the menu. Jace asked for a plate of sweet potato fries and a number of dishes to be boxed up and brought home to the Lightwoods. Kaelie departed, leaving behind the faint smell of flowers.

“Tell Alec and Isabelle I’m sorry about everything that happened,” Clary said when Kaelie was out of earshot. “And tell Max that I’ll take him to Forbidden Planet anytime.”

“Only mundanes say they’re sorry when what they mean is ‘I share your grief,’” Jace observed. “None of it was your fault, Clary.” His eyes were suddenly bright with hate. “It was Valentine’s.”

“I take it there’s been no . . .”

“No sign of him? No. I’d guess he’s holed up somewhere until he can finish what he started with the Sword. After that . . .” Jace shrugged.

“After that, what?”

“I don’t know. He’s a lunatic. It’s hard to guess what a lunatic will do next.” But he avoided her eyes, and Clary knew what he was thinking: *War*. That was what Valentine wanted. War with the Shadowhunters. And he would get it too. It was only a matter of where he would strike first. “Anyway, I doubt that’s what you came to talk to me about, is it?”

“No.” Now that the moment had come, Clary was having a hard time finding words. She caught a glimpse of her reflection in the silvery side of the napkin holder. White cardigan, white face, hectic flush in her cheeks. She looked like she had a fever. She felt a little like it too. “I’ve been wanting to talk to you for the past few days—”

“You could have fooled me.” His voice was unnaturally sharp. “Every time I called you, Luke said you were sick. I figured you were avoiding me. Again.”

“I wasn’t.” It seemed to her that there were vast amounts of empty space between them, though the booth wasn’t that big and they weren’t sitting that far apart. “I did want to talk to you. I’ve been thinking about you all the time.”

He made a noise of surprise and held his hand out across the table. She took it, a wave of relief breaking over her. “I’ve been thinking about you, too.”

His grip was warm on hers, comforting, and she remembered how she’d taken the bloody shard of the Portal out of his hand at Renwick’s—the only thing that was left of his old life—and how he had pulled her into his arms. “I really was sick,” she said. “I swear. I almost died back there on the ship, you know.”

He let her hand go, but he was staring at her, almost as if he meant to memorize her face. “I know,” he said. “Every time you almost die, I almost die myself.”

His words made her heart rattle in her chest as if she’d swallowed a mouthful of caffeine. “Jace. I came to tell you that—”

“Wait. Let me talk first.” He held his hands up as if to ward off her next words. “Before you say anything, I wanted to apologize to you.”

“Apologize? For what?”

“For not listening to you.” He raked his hair back with both hands and she noticed a little scar, a tiny silver line, on the side of his throat. It hadn’t been there before. “You kept telling me that I couldn’t have what I wanted from you, and I kept pushing at you and pushing at you and not listening to you at all. I just wanted you and I didn’t care what anybody else had to say about it. Not even you.”

Her mouth went suddenly dry, but before she could say anything, Kaelie was back, with Jace’s fries and a number of plates for Clary. Clary stared down at what she’d ordered. A

green milk shake, what looked like raw hamburger steak, and a plate of chocolate-dipped crickets. Not that it mattered; her stomach was knotted up too much to even consider eating. “Jace,” she said, as soon as the waitress was gone. “You didn’t do anything wrong. You—”

“No. Let me finish.” He was staring down at his fries as if they held the secrets of the universe. “Clary, I have to say it now or—or I won’t say it.” His words tumbled out in a rush: “I thought I’d lost my family. And I don’t mean Valentine. I mean the Lightwoods. I thought they’d finished with me. I thought there was nothing left in my world but you. I—I was crazy with loss and I took it out on you and I’m sorry. You were right.”

“No. I was stupid. I was cruel to you—”

“You had every right to be.” He raised his eyes to look at her and she was suddenly and strangely reminded of being four years old at the beach, crying when the wind came up and blew away the castle she had made. Her mother had told her she could make another one if she liked, but it hadn’t stopped her crying because what she had thought was permanent was not permanent after all, but only made out of sand that vanished at the touch of wind or water. “What you said was true. We don’t live or love in a vacuum. There are people around us who care about us who would be hurt, maybe destroyed, if we let ourselves feel what we might want to feel. To be that selfish, it would mean—it would mean being like Valentine.”

He spoke his father’s name with such finality that Clary felt it like a door slamming in her face.

“I’ll just be your brother from now on,” he said, looking at her with a hopeful expectation that she would be pleased, which made her want to scream that he was smashing her heart into pieces and he had to stop. “That’s what you wanted, isn’t it?”

It took her a long time to answer, and when she did, her own voice sounded like an echo, coming from very far away. “Yes,” she said, and she heard the rush of waves in her ears,

and her eyes stung as if from sand or salt spray. “That’s what I wanted.”



Clary walked numbly up the wide steps that led up to Beth Israel’s big glass front doors. In a way, she was glad she was here rather than anywhere else. What she wanted more than anything was to throw herself into her mother’s arms and cry, even if she could never explain to her mother what she was crying about. Since she couldn’t do that, sitting next to her mother’s bed and crying seemed like the next best option.

She’d held it together pretty well at Taki’s, even hugging Jace good-bye when she left. She hadn’t started bawling till she’d gotten on the subway, and then she’d found herself crying about everything she hadn’t cried about yet, Jace and Simon and Luke and her mother and even Valentine. She’d cried loudly enough that the man sitting across from her had offered her a tissue, and she’d screamed, *What do you think you’re looking at, jerk?* at him, because that was what you did in New York. After that she felt a little better.

As she neared the top of the stairs, she realized there was a woman standing there. She was wearing a long dark cloak over a dress, not the sort of thing you usually saw on a Manhattan street. The cloak was made of a dark velvety material and had a wide hood, which was up, hiding her face. Glancing around, Clary saw that no one else on the hospital steps or standing by its doors seemed to notice the apparition. A glamour, then.

She reached the top step and paused, looking up at the woman. She still couldn’t see her face. She said, “Look, if you’re here to see me, just tell me what you want. I’m not really in the mood for all this glamour and secrecy stuff right now.”

She noticed people around her stopping to stare at the crazy girl who was talking to no one. She fought the urge to stick out her tongue at them.

“All right.” The voice was gentle, oddly familiar. The woman reached up and pushed back her hood. Silver hair

spilled out over her shoulders in a flood. It was the woman Clary had seen staring at her in the courtyard of the Marble Cemetery, the same woman who'd saved them from Malik's knife at the Institute. Up close, Clary could see that she had the sort of face that was all angles, too sharp to be pretty, though her eyes were an intense and lovely hazel. "My name is Madeleine. Madeleine Bellefleur."

"And . . . ?" Clary said. "What do you want from me?"

The woman—Madeleine—hesitated. "I knew your mother, Jocelyn," she said. "We were friends in Idris."

"You can't see her," Clary said. "No visitors but family until she gets better."

"But she won't get better."

Clary felt as if she'd been slapped in the face. "*What?*"

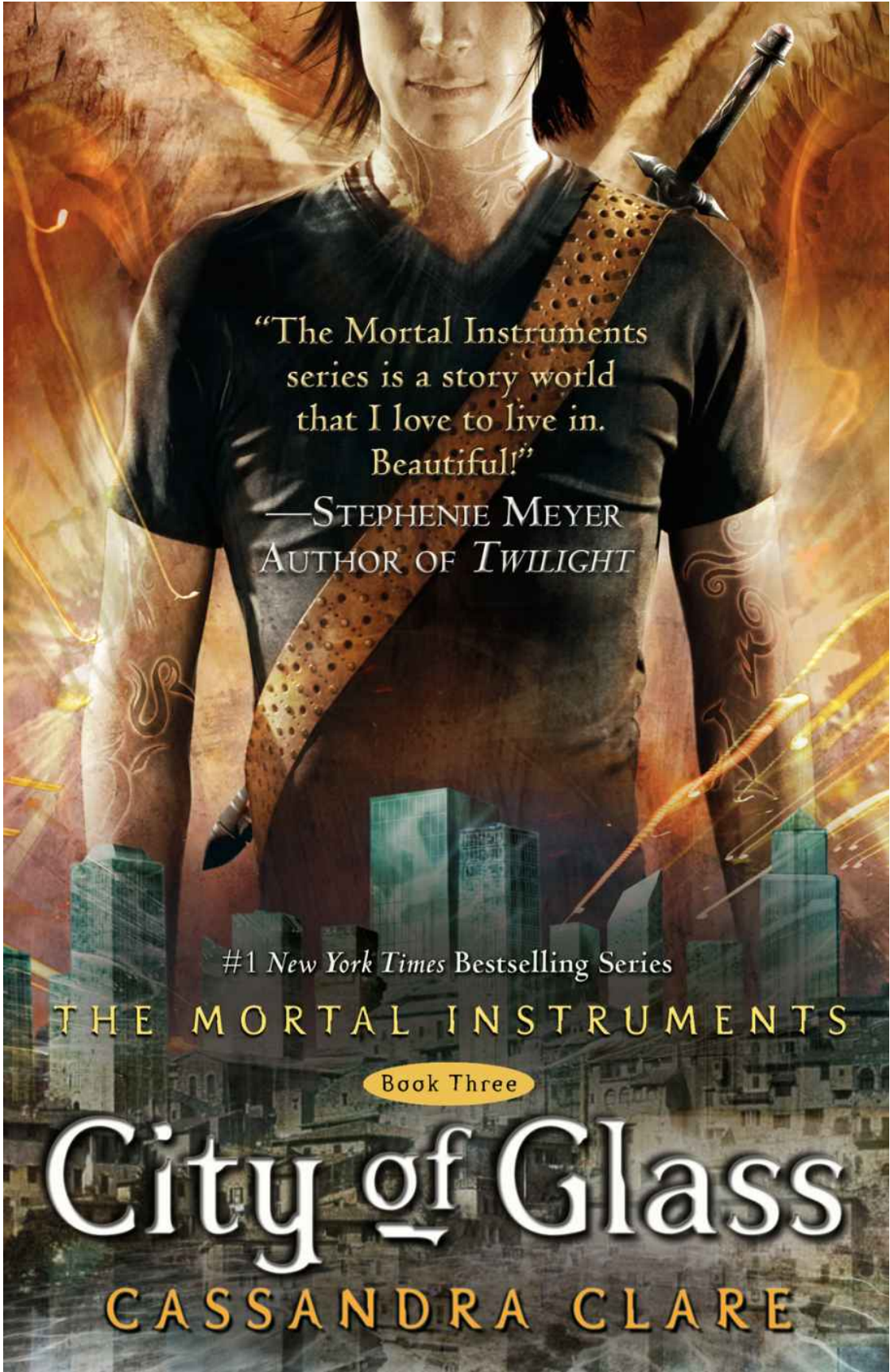
"I'm sorry," Madeleine said. "I didn't mean to upset you. It's just that I know what's wrong with Jocelyn, and there's nothing a mundane hospital can do for her now. What happened to her—she did it to herself, Clarissa."

"No. You don't understand. Valentine—"

"She did it before Valentine got to her. So he couldn't get any information out of her. She planned it that way. It was a secret, a secret she shared with only one other person, and she told only one other person how the spell could be reversed. That person was me."

"You mean—"

"Yes," Madeleine said. "I mean I can show you how to wake your mother up."



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Epilogue Across the Sky in Stars

For my mother.

“I only count the hours that shine.”



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*Long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to Light.*
—John Milton, *Paradise Lost*



Part One

Sparks Fly Upward



*Man is born to trouble
as the sparks fly upward.*

—Job 5:7

1

THE PORTAL

The cold snap of the previous week was over; the sun was shining brightly as Clary hurried across Luke's dusty front yard, the hood of her jacket up to keep her hair from blowing across her face. The weather might have warmed up, but the wind off the East River could still be brutal. It carried with it a faint chemical smell, mixed with the Brooklyn smell of asphalt, gasoline, and burned sugar from the abandoned factory down the street.

Simon was waiting for her on the front porch, sprawled in a broken-sprung armchair. He had his DS balanced on his blue-jeaned knees and was poking away at it industriously with the stylus. "Score," he said as she came up the steps. "I'm kicking butt at Mario Kart."

Clary pushed her hood back, shaking hair out of her eyes, and rummaged in her pocket for her keys. "Where have you been? I've been calling you all morning."

Simon got to his feet, shoving the blinking rectangle into his messenger bag. "I was at Eric's. Band practice."

Clary stopped jiggling the key in the lock—it always stuck—long enough to frown at him. "*Band* practice? You mean you're still—"

"In the band? Why wouldn't I be?" He reached around her. "Here, let me do it."

Clary stood still while Simon expertly twisted the key with just the right amount of pressure, making the stubborn old lock spring open. His hand brushed hers; his skin was cool, the temperature of the air outside. She shivered a little. They'd

only called off their attempt at a romantic relationship last week, and she still felt confused whenever she saw him.

“Thanks.” She took the key back without looking at him.

It was hot in the living room. Clary hung her jacket up on the peg inside the front hall and headed to the spare bedroom, Simon trailing in her wake. She frowned. Her suitcase was open like a clamshell on the bed, her clothes and sketchbooks strewn everywhere.

“I thought you were just going to be in Idris a couple of days,” Simon said, taking in the mess with a look of faint dismay.

“I am, but I can’t figure out what to pack. I hardly own any dresses or skirts, but what if I can’t wear pants there?”

“Why wouldn’t you be able to wear pants there? It’s another country, not another century.”

“But the Shadowhunters are so old-fashioned, and Isabelle always wears dresses—” Clary broke off and sighed. “It’s nothing. I’m just projecting all my anxiety about my mom onto my wardrobe. Let’s talk about something else. How was practice? Still no band name?”

“It was fine.” Simon hopped onto the desk, legs dangling over the side. “We’re considering a new motto. Something ironic, like ‘We’ve seen a million faces and rocked about eighty percent of them.’”

“Have you told Eric and the rest of them that—”

“That I’m a vampire? No. It isn’t the sort of thing you just drop into casual conversation.”

“Maybe not, but they’re your *friends*. They should know. And besides, they’ll just think it makes you more of a rock god, like that vampire Lester.”

“Lestat,” Simon said. “That would be the vampire Lestat. And he’s fictional. Anyway, I don’t see you running to tell all your friends that you’re a Shadowhunter.”

“What friends? You’re my friend.” She threw herself down onto the bed and looked up at Simon. “And I told you, didn’t

I?”

“Because you had no choice.” Simon put his head to the side, studying her; the bedside light reflected off his eyes, turning them silver. “I’ll miss you while you’re gone.”

“I’ll miss you, too,” Clary said, although her skin was prickling all over with a nervous anticipation that made it hard to concentrate. *I’m going to Idris! her mind sang. I’ll see the Shadow-hunter home country, the City of Glass. I’ll save my mother.*

And I’ll be with Jace.

Simon’s eyes flashed as if he could hear her thoughts, but his voice was soft. “Tell me again—why do *you* have to go to Idris? Why can’t Madeleine and Luke take care of this without you?”

“My mom got the spell that put her in this state from a warlock—Ragnor Fell. Madeleine says we need to track him down if we want to know how to reverse the spell. But he doesn’t know Madeleine. He knew my mom, and Madeleine thinks he’ll trust me because I look so much like her. And Luke can’t come with me. He could come to Idris, but apparently he can’t get into Alicante without permission from the Clave, and they won’t give it. And don’t say anything about it to him, *please*—he’s really not happy about not going with me. If he hadn’t known Madeleine before, I don’t think he’d let me go at all.”

“But the Lightwoods will be there too. And Jace. They’ll be helping you. I mean, Jace did say he’d help you, didn’t he? He doesn’t mind you coming along?”

“Sure, he’ll help me,” Clary said. “And of course he doesn’t mind. He’s fine with it.”

But that, she knew, was a lie.



Clary had gone straight to the Institute after she’d talked to Madeleine at the hospital. Jace had been the first one she’d told her mother’s secret to, before even Luke. And he’d stood there and stared at her, getting paler and paler as she spoke, as

if she weren't so much telling him how she could save her mother as draining the blood out of him with cruel slowness.

"You're not going," he said as soon as she'd finished. "If I have to tie you up and sit on you until this insane whim of yours passes, you are not going to Idris."

Clary felt as if he'd slapped her. She had thought he'd be *pleased*. She'd run all the way from the hospital to the Institute to tell him, and here he was standing in the entryway glaring at her with a look of grim death. "But you're going."

"Yes, we're going. We *have* to go. The Clave's called every active Clave member who can be spared back to Idris for a massive Council meeting. They're going to vote on what to do about Valentine, and since we're the last people who've seen him—"

Clary brushed this aside. "So if you're going, why can't I go with you?"

The straightforwardness of the question seemed to make him even angrier. "Because it isn't safe for you there."

"Oh, and it's so safe here? I've nearly been killed a dozen times in the past month, and every time it's been right here in New York."

"That's because Valentine's been concentrating on the two Mortal Instruments that were here." Jace spoke through gritted teeth. "He's going to shift his focus to Idris now, we all know it—"

"We're hardly as certain of anything as all that," said Maryse Lightwood. She had been standing in the shadow of the corridor doorway, unseen by either of them; she moved forward now, into the harsh entryway lights. They illuminated the lines of exhaustion that seemed to draw her face down. Her husband, Robert Lightwood, had been injured by demon poison during the battle last week and had needed constant nursing since; Clary could only imagine how tired she must be. "And the Clave wants to meet Clarissa. You know that, Jace."

"The Clave can screw itself."

“Jace,” Maryse said, sounding genuinely parental for a change. “Language.”

“The Clave wants a lot of things,” Jace amended. “It shouldn’t necessarily get them all.”

Maryse shot him a look, as if she knew exactly what he was talking about and didn’t appreciate it. “The Clave is often right, Jace. It’s not unreasonable for them to want to talk to Clary, after what she’s been through. What she could tell them —”

“I’ll tell them whatever they want to know,” Jace said.

Maryse sighed and turned her blue eyes on Clary. “So you want to go to Idris, I take it?”

“Just for a few days. I won’t be any trouble,” Clary said, gazing entreatingly past Jace’s white-hot glare at Maryse. “I swear.”

“The question isn’t whether you’ll be any trouble; the question is whether you’ll be willing to meet with the Clave while you’re there. They want to talk to you. If you say no, I doubt we can get the authorization to bring you with us.”

“No—,” Jace began.

“I’ll meet with the Clave,” Clary interrupted, though the thought sent a ripple of cold down her spine. The only emissary of the Clave she’d known so far was the Inquisitor, who hadn’t exactly been pleasant to be around.

Maryse rubbed at her temples with her fingertips. “Then it’s settled.” She didn’t sound settled, though; she sounded as tense and fragile as an overtightened violin string. “Jace, show Clary out and then come see me in the library. I need to talk to you.”

She disappeared back into the shadows without even a word of farewell. Clary stared after her, feeling as if she’d just been drenched with ice water. Alec and Isabelle seemed genuinely fond of their mother, and she was sure Maryse wasn’t a bad person, really, but she wasn’t exactly *warm*.

Jace's mouth was a hard line. "Now look what you've done."

"I need to go to Idris, even if you can't understand why," Clary said. "I need to do this for my mother."

"Maryse trusts the Clave too much," said Jace. "She has to believe they're perfect, and I can't tell her they aren't, because —" He stopped abruptly.

"Because that's something Valentine would say."

She expected an explosion, but "No one is perfect" was all he said. He reached out and stabbed at the elevator button with his index finger. "Not even the Clave."

Clary crossed her arms over her chest. "Is that really why you don't want me to come? Because it isn't safe?"

A flicker of surprise crossed his face. "What do you mean? Why else wouldn't I want you to come?"

She swallowed. "Because—" *Because you told me you don't have feelings for me anymore, and you see, that's very awkward, because I still have them for you. And I bet you know it.*

"Because I don't want my little sister following me everywhere?" There was a sharp note in his voice, half mockery, half something else.

The elevator arrived with a clatter. Pushing the gate aside, Clary stepped into it and turned to face Jace. "I'm not going because you'll be there. I'm going because I want to help my mother. *Our* mother. I have to help her. Don't you get it? If I don't do this, she might never wake up. You could at least pretend you care a little bit."

Jace put his hands on her shoulders, his fingertips brushing the bare skin at the edge of her collar, sending pointless, helpless shivers through her nerves. There were shadows below his eyes, Clary noticed without wanting to, and dark hollows under his cheekbones. The black sweater he was wearing only made his bruise-marked skin stand out more, and the dark lashes, too; he was a study in contrasts, something to

be painted in shades of black, white, and gray, with splashes of gold here and there, like his eyes, for an accent color—

“Let me do it.” His voice was soft, urgent. “I can help her for you. Tell me where to go, who to ask. I’ll get what you need.”

“Madeleine told the warlock I’d be the one coming. He’ll be expecting Jocelyn’s daughter, not Jocelyn’s son.”

Jace’s hands tightened on her shoulders. “So tell her there was a change of plans. I’ll be going, not you. *Not you.*”

“Jace—”

“I’ll do whatever,” he said. “Whatever you want, if you promise to stay here.”

“I can’t.”

He let go of her, as if she’d pushed him away. “*Why not?*”

“Because,” she said, “she’s my mother, Jace.”

“And mine.” His voice was cold. “In fact, why didn’t Madeleine approach both of us about this? Why just you?”

“You know why.”

“Because,” he said, and this time he sounded even colder, “to her you’re Jocelyn’s daughter. But I’ll always be Valentine’s son.”

He slammed the gate shut between them. For a moment she stared at him through it—the mesh of the gate divided up his face into a series of diamond shapes, outlined in metal. A single golden eye stared at her through one diamond, furious anger flickering in its depths.

“Jace—,” she began.

But with a jerk and a clatter, the elevator was already moving, carrying her down into the dark silence of the cathedral.



“Earth to Clary.” Simon waved his hands at her. “You awake?”

“Yeah, sorry.” She sat up, shaking her head to clear it of cobwebs. That had been the last time she’d seen Jace. He hadn’t picked up the phone when she’d called him afterward, so she’d made all her plans to travel to Idris with the Lightwoods using Alec as reluctant and embarrassed point person. Poor Alec, stuck between Jace and his mother, always trying to do the right thing. “Did you say something?”

“Just that I think Luke is back,” Simon said, and jumped off the desk just as the bedroom door opened. “And he is.”

“Hey, Simon.” Luke sounded calm, maybe a little tired—he was wearing a battered denim jacket, a flannel shirt, and old cords tucked into boots that looked like they’d seen their best days ten years ago. His glasses were pushed up into his brown hair, which seemed flecked with more gray now than Clary remembered. There was a square package under his arm, tied with a length of green ribbon. He held it out to Clary. “I got you something for your trip.”

“You didn’t have to do that!” Clary protested. “You’ve done so much. . . .” She thought of the clothes he’d bought her after everything she owned had been destroyed. He’d given her a new phone, new art supplies, without ever having to be asked. Almost everything she owned now was a gift from Luke. *And you don’t even approve of the fact that I’m going.* That last thought hung unspoken between them.

“I know. But I saw it, and I thought of you.” He handed over the box.

The object inside was swathed in layers of tissue paper. Clary tore through it, her hand seizing on something soft as kitten’s fur. She gave a little gasp. It was a bottle-green velvet coat, old-fashioned, with a gold silk lining, brass buttons, and a wide hood. She drew it onto her lap, smoothing her hands lovingly down the soft material. “It looks like something Isabelle would wear,” she exclaimed. “Like a Shadowhunter traveling cloak.”

“Exactly. Now you’ll be dressed more like one of them,” Luke said. “When you’re in Idris.”

She looked up at him. “Do you want me to look like one of them?”

“Clary, you are one of them.” His smile was tinged with sadness. “Besides, you know how they treat outsiders. Anything you can do to fit in . . .”

Simon made an odd noise, and Clary looked guiltily at him—she’d almost forgotten he was there. He was looking studiously at his watch. “I should go.”

“But you just got here!” Clary protested. “I thought we could hang out, watch a movie or something—”

“*You* need to pack.” Simon smiled, bright as sunshine after rain. She could almost believe there was nothing bothering him. “I’ll come by later to say good-bye before you go.”

“Oh, come on,” Clary protested. “Stay—”

“I can’t.” His tone was final. “I’m meeting Maia.”

“Oh. Great,” Clary said. Maia, she told herself, was nice. She was smart. She was pretty. She was also a werewolf. A werewolf with a crush on Simon. But maybe that was as it should be. Maybe his new friend *should* be a Downworlder. After all, he was a Downworlder himself now. Technically, he shouldn’t even be spending time with Shadowhunters like Clary. “I guess you’d better go, then.”

“I guess I’d better.” Simon’s dark eyes were unreadable. This was new—she’d always been able to read Simon before. She wondered if it was a side effect of the vampirism, or something else entirely. “Good-bye,” he said, and bent as if to kiss her on the cheek, sweeping her hair back with one of his hands. Then he paused and drew back, his expression uncertain. She frowned in surprise, but he was already gone, brushing past Luke in the doorway. She heard the front door bang in the distance.

“He’s acting so *weird*,” she exclaimed, hugging the velvet coat against herself for reassurance. “Do you think it’s the whole vampire thing?”

“Probably not.” Luke looked faintly amused. “Becoming a Downworlder doesn’t change the way you feel about things.

Or people. Give him time. You *did* break up with him.”

“I did not. He broke up with me.”

“Because you weren’t in love with him. That’s an iffy proposition, and I think he’s handling it with grace. A lot of teenage boys would sulk, or lurk around under your window with a boom box.”

“No one has a boom box anymore. That was the eighties.” Clary scrambled off the bed, pulling the coat on. She buttoned it up to the neck, luxuriating in the soft feel of the velvet. “I just want Simon to go back to normal.” She glanced at herself in the mirror and was pleasantly surprised—the green made her red hair stand out and brightened the color of her eyes. She turned to Luke. “What do you think?”

He was leaning in the doorway with his hands in his pockets; a shadow passed over his face as he looked at her. “Your mother had a coat just like that when she was your age,” was all he said.

Clary clutched the cuffs of the coat, digging her fingers into the soft pile. The mention of her mother, mixed with the sadness in his expression, was making her want to cry. “We’re going to see her later today, right?” she asked. “I want to say good-bye before I go, and tell her—tell her what I’m doing. That she’s going to be okay.”

Luke nodded. “We’ll visit the hospital later today. And, Clary?”

“What?” She almost didn’t want to look at him, but to her relief, when she did, the sadness was gone from his eyes.

He smiled. “Normal isn’t all it’s cracked up to be.”



Simon glanced down at the paper in his hand and then at the cathedral, his eyes slitted against the afternoon sun. The Institute rose up against the high blue sky, a slab of granite windowed with pointed arches and surrounded by a high stone wall. Gargoyle faces leered down from its cornices, as if daring him to approach the front door. It didn’t look anything

like it had the first time he had ever seen it, disguised as a run-down ruin, but then glamours didn't work on Downworlders.

You don't belong here. The words were harsh, sharp as acid; Simon wasn't sure if it was the gargoyle speaking or the voice in his own mind. *This is a church, and you are damned.*

"Shut up," he muttered halfheartedly. "Besides, I don't care about churches. I'm Jewish."

There was a filigreed iron gate set into the stone wall. Simon put his hand to the latch, half-expecting his skin to sear with pain, but nothing happened. Apparently the gate itself wasn't particularly holy. He pushed it open and was halfway up the cracked stonework path to the front door when he heard voices—several of them, and familiar—nearby.

Or maybe not that nearby. He had nearly forgotten how much his hearing, like his sight, had sharpened since he'd been Turned. It sounded as if the voices were just over his shoulder, but as he followed a narrow path around the side of the Institute, he saw that the people were standing quite a distance away, at the far end of the grounds. The grass grew wild here, half-covering the branching paths that led among what had probably once been neatly arranged rosebushes. There was even a stone bench, webbed with green weeds; this had been a real church once, before the Shadowhunters had taken it over.

He saw Magnus first, leaning against a mossy stone wall. It was hard to miss Magnus—he was wearing a splash-painted white T-shirt over rainbow leather trousers. He stood out like a hothouse orchid, surrounded by the black-clad Shadowhunters: Alec, looking pale and uncomfortable; Isabelle, her long black hair twisted into braids tied with silver ribbons, standing beside a little boy who had to be Max, the youngest. Nearby was their mother, looking like a taller, bonier version of her daughter, with the same long black hair. Beside her was a woman Simon didn't know. At first Simon thought she was old, since her hair was nearly white, but then she turned to speak to Maryse and he saw that she probably wasn't more than thirty-five or forty.

And then there was Jace, standing off at a little distance, as if he didn't quite belong. He was all in Shadowhunter black like the others. When Simon wore all black, he looked like he was on his way to a funeral, but Jace just looked tough and dangerous. And *blonder*. Simon felt his shoulders tighten and wondered if anything—time, or forgetfulness—would ever dilute his resentment of Jace. He didn't *want* to feel it, but there it was, a stone weighting down his unbeating heart.

Something seemed odd about the gathering—but then Jace turned toward him, as if sensing he was there, and Simon saw, even from this distance, the thin white scar on his throat, just above his collar. The resentment in his chest faded into something else. Jace dropped a small nod in his direction. "I'll be right back," he said to Maryse, in the sort of voice Simon would never have used with his own mother. He sounded like an adult talking to another adult.

Maryse indicated her permission with a distracted wave. "I don't see why it's taking so long," she was saying to Magnus. "Is that normal?"

"What's not normal is the discount I'm giving you." Magnus tapped the heel of his boot against the wall. "Normally I charge twice this much."

"It's only a *temporary* Portal. It just has to get us to Idris. And then I expect you to close it back up again. That *is* our agreement." She turned to the woman at her side. "And you'll remain here to witness that he does it, Madeleine?"

Madeleine. So this was Jocelyn's friend. There was no time to stare, though—Jace already had Simon by the arm and was dragging him around the side of the church, out of view of the others. It was even more weedy and overgrown back here, the path snaked with ropes of undergrowth. Jace pushed Simon behind a large oak tree and let go of him, darting his eyes around as if to make sure they hadn't been followed. "It's okay. We can talk here."

It was quieter back here certainly, the rush of traffic from York Avenue muffled behind the bulk of the Institute. "You're the one who asked me here," Simon pointed out. "I got your

message stuck to my window when I woke up this morning. Don't you ever use the phone like normal people?"

"Not if I can avoid it, vampire," said Jace. He was studying Simon thoughtfully, as if he were reading the pages of a book. Mingled in his expression were two conflicting emotions: a faint amazement and what looked to Simon like disappointment. "So it's still true. You can walk in the sunlight. Even midday sun doesn't burn you."

"Yes," Simon said. "But you knew that—you were there." He didn't have to elaborate on what "there" meant; he could see in the other boy's face that he remembered the river, the back of the truck, the sun rising over the water, Clary crying out. He remembered it just as well as Simon did.

"I thought perhaps it might have worn off," Jace said, but he didn't sound as if he meant it.

"If I feel the urge to burst into flames, I'll let you know." Simon never had much patience with Jace. "Look, did you ask me to come all the way uptown just so you could stare at me like I was something in a petri dish? Next time I'll send you a photo."

"And I'll frame it and put it on my nightstand," said Jace, but he didn't sound as if his heart were in the sarcasm. "Look, I asked you here for a reason. Much as I hate to admit it, vampire, we have something in common."

"Totally awesome hair?" Simon suggested, but his heart wasn't really in it either. Something about the look on Jace's face was making him increasingly uneasy.

"Clary," Jace said.

Simon was caught off guard. "Clary?"

"Clary," Jace said again. "You know: short, redheaded, bad temper."

"I don't see how Clary is something we have in common," Simon said, although he did. Nevertheless, this wasn't a conversation he particularly wanted to have with Jace now, or, in fact, ever. Wasn't there some sort of manly code that precluded discussions like this—discussions about *feelings*?

Apparently not. “We both care about her,” Jace stated, giving him a measured look. “She’s important to both of us. Right?”

“You’re asking me if I *care* about her?” “Caring” seemed like a pretty insufficient word for it. He wondered if Jace was making fun of him—which seemed unusually cruel, even for Jace. Had Jace brought him over here just to mock him because it hadn’t worked out romantically between Clary and himself? Though Simon still had hope, at least a little, that things might change, that Jace and Clary would start to feel about each other the way they were supposed to, the way siblings were *meant* to feel about each other—

He met Jace’s gaze and felt that little hope shrivel. The look on the other boy’s face wasn’t the look brothers got when they talked about their sisters. On the other hand, it was obvious Jace hadn’t brought him over here to mock him for his feelings; the misery Simon knew must be plainly written across his own features was mirrored in Jace’s eyes.

“Don’t think I like asking you these questions,” Jace snapped. “I need to know what you’d do for Clary. Would you lie for her?”

“Lie about what? What’s going on, anyway?” Simon realized what it was that had bothered him about the tableau of Shadowhunters in the garden. “Wait a second,” he said. “You’re leaving for Idris *right now*? Clary thinks you’re going tonight.”

“I know,” Jace said. “And I need you to tell the others that Clary sent you here to say she wasn’t coming. Tell them she doesn’t want to go to Idris anymore.” There was an edge to his voice—something Simon barely recognized, or perhaps it was simply so strange coming from Jace that he couldn’t process it. Jace was *pleading* with him. “They’ll believe you. They know how . . . how close you two are.”

Simon shook his head. “I can’t believe you. You act like you want me to do something for Clary, but actually you just want me to do something for *you*.” He started to turn away. “No deal.”

Jace caught his arm, spinning him back around. “This *is* for Clary. I’m trying to protect her. I thought you’d be at least a little interested in helping me do that.”

Simon looked pointedly at Jace’s hand where it clamped his upper arm. “How can I protect her if you don’t tell me what I’m protecting her from?”

Jace didn’t let go. “Can’t you just trust me that this is important?”

“You don’t understand how badly she wants to go to Idris,” Simon said. “If I’m going to keep that from happening, there had better be a damn good reason.”

Jace exhaled slowly, reluctantly—and let go his grip on Simon’s arm. “What Clary did on Valentine’s ship,” he said, his voice low. “With the rune on the wall—the Rune of Opening—well, you saw what happened.”

“She destroyed the ship,” said Simon. “Saved all our lives.”

“Keep your voice down.” Jace glanced around anxiously.

“You’re not saying no one else knows about that, are you?” Simon demanded in disbelief.

“I know. You know. Luke knows and Magnus knows. No one else.”

“What do they all think happened? The ship just opportunely came apart?”

“I told them Valentine’s Ritual of Conversion must have gone wrong.”

“You lied to the Clave?” Simon wasn’t sure whether to be impressed or dismayed.

“Yes, I lied to the Clave. Isabelle and Alec know Clary has some ability to create new runes, so I doubt I’ll be able to keep that from the Clave or the new Inquisitor. But if they knew she could do what she does—amplify ordinary runes so they have incredible destructive power—they’d want her as a fighter, a weapon. And she’s not equipped for that. She wasn’t brought up for it—” He broke off, as Simon shook his head. “What?”

“You’re Nephilim,” Simon said slowly. “Shouldn’t you want what’s best for the Clave? If that’s using Clary . . .”

“You want them to have her? To put her in the front lines, up against Valentine and whatever army he’s raising?”

“No,” said Simon. “I don’t want that. But I’m not one of you. I don’t have to ask myself who to put first, Clary or my family.”

Jace flushed a slow, dark red. “It’s not like that. If I thought it would help the Clave—but it won’t. She’ll just get hurt—”

“Even if you thought it would help the Clave,” Simon said, “you’d never let them have her.”

“What makes you say that, vampire?”

“Because no one can have her but you,” said Simon.

The color left Jace’s face. “So you won’t help me,” he said in disbelief. “You won’t help *her*?”

Simon hesitated—and before he could respond, a noise split the silence between them. A high, shrieking cry, terrible in its desperation, and worse for the abruptness with which it was cut off. Jace whirled around. “What was that?”

The single shriek was joined by other cries, and a harsh clanging that scraped Simon’s eardrums. “Something’s happened—the others—”

But Jace was already gone, running along the path, dodging the undergrowth. After a moment’s hesitation Simon followed. He had forgotten how fast he could run now—he was hard on Jace’s heels as they rounded the corner of the church and burst out into the garden.

Before them was chaos. A white mist blanketed the garden, and there was a heavy smell in the air—the sharp tang of ozone and something else under it, sweet and unpleasant. Figures darted back and forth—Simon could see them only in fragments, as they appeared and disappeared through gaps in the fog. He glimpsed Isabelle, her hair snapping around her in black ropes as she swung her whip. It made a deadly fork of golden lightning through the shadows. She was fending off the

advance of something lumbering and huge—a demon, Simon thought—but it was full daylight; that was impossible. As he stumbled forward, he saw that the creature was humanoid in shape, but humped and twisted, somehow *wrong*. It carried a thick wooden plank in one hand and was swinging at Isabelle almost blindly.

Only a short distance away, through a gap in the stone wall, Simon could see the traffic on York Avenue rumbling placidly by. The sky beyond the Institute was clear.

“Forsaken,” Jace whispered. His face was blazing as he drew one of his seraph blades from his belt. “Dozens of them.” He pushed Simon to the side, almost roughly. “Stay here, do you understand? Stay here.”

Simon stood frozen for a moment as Jace plunged forward into the mist. The light of the blade in his hand lit the fog around him to silver; dark figures dashed back and forth inside it, and Simon felt as if he were gazing through a pane of frosted glass, desperately trying to make out what was happening on the other side. Isabelle had vanished; he saw Alec, his arm bleeding, as he sliced through the chest of a Forsaken warrior and watched it crumple to the ground. Another reared up behind him, but Jace was there, now with a blade in each hand; he leaped into the air and brought them up and then down with a vicious scissoring movement—and the Forsaken’s head tumbled free of its neck, black blood spurting. Simon’s stomach wrenched—the blood smelled bitter, poisonous.

He could hear the Shadowhunters calling to one another out of the mist, though the Forsaken were utterly silent. Suddenly the mist cleared, and Simon saw Magnus, standing wild-eyed by the wall of the Institute. His hands were raised, blue lightning sparking between them, and against the wall where he stood, a square black hole seemed to be opening in the stone. It wasn’t empty, or dark precisely, but shone like a mirror with whirling fire trapped within its glass. “The Portal!” he was shouting. “Go through the Portal!”

Several things happened at once. Maryse Lightwood appeared out of the mist, carrying the boy, Max, in her arms.

She paused to call something over her shoulder and then plunged toward the Portal and *through* it, vanishing into the wall. Alec followed, dragging Isabelle after him, her blood-spattered whip trailing on the ground. As he pulled her toward the Portal, something surged up out of the mist behind them—a Forsaken warrior, swinging a double-bladed knife.

Simon unfroze. Darting forward, he called out Isabelle's name—then stumbled and pitched forward, hitting the ground hard enough to knock the breath out of him, if he'd *had* any breath. He scrambled into a sitting position, turning to see what he'd tripped over.

It was a body. The body of a woman, her throat slit, her eyes wide and blue in death. Blood stained her pale hair. Madeleine.

“Simon, *move!*” It was Jace, shouting; Simon looked and saw the other boy running toward him out of the fog, bloody seraph blades in his hands. Then he looked up. The Forsaken warrior he'd seen chasing Isabelle loomed over him, its scarred face twisted into a rictus grin. Simon twisted away as the double-bladed knife swung down toward him, but even with his improved reflexes, he wasn't fast enough. A searing pain shot through him as everything went black.

2

THE DEMON TOWERS OF ALICANTE

There was no amount of magic, Clary thought as she and Luke circled the block for the third time, that could create new parking spaces on a New York City street. There was nowhere for the truck to pull in, and half the street was double-parked. Finally Luke pulled up at a hydrant and shifted the pickup into neutral with a sigh. “Go on,” he said. “Let them know you’re here. I’ll bring your suitcase.”

Clary nodded, but hesitated before reaching for the door handle. Her stomach was tight with anxiety, and she wished, not for the first time, that Luke were going with her. “I always thought that the first time I went overseas, I’d have a passport with me at least.”

Luke didn’t smile. “I know you’re nervous,” he said. “But it’ll be all right. The Lightwoods will take good care of you.”

I’ve only told you that a million times, Clary thought. She patted Luke’s shoulder lightly before jumping down from the truck. “See you in a few.”

She made her way down the cracked stone path, the sound of traffic fading as she neared the church doors. It took her several moments to peel the glamour off the Institute this time. It felt as if another layer of disguise had been added to the old cathedral, like a new coat of paint. Scraping it off with her mind felt hard, even painful. Finally it was gone and she could see the church as it was. The high wooden doors gleamed as if they’d just been polished.

There was a strange smell in the air, like ozone and burning. With a frown she put her hand to the knob. *I am Clary Morgenstern, one of the Nephilim, and I ask entrance to the Institute—*

The door swung open. Clary stepped inside. She looked around, blinking, trying to identify what it was that felt somehow different about the cathedral's interior.

She realized it as the door swung shut behind her, trapping her in a blackness relieved only by the dim glow of the rose window far overhead. She had never been inside the entrance to the Institute when there had not been dozens of flames lit in the elaborate candelabras lining the aisle between the pews.

She took her witchlight stone out of her pocket and held it up. Light blazed from it, sending shining spokes of illumination flaring out between her fingers. It lit the dusty corners of the cathedral's interior as she made her way to the elevator near the bare altar and jabbed impatiently at the call button.

Nothing happened. After half a minute she pressed the button again—and again. She laid her ear against the elevator door and listened. Not a sound. The Institute had gone dark and silent, like a mechanical doll whose clockwork heart had run down.

Her heart pounding now, Clary hurried back down the aisle and pushed the heavy doors open. She stood on the front steps of the church, glancing about frantically. The sky was darkening to cobalt overhead, and the air smelled even more strongly of burning. Had there been a fire? Had the Shadowhunters evacuated? But the place looked untouched. . . .

"It wasn't a fire." The voice was soft, velvety and familiar. A tall figure materialized out of the shadows, hair sticking up in a corona of ungainly spikes. He wore a black silk suit over a shimmering emerald green shirt, and brightly jeweled rings on his narrow fingers. There were fancy boots involved as well, and a good deal of glitter.

"Magnus?" Clary whispered.

“I know what you were thinking,” Magnus said. “But there was no fire. That smell is hellmist—it’s a sort of enchanted demonic smoke. It mutes the effects of certain kinds of magic.”

“*Demonic* mist? Then there was—”

“An attack on the Institute. Yes. Earlier this afternoon. Forsaken—probably a few dozen of them.”

“Jace,” Clary whispered. “The Lightwoods—”

“The hellsmoke muted my ability to fight the Forsaken effectively. Theirs, too. I had to send them through the Portal into Idris.”

“But none of them were hurt?”

“Madeleine,” said Magnus. “Madeleine was killed. I’m sorry, Clary.”

Clary sank down onto the steps. She hadn’t known the older woman well, but Madeleine had been a tenuous connection to her mother—her *real* mother, the tough, fighting Shadowhunter that Clary had never known.

“Clary?” Luke was coming up the path through the gathering dark. He had Clary’s suitcase in one hand. “What’s going on?”

Clary sat hugging her knees while Magnus explained. Underneath her pain for Madeleine she was full of a guilty relief. Jace was all right. The Lightwoods were all right. She said it over and over to herself, silently. Jace was all right.

“The Forsaken,” Luke said. “They were all killed?”

“Not all of them.” Magnus shook his head. “After I sent the Lightwoods through the Portal, the Forsaken dispersed; they didn’t seem interested in me. By the time I shut the Portal, they were all gone.”

Clary raised her head. “The Portal’s closed? But—you can still send me to Idris, right?” she asked. “I mean, I can go through the Portal and join the Lightwoods there, can’t I?”

Luke and Magnus exchanged a look. Luke set the suitcase down by his feet.

“Magnus?” Clary’s voice rose, shrill in her own ears. “I *have* to go.”

“The Portal is closed, Clary—”

“Then open another one!”

“It’s not that easy,” the warlock said. “The Clave guards any magical entry into Alicante very carefully. Their capital is a holy place to them—it’s like their Vatican, their Forbidden City. No Downworlders can come there without permission, and no mundanes.”

“But I’m a Shadowhunter!”

“Only barely,” said Magnus. “Besides, the towers prevent direct Portaling to the city. To open a Portal that went through to Alicante, I’d have to have them standing by on the other side expecting you. If I tried to send you through on my own, it would be in direct contravention of the Law, and I’m not willing to risk that for you, biscuit, no matter how much I might like you personally.”

Clary looked from Magnus’s regretful face to Luke’s wary one. “But I *need* to get to Idris,” she said. “I need to help my mother. There must be some other way to get there, some way that doesn’t involve a Portal.”

“The nearest airport is a country over,” Luke said. “If we could get across the border—and that’s a big ‘if’—there would be a long and dangerous overland journey after that, through all sorts of Downworlder territory. It could take us days to get there.”

Clary’s eyes were burning. *I will not cry*, she told herself. *I will not*.

“Clary.” Luke’s voice was gentle. “We’ll get in touch with the Lightwoods. We’ll make sure they have all the information they need to get the antidote for Jocelyn. They can contact Fell —”

But Clary was on her feet, shaking her head. “It has to be *me*,” she said. “Madeleine said Fell wouldn’t talk to anyone else.”

“Fell? Ragnor Fell?” Magnus echoed. “I can try to get a message to him. Let him know to expect Jace.”

Some of the worry cleared from Luke’s face. “Clary, do you hear that? With Magnus’s help—”

But Clary didn’t want to hear any more about Magnus’s help. She didn’t want to hear anything. She had thought she was going to save her mother, and now there was going to be nothing for her to do but sit by her mother’s bedside, hold her limp hand, and hope someone else, somewhere else, would be able to do what she couldn’t.

She scrambled down the steps, pushing past Luke when he tried to reach out for her. “I just need to be alone for a second.”

“Clary—” She heard Luke call out to her, but she pulled away from him, darting around the side of the cathedral. She found herself following the stone path where it forked, making her way toward the small garden on the Institute’s east side, toward the smell of char and ashes—and a thick, sharp smell under that. The smell of demonic magic. There was mist in the garden still, scattered bits of it like trails of cloud caught here and there on the edge of a rosebush or hiding under a stone. She could see where the earth had been churned up earlier by the fighting—and there was a dark red stain there, by one of the stone benches, that she didn’t want to look at long.

Clary turned her head away. And paused. There, against the wall of the cathedral, were the unmistakable marks of rune-magic, glowing a hot, fading blue against the gray stone. They formed a squarish outline, like the outline of light around a half-open door. . . .

The Portal.

Something inside her seemed to twist. She remembered other symbols, shining dangerously against the smooth metal hull of a ship. She remembered the shudder the ship had given

as it had wrenched itself apart, the black water of the East River pouring in. *They're just runes*, she thought. *Symbols. I can draw them. If my mother can trap the essence of the Mortal Cup inside a piece of paper, then I can make a Portal.*

She found her feet carrying her to the cathedral wall, her hand reaching into her pocket for her stele. Willing her hand not to shake, she set the tip of the stele to the stone.

She squeezed her eyelids shut and, against the darkness behind them, began to draw with her mind in curving lines of light. Lines that spoke to her of doorways, of being carried on whirling air, of travel and faraway places. The lines came together in a rune as graceful as a bird in flight. She didn't know if it was a rune that had existed before or one she had invented, but it existed now as if it always had.

Portal.

She began to draw, the marks leaping out from the stele's tip in charcoaled black lines. The stone sizzled, filling her nose with the acidic smell of burning. Hot blue light grew against her closed eyelids. She felt heat on her face, as if she stood in front of a fire. With a gasp she lowered her hand, opening her eyes.

The rune she had drawn was a dark flower blossoming on the stone wall. As she watched, the lines of it seemed to melt and change, flowing gently down, unfurling, reshaping themselves. Within moments the shape of the rune had changed. It was now the outline of a glowing doorway, several feet taller than Clary herself.

She couldn't tear her eyes from the doorway. It shone with the same dark light as the Portal behind the curtain at Madame Dorothea's. She reached out for it—

And recoiled. To use a Portal, she remembered with a sinking feeling, you had to imagine where you wanted to go, where you wanted the Portal to take you. But she had never been to Idris. It had been described to her, of course. A place of green valleys, of dark woods and bright water, of lakes and mountains, and Alicante, the city of glass towers. She could

imagine what it might look like, but imagination wasn't enough, not with this magic. If only . . .

She took a sudden sharp breath. But she *had* seen Idris. She'd seen it in a dream, and she knew, without knowing how she knew, that it had been a true dream. After all, what had Jace said to her in the dream about Simon? That he couldn't stay because "this place is for the living"? And not long after that, Simon had died. . . .

She cast her memory back to the dream. She had been dancing in a ballroom in Alicante. The walls had been gold and white, with a clear, diamondlike roof overhead. There had been a fountain—a silver dish with a mermaid statue at the center—and lights strung in the trees outside the windows, and Clary had been wearing green velvet, just as she was now.

As if she were still in the dream, she reached for the Portal. A bright light spread under the touch of her fingers, a door opening onto a lighted place beyond. She found herself staring into a whirling golden maelstrom that slowly began to coalesce into discernible shapes—she thought she could see the outline of mountains, a piece of sky—

"*Clary!*" It was Luke, racing up the path, his face a mask of anger and dismay. Behind him strode Magnus, his cat eyes shining like metal in the hot Portal light that bathed the garden. "Clary, *stop!* The wards are dangerous! You'll get yourself killed!"

But there was no stopping now. Beyond the Portal the golden light was growing. She thought of the gold walls of the Hall in her dream, the golden light refracting off the cut glass everywhere. Luke was wrong; he didn't understand her gift, how it worked—what did wards matter when you could create your own reality just by drawing it? "I have to go," she cried, moving forward, her fingertips outstretched. "Luke, I'm sorry —"

She stepped forward—and with a last, swift leap, he was at her side, catching at her wrist, just as the Portal seemed to explode all around them. Like a tornado snatching a tree up by the roots, the force yanked them both off their feet. Clary

caught a last glimpse of the cars and buildings of Manhattan spinning away from her, vanishing as a whiplash-hard current of wind caught her, sending her hurtling, her wrist still in Luke's iron grip, into a whirling golden chaos.



Simon awoke to the rhythmic slap of water. He sat up, sudden terror freezing his chest—the last time he'd woken up to the sound of waves, he'd been a prisoner on Valentine's ship, and the soft liquid noise brought him back to that terrible time with an immediacy that was like a dash of ice water in the face.

But no—a quick look around told him that he was somewhere else entirely. For one thing, he was lying under soft blankets on a comfortable wooden bed in a small, clean room whose walls were painted a pale blue. Dark curtains were drawn over the window, but the faint light around their edges was enough for his vampire's eyes to see clearly. There was a bright rug on the floor and a mirrored cupboard on one wall.

There was also an armchair pulled up to the side of the bed. Simon sat up, the blankets falling away, and realized two things: one, that he was still wearing the same jeans and T-shirt he'd been wearing when he'd headed to the Institute to meet Jace; and two, that the person in the chair was dozing, her head propped on her hand, her long black hair spilling down like a fringed shawl.

"Isabelle?" Simon said.

Her head popped up like a startled jack-in-the-box's, her eyes flying open. "Oooh! You're awake!" She sat up straight, flicking her hair back. "Jace'll be so relieved. We were almost totally sure you were going to die."

"Die?" Simon echoed. He felt dizzy and a little sick. "From what?" He glanced around the room, blinking. "Am I in the Institute?" he asked, and realized the moment the words were out of his mouth that, of course, that was impossible. "I mean—where are we?"

An uneasy flicker passed across Isabelle's face. "Well . . . you mean, you don't remember what happened in the garden?" She tugged nervously at the crochet trim that bordered the chair's upholstery. "The Forsaken attacked us. There were a lot of them, and the hellmist made it hard to fight them. Magnus opened up the Portal, and we were all running into it when I saw you coming toward us. You tripped over—over Madeleine. And there was a Forsaken just behind you; you must not have seen him, but Jace did. He tried to get to you, but it was too late. The Forsaken stuck his knife into you. You bled—a lot. And Jace killed the Forsaken and picked you up and dragged you through the Portal with him," she finished, speaking so rapidly that her words blurred together and Simon had to strain to catch them. "And we were already on the other side, and let me tell you, everyone was pretty surprised when Jace came through with you bleeding all over him. The Consul wasn't at all pleased."

Simon's mouth was dry. "The Forsaken *stuck his knife into me?*" It seemed impossible. But then, he had healed before, after Valentine had cut his throat. Still, he at least ought to *remember*. Shaking his head, he looked down at himself. "Where?"

"I'll show you." Much to his surprise, a moment later Isabelle was seated on the bed beside him, her cool hands on his midriff. She pushed his T-shirt up, baring a strip of pale stomach, bisected by a thin red line. It was barely a scar. "Here," she said, her fingers gliding over it. "Is there any pain?"

"N-no." The first time Simon had ever seen Isabelle, he'd found her so striking, so alight with life and vitality and energy, he'd thought he'd finally found a girl who burned bright enough to blot out the image of Clary that always seemed to be printed on the inside of his eyelids. It was right around the time she'd gotten him turned into a rat at Magnus Bane's loft party that he'd realized maybe Isabelle burned a little too bright for an ordinary guy like him. "It doesn't hurt."

"But my eyes do," said a coolly amused voice from the doorway. Jace. He had come in so quietly that even Simon

hadn't heard him; closing the door behind him, he grinned as Isabelle pulled Simon's shirt down. "Molesting the vampire while he's too weak to fight back, Iz?" he asked. "I'm pretty sure that violates at least one of the Accords."

"I'm just showing him where he got stabbed," Isabelle protested, but she scooted back to her chair with a certain amount of haste. "What's going on downstairs?" she asked. "Is everyone still freaking out?"

The smile left Jace's face. "Maryse has gone up to the Gard with Patrick," he said. "The Clave's in session and Malachi thought it would be better if she . . . explained . . . in person."

Malachi. Patrick. Gard. The unfamiliar names whirled through Simon's head. "Explained what?"

Isabelle and Jace exchanged a look. "Explained *you*," Jace said finally. "Explained why we brought a vampire with us to Alicante, which is, by the way, expressly against the Law."

"To Alicante? We're in Alicante?" A wave of blank panic washed over Simon, quickly replaced by a pain that shot through his midsection. He doubled over, gasping.

"Simon!" Isabelle reached out her hand, alarm in her dark eyes. "Are you all right?"

"Go away, Isabelle." Simon, his hands fisted against his stomach, looked up at Jace, pleading in his voice. "Make her go."

Isabelle recoiled, a hurt look on her face. "Fine. I'll go. You don't have to tell me twice." She flounced to her feet and out of the room, banging the door behind her.

Jace turned to Simon, his amber eyes expressionless. "What's going on? I thought you were healing."

Simon threw up a hand to ward the other boy off. A metallic taste burned in the back of his throat. "It's not Isabelle," he ground out. "I'm not hurt—I'm just . . . hungry." He felt his cheeks burn. "I lost blood, so—I need to replace it."

"Of course," Jace said, in the tone of someone who's just been enlightened by an interesting, if not particularly

necessary, scientific fact. The faint concern left his expression, to be replaced by something that looked to Simon like amused contempt. It struck a chord of fury inside him, and if he hadn't been so debilitated by pain, he would have flung himself off the bed and onto the other boy in a rage. As it was, all he could do was gasp, "Screw you, Wayland."

"Wayland, is it?" The amused look didn't leave Jace's face, but his hands went to his throat and began to unzip his jacket.

"No!" Simon shrank back on the bed. "I don't care how hungry I am. I'm not—drinking your blood—again."

Jace's mouth twisted. "Like I'd let you." He reached into the inside pocket of his jacket and drew out a glass flask. It was half-full of a thin red-brown liquid. "I thought you might need this," he said. "I squeezed the juice out of a few pounds of raw meat in the kitchen. It was the best I could do."

Simon took the flask from Jace with hands that were shaking so badly that the other boy had to unscrew the top for him. The liquid inside was foul—too thin and salty to be proper blood, and with that faint unpleasant taste that Simon knew meant the meat had been a few days old.

"Ugh," he said, after a few swallows. "Dead blood."

Jace's eyebrows went up. "Isn't all blood dead?"

"The longer the animal whose blood I'm drinking has been dead, the worse the blood tastes," Simon explained. "Fresh is better."

"But you've never drunk fresh blood. Have you?"

Simon raised his own eyebrows in response.

"Well, aside from mine, of course," Jace said. "And I'm sure my blood is *fan-tastic*."

Simon set the empty flask down on the arm of the chair by the bed. "There's something very wrong with you," he said. "Mentally, I mean." His mouth still tasted of spoiled blood, but the pain was gone. He felt better, stronger, as if the blood were a medicine that worked instantly, a drug he had to have to live.

He wondered if this was what it was like for heroin addicts. “So I’m in Idris.”

“Alicante, to be specific,” said Jace. “The capital city. The *only* city, really.” He went to the window and drew back the curtains. “The Penhallows didn’t really believe us,” he said. “That the sun wouldn’t bother you. They put these blackout curtains up. But you should look.”

Rising from the bed, Simon joined Jace at the window. And stared.

A few years ago his mother had taken him and his sister on a trip to Tuscany—a week of heavy, unfamiliar pasta dishes, unsalted bread, hardy brown countryside, and his mother speeding down narrow, twisting roads, barely avoiding crashing their Fiat into the beautiful old buildings they’d ostensibly come to see. He remembered stopping on a hillside just opposite a town called San Gimignano, a collection of rust-colored buildings dotted here and there with high towers whose tops soared upward as if reaching for the sky. If what he was looking at now reminded him of anything, it was that; but it was also so alien that it was genuinely unlike anything he’d ever seen before.

He was looking out of an upper window in what must have been a fairly tall house. If he glanced up, he could see stone eaves and sky beyond. Across the way was another house, not quite as tall as this one, and between them ran a narrow, dark canal, crossed here and there by bridges—the source of the water he’d heard before. The house seemed to be built partway up a hill—below it honey-colored stone houses, clustered along narrow streets, fell away to the edge of a green circle: woods, surrounded by hills that were very far away; from here they resembled long green and brown strips dotted with bursts of autumn colors. Behind the hills rose jagged mountains frosted with snow.

But none of that was what was strange; what was strange was that here and there in the city, placed seemingly at random, rose soaring towers crowned with spires of reflective whitish-silvery material. They seemed to pierce the sky like shining daggers, and Simon realized where he had seen that

material before: in the hard, glasslike weapons the Shadowhunters carried, the ones they called seraph blades.

“Those are the demon towers,” Jace said, in response to Simon’s unasked question. “They control the wards that protect the city. Because of them, no demon can enter Alicante.”

The air that came in through the window was cold and clean, the sort of air you never breathed in New York City: It tasted of nothing, not dirt or smoke or metal or other people. Just air. Simon took a deep, unnecessary breath of it before he turned to look at Jace; some human habits died hard. “Tell me,” he said, “that bringing me here was an accident. Tell me this wasn’t somehow all part of you wanting to stop Clary from coming with you.”

Jace didn’t look at him, but his chest rose and fell once, quickly, in a sort of suppressed gasp. “That’s right,” he said. “I created a bunch of Forsaken warriors, had them attack the Institute and kill Madeleine and nearly kill the rest of us, just so that I could keep Clary at home. And lo and behold, my diabolical plan is working.”

“Well, it is working,” Simon said quietly. “Isn’t it?”

“Listen, vampire,” Jace said. “Keeping Clary from Idris was the plan. Bringing you here was not the plan. I brought you through the Portal because if I’d left you behind, bleeding and unconscious, the Forsaken would have killed you.”

“You could have stayed behind with me—”

“They would have killed us both. I couldn’t even tell how many of them there were, not with the hellmist. Even I can’t fight off a hundred Forsaken.”

“And yet,” Simon said, “I bet it pains you to admit that.”

“You’re an ass,” Jace said, without inflection, “even for a Downworlder. I saved your life and I broke the Law to do it. Not for the first time, I might add. You could show a little gratitude.”

“*Gratitude?*” Simon felt his fingers curl in against his palms. “If you hadn’t dragged me to the Institute, I wouldn’t

be here. I never agreed to this.”

“You did,” said Jace, “when you said you’d do anything for Clary. *This* is anything.”

Before Simon could snap back an angry retort, there was a knock on the door. “Hello?” Isabelle called from the other side. “Simon, is your diva moment over? I need to talk to Jace.”

“Come in, Izzy.” Jace didn’t take his eyes off Simon; there was an electric anger in his gaze, and a sort of challenge that made Simon long to hit him with something heavy. Like a pickup truck.

Isabelle entered the room in a swirl of black hair and tiered silvery skirts. The ivory corset top she wore left her arms and shoulders, twined with inky runes, bare. Simon supposed it was a nice change of pace for her to be able to show her Marks off in a place where no one would think them out of the ordinary.

“Alec’s going up to the Gard,” Isabelle said without preamble. “He wants to talk to you about Simon before he leaves. Can you come downstairs?”

“Sure.” Jace headed for the door; halfway there, he realized Simon was following him and turned with a glower. “You stay here.”

“No,” Simon said. “If you’re going to be discussing me, I want to be there for it.”

For a moment it looked as if Jace’s icy calm were about to snap; he flushed and opened his mouth, his eyes flashing. Just as quickly, the anger vanished, tamped down by an obvious act of will. He gritted his teeth and smiled. “Fine,” he said. “Come on downstairs, vampire. You can meet the whole happy family.”



The first time Clary had gone through a Portal, there had been a sense of flying, of weightless tumbling. This time it was like being thrust into the heart of a tornado. Howling winds tore at her, ripped her hand from Luke’s and the scream from her

mouth. She fell whirling through the heart of a black and gold maelstrom.

Something flat and hard and silvery like the surface of a mirror rose up in front of her. She plunged toward it, shrieking, throwing her hands up to cover her face. She struck the surface and broke through, into a world of brutal cold and gasping suffocation. She was sinking through a thick blue darkness, trying to breathe, but she couldn't draw air into her lungs, only more of the freezing coldness—

Suddenly she was seized by the back of her coat and hauled upward. She kicked feebly but was too weak to break the hold on her. It drew her up, and the indigo darkness around her turned to pale blue and then to gold as she broke the surface of the water—it *was* water—and sucked in a gasp of air. Or tried to. Instead she choked and gagged, black spots dotting her vision. She was being dragged through the water, fast, weeds catching and tugging at her legs and arms—she twisted around in the grip that held her and caught a terrifying glimpse of something, not quite wolf and not quite human, ears as pointed as daggers and lips drawn back from sharp white teeth. She tried to scream, but only water came up.

A moment later she was out of the water and being flung onto damp hard-packed earth. There were hands on her shoulders, slamming her facedown against the ground. The hands struck her back, over and over, until her chest spasmed and she coughed up a bitter stream of water.

She was still choking when the hands rolled her onto her back. She was looking up at Luke, a black shadow against a high blue sky touched with white clouds. The gentleness she was used to seeing in his expression was gone; he was no longer wolflike, but he looked furious. He hauled her into a sitting position, shaking her hard, over and over, until she gasped and struck out at him weakly. “Luke! Stop it! You’re hurting me—”

His hands left her shoulders. He grabbed her chin in one hand instead, forcing her head up, his eyes searching her face. “The water,” he said. “Did you cough up all the water?”

“I think so,” she whispered. Her voice came faintly from her swollen throat.

“Where’s your stele?” he demanded, and when she hesitated, his voice sharpened. “Clary. Your stele. Find it.”

She pulled away from his grasp and rummaged in her wet pockets, her heart sinking as her fingers scrabbled against nothing but damp material. She turned a miserable face up to Luke. “I think I must have dropped it in the lake.” She sniffled. “My . . . my mother’s stele . . .”

“Jesus, Clary.” Luke stood up, clasping his hands distractedly behind his head. He was soaking wet too, water running off his jeans and heavy flannel coat in thick rivulets. The spectacles he usually wore halfway down his nose were gone. He looked down at her somberly. “You’re all right,” he said. It wasn’t really a question. “I mean, right now. You feel all right?”

She nodded. “Luke, what’s wrong? Why do we need my stele?”

Luke said nothing. He was looking around as if hoping to glean some assistance from their surroundings. Clary followed his gaze. They were on the wide dirt bank of a good-size lake. The water was pale blue, sparkled here and there with reflected sunlight. She wondered if it was the source of the gold light she’d seen through the half-open Portal. There was nothing sinister about the lake now that she was next to it instead of in it. It was surrounded by green hills dotted with trees just beginning to turn russet and gold. Beyond the hills rose high mountains, their peaks capped in snow.

Clary shivered. “Luke, when we were in the water—did you go part wolf? I thought I saw—”

“My wolf self can swim better than my human self,” Luke said shortly. “And it’s stronger. I had to drag you through the water, and you weren’t offering much help.”

“I know,” she said. “I’m sorry. You weren’t—you weren’t supposed to come with me.”

“If I hadn’t, you’d be dead now,” he pointed out. “Magnus told you, Clary. You can’t use a Portal to get into the Glass City unless you have someone waiting for you on the other side.”

“He said it was against the Law. He didn’t say if I tried to get there I’d *bounce off*.”

“He told you there are wards up around the city that prevent Portaling into it. It’s not his fault you decided to play around with magic you just barely understand. Just because you have power doesn’t mean you know how to use it.” He scowled.

“I’m sorry,” Clary said in a small voice. “It’s just—where are we now?”

“Lake Lyn,” said Luke. “I think the Portal took us as close to the city as it could and then dumped us. We’re on the outskirts of Alicante.” He looked around, shaking his head half in amazement and half in weariness. “You did it, Clary. We’re in Idris.”

“Idris?” Clary said, and stood staring stupidly out across the lake. It twinkled back at her, blue and undisturbed. “But—you said we were on the outskirts of Alicante. I don’t see the city anywhere.”

“We’re miles away.” Luke pointed. “You see those hills in the distance? We have to cross over those; the city is on the other side. If we had a car, we could get there in an hour, but we’re going to have to walk, which will probably take all afternoon.” He squinted up at the sky. “We’d better get going.”

Clary looked down at herself in dismay. The prospect of a daylong hike in soaking-wet clothes did not appeal. “Isn’t there anything else . . . ?”

“Anything else we can do?” Luke said, and there was a sudden sharp edge of anger to his voice. “Do you have any suggestions, Clary, since you’re the one who brought us here?” He pointed away from the lake. “That way lie mountains. Passable on foot only in high summer. We’d freeze to death on the peaks.” He turned, stabbed his finger in another direction. “That way lie miles of woods. They run all the way to the

border. They're uninhabited, at least by human beings. Past Alicante there's farmland and country houses. Maybe we could get out of Idris, but we'd still have to pass through the city. A city, I may add, where Downworlders like myself are hardly welcome."

Clary looked at him with her mouth open. "Luke, I didn't know—"

"Of course you didn't know. You don't know anything about Idris. You don't even care about Idris. You were just upset about being left behind, like a child, and you had a tantrum. And now we're here. Lost and freezing and—" He broke off, his face tight. "Come on. Let's start walking."

Clary followed Luke along the edge of Lake Lyn in a miserable silence. As they walked, the sun dried her hair and skin, but the velvet coat held water like a sponge. It hung on her like a lead curtain as she tripped hastily over rocks and mud, trying to keep up with Luke's long-legged stride. She made a few further attempts at conversation, but Luke remained stubbornly silent. She'd never done anything so bad before that an apology hadn't softened Luke's anger. This time, it seemed, was different.

The cliffs rose higher around the lake as they progressed, pocked with spots of darkness, like splashes of black paint. As Clary looked more closely, she realized they were caves in the rock. Some looked like they went very deep, twisting away into darkness. She imagined bats and creepy-crawling things hiding in the blackness, and shivered.

At last a narrow path cutting through the cliffs led them to a wide road lined with crushed stones. The lake curved away behind them, indigo in the late afternoon sunlight. The road cut through a flat grassy plain that rose to rolling hills in the distance. Clary's heart sank; the city was nowhere in sight.

Luke was staring toward the hills with a look of intense dismay on his face. "We're farther than I thought. It's been such a long time. . . ."

"Maybe if we found a bigger road," Clary suggested, "we could hitchhike, or get a ride to the city, or—"

“*Clary*. There are no cars in Idris.” Seeing her shocked expression, Luke laughed without much amusement. “The wards foul up the machinery. Most technology doesn’t work here—mobile phones, computers, the like. Alicante itself is lit—and powered—mostly by witchlight.”

“Oh,” Clary said in a small voice. “Well—about how far from the city *are* we?”

“Far enough.” Without looking at her, Luke raked both his hands back through his short hair. “There’s something I’d better tell you.”

Clary tensed. All she’d wanted before was for Luke to talk to her; now she didn’t want it anymore. “It’s all right—”

“Did you notice,” Luke said, “that there weren’t any boats on Lake Lyn—no docks—nothing that might suggest the lake is used in any way by the people of Idris?”

“I just thought that was because it was so remote.”

“It’s not that remote. A few hours from Alicante on foot. The fact is, the lake—” Luke broke off and sighed. “Did you ever notice the pattern on the library floor at the Institute in New York?”

Clary blinked. “I did, but I couldn’t figure out what it was.”

“It was an angel rising out of a lake, holding a cup and a sword. It’s a repeating motif in Nephilim decorations. The legend is that the angel Raziel rose out of Lake Lyn when he first appeared to Jonathan Shadowhunter, the first of the Nephilim, and gave him the Mortal Instruments. Ever since then the lake has been—”

“Sacred?” Clary suggested.

“Cursed,” Luke said. “The water of the lake is in some way poisonous to Shadowhunters. It won’t hurt Downworlders—the Fair Folk call it the Mirror of Dreams, and they drink its water because they claim it gives them true visions. But for a Shadowhunter to drink the water is very dangerous. It causes hallucinations, fever—it can drive a person to madness.”

Clary felt cold all over. “That’s why you tried to make me spit the water out.”

Luke nodded. “And why I wanted you to find your stele. With a healing rune, we could stave off the water’s effects. Without it, we need to get you to Alicante as quickly as possible. There are medicines, herbs, that will help, and I know someone who will almost certainly have them.”

“The Lightwoods?”

“Not the Lightwoods.” Luke’s voice was firm. “Someone else. Someone I know.”

“Who?”

He shook his head. “Let’s just pray this person hasn’t moved away in the last fifteen years.”

“But I thought you said it was against the Law for Downworlders to come into Alicante without permission.”

His answering smile was a reminder of the Luke who had caught her when she’d fallen off the jungle gym as a child, the Luke who had always protected her. “Some Laws were meant to be broken.”



The Penhallows’ house reminded Simon of the Institute—it had that same sense of belonging somehow to another era. The halls and stairways were narrow, made of stone and dark wood, and the windows were tall and thin, giving out onto views of the city. There was a distinctly Asian feel to the decorations: a shoji screen stood on the first-floor landing, and there were lacquer-flowered tall Chinese vases on the windowsills. There were also a number of silkscreen prints on the walls, showing what must have been scenes from Shadowhunter mythology, but with an Eastern feel to them—warlords wielding glowing seraph blades were prominently featured, alongside colorful dragonlike creatures and slithering, pop-eyed demons.

“Mrs. Penhallow—Jia—used to run the Beijing Institute. She splits her time between here and the Forbidden City,”

Isabelle said as Simon paused to examine a print. “And the Penhallows are an old family. Wealthy.”

“I can tell,” Simon muttered, looking up at the chandeliers, dripping cut-glass crystals like teardrops.

Jace, on the step behind them, grunted. “Move it along. We’re not taking a historical tour here.”

Simon weighed a rude retort and decided it wasn’t worth bothering. He took the rest of the stairs at a rapid pace; they opened out at the bottom into a large room. It was an odd mixture of the old and the new: A glass picture window looked out onto the canal, and there was music playing from a stereo that Simon couldn’t see. But there was no television, no stack of DVDs or CDs, the sort of detritus Simon associated with modern living rooms. Instead there were a number of overstuffed couches grouped around a large fireplace, in which flames were crackling.

Alec stood by the fireplace, in dark Shadowhunter gear, drawing on a pair of gloves. He looked up as Simon entered the room and scowled his habitual scowl, but said nothing.

Seated on the couches were two teenagers Simon had never seen before, a boy and a girl. The girl was slender, with glossy dark hair pulled back from her face, and a mischievous expression. Her delicate chin narrowed into a point. She wasn’t exactly pretty, but she was very striking.

The black-haired boy beside her was more than striking. He was probably Jace’s height, but seemed taller, even sitting down; he was slender and muscular, with a pale, elegant, restless face, all cheekbones and dark eyes. There was something strangely familiar about him, as if Simon had met him before.

The girl spoke first. “Is that the vampire?” She looked Simon up and down as if she were taking his measurements. “I’ve never really been this close to a vampire before—not one I wasn’t planning to kill, at least.” She cocked her head to the side. “He’s cute, for a Downworlder.”

“You’ll have to forgive her; she has the face of an angel and the manners of a Moloch demon,” said the boy with a smile, getting to his feet. He held his hand out to Simon. “I’m Sebastian. Sebastian Verlac. And this is my cousin, Aline Penhallow. Aline—”

“I don’t shake hands with Downworlders,” Aline said, shrinking back against the couch cushions. “They don’t have souls, you know. Vampires.”

Sebastian’s smile disappeared. “Aline—”

“It’s true. That’s why they can’t see themselves in mirrors, or go in the sun.”

Very deliberately, Simon stepped backward, into the patch of sunlight in front of the window. He felt the sun hot on his back, his hair. His shadow was cast, long and dark, across the floor, almost reaching Jace’s feet.

Aline took a sharp breath but said nothing. It was Sebastian who spoke, looking at Simon with curious black eyes. “So it’s true. The Lightwoods said, but I didn’t think—”

“That we were telling the truth?” Jace said, speaking for the first time since they’d come downstairs. “We wouldn’t lie about something like this. Simon’s . . . unique.”

“I kissed him once,” Isabelle said, to no one in particular.

Aline’s eyebrows shot up. “They really do let you do whatever you want in New York, don’t they?” she said, sounding half-horrified and half-envious. “The last time I saw you, Izzy, you wouldn’t even have considered—”

“The last time we all saw each other, Izzy was eight,” Alec said. “Things change. Now, Mom had to leave here in a hurry, so someone has to take her notes and records up to the Gard for her. I’m the only one who’s eighteen, so I’m the only one who *can* go while the Clave’s in session.”

“We know,” Isabelle said, flopping down onto a couch. “You’ve already told us that, like, five times.”

Alec, who was looking important, ignored this. “Jace, you brought the vampire here, so you’re in charge of him. Don’t let

him go outside.”

The vampire, Simon thought. It wasn’t like Alec didn’t know his name. He’d saved Alec’s life once. Now he was “the vampire.” Even for Alec, who was prone to the occasional fit of inexplicable sullenness, this was obnoxious. Maybe it had something to do with being in Idris. Maybe Alec felt a greater need to assert his Shadowhunter-ness here.

“*That’s* what you brought me down here to tell me? Don’t let the vampire go outside? I wouldn’t have done that anyway.” Jace slid onto the couch beside Aline, who looked pleased. “You’d better hurry up to the Gard and back. God knows what depravity we might get up to here without your guidance.”

Alec gazed at Jace with calm superiority. “Try to hold it together. I’ll be back in half an hour.” He vanished through an archway that led to a long corridor; somewhere in the distance, a door clicked shut.

“You shouldn’t bait him,” Isabelle said, shooting Jace a severe look. “They *did* leave him in charge.”

Aline, Simon couldn’t help but notice, was sitting very close to Jace, their shoulders touching, even though there was plenty of room around them on the couch. “Did you ever think that in a past life Alec was an old woman with ninety cats who was always yelling at the neighborhood kids to get off her lawn? Because I do,” he said, and Aline giggled. “Just because he’s the only one who can go to the Gard—”

“What’s the Gard?” Simon asked, tired of having no idea what anyone was talking about.

Jace looked at him. His expression was cool, unfriendly; his hand was atop Aline’s where it rested on her thigh. “Sit down,” he said, jerking his head toward an armchair. “Or did you plan to hover in the corner like a bat?”

Great. Bat jokes. Simon settled himself uncomfortably in the chair.

“The Gard is the official meeting place of the Clave,” Sebastian said, apparently taking pity on Simon. “It’s where

the Law is made, and where the Consul and Inquisitor reside. Only adult Shadowhunters are allowed onto its grounds when the Clave is in session.”

“In session?” Simon asked, remembering what Jace had said earlier, upstairs. “You mean—not because of *me*?”

Sebastian laughed. “No. Because of Valentine and the Mortal Instruments. That’s why everyone’s here. To discuss what Valentine’s going to do next.”

Jace said nothing, but at the sound of Valentine’s name, his face tightened.

“Well, he’ll go after the Mirror,” Simon said. “The third of the Mortal Instruments, right? Is it here in Idris? Is that why everyone’s here?”

There was a short silence before Isabelle answered. “The thing about the Mirror is that no one knows where it is. In fact, no one knows *what* it is.”

“It’s a mirror,” Simon said. “You know—reflective, glass. I’m just assuming.”

“What Isabelle means,” said Sebastian kindly, “is that nobody knows anything about the Mirror. There are multiple mentions of it in Shadowhunter histories, but no specifics about where it is, what it looks like, or, most important, what it does.”

“We assume Valentine wants it,” said Isabelle, “but that doesn’t help much, since no one’s got a clue where it is. The Silent Brothers might have had an idea, but Valentine killed them all. There won’t be more for at least a little while.”

“*All* of them?” Simon demanded in surprise. “I thought he only killed the ones in New York.”

“The Bone City isn’t really in New York,” Isabelle said. “It’s like—remember the entrance to the Seelie Court, in Central Park? Just because the entrance was there doesn’t mean the Court itself is under the park. It’s the same with the Bone City. There are various entrances, but the City itself—” Isabelle broke off as Aline shushed her with a quick gesture. Simon looked from her face to Jace’s to Sebastian’s. They all

had the same guarded expression, as if they'd just realized what they'd been doing: telling Nephilim secrets to a Downworlder. A vampire. Not the enemy, precisely, but certainly someone who couldn't be trusted.

Aline was the first one to break the silence. Fixing her pretty, dark gaze on Simon, she said, "So—what's it like, being a vampire?"

"Aline!" Isabelle looked appalled. "You can't just go around asking people what it's like to be a vampire."

"I don't see why," Aline said. "He hasn't been a vampire that long, has he? So he must remember what it was like being a person." She turned back to Simon. "Does blood still taste like blood to you? Or does it taste like something else now, like orange juice or something? Because I would think the taste of blood would—"

"It tastes like chicken," Simon said, just to shut her up.

"Really?" Aline looked astonished.

"He's making fun of you, Aline," said Sebastian, "as well he should. I apologize for my cousin again, Simon. Those of us who were brought up outside Idris tend to have a little more familiarity with Downworlders."

"But weren't you brought up in Idris?" Isabelle asked. "I thought your parents—"

"Isabelle," Jace interrupted, but it was already too late; Sebastian's expression darkened.

"My parents are dead," he said. "A demon nest near Calais—it's all right, it was a long time ago." He waved away Isabelle's protestation of sympathy. "My aunt—my father's sister—brought me up at the Institute in Paris."

"So you speak French?" Isabelle sighed. "I wish *I* spoke another language. But Hodge never thought we needed to learn anything but ancient Greek and Latin, and nobody speaks those."

"I also speak Russian and Italian. And some Romanian," Sebastian said with a modest smile. "I could teach you some

phrases—”

“Romanian? That’s impressive,” said Jace. “Not many people speak it.”

“Do you?” Sebastian asked with interest.

“Not really,” Jace said with a smile so disarming Simon knew he was lying. “My Romanian is pretty much limited to useful phrases like, ‘Are these snakes poisonous?’ and ‘But you look much too young to be a police officer.’”

Sebastian didn’t smile. There was something about his expression, Simon thought. It was mild—everything about him was calm—but Simon had the sense that the mildness hid something beneath it that belied his outward tranquility. “I do like traveling,” he said, his eyes on Jace. “But it’s good to be back, isn’t it?”

Jace paused in the act of playing with Aline’s fingers. “What do you mean?”

“Just that there’s nowhere else quite like Idris, however much we Nephilim might make homes for ourselves elsewhere. Don’t you agree?”

“Why are you asking me?” Jace’s look was icy.

Sebastian shrugged. “Well, you lived here as a child, didn’t you? And it’s been years since you’ve been back. Or did I get that wrong?”

“You didn’t get it wrong,” Isabelle said impatiently. “Jace likes to pretend that everyone isn’t talking about him, even when he knows they are.”

“They certainly are.” Though Jace was glaring at him, Sebastian seemed unruffled. Simon felt a sort of half-reluctant liking for the dark-haired Shadowhunter boy. It was rare to find someone who didn’t react to Jace’s taunts. “These days in Idris it’s all anyone talks about. You, the Mortal Instruments, your father, your sister—”

“Clarissa was supposed to come with you, wasn’t she?” Aline said. “I was looking forward to meeting her. What happened?”

Though Jace's expression didn't change, he drew his hand back from Aline's, curling it into a fist. "She didn't want to leave New York. Her mother's ill in the hospital." *He never says our mother*, Simon thought. *It's always her mother.*

"It's weird," Isabelle said. "I really thought she *wanted* to come."

"She did," said Simon. "In fact—"

Jace was on his feet, so fast that Simon didn't even see him move. "Come to think of it, I have something I need to discuss with Simon. In private." He jerked his head toward the double doors at the far end of the room, his eyes glittering a challenge. "Come on, vampire," he said, in a tone that left Simon with the distinct feeling that a refusal would probably end in some kind of violence. "Let's talk."

3

AMATIS

By late afternoon Luke and Clary had left the lake far behind and were pacing over seemingly endless broad, flat swatches of high grass. Here and there a gentle rise reared up into a high hill topped with black rocks. Clary was exhausted from staggering up and down the hills, one after another, her boots slipping on the damp grass as if it were greased marble. By the time they left the fields behind for a narrow dirt road, her hands were bleeding and grass-stained.

Luke stalked ahead of her with determined strides. Occasionally he would point out items of interest in a somber voice, like the world's most depressed tour guide. "We just crossed Brocelind Plain," he said as they climbed a rise and saw a tangled expanse of dark trees stretching away toward the west, where the sun hung low in the sky. "This is the forest. The woods used to cover most of the lowland of the country. Much of it was cut down to make way for the city—and to clear out the wolf packs and vampire nests that tended to crop up there. Brocelind Forest has always been a hiding place for Downworlders."

They trudged along in silence as the road curved alongside the forest for several miles before taking an abrupt turn. The trees seemed to lift away as a ridge rose above them, and Clary blinked when they turned the corner of a high hill—unless her eyes were deceiving her, there were *houses* down there. Small, white rows of houses, orderly as a Munchkin village. "We're here!" she exclaimed, and darted forward, only stopping when she realized that Luke was no longer beside her.

She turned and saw him standing in the middle of the dusty road, shaking his head. “No,” he said, moving to catch up with her. “That’s not the city.”

“Then is it a town? You said there weren’t any towns near here—”

“It’s a graveyard. It’s Alicante’s City of Bones. Did you think the City of Bones was the only resting place we had?” He sounded sad. “This is the necropolis, the place we bury those who die in Idris. You’ll see. We have to walk through it to get to Alicante.”

Clary hadn’t been to a graveyard since the night Simon had died, and the memory gave her a bone-deep shiver as she passed along the narrow lanes that threaded among the mausoleums like white ribbon. Someone took care of this place: The marble gleamed as if freshly scrubbed, and the grass was evenly cut. There were bunches of white flowers laid here and there on the graves; she thought at first they were lilies, but they had a spicy, unfamiliar scent that made her wonder if they were native to Idris. Each tomb looked like a little house; some even had metal or wire gates, and the names of Shadow-hunter families were carved over the doors. CARTWRIGHT. MERRY-WEATHER. HIGHTOWER. BLACKWELL. MIDWINTER. She stopped at one: HERONDALE.

She turned to look at Luke. “That was the Inquisitor’s name.”

“This is her family tomb. Look.” He pointed. Beside the door were white letters cut into the gray marble. They were names. MARCUS HERONDALE. STEPHEN HERONDALE. They had both died in the same year. Much as Clary had hated the Inquisitor, she felt something twist inside her, a pity she couldn’t help. To lose your husband and your son, so close together . . . Three words in Latin ran under Stephen’s name: AVE ATQUE VALE.

“What does that mean?” she asked, turning to Luke.

“It means ‘Hail and farewell.’ It’s from a poem by Catullus. At some point it became what the Nephilim say during funerals, or when someone dies in battle. Now come on—it’s

better not to dwell on this stuff, Clary.” Luke took her shoulder and moved her gently away from the tomb.

Maybe he was right, Clary thought. Maybe it was better not to think too much about death and dying right now. She kept her eyes averted as they made their way out of the necropolis. They were almost through the iron gates at the far end when she spotted a smaller mausoleum, growing like a white toadstool in the shadow of a leafy oak tree. The name above the door leaped out at her as if it had been written in lights.

FAIRCHILD.

“Clary—” Luke reached for her, but she was already gone. With a sigh he followed her into the tree’s shadow, where she stood transfixed, reading the names of the grandparents and great-grandparents she had never even known she had. ALOYSIUS FAIRCHILD. ADELE FAIRCHILD, B. NIGHTSHADE. GRANVILLE FAIRCHILD. And below all those names: JOCELYN MORGENSTERN, B. FAIRCHILD.

A wave of cold went over Clary. Seeing her mother’s name there was like revisiting the nightmares she had sometimes where she was at her mother’s funeral and no one would tell her what had happened or how her mother had died.

“But she’s not dead,” she said, looking up at Luke. “She’s not—”

“The Clave didn’t know that,” he told her gently.

Clary gasped. She could no longer hear Luke’s voice or see him standing in front of her. Before her rose a jagged hillside, gravestones protruding from the dirt like snapped-off bones. A black headstone loomed up in front of her, letters cut unevenly into its face: CLARISSA MORGENSTERN, B. 1991 D. 2007. Under the words was a crudely drawn child’s sketch of a skull with gaping eye sockets. Clary staggered backward with a scream.

Luke caught her by the shoulders. “Clary, what is it? What’s wrong?”

She pointed. “There—look—”

But it was gone. The grass stretched out ahead of her, green and even, the white mausoleums neat and plain in their orderly

rows.

She twisted to look up at him. “I saw my own gravestone,” she said. “It said I was going to die—now—this year.” She shuddered.

Luke looked grim. “It’s the lake water,” he said. “You’re starting to hallucinate. Come on—we haven’t got much time left.”



Jace marched Simon upstairs and down a short hallway lined with doors; he paused only to straight-arm one of them open, a scowl on his face. “In here,” he said, half-shoving Simon through the doorway. Simon saw what looked like a library inside: rows of bookshelves, long couches, and armchairs. “We should have some privacy—”

He broke off as a figure rose nervously from one of the armchairs. It was a little boy with brown hair and glasses. He had a small, serious face, and there was a book clutched in one of his hands. Simon was familiar enough with Clary’s reading habits to recognize it as a manga volume even at a distance.

Jace frowned. “Sorry, Max. We need the room. Grown-up talk.”

“But Izzy and Alec already kicked me out of the living room so they could have grown-up talk,” Max complained. “Where am I supposed to go?”

Jace shrugged. “Your room?” He jerked a thumb toward the door. “Time to do your duty for your country, kiddo. Scram.”

Looking aggrieved, Max stalked past them both, his book clutched to his chest. Simon felt a twinge of sympathy—it sucked to be old enough to want to know what was going on, but so young you were always dismissed. The boy shot him a look as he went past—a scared, suspicious glance. *That’s the vampire*, his eyes said.

“Come on.” Jace hustled Simon into the room, shutting and locking the door behind them. With the door closed the room was so dimly lit even Simon found it dark. It smelled like dust. Jace walked across the floor and threw open the curtains at the

far end of the room, revealing a tall, single-paned picture window that gave out onto a view of the canal just outside. Water splashed against the side of the house just a few feet below them, under stone railings carved with a weather-beaten design of runes and stars.

Jace turned to Simon with a scowl. “What the hell is your problem, vampire?”

“*My* problem? You’re the one who practically dragged me out of there by my hair.”

“Because you were about to tell them that Clary never canceled her plans to come to Idris. You know what would happen then? They’d contact her and arrange for her to come. And I already told you why that can’t happen.”

Simon shook his head. “I don’t get you,” he said. “Sometimes you act like all you care about is Clary, and then you act like—”

Jace stared at him. The air was full of dancing dust motes; they made a shimmering curtain between the two boys. “Act like what?”

“You were flirting with Aline,” Simon said. “It didn’t seem like all you cared about was Clary then.”

“That is so not your business,” Jace said. “And besides, Clary is my sister. You *do* know that.”

“I was there in the faerie court too,” Simon replied. “I remember what the Seelie Queen said. *The kiss that will free the girl is the kiss that she most desires.*”

“I bet you remember that. Burned into your brain, is it, vampire?”

Simon made a noise in the back of his throat that he hadn’t even realized he was capable of making. “Oh, no you don’t. I’m not having this argument. I’m not fighting over Clary with you. It’s ridiculous.”

“Then why did you bring all this up?”

“Because,” Simon said. “If you want me to lie—not to Clary, but to all your Shadowhunter friends—if you want me

to pretend that it was Clary's own decision not to come here, and if you want me to pretend that I don't know about her powers, or what she can really do, then *you* have to do something for me."

"Fine," Jace said. "What is it you want?"

Simon was silent for a moment, looking past Jace at the line of stone houses fronting the sparkling canal. Past their crenellated roofs he could see the gleaming tops of the demon towers. "I want you to do whatever you need to do to convince Clary that you don't have feelings for her. And don't—don't tell me you're her brother; I already know that. Stop stringing her along when you know that whatever you two have has no future. And I'm not saying this because I want her for myself. I'm saying it because I'm her friend and I don't want her hurt."

Jace looked down at his hands for a long moment without answering. They were thin hands, the fingers and knuckles scuffed with old calluses. The backs of them were laced with the thin white lines of old Marks. They were a soldier's hands, not a teenage boy's. "I've already done that," he said. "I told her I was only interested in being her brother."

"Oh." Simon had expected Jace to fight him on this, to argue, not to just *give up*. A Jace who just gave up was new—and left Simon feeling almost ashamed for having asked. *Clary never mentioned it to me*, he wanted to say, but then why would she have? Come to think of it, she had seemed unusually quiet and withdrawn lately whenever Jace's name had come up. "Well, that takes care of that, I guess. There's one last thing."

"Oh?" Jace spoke without much apparent interest. "And what's that?"

"What was it Valentine said when Clary drew that rune on the ship? It sounded like a foreign language. *Meme* something—?"

"*Mene mene tekel upharsin*," Jace said with a faint smile. "You don't recognize it? It's from the Bible, vampire. The old one. That's your book, isn't it?"

“Just because I’m Jewish doesn’t mean I’ve memorized the Old Testament.”

“It’s the Writing on the Wall. ‘God hath numbered thy kingdom, and brought it to an end; thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting.’ It’s a portent of doom—it means the end of an empire.”

“But what does that have to do with Valentine?”

“Not just Valentine,” said Jace. “All of us. The Clave and the Law—what Clary can do overturns everything they know to be true. No human being can create new runes, or draw the sort of runes Clary can. Only angels have that power. And since Clary can do that—well, it seems like a portent. Things are changing. The Laws are changing. The old ways may never be the right ways again. Just as the rebellion of the angels ended the world as it was—it split heaven in half and created hell—this could mean the end of the Nephilim as they currently exist. This is our war in heaven, vampire, and only one side can win it. And my father means it to be his.”



Though the air was still cold, Clary was boiling hot in her wet clothes. Sweat ran down her face in rivulets, dampening the collar of her coat as Luke, his hand on her arm, hurried her along the road under a rapidly darkening sky. They were within sight of Alicante now. The city was in a shallow valley, bisected by a silvery river that flowed into one end of the city, seemed to vanish, and flowed again out the other. A tumble of honey-colored buildings with red slate roofs and a tangle of steeply winding dark streets backed up against the side of a steep hill. On the crown of the hill rose a dark stone edifice, pillared and soaring, with a glittering tower at each cardinal direction point: four in all. Scattered among the other buildings were the same tall, thin, glasslike towers, each one shimmering like quartz. They were like glass needles piercing the sky. The fading sunlight struck dull rainbows from their surfaces like a match striking sparks. It was a beautiful sight, and very strange.

You have never seen a city till you have seen Alicante of the glass towers.

“What was that?” Luke said, overhearing. “What did you say?”

Clary hadn’t realized she’d spoken out loud. Embarrassed, she repeated her words, and Luke looked at her in surprise. “Where did you hear that?”

“Hodge,” Clary said. “It was something Hodge said to me.”

Luke peered at her more closely. “You’re flushed,” he said. “How are you feeling?”

Clary’s neck was aching, her whole body on fire, her mouth dry. “I’m fine,” she said. “Let’s just get there, okay?”

“Okay.” Luke pointed; at the edge of the city, where the buildings ended, Clary could see an archway, two sides curving to a pointed top. A Shadowhunter in black gear stood watch inside the shadow of the archway. “That’s the North Gate—it’s where Downworlders can legally enter the city, provided they’ve got the paperwork. Guards are posted there night and day. Now, if we were on official business, or had permission to be here, we’d go in through it.”

“But there aren’t any walls around the city,” Clary pointed out. “It doesn’t seem like much of a gate.”

“The wards are invisible, but they’re there. The demon towers control them. They have for a thousand years. You’ll feel it when you pass through them.” He glanced one more time at her flushed face, concern crinkling the corners of his eyes. “Are you ready?”

She nodded. They moved away from the gate, along the east side of the city, where buildings were more thickly clustered. With a gesture to be quiet, Luke drew her toward a narrow opening between two houses. Clary shut her eyes as they approached, almost as if she expected to be smacked in the face with an invisible wall as soon as they stepped onto the streets of Alicante. It wasn’t like that. She felt a sudden pressure, as if she were in an airplane that was dropping. Her

ears popped—and then the feeling was gone, and she was standing in the alley between the buildings.

Just like an alley in New York—like every alley in the world, apparently—it smelled like cat pee.

Clary peered around the corner of one of the buildings. A larger street stretched away up the hill, lined with small shops and houses. “There’s no one around,” she observed, with some surprise.

In the fading light Luke looked gray. “There must be a meeting going on up at the Gard. It’s the only thing that could get everyone off the streets at once.”

“But isn’t that good? There’s no one around to see us.”

“It’s good and bad. The streets are mostly deserted, which is good. But anyone who does happen by will be much more likely to notice and remark on us.”

“I thought you said everyone was in the Gard.”

Luke smiled faintly. “Don’t be so literal, Clary. I meant most of the city. Children, teenagers, anyone exempted from the meeting, they won’t be there.”

Teenagers. Clary thought of Jace, and despite herself, her pulse leaped forward like a horse charging out of the starting gate at a race.

Luke frowned, almost as if he could read her thoughts. “As of now, I’m breaking the Law by being in Alicante without declaring myself to the Clave at the gate. If anyone recognizes me, we could be in real trouble.” He glanced up at the narrow strip of russet sky visible between the rooftops. “We have to get off the streets.”

“I thought we were going to your friend’s house.”

“We are. And she’s not a friend, precisely.”

“Then who—?”

“Just follow me.” Luke ducked into a passage between two houses, so narrow that Clary could reach out and touch the walls of both houses with her fingers as they made their way

down it and onto a cobblestoned winding street lined with shops. The buildings themselves looked like a cross between a Gothic dreamscape and a children's fairy tale. The stone facings were carved with all manner of creatures out of myth and legend—the heads of monsters were a prominent feature, interspersed with winged horses, something that looked like a house on chicken legs, mermaids, and, of course, angels. Gargoyles jutted from every corner, their snarling faces contorted. And everywhere there were runes: splashed across doors, hidden in the design of an abstract carving, dangling from thin metal chains like wind chimes that twisted in the breeze. Runes for protection, for good luck, even for good business; staring at them all, Clary began to feel a little dizzy.

They walked in silence, keeping to the shadows. The cobblestone street was deserted, shop doors shut and barred. Clary cast furtive glances into the windows as they passed. It was strange to see a display of expensive decorated chocolates in one window and in the next an equally lavish display of deadly-looking weapons—cutlasses, maces, nail-studded cudgels, and an array of seraph blades in different sizes. “No guns,” she said. Her own voice sounded very far away.

Luke blinked at her. “What?”

“Shadowhunters,” she said. “They never seem to use guns.”

“Runes keep gunpowder from igniting,” he said. “No one knows why. Still, Nephilim have been known to use the occasional rifle on lycanthropes. It doesn't take a rune to kill us—just silver bullets.” His voice was grim. Suddenly his head went up. In the dim light it was easy to imagine his ears pricking forward like a wolf's. “Voices,” he said. “They must be finished at the Gard.”

He took her arm and pulled her sideways off the main street. They emerged into a small square with a well at its center. A masonry bridge arched over a narrow canal just ahead of them. In the fading light the water in the canal looked almost black. Clary could hear the voices herself now, coming from the streets nearby. They were raised, angry-sounding. Clary's dizziness increased—she felt as if the ground were

tilting under her, threatening to send her sprawling. She leaned back against the wall of the alley, gasping for air.

“Clary,” Luke said. “Clary, are you all right?”

His voice sounded thick, strange. She looked at him, and the breath died in her throat. His ears had grown long and pointed, his teeth razor-sharp, his eyes a fierce yellow—

“Luke,” she whispered. “What’s happening to you?”

“Clary.” He reached for her, his hands oddly elongated, the nails sharp and rust-colored. “Is something wrong?”

She screamed, twisting away from him. She wasn’t sure why she felt so terrified—she’d seen Luke Change before, and he’d never harmed her. But the terror was a live thing inside her, uncontrollable. Luke caught at her shoulders and she cringed away from him, away from his yellow, animal eyes, even as he hushed her, begging her to be quiet in his ordinary, human voice. “Clary, please—”

“Let me go! Let me go!”

But he didn’t. “It’s the water—you’re hallucinating—Clary, try to keep it together.” He drew her toward the bridge, half-dragging her. She could feel tears running down her face, cooling her burning cheeks. “It’s not real. Try to hold on, please,” he said, helping her onto the bridge. She could smell the water below it, green and stale. *Things* moved below the surface of it. As she watched, a black tentacle emerged from the water, its spongy tip lined with needle teeth. She cringed away from the water, unable to scream, a low moaning coming from her throat.

Luke caught her as her knees buckled, swinging her up into his arms. He hadn’t carried her since she was five or six years old. “Clary,” he said, but the rest of his words melded and blurred into a nonsensical roar as they stepped down off the bridge. They raced past a series of tall, thin houses that almost reminded Clary of Brooklyn row houses—or maybe she was just hallucinating her own neighborhood? The air around them seemed to warp as they went on, the lights of the houses blazing up around them like torches, the canal shimmering

with an evil phosphorescent glow. Clary's bones felt as if they were dissolving inside her body.

"Here." Luke jerked to a halt in front of a tall canal house. He kicked hard at the door, shouting; it was painted a bright, almost garish, red, a single rune splashed across it in gold. The rune melted and ran as Clary stared at it, taking the shape of a hideous grinning skull. *It's not real*, she told herself fiercely, stifling her scream with her fist, biting down until she tasted blood in her mouth.

The pain cleared her head momentarily. The door flew open, revealing a woman in a dark dress, her face creased with a mixture of anger and surprise. Her hair was long, a tangled gray-brown cloud escaping from two braids; her blue eyes were familiar. A witchlight rune-stone gleamed in her hand. "Who is it?" she demanded. "What do you want?"

"Amatis." Luke moved into the pool of witchlight, Clary in his arms. "It's me."

The woman blanched and tottered, putting out a hand to brace herself against the doorway. "*Lucian?*" Luke tried to take a step forward, but the woman—Amatis—blocked his path. She was shaking her head so hard that her braids whipped back and forth. "How can you come here, Lucian? How *dare* you come here?"

"I had very little choice." Luke tightened his hold on Clary. She bit back a cry. Her whole body felt as if it were on fire, every nerve ending burning with pain.

"You have to go, then," Amatis said. "If you leave immediately—"

"I'm not here for me. I'm here for the girl. She's dying." As the woman stared at him, he said, "Amatis, please. She's *Jocelyn's daughter*."

There was a long silence, during which Amatis stood like a statue, unmoving, in the doorway. She seemed frozen, whether from surprise or horror Clary couldn't guess. Clary clenched her fist—her palm was sticky with blood where the nails dug in—but even the pain wasn't helping now; the world was

coming apart in soft colors, like a jigsaw puzzle drifting on the surface of water. She barely heard Amatis's voice as the older woman stepped back from the doorway and said, "Very well, Lucian. You can bring her inside."



By the time Simon and Jace came back into the living room, Aline had laid food out on the low table between the couches. There was bread and cheese, slices of cake, apples, and even a bottle of wine, which Max was not allowed to touch. He sat in the corner with a plate of cake, his book open on his lap. Simon sympathized with him. He felt just as alone in the laughing, chatting group as Max probably did.

He watched Aline touch Jace's wrist with her fingers as she reached for a piece of apple, and felt himself tense. *But this is what you want him to do*, he told himself, and yet somehow he couldn't get rid of the sense that Clary was being disregarded.

Jace met his eyes over Aline's head and smiled. Somehow, even though he wasn't a vampire, he was able to manage a smile that seemed to be all pointed teeth. Simon looked away, glancing around the room. He noticed that the music he'd heard earlier wasn't coming from a stereo at all but from a complicated-looking mechanical contraption.

He thought about striking up a conversation with Isabelle, but she was chatting with Sebastian, whose elegant face was bent attentively down to hers. Jace had laughed at Simon's crush on Isabelle once, but Sebastian could doubtless handle her. Shadowhunters were brought up to handle anything, weren't they? Although the look on Jace's face when he'd said that he planned to be only Clary's brother made Simon wonder.

"We're out of wine," Isabelle declared, setting the bottle down on the table with a thump. "I'm going to get some more." With a wink at Sebastian, she disappeared into the kitchen.

"If you don't mind my saying so, you seem a little quiet." It was Sebastian, leaning over the back of Simon's chair with a disarming smile. For someone with such dark hair, Simon

thought, Sebastian's skin was very fair, as if he didn't go out in the sun much. "Everything all right?"

Simon shrugged. "There aren't a lot of openings for me in the conversation. It seems to be either about Shadowhunter politics or people I've never heard of, or both."

The smile disappeared. "We can be something of a closed circle, we Nephilim. It's the way of those who are shut out from the rest of the world."

"Don't you think you shut yourselves out? You despise ordinary humans—"

"'Despise' is a little strong," said Sebastian. "And do you really think the world of humans would want anything to do with us? All we are is a living reminder that whenever they comfort themselves that there are no *real* vampires, no real demons or monsters under the bed—they're lying." He turned his head to look at Jace, who, Simon realized, had been staring at them both in silence for several minutes. "Don't you agree?"

Jace smiled. "*De ce crezi că vă ascultam conversația?*"

Sebastian met his glance with a look of pleasant interest. "*M-ai urmărit de când ai ajuns aici,*" he replied. "*Nu-mi dau seama dacă nu mă placi ori dacă ești atât de bănuitor cu toată lumea.*" He got to his feet. "I appreciate the Romanian practice, but if you don't mind, I'm going to see what's taking Isabelle so long in the kitchen." He disappeared through the doorway, leaving Jace staring after him with a puzzled expression.

"What's wrong? Does he not speak Romanian after all?" Simon asked.

"No," said Jace. A small frown line had appeared between his eyes. "No, he speaks it all right."

Before Simon could ask him what he meant by that, Alec entered the room. He was frowning, just as he had been when he'd left. His gaze lingered momentarily on Simon, a look almost of confusion in his blue eyes.

Jace glanced up. "Back so soon?"

“Not for long.” Alec reached down to pluck an apple off the table with a gloved hand. “I just came back to get—him,” he said, gesturing toward Simon with the apple. “He’s wanted at the Gard.”

Aline looked surprised. “Really?” she said, but Jace was already rising from the couch, disentangling his hand from hers.

“Wanted for what?” he said, with a dangerous calm. “I hope you found that out before you promised to deliver him, at least.”

“Of course I *asked*,” Alec snapped. “I’m not stupid.”

“Oh, come on,” said Isabelle. She had reappeared in the doorway with Sebastian, who was holding a bottle. “Sometimes you are a bit stupid, you know. Just a *bit*,” she repeated as Alec shot her a murderous glare.

“They’re sending Simon back to New York,” he said. “Through the Portal.”

“But he just *got* here!” Isabelle protested with a pout. “That’s no fun.”

“It’s not supposed to be fun, Izzy. Simon coming here was an accident, so the Clave thinks the best thing is for him to go home.”

“Great,” Simon said. “Maybe I’ll even make it back before my mother notices I’m gone. What’s the time difference between here and Manhattan?”

“You have a *mother*?” Aline looked amazed.

Simon chose to ignore this. “Seriously,” he said, as Alec and Jace exchanged glances. “It’s fine. All I want is to get out of this place.”

“You’ll go with him?” Jace said to Alec. “And make sure everything’s all right?”

They were looking at each other in a way that was familiar to Simon. It was the way he and Clary sometimes looked at each other, exchanging coded glances when they didn’t want their parents to know what they were planning.

“What?” he said, looking from one to the other. “What’s wrong?”

They broke their stare; Alec glanced away, and Jace turned a bland and smiling look on Simon. “Nothing,” he said. “Everything’s fine. Congratulations, vampire—you get to go home.”

4

DAYLIGHTER

Night had fallen over Alicante when Simon and Alec left the Penhallows' house and headed uphill toward the Gard. The streets of the city were narrow and twisting, wending upward like pale stone ribbons in the moonlight. The air was cold, though Simon felt it only distantly.

Alec walked along in silence, striding ahead of Simon as if pretending that he were alone. In his previous life Simon would have had to hurry, panting, to keep up; now he discovered he could pace Alec just by speeding up his stride. "Must suck," Simon said finally, as Alec stared morosely ahead. "Getting stuck with escorting me, I mean."

Alec shrugged. "I'm eighteen. I'm an adult, so I have to be the responsible one. I'm the only one who can go in and out of the Gard when the Clave's in session, and besides, the Consul knows me."

"What's a Consul?"

"He's like a very high officer of the Clave. He counts the votes of the Council, interprets the Law for the Clave, and advises them and the Inquisitor. If you head up an Institute and you run into a problem you don't know how to deal with, you call the Consul."

"He advises the Inquisitor? I thought—isn't the Inquisitor dead?"

Alec snorted. "That's like saying, 'Isn't the president dead?' Yeah, the Inquisitor died; now there's a new one. Inquisitor Aldertree."

Simon glanced down the hill toward the dark water of the canals far below. They'd left the city behind them and were treading a narrow road between shadowy trees. "I'll tell you, inquisitions haven't worked out well for my people in the past." Alec looked blank. "Never mind. Just a mundane history joke. You wouldn't be interested."

"You're not a mundane," Alec pointed out. "That's why Aline and Sebastian were so excited to get a look at you. Not that you can tell with Sebastian; he always acts like he's seen everything already."

Simon spoke without thinking. "Are he and Isabelle . . . Is there something going on there?"

That startled a laugh out of Alec. "Isabelle and *Sebastian*? Hardly. Sebastian's a nice guy—Isabelle only likes dating thoroughly inappropriate boys our parents will hate. Mundanes, Downworlders, petty crooks . . ."

"Thanks," Simon said. "I'm glad to be classed with the criminal element."

"I think she does it for attention," Alec said. "She's the only girl in the family too, so she has to keep proving how tough she is. Or at least, that's what she thinks."

"Or maybe she's trying to take the attention off you," Simon said, almost absently. "You know, since your parents don't know you're gay and all."

Alec stopped in the middle of the road so suddenly that Simon almost crashed into him. "No," he said, "but apparently everyone *else* does."

"Except Jace," Simon said. "He doesn't know, does he?"

Alec took a deep breath. He was pale, Simon thought, or it could have just been the moonlight, washing the color out of everything. His eyes looked black in the darkness. "I really don't see what business it is of yours. Unless you're trying to threaten me."

"Trying to *threaten* you?" Simon was taken aback. "I'm not —"

“Then why?” said Alec, and there was a sudden, sharp vulnerability in his voice that took Simon aback. “Why bring it up?”

“Because,” Simon said. “You seem to hate me most of the time. I don’t take it that personally, even if I did save your life. You seem to kind of hate the whole world. And besides, we have practically nothing in common. But I see you looking at Jace, and I see myself looking at Clary, and I figure—maybe we have that one thing in common. And maybe it might make you dislike me a little less.”

“So you’re not going to tell Jace?” Alec said. “I mean—you told Clary how you felt, and . . .”

“And it wasn’t the best idea,” said Simon. “Now I wonder all the time how you go back after something like that. Whether we can ever be friends again, or if what we had is broken into pieces. Not because of her, but because of me. Maybe if I found someone else . . .”

“Someone else,” Alec repeated. He had started walking again, very quickly, staring at the road ahead of him.

Simon hurried to keep up. “You know what I mean. For instance, I think Magnus Bane really likes you. And he’s pretty cool. He throws great parties, anyway. Even if I did get turned into a rat that time.”

“Thanks for the advice.” Alec’s voice was dry. “But I don’t think he likes me all that much. He barely spoke to me when he came to open the Portal at the Institute.”

“Maybe you should call him,” Simon suggested, trying not to think too hard about how weird it was to be giving a demon hunter advice about possibly dating a warlock.

“Can’t,” Alec said. “No phones in Idris. It doesn’t matter, anyway.” His tone was abrupt. “We’re here. This is the Gard.”

A high wall rose in front of them, set with a pair of enormous gates. The gates were carved with the swirling, angular patterns of runes, and though Simon couldn’t read them as Clary could, there was something dazzling in their complexity and the sense of power that emanated from them.

The gates were guarded by stone angel statues on either side, their faces fierce and beautiful. Each held a carved sword in its hand, and a writhing creature—a mixture of rat, bat, and lizard, with nasty pointed teeth—lay dying at its feet. Simon stood looking at them for a long moment. Demons, he figured—but they could just as easily be vampires.

Alec pushed the gate open and gestured for Simon to pass through. Once inside, he blinked around in confusion. Since he'd become a vampire, his night vision had sharpened to a laserlike clarity, but the dozens of torches lining the path to the doors of the Gard were made of witchlight, and the harsh white glow seemed to bleach the detail out of everything. He was vaguely aware of Alec guiding him forward down a narrow stone pathway that shone with reflected illumination, and then there was someone standing on the path in front of him, blocking his way with an upraised arm.

“So this is the vampire?” The voice that spoke was deep enough to nearly be a growl. Simon looked up, the light stinging his eyes to burning—they would have teared up if he'd still been able to shed tears. *Witchlight*, he thought, *angel light, burns me. I suppose it's no surprise.*

The man standing in front of them was very tall, with sallow skin stretched over prominent cheekbones. Under a close-cropped dome of black hair, his forehead was high, his nose beaked and Roman. His expression as he looked down at Simon was the look of a subway commuter watching a large rat run back and forth on the rails, half-hoping a train will come along and squish it.

“This is Simon,” said Alec, a little uncertainly. “Simon, this is Consul Malachi Dieudonné. Is the Portal ready, sir?”

“Yes,” Malachi said. His voice was harsh and carried a faint accent. “Everything is in readiness. Come, Downworlder.” He beckoned to Simon. “The sooner this is all over, the better.”

Simon moved to go to the chief officer, but Alec stopped him with a hand on his arm. “Just a moment,” he said, addressing the Consul. “He'll be sent directly back to

Manhattan? And there will be someone waiting there on the other side for him?”

“Indeed,” said Malachi. “The warlock Magnus Bane. Since he unwisely allowed the vampire into Idris in the first place, he’s taken responsibility for his return.”

“If Magnus hadn’t let Simon through the Portal, he would have died,” Alec said, a little sharply.

“Perhaps,” said Malachi. “That’s what your parents say, and the Clave has chosen to believe them. Against my advice, in fact. Still, one does not lightly bring Downworlders into the City of Glass.”

“There was nothing light about it.” Anger surged in Simon’s chest. “We were under attack—”

Malachi turned his gaze on Simon. “You will speak when you are spoken to, Downworlder, not before.”

Alec’s hand tightened on Simon’s arm. There was a look on his face—half hesitation, half suspicion, as if he were doubting his wisdom in bringing Simon here after all.

“Now, Consul, *really!*” The voice carrying through the courtyard was high, a little breathless, and Simon saw with some surprise that it belonged to a man—a small, round man hurrying along the path toward them. He was wearing a loose gray cloak over his Shadowhunter gear, and his bald head glistened in the witchlight. “There’s no need to alarm our guest.”

“Guest?” Malachi looked outraged.

The small man came to a halt before Alec and Simon and beamed at them both. “We’re so glad—pleased, really—that you decided to cooperate with our request that you return to New York. It does make everything so much easier.” He twinkled at Simon, who stared back at him in confusion. He didn’t think he’d ever met a Shadowhunter who seemed pleased to see him—not when he was a mundane, and definitely not now that he was a vampire. “Oh, I almost forgot!” The little man slapped himself on the forehead in

remorse. “I should have introduced myself. I’m the Inquisitor—the *new* Inquisitor. Inquisitor Aldertree is my name.”

Aldertree held his hand out to Simon, and in a welter of confusion Simon took it. “And you. Your name is Simon?”

“Yes,” Simon said, drawing his hand back as soon as he could. Aldertree’s grip was unpleasantly moist and clammy. “There’s no need to thank me for cooperating. All I want is to go home.”

“I’m sure you do, I’m sure you do!” Though Aldertree’s tone was jovial, something flashed across his face as he spoke—an expression Simon couldn’t pin down. It was gone in a moment, as Aldertree smiled and gestured toward a narrow path that wound alongside the Gard. “This way, Simon, if you please.”

Simon moved forward, and Alec made as if to follow him. The Inquisitor held up a hand. “That’s all we’ll be needing from you, Alexander. Thank you for your help.”

“But Simon—,” Alec began.

“Will be just fine,” the Inquisitor assured him. “Malachi, please show Alexander out. And give him a witchlight rune-stone to get him back home if he hasn’t brought one. The path can be tricky at night.”

And with another beatific smile, he whisked Simon away, leaving Alec staring after them both.



The world flared up around Clary in an almost tangible blur as Luke carried her over the threshold of the house and down a long hallway, Amatis hurrying ahead of them with her witchlight. More than half-delirious, she stared as the corridor unfolded before her, growing longer and longer like a corridor in a nightmare.

The world turned on its side. Suddenly she was lying on a cold surface, and hands were smoothing a blanket over her. Blue eyes gazed down at her. “She seems so ill, Lucian,” Amatis said, in a voice that was warped and distorted like an old recording. “What happened to her?”

“She drank about half of Lake Lyn.” The sound of Luke’s voice faded, and for a moment Clary’s vision cleared: She was lying on the cold tiled floor of a kitchen, and somewhere above her head Luke was rummaging in a cabinet. The kitchen had peeling yellow walls and an old-fashioned black cast-iron stove against one wall; flames leaped behind the stove grating, making her eyes hurt. “Anise, belladonna, hellebore . . .” Luke turned away from the cabinet with an armful of glass canisters. “Can you boil these together, Amatis? I’m going to move her closer to the stove. She’s shivering.”

Clary tried to speak, to say that she didn’t need to be warmed, that she was burning up, but the sounds that came out of her mouth weren’t the ones she’d intended. She heard herself whimper as Luke lifted her, and then there was heat, thawing her left side—she hadn’t even realized she was cold. Her teeth clicked together hard, and she tasted blood in her mouth. The world began to tremble around her like water shaken in a glass.

“The Lake of Dreams?” Amatis’s voice was full of disbelief. Clary couldn’t see her clearly, but she seemed to be standing near the stove, a long-handled wooden spoon in her hand. “What were you doing there? Does Jocelyn know where —”

And the world was gone, or at least the real world, the kitchen with the yellow walls and the comforting fire behind the grate. Instead she saw the waters of Lake Lyn, with fire reflected in them as if in the surface of a piece of polished glass. Angels were walking on the glass—angels with white wings that hung bloodied and broken from their backs, and each of them had Jace’s face. And then there were other angels, with wings of black shadow, and they touched their hands to the fire and laughed. . . .

“She keeps calling out for her brother.” Amatis’s voice sounded hollow, as if filtering down from impossibly high overhead. “He’s with the Lightwoods, isn’t he? They’re staying with the Penhallows on Princewater Street. I could—”

“No,” Luke said sharply. “No. It’s better Jace doesn’t know about this.”

Was I calling out for Jace? Why would I do that? Clary wondered, but the thought was short-lived; the darkness came back, and the hallucinations claimed her again. This time she dreamed of Alec and of Isabelle; both looked as if they'd been through a fierce battle, their faces streaked with grime and tears. Then they were gone, and she dreamed of a faceless man with black wings sprouting from his back like a bat's. Blood ran from his mouth when he smiled. Praying that the visions would vanish, Clary squeezed her eyes shut. . . .

It was a long time before she surfaced again to the sound of voices above her. "Drink this," Luke said. "Clary, you have to drink this," and then there were hands on her back and fluid was being dripped into her mouth from a soaked rag. It tasted bitter and awful and she choked and gagged on it, but the hands on her back were firm. She swallowed, past the pain in her swollen throat. "There," said Luke. "There, that should be better."

Clary opened her eyes slowly. Kneeling beside her were Luke and Amatis, their nearly identically blue eyes filled with matching concern. She glanced behind them and saw nothing—no angels or devils with bat wings, only yellow walls and a pale pink teakettle balanced precariously on a windowsill.

"Am I going to die?" she whispered.

Luke smiled haggardly. "No. It'll be a little while before you're back on form, but—you'll survive."

"Okay." She was too exhausted to feel much of anything, even relief. It felt as if all her bones had been removed, leaving a limp suit of skin behind. Looking up drowsily through her eyelashes, she said, almost without thinking, "Your eyes are the same."

Luke blinked. "The same as what?"

"As hers," Clary said, moving her sleepy gaze to Amatis, who looked perplexed. "The same blue."

The ghost of a smile passed over Luke's face. "Well, it's not that surprising, considering," he said. "I didn't get a

chance to introduce you properly before. Clary, this is Amatis Herondale. My sister.”



The Inquisitor fell silent the moment Alec and the chief officer were out of earshot. Simon followed him up the narrow witchlit path, trying not to squint into the light. He was aware of the Gard rising up around him like the side of a ship rising up out of the ocean; lights blazed from its windows, staining the sky with a silvery light. There were low windows too, set at ground level. Several were barred, and there was only darkness within.

At length they reached a wooden door set into an archway at the side of the building. Aldertree moved to free the lock, and Simon’s stomach tightened. People, he’d noticed since he’d become a vampire, had a scent around them that changed with their moods. The Inquisitor stank of something bitter and strong as coffee, but much more unpleasant. Simon felt the prickling pain in his jaw that meant that his fang teeth wanted to come out, and shrank back from the Inquisitor as he passed through the door.

The hallway beyond was long and white, almost tunnellike, as if it had been carved out of white rock. The Inquisitor hurried along, his witchlight bouncing brightly off the walls. For such a short-legged man he moved remarkably fast, turning his head from side to side as he went, his nose wrinkling as if he were smelling the air. Simon had to hurry to keep pace as they passed a set of huge double doors, thrown wide open like wings. In the room beyond, Simon could see an amphitheater with row upon row of chairs in it, each one occupied by a blackclad Shadowhunter. Voices echoed off the walls, many raised in anger, and Simon caught snatches of the conversation as he passed, the words blurring as the speakers overlapped each other.

“But we have no proof of what Valentine wants. He has communicated his wishes to no one—”

“What does it matter what he wants? He’s a renegade and a liar; do you really think any attempt to appease him would

benefit us in the end?”

“You know a patrol found the dead body of a werewolf child on the outskirts of Brocelind? Drained of blood. It looks like Valentine’s completed the Ritual here in Idris.”

“With two of the Mortal Instruments in his possession, he’s more powerful than any one Nephilim has a right to be. We may have no choice—”

“My cousin died on that ship in New York! There’s no way we’re letting Valentine get away with what he’s already done! There must be retribution!”

Simon hesitated, curious to hear more, but the Inquisitor was buzzing around him like a fat, irritable bee. “Come along, come along,” he said, swinging his witchlight in front of him. “We don’t have a lot of time to waste. I should get back to the meeting before it ends.”

Reluctantly, Simon allowed the Inquisitor to push him along the corridor, the word “retribution” still ringing in his ears. The reminder of that night on the ship was cold, unpleasant. When they reached a door carved with a single stark black rune, the Inquisitor produced a key and unlocked it, ushering Simon inside with a broad gesture of welcome.

The room beyond was bare, decorated with a single tapestry that showed an angel rising out of a lake, clutching a sword in one hand and a cup in the other. The fact that he’d seen both the Cup and the Sword before momentarily distracted Simon. It wasn’t until he heard the click of a lock sliding home that he realized the Inquisitor had bolted the door behind him, locking them both in.

Simon glanced around. There was no furniture in the room besides a bench with a low table beside it. A decorative silver bell rested on the table. “The Portal . . . It’s in here?” he asked uncertainly.

“Simon, Simon.” Aldertree rubbed his hands together as if anticipating a birthday party or some other delightful event. “Are you really in such a hurry to leave? There are a few questions I had so hoped to ask you first. . . .”

“Okay.” Simon shrugged uncomfortably. “Ask me whatever you want, I guess.”

“How very cooperative of you! How delightful!” Aldertree beamed. “So, how long is it exactly that you’ve been a vampire?”

“About two weeks.”

“And how did it happen? Were you attacked on the street, or perhaps in your bed at night? Do you know who it was who Turned you?”

“Well—not exactly.”

“But, my boy!” Aldertree cried. “How could you not know something like that?” The look he bent on Simon was open and curious. He seemed so harmless, Simon thought. Like someone’s grandfather or funny old uncle. Simon must have imagined the bitter smell.

“It really wasn’t that simple,” said Simon, and went on to explain about his two trips to the Dumort, one as a rat and the second under a compulsion so strong it had felt like a giant set of pincers holding him in their grasp and marching him exactly where they wanted him to go. “And so you see,” he finished, “the moment I walked in the door of the hotel, I was attacked—I don’t know which of them it was who Turned me, or if it was all of them somehow.”

The Inquisitor clucked. “Oh dear, oh dear. That’s not good at all. That’s very upsetting.”

“I certainly thought so,” Simon agreed.

“The Clave won’t be pleased.”

“What?” Simon was baffled. “What does the Clave care how I became a vampire?”

“Well, it would be one thing if you were attacked,” Aldertree said apologetically. “But you just walked out there and, well, gave yourself up to the vampires, you see? It looks a bit as if you *wanted* to be one.”

“I didn’t want to be one! That’s not why I went to the hotel!”

“Of course, of course.” Aldertree’s voice was soothing. “Let’s move to another topic, shall we?” Without waiting for a response, he went on. “How is it that the vampires let you survive to rise again, young Simon? Considering that you trespassed on their territory, their normal procedure would have been to feed until you died, and then burn your body to prevent you from rising.”

Simon opened his mouth to reply, to tell the Inquisitor how Raphael had taken him to the Institute, and how Clary and Jace and Isabelle had brought him to the cemetery and watched over him as he’d dug his way out of his own grave. Then he hesitated. He had only the vaguest idea how the Law worked, but he doubted somehow that it was standard Shadowhunter procedure to watch over vampires as they rose, or to provide them with blood for their first feeding. “I don’t know,” he said. “I have no idea why they Turned me instead of killing me.”

“But one of them must have let you drink his blood, or you wouldn’t be . . . well, what you are today. Are you saying you don’t know who your vampire sire was?”

My vampire sire? Simon had never thought of it that way—he’d gotten Raphael’s blood in his mouth almost by accident. And it was hard to think of the vampire boy as a sire of any sort. Raphael looked younger than Simon did. “I’m afraid not.”

“Oh, dear.” The Inquisitor sighed. “Most unfortunate.”

“What’s unfortunate?”

“Well, that you’re lying to me, my boy.” Aldertree shook his head. “And I had *so* hoped you’d cooperate. This is terrible, just terrible. You wouldn’t *consider* telling me the truth? Just as a favor?”

“I *am* telling you the truth!”

The Inquisitor drooped like an unwatered flower. “Such a shame.” He sighed again. “Such a shame.” He crossed the room then and rapped sharply on the door, still shaking his head.

“What’s going on?” Alarm and confusion tinged Simon’s voice. “What about the Portal?”

“The Portal?” Aldertree giggled. “You didn’t really think I was just going to let you go, did you?”

Before Simon could say a word in reply, the door burst open and Shadowhunters in black gear poured into the room, seizing hold of him. He struggled as strong hands clamped themselves around each of his arms. A hood was tugged down over his head, blinding him. He kicked out at the darkness; his foot connected, and he heard someone swear.

He was jerked backward viciously; a hot voice snarled in his ear. “Do that again, vampire, and I’ll pour holy water down your throat and watch you die puking blood.”

“That’s enough!” The Inquisitor’s thin, worried voice rose like a balloon. “There will be no more threats! I’m just trying to teach our guest a lesson.” He must have moved forward, because Simon smelled the strange, bitter smell again, muffled through the hood. “Simon, Simon,” Aldertree said. “I did so enjoy meeting you. I hope a night in the cells of the Gard will have the desired effect and in the morning you’ll be a bit more cooperative. I do still see such a bright future for us, once we get over this little hiccup.” His hand came down on Simon’s shoulder. “Take him downstairs, Nephilim.”

Simon yelled aloud, but his cries were muffled by the hood. The Shadowhunters dragged him from the room and propelled him down what felt like an endless series of mazelike corridors, twisting and turning. Eventually they reached a set of stairs and he was shoved down it by main force, his feet slipping on the steps. He couldn’t tell anything about where they were—except that there was a close, dark smell around them, like wet stone, and that the air was growing wetter and colder as they descended.

At last they paused. There was a scraping sound, like iron dragging over stone, and Simon was thrown forward to land on his hands and knees on hard ground. There was a loud, metallic clang, as of a door being slammed shut, and the sound of retreating footsteps, the echo of boots on stone growing

fainter as Simon staggered to his feet. He dragged the hood from his head and threw it to the ground. The close, hot, suffocating feeling around his face vanished, and he fought the urge to gasp for breath—breath he didn't need. He knew it was just a reflex, but his chest ached as if he'd really been deprived of air.

He was in a square barren stone room, with just a single barred window set into the wall above the small, hard-looking bed. Through a low door Simon could see a tiny bathroom with a sink and toilet. The west wall of the room was also barred—thick, iron-looking bars running from floor to ceiling, sunk deeply into the floor. A hinged iron door, made of bars itself, was set into the wall; it was fitted with a brass knob, which was carved across its face with a dense black rune. In fact, all the bars were carved with runes; even the window bars were wrapped with spidery lines of them.

Though he knew the cell door must be locked, Simon couldn't help himself; he strode across the floor and seized the knob. A searing pain shot through his hand. He yelled and jerked his arm back, staring. Thin wisps of smoke rose from his burned palm; an intricate design had been charred into the skin. It looked a little like a Star of David inside a circle, with delicate runes drawn in each of the hollow spaces between the lines.

The pain felt like white heat. Simon curled his hand in on itself as a gasp rose to his lips. "What *is* this?" he whispered, knowing no one could hear him.

"It's the Seal of Solomon," said a voice. "It contains, they claim, one of the True Names of God. It repels demons—and your kind as well, being an article of your faith."

Simon jerked upright, half-forgetting the pain in his hand. "Who's there? Who said that?"

There was a pause. Then, "I'm in the cell next to yours, Daylighter," said the voice. It was male, adult, slightly hoarse. "The guards were here half the day talking about how to keep you penned in. So I wouldn't bother trying to get it open.

You're better off saving your strength till you find out what the Clave wants from you."

"They can't hold me here," Simon protested. "I don't belong to this world. My family will notice I'm missing—my teachers—"

"They've taken care of that. There are simple enough spells—a beginning warlock could use them—that will supply your parents with the illusion that there's a perfectly legitimate reason for your absence. A school trip. A visit to family. It can be done." There was no threat in the voice, and no sorrow; it was matter-of-fact. "Do you really think they've never made a Down-worlder disappear before?"

"Who are you?" Simon's voice cracked. "Are you a Down-worlder too? Is this where they keep us?"

This time there was no answer. Simon called out again, but his neighbor had evidently decided that he'd said all he wanted to say. Nothing answered Simon's cries but silence.

The pain in his hand had faded. Looking down, Simon saw that the skin no longer looked burned, but the mark of the Seal was printed on his palm as if it had been drawn there in ink. He looked back at the cell bars. He realized now that not all the runes were runes at all: Carved between them were Stars of David and lines from the Torah in Hebrew. The carvings looked new.

The guards were here half the day talking about how to keep you penned in, the voice had said.

But it hadn't just been because he was a vampire, laughably; it had partly been because he was Jewish. They had spent half the day carving the Seal of Solomon into that doorknob so it would burn him when he touched it. It had taken them this long to turn the articles of his faith against him.

For some reason the realization stripped away the last of Simon's self-possession. He sank down onto the bed and put his head in his hands.



Princewater Street was dark when Alec returned from the Gard, the windows of the houses shuttered and shaded, only the occasional witchlight streetlamp casting a pool of white illumination onto the cobblestones. The Penhallows' house was the brightest on the block—candles glowed in the windows, and the front door was slightly ajar, letting a slice of yellow light out to curve along the walkway.

Jace was sitting on the low stone wall that bordered the Penhallows' front garden, his hair very bright under the light of the nearest streetlamp. He looked up as Alec approached, and shivered a little. He was wearing only a light jacket, Alec saw, and it had grown cold since the sun had gone down. The smell of late roses hung in the chilly air like thin perfume.

Alec sank down onto the wall beside Jace. "Have you been out here waiting for me all this time?"

"Who says I'm waiting for you?"

"It went fine, if that's what you were worried about. I left Simon with the Inquisitor."

"You *left* him? You didn't stay to make sure everything went all right?"

"It was fine," Alec repeated. "The Inquisitor said he'd take him inside personally and send him back to—"

"The Inquisitor said, the Inquisitor said," Jace interrupted. "The last Inquisitor we met completely exceeded her command—if she hadn't died, the Clave would have relieved her of her position, maybe even cursed her. What's to say this Inquisitor isn't a nut job too?"

"He seemed all right," said Alec. "Nice, even. He was perfectly polite to Simon. Look, Jace—this is how the Clave works. We don't get to control everything that happens. But you have to trust them, because otherwise everything turns into chaos."

"But they've screwed up a lot recently—you have to admit that."

"Maybe," Alec said, "but if you start thinking you know better than the Clave and better than the Law, what makes *you*

any better than the Inquisitor? Or Valentine?”

Jace flinched. He looked as if Alec had hit him, or worse.

Alec’s stomach dropped. “I’m sorry.” He reached out a hand. “I didn’t mean that—”

A beam of bright yellow light cut across the garden suddenly. Alec looked up to see Isabelle framed in the open front door, light pouring out around her. She was only a silhouette, but he could tell from the hands on her hips that she was annoyed. “What are you two *doing* out here?” she called. “Everyone’s wondering where you are.”

Alec turned back to his friend. “Jace—”

But Jace, getting to his feet, ignored Alec’s outstretched hand. “You’d better be right about the Clave,” was all he said.

Alec watched as Jace stalked back to the house. Unbidden, Simon’s voice came into his mind. *Now I wonder all the time how you go back after something like that. Whether we can ever be friends again, or if what we had is broken into pieces. Not because of her, but because of me.*

The front door shut, leaving Alec sitting in the half-lit garden, alone. He closed his eyes for a moment, the image of a face hovering behind his lids. Not Jace’s face, for a change. The eyes set in the face were green, slit-pupiled. Cat eyes.

Opening his eyes, he reached into his satchel and drew out a pen and a piece of paper, torn from the spiral-bound notebook he used as a journal. He wrote a few words on it and then, with his stele, traced the rune for fire at the bottom of the page. It went up faster than he’d thought it would; he let go of the paper as it burned, floating in midair like a firefly. Soon all that was left was a fine drift of ash, sifting like white powder across the rosebushes.

5

A PROBLEM OF MEMORY

Afternoon light woke Clary, a beam of pale brightness that laid itself directly over her face, lighting the insides of her eyelids to hot pink. She stirred restlessly and warily opened her eyes.

The fever was gone, and so was the sense that her bones were melting and breaking inside her. She sat up and glanced around with curious eyes. She was in what had to be Amatis's spare room—it was small, white-painted, the bed covered with a brightly woven rag blanket. Lace curtains were drawn back over round windows, letting in circles of light. She sat up slowly, waiting for dizziness to wash over her. Nothing happened. She felt entirely healthy, even well rested. Getting out of bed, she looked down at herself. Someone had put her in a pair of starched white pajamas, though they were wrinkled now and too big for her; the sleeves hung down comically past her fingers.

She went to one of the circular windows and peered out. Stacked houses of old-gold stone rose up the side of a hill, and the roofs looked as if they had been shingled in bronze. This side of the house faced away from the canal, onto a narrow side garden turning brown and gold with autumn. A trellis crawled up the side of the house; a single last rose hung on it, drooping browning petals.

The doorknob rattled, and Clary climbed hastily back into bed just before Amatis entered, holding a tray in her hands. She raised her eyebrows when she saw Clary was awake, but said nothing.

“Where’s Luke?” Clary demanded, drawing the blanket close around herself for comfort.

Amatis set the tray down on the table beside the bed. There was a mug of something hot on it, and some slices of buttered bread. “You should eat something,” she said. “You’ll feel better.”

“I feel fine,” Clary said. “Where’s Luke?”

There was a high-backed chair beside the table; Amatis sat in it, folded her hands in her lap, and regarded Clary calmly. In the daylight Clary could see more clearly the lines in her face—she looked older than Clary’s mother by many years, though they couldn’t be that far apart in age. Her brown hair was stippled with gray, her eyes rimmed with dark pink, as if she had been crying. “He’s not here.”

“Not here like he just popped around the corner to the bodega for a six-pack of Diet Coke and a box of Krispy Kremes, or not here like . . .”

“He left this morning, around dawn, after sitting up with you all night. As to his destination, he wasn’t specific.” Amatis’s tone was dry, and if Clary hadn’t felt so wretched, she might have been amused to note that it made her sound much more like Luke. “When he lived here, before he left Idris, after he was . . . Changed . . . he led a wolf pack that made its home in Brocelind Forest. He said he was going back to them, but he wouldn’t say why or for how long—only that he’d be back in a few days.”

“He just . . . left me here? Am I supposed to sit around and wait for him?”

“Well, he couldn’t very well take you with him, could he?” Amatis asked. “And it won’t be easy for you to get home. You broke the Law in coming here like you did, and the Clave won’t overlook that, or be generous about letting you leave.”

“I don’t want to go home.” Clary tried to collect herself. “I came here to . . . to meet someone. I have something to do.”

“Luke told me,” said Amatis. “Let me give you a piece of advice—you’ll only find Ragnor Fell if he wants to be found.”

“But—”

“Clarissa.” Amatis looked at her speculatively. “We’re expecting an attack by Valentine at any moment. Almost every Shadowhunter in Idris is here in the city, inside the wards. Staying in Alicante is the safest thing for you.”

Clary sat frozen. Rationally, Amatis’s words made sense, but it didn’t do much to quiet the voice inside her screaming that she couldn’t wait. She had to find Ragnor Fell *now*; she had to save her mother *now*, she had to go *now*. She bit down on her panic and tried to speak casually. “Luke never told me he had a sister.”

“No,” Amatis said. “He wouldn’t have. We weren’t—close.”

“Luke said your last name was Herondale,” Clary said. “But that’s the Inquisitor’s last name. Isn’t it?”

“It was,” said Amatis, and her face tightened as if the words pained her. “She was my mother-in-law.”

What was it Luke had told Clary about the Inquisitor? That she’d had a son, who’d married a woman with “undesirable family connections.” “You were married to Stephen Herondale?”

Amatis looked surprised. “You know his name?”

“I do—Luke told me—but I thought his wife died. I thought that’s why the Inquisitor was so—” *Horrible*, she wanted to say, but it seemed cruel to say it. “Bitter,” she said at last.

Amatis reached for the mug she’d brought; her hand shook a little as she lifted it. “Yes, she did die. Killed herself. That was Céline—Stephen’s second wife. I was the first.”

“And you got divorced?”

“Something like that.” Amatis thrust the mug at Clary. “Look, drink this. You have to put something in your stomach.”

Distracted, Clary took the mug and swallowed a hot mouthful. The liquid inside was rich and salty—not tea, as

she'd thought, but soup. "Okay," she said. "So what happened?"

Amatis was gazing into the distance. "When Luke was—when what happened to Luke happened, Valentine needed a new lieutenant. He chose Stephen—we had both recently joined the Circle. And when he chose Stephen, he decided that perhaps it wouldn't be fitting for the wife of his closest friend and adviser to be someone whose brother was . . ."

"A werewolf."

"He used another word." Amatis sounded bitter. "He convinced Stephen to annul our marriage and to find himself another wife, one that Valentine had picked for him. Céline was so young—so completely obedient."

"That's horrible."

Amatis shook her head with a brittle laugh. "It was a long time ago. Stephen was kind, I suppose—he gave me this house and moved back into the Herondale manor with his parents and Céline. I never saw him again after that. I left the Circle, of course. They wouldn't have wanted me anymore. The only one of them who still visited me was Jocelyn. She even told me when she went to see Luke. . . ." She pushed her graying hair back behind her ears. "I heard about Stephen's death days after it happened. And Céline—I'd hated her, but I felt sorry for her then. She cut her wrists, they say—blood everywhere—" She took a deep breath. "I saw Imogen later at Stephen's funeral, when they put his body into the Herondale mausoleum. She didn't even seem to recognize me. They made her the Inquisitor not long after that. The Clave felt there was no one else who would have hunted down the former members of the Circle more ruthlessly than she did—and they were right. If she could have washed away her memories of Stephen in their blood, she would have."

Clary thought of the cold eyes of the Inquisitor, her narrow, hard stare, and tried to feel pity for her. "I think it made her crazy," she said. "Really crazy. She was horrible to me—but mostly to Jace. It was like she wanted him dead."

“That makes sense,” said Amatis. “You look like your mother, and your mother brought you up, but your brother—” She cocked her head to the side. “Does he look as much like Valentine as you look like Jocelyn?”

“No,” Clary said. “Jace just looks like himself.” A shiver went through her at the thought of Jace. “He’s here in Alicante,” she said, thinking out loud. “If I could see him—”

“No.” Amatis spoke with asperity. “You can’t leave the house. Not to see anyone. And definitely not to see your brother.”

“Not leave the house?” Clary was horrified. “You mean I’m stuck here? Like a prisoner?”

“It’s only for a day or two,” Amatis admonished her, “and besides, you’re not well. You need to recover. The lake water nearly killed you.”

“But Jace—”

“Is one of the Lightwoods. You can’t go over there. The moment they see you, they’ll tell the Clave you’re here. And then you won’t be the only one in trouble with the Law. Luke will be too.”

But the Lightwoods won’t betray me to the Clave. They wouldn’t do that—

The words died on her lips. There was no way she was going to be able to convince Amatis that the Lightwoods she’d known fifteen years ago no longer existed, that Robert and Maryse weren’t blindly loyal fanatics anymore. This woman might be Luke’s sister, but she was still a stranger to Clary. She was almost a stranger to Luke. He hadn’t seen her in sixteen years—had never even mentioned she existed. Clary leaned back against the pillows, feigning weariness. “You’re right,” she said. “I don’t feel well. I think I’d better sleep.”

“Good idea.” Amatis leaned over and plucked the empty mug out of her hand. “If you want to take a shower, the bathroom’s across the hall. And there’s a trunk of my old clothes at the foot of the bed. You look like you’re about the size I was when I was your age, so they might fit you. Unlike

those pajamas,” she added, and smiled, a weak smile that Clary didn’t return. She was too busy fighting the urge to pound her fists against the mattress in frustration.

The moment the door closed behind Amatis, Clary scrambled out of bed and headed for the bathroom, hoping that standing in hot water would help clear her head. To her relief, for all their old-fashionedness, the Shadowhunters seemed to believe in modern plumbing and hot and cold running water. There was even sharply scented citrus soap to rinse the lingering smell of Lake Lyn out of her hair. By the time she emerged, wrapped in two towels, she was feeling much better.

In the bedroom she rummaged through Amatis’s trunk. Her clothes were packed away neatly between layers of crisp paper. There were what looked like school clothes—merino wool sweaters with an insignia that looked like four Cs back to back sewed over the breast pocket, pleated skirts, and button-down shirts with narrow cuffs. There was a white dress swathed in layers of tissue paper—a wedding dress, Clary thought, and laid it aside carefully. Below it was another dress, this one made of silvery silk, with slender bejeweled straps holding up its gossamer weight. Clary couldn’t imagine Amatis in it, but—*This is the sort of thing my mother might have worn when she went dancing with Valentine*, she couldn’t help thinking, and let the dress slide back into the trunk, its texture soft and cool against her fingers.

And then there was the Shadowhunter gear, packed away at the very bottom.

Clary drew out those clothes and spread them curiously across her lap. The first time she had seen Jace and the Lightwoods, they had been wearing their fighting gear: close-fitting tops and pants of tough, dark material. Up close she could see that the material was not stretchy but stiff, a thin leather pounded very flat until it became flexible. There was a jacket-type top that zipped up and pants that had complicated belt loops. Shadowhunter belts were big, sturdy things, meant for hanging weapons on.

She ought, of course, to put on one of the sweaters and maybe a skirt. That was what Amatis had probably meant her

to do. But something about the fighting gear called to her; she had *always* been curious, always wondered what it would be like. . . .

A few minutes later the towels were hanging over the bar at the foot of the bed and Clary was regarding herself in the mirror with surprise and not a little amusement. The gear fit—it was tight but not too tight, and hugged the curves of her legs and chest. In fact, it made her look as if she *had* curves, which was sort of novel. It couldn't make her look formidable—she doubted anything could do that—but at least she looked taller, and her hair against the black material was extraordinarily bright. In fact—*I look like my mother*, Clary thought with a jolt.

And she did. Jocelyn had always had a steely core of toughness under her doll-like looks. Clary had often wondered what had happened in her mother's past to make her the way she was—strong and unbending, stubborn and unafraid. *Does your brother look as much like Valentine as you look like Jocelyn?* Amatis had asked, and Clary had wanted to reply that she didn't look at all like her mother, that her mother was beautiful and she wasn't. But the Jocelyn that Amatis had known was the girl who'd plotted to bring down Valentine, who'd secretly forged an alliance of Nephilim and Downworlders that had broken the Circle and saved the Accords. *That* Jocelyn would never have agreed to stay quietly inside this house and wait while everything in her world fell apart.

Without pausing to think, Clary crossed the room and shot home the bolt on the door, locking it. Then she went to the window and pushed it open. The trellis was there, clinging to the side of the stone wall like—*Like a ladder*, Clary told herself. *Just like a ladder—and ladders are perfectly safe.*

Taking a deep breath, she crawled out onto the window ledge.



The guards came back for Simon the next morning, shaking him awake out of an already fitful sleep plagued with strange

dreams. This time they didn't blindfold him as they led him back upstairs, and he snuck a quick glance through the barred door of the cell next to his. If he'd hoped to get a look at the owner of the hoarse voice that had spoken to him the night before, he was disappointed. The only thing visible through the bars was what looked like a pile of discarded rags.

The guards hurried Simon along a series of gray corridors, quick to shake him if he looked too long in any direction. Finally they came to a halt in a richly wallpapered room. There were portraits on the walls of different men and women in Shadowhunter gear, the frames decorated with patterns of runes. Below one of the largest portraits was a red couch on which the Inquisitor was seated, holding what looked like a silver cup in his hand. He held it out to Simon. "Blood?" he inquired. "You must be hungry by now."

He tipped the cup toward Simon, and the view of the red liquid inside it hit him just as the smell did. His veins strained toward the blood, like strings under the control of a master puppeteer. The feeling was unpleasant, almost painful. "Is it . . . human?"

Aldertree chuckled. "My boy! Don't be ridiculous. It's deer blood. Perfectly fresh."

Simon said nothing. His lower lip stung where his fangs had slid from their sheaths, and he tasted his own blood in his mouth. It filled him with nausea.

Aldertree's face screwed up like a dried plum. "Oh, dear." He turned to the guards. "Leave us now, gentlemen," he said, and they turned to go. Only the Consul paused at the door, glancing back at Simon with a look of unmistakable disgust.

"No, thank you," Simon said through the thickness in his mouth. "I don't want the blood."

"Your fangs say otherwise, young Simon," Aldertree replied genially. "Here. Take it." He held out the cup, and the smell of blood seemed to waft through the room like the scent of roses through a garden.

Simon's incisors stabbed downward, fully extended now, slicing into his lip. The pain was like a slap; he moved forward, almost without volition, and grabbed the cup out of the Inquisitor's hand. He drained it in three swallows, then, realizing what he had done, set it down on the arm of the couch. His hand was shaking. *Inquisitor one*, he thought. *Me zero*.

"I trust your night in the cells wasn't too unpleasant? They're not meant to be torture chambers, my boy, more along the lines of a space for enforced reflection. I find reflection absolutely centers the mind, don't you? Essential to clear thinking. I do hope you got some thinking in. You seem like a thoughtful young man." The Inquisitor cocked his head to the side. "I brought that blanket down for you with my own hands, you know. I wouldn't have wanted you to be cold."

"I'm a vampire," Simon said. "We don't get cold."

"Oh." The Inquisitor looked disappointed.

"I appreciated the Stars of David and the Seal of Solomon," Simon added dryly. "It's always nice to see someone taking an interest in my religion."

"Oh, yes, of course, of course!" Aldertree brightened. "Wonderful, aren't they, the carvings? Absolutely charming, and of course foolproof. I'd imagine any attempt to touch the cell door would melt the skin right off your hand!" He chuckled, clearly amused by the thought. "In any case. Could you take a step backward for me, my man? Just as a favor, a pure favor, you understand."

Simon took a step back.

Nothing happened, but the Inquisitor's eyes widened, the puffy skin around them looking stretched and shiny. "I see," he breathed.

"You see what?"

"Look where you are, young Simon. Look all about you."

Simon glanced around—nothing had changed about the room, and it took a moment for him to realize what Aldertree

meant. He was standing in a bright patch of sun that angled through a window high overhead.

Aldertree was almost squirming with excitement. “You’re standing in direct sunlight, and it’s having no effect on you at all. I almost wouldn’t have believed it—I mean, I was told, of course, but I’ve never seen anything like it before.”

Simon said nothing. There seemed to be nothing to say.

“The question for you, of course,” Aldertree went on, “is whether you know why you’re like this.”

“Maybe I’m just nicer than the other vampires.” Simon was immediately sorry he’d spoken. Aldertree’s eyes narrowed, and a vein bulged at his temple like a fat worm. Clearly, he didn’t like jokes unless he was the one making them.

“Very amusing, very amusing,” he said. “Let me ask you this: Have you been a Daylighter since the moment you rose from the grave?”

“No.” Simon spoke with care. “No. At first the sun burned me. Even just a patch of sunlight would scorch my skin.”

“Indeed.” Aldertree gave a vigorous nod, as if to say that that was the way things ought to be. “So when was it you first noticed that you could walk in the daylight without pain?”

“It was the morning after the big battle on Valentine’s ship —”

“During which Valentine captured you, is that correct? He had captured you and kept you prisoner on his ship, meaning to use your blood to complete the Ritual of Infernal Conversion.”

“I guess you know everything already,” Simon said. “You hardly need me.”

“Oh, no, not at all!” Aldertree cried, throwing up his hands. He had very small hands, Simon noticed, so small that they looked a little out of place at the ends of his plump arms. “You have so much to contribute, my dear boy! For instance, I can’t help wondering if there was something that happened on the

ship, something that *changed* you. Is there anything you can think of?”

I drank Jace's blood, Simon thought, half-inclined to repeat this to the Inquisitor just to be nasty—and then, with a jolt, realized, *I drank Jace's blood*. Could that have been what changed him? Was it possible? And whether it was possible or not, could he tell the Inquisitor what Jace had done? Protecting Clary was one thing; protecting Jace was another. He didn't owe Jace anything.

Except that wasn't strictly true. Jace had offered him his blood to drink, had saved his life with it. Would another Shadowhunter have done that, for a vampire? And even if he'd only done it for Clary's sake, did it matter? He thought of himself saying, *I could have killed you*. And Jace: *I would have let you*. There was no telling what kind of trouble Jace would get into if the Clave knew he had saved Simon's life, and how.

“I don't remember anything from the boat,” Simon said. “I think Valentine must have drugged me or something.”

Aldertree's face fell. “That's terrible news. Terrible. I'm so sorry to hear it.”

“I'm sorry too,” Simon said, although he wasn't.

“So there isn't a single thing you remember? Not one colorful detail?”

“I just remember passing out when Valentine attacked me, and then I woke up later on . . . on Luke's truck, headed home. I don't remember anything else.”

“Oh dear, oh dear.” Aldertree drew his cloak around him. “I see the Lightwoods seem to have become rather fond of you, but the other members of the Clave are not so . . . understanding. You were captured by Valentine, you emerged from this confrontation with a peculiar new power you hadn't had before, and now you've found your way to the heart of Idris. You do see how it *looks*?”

If Simon's heart had still been able to beat, it would have been racing. “You think I'm a spy for Valentine.”

Aldertree looked shocked. “My boy, my boy—I trust you, of course. I trust you implicitly! But the Clave, oh, the Clave, I’m afraid they can be very suspicious. We had so hoped you’d be able to help us. You see—and I shouldn’t be telling you this, but I feel I can confide in you, dear boy—the Clave is in dreadful trouble.”

“The Clave?” Simon felt dazed. “But what does that have to do with—”

“You see,” Aldertree went on, “the Clave is split down the middle—at war with itself, you might say, in a time of war. Mistakes were made, by the previous Inquisitor and others—perhaps it’s better not to dwell. But you see, the very authority of the Clave, of the Consul and the Inquisitor, is under question. Valentine always seems to be a step ahead of us, as if he knows our plans in advance. The Council will not listen to my advice or Malachi’s, not after what happened in New York.”

“I thought that was the Inquisitor—”

“And Malachi was the one who appointed her. Now, of course, he had no idea she would go as mad as she did—”

“But,” Simon said, a little sourly, “there is the question of how it *looks*.”

The vein bulged in Aldertree’s forehead again. “Clever,” he said. “And you’re correct. Appearances are significant, and never more than in politics. You can always sway the crowd, provided you have *a good story*.” He leaned forward, his eyes locked on Simon. “Now let me tell *you* a story. It goes like this. The Lightwoods were once in the Circle. At some point they recanted and were granted mercy on the grounds that they stayed out of Idris, went to New York, and ran the Institute there. Their blameless record began to win them back the trust of the Clave. But all along they knew Valentine was alive. All along they were *his* loyal servants. They took in his son—”

“But they didn’t know—”

“Be *quiet*,” the Inquisitor snarled, and Simon shut his mouth. “They helped him find the Mortal Instruments and

assisted him with the Ritual of Infernal Conversion. When the Inquisitor discovered what they were secretly up to, they arranged to have her killed during the battle on the ship. And now they have come here, to the heart of the Clave, to spy on our plans and reveal them to Valentine as they are made, so that he can defeat us and ultimately bend all Nephilim to his will. And they have brought you with them—you, a vampire who can withstand sunlight—to distract us from their true plans: to return the Circle to its former glory and destroy the Law.” The Inquisitor leaned forward, his piggy eyes gleaming. “What do you think of that story, vampire?”

“I think it’s insane,” said Simon. “And it’s got more giant holes in it than Kent Avenue in Brooklyn—which, incidentally, hasn’t been resurfaced in years. I don’t know what you’re hoping to accomplish with this—”

“*Hoping?*” echoed Aldertree. “I don’t hope, Downworlder. I know in my heart. I know it is my sacred duty to save the Clave.”

“With a lie?” said Simon.

“With a story,” said Aldertree. “Great politicians weave tales to inspire their people.”

“There’s nothing inspirational about blaming the Lightwoods for everything—”

“Some must be sacrificed,” said Aldertree. His face shone with a sweaty light. “Once the Council has a common enemy, and a reason to trust the Clave again, they will come together. What is the cost of one family, weighed against all that? In fact, I doubt anything much will happen to the Lightwood children. They won’t be blamed. Well, perhaps the eldest boy. But the others—”

“You can’t do this,” Simon said. “Nobody will believe this story.”

“People believe what they want to believe,” Aldertree said, “and the Clave wants someone to blame. I can give them that. All I need is you.”

“Me? What does this have to do with me?”

“Confess.” The Inquisitor’s face was scarlet with excitement now. “Confess that you’re a servant of the Lightwoods, that you’re all in league with Valentine. Confess and I’ll show you leniency. I’ll send you back to your own people. I swear to it. But I need your confession to make the Clave believe.”

“You want me to confess to a lie,” Simon said. He knew he was just repeating what the Inquisitor had already said, but his mind was whirling; he couldn’t seem to catch hold of a single thought. The faces of the Lightwoods spun through his mind—Alec, catching his breath on the path up to the Gard; Isabelle’s dark eyes turned up to his; Max bent over a book.

And Jace. Jace was one of them as much as if he shared their Lightwood blood. The Inquisitor hadn’t said his name, but Simon knew Jace would pay along with the rest of them. And whatever he suffered, Clary would suffer. How had it happened, Simon thought, that he was bound to these people—to people who thought of him as nothing more than a Downworlder, half human at best?

He raised his eyes to the Inquisitor’s. Aldertree’s were an odd charcoal black; looking into them was like looking into darkness. “No,” Simon said. “No, I won’t do it.”

“That blood I gave you,” Aldertree said, “is all the blood you’ll see until you give me a different answer.” There was no kindness in his voice, not even false kindness. “You’d be surprised how thirsty you can get.”

Simon said nothing.

“Another night in the cells, then,” the Inquisitor said, rising to his feet and reaching for a bell to summon the guards. “It’s quite peaceful down there, isn’t it? I do find that a peaceful atmosphere can help with a little problem of memory—don’t you?”



Though Clary had told herself she remembered the way she’d come with Luke the night before, this turned out not to be entirely true. Heading toward the city center seemed like the

best bet for getting directions, but once she found the stone courtyard with the disused well, she couldn't remember whether to turn left or right from it. She turned left, which plunged her into a warren of twisting streets, each one much like the next and each turn getting her more hopelessly lost than before.

Finally she emerged into a wider street lined with shops. Pedestrians hurried by on either side, none of them giving her a second glance. A few of them were also dressed in fighting gear, although most weren't: It was cool out, and long, old-fashioned coats were the order of the day. The wind was brisk, and with a pang Clary thought of her green velvet coat, hanging up in Amatis's spare bedroom.

Luke hadn't been lying when he'd said that Shadowhunters had come from all over the world for the summit. Clary passed an Indian woman in a gorgeous gold sari, a pair of curved blades hanging from a chain around her waist. A tall, dark-skinned man with an angular Aztec face was gazing into a shop window full of weaponry; bracelets made of the same hard, shining material as the demon towers laddered his wrists. Farther down the street a man in a white nomadic robe consulted what looked like a street map. The sight of him gave Clary the nerve to approach a passing woman in a heavy brocade coat and ask her the way to Princewater Street. If there was ever going to be a time when the city's inhabitants wouldn't necessarily be suspicious of someone who didn't seem to know where they were going, this would be it.

Her instinct was right; without a trace of hesitation the woman gave her a hurried series of directions. "And then right at the end of Oldcastle Canal, and over the stone bridge, and that's where you'll find Princewater." She gave Clary a smile. "Visiting anyone in particular?"

"The Penhallows."

"Oh, that's the blue house, gold trim, backs up onto the canal. It's a big place—you can't miss it."

She was half-right. It was a big place, but Clary walked right by it before realizing her mistake and swerving back

around to look at it again. It was really more indigo than blue, she thought, but then again not everyone noticed colors that way. Most people couldn't tell the difference between lemon yellow and saffron. As if they were even close to each other! And the trim on the house wasn't gold; it was bronze. A nice darkish bronze, as if the house had been there for many years, and it probably had. Everything in this place was so ancient—

Enough, Clary told herself. She always did this when she was nervous, let her mind wander off in all sorts of random directions. She rubbed her hands down the sides of her trousers; her palms were sweaty and damp. The material felt rough and dry against her skin, like snake scales.

She mounted the steps and took hold of the heavy door knocker. It was shaped like a pair of angel's wings, and when she let it fall, she could hear the sound echoing like the tolling of a huge bell. A moment later the door was yanked open, and Isabelle Lightwood stood on the threshold, her eyes wide with shock.

"Clary?"

Clary smiled weakly. "Hi, Isabelle."

Isabelle leaned against the doorjamb, her expression dismal. "Oh, *crap*."



Back in the cell Simon collapsed on the bed, listening to the footsteps of the guards recede as they marched away from his door. Another night. Another night down here in prison, while the Inquisitor waited for him to "remember." *You do see how it looks*. In all his worst fears, his worst nightmares, it had never occurred to Simon that anyone might think he was in league with *Valentine*. Valentine hated Downworlders, famously. Valentine had stabbed him and drained his blood and left him to die. Although, admittedly, the Inquisitor didn't know that.

There was a rustle from the other side of the cell wall. "I have to admit, I wondered if you'd be coming back," said the hoarse voice Simon remembered from the night before. "I take it you didn't give the Inquisitor what he wants?"

“I don’t think so,” Simon said, approaching the wall. He ran his fingers over the stone as if looking for a crack in it, something he could see through, but there was nothing. “Who are you?”

“He’s a stubborn man, Aldertree,” said the voice, as if Simon hadn’t spoken. “He’ll keep trying.”

Simon leaned against the damp wall. “Then I guess I’ll be down here for a while.”

“I don’t suppose you’d be willing to tell me what it is he wants from you?”

“Why do you want to know?”

The chuckle that answered Simon sounded like metal scraping against stone. “I’ve been in this cell longer than you have, Daylighter, and as you can see, there’s not a lot to keep the mind occupied. Any distraction helps.”

Simon laced his hands over his stomach. The deer blood had taken the edge off his hunger, but it hadn’t been quite enough. His body still ached with thirst. “You keep calling me that,” he said. “*Daylighter*.”

“I heard the guards talking about you. A vampire who can walk around in the sunlight. No one’s ever seen anything like it before.”

“And yet you have a word for it. Convenient.”

“It’s a Downworlder word, not a Clave one. They have legends about creatures like you. I’m surprised you don’t know that.”

“I haven’t exactly been a Downworlder for very long,” Simon said. “And you seem to know a lot about me.”

“The guards like to gossip,” said the voice. “And the Lightwoods appearing through the Portal with a bleeding, dying vampire—that’s a good piece of gossip. Though I have to say I wasn’t expecting you to show up here—not until they started fixing up the cell for you. I’m surprised the Lightwoods stood for it.”

“Why wouldn’t they?” Simon said bitterly. “I’m nothing. I’m a Downworlder.”

“Maybe to the Consul,” said the voice. “But the Lightwoods—”

“What about them?”

There was a short pause. “Those Shadowhunters who live outside Idris—especially those who run Institutes—tend to be more tolerant. The local Clave, on the other hand, is a good deal more . . . hidebound.”

“And what about you?” Simon said. “Are you a Downworlder?”

“A *Downworlder*?” Simon couldn’t be sure, but there was an edge of anger in the stranger’s voice, as if he resented the question. “My name is Samuel. Samuel Blackburn. I am Nephilim. Years ago I was in the Circle, with Valentine. I slaughtered Downworlders at the Uprising. I am *not* one of them.”

“Oh.” Simon swallowed. His mouth tasted of salt. The members of Valentine’s Circle had been caught and punished by the Clave, he remembered—except for those like the Lightwoods, who’d managed to make deals or accept exile in exchange for forgiveness. “Have you been down here ever since?”

“No. After the Uprising, I slipped out of Idris before I could be caught. I stayed away for years—*years*—until like a fool, thinking I’d been forgotten, I came back. Of course they caught me the moment I returned. The Clave has its ways of tracking its enemies. They dragged me in front of the Inquisitor, and I was interrogated for days. When they were done, they tossed me in here.” Samuel sighed. “In French this sort of prison is called an *oubliette*. It means ‘a forgetting place.’ It’s where you toss the garbage you don’t want to remember, so it can rot away without bothering you with its stench.”

“Fine. I’m a Downworlder, so I’m garbage. But you’re not. You’re Nephilim.”

“I’m Nephilim who was in league with Valentine. That makes me no better than you. Worse, even. I’m a turncoat.”

“But there are plenty of other Shadowhunters who used to be Circle members—the Lightwoods and the Penhallows—”

“They all recanted. Turned their backs on Valentine. I didn’t.”

“You didn’t? But why not?”

“Because I’m more afraid of Valentine than I am of the Clave,” said Samuel, “and if you were sensible, Daylighter, you would be too.”



“But you’re supposed to be in New York!” Isabelle exclaimed. “Jace said you’d changed your mind about coming. He said you wanted to stay with your mother!”

“Jace lied,” Clary said flatly. “*He* didn’t want me here, so he lied to me about when you were leaving, and then lied to you about me changing my mind. Remember when you told me he never lies? That is *so* not true.”

“He normally never does,” said Isabelle, who had gone pale. “Look, did you come here—I mean, does this have something to do with Simon?”

“With *Simon*? No. Simon’s safe in New York, thank God. Although he’s going to be really pissed that he never got to say good-bye to me.” Isabelle’s blank expression was starting to annoy Clary. “Come on, Isabelle. Let me in. I need to see Jace.”

“So . . . you just came here on your own? Did you have permission from the Clave? Please tell me you had permission from the Clave.”

“Not as such—”

“You broke the *Law*?” Isabelle’s voice rose, and then dropped. She went on, almost in a whisper, “If Jace finds out, he’ll freak. Clary, you’ve *got* to go home.”

“No. I’m supposed to be here,” Clary said, not even sure herself quite where her stubbornness was coming from. “And I need to talk to Jace.”

“Now isn’t a good time.” Isabelle looked around anxiously, as if hoping there was someone she could appeal to for help in removing Clary from the premises. “Please, just go back to New York. Please?”

“I thought you *liked* me, Izzy.” Clary went for the guilt.

Isabelle bit her lip. She was wearing a white dress and had her hair pinned up and looked younger than she usually did. Behind her Clary could see a high-ceilinged entryway hung with antique-looking oil paintings. “I *do* like you. It’s just that Jace—oh my God, what are you *wearing*? Where did you get fighting gear?”

Clary looked down at herself. “It’s a long story.”

“You *can’t* come in here like that. If Jace sees you—”

“Oh, so what if he sees me. Isabelle, I came here because of my mother—*for* my mother. Jace may not want me here, but he can’t make me stay home. I’m supposed to be here. My mother expected me to do this for her. You’d do it for your mother, wouldn’t you?”

“Of course I would,” Isabelle said. “But, Clary, Jace has his reasons—”

“Then I’d love to hear what they are.” Clary ducked under Isabelle’s arm and into the entryway of the house.

“Clary!” Isabelle yelped, and darted after her, but Clary was already halfway down the hall. She saw, with the half of her mind that wasn’t concentrating on dodging Isabelle, that the house was built like Amatis’s, tall and thin, but considerably larger and more richly decorated. The hallway opened into a room with high windows that looked out over a wide canal. White boats plied the water, their sails drifting by like dandelion clocks tossed on the wind. A dark-haired boy sat on a couch by one of the windows, apparently reading a book.

“Sebastian!” Isabelle called. “Don’t let her go upstairs!”

The boy looked up, startled—and a moment later was in front of Clary, blocking her path to the stairs. Clary skidded to a halt—she'd never seen anyone move that fast before, except Jace. The boy wasn't even out of breath; in fact, he was smiling at her.

“So this is the famous Clary.” His smile lit up his face, and Clary felt her breath catch. For years she'd drawn her own ongoing graphic story—the tale of a king's son who was under a curse that meant that everyone he loved would die. She'd put everything she had into dreaming up her dark, romantic, shadowy prince, and here he was, standing in front of her—the same pale skin, the same tumbling hair, and eyes so dark, the pupils seemed to meld with the iris. The same high cheekbones and deep-set, shadowed eyes fringed with long lashes. She knew she'd never set eyes on this boy before, and yet . . .

The boy looked puzzled. “I don't think—have we met before?”

Speechless, Clary shook her head.

“Sebastian!” Isabelle's hair had come out of its pins and hung down over her shoulders, and she was glaring. “Don't be nice to her. She's not supposed to be here. Clary, go home.”

With an effort Clary wrenched her gaze away from Sebastian and shot a glare at Isabelle. “What, back to New York? And how am I supposed to get there?”

“How did you get *here*?” Sebastian inquired. “Sneaking into Alicante is quite an accomplishment.”

“I came through a Portal,” said Clary.

“A Portal?” Isabelle looked astonished. “But there *isn't* a Portal left in New York. Valentine destroyed them both—”

“I don't owe you any explanations,” Clary said. “Not until you give me some. For one thing, where's Jace?”

“He's not here,” Isabelle answered, at exactly the same time that Sebastian said, “He's upstairs.”

Isabelle turned on him. “Sebastian! Shut *up*.”

Sebastian looked perplexed. “But she’s his sister. Wouldn’t he want to see her?”

Isabelle opened her mouth and then closed it again. Clary could see that Isabelle was weighing the advisability of explaining her complicated relationship with Jace to the completely oblivious Sebastian against the advisability of springing an unpleasant surprise on Jace. Finally she threw her hands up in a gesture of despair. “Fine, Clary,” she said, with an unusual—for Isabelle—amount of anger in her voice. “Go ahead and do whatever you want, regardless of who it hurts. You always do anyway, don’t you?”

Ouch. Clary shot Isabelle a reproachful look before turning back to Sebastian, who stepped silently out of her way. She darted past him and up the stairs, vaguely aware of voices below her as Isabelle shouted at the unfortunate Sebastian. But that was Isabelle—if there was a boy around and blame that needed to be pinned on someone, Isabelle would pin it on him.

The staircase widened into a landing with a bay-windowed alcove that looked out over the city. A boy was sitting in the alcove, reading. He looked up as Clary came up the stairs, and blinked in surprise. “I know you.”

“Hi, Max. It’s Clary—Jace’s sister. Remember?”

Max brightened. “You showed me how to read *Naruto*,” he said, holding out his book to her. “Look, I got another one. This one’s called—”

“Max, I can’t talk now. I promise I’ll look at your book later, but do you know where Jace is?”

Max’s face fell. “That room,” he said, and pointed to the last door down the hall. “I wanted to go in there with him, but he told me he had to do grown-up stuff. Everyone’s always telling me that.”

“I’m sorry,” Clary said, but her mind was no longer on the conversation. It was racing ahead—what would she say to Jace when she saw him, what would he say to *her*? Moving down the hall to the door, she thought, *It would be better to be friendly, not angry; yelling at him will just make him*

defensive. He has to understand that I belong here, just like he does. I don't need to be protected like a piece of delicate china. I'm strong too—

She threw the door open. The room seemed to be a sort of library, the walls lined with books. It was brightly lit, light streaming through a tall picture window. In the middle of the room stood Jace. He wasn't alone, though—not by a long shot. There was a dark-haired girl with him, a girl Clary had never seen before, and the two of them were locked together in a passionate embrace.

6

BAD BLOOD

Dizziness washed over Clary, as if all the air had been sucked out of the room. She tried to back away but stumbled and hit the door with her shoulder. It shut with a bang, and Jace and the girl broke apart.

Clary froze. They were both staring at her. She noticed that the girl had dark straight hair to her shoulders and was extremely pretty. The top buttons of her shirt were undone, showing a strip of lacy bra. Clary felt as if she were about to throw up.

The girl's hands went to her blouse, quickly doing up the buttons. She didn't look pleased. "Excuse me," she said with a frown. "Who are you?"

Clary didn't answer—she was looking at Jace, who was staring at her incredulously. His skin was drained of all color, showing the dark rings around his eyes. He looked at Clary as if he were staring down the barrel of a gun.

"Aline." Jace's voice was without warmth or color. "This is my sister, Clary."

"Oh. *Oh.*" Aline's face relaxed into a slightly embarrassed smile. "Sorry! What a way to meet you. Hi, I'm Aline."

She advanced on Clary, still smiling, her hand out. *I don't think I can touch her*, Clary thought with a sinking feeling of horror. She looked at Jace, who seemed to read the expression in her eyes; unsmiling, he took Aline by the shoulders and said something in her ear. She looked surprised, shrugged, and headed for the door without another word.

This left Clary alone with Jace. Alone with someone who was still looking at her as if she were his worst nightmare come to life.

“Jace,” she said, and took a step toward him.

He backed away from her as if she were coated in something poisonous. “What,” he said, “in the name of the Angel, Clary, are you doing here?”

Despite everything, the harshness of his tone hurt. “You could at least pretend you were glad to see me. Even a little bit.”

“I’m not glad to see you,” he said. Some of his color had come back, but the shadows under his eyes were still gray smudges against his skin. Clary waited for him to say something else, but he seemed content just to stare at her in undisguised horror. She noticed with a distracted clarity that he was wearing a black sweater that hung off his wrists as if he’d lost weight, and that the nails on his hands were bitten down to the quick. “Not even a little bit.”

“This isn’t you,” she said. “I hate it when you act like this —”

“Oh, you hate it, do you? Well, I’d better stop doing it, then, hadn’t I? I mean, you do everything *I* ask you to do.”

“You had no right to do what you did!” she snapped at him, suddenly furious. “Lying to me like that. You had no right—”

“I had *every right!*” he shouted. She didn’t think he’d ever shouted at her before. “I had every right, you stupid, stupid girl. I’m your brother and I—”

“And you what? You own me? You don’t own me, whether you’re my brother or not!”

The door behind Clary flew open. It was Alec, soberly dressed in a long, dark blue jacket, his black hair in disarray. He wore muddy boots and an incredulous expression on his usually calm face. “What in all possible dimensions is going on here?” he said, looking from Jace to Clary with amazement. “Are you two trying to kill each other?”

“Not at all,” said Jace. As if by magic, Clary saw, it had all been wiped away: his rage and his panic, and he was icy calm again. “Clary was just leaving.”

“Good,” Alec said, “because I need to talk to you, Jace.”

“Doesn’t anyone in this house ever say, ‘Hi, nice to see you’ anymore?” Clary demanded of no one in particular.

It was much easier to guilt Alec than Isabelle. “It *is* good to see you, Clary,” he said, “except of course for the fact that you’re really not supposed to be here. Isabelle told me you got here on your own somehow, and I’m impressed—”

“Could you *not* encourage her?” Jace inquired.

“But I really, really need to talk to Jace about something. Can you give us a few minutes?”

“I need to talk to him too,” she said. “About our mother—”

“I don’t feel like talking,” said Jace, “to either of you, as a matter of fact.”

“Yes, you do,” Alec said. “You really want to talk to me about this.”

“I doubt that,” Jace said. He had turned his gaze back to Clary. “You didn’t come here alone, did you?” he said slowly, as if realizing that the situation was even worse than he’d thought. “Who came with you?”

There seemed to be no point in lying about it. “Luke,” said Clary. “Luke came with me.”

Jace blanched. “But Luke is a Downworlder. Do you know what the Clave does to unregistered Downworlders who come into the Glass City—who cross the wards without permission? Coming to Idris is one thing, but entering Alicante? Without telling anyone?”

“No,” Clary said, in a half whisper, “but I know what you’re going to say—”

“That if you and Luke don’t go back to New York immediately, you’ll find out?”

For a moment Jace was silent, meeting her eyes with his own. The desperation in his expression shocked her. He was the one threatening her, after all, not the other way around.

“Jace,” Alec said into the silence, a tinge of panic creeping into his voice. “Haven’t you wondered where I’ve been all day?”

“That’s a new coat you’re wearing,” Jace said, without looking at his friend. “I figure you went shopping. Though why you’re so eager to bother me about it, I have no idea.”

“I didn’t go shopping,” Alec said furiously. “I went—”

The door opened again. In a flutter of white dress, Isabelle darted in, shutting the door behind her. She looked at Clary and shook her head. “I told you he’d freak out,” she said. “Didn’t I?”

“Ah, the ‘I told you so,’” Jace said. “Always a classy move.”

Clary looked at him with horror. “How can you *joke*?” she whispered. “You just threatened Luke. Luke, who likes you and trusts you. Because he’s a *Downworlder*. What’s wrong with you?”

Isabelle looked horrified. “Luke’s here? Oh, Clary—”

“He’s *not* here,” Clary said. “He left—this morning—and I don’t know where he went. But I can certainly see now why he had to go.” She could hardly bear to look at Jace. “Fine. You win. We should never have come. I should never have made that Portal—”

“*Made* a Portal?” Isabelle looked bewildered. “Clary, only a warlock can make a Portal. And there aren’t very many of them. The only Portal here in Idris is in the Gard.”

“Which is what I had to talk to you about,” Alec hissed at Jace—who looked, Clary saw with surprise, even worse than he had before; he looked as if he were about to pass out. “About the errand I went on last night—the thing I had to deliver to the Gard—”

“Alec, stop. *Stop*,” Jace said, and the harsh desperation in his voice cut the other boy off; Alec shut his mouth and stood staring at Jace, his lip caught between his teeth. But Jace didn’t seem to see him; he was looking at Clary, and his eyes were hard as glass. Finally he spoke. “You’re right,” he said in a choked voice, as if he had to force out the words. “You should never have come. I know I told you it’s because it isn’t safe for you here, but that wasn’t true. The truth is that I don’t want you here because you’re rash and thoughtless and you’ll mess everything up. It’s just how you are. You’re not careful, Clary.”

“Mess . . . everything . . . up?” Clary couldn’t get enough air into her lungs for anything but a whisper.

“Oh, *Jace*,” Isabelle said sadly, as if *he* were the one who was hurt. He didn’t look at her. His gaze was fixed on Clary.

“You always just race ahead without thinking,” he said. “You know that, Clary. We’d never have ended up in the Dumort if it wasn’t for you.”

“And Simon would be *dead*! Doesn’t that count for anything? Maybe it was rash, but—”

His voice rose. “*Maybe?*”

“But it’s not like every decision I’ve made was a bad one! You said, after what I did on the boat, you *said* I’d saved everyone’s life—”

All the remaining color in Jace’s face went. He said, with a sudden and astounding viciousness, “Shut up, Clary, SHUT UP—”

“On the boat?” Alec’s gaze danced between them, bewildered. “What about what happened on the boat? Jace—”

“I just told you that to keep you from whining!” Jace shouted, ignoring Alec, ignoring everything but Clary. She could feel the force of his sudden anger like a wave threatening to knock her off her feet. “You’re a disaster for us, Clary! You’re a mundane, you’ll always be one, you’ll never be a Shadow-hunter. You don’t know how to think like we do, think about what’s best for everyone—all you ever think about

is yourself! But there's a war on now, or there will be, and I don't have the time or the inclination to follow around after you, trying to make sure you don't get one of us killed!"

She just stared at him. She couldn't think of a thing to say; he'd never spoken to her like this. She'd never even imagined him speaking to her like this. However angry she'd managed to make him in the past, he'd never spoken to her as if he hated her before.

"Go home, Clary," he said. He sounded very tired, as if the effort of telling her how he really felt had drained him. "Go home."

All her plans evaporated—her half-formed hopes of rushing after Fell, saving her mother, even finding Luke—nothing mattered, no words came. She crossed to the door. Alec and Isabelle moved to let her pass. Neither of them would look at her; they looked away instead, their expressions shocked and embarrassed. Clary knew she probably ought to feel humiliated as well as angry, but she didn't. She just felt dead inside.

She turned at the door and looked back. Jace was staring after her. The light that streamed through the window behind him left his face in shadow; all she could see was the bright bits of sunshine that dusted his fair hair, like shards of broken glass.

"When you told me the first time that Valentine was your father, I didn't believe it," she said. "Not just because I didn't want it to be true, but because you weren't anything like him. I've never thought you were anything like him. But you are. You *are*."

She went out of the room, shutting the door behind her.



"They're going to starve me," Simon said.

He was lying on the floor of his cell, the stone cold under his back. From this angle, though, he could see the sky through the window. In the days after Simon had first become a vampire, when he had thought he would never see daylight

again, he'd found himself thinking incessantly about the sun and the sky. About the ways the color of the sky changed during the day: about the pale sky of morning, the hot blue of midday, and the cobalt darkness of twilight. He'd lain awake in the darkness with a parade of blues marching through his brain. Now, flat on his back in the cell under the Gard, he wondered if he'd had daylight and all its blues restored to him just so that he could spend the short, unpleasant rest of his life in this tiny space with only a patch of sky visible through the single barred window in the wall.

"Did you hear what I said?" He raised his voice. "The Inquisitor's going to starve me to death. No more blood."

There was a rustling noise. An audible sigh. Then Samuel spoke. "I heard you. I just don't know what you want me to do about it." He paused. "I'm sorry for you, Daylighter, if that helps."

"It doesn't really," Simon said. "The Inquisitor wants me to lie. Wants me to tell him that the Lightwoods are in league with Valentine. Then he'll send me home." He rolled over onto his stomach, the stones jabbing into his skin. "Never mind. I don't know why I'm telling you all this. You probably have no idea what I'm talking about."

Samuel made a noise halfway between a chuckle and a cough. "Actually, I do. I knew the Lightwoods. We were in the Circle together. The Lightwoods, the Waylands, the Pangborns, the Herondales, the Penhallows. All the fine families of Alicante."

"And Hodge Starkweather," Simon said, thinking of the Lightwoods' tutor. "He was too, wasn't he?"

"He was," said Samuel. "But his family was hardly a well-respected one. Hodge showed some promise once, but I fear he never lived up to it." He paused. "Aldertree's always hated the Lightwoods, of course, since we were children. He wasn't rich or clever or attractive, and, well, they weren't very kind to him. I don't think he's ever gotten over it."

"Rich?" Simon said. "I thought all Shadowhunters got paid by the Clave. Like . . . I don't know, communism or

something.”

“In theory all Shadowhunters are fairly and equally paid,” said Samuel. “Some, like those with high positions in the Clave, or those with great responsibility—running an Institute, for example—receive a higher salary. Then there are those who live outside Idris and choose to make money in the mundane world; it’s not forbidden, as long as they tithe a part of it to the Clave. But”—Samuel hesitated—“you saw the Penhallows’ house, didn’t you? What did you think of it?”

Simon cast his mind back. “Very fancy.”

“It’s one of the finest houses in Alicante,” said Samuel. “And they have another house, a manor out in the country. Almost all the rich families do. You see, there’s another way for Nephilim to gain wealth. They call it ‘spoils.’ Anything owned by a demon or Downworlder who is killed by a Shadowhunter becomes that Shadowhunter’s property. So if a wealthy warlock breaks the Law, and is killed by a Nephilim . . .”

Simon shivered. “So killing Downworlders is a lucrative business?”

“It can be,” said Samuel bitterly, “if you’re not too choosy about who you kill. You can see why there’s so much opposition to the Accords. It cuts into people’s pocketbooks, having to be careful about murdering Downworlders. Perhaps that’s why I joined the Circle. My family was never a rich one, and to be looked down on for not accepting blood money—” He broke off.

“But the Circle murdered Downworlders too,” said Simon.

“Because they thought it was their sacred duty,” said Samuel. “Not out of greed. Though I can’t imagine now why I ever thought that mattered.” He sounded exhausted. “It was Valentine. He had a way about him. He could convince you of anything. I remember standing beside him with my hands covered in blood, looking down at the body of a dead woman, and thinking only that what I was doing had to be right, because Valentine said it was so.”

“A dead Downworlder?”

Samuel breathed raggedly on the other side of the wall. At last, he said, “You must understand, I would have done anything he asked. Any of us would have. The Lightwoods as well. The Inquisitor knows that, and that is what he is trying to exploit. But you should know—there’s the chance that if you give in to him and throw blame on the Lightwoods, he’ll kill you anyway to shut you up. It depends on whether the idea of being merciful makes him feel powerful at the time.”

“It doesn’t matter,” Simon said. “I’m not going to do it. I won’t betray the Lightwoods.”

“Really?” Samuel sounded unconvinced. “Is there some reason why not? Do you care for the Lightwoods that much?”

“Anything I told him about them would be a lie.”

“But it might be the lie he wants to hear. You do want to go home, don’t you?”

Simon stared at the wall as if he could somehow see through it to the man on the other side. “Is that what you’d do? Lie to him?”

Samuel coughed—a wheezy sort of cough, as if he weren’t very healthy. Then again, it was damp and cold down here, which didn’t bother Simon, but would probably bother a normal human being very much. “I wouldn’t take moral advice from *me*,” he said. “But yes, I probably would. I’ve always put saving my own skin first.”

“I’m sure that’s not true.”

“Actually,” said Samuel, “it is. One thing you’ll learn as you get older, Simon, is that when people tell you something unpleasant about themselves, it’s usually true.”

But I’m not going to get older, Simon thought. Out loud he said, “That’s the first time you’ve called me Simon. Simon and not Daylighter.”

“I suppose it is.”

“And as for the Lightwoods,” Simon said, “it’s not that I like them that much. I mean, I like Isabelle, and I sort of like

Alec and Jace, too. But there's this girl. And Jace is her brother."

When Samuel replied, he sounded, for the first time, genuinely amused. "Isn't there always a girl."



The moment the door shut behind Clary, Jace slumped back against the wall, as if his legs had been cut out from under him. He looked gray with a mixture of horror, shock, and what looked almost like . . . relief, as if a catastrophe had been narrowly avoided.

"Jace," Alec said, taking a step toward his friend. "Do you really think—"

Jace spoke in a low voice, cutting Alec off. "Get out," he said. "Just get out, both of you."

"So you can do what?" Isabelle demanded. "Wreck your life some more? What the hell was that *about*?"

Jace shook his head. "I sent her home. It was the best thing for her."

"You did a hell of a lot more than send her home. You *destroyed* her. Did you see her face?"

"It was worth it," said Jace. "You wouldn't understand."

"For her, maybe," Isabelle said. "I hope it winds up worth it for you."

Jace turned his face away. "Just . . . leave me alone, Isabelle. Please."

Isabelle cast a startled look toward her brother. Jace *never* said please. Alec put a hand on her shoulder. "Never mind, Jace," he said, as kindly as he could. "I'm sure she'll be fine."

Jace raised his head and looked at Alec without actually *looking* at him—he seemed to be staring off at nothing. "No, she won't," he said. "But I knew that. Speaking of which, you might as well tell me what you came in here to tell me. You seemed to think it was pretty important at the time."

Alec took his hand off Isabelle's shoulder. "I didn't want to tell you in front of Clary—"

Jace's eyes finally focused on Alec. "Didn't want to tell me *what* in front of Clary?"

Alec hesitated. He'd rarely seen Jace so upset, and he could only imagine what effect further unpleasant surprises might have on him. But there was no way to hide this. Jace had to know. "Yesterday," he said, in a low voice, "when I brought Simon up to the Gard, Malachi told me Magnus Bane would be meeting Simon at the other end of the Portal, in New York. So I sent a fire-message to Magnus. I heard back from him this morning. He never met Simon in New York. In fact, he says there's been no Portal activity in New York since Clary came through."

"Maybe Malachi was wrong," Isabelle suggested, after a quick look at Jace's ashen face. "Maybe someone else met Simon on the other side. And Magnus could be wrong about the Portal activity—"

Alec shook his head. "I went up to the Gard this morning with Mom. I meant to ask Malachi about it myself, but when I saw him—I can't say why—I ducked behind a corner. I couldn't face him. Then I heard him talking to one of the guards. Telling them to go bring the vampire upstairs because the Inquisitor wanted to speak to him again."

"Are you sure they meant Simon?" Isabelle asked, but there was no conviction in her voice. "Maybe . . ."

"They were talking about how stupid the Downworlder had been to believe that they'd just send him back to New York without questioning him. One of them said that he couldn't believe anyone had had the gall to try to sneak him into Alicante to begin with. And Malachi said, 'Well, what do you expect from Valentine's son?'"

"Oh," Isabelle whispered. "Oh my God." She glanced across the room. "Jace . . ."

Jace's hands were clenched at his sides. His eyes looked sunken, as if they were pushing back into his skull. In other

circumstances Alec would have put a hand on his shoulder, but not now; something about Jace made him hold back. “If it hadn’t been me who brought him through,” Jace said in a low, measured voice, as if he were reciting something, “maybe they would have just let him go home. Maybe they would have believed—”

“No,” Alec said. “No, Jace, it’s not your fault. You saved his life.”

“Saved him so the Clave could torture him,” said Jace. “Some favor. When Clary finds out . . .” He shook his head blindly. “She’ll think I brought him here on purpose, gave him to the Clave *knowing* what they’d do.”

“She won’t think that. You’d have no reason to do a thing like that.”

“Perhaps,” Jace said, slowly, “but after how I just treated her . . .”

“No one could ever think you’d do that, Jace,” said Isabelle. “No one who knows you. No one—”

But Jace didn’t wait to find out what else no one would ever think. Instead he turned around and walked over to the picture window that looked over the canal. He stood there for a moment, the light coming through the window turning the edges of his hair to gold. Then he moved, so quickly Alec didn’t have to time to react. By the time he saw what was going to happen and darted forward to prevent it, it was already too late.

There was a crash—the sound of shattering—and a sudden spray of broken glass like a shower of jagged stars. Jace looked down at his left hand, the knuckles streaked with scarlet, with a clinical interest as fat red drops of blood collected and splattered down onto the floor at his feet.

Isabelle stared from Jace to the hole in the glass, lines radiating out from the empty center, a spiderweb of thin silver cracks. “Oh, Jace,” she said, her voice as soft as Alec had ever heard it. “How on earth are we going to explain this to the Penhallows?”



Somehow Clary made it out of the house. She wasn't sure how—everything was a fast blur of stairs and hallways, and then she was running to the front door and out of it and somehow she was on the Penhallows' front steps, trying to decide whether or not she was going to throw up in their rosebushes.

They were ideally placed for throwing up in, and her stomach was roiling painfully, but the fact that all she'd eaten was some soup was catching up with her. She didn't think there was anything in her stomach *to* throw up. Instead she made her way down the steps and turned blindly out of the front gate—she couldn't remember which direction she'd come from anymore, or how to get back to Amatis's, but it didn't seem to matter much. It wasn't as if she were looking forward to getting back and explaining to Luke that they had to leave Alicante or Jace would turn them in to the Clave.

Maybe Jace was right. Maybe she *was* rash and thoughtless. Maybe she never thought about how what she did impacted the people she loved. Simon's face flashed across her vision, sharp as a photograph, and then Luke's—

She stopped and leaned against a lamppost. The square glass fixture looked like the sort of gas lamp that topped the vintage posts in front of the brownstones in Park Slope. Somehow it seemed reassuring.

"Clary!" It was a boy's voice, anxious. Immediately Clary thought, *Jace*. She spun around.

It wasn't Jace. Sebastian, the dark-haired boy from the Penhallows' living room, stood in front of her, panting a little as if he'd chased her down the street at a run.

She felt a burst of the same feeling she'd had earlier, when she'd first seen him—recognition, mixed with something she couldn't identify. It wasn't like or dislike—it was a sort of pull, as if something drew her toward this boy she didn't know. Maybe it was just the way he looked. He was beautiful, as beautiful as Jace, though where Jace was all gold, this boy was pallor and shadows. Although now that she looked at him more closely, she could see that his resemblance to her

imaginary prince was not as exact as she'd thought. Even their coloring was different. It was just something in the shape of his face, the way he held himself, the dark secretiveness of his eyes . . .

"Are you okay?" he said. His voice was soft. "You ran out of the house like . . ." His voice trailed off as he looked at her. She was still gripping the lamppost as if she needed it to hold her up. "What happened?"

"I had a fight with Jace," she said, trying to keep her voice even. "You know how it is."

"I don't, actually." He sounded almost apologetic. "I don't have any sisters or brothers."

"Lucky," she said, and was startled at the bitterness in her own voice.

"You don't mean that." He took a step closer to her, and as he did, the streetlamp flickered on, casting a pool of white witchlight over them both. Sebastian looked up at the light and smiled. "It's a sign."

"A sign of what?"

"A sign that you should let me walk you home."

"But I have no idea where that is," she said, realizing. "I snuck out of the house to come here. I don't remember the way I came."

"Well, who are you staying with?"

She hesitated before replying.

"I won't tell anyone," he said. "I swear on the Angel."

She stared. That was quite an oath, for a Shadowhunter. "All right," she said, before she could overthink her decision. "I'm staying with Amatis Herondale."

"Great. I know exactly where she lives." He offered her his arm. "Shall we?"

She managed a smile. "You're kind of pushy, you know."

He shrugged. "I have a fetish for damsels in distress."

“Don’t be sexist.”

“Not at all. My services are also available to gentlemen in distress. It’s an equal opportunity fetish,” he said, and, with a flourish, offered his arm again.

This time, she took it.



Alec shut the door of the small attic room behind him and turned to face Jace. His eyes were normally the color of Lake Lyn, a pale, untroubled blue, but the color tended to change with his moods. At the moment they were the color of the East River during a thunderstorm. His expression was stormy as well. “Sit,” he said to Jace, pointing at a low chair near the gabled window. “I’ll get the bandages.”

Jace sat. The room he shared with Alec at the top of the Penhallows’ house was small, with two narrow beds in it, one against each wall. Their clothes hung from a row of pegs on the wall. There was a single window, letting in faint light—it was getting dark now, and the sky outside the glass was indigo blue. Jace watched as Alec knelt to grab the duffel bag from under his bed and yank it open. He rummaged noisily among the contents before getting to his feet with a box in his hands. Jace recognized it as the box of medical supplies they used sometimes when runes weren’t an option—antiseptic, bandages, scissors, and gauze.

“Aren’t you going to use a healing rune?” Jace asked, more out of curiosity than anything else.

“No. You can just—” Alec broke off, flinging the box onto the bed with an inaudible curse. He went to the small sink against the wall and washed his hands with such force that water splashed upward in a fine spray. Jace watched him with a distant curiosity. His hand had begun to burn with a dull and fiery ache.

Alec retrieved the box, pulled a chair up opposite Jace’s, and flung himself down onto it. “Give me your hand.”

Jace held his hand out. He had to admit it looked pretty bad. All four knuckles were split open like red starbursts. Dried

blood clung to his fingers, a flaking red-brown glove.

Alec made a face. “You’re an idiot.”

“Thanks,” Jace said. He watched patiently as Alec bent over his hand with a pair of tweezers and gently nudged at a bit of glass embedded in his skin. “So, why not?”

“Why not what?”

“Why not use a healing rune? This isn’t a demon injury.”

“Because.” Alec retrieved the blue bottle of antiseptic. “I think it would do you good to feel the pain. You can heal like a mundane. Slow and ugly. Maybe you’ll learn something.” He splashed the stinging liquid over Jace’s cuts. “Although I doubt it.”

“I can always do my own healing rune, you know.”

Alec began wrapping a strip of bandages around Jace’s hand. “Only if you want me to tell the Penhallows what really happened to their window, instead of letting them think it was an accident.” He jerked a knot in the bandages tight, making Jace wince. “You know, if I’d thought you were going to do this to yourself, I would never have told you anything.”

“Yes, you would have.” Jace cocked his head to the side. “I didn’t realize my attack on the picture window would upset you quite so much.”

“It’s just—” Done with the bandaging, Alec looked down at Jace’s hand, the hand he was still holding between his. It was a white club of bandages, spotted with blood where Alec’s fingers had touched it. “Why do you do these things to yourself? Not just what you did to the window, but the way you talked to Clary. What are you punishing yourself for? You can’t help how you feel.”

Jace’s voice was even. “How do I feel?”

“I see how you look at her.” Alec’s eyes were remote, seeing something just past Jace, something that wasn’t there. “And you can’t have her. Maybe you just never knew what it was like to want something you couldn’t have before.”

Jace looked at him steadily. “What’s between you and Magnus Bane?”

Alec’s head jerked back. “I don’t—there’s nothing—”

“I’m not stupid. You went right to Magnus after you talked to Malachi, before you talked to me or Isabelle or anyone—”

“Because he was the only one who could answer my question, that’s why. There isn’t anything between us,” Alec said—and then, catching the look on Jace’s face, added with great reluctance, “anymore. There’s nothing between us anymore. Okay?”

“I hope that’s not because of me,” said Jace.

Alec went white and drew back, as if he were preparing to ward off a blow. “What do you mean?”

“I know how you think you feel about me,” Jace said. “You don’t, though. You just like me because I’m safe. There’s no risk. And then you never have to try to have a real relationship, because you can use me as an excuse.” Jace knew he was being cruel, and he barely cared. Hurting people he loved was almost as good as hurting himself when he was in this kind of mood.

“I get it,” Alec said tightly. “First Clary, then your hand, now me. To hell with you, Jace.”

“You don’t believe me?” Jace asked. “Fine. Go ahead. Kiss me right now.”

Alec stared at him in horror.

“Exactly. Despite my staggering good looks, you actually don’t like me that way. And if you’re blowing off Magnus, it’s not because of me. It’s because you’re too scared to tell anyone who you really love. Love makes us liars,” said Jace. “The Seelie Queen told me that. So don’t judge me for lying about how I feel. You do it too.” He stood up. “And now I want you to do it again.”

Alec’s face was stiff with hurt. “What do you mean?”

“Lie for me,” Jace said, taking his jacket down from the wall peg and shrugging it on. “It’s sunset. They’ll start coming

back from the Gard about now. I want you to tell everyone I'm not feeling well and that's why I'm not coming downstairs. Tell them I felt faint and tripped, and that's how the window got broken."

Alec tipped his head back and looked up at Jace squarely. "Fine," he said. "If you tell me where you're really going."

"Up to the Gard," said Jace. "I'm going to break Simon out of jail."



Clary's mother had always called the time of day between twilight and nightfall "the blue hour." She said the light was strongest and most unusual then, and that it was the best time to paint. Clary had never really understood what she meant, but now, making her way through Alicante at twilight, she did.

The blue hour in New York wasn't really *blue*; it was too washed out by streetlights and neon signs. Jocelyn must have been thinking of Idris. Here the light fell in swatches of pure violet across the golden stonework of the city, and the witch-light lamps cast circular pools of white light so bright Clary expected to feel heat when she walked through them. She wished her mother were with her. Jocelyn could have pointed out the parts of Alicante that were familiar to her, that had a place in her memories.

But she'd never tell you any of those things. She kept them secret from you on purpose. And now you may never know them. A sharp pain—half anger and half regret—caught at Clary's heart.

"You're awfully quiet," Sebastian said. They were passing over a canal bridge, its stonework sides carved with runes.

"Just wondering how much trouble I'll be in when I get back. I had to climb out a window to leave, but Amatis has probably noticed I'm gone by now."

Sebastian frowned. "Why sneak out? Wouldn't you be allowed to go see your brother?"

"I'm not supposed to be in Alicante at all," Clary said. "I'm supposed to be home, watching safely from the sidelines."

“Ah. That explains a lot.”

“Does it?” She cast a curious sideways glance at him. Blue shadows were caught in his dark hair.

“Everyone seemed to blanch when your name came up earlier. I gathered there was some bad blood between your brother and you.”

“Bad blood? Well, that’s one way to put it.”

“You don’t like him much?”

“*Like* Jace?” She’d given so much thought these past weeks as to whether she loved Jace Wayland and how, that she’d never much paused to consider whether she liked him.

“Sorry. He’s family—it’s not really about whether you like him or not.”

“I do like him,” she said, surprising herself. “I do, it’s just—he makes me furious. He tells me what I can and can’t do —”

“Doesn’t seem to work very well,” Sebastian observed.

“What do you mean?”

“You seem to do what you want anyway.”

“I suppose.” The observation startled her, coming from a near stranger. “But it seems to have made him a lot angrier than I thought it had.”

“He’ll get over it.” Sebastian’s tone was dismissive.

Clary looked at him curiously. “Do *you* like him?”

“I like him. But I don’t think he likes me much.” Sebastian sounded rueful. “Everything I say seems to piss him off.”

They turned off the street into a wide cobble-paved square ringed with tall, narrow buildings. At the center was the bronze statue of an angel—the Angel, the one who’d given his blood to make the race of Shadowhunters. At the northern end of the square was a massive structure of white stone. A waterfall of wide marble steps led up to a pillared arcade, behind which was a pair of huge double doors. The overall

effect in the evening light was stunning—and weirdly familiar. Clary wondered if she'd seen a picture of this place before. Maybe her mother had painted one?

"This is Angel Square," Sebastian said, "and that was the Great Hall of the Angel. The Accords were first signed there, since Downworlders aren't allowed into the Gard—now it's called the Accords Hall. It's a central meeting place—celebrations take place there, marriages, dances, that sort of thing. It's the center of the city. They say all roads lead to the Hall."

"It looks a bit like a church—but you don't have churches here, do you?"

"No need," said Sebastian. "The demon towers keep us safe. We need nothing else. That's why I like coming here. It feels . . . peaceful."

Clary looked at him in surprise. "So you don't live here?"

"No. I live in Paris. I'm just visiting Aline—she's my cousin. My mother and her father, my uncle Patrick, were brother and sister. Aline's parents ran the Institute in Beijing for years. They moved back to Alicante about a decade ago."

"Were they—the Penhallows weren't in the Circle, were they?"

A startled look flashed across Sebastian's face. He was silent as they turned and left the square behind them, making their way into a warren of dark streets. "Why would you ask that?" he said finally.

"Well—because the Lightwoods were."

They passed under a streetlight. Clary glanced sideways at Sebastian. In his long dark coat and white shirt, under the pool of white light, he looked like a black-and-white illustration of a gentleman from a Victorian scrapbook. His dark hair curled close against his temples in a way that made her itch to draw him in pen and ink. "You have to understand," he said. "A good half of the young Shadowhunters in Idris were part of the Circle, and plenty of those who weren't in Idris too. Uncle Patrick was in the early days, but he got out of the Circle once

he started to realize how serious Valentine was. Neither of Aline's parents was part of the Uprising—my uncle went to Beijing to get away from Valentine and met Aline's mother at the Institute there. When the Lightwoods and the other Circle members were tried for treason against the Clave, the Penhallows voted for leniency. Got them sent away to New York instead of cursed. So the Lightwoods have always been grateful."

"What about your parents?" Clary said. "Were they in it?"

"Not really. My mother was younger than Patrick—he sent her to Paris when he went to Beijing. She met my father there."

"Your mother *was* younger than Patrick?"

"She's dead," said Sebastian. "My father, too. My aunt Élodie brought me up."

"Oh," Clary said, feeling stupid. "I'm sorry."

"I don't remember them," Sebastian said. "Not really. When I was younger, I wished I had an older sister or a brother, someone who could tell me what it was like having them as parents." He looked at her thoughtfully. "Can I ask you something, Clary? Why did you come to Idris at all when you knew how badly your brother would take it?"

Before she could answer him, they emerged from the narrow alley they'd been following into a familiar unlit courtyard, the disused well at its center gleaming in the moonlight. "Cistern Square," Sebastian said, an unmistakable note of disappointment in his voice. "We got here faster than I thought we would."

Clary glanced over the masonry bridge that spanned the nearby canal. She could see Amatis's house in the distance. All the windows were lit. She sighed. "I can get back myself from here, thanks."

"You don't want me to walk you to the—"

"No. Not unless you want to get in trouble too."

“You think *I’d* get in trouble? For being gentlemanly enough to walk you home?”

“No one’s supposed to know I’m in Alicante,” she said. “It’s supposed to be a secret. And no offense, but you’re a stranger.”

“I’d like to not be,” he said. “I’d like to get to know you better.” He was looking at her with a mixture of amusement and a certain shyness, as if he weren’t sure how what he’d just said would be received.

“Sebastian,” she said, with a sudden feeling of overwhelming tiredness. “I’m glad you want to get to know me. But I just don’t have the energy to get to know you. Sorry.”

“I didn’t mean—”

But she was already walking away from him, toward the bridge. Halfway there she turned around and glanced back at Sebastian. He was looking oddly forlorn in a patch of moonlight, his dark hair falling over his face.

“Ragnor Fell,” she said.

He stared at her. “What?”

“You asked me why I came here even though I wasn’t supposed to,” Clary said. “My mother is sick. Really sick. Maybe dying. The only thing that can help her, the only *person* who can help her, is a warlock named Ragnor Fell. Only I have no idea where to find him.”

“Clary—”

She turned back toward the house. “Good night, Sebastian.”



It was harder climbing *up* the trellis than it had been climbing down. Clary’s boots slipped a number of times on the damp stone wall, and she was relieved when she finally hauled herself up over the sill of the window and half-jumped, half-fell into the bedroom.

Her euphoria was short-lived. No sooner had her boots hit the floor than a bright light flared up, a soft explosion that lit the room to a daylight brightness.

Amatis was sitting on the edge of the bed, her back very straight, a witchlight stone in her hand. It burned with a harsh light that did nothing to soften the hard planes of her face or the lines at the corners of her mouth. She stared at Clary in silence for several long moments. Finally she said, "In those clothes, you look just like Jocelyn."

Clary scrambled to her feet. "I—I'm sorry," she said. "About going out like that—"

Amatis closed her hand around the witchlight, snuffing its glow. Clary blinked in the sudden dimness. "Change out of that gear," Amatis said, "and meet me downstairs in the kitchen. And don't even think about sneaking back out through the window," she added, "or the next time you return to this house, you'll find it sealed against you."

Swallowing hard, Clary nodded.

Amatis rose to her feet and left without another word. Quickly Clary shucked off her gear and dressed in her own clothes, which hung over the bedpost, now dry—her jeans were a little stiff, but it was nice to pull on her familiar T-shirt. Shaking her tangled hair back, she headed downstairs.

The last time she'd seen the lower floor of Amatis's house, she'd been delirious and hallucinating. She remembered long corridors stretching out to infinity and a huge grandfather clock whose ticks had sounded like the beats of a dying heart. Now she found herself in a small, homely living room, with plain wooden furniture and a rag rug on the floor. The small size and bright colors reminded her a little of her own living room at home in Brooklyn. She crossed through in silence and entered the kitchen, where a fire burned in the grate and the room was full of warm yellow light. Amatis was sitting at the table. She had a blue shawl wrapped around her shoulders; it made her hair seem more gray.

"Hi." Clary hovered in the doorway. She couldn't tell if Amatis was angry or not.

“I suppose I hardly need to ask where you went,” Amatis said, without looking up from the table. “You went to see Jonathan, didn’t you? I suppose it was only to be expected. Perhaps if I’d ever had children of my own, I’d know when a child was lying to me. But I had so hoped that, this time at least, I wouldn’t *completely* disappoint my brother.”

“Disappoint Luke?”

“You know what happened when he was bitten?” Amatis stared straight in front of her. “When *my brother* was bitten by a werewolf—and of course he was, Valentine was always taking stupid risks with himself and his followers, it was just a matter of time—he came and told me what had happened and how scared he was that he might have contracted the lycanthropic disease. And I said . . . I said . . .”

“Amatis, you don’t have to tell me this—”

“I told him to get out of my house and not to come back until he was sure he didn’t have it. I cringed away from him—I couldn’t help it.” Her voice shook. “He could *see* how disgusted I was, it was all over my face. He said he was afraid that if he did have it, if he’d become a were-creature, that Valentine would ask him to kill himself, and I said . . . I said that *maybe that would be the best thing*.”

Clary gave a little gasp; she couldn’t help it.

Amatis looked up quickly. Self-loathing was written all over her face. “Luke was always so basically *good*, whatever Valentine tried to get him to do—sometimes I thought he and Jocelyn were the only really good people I knew—and I couldn’t stand the idea of him being turned into some monster. . . .”

“But he’s not like that. He’s not a monster.”

“I didn’t *know*. After he did Change, after he fled from here, Jocelyn worked and worked to convince me that he was still the same person inside, still my brother. If it hadn’t been for her, I never would have agreed to see him again. I let him stay here when he came before the Uprising—let him hide in

the cellar—but I could tell he didn't really trust me, not after I'd turned my back on him. I think he still doesn't."

"He trusted you enough to come to you when I was sick," Clary said. "He trusted you enough to leave me here with you ____"

"He had nowhere else to go," said Amatis. "And look how well I've fared with you. I couldn't even keep you in the house for a single day."

Clary flinched. This was worse than being yelled at. "It's not your fault. I *lied* to you and sneaked out. There wasn't anything you could have done about it."

"Oh, Clary," Amatis said. "Don't you see? There's *always* something you can do. It's just people like me who always tell themselves otherwise. I told myself there was nothing I could do about Luke. I told myself there was nothing I could do about Stephen leaving me. And I refuse even to attend the Clave's meetings because I tell myself there's nothing I can do to influence their decisions, even when I hate what they do. But then when I *do* choose to do something—well, I can't even do that one thing right." Her eyes shone, hard and bright in the firelight. "Go to bed, Clary," she finished. "And from now on, you can come and go as you please. I won't do anything to stop you. After all, like you said, there's nothing I *can* do."

"Amatis—"

"Don't." Amatis shook her head. "Just go to bed. Please." Her voice held a note of finality; she turned away, as if Clary were already gone, and stared at the wall, unblinking.

Clary spun on her heel and ran up the stairs. In the spare room she kicked the door shut behind her and flung herself down onto the bed. She'd thought she wanted to cry, but the tears wouldn't come. *Jace hates me*, she thought. *Amatis hates me. I never got to say good-bye to Simon. My mother's dying. And Luke has abandoned me. I'm alone. I've never been so alone, and it's all my own fault.* Maybe that was why she couldn't cry, she realized, staring dry-eyed at the ceiling. Because what was the point in crying when there was no one

there to comfort you? And what was worse, when you couldn't even comfort yourself?

7

WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD

Out of a dream of blood and sunlight, Simon woke suddenly to the sound of a voice calling his name.

“Simon.” The voice was a hissing whisper. “Simon, *get up.*”

Simon was on his feet—sometimes how fast he could move now surprised even him—and spinning around in the darkness of the cell. “Samuel?” he whispered, staring into the shadows. “Samuel, was that you?”

“Turn around, Simon.” Now the voice, faintly familiar, held a note of irritability. “And come to the window.” Simon knew immediately who it was and looked through the barred window to see Jace kneeling on the grass outside, a witchlight stone in his hand. He was looking at Simon with a strained scowl. “What, did you think you were having a nightmare?”

“Maybe I still am.” There was a buzzing in Simon’s ears—if he’d had a heartbeat, he would have thought it was the blood rushing through his veins, but it was something else, something less corporeal but more proximate than blood.

The witchlight threw a crazy-quilt pattern of light and shadow across Jace’s pale face. “So here’s where they put you. I didn’t think they even used these cells anymore.” He glanced sideways. “I got the wrong window at first. Gave your friend in the next cell something of a shock. Attractive fellow, what with the beard and the rags. Kind of reminds me of the street folk back home.”

And Simon realized what the buzzing sound in his ears was. Rage. In some distant corner of his mind he was aware that his lips were drawn back, the tips of his fangs grazing his lower lip. “I’m glad you think all this is funny.”

“You’re *not* happy to see me, then?” Jace said. “I have to say, I’m surprised. I’ve always been told my presence brightened up any room. One might think that went doubly for dank underground cells.”

“You knew what would happen, didn’t you? ‘They’ll send you right back to New York,’ you said. No problem. But they never had any intention of doing that.”

“I didn’t know.” Jace met his eyes through the bars, and his gaze was clear and steady. “I know you won’t believe me, but I thought I was telling you the truth.”

“You’re either lying or stupid—”

“Then I’m stupid.”

“—or both,” Simon finished. “I’m inclined to think both.”

“I don’t have a reason to lie to you. Not now.” Jace’s gaze remained steady. “And quit baring your fangs at me. It’s making me nervous.”

“Good,” Simon said. “If you want to know why, it’s because you smell like blood.”

“It’s my cologne. Eau de Recent Injury.” Jace raised his left hand. It was a glove of white bandages, stained across the knuckles where blood had seeped through.

Simon frowned. “I thought your kind didn’t get injuries. Not ones that lasted.”

“I put it through a window,” Jace said, “and Alec’s making me heal like a mundane to teach me a lesson. There, I told you the truth. Impressed?”

“No,” Simon said. “I have bigger problems than you. The Inquisitor keeps asking me questions I can’t answer. He keeps accusing me of getting my Daylighter powers from Valentine. Of being a *spy* for him.”

Alarm flickered in Jace's eyes. "Aldertree said that?"

"Aldertree implied the whole Clave thought so."

"That's bad. If they decide you're a spy, then the Accords don't apply. Not if they can convince themselves you've broken the Law." Jace glanced around quickly before returning his gaze to Simon. "We'd better get you out of here."

"And then what?" Simon almost couldn't believe what he was saying. He wanted to get out of this place so badly he could taste it, yet he couldn't stop the words tumbling out of his mouth. "Where do you plan on hiding me?"

"There's a Portal here in the Gard. If we can find it, I can send you back through—"

"And everyone will know you helped me. Jace, it's not just me the Clave is after. In fact, I doubt they care about one Down-worlder at all one way or the other. They're trying to prove something about your family—about the Lightwoods. They're trying to prove that they're connected with Valentine somehow. That they never really left the Circle."

Even in the darkness, it was possible to see the color rush into Jace's cheeks. "But that's ridiculous. They fought Valentine—on the ship—Robert nearly died—"

"The Inquisitor wants to believe that they sacrificed the other Nephilim who fought on the boat to preserve the illusion that they were against Valentine. But they still lost the Mortal Sword, and that's what he cares about. Look, you tried to warn the Clave, and they didn't care. Now the Inquisitor is looking for someone to blame everything on. If he can brand your family as traitors, then no one will blame the Clave for what happened, and he'll be able to make whatever policies he wants to without opposition."

Jace put his face in his hands, his long fingers tugging distractedly at his hair. "But I can't just leave you here. If Clary finds out—"

"I should have known that's what you were worried about." Simon laughed harshly. "So don't tell her. She's in New York,

anyway, thank—” He broke off, unable to say the word. “You were right,” he said instead. “I’m glad she’s not here.”

Jace lifted his head out of his hands. “What?”

“The Clave is insane. Who knows what they’d do to her if they knew what she could do. You were right,” Simon repeated, and when Jace said nothing in reply, added, “And you might as well enjoy that I just said that to you. I probably won’t ever say it again.”

Jace stared at him, his face blank, and Simon was reminded with an unpleasant jolt of the way Jace had looked on the ship, bloody and dying on the metal floor. Finally, Jace spoke. “So you’re telling me you plan to stay here? In prison? Until when?”

“Until we think of a better idea,” said Simon. “But there is one thing.”

Jace raised his eyebrows. “What’s that?”

“Blood,” said Simon. “The Inquisitor’s trying to starve me into talking. I already feel pretty weak. By tomorrow I’ll be—well, I don’t know how I’ll be. But I don’t want to give in to him. And I *won’t* drink your blood again, or anyone else’s,” he added quickly, before Jace could offer. “Animal blood will do.”

“Blood I can get you,” Jace said. He hesitated. “Did you . . . tell the Inquisitor that I let you drink my blood? That I saved you?”

Simon shook his head.

Jace’s eyes shone with reflected light. “Why not?”

“I suppose I didn’t want to get you into more trouble.”

“Look, vampire,” Jace said. “Protect the Lightwoods if you can. But don’t protect me.”

Simon raised his head. “Why not?”

“I suppose,” said Jace—and for a moment, as he looked down through the bars, Simon could almost imagine that he

was outside, and Jace was the one inside the cell—“because I don’t deserve it.”



Clary woke to a sound like hailstones on a metal roof. She sat up in bed, staring around groggily. The sound came again, a sharp rattle-thump emanating from the window. Peeling her blanket back reluctantly, she went to investigate.

Throwing the window open let in a blast of cold air that cut through her pajamas like a knife. She shivered and leaned out over the sill.

Someone was standing in the garden below, and for a moment, with a leap of her heart, all she saw was that the figure was slender and tall, with boyish, rumpled hair. Then he raised his face and she saw that the hair was dark, not fair, and she realized that for the second time, she’d hoped for Jace and gotten Sebastian instead.

He was holding a handful of pebbles in one hand. He smiled when he saw her poke her head out, and gestured at himself and then at the rose trellis. *Climb downstairs.*

She shook her head and pointed toward the front of the house. *Meet me at the front door.* Shutting the window, she hurried downstairs. It was late morning—the light pouring in through the windows was strong and golden, but the lights were all off and the house was quiet. *Amatis must still be asleep,* she thought.

Clary went to the front door, unbolted it, and threw it open. Sebastian was there, standing on the front step, and once again she had that feeling, that strange burst of recognition, though it was fainter this time. She smiled weakly at him. “You threw stones at my window,” she said. “I thought people only did that in movies.”

He grinned. “Nice pajamas. Did I wake you up?”

“Maybe.”

“Sorry,” he said, though he didn’t seem sorry. “But this couldn’t wait. You might want to run upstairs and get dressed, by the way. We’ll be spending the day together.”

“Wow. Confident, aren’t you?” she said, but then boys who looked like Sebastian probably had no reason to be anything but confident. She shook her head. “I’m sorry, but I can’t. I can’t leave the house. Not today.”

A faint line of concern appeared between his eyes. “You left the house yesterday.”

“I know, but that was before—” *Before Amatis made me feel about two inches tall.* “I just can’t. And please don’t try to argue me out of it, okay?”

“Okay,” he said. “I won’t argue. But at least let me tell you what I came here to tell you. Then, I promise, if you still want me to go, I’ll go.”

“What is it?”

He raised his face, and she wondered how it was possible that dark eyes could glow just like golden ones. “I know where you can find Ragnor Fell.”



It took Clary less than ten minutes to run upstairs, throw on her clothes, scribble a hasty note to Amatis, and rejoin Sebastian, who was waiting for her at the edge of the canal. He grinned as she ran to meet him, breathless, her green coat flung over one arm. “I’m here,” she said, skidding to a stop. “Can we go now?”

Sebastian insisted on helping her on with the coat. “I don’t think anyone’s ever helped me with my coat before,” Clary observed, freeing the hair that had gotten trapped under her collar. “Well, maybe waiters. Were you ever a waiter?”

“No, but I was brought up by a Frenchwoman,” Sebastian reminded her. “It involves an even more rigorous course of training.”

Clary smiled, despite her nervousness. Sebastian was good at making her smile, she realized with a faint sense of surprise. Almost *too* good at it. “Where are we going?” she asked abruptly. “Is Fell’s house near here?”

“He lives outside the city, actually,” said Sebastian, starting toward the bridge. Clary fell into step beside him.

“Is it a long walk?”

“Too long to walk. We’re going to get a ride.”

“A ride? From who?” She came to a dead stop. “Sebastian, we have to be careful. We can’t trust just anyone with the information about what we’re doing—what *I’m* doing. It’s a secret.”

Sebastian regarded her with thoughtful dark eyes. “I swear on the Angel that the friend we’ll be getting a ride from won’t breathe a word to anyone about what we’re doing.”

“You’re sure?”

“I’m *very* sure.”

Ragnor Fell, Clary thought as they wove through the crowded streets. *I’m going to see Ragnor Fell*. Wild excitement clashed with trepidation—Madeleine had made him sound formidable. What if he had no patience with her, no time? What if she couldn’t make him believe she was who she said she was? What if he didn’t even *remember* her mother?

It didn’t help her nerves that every time she passed a blond man or a girl with long dark hair her insides tensed up as she thought she recognized Jace or Isabelle. But Isabelle would probably just ignore her, she thought glumly, and Jace was doubtless back at the Penhallows’, necking with his new girlfriend.

“You worried about being followed?” Sebastian asked as they turned down a side street that led away from the city center, noticing the way she kept glancing around her.

“I keep thinking I see people I know,” she admitted. “Jace, or the Lightwoods.”

“I don’t think Jace has left the Penhallows’ since they got here. He mostly seems to be skulking in his room. He hurt his hand pretty badly yesterday too—”

“Hurt his hand? How?” Clary, forgetting to look where she was going, stumbled over a rock. The road they’d been

walking on had somehow turned from cobblestones to gravel without her noticing. “Ouch.”

“We’re here,” Sebastian announced, stopping in front of a high wood-and-wire fence. There were no houses around—they had rather abruptly left the residential district behind, and there was only this fence on one side and a gravelly slope leading away toward the forest on the other.

There was a door in the fence, but it was padlocked. From his pocket Sebastian produced a heavy steel key and opened the gate. “I’ll be right back with our ride.” He swung the gate shut behind him. Clary put her eye to the slats. Through the gaps she could glimpse what looked like a low-slung red clapboard house. Though it didn’t appear to really have a door—or proper windows—

The gate opened, and Sebastian reappeared, grinning from ear to ear. He held a lead in one hand: Pacing docilely behind him was a huge gray and white horse with a blaze like a star on its forehead.

“A *horse*? You have a horse?” Clary stared in amazement. “Who has a horse?”

Sebastian stroked the horse fondly on the shoulder. “A lot of Shadowhunter families keep a horse in the stables here in Alicante. If you’ve noticed, there are no cars in Idris. They don’t work well with all these wards around.” He patted the pale leather of the horse’s saddle, emblazoned with a crest of arms that depicted a water serpent rising out of a lake in a series of coils. The name *Verlac* was written beneath in delicate script. “Come on up.”

Clary backed up. “I’ve never ridden a horse before.”

“I’ll be riding Wayfarer,” Sebastian reassured her. “You’ll just be sitting in front of me.”

The horse grunted softly. He had huge teeth, Clary noticed uneasily; each one the size of a Pez dispenser. She imagined those teeth sinking into her leg and thought of all the girls she’d known in middle school who’d wanted ponies of their own. She wondered if they were insane.

Be brave, she told herself. *It's what your mother would do.*

She took a deep breath. "All right. Let's go."



Clary's resolution to be brave lasted as long as it took for Sebastian—after helping her into the saddle—to swing himself up onto the horse behind her and dig in his heels. Wayfarer took off like a shot, pounding over the graveled road with a force that sent jolting shocks up her spine. She clutched at the bit of the saddle that stuck up in front of her, her nails digging into it hard enough to leave marks in the leather.

The road they were on narrowed as they headed out of town, and now there were banks of thick trees on either side of them, walls of green that blocked any wider view. Sebastian drew back on the reins, and the horse ceased its frantic galloping, Clary's heartbeat slowing along with its pace. As her panic receded, she became slowly conscious of Sebastian behind her—he was holding the reins on either side of her, his arms making a sort of cage around her that kept her from feeling like she was about to slide off the horse. She was suddenly very aware of him, not just the hard strength in the arms that held her, but that she was leaning back against his chest and that he smelled of, for some reason, black pepper. Not in a bad way—it was spicy and pleasant, very different from Jace's smell of soap and sunlight. Not that sunlight had a smell, really, but if it did—

She gritted her teeth. She was here with Sebastian, on her way to see a powerful warlock, and mentally she was maundering on about the way Jace smelled. She forced herself to look around. The green banks of trees were thinning out and now she could see a sweep of marbled countryside to either side. It was beautiful in a stark sort of way: a carpet of green broken up here and there by a scar of gray stone road or a crag of black rock rising up out of the grass. Clusters of delicate white flowers, the same ones she'd seen in the necropolis with Luke, starred the hills like occasional snowfall.

"How did you find out where Ragnor Fell is?" she asked as Sebastian skillfully guided the horse around a rut in the road.

“My aunt Élodie. She’s got quite a network of informants. She knows everything that’s going on in Idris, even though she never comes here herself. She hates to leave the Institute.”

“What about you? Do you come to Idris much?”

“Not really. The last time I was here I was about five years old. I haven’t seen my aunt and uncle since then either, so I’m glad to be here now. It gives me a chance to catch up. Besides, I miss Idris when I’m not here. There’s nowhere else like it. It’s in the earth of the place. You’ll start to feel it, and then you’ll miss it when you’re not here.”

“I know Jace missed it,” she said. “But I thought that was because he lived here for years. He was brought up here.”

“In the Wayland manor,” Sebastian said. “Not that far from where we’re going, in fact.”

“You do seem to know everything.”

“Not *everything*,” Sebastian said with a laugh that Clary felt through her back. “Yeah, Idris works its magic on everyone—even those like Jace who have reason to hate the place.”

“Why do you say that?”

“Well, he was brought up by Valentine, wasn’t he? And that must have been pretty awful.”

“I don’t know.” Clary hesitated. “The truth is, he has mixed feelings about it. I think Valentine was a horrible father in a way, but in another way the little bits of kindness and love he did show were all the kindness and love Jace ever knew.” She felt a wave of sadness as she spoke. “I think he remembered Valentine with a lot of affection, for a long time.”

“I can’t believe Valentine ever showed Jace kindness or love. Valentine’s a monster.”

“Well, yes, but Jace is his son. And he was just a little boy. I think Valentine did love him, in his way—”

“No.” Sebastian’s voice was sharp. “I’m afraid that’s impossible.”

Clary blinked and almost turned around to see his face, but then thought better of it. All Shadowhunters were sort of crazy on the topic of Valentine—she thought of the Inquisitor and shuddered inwardly—and she could hardly blame them. “You’re probably right.”

“We’re here,” Sebastian said abruptly—so abruptly that Clary wondered if she really had offended him somehow—and slid down from the horse’s back. But when he looked up at her, he was smiling. “We made good time,” he said, tying the reins to the lower branch of a nearby tree. “Better than I thought we would.”

He indicated with a gesture that she should dismount, and after a moment’s hesitation Clary slid off the horse and into his arms. She clutched him as he caught her, her legs unsteady after the long ride. “Sorry,” she said sheepishly. “I didn’t mean to grab you.”

“I wouldn’t apologize for *that*.” His breath was warm against her neck, and she shivered. His hands lingered just a moment longer on her back before he reluctantly let her go.

All this wasn’t helping Clary’s legs feel any steadier. “Thanks,” she said, knowing full well she was blushing, and wishing heartily that her fair skin didn’t show color so readily. “So—this is it?” She looked around. They were standing in a small valley between low hills. There were a number of gnarled-looking trees ranged around a clearing. Their twisted branches had a sculptural beauty against the steel blue sky. But otherwise . . . “There’s nothing here,” she said with a frown.

“Clary. *Concentrate.*”

“You mean—a glamour? But I don’t usually have to—”

“Glamours in Idris are often stronger than they are elsewhere. You may have to try harder than you usually do.” He put his hands on her shoulders and turned her gently. “Look at the clearing.”

Clary silently performed the mental trick that allowed her to peel glamour from the thing it disguised. She imagined herself rubbing turpentine on a canvas, peeling away layers of

paint to reveal the true image underneath—and there it was, a small stone house with a sharply gabled roof, smoke twisting from the chimney in an elegant curlicue. A winding path lined with stones led up to the front door. As she looked, the smoke puffing from the chimney stopped curling upward and began to take on the shape of a wavering black question mark.

Sebastian laughed. “I think that means, *Who’s there?*”

Clary pulled her coat closer around her. The wind blowing across the level grass wasn’t that brisk, but there was ice in her bones nevertheless. “It looks like something out of a fairy tale.”

“Are you cold?” Sebastian put an arm around her. Immediately the smoke curling from the chimney stopped forming itself into question marks and began puffing out in the shape of lopsided hearts. Clary ducked away from him, feeling both embarrassed and somehow guilty, as if she’d done something wrong. She hurried toward the front walk of the house, Sebastian just behind her. They were halfway up the front path when the door flew open.

Despite having been obsessed with finding Ragnor Fell ever since Madeleine had told her his name, Clary had never stopped to picture what he might look like. A large, bearded man, she would have thought, if she’d thought about it at all. Someone who looked like a Viking, with big broad shoulders.

But the person who stepped out of the front door was tall and thin, with short, spiky dark hair. He was wearing a gold mesh vest and a pair of silk pajama pants. He regarded Clary with mild interest, puffing gently on a fantastically large pipe as he did so. Though he looked nothing at all like a Viking, he was instantly and totally familiar.

Magnus Bane.

“But . . .” Sebastian seemed as astonished as Clary. He was staring at Magnus with his mouth slightly open, a blank look on his face. Finally he stammered, “Are you—Ragnor Fell? The warlock?”

Magnus took the pipe out of his mouth. “Well, I’m certainly not Ragnor Fell the exotic dancer.”

“I . . .” Sebastian seemed at a loss for words. Clary wasn’t sure what he’d been expecting, but Magnus was a lot to take in. “We were hoping you could help us. I’m Sebastian Verlac, and this is Clarissa Morgenstern—her mother is Jocelyn Fairchild—”

“I don’t care who her mother is,” Magnus said. “You can’t see me without an appointment. Come back later. Next March would be good.”

“March?” Sebastian looked horrified.

“You’re right,” Magnus said. “Too rainy. How about June?”

Sebastian drew himself upright. “I don’t think you understand how important this is—”

“Sebastian, don’t bother,” Clary said in disgust. “He’s just messing with your head. He can’t help us, anyway.”

Sebastian only looked more confused. “But I don’t see why he can’t—”

“All right, that’s enough,” Magnus said, and snapped his fingers once.

Sebastian froze in place, his mouth still open, his hand partially outstretched.

“*Sebastian!*” Clary reached out to touch him, but he was as rigid as a statue. Only the slight rise and fall of his chest showed that he was even still *alive*. “Sebastian?” she said again, but it was hopeless: She knew somehow that he couldn’t see or hear her. She turned on Magnus. “I can’t believe you just did that. What on *earth* is wrong with you? Has whatever’s in that pipe melted your brain? Sebastian’s on our side.”

“I don’t have a side, Clary darling,” Magnus said with a wave of his pipe. “And really, it’s your own fault I had to freeze him for a short while. You were awfully close to telling him I’m not Ragnor Fell.”

“That’s because you’re *not* Ragnor Fell.”

Magnus blew a stream of smoke out of his mouth and regarded her thoughtfully through the haze. “Come on,” he said. “Let me show you something.”

He held the door of the small house open, gesturing her inside. With a last, disbelieving glance at Sebastian, Clary followed him.

The interior of the cottage was unlit. The faint daylight streaming in through the windows was enough to show Clary that they stood inside a large room crowded with dark shadows. There was an odd smell in the air, as of burning garbage. She made a faint choking noise as Magnus raised his hand and snapped his fingers once again. A bright blue light bloomed from his fingertips.

Clary gasped. The room was a shambles—furniture smashed into splinters, drawers opened and their contents scattered. Pages ripped from books drifted in the air like ash. Even the window glass was shattered.

“I got a message from Fell last night,” said Magnus, “asking me to meet him here. I turned up here—and found it like this. Everything destroyed, and the stench of demons all around.”

“Demons? But demons can’t come into Idris—”

“I didn’t say they have. I’m just telling you what happened.” Magnus spoke without inflection. “The place stank of something demonic in origin. Ragnor’s body was on the floor. He hadn’t been dead when they left him, but he was dead when I arrived.” He turned to her. “Who knew you were looking for him?”

“Madeleine,” Clary whispered. “But she’s dead. Sebastian, Jace, and Simon. The Lightwoods—”

“Ah,” said Magnus. “If the Lightwoods know, the Clave may well know by now, and Valentine has spies in the Clave.”

“I should have kept it a secret instead of asking everyone about him,” Clary said in horror. “This is my fault. I should have warned Fell—”

“Might I point out,” said Magnus, “that you couldn’t *find* Fell, which is in fact why you were asking people about him. Look, Madeleine—and you—just thought of Fell as someone who could help your mother. Not someone Valentine might be interested in beyond that. But there’s more to it. Valentine might not have known how to wake up your mother, but he seems to have known that what she did to put herself in that state had a connection to something he wanted very much. A particular spell book.”

“How do you know all this?” Clary asked.

“Because Ragnor told me.”

“But—”

Magnus cut her off with a gesture. “Warlocks have ways of communicating with each other. They have their own languages.” He raised the hand that held the blue flame. “*Logos.*”

Letters of fire, each at least six inches tall, appeared on the walls as if etched into the stone with liquid gold. The letters raced around the walls, spelling out words Clary couldn’t read. She turned to Magnus. “What does it say?”

“Ragnor did this when he knew he was dying. It tells whatever warlock comes after him what happened.” As Magnus turned, the glow of the burning letters lit his cat eyes to gold. “He was attacked here by servants of Valentine. They demanded the Book of the White. Aside from the Gray Book, it’s among the most famous volumes of supernatural work ever written. Both the recipe for the potion Jocelyn took and the recipe for the antidote to it are contained in that book.”

Clary’s mouth dropped open. “So was it here?”

“No. It belonged to your mother. All Ragnor did was advise her where to hide it from Valentine.”

“So it’s—”

“It’s at the Wayland family manor. The Waylands had their home very close to where Jocelyn and Valentine lived; they were their nearest neighbors. Ragnor suggested that your

mother hide the book in their home, where Valentine would never look for it. In the library, as a matter of fact.”

“But Valentine lived in the Wayland manor for years after that,” Clary protested. “Wouldn’t he have found it?”

“It was hidden inside another book. One Valentine was unlikely to ever open.” Magnus smiled crookedly. “*Simple Recipes for Housewives*. No one can say your mother didn’t have a sense of humor.”

“So have you gone to the Wayland manor? Have you looked for the book?”

Magnus shook his head. “Clary, there are misdirection wards on the manor. They don’t just keep out the Clave; they keep out everyone. *Especially* Downworlders. Maybe if I had time to work on them, I could crack them, but—”

“Then no one can get into the manor?” Despair clawed at her chest. “It’s impossible?”

“I didn’t say no one,” Magnus said. “I can think of at least one person who could almost certainly get into the manor.”

“You mean Valentine?”

“I mean,” said Magnus, “Valentine’s son.”

Clary shook her head. “Jace won’t help me, Magnus. He doesn’t want me here. In fact, I doubt he’s speaking to me at all.”

Magnus looked at her meditatively. “I think,” he said, “there isn’t much that Jace wouldn’t do for you, if you asked him.”

Clary opened her mouth and then shut it again. She thought of the way Magnus had always seemed to know how Alec felt about Jace, how Simon felt about her. Her feelings for Jace must be written on her face even now, and Magnus was an expert reader. She glanced away. “Say I *can* convince Jace to come to the manor with me and get the book,” she said. “Then what? I don’t know how to cast a spell, or make an antidote —”

Magnus snorted. “Did you think I was giving you all this advice for free? Once you get hold of the Book of the White, I want you to bring it straight to me.”

“The book? *You* want it?”

“It’s one of the most powerful spell books in the world. Of course I want it. Besides, it belongs, by right, to Lilith’s children, not Raziel’s. It’s a warlock book and should be in warlock hands.”

“But *I* need it—to cure my mother—”

“You need one page out of it, which you can keep. The rest is mine. And in return, when you bring me the book, I’ll make up the antidote for you and administer it to Jocelyn. You can’t say it’s not a fair deal.” He held out a hand. “Shake on it?”

After a moment’s hesitation Clary shook. “I’d better not regret this.”

“I certainly hope not,” Magnus said, turning cheerfully back toward the front door. On the walls the fire-letters were already fading. “Regret is such a pointless emotion, don’t you agree?”

The sun outside seemed especially bright after the darkness of the cottage. Clary stood blinking as the view swam into focus: the mountains in the distance, Wayfarer contentedly munching grass, and Sebastian immobile as a lawn statue, one hand still outstretched. She turned to Magnus. “Could you unfreeze him now, please?”

Magnus looked amused. “I was surprised when I got Sebastian’s message this morning,” he said. “Saying he was doing a favor for you, no less. How did you wind up meeting him?”

“He’s a cousin of some friends of the Lightwoods or something. He’s nice, I promise.”

“Nice, bah. He’s gorgeous.” Magnus gazed dreamily in his direction. “You should leave him here. I could hang hats on him and things.”

“No. You can’t have him.”

“Why not? Do you *like* him?” Magnus’s eyes gleamed. “He seems to like you. I saw him going for your hand out there like a squirrel diving for a peanut.”

“Why don’t we talk about *your* love life?” Clary countered. “What about you and Alec?”

“Alec refuses to acknowledge that we have a relationship, and so I refuse to acknowledge him. He sent me a fire message asking for a favor the other day. It was addressed to ‘Warlock Bane,’ as if I were a perfect stranger. He’s still hung up on Jace, I think, though *that* relationship will never go anywhere. A problem I imagine *you* know nothing about . . .”

“Oh, shut up.” Clary eyed Magnus with distaste. “Look, if you don’t unfreeze Sebastian, then I can never leave here, and you’ll never get the Book of the White.”

“Oh, all right, all right. But if I might make a request? Don’t tell him any of what I just told you, friend of the Lightwoods or not.” Magnus snapped his fingers petulantly.

Sebastian’s face came alive, like a video flashing back to action after it had been paused. “—help us,” he said. “This isn’t just some minor problem. This is life and death.”

“You Nephilim think all your problems are life and death,” said Magnus. “Now go away. You’ve begun to bore me.”

“But—”

“Go,” Magnus said, a dangerous tone to his voice. Blue sparks glittered at the tips of his long fingers, and there was suddenly a sharp smell in the air, like burning. Magnus’s cat eyes glowed. Even though she knew it was an act, Clary couldn’t help but back away.

“I think we should go, Sebastian,” she said.

Sebastian’s eyes were narrow. “But, Clary—”

“We’re *going*,” she insisted, and, grabbing him by the arm, half-dragged him toward Wayfarer. Reluctantly, he followed her, muttering under his breath. With a sigh of relief, Clary glanced back over her shoulder. Magnus was standing at the door to the cottage, his arms folded across his chest. Catching

her eye, he grinned and dropped one eyelid in a single, glittering wink.



“I’m sorry, Clary.” Sebastian had a hand on Clary’s shoulder and another on her waist as he helped her up onto Wayfarer’s broad back. She fought down the little voice inside her head that warned her not to get back onto the horse—or any horse—and let him hoist her up. She swung a leg over and settled herself in the saddle, telling herself she was balancing on a large, moving sofa and not on a living creature that might turn around and bite her at any moment.

“Sorry about what?” she asked as he swung up behind her. It was almost annoying how easily he did it—as if he were dancing—but comforting to watch. He clearly knew what he was doing, she thought as he reached around her to take the reins. She supposed it was good that one of them did.

“About Ragnor Fell. I wasn’t expecting him to be that unwilling to help. Although, warlocks are capricious. You’ve met one before, haven’t you?”

“I met Magnus Bane.” She twisted around momentarily to look past Sebastian at the cottage receding into the distance behind them. The smoke was puffing out of the chimney in the shape of little dancing figures. Dancing Magnuses? She couldn’t tell from here. “He’s the High Warlock of Brooklyn.”

“Is he much like Fell?”

“Shockingly similar. It’s all right about Fell. I knew there was a chance he’d refuse to help us.”

“But I promised you help.” Sebastian sounded genuinely upset. “Well, at least there’s something else I can show you, so the day won’t have been a complete waste of time.”

“What is it?” She twisted around again to look up at him. The sun was high in the sky behind him, firing the strands of his dark hair with an outline of gold.

Sebastian grinned. “You’ll see.”



As they rode farther away from Alicante, walls of green foliage whipped by on either side, giving way every so often to improbably beautiful vistas: frost blue lakes, green valleys, gray mountains, silver slivers of river and creek flanked by banks of flowers. Clary wondered what it would be like to live in a place like this. She couldn't help but feel nervous, almost exposed, without the comfort of tall buildings closing her in.

Not that there were no buildings at all. Every once in a while the roof of a large stone building would rise into view above the trees. These were manor houses, Sebastian explained (by shouting in her ear): the country houses of wealthy Shadow-hunter families. They reminded Clary of the big old mansions along the Hudson River, north of Manhattan, where rich New Yorkers had spent their summers hundreds of years ago.

The road beneath them had turned from gravel to dirt. Clary was jerked out of her reverie as they crested a hill and Sebastian pulled Wayfarer up short. "This is it," he said.

Clary stared. "It" was a tumbled mass of charred, blackened stone, recognizable only by outline as something that had once been a house: There was a hollow chimney, still pointing toward the sky, and a chunk of wall with a glassless window gaping in its center. Weeds grew up through the foundations, green among the black. "I don't understand," she said. "Why are we here?"

"You don't know?" Sebastian asked. "This was where your mother and father lived. Where your brother was born. This was Fairchild manor."

Not for the first time, Clary heard Hodge's voice in her head. *Valentine set a great fire and burned himself to death along with his family, his wife, and his child. Scorched the land black. No one will build there still. They say the land is cursed.*

Without another word she slid from the horse's back. She heard Sebastian call out to her, but she was already half-running, half-sliding down the low hill. The ground evened out where the house had once stood; the blackened stones of what

had once been a walkway lay dry and cracked at her feet. In among the weeds she could see a set of stairs that ended abruptly a few feet from the ground.

“Clary—” Sebastian followed her through the weeds, but she was barely aware of his presence. Turning in a slow circle, she took it all in. Burned, half-dead trees. What had probably once been a shady lawn, stretching away down a sloping hill. She could see the roof of what was probably another nearby manor house in the distance, just above the tree line. The sun sparked off broken bits of window glass in the one full wall that was still standing. She stepped into the ruins over a shelf of blackened stones. She could see the outline of rooms, of doorways—even a scorched cabinet, almost intact, flung on its side with smashed bits of china spilling out, mixing with the black earth.

Once this had been a real house, inhabited by living, breathing people. Her mother had lived here, gotten married here, had a baby here. And then Valentine had come and turned it all to dust and ash, leaving Jocelyn thinking her son was dead, leading her to hide the truth about the world from her daughter. . . . A sense of piercing sadness invaded Clary. More than one life had been wrecked in this place. She put her hand to her face and was almost surprised to find it damp: She had been crying without knowing it.

“Clary, I’m sorry. I thought you’d want to see this.” It was Sebastian, crunching toward her across the rubble, his boots kicking up puffs of ash. He looked worried.

She turned to him. “Oh, I do. I did. Thank you.”

The wind had picked up. It blew strands of his dark hair across his face. He gave a rueful smile. “It must be hard to think about everything that happened in this place, about Valentine, about your mother—she had incredible courage.”

“I know,” Clary said. “She did. She does.”

He touched her face lightly. “So do you.”

“Sebastian, you don’t know anything about me.”

“That’s not true.” His other hand came up, and now he was cupping her face. His touch was gentle, almost tentative. “I’ve heard all about you, Clary. About the way you fought your father for the Mortal Cup, the way you went into that vampire-infested hotel after your friend. Isabelle’s told me stories, and I’ve heard rumors, too. And ever since the first one—the first time I heard your name—I’ve wanted to meet you. I knew you’d be extraordinary.”

She laughed shakily. “I hope you’re not too disappointed.”

“No,” he breathed, sliding his fingertips under her chin. “Not at all.” He lifted her face to his. She was too surprised to move, even when he leaned toward her and she realized, belatedly, what he was doing: Reflexively she shut her eyes as his lips brushed gently over hers, sending shivers through her. A sudden fierce longing to be held and kissed in a way that would make her forget everything else surged through her. She put her arms up, twining them around his neck, partly to steady herself and partly to draw him closer.

His hair tickled her fingertips, not silky like Jace’s but fine and soft, and *she shouldn’t be thinking about Jace*. She pushed back thoughts of him as Sebastian’s fingers traced her cheeks and the line of her jaw. His touch was gentle, despite the calluses on his fingertips. Of course, Jace had the same calluses from fighting; probably all Shadowhunters had them

She clamped down on the thought of Jace, or tried to, but it was no good. She could see him even with her eyes closed—see the sharp angles and planes of a face she could never properly draw, no matter how much the image of it had burned itself into her mind; see the delicate bones of his hands, the scarred skin of his shoulders—

The fierce longing that had surged up in her so swiftly receded with a sharp recoil that was like an elastic band springing back. She went numb, even as Sebastian’s lips pressed down on hers and his hands moved to cup the back of her neck—she went numb with an icy shock of wrongness. Something was terribly wrong, something even more than her hopeless longing for someone she could never have. This was

something else: a sudden jolt of horror, as if she'd been taking a confident step forward and suddenly plunged into a black void.

She gasped and jerked away from Sebastian with such force that she almost stumbled. If he hadn't been holding her, she would have fallen.

"Clary." His eyes were unfocused, his cheeks flushed with a high bright color. "Clary, what's wrong?"

"Nothing." Her voice sounded thin to her own ears. "Nothing—it's just, I shouldn't have—I'm not really ready—"

"Did we go too fast? We can take it slower—" He reached for her, and before she could stop herself, she flinched away. He looked stricken. "I'm not going to hurt you, Clary."

"I know."

"Did something happen?" His hand came up, stroked her hair back; she bit back the urge to jerk away. "Did Jace—"

"Jace?" Did he know she'd been thinking about Jace, had he been able to tell? And at the same time . . . "Jace is my *brother*. Why would you bring him up like that? What do you mean?"

"I just thought—" He shook his head, pain and confusion chasing each other across his features. "That maybe someone else had hurt you."

His hand was still on her cheek; she reached up and gently but firmly detached it, returning it to his side. "No. Nothing like that. I just—" She hesitated. "It felt wrong."

"*Wrong?*" The hurt on his face vanished, replaced by disbelief. "Clary, we have a connection. You know we do. Since the first second I saw you—"

"Sebastian, *don't*—"

"I felt like you were someone I'd always been waiting for. I saw you feel it too. Don't tell me you didn't."

But that *hadn't* been what she'd felt. She'd felt as if she'd walked around a corner in a strange city and suddenly seen her

own brownstone looming up in front of her. A surprising and not entirely pleasant recognition, almost: *How can this be here?*

“I didn’t,” she said.

The anger that rose in his eyes—sudden, dark, uncontrolled—took her by surprise. He caught her wrists in a painful grasp. “That’s not true.”

She tried to pull away. “Sebastian—”

“It’s *not true*.” The blackness of his eyes seemed to have swallowed up the pupils. His face was like a white mask, stiff and rigid.

“Sebastian,” she said as calmly as she could. “You’re hurting me.”

He let go of her. His chest was rising and falling rapidly. “I’m sorry,” he said. “I’m sorry. I thought—”

Well, you thought wrong, Clary wanted to say, but she bit the words back. She didn’t want to see that *look* on his face again. “We should go back,” she said instead. “It’ll be dark soon.”

He nodded numbly, seeming as shocked by his outburst as she was. He turned and headed back toward Wayfarer, who was cropping grass in the long shadow of a tree. Clary hesitated a moment, then followed him—there didn’t seem to be anything else she *could* do. She glanced down surreptitiously at her wrists as she fell into step behind him—they were ringed with red where his fingers had gripped her, and more strangely, her fingertips were smudged black, as if she had somehow stained them with ink.

Sebastian was silent as he helped her up onto Wayfarer’s back. “I’m sorry if I implied anything about Jace,” he said finally as she settled herself in the saddle. “He would never do anything to hurt you. I know it’s for your sake that he’s been visiting that vampire prisoner in the Gard—”

It was as if everything in the world ground to a sudden halt. Clary could hear her own breath whistling in and out of her ears, saw her hands, frozen like the hands of a statue, lying

still against the saddle pommel. “Vampire prisoner?” she whispered.

Sebastian turned a surprised face up to hers. “Yes,” he said, “Simon, that vampire they brought over with them from New York. I thought—I mean, I was sure you knew all about it. Didn’t Jace tell you?”

8

ONE OF THE LIVING

Simon woke to sunlight glinting brightly off an object that had been shoved through the bars of his window. He got to his feet, his body aching with hunger, and saw that it was a metal flask, about the size of a lunchbox thermos. A rolled-up bit of notepaper had been tied around the neck. Plucking it down, Simon unrolled the paper and read:

*Simon: This is cow blood, fresh from the butcher's.
Hope it's all right. Jace told me what you said, and I
want you to know I think it's really brave. Just hang
in there and we'll figure out a way to get you out.*

XOXOXOXOXOX Isabelle

Simon smiled at the scribbled *Xs* and *Os* that ran along the bottom of the page. Good to know Isabelle's flamboyant affection hadn't suffered under the current circumstances. He unscrewed the flask's top and had swallowed several mouthfuls before a sharp prickling sensation between his shoulder blades made him turn around.

Raphael stood calmly in the center of the room. He had his hands clasped behind his back, his slight shoulders set. He was wearing a sharply pressed white shirt and a dark jacket. A gold chain glittered at his throat.

Simon almost gagged on the blood he was drinking. He swallowed hard, still staring. "You—you can't be here."

Raphael's smile somehow managed to give the impression that his fangs were showing, even though they weren't. "Don't panic, Daylighter."

“I’m not panicking.” This wasn’t strictly true. Simon felt as if he’d swallowed something sharp. He hadn’t seen Raphael since the night he’d clawed himself, bloody and bruised, out of a hastily dug grave in Queens. He still remembered Raphael throwing packets of animal blood at him, and the way he’d torn into them with his teeth as if he were an animal himself. It wasn’t something he liked to remember. He would have been happy never to see the vampire boy again. “The sun’s still up. How are you here?”

“I’m not.” Raphael’s voice was smooth as butter. “I am a Projection. Look.” He swung his hand, passing it through the stone wall beside him. “I am like smoke. I cannot hurt you. Of course, neither can you hurt me.”

“I don’t want to hurt you.” Simon set the flask down on the cot. “I *do* want to know what you’re doing here.”

“You left New York very suddenly, Daylighter. You do realize that you’re supposed to inform the head vampire of your local area when you’re leaving the city, don’t you?”

“Head vampire? You mean you? I thought the head vampire was someone else—”

“Camille has not yet returned to us,” Raphael said, without any apparent emotion. “I lead in her stead. You’d know all this if you’d bothered to get acquainted with the laws of your kind.”

“My leaving New York wasn’t exactly planned in advance. And no offense, but I don’t really think of you as my kind.”

“*Dios.*” Raphael lowered his eyes, as if hiding amusement. “You are stubborn.”

“How can you say that?”

“It seems obvious, doesn’t it?”

“I mean—” Simon’s throat closed up. “That word. You can say it, and I can’t say—” *God.*

Raphael’s eyes flashed upward; he did look amused. “Age,” he said. “And practice. And faith, or its loss—they are in some

ways the same thing. You will learn, over time, little fledgling.”

“Don’t *call* me that.”

“But it is what you are. You’re a Child of the Night. Isn’t that why Valentine captured you and took your blood? Because of what you are?”

“You seem pretty well-informed,” Simon said. “Maybe you should tell me.”

Raphael’s eyes narrowed. “I have also heard a rumor that you drank the blood of a Shadowhunter and that is what gave you your gift, your ability to walk in sunlight. Is it true?”

Simon’s hair prickled. “That’s ridiculous. If Shadowhunter blood could give vampires the ability to walk in daylight, everyone would know it by now. Nephilim blood would be at a premium. And there would *never* be peace between vampires and Shadowhunters after that. So it’s a good thing it isn’t true.”

A faint smile turned up the edges of Raphael’s mouth. “True enough. Speaking of premiums, you do realize, don’t you, Daylighter, that you are a valuable commodity now? There isn’t a Downworlder on this earth who doesn’t want to get their hands on you.”

“Does that include you?”

“Of course it does.”

“And what would you do if you did get your hands on me?”

Raphael shrugged his slight shoulders. “Perhaps I am alone in thinking that the ability to walk in the daylight might not be such a gift as other vampires believe. We are the Children of the Night for a reason. It is possible that I consider you as much of an abomination as humanity considers me.”

“Do you?”

“It’s possible.” Raphael’s expression was neutral. “I think you’re a danger to us all. A danger to vampirekind, if you will. And you can’t stay in this cell forever, Daylighter. Eventually you’ll have to leave and face the world again. Face me again.

But I can tell you one thing. I will swear to do you no harm, and not try to find you, if you in turn swear to hide yourself away once Aldertree releases you. If you swear to go so far away that no one will ever find you, and to never again contact anyone you knew in your mortal life. I can't be more fair than that."

But Simon was already shaking his head. "I can't leave my family. Or Clary."

Raphael made an irritable noise. "They are no longer part of who you are. You're a vampire now."

"But I don't want to be," said Simon.

"Look at you, complaining," said Raphael. "You will never get sick, never die, and be strong and young forever. You will never age. What have you got to complain about?"

Young forever, Simon thought. It sounded good, but did anyone really want to be sixteen forever? It would have been one thing to be frozen forever at twenty-five, but sixteen? To always be this gangly, to never really grow into himself, his face or his body? Not to mention that, looking like this, he'd never be able to go into a bar and order a drink. Ever. For eternity.

"And," Raphael added, "you do not even have to give up the sun."

Simon had no desire to go down that road again. "I heard the others talking about you in the Dumort," he said. "I know you put on a cross every Sunday and go to see your family. I bet they don't even know you're a vampire. So don't tell me to leave everyone in my life behind. I won't do it, and I won't lie and say I will."

Raphael's eyes glittered. "What my family believes doesn't matter. It's what *I* believe. What I know. A true vampire knows he is dead. He accepts his death. But you, you think you are still one of the living. It is that which makes you so dangerous. You cannot acknowledge that you are no longer alive."



It was twilight when Clary shut the door of Amatis's house behind her and threw the bolts home. She leaned against the door for a long moment in the shadowy entryway, her eyes half-shut. Exhaustion weighed down every one of her limbs, and her legs ached painfully.

"Clary?" Amatis's insistent voice cut through the silence. "Is that you?"

Clary stayed where she was, adrift in the calming darkness behind her closed eyes. She wanted so badly to be home, she could almost taste the metallic air of the Brooklyn streets. She could see her mother sitting in her chair by the window, dusty, pale yellow light streaming in through the open apartment windows, illuminating her canvas as she painted. Homesickness twisted in her gut like pain.

"Clary." The voice came from much closer this time. Clary's eyes snapped open. Amatis was standing in front of her, her gray hair pulled severely back, her hands on her hips. "Your brother's here to see you. He's waiting in the kitchen."

"*Jace* is here?" Clary fought to keep her rage and astonishment off her face. There was no point showing how angry she was in front of Luke's sister.

Amatis was looking at her curiously. "Should I not have let him in? I thought you'd want to see him."

"No, it's fine," Clary said, maintaining her even tone with some difficulty. "I'm just tired."

"Huh." Amatis looked as if she didn't believe it. "Well, I'll be upstairs if you want me. I need a nap."

Clary couldn't imagine what she'd want Amatis for, but she nodded and limped down the corridor into the kitchen, which was awash with bright light. There was a bowl of fruit on the table—oranges, apples, and pears—and a loaf of thick bread along with butter and cheese, and a plate beside it of what looked like . . . cookies? Had Amatis actually made *cookies*?

At the table sat Jace. He was leaning forward on his elbows, his golden hair tousled, his shirt slightly open at the neck. She could see the thick banding of black Marks tracing

his collarbone. He held a cookie in his bandaged hand. So Sebastian was right; he *had* hurt himself. Not that she cared. “Good,” he said, “you’re back. I was beginning to think you’d fallen into a canal.”

Clary just stared at him, wordless. She wondered if he could read the anger in her eyes. He leaned back in the chair, throwing one arm casually over the back of it. If it hadn’t been for the rapid pulse at the base of his throat, she might almost have believed his air of unconcern.

“You look exhausted,” he added. “Where have you been all day?”

“I was out with Sebastian.”

“*Sebastian?*” His look of utter astonishment was momentarily gratifying.

“He walked me home last night,” Clary said, and in her mind the words *I’ll just be your brother from now on, just your brother* beat like the rhythm of a damaged heart. “And so far, he’s the only person in this city who’s been remotely nice to me. So yes, I was out with Sebastian.”

“I see.” Jace set his cookie back down on the plate, his face blank. “Clary, I came here to apologize. I shouldn’t have spoken to you the way I did.”

“No,” Clary said. “You shouldn’t have.”

“I also came to ask you if you’d reconsider going back to New York.”

“God,” Clary said. “This again—”

“It’s not safe for you here.”

“What are you worried about?” she asked tonelessly. “That they’ll throw me in prison like they did with Simon?”

Jace’s expression didn’t change, but he rocked back in his chair, the front legs lifting off the floor, almost as if she had shoved him. “Simon—?”

“Sebastian told me what happened to him,” she went on in the same flat voice. “What you did. How you brought him here

and then let him just get thrown in jail. Are you *trying* to get me to hate you?”

“And you trust Sebastian?” Jace asked. “You barely know him, Clary.”

She stared at him. “Is it *not* true?”

He met her gaze, but his face had gone still, like Sebastian’s face when she’d pushed him away. “It’s true.”

She seized a plate off the table and flung it at him. He ducked, sending the chair spinning, and the plate hit the wall above the sink and shattered in a starburst of broken porcelain. He leaped out of the chair as she picked up another plate and threw it, her aim going wild: This one bounced off the refrigerator and hit the floor at Jace’s feet where it cracked into two even pieces. “How could you? Simon trusted you. Where is he now? What are they going to do to him?”

“Nothing,” Jace said. “He’s all right. I saw him last night —”

“Before or after I saw you? Before or after you pretended everything was all right and you were just fine?”

“You came away from *that* thinking I was just fine?” Jace choked on something almost like a laugh. “I must be a better actor than I thought.” There was a twisted smile on his face. It was a match to the tinder of Clary’s rage: How *dare* he laugh at her now? She scrabbled for the fruit bowl, but it suddenly didn’t seem like enough. She kicked the chair out of the way and flung herself at him, knowing it would be the last thing he’d expect her to do.

The force of her sudden assault caught him off guard. She slammed into him and he staggered backward, fetching up hard against the edge of the counter. She half-fell against him, heard him gasp, and drew back her arm blindly, not even knowing what she intended to do—

She had forgotten how fast he was. Her fist slammed not into his face, but into his upraised hand; he wrapped his fingers around hers, forcing her arm back down to her side. She was suddenly aware of how close they were standing; she

was leaning against him, pressing him back against the counter with the slight weight of her body. "Let go of my hand."

"Are you really going to hit me if I do?" His voice was rough and soft, his eyes blazing.

"Don't you think you deserve it?"

She felt the rise and fall of his chest against her as he laughed without amusement. "Do you think I planned all this? Do you really think I'd do that?"

"Well, you don't like Simon, do you? Maybe you never have."

Jace made a harsh, incredulous sound and let go of her hand. When Clary stepped back, he held out his right arm, palm up. It took her a moment to realize what he was showing her: the ragged scar along his wrist. "This," he said, his voice as taut as a wire, "is where I cut my wrist to let your vampire friend drink my blood. It nearly killed me. And now you think, what, that I just abandoned him without a thought?"

She stared at the scar on Jace's wrist—one of so many all over his body, scars of all shapes and sizes. "Sebastian told me that you brought Simon here, and then Alec marched him up to the Gard. Let the Clave have him. You must have known—"

"I brought him here by *accident*. I asked him to come to the Institute so I could talk to him. About *you*, actually. I thought maybe he could convince you to drop the idea of coming to Idris. If it's any consolation, he wouldn't even consider it. While he was there, we were attacked by Forsaken. I *had* to drag him through the Portal with me. It was that or leave him there to die."

"But why bring him to the Clave? You must have known —"

"The reason we sent him there was because the only Portal in Idris is in the Gard. They told us they were sending him back to New York."

"And you *believed* them? After what happened with the Inquisitor?"

“Clary, the Inquisitor was an anomaly. That might have been your first experience with the Clave, but it wasn’t mine—the Clave is *us*. The Nephilim. They abide by the Law.”

“Except they didn’t.”

“No,” Jace said. “They didn’t.” He sounded very tired. “And the worst part about all this,” he added, “is remembering Valentine ranting about the Clave, how it’s corrupt, how it needs to be cleansed. And by the Angel if I don’t agree with him.”

Clary was silent, first because she could think of nothing to say, and then in startlement as Jace reached out—almost as if he weren’t thinking about what he was doing—and drew her toward him. To her surprise, she let him. Through the white material of his shirt she could see the outlines of his Marks, black and curling, stroking across his skin like licks of flame. She wanted to lean her head against him, wanted to feel his arms around her the way she’d wanted air when she was drowning in Lake Lyn.

“He might be right that things need fixing,” she said finally. “But he’s not right about the way they should be fixed. You can see that, can’t you?”

He half-closed his eyes. There were crescents of gray shadow under them, she saw, the remnants of sleepless nights. “I’m not sure I can see anything. You’re right to be angry, Clary. I shouldn’t have trusted the Clave. I wanted so badly to think that the Inquisitor was an abnormality, that she was acting without their authority, that there was still some part of being a Shadowhunter I could trust.”

“Jace,” she whispered.

He opened his eyes and looked down at her. She and Jace were pressed so close together, even their knees were touching, and she could feel his heartbeat. *Move away from him*, she told herself, but her legs wouldn’t obey.

“What is it?” he said, his voice very soft.

“I want to see Simon,” she said. “Can you take me to see him?”

As abruptly as he had caught hold of her, he let her go. “No. You’re not even supposed to be in Idris. You can’t go waltzing into the Gard.”

“But he’ll think everyone’s abandoned him. He’ll think—”

“I went to see him,” Jace said. “I was going to let him out. I was going to tear the bars out of the window with my hands.” His voice was matter-of-fact. “But he wouldn’t let me.”

“He wouldn’t *let* you? He wanted to stay in jail?”

“He said the Inquisitor was sniffing around after my family, after me. Aldertree wants to blame what happened in New York on us. He can’t grab one of us and torture it out of us—the Clave would frown on *that*—but he’s trying to get Simon to tell him some story where we’re all in cahoots with Valentine. Simon said if I break him out, then the Inquisitor will know I did it, and it’ll be even worse for the Lightwoods.”

“That’s very noble of him and all, but what’s his long-range plan? To stay in jail forever?”

Jace shrugged. “We hadn’t exactly worked that out.”

Clary blew out an exasperated breath. “*Boys*,” she said. “All right, look. What you need is an alibi. We’ll make sure you’re somewhere everyone can see you, and the Lightwoods are too, and then we’ll get Magnus to break Simon out of prison and get him back to New York.”

“I hate to tell you this, Clary, but there’s no way Magnus would do that. I don’t care how cute he thinks Alec is, he’s not going to go directly against the Clave as a favor to us.”

“He might,” Clary said, “for the Book of the White.”

Jace blinked. “The what?”

Quickly Clary told him about Ragnor Fell’s death, about Magnus showing up in Fell’s place, and about the spell book. Jace listened with stunned attentiveness until she finished.

“Demons?” he said. “Magnus said Fell was killed by demons?”

Clary cast her mind back. “No—he said the place stank of something demonic in origin. And that Fell was killed by ‘Valentine’s servants.’ That’s all he said.”

“Some dark magic leaves an aura that reeks like demons,” Jace said. “If Magnus wasn’t specific, it’s probably because he’s none too pleased that there’s a warlock out there practicing dark magic, breaking the Law. But it’s hardly the first time Valentine’s gotten one of Lilith’s children to do his nasty bidding. Remember the warlock kid he killed in New York?”

“Valentine used his blood for the Ritual. I remember.” Clary shuddered. “Jace, does Valentine want the Book for the same reason I do? To wake my mother up?”

“He might. Or if it’s what Magnus says it is, Valentine might just want it for the power he could gain from it. Either way, we’d better get it before he does.”

“Do you think there’s any chance it’s in the Wayland manor?”

“I know it’s there,” he said, to her surprise. “That cookbook? *Recipes for Housewives* or whatever? I’ve seen it before. In the manor’s library. It was the only cookbook in there.”

Clary felt dizzy. She almost hadn’t let herself believe it could be true. “Jace—if you take me to the manor, and we get the book, I’ll go home with Simon. Do this for me and I’ll go to New York, and I won’t come back, I swear.”

“Magnus was right—there are misdirection wards on the manor,” he said slowly. “I’ll take you there, but it’s not close. Walking, it might take us five hours.”

Clary reached out and drew his stele out of its loop on his belt. She held it up between them, where it glowed with a faint white light not unlike the light of the glass towers. “Who said anything about walking?”



“You get some strange visitors, Daylighter,” Samuel said. “First Jonathan Morgenstern, and now the head vampire of

New York City. I'm impressed."

Jonathan Morgenstern? It took Simon a moment to realize that this was, of course, Jace. He was sitting on the floor in the center of the room, turning the empty flask in his hands over and over idly. "I guess I'm more important than I realized."

"And Isabelle Lightwood bringing you blood," Samuel said. "That's quite a delivery service."

Simon's head went up. "How do you know Isabelle brought it? I didn't say anything—"

"I saw her through the window. She looks just like her mother," said Samuel, "at least, the way her mother did years ago." There was an awkward pause. "You know the blood is only a stopgap," he added. "Pretty soon the Inquisitor will start wondering if you've starved to death yet. If he finds you perfectly healthy, he'll figure out something's up and kill you anyway."

Simon looked up at the ceiling. The runes carved into the stone overlapped one another like shingled sand on a beach. "I guess I'll just have to believe Jace when he says they'll find a way to get me out," he said. When Samuel said nothing in return, he added, "I'll ask him to get you out too, I promise. I won't leave you down here."

Samuel made a choked noise, like a laugh that couldn't quite make it out of his throat. "Oh, I don't think Jace Morgenstern is going to want to rescue *me*," he said. "Besides, starving down here is the least of your problems, Daylighter. Soon enough Valentine will attack the city, and then we'll likely all be killed."

Simon blinked. "How can you be so sure?"

"I was close to him at one point. I knew his plans. His goals. He intends to destroy Alicante's wards and strike at the Clave from the heart of their power."

"But I thought no demons could get past the wards. I thought they were impenetrable."

"So it's said. It requires demon blood to take the wards down, you see, and it can only be done from inside Alicante."

But because no demon can get through the wards—well, it’s a perfect paradox, or should be. But Valentine claimed he’d found a way to get around that, a way to break through. And I believe him. He will find a way to take the wards down, and he will come into the city with his demon army, and he will kill us all.”

The flat certainty in Samuel’s voice sent a chill up Simon’s spine. “You sound awfully resigned. Shouldn’t you do something? Warn the Clave?”

“I did warn them. When they interrogated me. I told them over and over again that Valentine meant to destroy the wards, but they dismissed me. The Clave thinks the wards will stand forever because they’ve stood for a thousand years. But so did Rome, till the barbarians came. Everything falls someday.” He chuckled: a bitter, angry sound. “Consider it a race to see who kills you first, Daylighter—Valentine, the other Downworlders, or the Clave.”



Somewhere between *here* and *there* Clary’s hand was torn out of Jace’s. When the hurricane spit her out and she hit the floor, she hit it alone, hard, and rolled gasping to a stop.

She sat up slowly and looked around. She was lying in the center of a Persian rug thrown over the floor of a large stonewalled room. There were items of furniture here and there; the white sheets thrown over them turned them into humped, unwieldy ghosts. Velvet curtains sagged across huge glass windows; the velvet was gray-white with dust, and motes of dust danced in the moonlight.

“Clary?” Jace emerged from behind a massive white-sheeted shape; it might have been a grand piano. “Are you all right?”

“Fine.” She stood up, wincing a little. Her elbow ached. “Aside from the fact that Amatis will probably kill me when we get back. Considering that I smashed all her plates *and* opened up a Portal in her kitchen.”

He reached his hand down to her. “For whatever it’s worth,” he said, helping her to her feet, “I was very impressed.”

“Thanks.” Clary glanced around. “So this is where you grew up? It’s like something out of a fairy tale.”

“I was thinking a horror movie,” Jace said. “God, it’s been years since I’ve seen this place. It didn’t used to be so—”

“So cold?” Clary shivered a little. She buttoned her coat, but the cold in the manor was more than physical cold: The place *felt* cold, as if there had never been warmth or light or laughter inside it.

“No,” said Jace. “It was always cold. I was going to say *dusty*.” He took a witchlight stone out of his pocket, and it flared to life between his fingers. Its white glow lit his face from beneath, picking out the shadows under his cheekbones, the hollows at his temples. “This is the study, and we need the library. Come on.”

He led her from the room and down a long corridor lined with dozens of mirrors that gave back their own reflections. Clary hadn’t realized quite how disheveled she looked: her coat streaked with dust, her hair snarled from the wind. She tried to smooth it down discreetly and caught Jace’s grin in the next mirror. For some reason, due doubtless to a mysterious Shadowhunter magic she didn’t have a hope of understanding, *his* hair looked perfect.

The corridor was lined with doors, some open; through them Clary could glimpse other rooms, as dusty and unused-looking as the study had been. Michael Wayland had had no relatives, Valentine had said, so she supposed no one had inherited this place after his “death”—she had assumed Valentine had carried on living here, but that seemed clearly not to be the case. Everything breathed sorrow and disuse. At Renwick’s, Valentine had called this place “home,” had showed it to Jace in the Portal mirror, a gilt-edged memory of green fields and mellow stone, but that, Clary thought, had been a lie too. It was clear Valentine hadn’t really lived here in

years—perhaps he had just left it here to rot, or he had come here only occasionally, to walk the dim corridors like a ghost.

They reached a door at the end of the hallway and Jace shouldered it open, standing back to let Clary pass into the room before him. She had been picturing the library at the Institute, and this room was not entirely unlike it: the same walls filled with row upon row of books, the same ladders on rolling casters so the high shelves could be reached. The ceiling was flat and beamed, though, not conical, and there was no desk. Green velvet curtains, their folds iced with white dust, hung over windows that alternated panes of green and blue glass. In the moonlight they sparkled like colored frost. Beyond the glass, all was black.

“This is the library?” she said to Jace in a whisper, though she wasn’t sure why she was whispering. There was something so profoundly still about the big, empty house.

He was looking past her, his eyes dark with memory. “I used to sit in that window seat and read whatever my father had assigned me that day. Different languages on different days—French on Saturday, English on Sunday—but I can’t remember now what day Latin was, if it was Monday or Tuesday. . . .”

Clary had a sudden flashing image of Jace as a little boy, book balanced on his knees as he sat in the window embrasure, looking out over—over what? Were there gardens? A view? A high wall of thorns like the wall around Sleeping Beauty’s castle? She saw him as he read, the light that came in through the window casting squares of blue and green over his fair hair and the small face more serious than any ten-year-old’s should be.

“I can’t remember,” he said again, staring into the dark.

She touched his shoulder. “It doesn’t matter, Jace.”

“I suppose not.” He shook himself, as if waking out of a dream, and moved across the room, the witchlight lighting his way. He knelt down to inspect a row of books and straightened up with one of them in his hand. “*Simple Recipes for Housewives*,” he said. “Here it is.”

She hurried across the room and took it from him. It was a plain-looking book with a blue binding, and dusty, like everything in the house. When she opened it, dust swarmed up from its pages like a gathering of moths.

A large, square hole had been cut out of the center of the book. Fitted into the hole like a jewel in a bezel was a smaller volume, about the size of a small chapbook, bound in white leather with the title printed in gilded Latin letters. Clary recognized the words for “white” and “book,” but when she lifted it out and opened it, to her surprise the pages were covered with thin, spidery handwriting in a language she couldn’t understand.

“Greek,” Jace said, looking over her shoulder. “Of the ancient variety.”

“Can you read it?”

“Not easily,” he admitted. “It’s been years. But Magnus will be able to, I imagine.” He closed the book and slipped it into the pocket of her green coat before turning back to the bookshelves, skimming his fingers along the rows of books, his fingertips tracing their spines.

“Are there any of these you want to take with you?” she asked gently. “If you’d like—”

Jace laughed and dropped his hand. “I was only allowed to read what I was assigned,” he said. “Some of the shelves had books on them I wasn’t even allowed to touch.” He indicated a row of books, higher up, bound in matching brown leather. “I read one of them once, when I was about six, just to see what the fuss was about. It turned out to be a journal my father was keeping. About me. Notes about ‘*my son, Jonathan Christopher.*’ He whipped me with a belt when he found out I’d read it. Actually, it was the first time I even knew I had a middle name.”

A sudden ache of hatred for her father went through Clary. “Well, Valentine’s not here now.”

“Clary . . . ,” Jace began, a warning note in his voice, but she’d already reached up and yanked one of the books out

from the forbidden shelf, knocking it to the ground. It made a satisfying thump. “Clary!”

“Oh, come on.” She did it again, knocking another book down, and then another. Dust puffed up from their pages as they hit the floor. “You try.”

Jace looked at her for a moment, and then a half smile teased the corner of his mouth. Reaching up, he swept his arm along the shelf, knocking the rest of the books to the ground with a loud crash. He laughed—and then broke off, lifting his head, like a cat pricking up its ears at a distant sound. “Do you hear that?”

Hear what? Clary was about to ask, and stopped herself. There *was* a sound, getting louder now—a high-pitched whirring and grinding, like the sound of machinery coming to life. The sound seemed to be coming from inside the wall. She took an involuntary step back just as the stones in front of them slid back with a groaning, rusty scream. An opening gaped behind the stones—a sort of doorway, roughly hacked out of the wall.

Beyond the doorway was a set of stairs, leading down into darkness.

9

THIS GUILTY BLOOD

“I didn’t remember there even *being* a cellar here,” Jace said, staring past Clary at the gaping hole in the wall. He raised the witchlight, and its glow bounced off the downward-leading tunnel. The walls were black and slick, made of a smooth dark stone Clary didn’t recognize. The steps gleamed as if they were damp. A strange smell drifted up through the opening: dank, musty, with a weird metallic tinge that set her nerves on edge.

“What do you think could be down there?”

“I don’t know.” Jace moved toward the stairs; he put a foot on the top step, testing it, and then shrugged as if he’d made up his mind. He began to make his way down the steps, moving carefully. Partway down he turned and looked up at Clary. “Are you coming? You can wait up here for me if you want to.”

She glanced around the empty library, then shivered and hurried after him.

The stairs spiraled down in tighter and tighter circles, as if they were making their way through the inside of a huge conch shell. The smell grew stronger as they reached the bottom, and the steps widened out into a large square room whose stone walls were streaked with the marks of damp—and other, darker stains. The floor was scrawled with markings: a jumble of pentagrams and runes, with white stones scattered here and there.

Jace took a step forward and something crunched under his feet. He and Clary looked down at the same time. “Bones,” Clary whispered. Not white stones after all, but bones of all

shapes and sizes, scattered across the floor. “What was he *doing* down here?”

The witchlight burned in Jace’s hand, casting its eerie glow over the room. “Experiments,” Jace said in a dry, tense tone. “The Seelie Queen said—”

“What kind of bones are these?” Clary’s voice rose. “Are they animal bones?”

“No.” Jace kicked a pile of bones with his feet, scattering them. “Not all of them.”

Clary’s chest felt tight. “I think we should go back.”

Instead Jace raised the witchlight in his hand. It blazed out, brightly and then more brightly, lighting the air with a harsh white brilliance. The far corners of the room sprang into focus. Three of them were empty. The fourth was blocked with a hanging cloth. There was something behind the cloth, a humped shape—

“Jace,” Clary whispered. “What *is* that?”

He didn’t reply. There was a seraph blade in his free hand, suddenly; Clary didn’t know when he’d drawn it, but it shone in the witchlight like a blade of ice.

“Jace, *don’t*,” said Clary, but it was too late—he strode forward and twitched the cloth aside with the tip of the blade, then seized it and jerked it down. It fell in a blossoming cloud of dust.

Jace staggered back, the witchlight falling from his grasp. As the blazing light fell, Clary caught a single glimpse of his face: It was a white mask of horror. Clary snatched the witchlight up before it could go dark and raised it high, desperate to see what could have shocked Jace—unshockable Jace—so badly.

At first all she saw was the shape of a man—a man wrapped in a dirty white rag, crouched on the floor. Manacles circled his wrists and ankles, attached to thick metal staples driven into the stone floor. *How can he be alive?* Clary thought in horror, and bile rose up in her throat. The rune-stone shook in her hand, and light danced in patches over the

prisoner: She saw emaciated arms and legs, scarred all over with the marks of countless tortures. The skull of a face turned toward her, black empty sockets where the eyes should have been—and then there was a dry rustle, and she saw that what she had thought was a white rag were *wings*, white wings rising up behind his back in two pure white crescents, the only pure things in this filthy room.

She gave a dry gasp. “*Jace*. Do you see—”

“I see.” *Jace*, standing beside her, spoke in a voice that cracked like broken glass.

“You said there weren’t any angels—that no one had ever seen one—”

Jace was whispering something under his breath, a string of what sounded like panicked curses. He stumbled forward, toward the huddled creature on the floor—and recoiled, as if he had bounced off an invisible wall. Looking down, *Clary* saw that the angel crouched inside a pentagram made of connected runes graven deeply into the floor; they glowed with a faint phosphorescent light. “The runes,” she whispered. “We can’t get past—”

“But there must be something—,” *Jace* said, his voice nearly breaking, “something we can do.”

The angel raised its head. *Clary* saw with a distracted, terrible pity that it had curling golden hair like *Jace*’s that shone dully in the light. Tendrils clung close to the hollows of its skull. Its eyes were pits, its face slashed with scars, like a beautiful painting destroyed by vandals. As she stared, its mouth opened and a sound poured from its throat—not words but a piercing golden music, a single singing note, held and held and held so high and sweet that the sound was like pain—

A flood of images rose up before *Clary*’s eyes. She was still clutching the rune-stone, but its light was gone; she was gone, no longer there but somewhere else, where the pictures of the past flowed before her in a waking dream—fragments, colors, sounds.

She was in a wine cellar, bare and clean, a single huge rune scrawled on the stone floor. A man stood beside it; he held an open book in one hand and a blazing white torch in the other. When he raised his head, Clary saw that it was Valentine: much younger, his face unlined and handsome, his dark eyes clear and bright. As he chanted, the rune blazed up into fire, and when the flames receded, a crumpled figure lay among the ashes: an angel, wings spread and bloody, like a bird shot out of the sky. . . .

The scene changed. Valentine stood by a window, at his side a young woman with shining red hair. A familiar silver ring gleamed on his hand as he reached to put his arms around her. With a jolt of pain Clary recognized her mother—but she was young, her features soft and vulnerable. She was wearing a white nightgown and was obviously pregnant.

“The Accords,” Valentine was saying angrily, “were not just the worst idea the Clave has ever had, but the worst thing that could happen to Nephilim. That we should be *bound* to Downworlders, tied to those creatures—”

“Valentine,” Jocelyn said with a smile, “enough about politics, *please*.” She reached up and twined her arms around Valentine’s neck, her expression full of love—and his was as well, but there was something else in it, something that sent a shiver down Clary’s spine. . . .

Valentine knelt in the center of a circle of trees. There was a bright moon overhead, illuminating the black pentagram that had been scrawled into the scraped earth of the clearing. The branches of trees made a thick net overhead; where they extended above the edge of the pentagram, their leaves curled and turned black. In the center of the five-pointed star sat a woman with long, shining hair; her shape was slim and lovely, her face hidden in shadow, her arms bare and white. Her left hand was extended in front of her, and as she opened her fingers, Clary could see that there was a long slash across her palm, dripping a slow stream of blood into a silver cup that rested on the pentagram’s edge. The blood looked black in the moonlight, or perhaps it *was* black.

“The child born with this blood in him,” she said, and her voice was soft and lovely, “will exceed in power the Greater Demons of the abysses between the worlds. He will be more mighty than the Asmodei, stronger than the *shedim* of the storms. If he is properly trained, there is nothing he will not be able to do. Though I warn you,” she added, “it will burn out his humanity, as poison burns the life from the blood.”

“My thanks to you, Lady of Edom,” said Valentine, and as he reached to take the cup of blood, the woman lifted her face, and Clary saw that though she was otherwise beautiful, her eyes were hollow black holes from which curled waving black tentacles, like feelers probing the air. Clary stifled a scream—

The night, the forest, vanished. Jocelyn stood facing someone Clary couldn’t see. She was no longer pregnant, and her bright hair straggled around her stricken, despairing face. “I can’t stay with him, Ragnor,” she said. “Not for another day. I read his book. Do you know what he did to Jonathan? I didn’t think even Valentine could do that.” Her shoulders shook. “He used demon blood—Jonathan’s not a baby anymore. He isn’t even human; he’s a monster—”

She vanished. Valentine was pacing restlessly around the circle of runes, a seraph blade shining in his hand. “Why won’t you *speak*?” he muttered. “Why won’t you *give me what I want*?” He drove down with the knife, and the angel writhed as golden liquid poured from its wound like spilled sunlight. “If you won’t give me answers,” Valentine hissed, “you can give me your blood. It will do me and mine more good than it will you.”

Now they were in the Wayland library. Sunlight shone through the diamond-paned windows, flooding the room with blue and green. Voices came from another room: the sounds of laughter and chatting, a party going on. Jocelyn knelt by the bookshelf, glancing from side to side. She drew a thick book from her pocket and slipped it onto the shelf. . . .

And she was gone. The scene showed a cellar, the same cellar that Clary knew she was standing in right now. The same scrawled pentagram scarred the floor, and within the center of the star lay the angel. Valentine stood by, once again

with a burning seraph blade in his hand. He looked years older now, no longer a young man. “Ithuriel,” he said. “We are old friends now, aren’t we? I could have left you buried alive under those ruins, but no, I brought you here with me. All these years I’ve kept you close, hoping one day you would tell me what I wanted—needed—to know.” He came closer, holding the blade out, its blaze lighting the runic barrier to a shimmer. “When I summoned you, I dreamed that you would tell me *why*. Why Raziel created us, his race of Shadowhunters, yet did not give us the powers Downworlders have—the speed of the wolves, the immortality of the Fair Folk, the magic of warlocks, even the endurance of vampires. He left us naked before the hosts of hell but for these painted lines on our skin. Why should their powers be greater than ours? Why can’t we share in what they have? How is that *just*?”

Within its imprisoning star the angel sat silent as a marble statue, unmoving, its wings folded. Its eyes expressed nothing beyond a terrible silent sorrow. Valentine’s mouth twisted.

“Very well. Keep your silence. I will have my chance.” Valentine lifted the blade. “I have the Mortal Cup, Ithuriel, and soon I shall have the Sword—but without the Mirror I cannot begin the summoning. The Mirror is all I need. Tell me where it is. Tell me where it is, Ithuriel, and I will let you die.”

The scene broke apart in fragments, and as her vision faded, Clary caught glimpses of images now familiar to her from her own nightmares—angels with wings both white and black, sheets of mirrored water, gold and blood—and Jace, turning away from her, always turning away. Clary reached out for him, and for the first time the angel’s voice spoke in her head in words that she could understand.

These are not the first dreams I have ever showed you.

The image of a rune burst behind her eyes, like fireworks—not a rune she had ever seen before; it was as strong, simple, and straightforward as a tied knot. It was gone in a breath as well, and as it vanished, the angel’s singing ceased. Clary was back in her own body, reeling on her feet in the filthy and

reeking room. The angel was silent, frozen, wings folded, a grieving effigy.

Clary let out her breath in a sob. "*Ithuriel*." She reached her hands out to the angel, knowing she couldn't pass the runes, her heart aching. For years the angel had been down here, sitting silent and alone in the blackness, chained and starving but unable to die. . . .

Jace was beside her. She could see from his stricken face that he'd seen everything she had. He looked down at the seraph blade in his hand and then back at the angel. Its blind face was turned toward them in silent supplication.

Jace took a step forward, and then another. His eyes were fixed on the angel, and it was as if, Clary thought, there were some silent communication passing between them, some speech she couldn't hear. Jace's eyes were bright as gold disks, full of reflected light.

"*Ithuriel*," he whispered.

The blade in his hand blazed up like a torch. Its glow was blinding. The angel raised its face, as if the light were visible to its blind eyes. It reached out its hands, the chains that bound its wrists rattling like harsh music.

Jace turned to her. "Clary," he said. "The runes."

The runes. For a moment she stared at him, puzzled, but his eyes urged her onward. She handed Jace the witchlight, took his stele from her pocket, and knelt down by the scrawled runes. They looked as if they'd been gouged into the stone with something sharp.

She glanced up at Jace. His expression startled her, the blaze in his eyes—they were full of faith in her, of confidence in her abilities. With the tip of the stele she traced several lines into the floor, changing the runes of binding to runes of release, imprisonment to openness. They flared up as she traced them, as if she were dragging a match tip across sulphur.

Done, she rose to her feet. The runes shimmered before her. Abruptly Jace moved to stand beside her. The witchlight stone

was gone, the only illumination coming from the seraph blade that he'd named for the angel, blazing in his hand. He stretched it out, and this time his hand passed through the barrier of the runes as if there were nothing there.

The angel reached its hands up and took the blade from him. It shut its blind eyes, and Clary thought for a moment that it smiled. It turned the blade in its grasp until the sharp tip rested just below its breastbone. Clary gave a little gasp and moved forward, but Jace grabbed her arm, his grip like iron, and yanked her backward—just as the angel drove the blade home.

The angel's head fell back, its hands dropping from the hilt, which protruded from just where its heart would be—if angels had hearts; Clary didn't know. Flames burst from the wound, spreading outward from the blade. The angel's body shimmered into white flame, the chains on its wrist burning scarlet, like iron left too long in a fire. Clary thought of medieval paintings of saints consumed in the blaze of holy ecstasy—and the angel's wings flew wide and white before they, too, caught and blazed up, a lattice of shimmering fire.

Clary could no longer watch. She turned and buried her face in Jace's shoulder. His arm came around her, his grip tight and hard. "It's all right," he said into her hair, "it's all right," but the air was full of smoke and the ground felt like it was rocking under her feet. It was only when Jace stumbled that she realized it wasn't shock: The ground *was* moving. She let go of Jace and staggered; the stones underfoot were grinding together, and a thin rain of dirt was sifting down from the ceiling. The angel was a pillar of smoke; the runes around it glowed painfully bright. Clary stared at them, decoding their meaning, and then looked wildly at Jace: "The manor—it was tied to Ithuriel. If the angel dies, the manor—"

She didn't finish her sentence. He had already seized her hand and was running for the stairs, pulling her along after him. The stairs themselves were surging and buckling; Clary fell, banging her knee painfully on a step, but Jace's grip on her arm didn't loosen. She raced on, ignoring the pain in her leg, her lungs full of choking dust.

They reached the top of the steps and exploded out into the library. Behind them Clary could hear the soft roar as the rest of the stairs collapsed. It wasn't much better here; the room was shuddering, books tumbling from their shelves. A statue lay where it had tipped over, in a pile of jagged shards. Jace let go of Clary's hand, seized up a chair, and, before she could ask him what he meant to do, threw it at the stained-glass window.

It sailed through in a waterfall of broken glass. Jace turned and held his hand out to her. Behind him, through the jagged frame that remained, she could see a moonlight-saturated stretch of grass and a line of treetops in the distance. They seemed a long way down. *I can't jump that far*, she thought, and was about to shake her head at Jace when she saw his eyes widen, his mouth shaping a warning. One of the heavy marble busts that lined the higher shelves had slid free and was falling toward her; she ducked out of its way, and it hit the floor inches from where she'd been standing, leaving a sizable dent in the floor.

A second later Jace's arms were around her and he was lifting her off her feet. She was too surprised to struggle as he carried her over to the broken window and dumped her uncere-moniously out of it.

She hit a grassy rise just below the window and tumbled down its steep incline, gaining speed until she fetched up against a hillock with enough force to knock the breath out of her. She sat up, shaking grass out of her hair. A second later Jace came to a stop next to her; unlike her, he rolled immediately into a crouch, staring up the hill at the manor house.

Clary turned to look where he was looking, but he'd already grabbed her, shoving her down into the depression between the two hills. Later she'd find dark bruises on her upper arms where he'd held her; now she just gasped in surprise as he knocked her down and rolled on top of her, shielding her with his body as a huge roar went up. It sounded like the earth shattering apart, like a volcano erupting. A blast of white dust shot into the sky. Clary heard a sharp pattering noise all around her. For a bewildered moment she thought it

had started to rain—then she realized it was rubble and dirt and broken glass: the detritus of the shattered manor being flung down around them like deadly hail.

Jace pressed her harder into the ground, his body flat against hers, his heartbeat nearly as loud in her ears as the sound of the manor's subsiding ruins.



The roar of the collapse faded slowly, like smoke dissipating into the air. It was replaced by the loud chirruping of startled birds; Clary could see them over Jace's shoulder, circling curiously against the dark sky.

"Jace," she said softly. "I think I dropped your stele somewhere."

He drew back slightly, propping himself on his elbows, and looked down at her. Even in the darkness she could see herself reflected in his eyes; his face was streaked with soot and dirt, the collar of his shirt torn. "That's all right. As long as you're not hurt."

"I'm fine." Without thinking, she reached up, her fingers brushing lightly through his hair. She felt him tense, his eyes darkening.

"There was grass in your hair," she said. Her mouth was dry; adrenaline sang through her veins. Everything that had just happened—the angel, the shattering manor—seemed less real than what she saw in Jace's eyes.

"You shouldn't touch me," he said.

Her hand froze where it was, her palm against his cheek. "Why not?"

"You know why," he said, and shifted away from her, rolling onto his back. "You saw what I saw, didn't you? The past, the angel. Our parents."

It was the first time, she thought, that he'd called them that. *Our parents*. She turned onto her side, wanting to reach out to him but not sure if she should. He was staring blindly up at the sky. "I saw."

“You know what I am.” The words breathed out in an anguished whisper. “I’m part demon, Clary. Part *demon*. You understood that much, didn’t you?” His eyes bored into her like drills. “You saw what Valentine was trying to do. He used demon blood—used it on me before I was even born. I’m part monster. Part everything I’ve tried so hard to burn out, to destroy.”

Clary pushed away the memory of Valentine’s voice saying, *She told me that I had turned her first child into a monster*. “But warlocks are part demon. Like Magnus. It doesn’t make them evil—”

“Not part Greater Demon. You heard what the demon woman said.”

It will burn out his humanity, as poison burns the life from the blood. Clary’s voice trembled. “It’s not true. It can’t be. It doesn’t make sense—”

“But it does.” There was a furious desperation in Jace’s expression. She could see the gleam of the silver chain around his bare throat, lit to a white flare by the starlight. “It explains *everything*.”

“You mean it explains why you’re such an amazing Shadowhunter? Why you’re loyal and fearless and honest and everything demons *aren’t*?”

“It explains,” he said, evenly, “why I feel the way I do about you.”

“What do you mean?”

He was silent for a long moment, staring at her across the tiny space that separated them. She could feel him, even though he wasn’t touching her, as if he still lay with his body against hers. “You’re my sister,” he said finally. “My sister, my blood, my family. I should want to protect you”—he laughed soundlessly and without any humor—“to protect you from the sort of boys who want to do with you exactly what *I* want to do.”

Clary’s breath caught. “You said you just wanted to be my brother from now on.”

“I lied,” he said. “Demons lie, Clary. You know, there are some kinds of wounds you can get when you’re a Shadowhunter—internal injuries from demon poison. You don’t even know what’s wrong with you, but you’re bleeding to death slowly inside. That’s what it’s like, just being your brother.”

“But Aline—”

“I had to *try*. And I did.” His voice was lifeless. “But God knows, I don’t want anyone but you. I don’t even *want* to want anyone but you.” He reached out, trailed his fingers lightly through her hair, fingertips brushing her cheek. “Now at least I know why.”

Clary’s voice had sunk to a whisper. “I don’t want anyone but you, either.”

She was rewarded by the catch in his breathing. Slowly he drew himself up onto his elbows. Now he was looking down at her, and his expression had changed—there was a look on his face she’d never seen before, a sleepy, almost deadly light in his eyes. He let his fingers trail down her cheek to her lips, out-lining the shape of her mouth with the tip of a finger. “You should probably,” he said, “tell me not to do this.”

She said nothing. She didn’t want to tell him to stop. She was tired of saying no to Jace—of never letting herself feel what her whole heart *wanted* her to feel. Whatever the cost.

He bent down, his lips against her cheek, brushing it lightly—and still that light touch sent shivers through her nerves, shivers that made her whole body tremble. “If you want me to stop, tell me now,” he whispered. When she still said nothing, he brushed his mouth against the hollow of her temple. “Or now.” He traced the line of her cheekbone. “Or now.” His lips were against hers. “Or—”

But she had reached up and pulled him down to her, and the rest of his words were lost against her mouth. He kissed her gently, carefully, but it wasn’t gentleness she wanted, not now, not after all this time, and she knotted her fists in his shirt, pulling him harder against her. He groaned softly, low in his throat, and then his arms circled her, gathering her against

him, and they rolled over on the grass, tangled together, still kissing. There were rocks digging into Clary's back, and her shoulder ached where she'd fallen from the window, but she didn't care. All that existed was Jace; all she felt, hoped, breathed, wanted, and saw was Jace. Nothing else mattered.

Despite her coat, she could feel the heat of him burning through his clothes and hers. She tugged his jacket off, and then somehow his shirt was off too. Her fingers explored his body as his mouth explored hers: soft skin over lean muscle, scars like thin wires. She touched the star-shaped scar on his shoulder—it was smooth and flat, as if it were a part of his skin, not raised like his other scars. She supposed they were imperfections, these marks, but they didn't feel that way to her; they were a history, cut into his body: the map of a life of endless war.

He fumbled with the buttons of her coat, his hands shaking. She didn't think she'd ever seen Jace's hands unsteady before. "I'll do it," she said, and reached for the last button herself; as she raised herself up, something cold and metallic struck her collarbone, and she gasped in surprise.

"What is it?" Jace froze. "Did I hurt you?"

"No. It was this." She touched the silver chain around his neck. On its end hung a small silver circle of metal. It had bumped against her when she'd leaned forward. She stared at it now.

That ring—the weather-beaten metal with its pattern of stars—she knew that ring.

The Morgenstern ring. It was the same ring that had gleamed on Valentine's hand in the dream the angel had showed them. It had been his, and he had given it to Jace, as it had always been passed along, father to son.

"I'm sorry," Jace said. He traced the line of her cheek with his fingertip, a dreamlike intensity in his gaze. "I forgot I was wearing the damn thing."

Sudden cold flooded Clary's veins. "Jace," she said, in a low voice. "Jace, don't."

“Don’t what? Don’t wear the ring?”

“No, don’t—don’t touch me. Stop for a second.”

His face went still. Questions had chased away the dreamlike confusion in his eyes, but he said nothing, just withdrew his hand.

“Jace,” she said again. “Why? Why now?”

His lips parted in surprise. She could see a dark line where he had bitten his bottom lip, or maybe she had bitten it. “Why *what* now?”

“You said there was nothing between us. That if we—if we let ourselves feel what we might want to feel, we’d be hurting everyone we care about.”

“I told you. I was lying.” His eyes softened. “You think I don’t want to—?”

“No,” she said. “No, I’m not stupid, I know that you do. But when you said that now you finally understand why you feel this way about me, what did you mean?”

Not that she didn’t know, she thought, but she had to ask, had to hear him say it.

Jace caught her wrists and drew her hands up to his face, lacing his fingers through hers. “You remember what I said to you at the Penhallows’ house?” he asked. “That you never think about what you do before you do it, and that’s why you wreck everything you touch?”

“No, I’d forgotten that. Thanks for the reminder.”

He barely seemed to notice the sarcasm in her voice. “I wasn’t talking about you, Clary. I was talking about me. That’s what *I’m* like.” He turned his face slightly and her fingers slid along his cheek. “At least now I know why. I know what’s wrong with me. And maybe—maybe that’s why I need you so much. Because if Valentine made me a monster, then I suppose he made you a sort of angel. And Lucifer loved God, didn’t he? So says Milton, anyway.”

Clary sucked in her breath. “I am *not* an angel. And you don’t even know that that’s what Valentine used Ithuriel’s

blood for—maybe Valentine just wanted it for himself—”

“He said the blood was for ‘me and mine,’” Jace said quietly. “It explains why you can do what you can do, Clary. The Seelie Queen said we were both experiments. Not just me.”

“I’m not an angel, Jace,” she repeated. “I don’t return library books. I steal illegal music off the Internet. I lie to my mom. I am *completely ordinary*.”

“Not to me.” He looked down at her. His face hovered against a background of stars. There was nothing of his usual arrogance in his expression—she had never seen him look so unguarded, but even that unguardedness was mixed with a self-hatred that ran as deep as a wound. “Clary, I—”

“Get off me,” Clary said.

“*What?*” The desire in his eyes cracked into a thousand pieces like the shards of the Portal mirror at Renwick’s, and for a moment his expression was blankly astonished. She could hardly bear to look at him and still say no. Looking at him now—even if she *hadn’t* been in love with him, that part of her that was her mother’s daughter, that loved every beautiful thing for its beauty alone, would still have wanted him.

But, then, it was precisely because she *was* her mother’s daughter that it was impossible.

“You heard me,” she said. “And leave my hands alone.” She snatched them back, knotting them into tight fists to stop their shaking.

He didn’t move. His lip curled back, and for a moment she saw that predatory light in his eyes again, but now it was mixed with anger. “I don’t suppose you want to tell me *why*?”

“You think you only want me because you’re evil, not human. You just want something else you can hate yourself for. I won’t let you use me to prove to yourself how worthless you are.”

“I never said that. I never said I was using you.”

“Fine,” she said. “Tell me now that you’re not a monster. Tell me there’s nothing wrong with you. And tell me you would want me even if you didn’t have demon blood.” *Because I don’t have demon blood. And I still want you.*

Their gazes locked, his blindly furious; for a moment neither breathed, and then he flung himself off her, swearing, and rolled to his feet. Snatching his shirt up from the grass, he drew it over his head, still glaring. He yanked the shirt down over his jeans and turned away to look for his jacket.

Clary stood up, staggering a little. The stinging wind raised goose bumps on her arms. Her legs felt like they were made of half-melted wax. She did up the buttons on her coat with numb fingers, fighting the urge to burst into tears. Crying wouldn’t help anything now.

The air was still full of dancing dust and ash, the grass all around scattered with debris: shattered bits of furniture; the pages of books blowing mournfully in the wind; splinters of gilded wood; a chunk of almost half a staircase, mysteriously unharmed. Clary turned to look at Jace; he was kicking bits of debris with a savage satisfaction. “Well,” he said, “we’re screwed.”

It wasn’t what she’d expected. She blinked. “What?”

“Remember? You lost my stele. There’s no chance of you drawing a Portal now.” He spoke the words with a bitter pleasure, as if the situation satisfied him in some obscure way. “We’ve got no other way of getting back. We’re going to have to walk.”



It wouldn’t have been a pleasant walk under normal circumstances. Accustomed to city lights, Clary couldn’t believe how dark it was in Idris at night. The thick black shadows that lined the road on either side seemed to be crawling with barely visible *things*, and even with Jace’s witchlight she could see only a few feet ahead of them. She missed streetlights, the ambient glow of headlights, the sounds of the city. All she could hear now was the steady crunch of

their boots on gravel and, every once in a while, her own breath puffing out in surprise as she tripped over a stray rock.

After a few hours her feet began to ache and her mouth was dry as parchment. The air had grown very cold, and she hunched along shivering, her hands thrust deep into her pockets. But even all that would have been bearable if only Jace had been talking to her. He hadn't spoken a word since they'd left the manor except to snap out directions, telling her which way to turn at a fork in the road, or ordering her to skirt a pothole. Even then she doubted if he would have minded much if she'd fallen *into* the pothole, except that it would have slowed them down.

Eventually the sky in the east began to lighten. Clary, stumbling along half-asleep, raised her head in surprise. "It's early for dawn."

Jace looked at her with bland contempt. "That's Alicante. The sun doesn't come up for another three hours at least. Those are the city lights."

Too relieved that they were nearly home to mind his attitude, Clary picked up her pace. They rounded a corner and found themselves walking along a wide dirt path cut into a hillside. It snaked along the curve of the slope, disappearing around a bend in the distance. Though the city was not yet visible, the air had grown brighter, the sky shot through with a peculiar reddish glow.

"We must be nearly there," Clary said. "Is there a shortcut down the hill?"

Jace was frowning. "Something's wrong," he said abruptly. He took off, half-running down the road, his boots sending up puffs of dust that gleamed ochre in the strange light. Clary ran to keep pace, ignoring the protests of her blistered feet. They rounded the next curve and Jace skidded to a sudden halt, sending Clary crashing into him. In another circumstance it might have been comic. It wasn't now.

The reddish light was stronger now, throwing a scarlet glow up into the night sky, lighting the hill they stood on as if it were daylight. Plumes of smoke curled up from the valley

below like the unfurling feathers of a black peacock. Rising from the black vapor were the demon towers of Alicante, their crystalline shells like arrows of fire piercing the smoky air. Through the thick smoke, Clary could glimpse the leaping scarlet of flames, scattered across the city like a handful of glittering jewels across a dark cloth.

It seemed incredible, but there it was: They were standing on a hillside high over Alicante, and below them the city was burning.

Part Two

Stars Shine Darkly



ANTONIO: *Will you stay no longer? Nor will you not that I go with you?*

SEBASTIAN: *By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.*

—William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*

10

FIRE AND SWORD

“It’s late,” Isabelle said, fretfully twitching the lace curtain across the high living room window back into place. “He ought to be back by now.”

“Be reasonable, Isabelle,” Alec pointed out, in that superior big-brother tone that seemed to imply that while she, Isabelle, might be prone to hysteria, he, Alec, was always perfectly calm. Even his posture—he was lounging in one of the overstuffed armchairs next to the Penhallows’ fireplace as if he didn’t have a care in the world—seemed designed to show off how unworried he was. “Jace does this when he’s upset, goes off and wanders around. He said he was going for a walk. He’ll be back.”

Isabelle sighed. She almost wished her parents were there, but they were still up at the Gard. Whatever the Clave was discussing, the Council meeting was dragging on brutally late. “But he knows New York. He doesn’t know Alicante—”

“He probably knows it better than you do.” Aline was sitting on the couch reading a book, its pages bound in dark red leather. Her black hair was pulled behind her head in a French braid, her eyes fastened on the volume spread across her lap. Isabelle, who had never been much of a reader, always envied other people their ability to get lost in a book. There were a lot of things she once would have envied Aline for—being small and delicately pretty, for one thing, not Amazonian and so tall in heels she towered over almost every boy she met. But then again, it was only recently that Isabelle had realized other girls weren’t just for envying, avoiding, or

disliking. “He lived here until he was ten. You guys have only visited a few times.”

Isabelle raised her hand to her throat with a frown. The ruby pendant slung on the chain around her neck had given a sudden, sharp pulse—but it normally only pulsed in the presence of demons, and they were in Alicante. There was no way there were demons nearby. Maybe the pendant was malfunctioning. “I don’t think he’s wandering around, anyway. I think it’s pretty obvious where he went,” Isabelle responded.

Alec raised his eyes. “You think he went to see Clary?”

“Is she still here? I thought she was supposed to be going back to New York.” Aline let her book fall closed. “Where is Jace’s sister staying, anyway?”

Isabelle shrugged. “Ask *him*,” she said, cutting her eyes toward Sebastian.

Sebastian was sprawled on the couch opposite Aline’s. He had a book in his hand too, and his dark head was bent over it. He raised his eyes as if he could feel Isabelle’s gaze on him.

“Were you talking about me?” he asked mildly. Everything about Sebastian was mild, Isabelle thought with a twinge of annoyance. She’d been impressed by his looks at first—those sharply planed cheekbones and those black, fathomless eyes—but his affable, sympathetic personality grated on her now. She didn’t like boys who looked as if they never got mad about anything. In Isabelle’s world, rage equaled passion equaled a good time.

“What are you reading?” she asked, more sharply than she’d meant to. “Is that one of Max’s comic books?”

“Yep.” Sebastian looked down at the copy of *Angel Sanctuary* balanced on the sofa’s arm. “I like the pictures.”

Isabelle blew out an exasperated breath. Shooting her a look, Alec said, “Sebastian, earlier today . . . Does Jace know where you went?”

“You mean that I was out with Clary?” Sebastian looked amused. “Look, it’s not a secret. I would have told Jace if I’d seen him since.”

“I don’t see why he would care.” Aline put her book aside, an edge to her voice. “It’s not like Sebastian did anything wrong. So what if he wants to show Clarissa some of Idris before she goes home? Jace ought to be pleased his sister isn’t sitting around bored and annoyed.”

“He can be very . . . protective,” Alec said after a slight hesitation.

Aline frowned. “He should back off. It can’t be good for her, being so overprotected. The look on her face when she walked in on us, it was like she’d never seen anyone *kissing* before. I mean, who knows, maybe she hasn’t.”

“She has,” Isabelle said, thinking of the way Jace had kissed Clary in the Seelie Court. It wasn’t something she liked to think about—Isabelle didn’t enjoy wallowing in her own sorrows, much less other people’s. “It’s not that.”

“Then what is it?” Sebastian straightened up, pushing a lock of dark hair out of his eyes. Isabelle caught a flash of something—a red line across his palm, like a scar. “Is it just that he hates me personally? Because I don’t know what it is I ever—”

“That’s my book.” A small voice interrupted Sebastian’s speech. It was Max, standing in the living room doorway. He was wearing gray pajamas and his brown hair was disarrayed as if he’d just woken up. He was glaring at the manga novel sitting next to Sebastian.

“What, this?” Sebastian held out the copy of *Angel Sanctuary*. “Here you go, kid.”

Max stalked across the room and snatched the book back. He scowled at Sebastian. “Don’t call me kid.”

Sebastian laughed and stood up. “I’m getting some coffee,” he said, and headed for the kitchen. He paused and turned in the doorway. “Does anyone want anything?”

There was a chorus of refusals. With a shrug Sebastian disappeared into the kitchen, letting the door swing shut behind him.

“Max,” Isabelle said sharply. “Don’t be rude.”

“I don’t like it when people take my stuff.” Max hugged the comic book to his chest.

“Grow up, Max. He was just borrowing it.” Isabelle’s voice came out more irritably than she’d intended; she was still worried about Jace, she knew, and was taking it out on her little brother. “You should be in bed anyway. It’s late.”

“There were noises up on the hill. They woke me up.” Max blinked; without his glasses, everything was pretty much a blur to him. “Isabelle . . .”

The questioning note in his voice got her attention. Isabelle turned away from the window. “What?”

“Do people ever climb the demon towers? Like, for any reason?”

Aline looked up. “Climb the demon towers?” She laughed. “No, no one ever does that. It’s totally illegal, for one thing, and besides, why would you want to?”

Aline, Isabelle thought, did not have much imagination. She herself could think of lots of reasons why someone might want to climb the demon towers, if only to spit gum down on passersby below.

Max was frowning. “But someone did. I know I saw—”

“Whatever you think you saw, you probably dreamed it,” Isabelle told him.

Max’s face creased. Sensing a potential meltdown, Alec stood up and held out a hand. “Come on, Max,” he said, not without affection. “Let’s get you back to bed.”

“We should *all* get to bed,” Aline said, standing up. She came over to the window beside Isabelle and drew the curtains firmly shut. “It’s already almost midnight; who knows when they’ll get back from the Council? There no point staying—”

The pendant at Isabelle’s throat pulsed again, sharply—and then the window Aline was standing in front of shattered inward. Aline screamed as hands reached through the gaping hole—not hands, really, Isabelle saw with the clarity of shock, but huge, scaled claws, streaked with blood and blackish fluid.

They seized Aline and yanked her through the smashed window before she could utter a second scream.

Isabelle's whip was lying on the table by the fireplace. She dashed for it now, ducking around Sebastian, who had come racing out of the kitchen. "Get weapons," she snapped as he stared around the room in astonishment. "*Go!*" she shrieked, and ran for the window.

By the fireplace Alec was holding Max as the younger boy squirmed and yelled, trying to wriggle out of his brother's grip. Alec dragged him toward the door. *Good*, Isabelle thought. *Get Max out of here.*

Cold air blew through the shattered window. Isabelle pulled her skirt up and kicked out the rest of the broken glass, thankful for the thick soles of her boots. When the glass was gone, she ducked her head and jumped out through the gaping hole in the frame, landing with a jolt on the stone walkway below.

At first glance the walkway looked empty. There were no streetlights along the canal; the main illumination here came from the windows of nearby houses. Isabelle moved forward cautiously, her electrum whip coiled at her side. She had owned the whip for so long—it had been a twelfth birthday present from her father—that it felt like part of her now, like a fluid extension of her right arm.

The shadows thickened as she moved away from the house and toward Oldcastle Bridge, which arched over the Prince - water canal at an odd angle to the walkway. The shadows at its base were clustered as thickly as black flies—and then, as Isabelle stared, something moved within the shadow, something white and darting.

Isabelle ran, crashing through a low border of hedges at the end of someone's garden and hopping down onto the narrow brick causeway that ran below the bridge. Her whip had begun to glow with a harsh silvery light, and in its faint illumination she could see Aline lying limply at the edge of the canal. A massive scaled demon was sprawled on top of her, pressing

her down with the weight of its thick lizardlike body, its face buried in her neck—

But it couldn't be a demon. There had never been demons in Alicante. Never. As Isabelle stared in shock, the thing raised its head and sniffed the air, as if sensing her there. It was blind, she saw, a thick line of serrated teeth running like a zipper across its forehead where eyes should be. It had another mouth on the lower half of its face as well, fanged with dripping tusks. The sides of its narrow tail glittered as it whipped back and forth, and Isabelle saw, drawing closer, that the tail was edged with razor-sharp lines of bone.

Aline twitched and made a noise, a gasping whimper. Relief spilled over Isabelle—she'd been half-sure Aline was dead—but it was short-lived. As Aline moved, Isabelle saw that her blouse had been sliced open down the front. There were claw marks on her chest, and the thing had another claw hooked into the waistband of her jeans.

A wave of nausea rolled over Isabelle. The demon wasn't trying to *kill* Aline—not yet. Isabelle's whip came alive in her hand like the flaming sword of an avenging angel; she launched herself forward, her whip slashing down across the demon's back.

The demon screeched and rolled off Aline. It advanced on Isabelle, its two mouths gaping, talons slashing toward her face. Dancing backward, she threw the whip forward again; it slashed across the demon's face, its chest, its legs. A myriad of crisscrossing lash marks sprang up across the demon's scaled skin, dripping blood and ichor. A long forked tongue shot from its upper mouth, probing for Isabelle's face. There was a bulb on the end of it, she saw, a sort of stinger, like a scorpion's. She flicked her wrist to the side and the whip curled around the demon's tongue, roping it with bands of flexible electrum. The demon screamed and screamed as she pulled the knot tight and jerked. The demon's tongue fell with a wet, sickening thump to the bricks of the causeway.

Isabelle jerked the whip back. The demon turned and fled, moving with quick, darting motions like a snake. Isabelle darted after it. The demon was halfway to the path that led up

from the causeway when a dark shape rose up in front of it. Something flashed in the darkness, and the demon fell twitching to the ground.

Isabelle came to an abrupt stop. Aline stood over the fallen demon, a slender dagger in her hand—she must have been wearing it on her belt. The runes on the blade shone like flashing lightning as she drove the dagger down, plunging it over and over into the demon's twitching body until the thing stopped moving entirely and vanished.

Aline looked up. Her face was blank. She made no move to hold her blouse closed, despite its torn buttons. Blood oozed from the deep scratch marks on her chest.

Isabelle let out a low whistle. "Aline—are you all right?"

Aline let the dagger fall to the ground with a clatter. Without another word she turned and ran, disappearing into the darkness under the bridge.

Caught by surprise, Isabelle swore and dashed after Aline. She wished she'd worn something more practical than a velvet dress tonight, although at least she'd put her boots on. She doubted she could have caught up to Aline wearing heels.

There were metal stairs on the other side of the causeway, leading back up to Princewater Street. Aline was a blur at the top of the stairway. Hiking up the heavy hem of her dress, Isabelle followed, her boots clattering on the steps. When she reached the top, she looked around for Aline.

And stared. She was standing at the foot of the broad road on which the Penhallows' house fronted. She could no longer see Aline—the other girl had disappeared into the churning throng of people crowding the street. And not just people, either. There were *things* in the street—demons—dozens of them, maybe more, like the taloned lizard-creature Aline had dispatched under the bridge. Two or three bodies lay in the street already, one only a few feet from Isabelle—a man, half his rib cage torn away. Isabelle could see from his gray hair that he'd been elderly. *But of course he was*, she thought, her brain ticking over slowly, the speed of her thoughts dulled by

panic. *All the adults were in the Gard. Down in the city were only children, the old, and the sick. . . .*

The red-tinged air was full of the smell of burning, the night split by shrieks and screams. Doors were open all up and down the rows of houses—people were darting out of them, then stopping dead as they saw the street filled with monsters.

It was impossible, unimaginable. Never in history had a single demon crossed the wards of the demon towers. And now there were dozens. Hundreds. Maybe more, flooding the streets like a poisonous tide. Isabelle felt as if she were trapped behind a glass wall, able to see everything but unable to move—watching, frozen, as a demon seized a fleeing boy and lifted him bodily off the ground, sinking its serrated teeth into his shoulder.

The boy screamed, but his screams were lost in the clamor that was tearing the night apart. The sound rose and rose in volume: the howling of demons, people calling one another's names, the sounds of running feet and shattering glass. Someone down the street was shouting words she could barely understand—something about the demon towers. Isabelle looked up. The tall spires stood sentry over the city as they always had, but instead of reflecting the silver light of the stars, or even the red light of the burning city, they were as dead white as the skin of a corpse. Their luminescence had vanished. A chill ran through her. No wonder the streets were full of monsters—somehow, impossibly, the demon towers had lost their magic. The wards that had protected Alicante for a thousand years were gone.



Samuel had fallen silent hours ago, but Simon was still awake, staring sleeplessly into the darkness, when he heard the screaming.

His head jerked up. Silence. He looked around uneasily—had he dreamed the noise? He strained his ears, but even with his newly sensitive hearing, nothing was audible. He was about to lie back down when the screams came again, driving

into his ears like needles. It sounded as if they were coming from outside the Gard.

Rising, he stood on the bed and looked out the window. He saw the green lawn stretching away, the faraway light of the city a faint glow in the distance. He narrowed his eyes. There was something wrong about the city light, something . . . off. It was dimmer than he remembered it—and there were moving points here and there in the darkness, like needles of fire, weaving through the streets. A pale cloud rose above the towers, and the air was full of the stench of smoke.

“Samuel.” Simon could hear the alarm in his own voice. “There’s something wrong.”

He heard doors slamming open and running feet. Hoarse voices shouted. Simon pressed his face close to the bars as pairs of boots hurtled by outside, kicking up stones as they ran, the Shadowhunters calling to one another as they raced away from the Gard, down toward the city.

“The wards are down! The wards are down!”

“We can’t abandon the Gard!”

“The Gard doesn’t matter! Our children are down there!”

Their voices were already growing fainter. Simon jerked back from the window, gasping. “Samuel! The wards—”

“I know. I heard.” Samuel’s voice came strongly through the wall. He didn’t sound frightened but resigned, and even perhaps a little triumphant at being proved right. “Valentine has attacked while the Clave is in session. Clever.”

“But the Gard—it’s fortified—why don’t they stay up here?”

“You heard them. Because all the children are in the city. Children—aged parents—they can’t just leave them down there.”

The Lightwoods. Simon thought of Jace, and then, with terrible clarity, of Isabelle’s small, pale face under her crown of dark hair, of her determination in a fight, of the little-girl *Xs* and *Os* on the note she’d written him. “But you told them—

you told the Clave what would happen. Why didn't they believe you?"

"Because the wards are their religion. Not to believe in the power of the wards is not to believe that they are special, chosen, and protected by the Angel. They might as well believe they're just ordinary mundanes."

Simon swung back to stare out the window again, but the smoke had thickened, filling the air with a grayish pallor. He could no longer hear voices shouting outside; there were cries in the distance, but they were very faint. "I think the city is on fire."

"No." Samuel's voice was very quiet. "I think it's the Gard that's burning. Probably demon fire. Valentine would go after the Gard, if he could."

"But—" Simon's words stumbled over one another. "But someone will come and let us out, won't they? The Consul, or—or Aldertree. They can't just leave us down here to die."

"You're a Downworlder," said Samuel. "And I'm a traitor. Do you really think they're likely to do anything else?"



"Isabelle! *Isabelle!*"

Alec had his hands on her shoulders and was shaking her. Isabelle raised her head slowly; her brother's white face floated against the darkness behind him. A curved piece of wood stuck up behind his right shoulder: He had his bow strapped across his back, the same bow that Simon had used to kill Greater Demon Abbadon. She couldn't remember Alec walking toward her, couldn't remember seeing him in the street at all; it was as if he'd materialized in front of her all at once, like a ghost.

"Alec." Her voice came out slow and uneven. "Alec, stop it. I'm all right."

She pulled away from him.

"You didn't look all right." Alec glanced up and cursed under his breath. "We have to get off the street. Where's

Aline?”

Isabelle blinked. There were no demons in view; someone was sitting on the front steps of the house opposite them and crying in a loud and grating series of shrieks. The old man's body was still in the street, and the smell of demons was everywhere. “Aline—one of the demons tried to—it tried to —” She caught her breath, held it. She was Isabelle Lightwood. She did not get hysterical, no matter what the provocation. “We killed it, but then she ran off. I tried to follow her, but she was too fast.” She looked up at her brother. “Demons in the city,” she said. “How is it possible?”

“I don't know.” Alec shook his head. “The wards must be down. There were four or five Oni demons out here when I came out of the house. I got one lurking by the bushes. The others ran off, but they could come back. Come on. Let's get back to the house.”

The person on the stairs was still sobbing. The sound followed them as they hurried back to the Penhallows' house. The street stayed empty of demons, but they could hear explosions, cries, and running feet echoing from the shadows of other darkened streets. As they climbed the Penhallows' front steps, Isabelle glanced back just in time to see a long snaking tentacle whip out from the darkness between the two houses and snatch the sobbing woman off the front steps. Her sobs turned to shrieks. Isabelle tried to turn back, but Alec had already grabbed her and shoved her ahead of him into the house, slamming and locking the front door behind them. The house was dark. “I doused the lights. I didn't want to attract any more of them,” Alec explained, pushing Isabelle ahead of him into the living room.

Max was sitting on the floor by the stairs, his arms hugging his knees. Sebastian was by the window, nailing logs of wood he'd taken from the fireplace across the gaping hole in the glass. “There,” he said, standing back and letting the hammer drop onto the bookshelf. “That should hold for a while.”

Isabelle dropped down by Max and stroked his hair. “Are you all right?”

“No.” His eyes were huge and scared. “I tried to see out the window, but Sebastian told me to get down.”

“Sebastian was right,” Alec said. “There were demons out in the street.”

“Are they still there?”

“No, but there are some still in the city. We have to think about what we’re going to do next.”

Sebastian was frowning. “Where’s Aline?”

“She ran off,” Isabelle explained. “It was my fault. I should have been—”

“It was *not* your fault. Without you she’d be dead.” Alec spoke in a clipped voice. “Look, we don’t have time for self-recriminations. I’m going to go after Aline. I want you three to stay here. Isabelle, look after Max. Sebastian, finish securing the house.”

Isabelle spoke up indignantly. “I don’t want you going out there alone! Take me with you.”

“I’m the adult here. What I say goes.” Alec’s tone was even. “There’s every chance our parents will be coming back any minute from the Gard. The more of us here, the better. It’ll be too easy for us to get separated out there. I’m not risking it, Isabelle.” His glance moved to Sebastian. “Do you understand?”

Sebastian had already taken out his stele. “I’ll work on warding the house with Marks.”

“Thanks.” Alec was already halfway to the door; he turned and looked back at Isabelle. She met his eyes for a split second. Then he was gone.

“Isabelle.” It was Max, his small voice low. “Your wrist is bleeding.”

Isabelle glanced down. She had no memory of having hurt her wrist, but Max was right: Blood had already stained the sleeve of her white jacket. She got to her feet. “I’m going to get my stele. I’ll be right back and help you with the runes, Sebastian.”

He nodded. "I could use some help. These aren't my specialty."

Isabelle went upstairs without asking him what his specialty might actually be. She felt bone-tired, in dire need of an energy Mark. She could do one herself if necessary, though Alec and Jace had always been better at those sorts of runes than she was.

Once inside her room, she rummaged through her things for her stele and a few extra weapons. As she shoved seraph blades into the tops of her boots, her mind was on Alec and the look they'd shared as he'd gone out the door. It wasn't the first time she'd watched her brother leave, knowing she might never see him again. It was something she accepted, had always accepted, as part of her life; it wasn't until she'd gotten to know Clary and Simon that she'd realized that for most people, of course, it was never like that. They didn't live with death as a constant companion, a cold breath down the back of their neck on even the most ordinary days. She'd always had such contempt for mundanes, the way all Shadowhunters did—she'd believed that they were soft, stupid, sheeplike in their complacency. Now she wondered if all that hatred didn't just stem from the fact that she was jealous. It must be nice not worrying that every time one of your family members walked out the door, they'd never come back.

She was halfway down the stairs, her stele in hand, when she sensed that something was wrong. The living room was empty. Max and Sebastian were nowhere to be seen. There was a half-finished protection Mark on one of the logs Sebastian had nailed over the broken window. The hammer he'd used was gone.

Her stomach tightened. "Max!" she shouted, turning in a circle. "Sebastian! Where are you?"

Sebastian's voice answered her from the kitchen. "Isabelle—in here."

Relief washed over her, leaving her light-headed. "Sebastian, that's not funny," she said, marching into the kitchen. "I thought you were—"

She let the door fall shut behind her. It was dark in the kitchen, darker than it had been in the living room. She strained her eyes to see Sebastian and Max and saw nothing but shadows.

“Sebastian?” Uncertainty crept into her voice. “Sebastian, what are you doing in here? Where’s Max?”

“Isabelle.” She thought she saw something move, a shadow dark against lighter shadows. His voice was soft, kind, almost lovely. She hadn’t realized before now what a beautiful voice he had. “Isabelle, I’m sorry.”

“Sebastian, you’re acting weird. Stop it.”

“I’m sorry it’s you,” he said. “See, out of all of them, I liked you the best.”

“Sebastian—”

“Out of all of them,” he said again, in the same low voice, “I thought you were the most like me.”

He brought his fist down then, with the hammer in it.



Alec raced through the dark and burning streets, calling out over and over for Aline. As he left the Princewater district and entered the heart of the city, his pulse quickened. The streets were like a Bosch painting come to life: full of grotesque and macabre creatures and scenes of sudden, hideous violence. Panicked strangers shoved Alec aside without looking and ran screaming past without any apparent destination. The air stank of smoke and demons. Some of the houses were in flames; others had their windows knocked out. The cobblestones sparkled with broken glass. As he drew close to one building, he saw that what he’d thought was a discolored patch of paint was a huge swath of fresh blood splattered across the plaster. He spun in place, glancing in every direction, but saw nothing that explained it; nevertheless, he hurried away as quickly as he could.

Alec, alone of all the Lightwood children, remembered Alicante. He’d been a toddler when they’d left, yet he still carried recollections of the shimmering towers, the streets full

of snow in winter, chains of witchlight wreathing the shops and houses, water splashing in the mermaid fountain in the Hall. He had always felt an odd tug at his heart at the thought of Alicante, the half-painful hope that his family would return one day to the place where they belonged. To see the city like this was like the death of all joy. Turning onto a wider boulevard, one of the streets that led down to the Accords Hall, he saw a pack of Belial demons ducking through an archway, hissing and howling. They dragged something behind them—something that twitched and spasmed as it slid over the cobbled street. He darted down the street, but the demons were already gone. Crumpled against the base of a pillar was a limp shape leaking a spidery trail of blood. Broken glass crunched like pebbles under Alec's boots as he knelt to turn the body over. After a single glance at the purple, distorted face, he shuddered and drew away, grateful that it was no one he knew.

A noise made him scramble to his feet. He smelled the stench before he saw it: the shadow of something humped and huge slithering toward him from the far end of the street. A Greater Demon? Alec didn't wait to find out. He darted across the street toward one of the taller houses, leaping up onto a sill whose window glass had been smashed in. A few minutes later he was pulling himself onto the roof, his hands aching, his knees scraped. He got to his feet, brushing grit from his hands, and looked out over Alicante.

The ruined demon towers cast their dull, dead light down onto the moving streets of the city, where *things* loped and crawled and slunk in the shadows between buildings, like roaches skittering through a dark apartment. The air carried cries and shouts, the sound of screaming, names called on the wind—and there were the cries of demons as well, howls of mayhem and delight, shrieks that pierced the human ear like pain. Smoke rose above the honey-colored stone houses in a haze, wreathing the spires of the Hall of Accords. Glancing up toward the Gard, Alec saw a flood of Shadowhunters racing down the path from the hill, illuminated by the witchlights they carried. The Clave were coming down to battle.

He moved to the edge of the roof. The buildings here were very close together, their eaves almost touching. It was easy to jump from this roof to the next, and then to the one after that. He found himself running lightly along the rooftops, jumping the slight distances between houses. It was good to have the cold wind in his face, overpowering the stench of demons.

He'd been running for a few minutes before he realized two things: One, he was running toward the white spires of the Accords Hall. And two, there was something up ahead, in a square between two alleys, something that looked like a shower of rising sparks—except that they were blue, a dark gas-flame blue. Alec had seen blue sparks like that before. He stared for a moment before he began to run.

The roof closest to the square was steeply pitched. Alec skidded down the side of it, his boots knocking against loose shingles. Poised precariously at the edge, he looked down.

Cistern Square was below him, and his view was partly blocked by a massive metal pole that jutted out midway down the face of the building he was standing on. A wooden shop sign dangled from it, swaying in the breeze. The square beneath was full of Iblis demons—human-shaped but formed of a substance like coiling black smoke, each with a pair of burning yellow eyes. They had formed a line and were moving slowly toward the lone figure of a man in a sweeping gray coat, forcing him to retreat against a wall. Alec could only stare. Everything about the man was familiar—the lean curve of his back, the wild tangle of his dark hair, and the way that blue fire sprang from his fingertips like darting cyanotic fireflies.

Magnus. The warlock was hurling spears of blue fire at the Iblis demons; one spear struck an advancing demon in the chest. With a sound like a pail of water poured onto flames, it shuddered and vanished in a burst of ash. The others moved to fill his place—Iblis demons weren't very bright—and Magnus hurled another spate of fiery spears. Several Iblis fell, but now another demon, more cunning than the others, had drifted *around* Magnus and was coalescing behind him, ready to strike—

Alec didn't stop to think. Instead he jumped, catching the edge of the roof as he fell, and then dropped straight down to seize the metal pole and swing himself up and around it, slowing his fall. He released it and dropped lightly to the ground. The demon, startled, began to turn, its yellow eyes like flaming jewels; Alec had time only to reflect that if he were Jace, he would have had something clever to say before he snatched the seraph blade from his belt and ran it through the demon. With a dusty shriek the demon vanished, the violence of its exit from this dimension splattering Alec with a fine rain of ash.

"*Alec?*" Magnus was staring at him. He had dispatched the remaining Iblis demons, and the square was empty but for the two of them. "Did you just—did you just save my life?"

Alec knew he ought to say something like, *Of course, because I'm a Shadowhunter and that's what we do*, or *That's my job*. Jace would have said something like that. Jace always knew the right thing to say. But the words that actually came out of Alec's mouth were quite different—and sounded petulant, even to his own ears. "You never called me back," he said. "I called you so many times and you never called me back."

Magnus looked at Alec as if he'd lost his mind. "Your city is under attack," he said. "The wards have broken, and the streets are full of demons. And you want to know why I haven't *called you?*"

Alec set his jaw in a stubborn line. "I want to know why you haven't called me *back*."

Magnus threw his hands up in the air in a gesture of utter exasperation. Alec noted with interest that when he did it, a few sparks escaped from his fingertips, like fireflies escaping from a jar. "You're an idiot."

"Is *that* why you didn't call me? Because I'm an idiot?"

"No." Magnus strode toward him. "I didn't call you because I'm tired of you only wanting me around when you need something. I'm tired of watching you be in love with

someone else—someone, incidentally, who will never love you back. Not the way I do.”

“You *love* me?”

“You stupid Nephilim,” Magnus said patiently. “Why else am I here? Why else would I have spent the past few weeks patching up all your moronic friends every time they got hurt? And getting you out of every ridiculous situation you found yourself in? Not to mention helping you win a battle against Valentine. And all completely free of charge!”

“I hadn’t looked at it that way,” Alec admitted.

“Of course not. You never looked at it in any way.” Magnus’s cat eyes shone with anger. “I’m seven hundred years old, Alexander. I know when something isn’t going to work. You won’t even admit I exist to your parents.”

Alec stared at him. “I thought you were three hundred! You’re *seven hundred years old*?”

“Well,” Magnus amended, “eight hundred. But I don’t look it. Anyway, you’re missing the point. The point is—”

But Alec never found out what the point was because at that moment a dozen more Iblis demons flooded into the square. He felt his jaw drop. “Damn it.”

Magnus followed his gaze. The demons were already fanning out into a half circle around them, their yellow eyes glowing. “Way to change the subject, Lightwood.”

“Tell you what.” Alec reached for a second seraph blade. “We live through this, and I promise I’ll introduce you to my whole family.”

Magnus raised his hands, his fingers shining with individual azure flames. They lit his grin with a fiery blue glow. “It’s a deal.”

ALL THE HOST OF HELL

“Valentine,” Jace breathed. His face was white as he stared down at the city. Through the layers of smoke, Clary thought she could almost glimpse the narrow warren of city streets, choked with running figures, tiny black ants darting desperately to and fro—but she looked again and there was nothing, nothing but the thick clouds of black vapor and the stench of flame and smoke.

“You think Valentine did this?” The smoke was bitter in Clary’s throat. “It looks like a fire. Maybe it started on its own —”

“The North Gate is open.” Jace pointed toward something Clary could barely make out, given the distance and the distorting smoke. “It’s never left open. And the demon towers have lost their light. The wards must be down.” He drew a seraph blade from his belt, clutching it so tightly his knuckles turned the color of ivory. “I have to get over there.”

A knot of dread tightened Clary’s throat. “Simon—”

“They’ll have evacuated him from the Gard. Don’t worry, Clary. He’s probably better off than most down there. The demons aren’t likely to bother him. They tend to leave Downworlders alone.”

“I’m sorry,” Clary whispered. “The Lightwoods—Alec—Isabelle—”

“*Jahoel*,” Jace said, and the angel blade flared up, bright as daylight in his bandaged left hand. “Clary, I want you to stay here. I’ll come back for you.” The anger that had been in his

eyes since they'd left the manor had evaporated. He was all soldier now.

She shook her head. "No. I want to go with you."

"Clary—" He broke off, stiffening all over. A moment later Clary heard it too—a heavy, rhythmic pounding, and laid over that, a sound like the crackling of an enormous bonfire. It took Clary several long moments to deconstruct the sound in her mind, to break it down as one might break down a piece of music into its component notes. "It's—"

"*Werewolves.*" Jace was staring past her. Following his gaze, she saw them, streaming over the nearest hill like a spreading shadow, illuminated here and there with fierce bright eyes. A pack of wolves—more than a pack; there must have been hundreds of them, even a thousand. Their barking and baying had been the sound she'd thought was a fire, and it rose up into the night, brittle and harsh.

Clary's stomach turned over. She knew werewolves. She had fought beside werewolves. But these were not Luke's wolves, not wolves who'd been instructed to look after her and not to harm her. She thought of the terrible killing power of Luke's pack when it was unleashed, and suddenly she was afraid.

Beside her Jace swore once, fiercely. There was no time to reach for another weapon; he pulled her tightly against him, his free arm wrapped around her, and with his other hand he raised Jahoel high over their heads. The light of the blade was blinding. Clary gritted her teeth—

And the wolves were on them. It was like a wave crashing—a sudden blast of deafening noise, and a rush of air as the first wolves in the pack broke forward and *leaped*—there were burning eyes and gaping jaws—Jace dug his fingers into Clary's side—

And the wolves sailed by on either side of them, clearing the space where they stood by a good two feet. Clary whipped her head around in disbelief as two wolves—one sleek and brindled, the other huge and steely gray—hit the ground softly behind them, paused, and kept running, without even a

backward glance. There were wolves all around them, and yet not a single wolf touched them. They raced past, a flood of shadows, their coats reflecting moonlight in flashes of silver so that they almost seemed to be a single, moving river of shapes thundering toward Jace and Clary—and then parting around them like water around a stone. The two Shadowhunters might as well have been statues for all the attention the lycanthropes paid them as they hurtled by, their jaws gaping, their eyes fixed on the road ahead of them.

And then they were gone. Jace turned to watch the last of the wolves pass by and race to catch up with its companions. There was silence again now, only the very faint sounds of the city in the distance.

Jace let go of Clary, lowering Jahoel as he did so. “Are you all right?”

“What happened?” she whispered. “Those werewolves—they just went right by us—”

“They’re going to the city. To Alicante.” He took a second seraph blade from his belt and held it out to her. “You’ll need this.”

“You’re not leaving me here, then?”

“No point. It’s not safe anywhere. But—” He hesitated. “You’ll be careful?”

“I’ll be careful,” Clary said. “What do we do now?”

Jace looked down at Alicante, burning below them. “Now we run.”



It was never easy to keep up with Jace, and now, when he was running nearly flat out, it was almost impossible. Clary sensed that he was in fact restraining himself, cutting back his speed to let her catch up, and that it cost him something to do it.

The road flattened out at the base of the hill and curved through a stand of high, thickly branched trees, creating the illusion of a tunnel. When Clary came out the other side, she found herself standing before the North Gate. Through the

arch Clary could see a confusion of smoke and leaping flames. Jace stood in the gateway, waiting for her. He was holding Jahoel in one hand and another seraph blade in the other, but even their combined light was lost against the greater brightness of the burning city behind him.

“The guards,” she panted, racing up to him. “Why aren’t they here?”

“At least one of them is over in that stand of trees.” Jace jerked his chin in the direction they’d come from. “In pieces. No, don’t look.” He glanced down. “You’re holding your seraph blade wrong. Hold it like this.” He showed her. “And you need to name it. Cassiel would be a good one.”

“*Cassiel*,” Clary repeated, and the light of the blade flared up.

Jace looked at her soberly. “I wish I’d had time to train you for this. Of course, by all rights, no one with as little training as you should be able to use a seraph blade at all. It surprised me before, but now that we know what Valentine did—”

Clary very much did not want to talk about what Valentine had done. “Or maybe you were just worried that if you did train me properly, I’d turn out to be better than you,” she said.

The ghost of a smile touched the corner of his mouth. “Whatever happens, Clary,” he said, looking at her through Jahoel’s light, “stay with me. You understand?” He held her gaze, his eyes demanding a promise from her.

For some reason the memory of kissing him in the grass at the Wayland manor rose up in her mind. It seemed like a million years ago. Like something that had happened to someone else. “I’ll stay with you.”

“Good.” He looked away, releasing her. “Let’s go.”

They moved slowly through the gate, side by side. As they entered the city, she became aware of the noise of battle as if for the first time—a wall of sound made up of human screams and nonhuman howls, the sounds of smashing glass and the crackle of fire. It made the blood sing in her ears.

The courtyard just past the gate was empty. There were huddled shapes scattered here and there on the cobblestones; Clary tried not to look at them too hard. She wondered how it was that you could tell someone was dead even from a distance, without looking too closely. Dead bodies didn't resemble unconscious ones; it was as if you could sense that something had fled from them, that some essential spark was now missing.

Jace hurried them across the courtyard—Clary could tell he didn't like the open, unprotected space much—and down one of the streets that led off it. There was more wreckage here. Shop windows had been smashed and their contents looted and strewn around the street. There was a smell in the air too—a rancid, thick, garbage smell. Clary knew that smell. It meant demons.

"This way," Jace hissed. They ducked down another, narrower street. A fire was burning in an upper floor of one of the houses lining the road, though neither of the buildings on either side of it seemed to have been touched. Clary was oddly reminded of photos she'd seen of the Blitz in London, where destruction had rained down haphazardly from the sky.

Looking up, she saw that the fortress above the city was wreathed in a funnel of black smoke. "The Gard."

"I told you, they'll have evacuated—" Jace broke off as they came out from the narrow street into a larger thoroughfare. There were bodies in the road here, several of them. Some were small bodies. Children. Jace ran forward, Clary following more hesitantly. There were three, she saw as they got closer—none of them, she thought with guilty relief, old enough to be Max. Beside them was the corpse of an older man, his arms still thrown wide as if he'd been protecting the children with his own body.

Jace's expression was hard. "Clary—turn around. Slowly."

Clary turned. Just behind her was a broken shop window. There had been cakes in the display at some point—a tower of them covered in bright icing. They were scattered on the ground now among the smashed glass, and there was blood on

the cobblestones too, mixing with the icing in long pinkish streaks. But that wasn't what had put the note of warning into Jace's voice. Something was crawling out of the window—something formless and huge and slimy. Something equipped with a double row of teeth running the length of its oblong body, which was smeared with icing and dusted with broken glass like a layer of glittering sugar.

The demon flopped down out of the window onto the cobblestones and began to slither toward them. Something about its oozing, boneless motion made bile rise up in the back of Clary's throat. She backed up, almost knocking into Jace.

"It's a Behemoth demon," he said, staring at the slithering thing in front of them. "They eat *everything*."

"Do they eat . . . ?"

"People? Yes," Jace said. "Get behind me."

She took a few steps back to stand behind him, her eyes on the Behemoth. There was something about it that repulsed her even more than the demons she'd encountered before. It looked like a blind slug with teeth, and the way it *oozed*... But at least it didn't move fast. Jace shouldn't have much trouble killing it.

As if spurred on by her thought, Jace darted forward, slashing down with his blazing seraph blade. It sank into the Behemoth's back with a sound like overripe fruit being stepped on. The demon seemed to spasm, then shudder and reform, suddenly several feet away from where it had been before.

Jace drew Jehoel back. "I was afraid of that," he muttered. "It's only semi-corporeal. Hard to kill."

"Then don't." Clary tugged at his sleeve. "At least it doesn't move fast. Let's get out of here."

Jace let her pull him back reluctantly. They turned to run in the direction they'd come from—

And the demon was there again, in front of them, blocking the street. It seemed to have grown bigger, and a low noise was coming from it, a sort of angry insectile chittering.

“I don’t think it wants us to leave,” Jace said.

“Jace—”

But he was already running at the thing, sweeping Jahoel down in a long arc meant to decapitate, but the thing just shuddered again and reformed, this time behind him. It reared up, showing a ridged underside like a cockroach’s. Jace whirled and brought Jahoel down, slicing into the creature’s mid-section. Green fluid, thick as mucus, spurted over the blade.

Jace stepped back, his face twisting in disgust. The Behemoth was still making the same chittering noise. More fluid was spurting from it, but it didn’t seem hurt. It was moving forward purposefully.

“Jace!” Clary called. “Your blade—”

He looked down. The Behemoth demon’s mucus had coated Jahoel’s blade, dulling its flame. As he stared, the seraph blade spluttered and went out like a fire doused by sand. He dropped the weapon with a curse before any of the demon’s slime could touch him.

The Behemoth reared back again, ready to strike. Jace ducked back—and then Clary was there, darting between him and the demon, her seraph blade swinging. She jabbed the creature just below its row of teeth, the blade sinking into its mass with a wet, ugly sound.

She jerked back, gasping, as the demon went into another spasm. It seemed to take the creature a certain amount of energy to reform each time it was wounded. If they could just wound it enough times—

Something moved at the edge of Clary’s vision. A flicker of gray and brown, moving fast. They weren’t alone in the street. Jace turned, his eyes widening. “Clary!” he shouted. “Behind you!”

Clary whirled, Cassiel blazing in her grip, just as the wolf launched itself at her, its lips drawn back in a fierce snarl, its jaws gaping wide.

Jace shouted something; Clary didn't know what, but she saw the wild look in his eyes, even as she threw herself sideways, out of the path of the wolf. It sailed by her, claws outstretched, body arched—and struck its target, the Behemoth, knocking it flat to the ground before tearing at it with bared teeth.

The demon screamed, or as close as it could come to screaming—a high-pitched whining sound, like air being let out of a balloon. The wolf was on top of it, pinning it, its muzzle buried deep in the demon's slimy hide. The Behemoth shuddered and thrashed in a desperate effort to reform and heal its injuries, but the wolf wasn't giving it a chance. Its claws sunk deeply into demon flesh, the wolf tore chunks of jellylike flesh out of the Behemoth's body with its teeth, ignoring the spurting green fluid that fountained around it. The Behemoth began a last, desperate series of convulsive spasms, its serrated jaws clacking together as it thrashed—and then it was gone, only a viscous puddle of green fluid steaming on the cobblestones where it had been.

The wolf made a noise—a sort of satisfied grunt—and turned to regard Jace and Clary with eyes turned silver by the moonlight. Jace pulled another blade from his belt and held it high, drawing a fiery line on the air between themselves and the werewolf.

The wolf snarled, the hair rising stiffly along its spine.

Clary caught at his arm. “No—don't.”

“It's a *werewolf*, Clary—”

“It killed the demon for us! It's on our side!” She broke away from Jace before he could hold her back, approaching the wolf slowly, her hands out, palms flat. She spoke in a low, calm voice: “I'm sorry. We're sorry. We know you don't want to hurt us.” She paused, hands still outstretched, as the wolf regarded her with blank eyes. “Who—who are you?” she asked. She looked back over her shoulder at Jace and frowned. “Can you put that thing away?”

Jace looked as if he were about to tell her in no uncertain terms that you didn't just *put away* a seraph blade that was

blazing in the presence of danger, but before he could say anything, the wolf gave another low growl and began to rise. Its legs elongated, its spine straightening, its jaw retracting. In a few seconds a girl stood in front of them—a girl wearing a stained white shift dress, her curling hair tied back in multiple braids, a scar banding her throat.

““Who are you?”” the girl mimicked in disgust. “I can’t believe you didn’t recognize me. It’s not like all wolves look exactly alike. *Humans*.”

Clary let out a breath of relief. “Maia!”

“It’s me. Saving your butts, as usual.” She grinned. She was spattered with blood and ichor—it hadn’t been that visible against her wolf’s coat, but the black and red streaks stood out startlingly against her brown skin. She put her hand against her stomach. “And *gross*, by the way. I can’t believe I munched all that demon. I hope I’m not allergic.”

“But what are you *doing* here?” Clary demanded. “I mean, not that we’re not glad to see you, but—”

“Don’t you know?” Maia looked from Jace to Clary in puzzlement. “Luke brought us here.”

“Luke?” Clary stared. “Luke is . . . here?”

Maia nodded. “He got in touch with his pack, and a bunch of others, everyone he could think of, and told us all we had to come to Idris. We flew to the border and traveled from there. Some of the other packs, they Portaled into the forest and met us there. Luke said the Nephilim were going to need our help. . . .” Her voice trailed off. “Did you not know about this?”

“No,” said Jace, “and I doubt the Clave did either. They’re not big on taking help from Downworlders.”

Maia straightened up, her eyes sparking with anger. “If it hadn’t been for us, you all would have been *slaughtered*. There was no one protecting the city when we got here—”

“Don’t,” Clary said, shooting an angry look at Jace. “I’m really, really grateful to you for saving us, Maia, and Jace is too, even though he’s so stubborn that he’d rather jam a seraph

blade through his eyeball than say so. And don't say you hope he does," she added hastily, seeing the look on the other girl's face, "because that's really not helpful. Right now we need to get to the Lightwoods' house, and then I have to find Luke—"

"The Lightwoods? I think they're in the Accords Hall. That's where we've been bringing everyone. I saw Alec there, at least," Maia said, "and that warlock, too, the one with the spiky hair. Magnus."

"If Alec is there, the others must be too." The look of relief on Jace's face made Clary want to put her hand on his shoulder. She didn't. "Clever to bring everyone to the Hall; it's warded." He slid the glowing seraph blade into his belt. "Come on—let's go."



Clary recognized the inside of the Hall of Accords the moment she entered it. It was the place she had dreamed about, where she had been dancing with Simon and then Jace.

This was where I was trying to send myself when I went through the Portal, she thought, looking around at the pale white walls and the high ceiling with its enormous glass skylight through which she could see the night sky. The room, though very large, seemed somehow smaller and dingier than it had in her dream. The mermaid fountain was still there in the center of the room, spurting water, but it looked tarnished, and the steps that led up to it were crowded with people, many sporting bandages. The space was full of Shadowhunters, people hurrying here and there, sometimes stopping to peer into the faces of other passersby as if hoping to find a friend or a relative. The floor was filthy with dirt, tracked with smeared mud and blood.

What struck Clary more than anything else was the silence. If this had been the aftermath of some disaster in the mundane world, there would have been people shouting, screaming, calling out to one another. But the room was almost soundless. People sat quietly, some with their heads in their hands, some staring into space. Children huddled close to their parents, but none of them were crying.

She noticed something else, too, as she made her way into the room, Jace and Maia on either side of her. There was a group of scruffy-looking people standing by the fountain in a ragged circle. They stood somehow apart from the rest of the crowd, and when Maia caught sight of them and smiled, Clary realized why.

“My pack!” Maia exclaimed. She darted toward them, pausing only to glance back over her shoulder at Clary as she went. “I’m sure Luke’s around here somewhere,” she called, and vanished into the group, which closed around her. Clary wondered, for a moment, what would happen if she followed the werewolf girl into the circle. Would they welcome her as Luke’s friend, or just be suspicious of her as another Shadowhunter?

“Don’t,” Jace said, as if reading her mind. “It’s not a good —”

But Clary never found out what it wasn’t, because there was a cry of “*Jace!*” and Alec appeared, breathless from pushing his way through the crowd to get to them. His dark hair was a mess and there was blood on his clothes, but his eyes were bright with a mixture of relief and anger. He grabbed Jace by the front of his jacket. “What *happened* to you?”

Jace looked affronted. “What happened to *me*?”

Alec shook him, not lightly. “You said you were going for a *walk*! What kind of walk takes six hours?”

“A long one?” Jace suggested.

“I could kill you,” Alec said, releasing his grip on Jace’s clothes. “I’m seriously thinking about it.”

“That would kind of defeat the point, though, wouldn’t it?” said Jace. He glanced around. “Where is everyone? Isabelle, and—”

“Isabelle and Max are back at the Penhallows’, with Sebastian,” said Alec. “Mom and Dad are on their way there to get them. And Aline’s here, with her parents, but she’s not

talking much. She had a pretty bad time with a Rahab demon down by one of the canals. But Izzy saved her.”

“And Simon?” Clary said anxiously. “Have you seen Simon? He should have come down with the others from the Gard.”

Alec shook his head. “No, I haven’t—but I haven’t seen the Inquisitor, either, or the Consul. He’d probably be with one of them. Maybe they stopped somewhere else, or—” He broke off, as a murmur swept the room; Clary saw the group of lycanthropes look up, alert as a group of hunting dogs scenting game. She turned—

And saw Luke, tired and bloodstained, coming through the double doors of the Hall.

She ran toward him. Forgetting how upset she’d been when he’d left, and forgetting how angry he’d been with her for bringing them here, forgetting everything but how glad she was to see him. He looked surprised for a moment as she barreled toward him—then he smiled, and put his arms out, and picked her up as he hugged her, the way he’d done when she’d been very small. He smelled like blood and flannel and smoke, and for a moment she closed her eyes, thinking of the way Alec had grabbed onto Jace the moment he’d seen him in the Hall, because that was what you did with family when you’d been worried about them, you grabbed them and held on to them and told them how much they’d pissed you off, and it was okay, because no matter how angry you got, they still belonged to you. And what she had said to Valentine was true. Luke was her family.

He set her back down on her feet, wincing a little as he did so. “Careful,” he said. “A Croucher demon got me in the shoulder down by Merryweather Bridge.” He put his hands on her shoulders, studying her face. “But you’re all right, aren’t you?”

“Well, this is a touching scene,” said a cold voice. “Isn’t it?”

Clary turned, Luke’s hand still on her shoulder. Behind her stood a tall man in a blue cloak that swirled around his feet as

he moved toward them. His face under the hood of his cloak was the face of a carved statue: high-cheekboned with eagle-sharp features and heavy-lidded eyes. “Lucian,” he said, without looking at Clary. “I might have expected you’d be the one behind this—this invasion.”

“*Invasion?*” Luke echoed, and suddenly, there was his pack of lycanthropes, standing behind him. They had moved into place so quickly and silently it was as if they’d appeared from out of nowhere. “We’re not the ones who invaded your city, Consul. That was Valentine. We’re just trying to help.”

“The Clave doesn’t need help,” the Consul snapped. “Not from the likes of you. You’re breaking the Law just by entering the Glass City, wards or no wards. You must know that.”

“I think it’s fairly clear that the Clave *does* need help. If we hadn’t come when we did, many more of you would now be dead.” Luke glanced around the room; several groups of Shadowhunters had moved toward them, drawn to see what was going on. Some of them met Luke’s gaze head-on; others dropped their eyes, as if ashamed. But none of them, Clary thought with a sudden surge of surprise, looked angry. “I did it to prove a point, Malachi.”

Malachi’s voice was cold. “And what point might that be?”

“That you need us,” Luke said. “To defeat Valentine, you need our help. Not just the help of lycanthropes, but of all Downworlders.”

“What can Downworlders do against Valentine?” Malachi asked scornfully. “Lucian, you know better than that. You were one of us once. We have always stood alone against all perils and guarded the world from evil. We will meet Valentine’s power now with a power of our own. The Downworlders would do well to stay out of our way. We are Nephilim; we fight our own battles.”

“That’s not *precisely* true, is it?” said a velvety voice. It was Magnus Bane, wearing a long and glittering coat, multiple hoops in his ears, and a roguish expression. Clary had no idea where he’d come from. “You lot have used the help of

warlocks on more than one occasion in the past, and paid handsomely for it too.”

Malachi scowled. “I don’t remember the Clave inviting you into the Glass City, Magnus Bane.”

“They didn’t,” Magnus said. “Your wards are down.”

“Really?” the Consul’s voice dripped sarcasm. “I hadn’t noticed.”

Magnus looked concerned. “That’s terrible. Someone should have told you.” He glanced at Luke. “Tell him the wards are down.”

Luke looked exasperated. “Malachi, for God’s sake, the Downworlders are strong; we have numbers. I told you, we can help.”

The Consul’s voice rose. “And I told *you*, we don’t need or want your help!”

“Magnus,” Clary slipped silently to his side and whispered. A small crowd had gathered, watching Luke and the Consul fight; she was fairly sure no one was paying attention to her. “Come talk to me. While they’re all too busy squabbling to notice.”

Magnus gave her a quick questioning look, nodded, and drew her away, cutting through the crowd like a can opener. None of the assembled Shadowhunters or werewolves seemed to want to stand in the way of a six-foot-tall warlock with cat eyes and a manic grin. He hustled her into a quieter corner. “What is it?”

“I got the book.” Clary drew it from the pocket of her bedraggled coat, leaving smeared fingerprints on the ivory cover. “I went to Valentine’s manor. It was in the library like you said. And—” She broke off, thinking of the imprisoned angel. “Never mind.” She offered him the Book of the White. “Here. Take it.”

Magnus plucked the book from her grasp with a long-fingered hand. He flipped through the pages, his eyes widening. “This is even better than I’d heard it was,” he

announced gleefully. “I can’t wait to get started on these spells.”

“Magnus!” Clary’s sharp voice brought him back down to earth. “My mom first. You promised.”

“And I abide by my promises.” The warlock nodded gravely.

“There’s something else, too,” she added, thinking of Simon. “Before you go—”

“Clary!” A voice spoke, breathless, at her shoulder. She turned in surprise to see Sebastian standing beside her. He was wearing gear, and it looked right on him somehow, she thought, as if he were born to wear it. Where everyone else looked bloodstained and disheveled, he was unmarked—except for a double line of scratches that ran the length of his left cheek, as if something had clawed at him with a taloned hand. “I was worried about you. I went by Amatis’s house on the way here, but you weren’t there, and she said she hadn’t seen you—”

“Well, I’m fine.” Clary glanced from Sebastian to Magnus, who was holding the Book of the White against his chest. Sebastian’s angular eyebrows were raised. “Are you? Your face—” She reached up to touch his injuries. The scratches were still oozing a trace amount of blood.

Sebastian shrugged, brushing her hand away gently. “A she-demon got me near the Penhallows’. I’m fine, though. What’s going on?”

“Nothing. I was just talking to Ma—Ragnor,” Clary said hastily, realizing with a sudden horror that Sebastian had no idea who Magnus actually was.

“Maragnor?” Sebastian arched his eyebrows. “Okay, then.” He glanced curiously at the Book of the White. Clary wished Magnus would put it away—the way he was holding it, its gilded lettering was clearly visible. “What’s that?”

Magnus studied him for a moment, his cat eyes considering. “A spell book,” he said finally. “Nothing that would be of interest to a Shadowhunter.”

“Actually, my aunt collects spell books. Can I see?” Sebastian held his hand out, but before Magnus could refuse, Clary heard someone call her name, and Jace and Alec descended on them, clearly none too pleased to see Sebastian.

“I thought I told you to stay with Max and Isabelle!” Alec snapped at him. “Did you leave them alone?”

Slowly Sebastian’s eyes moved from Magnus to Alec. “Your parents came home, just like you said they would.” His voice was cold. “They sent me ahead to tell you they were all right, and so are Izzy and Max. They’re on their way.”

“Well,” said Jace, his voice heavy with sarcasm, “thanks for passing on *that* news the second you got here.”

“I didn’t see you the second I got here,” said Sebastian. “I saw Clary.”

“Because you were looking for her.”

“Because I needed to talk to her. Alone.” He caught Clary’s eyes again, and the intensity in them gave her pause. She wanted to tell him not to look at her like that when Jace was there, but that would sound unreasonable and crazy, and besides, maybe he actually had something important to tell her. “Clary?”

She nodded. “All right. Just for a second,” she said, and saw Jace’s expression change: He didn’t scowl, but his face went very still. “I’ll be right back,” she added, but Jace didn’t look at her. He was looking at Sebastian.

Sebastian took her by the wrist and drew her away from the others, pulling her toward the thickest part of the crowd. She glanced back over her shoulder. They were all watching her, even Magnus. She saw him shake his head once, very slightly.

She dug her heels in. “Sebastian. *Stop*. What is it? What do you have to tell me?”

He turned to face her, still holding her wrist. “I thought we could go outside,” he said. “Talk in private—”

“No. I want to stay here,” she said, and heard her own voice waver slightly, as if she weren’t sure. But she *was* sure. She

yanked her wrist back, pulling it out of his grasp. “What is going on with you?”

“That book,” he said. “That Fell was holding—the Book of the White—do you know where he got it?”

“*That’s* what you wanted to talk to me about?”

“It’s an extraordinarily powerful spell book,” explained Sebastian. “And one that—well, that a lot of people have been looking for for a long time.”

She blew out an exasperated breath. “All right, Sebastian, look,” she said. “That’s not Ragnor Fell. That’s Magnus Bane.”

“*That’s* Magnus Bane?” Sebastian spun around and stared before turning back to Clary with an accusatory look in his eyes. “And you knew all along, right? You know Bane.”

“Yes, and I’m sorry. But he didn’t want me to tell you. And he was the only one who could help me save my mother. That’s why I gave him the Book of the White. There’s a spell in there that might help her.”

Something flashed behind Sebastian’s eyes, and Clary had the same feeling she’d had after he’d kissed her: a sudden wrench of wrongness, as if she’d taken a step forward expecting to find solid ground under her feet and instead plunged into empty space. His hand shot out and grabbed her wrist. “You gave the book—the Book of the White—to a *warlock*? A filthy Downworlder?”

Clary went very still. “I can’t believe you just said that.” She looked down at the place where Sebastian’s hand encircled her wrist. “Magnus is my friend.”

Sebastian loosened his grip on her wrist, just a fraction. “I’m sorry,” he said. “I shouldn’t have said that. It’s just—how well do you know Magnus Bane?”

“Better than I know you,” Clary said coldly. She glanced back toward the place she’d left Magnus standing with Jace and Alec—and a shock of surprise went through her. Magnus was gone. Jace and Alec stood by themselves, watching her

and Sebastian. She could sense the heat of Jace's disapproval like an open oven.

Sebastian followed her gaze, his eyes darkening. "Well enough to know where he went with your book?"

"It's not my book. I gave it to him," Clary snapped. "And I don't see what business it is of yours, either. Look, I appreciate that you offered to help me find Ragnor Fell yesterday, but you're really freaking me out now. I'm going back to my friends."

She started to turn away, but he moved to block her. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said what I did. It's just—there's more to all this than you know."

"So tell me."

"Come outside with me. I'll tell you everything." His tone was anxious, worried. "Clary, please."

She shook her head. "I have to stay here. I have to wait for Simon." It was partly true, and partly an excuse. "Alec told me they'd be bringing the prisoners here—"

Sebastian was shaking his head. "Clary, didn't anyone tell you? They left the prisoners behind. I heard Malachi say so. The city was attacked, and they evacuated the Gard, but they didn't get the prisoners out. Malachi said they were both in league with Valentine anyway. That there was no way letting them out wouldn't be too much of a risk."

Clary's head seemed to be full of fog; she felt dizzy, and a little sick. "That can't be true."

"It is true," Sebastian said. "I swear it is." His grip on Clary's wrist tightened again, and she swayed on her feet. "I can take you up there. Up to the Gard. I can help you get him out. But you have to promise me that you'll—"

"She doesn't have to promise you anything," Jace said. "Let her go, Sebastian."

Sebastian, startled, loosened his grip on Clary's wrist. She pulled it free, turning to see Jace and Alec, both scowling.

Jace's hand was resting lightly on the hilt of the seraph blade at his waist.

"Clary can do what she wants," Sebastian said. He wasn't scowling, but there was an odd, fixed look about his face that was somehow worse. "And right now she wants to come with me to save her friend. The friend *you* got thrown in prison."

Alec blanched at that, but Jace only shook his head. "I don't like you," he said thoughtfully. "I know everyone else likes you, Sebastian, but I don't. Maybe it's that you work so hard to *make* people like you. Maybe I'm just a contrary bastard. But I don't like you, and I don't like the way you were grabbing at my sister. If she wants to go up to the Gard and look for Simon, fine. She'll go with us. Not you."

Sebastian's fixed expression didn't change. "I think that should be her choice," he said. "Don't you?"

They both looked at Clary. She looked past them, toward Luke, still arguing with Malachi.

"I want to go with my brother," she said.

Something flickered behind Sebastian's eyes—something that was there and gone too quickly for Clary to identify it, though she felt a chill at the base of her neck, as if a cold hand had touched her there. "Of course you do," he said, and stepped aside.

It was Alec who moved first, pushing Jace ahead of him, making him walk. They were partway to the doors when she realized that her wrist was hurting—stinging as if it had been burned. Looking down, she expected to see a mark on her wrist, where Sebastian had gripped her, but there was nothing there. Just a smear of blood on her sleeve where she had touched the cut on his face. Frowning, with her wrist still stinging, she drew her sleeve down and hurried to catch up with the others.

12

DE PROFUNDIS

Simon's hands were black with blood.

He had tried yanking the bars out of the window and the cell door, but touching any of them for very long seared bleeding score marks into his palms. Eventually he collapsed, gasping, on the floor, and stared numbly at his hands as the injuries swiftly healed, the lesions closing up and the blackened skin flaking away like in a video on fast-forward.

On the other side of the cell wall, Samuel was praying. *“If, when evil cometh upon us, as the sword, judgment, or pestilence, or famine, we stand before this house, and in thy presence, and cry unto thee in our affliction, then thou wilt hear and help—”*

Simon knew he couldn't pray. He'd tried it before, and the name of God burned his mouth and choked his throat. He wondered why he could think the words but not say them. And why he could stand in the noonday sun and not die but he couldn't say his last prayers.

Smoke had begun to drift down the corridor like a purposeful ghost. He could smell burning and hear the crackle of fire spreading out of control, but he felt oddly detached, far from everything. It was strange to become a vampire, to be presented with what could only be described as an eternal life, and then to die anyway when you were sixteen.

“Simon!” The voice was faint, but his hearing caught it over the pop and crackle of growing flames. The smoke in the corridor had presaged heat; the heat was here now, pressing against him like an oppressive wall. “Simon!”

The voice was Clary's. He would know it anywhere. He wondered if his mind was conjuring it up now, a sense memory of what he'd most loved during life to carry him through the process of death.

"Simon, you stupid idiot! I'm over here! At the window!"

Simon jumped to his feet. He doubted his mind would conjure *that* up. Through the thickening smoke he saw something white moving against the bars of the window. As he came closer, the white objects evolved into hands gripping the bars. He leaped onto the cot, yelling over the sound of the fire. "Clary?"

"Oh, thank God." One of the hands reached out, squeezed his shoulder. "We're going to get you out of here."

"How?" Simon demanded, not unreasonably, but there was the sound of a scuffle and Clary's hands vanished, replaced a moment later by another pair. These were bigger hands, unquestionably masculine, with scarred knuckles and thin pianist's fingers.

"Hang on." Jace's voice was calm, confident, for all the world as if they were chatting at a party instead of through the bars of a rapidly burning dungeon. "You might want to stand back."

Startled into obedience, Simon moved aside. Jace's hands tightened on the bars, his knuckles whitening alarmingly. There was a groaning crack, and the square of bars jerked free of the stone that held it and clattered to the ground beside the bed. Stone dust rained down in a choking white cloud.

Jace's face appeared at the empty square of window. "Simon. Come ON." He reached down.

Simon reached up and caught Jace's hands. He felt himself hauled up, and then he was grabbing at the edge of the window, lifting himself through the narrow square like a snake wriggling through a tunnel. A second later he was sprawled out on damp grass, staring up at a circle of worried faces above him. Jace, Clary, and Alec. They were all looking down at him in concern.

“You look like crap, vampire,” Jace said. “What happened to your hands?”

Simon sat up. The injuries to his hands had healed, but they were still black where he’d grabbed at the bars of his cell. Before he could reply, Clary caught him in a sudden, fierce hug.

“Simon,” she breathed. “I can’t believe it. I didn’t even know you were here. I thought you were in New York until last night—”

“Yeah, well,” Simon said, “I didn’t know you were here either.” He glared at Jace over her shoulder. “In fact, I think I was specifically told that you weren’t.”

“I never said that,” Jace pointed out. “I just didn’t correct you when you were, you know, wrong. Anyway, I just saved you from being burned to death, so I figure you’re not allowed to be mad.”

Burned to death. Simon pulled away from Clary and stared around. They were in a square garden, surrounded on two sides by the walls of the fortress and on the other two sides by a heavy growth of trees. The trees had been cleared where a gravel path led down the hill to the city—it was lined with witchlight torches, but only a few were burning, their light dim and erratic. He looked up at the Gard. Seen from this angle, you could barely even tell there was a fire—black smoke stained the sky overhead, and the light in a few windows seemed unnaturally bright, but the stone walls hid their secret well.

“Samuel,” he said. “We have to get Samuel out.”

Clary looked baffled. “Who?”

“I wasn’t the only person down there. Samuel—he was in the next cell.”

“The heap of rags I saw through the window?” Jace recalled.

“Yeah. He’s kind of weird, but he’s a good guy. We can’t leave him down there.” Simon scrambled to his feet. “Samuel? Samuel!”

There was no answer. Simon ran to the low, barred window beside the one he'd just crawled through. Through the bars he could see only swirling smoke. "Samuel! Are you in there?"

Something moved inside the smoke—something hunched and dark. Samuel's voice, roughened by smoke, rose hoarsely. "Leave me alone! Go away!"

"Samuel! You'll die down there." Simon yanked at the bars. Nothing happened.

"No! Leave me alone! I want to stay!"

Simon looked desperately around to see Jace beside him. "Move," Jace said, and when Simon leaned to the side, he kicked out with a booted foot. It connected with the bars, which tore free violently from their mooring and tumbled into Samuel's cell. Samuel gave a hoarse shout.

"Samuel! Are you all right?" A vision of Samuel being brained by the falling bars rose up before Simon's eyes.

Samuel's voice rose to a scream. "GO AWAY!"

Simon looked sideways at Jace. "I think he means it."

Jace shook his blond head in exasperation. "You had to make a crazy jail friend, didn't you? You couldn't just count ceiling tiles or tame a pet mouse like normal prisoners do?" Without waiting for an answer, Jace got down on the ground and crawled through the window.

"Jace!" Clary yelped, and she and Alec hurried over, but Jace was already through the window, dropping into the cell below. Clary shot Simon an angry look. "How could you let him do that?"

"Well, he couldn't leave that guy down there to die," Alec said unexpectedly, though he looked a little anxious himself. "It's Jace we're talking about here—"

He broke off as two hands rose up out of the smoke. Alec grabbed one and Simon the other, and together they hauled Samuel like a limp sack of potatoes out of the cell and deposited him on the lawn. A moment later Simon and Clary were grabbing Jace's hands and pulling him out, though he

was considerably less limp and swore when they accidentally banged his head on the ledge. He shook them off, crawling the rest of the way onto the grass himself and then collapsing onto his back. “Ouch,” he said, staring up at the sky. “I think I pulled something.” He sat up and glanced over at Samuel. “Is he okay?”

Samuel sat hunched on the ground, his hands splayed over his face. He was rocking back and forth soundlessly.

“I think there’s something wrong with him,” said Alec. He reached down to touch Samuel’s shoulder. Samuel jerked away, almost toppling over. “Leave me alone,” he said, his voice cracking. “Please. Leave me alone, Alec.”

Alec went still all over. “What did you say?”

“He said to leave him alone,” said Simon, but Alec wasn’t looking at him, didn’t even appear to notice he had spoken. He was looking at Jace—who, suddenly very pale, had already begun to rise to his feet.

“Samuel,” Alec said. His tone was strangely harsh. “Take your hands away from your face.”

“No.” Samuel tucked his chin down, his shoulders shaking. “No, please. No.”

“Alec!” Simon protested. “Can’t you see he isn’t well?”

Clary caught at Simon’s sleeve. “Simon, there’s something wrong.”

Her eyes were on Jace—when weren’t they?—as he moved to stare down at the crouched figure of Samuel. The tips of Jace’s fingers were bleeding where he’d scraped them on the window ledge, and when he moved to push his hair back from his eyes, they left bloody tracks across his cheek. He didn’t seem to notice. His eyes were wide, his mouth a flat, angry line. “Shadowhunter,” he said. His voice was deathly clear. “Show us your face.”

Samuel hesitated, then dropped his hands. Simon had never seen his face before, and he hadn’t realized how gaunt Samuel was, or how old he looked. His face was half-covered by a thatch of thick gray beard, the eyes swimming in dark hollows,

his cheeks grooved with lines. But for all that, he was still—somehow—strangely familiar.

Alec's lips moved, but no sound came out. It was Jace who spoke.

"Hodge," he said.



"Hodge?" Simon echoed in confusion. "But it can't be. Hodge was . . . and Samuel, he can't be . . ."

"Well, that's just what Hodge does, apparently," Alec said bitterly. "He makes you think he's someone he's not."

"But he said—," Simon began. Clary's grip tightened on his sleeve, and the words died on his lips. The expression on Hodge's face was enough. Not guilt, really, or even horror at being discovered, but a terrible grief that was hard to look at for long.

"Jace," Hodge said very quietly. "Alec . . . I'm so sorry."

Jace moved then the way he moved when he was fighting, like sunlight across water. He was standing in front of Hodge with a knife out, the sharp tip of it aimed at his old tutor's throat. The reflected glow of the fire slid off the blade. "I don't want your apologies. I want a reason why I shouldn't kill you right now, right here."

"Jace." Alec looked alarmed. "Jace, wait."

There was a sudden roar as part of the Gard roof went up in orange tongues of flame. Heat shimmered in the air and lit the night. Clary could see every blade of grass on the ground, every line on Hodge's thin and dirty face.

"No," Jace said. His blank expression as he gazed down at Hodge reminded Clary of another masklike face. Valentine's. "You knew what my father did to me, didn't you? You knew all his dirty secrets."

Alec was looking uncomprehendingly from Jace to his old tutor. "What are you talking about? What's going on?"

Hodge's face creased. "Jonathan . . ."

“You’ve always known, and you never said anything. All those years in the Institute, and you never said anything.”

Hodge’s mouth sagged. “I—I wasn’t sure,” he whispered. “When you haven’t seen a child since he was a baby—I wasn’t sure who you were, much less *what* you were.”

“Jace?” Alec was looking from his best friend to his tutor, his blue eyes dismayed, but neither of the two was paying attention to anything but the other. Hodge looked like a man trapped in a tightening vise, his hands jerking at his sides as if with pain, his eyes darting. Clary thought of the neatly dressed man in his book-lined library who had offered her tea and kindly advice. It seemed like a thousand years ago.

“I don’t believe you,” Jace said. “You knew Valentine wasn’t dead. He must have told you—”

“He told me nothing,” Hodge gasped. “When the Lightwoods informed me they were taking in Michael Wayland’s son, I hadn’t heard a word from Valentine since the Uprising. I had thought he had forgotten me. I’d even prayed he was dead, but I never knew. And then, the night before you arrived, Hugo came with a message for me from Valentine. ‘The boy is my son.’ That’s all it said.” He took a ragged breath. “I had no idea whether to believe him. I thought I’d know—I thought I’d know, just looking at you, but there was nothing, *nothing*, to make me sure. And I thought that this was a trick of Valentine’s, but what trick? What was he trying to do? You had no idea, that was clear enough to me, but as for Valentine’s purpose—”

“*You should have told me what I was,*” Jace said, all in one breath, as if the words were being punched out of him. “I could have done something about it, then. Killed myself, maybe.”

Hodge raised his head, looking up at Jace through his matted, filthy hair. “I wasn’t sure,” he said again, half to himself, “and in the times that I wondered—I thought, perhaps, that upbringing might matter more than blood—that you could be taught—”

“Taught what? Not to be a monster?” Jace’s voice shook, but the knife in his hand was steady. “You should know better. He made a crawling coward out of you, didn’t he? And you weren’t a helpless little kid when he did it. You could have fought back.”

Hodge’s eyes fell. “I tried to do my best by you,” he said, but even to Clary’s ears his words sounded weak.

“Until Valentine came back,” Jace said, “and then you did everything he asked of you—you gave me to him like I was a dog that had belonged to him once, that he’d asked you to look after for a few years—”

“And then you left,” said Alec. “You left us all. Did you really think you could hide here, in Alicante?”

“I didn’t come here to hide,” said Hodge, his voice lifeless. “I came here to stop Valentine.”

“You can’t expect us to believe that.” Alec sounded angry again now. “You’ve always been on Valentine’s side. You could have chosen to turn your back on him—”

“I could never have chosen that!” Hodge’s voice rose. “Your parents were given their chance for a new life—I was never given that! I was trapped in the Institute for fifteen years —”

“The Institute was our home!” Alec said. “Was it really so bad living with us—being part of our family?”

“Not because of you.” Hodge’s voice was ragged. “I loved you children. But you were *children*. And no place that you are never allowed to leave can be a home. I went weeks sometimes without speaking to another adult. No other Shadowhunter would trust me. Not even your parents truly liked me; they tolerated me because they had no choice. I could never marry. Never have children of my own. Never have a life. And eventually you children would have been grown and gone, and then I wouldn’t even have had that. I lived in fear, as much as I lived at all.”

“You can’t make us feel sorry for you,” Jace said. “Not after what you did. And what the hell were you afraid of,

spending all your time in the library? Dust mites? We were the ones who went out and fought demons!”

“He was afraid of Valentine,” Simon said. “Don’t you get it —”

Jace shot him a venomous look. “Shut up, vampire. This isn’t in any way about you.”

“Not Valentine exactly,” Hodge said, looking at Simon for almost the first time since he’d been dragged from the cell. There was something in that look that surprised Clary—a tired almost-affection. “My own weakness where Valentine was concerned. I knew he would return someday. I knew he would make a bid for power again, a bid to rule the Clave. And I knew what he could offer me. Freedom from my curse. A life. A place in the world. I could have been a Shadowhunter again, in his world. I could never be one again in this one.” There was a naked longing in his voice that was painful to hear. “And I knew I would be too weak to refuse him if he offered it.”

“And look at the life you got,” Jace spat. “Rotting in the cells of the Gard. Was it worth it, betraying us?”

“You know the answer to that.” Hodge sounded exhausted. “Valentine took the curse off me. He’d sworn he would, and he did. I thought he’d bring me back to the Circle, or what remained of it then. He didn’t. Even he didn’t want me. I knew there would be no place for me in his new world. And I knew I’d sold out everything I did have for a lie.” He looked down at his clenched, filthy hands. “There was only one thing I had left—one chance to make something other than an utter waste out of my life. After I heard that Valentine had killed the Silent Brothers—that he had the Mortal Sword—I knew he would go after the Mortal Glass next. I knew he needed all three of the Instruments. And I knew the Mortal Glass was here in Idris.”

“Wait.” Alec held up a hand. “The Mortal Glass? You mean, you know where it is? And who has it?”

“No one has it,” said Hodge. “No one could own the Mortal Glass. No Nephilim, and no Downworlder.”

“You really did go crazy down there,” Jace said, jerking his chin toward the burned-out windows of the dungeons, “didn’t you?”

“Jace.” Clary was looking anxiously up at the Gard, its roof crowned with a thorny net of red-gold flames. “The fire is spreading. We should get out of here. We can talk down in the city—”

“I was locked in the Institute for fifteen years,” Hodge went on, as if Clary hadn’t spoken. “I couldn’t put so much as a hand or a foot outside. I spent all my time in the library, researching ways to remove the curse the Clave had put on me. I learned that only a Mortal Instrument could reverse it. I read book after book telling the story of the mythology of the Angel, how he rose from the lake bearing the Mortal Instruments and gave them to Jonathan Shadowhunter, the first Nephilim, and how there were three of them: Cup, Sword, and Mirror—”

“We know all this,” Jace interrupted, exasperated. “You taught it to us.”

“You think you know all of it, but you don’t. As I went over and over the various versions of the histories, I happened again and again on the same illustration, the same image—we’ve all seen it—the Angel rising out of the lake with the Sword in one hand and the Cup in the other. I could never understand why the Mirror wasn’t pictured. Then I realized. The Mirror is the lake. The lake is the Mirror. They are one and the same.”

Slowly Jace lowered the knife. “Lake Lyn?”

Clary thought of the lake, like a mirror rising to meet her, the water shattering apart on impact. “I fell in the lake when I first got here. There *is* something about it. Luke said it has strange properties and that the Fair Folk call it the Mirror of Dreams.”

“Exactly,” Hodge began eagerly. “And I realized the Clave wasn’t aware of this, that the knowledge had been lost to time. Even Valentine didn’t know—”

He was interrupted by a crashing roar, the sound of a tower at the far end of the Gard collapsing. It sent up a fireworks display of red and glittering sparks.

“Jace,” Alec said, raising his head in alarm. “Jace, we have to get out of here. Get up,” he said to Hodge, yanking him upright by the arm. “You can tell the Clave what you just told us.”

Hodge got shakily to his feet. What must it be like, Clary thought with a pang of unwelcome pity, to live your life ashamed not just of what you’d done but of what you were doing and of what you knew you’d do again? Hodge had given up a long time ago trying to live a better life or a different one; all he wanted was not to be afraid, and so he was afraid all the time.

“Come on.” Alec, still gripping Hodge’s arm, propelled him forward. But Jace stepped in front of them both, blocking their way.

“If Valentine gets the Mortal Glass,” he said, “what then?”

“Jace,” Alec said, still holding Hodge’s arm, “not now—”

“If he tells it to the Clave, we’ll never hear it from them,” Jace said. “To them we’re just children. But Hodge *owes us this*.” He turned on his old tutor. “You said you realized you had to stop Valentine. Stop him doing what? What does the Mirror give him the power to do?”

Hodge shook his head. “I can’t—”

“And no lies.” The knife gleamed at Jace’s side; his hand was tight on the hilt. “Because maybe for every lie you tell me, I’ll cut off a finger. Or two.”

Hodge cringed back, real fear in his eyes. Alec looked stricken. “Jace. No. This is what your father’s like. It’s not what you’re like.”

“Alec,” said Jace. He didn’t look at his friend, but his tone was like the touch of a regretful hand. “You don’t really know what I’m like.”

Alec's eyes met Clary's across the grass. *He can't imagine why Jace is acting like this*, she thought. *He doesn't know*. She took a step forward. "Jace, Alec is right—we can take Hodge down to the Hall and he can tell the Clave what he's just told us—"

"If he'd been willing to tell the Clave, he would have done it already," Jace snapped without looking at her. "The fact that he didn't proves he's a liar."

"The Clave isn't to be trusted!" Hodge protested desperately. "There are spies in it—Valentine's men—I couldn't tell them where the Mirror is. If Valentine found the Mirror, he would be—"

He never finished his sentence. Something bright silver gleamed out in the moonlight, a nail head of light in the darkness. Alec cried out. Hodge's eyes flew wide as he staggered, clawing at his chest. As he sank backward, Clary saw why: The hilt of a long dagger protruded from his rib cage, like the haft of an arrow bristling from its target.

Alec, leaping forward, caught his old tutor as he fell, and lowered him gently to the ground. He looked up helplessly, his face spattered with Hodge's blood. "Jace, why—"

"I didn't—" Jace's face was white, and Clary saw that he still held his knife, gripped tightly at his side. "I . . ."

Simon spun around, and Clary turned with him, staring into the darkness. The fire lit the grass with a hellish orange glow, but it was black between the trees of the hillside—and then something emerged from the blackness, a shadowy figure, with familiar dark, tumbled hair. He moved toward them, the light catching his face and reflecting off his dark eyes; they looked as if they were burning.

"*Sebastian?*" Clary said.

Jace looked wildly from Hodge to Sebastian standing uncertainly at the edge of the garden; Jace looked almost dazed. "You," he said. "You—did this?"

"I had to do it," Sebastian said. "He would have killed you."

“With *what*?” Jace’s voice rose and cracked. “He didn’t even have a weapon—”

“Jace.” Alec cut through Jace’s shouting. “Come here. Help me with Hodge.”

“He would have killed you,” Sebastian said again. “He would have—”

But Jace had gone to kneel beside Alec, sheathing his knife at his belt. Alec was holding Hodge in his arms, blood on his own shirtfront now. “Take the stele from my pocket,” he said to Jace. “Try an *iratze*—”

Clary, stiff with horror, felt Simon stir beside her. She turned to look at him and was shocked—he was white as paper except for a hectic red flush on both cheekbones. She could see the veins snaking under his skin, like the growth of some delicate, branching coral. “The blood,” he whispered, not looking at her. “I have to get away from it.”

Clary reached to catch his sleeve, but he lurched back, jerking his arm out of her grasp.

“No, Clary, please. Let me go. I’ll be okay; I’ll be back. I just—” She started after him, but he was too quick for her to hold him back. He vanished into the darkness between the trees.

“Hodge—” Alec sounded panicked. “Hodge, hold still—”

But his tutor was struggling feebly, trying to pull away from him, away from the stele in Jace’s hand. “No.” Hodge’s face was the color of putty. His eyes darted from Jace to Sebastian, who was still hanging back in the shadows. “Jonathan—”

“Jace,” Jace said, almost in a whisper. “Call me Jace.”

Hodge’s eyes rested on him. Clary could not decipher the look in them. Pleading, yes, but something more than that, filled with dread, or something like it, and with need. He lifted a warding hand. “Not you,” he whispered, and blood spilled from his mouth with the words.

A look of hurt flashed across Jace's face. "Alec, do the *irate*—I don't think he wants me to touch him."

Hodge's hand tightened into a claw; he clutched at Jace's sleeve. The rattle of his breath was audible. "You were . . . never . . ."

And he died. Clary could tell the moment the life left him. It was not a quiet, instant thing, like in a movie; his voice choked off in a gurgle and his eyes rolled back and he went limp and heavy, his arm bent awkwardly under him.

Alec closed Hodge's eyes with his fingertips. "*Vale*, Hodge Starkweather."

"He doesn't deserve that." Sebastian's voice was sharp. "He wasn't a Shadowhunter; he was a traitor. He doesn't deserve the last words."

Alec's head jerked up. He lowered Hodge to the ground and rose to his feet, his blue eyes like ice. Blood streaked his clothes. "You know nothing about it. You killed an unarmed man, a Nephilim. You're a murderer."

Sebastian's lip curled. "You think I don't know who that was?" He gestured at Hodge. "Starkweather was in the Circle. He betrayed the Clave then and was cursed for it. He should have died for what he did, but the Clave was lenient—and where did it get them? He betrayed us all again when he sold the Mortal Cup to Valentine just to get his curse lifted—a curse he deserved." He paused, breathing hard. "I shouldn't have done it, but you can't say he didn't deserve it."

"How do you know so much about Hodge?" Clary demanded. "And what are you doing here? I thought you agreed to stay back at the Hall."

Sebastian hesitated. "You were taking so long," he said finally. "I got worried. I thought you might need my help."

"So you decided to help us by *killing the guy we were talking to*?" Clary demanded. "Because you thought he had a shady past? Who—who *does* that? It doesn't make any sense."

"That's because he's lying," Jace said. He was looking at Sebastian—a cold, considering look. "And not well. I thought

you'd be a little faster on your feet there, Verlac."

Sebastian met his look evenly. "I don't know what you mean, Morgenstern."

"He means," said Alec, stepping forward, "that if you really think what you just did was justified, you won't mind coming with us to the Accords Hall and explaining yourself to the Council. Will you?"

A beat passed before Sebastian smiled—the smile that had charmed Clary before, but now there was something a little off-kilter about it, like a picture hanging slightly crookedly on a wall. "Of course not." He moved toward them slowly, almost strolling, as if he didn't have a worry in the world. As if he hadn't just committed murder. "Of course," he said, "it is a little odd that you're so upset that I killed a man when Jace was planning on cutting his fingers off one by one."

Alec's mouth tightened. "He wouldn't have done it."

"*You—*" Jace looked at Sebastian with loathing. "You have no idea what you're talking about."

"Or maybe," Sebastian said, "you're really just angry because I kissed your sister. Because she wanted me."

"I did *not*," Clary said, but neither of them was looking at her. "Want you, I mean."

"She has this little habit, you know—the way she gasps when you kiss her, like she's surprised?" Sebastian had come to a stop now, just in front of Jace, and was smiling like an angel. "It's rather endearing; you must have noticed it."

Jace looked as if he wanted to throw up. "My sister—"

"*Your sister,*" Sebastian said. "Is she? Because you two don't act like it. You think other people can't see the way you look at each other? You think you're hiding the way you feel? You think everyone doesn't think it's sick and unnatural? Because it is."

"That's enough." The look on Jace's face was murderous.

"Why are you doing this?" Clary said. "Sebastian, why are you saying all these things?"

“Because I finally can,” Sebastian said. “You’ve no idea what it’s been like, being around the lot of you these past few days, having to pretend I could stand you. That the sight of you didn’t make me sick. You,” he said to Jace, “every second you’re not panting after your own sister, you’re whining on and on about how your daddy didn’t love you. Well, who could blame him? And you, you stupid bitch”—he turned to Clary—“giving that priceless book away to a half-breed warlock; have you got a single brain cell in that tiny head of yours? And you—” He directed his next sneer at Alec. “I think we all know what’s wrong with *you*. They shouldn’t let your kind in the Clave. You’re disgusting.”

Alec paled, though he looked more astonished than anything else. Clary couldn’t blame him—it was hard to look at Sebastian, at his angelic smile, and imagine he could say these things. “*Pretend* you could stand us?” she echoed. “But why would you have to pretend that unless you were . . . unless you were spying on us,” she finished, realizing the truth even as she spoke it. “Unless you were a spy for Valentine.”

Sebastian’s handsome face twisted, the full mouth flattening, his long, elegant eyes narrowing to slits. “And finally they get it,” he said. “I swear, there are utterly lightless demon dimensions out there that are less dim than the bunch of you.”

“We may not be all that bright,” Jace said, “but at least we’re alive.”

Sebastian looked at him in disgust. “I’m alive,” he pointed out.

“Not for long,” said Jace. Moonlight exploded off the blade of his knife as he flung himself at Sebastian, his motion so fast that it seemed blurred, faster than any human movement Clary had ever seen.

Until now.

Sebastian darted aside, missing the blow, and caught Jace’s knife arm as it descended. The knife clattered to the ground, and then Sebastian had Jace by the back of his jacket. He lifted him and flung him with incredible strength. Jace flew through

the air, hit the wall of the Gard with bone-cracking force, and crumpled to the ground.

“Jace!” Clary’s vision went white. She ran at Sebastian to choke the life out of him. But he sidestepped her and brought his hand down as casually as if he were swatting an insect aside. The blow caught her hard on the side of the head, sending her spinning to the ground. She rolled over, blinking a red mist of pain out of her eyes.

Alec had taken his bow from his back; it was drawn, an arrow notched at the ready. His hands didn’t waver as he aimed at Sebastian. “Stay where you are,” he said, “and put your hands behind your back.”

Sebastian laughed. “You wouldn’t really shoot me,” he said. He moved toward Alec with an easy, careless step, as if he were striding up the stairs to his own front door.

Alec’s eyes narrowed. His hands went up in a graceful, even series of movements; he drew the arrow back and loosed it. It flew toward Sebastian—

And missed. Sebastian had ducked or moved somehow, Clary couldn’t tell, and the arrow had gone past him, lodging in the trunk of a tree. Alec had time only for a momentary look of surprise before Sebastian was on him, wrenching the bow out of his grasp. Sebastian snapped it in his hands—cracked it in half, and the crack of the splintering made Clary wince as if she were hearing bones splinter. She tried to drag herself into a sitting position, ignoring the searing pain in her head. Jace was lying a few feet away from her, utterly still. She tried to get up, but her legs didn’t seem to be working properly.

Sebastian tossed the shattered halves of the bow aside and closed in on Alec. Alec already had a seraph blade out, glittering in his hand, but Sebastian swept it aside as Alec came at him—swept it aside and caught Alec by the throat, almost lifting him off his feet. He squeezed mercilessly, viciously, grinning as Alec choked and struggled. “Lightwood,” he breathed. “I’ve taken care of one of you already today. I hadn’t expected I’d be lucky enough to get to do it twice.”

He jerked backward, like a puppet whose strings had been yanked. Released, Alec slumped to the ground, his hands at his throat. Clary could hear his rattling, desperate breath—but her eyes were on Sebastian. A dark shadow had affixed itself to his back and was clinging to him like a leech. He clawed at his throat, gagging and choking as he spun in place, clawing at the thing that had hold of his throat. As he turned, the moonlight fell on him, and Clary saw what it was.

It was Simon. His arms were wrapped around Sebastian's neck, his white incisors glittering like bone needles. It was the first time Clary had seen him actually look fully like a vampire since the night he'd risen from his grave, and she stared in horrified amazement, unable to look away. His lips were curled back in a snarl, his fangs fully extended and sharp as daggers. He sank them into Sebastian's forearm, opening up a long red tear in the skin.

Sebastian yelled out loud and flung himself backward, landing hard on the ground. He rolled, Simon half on top of him, the two of them clawing at each other, tearing and snarling like dogs in a pit. Sebastian was bleeding in several places when he finally staggered to his feet and delivered two hard kicks to Simon's rib cage. Simon doubled over, clutching his midsection. "You foul little tick," Sebastian snarled, drawing his foot back for another blow.

"I wouldn't," said a quiet voice.

Clary's head jerked up, sending another starburst of pain shooting behind her eyes. Jace stood a few feet from Sebastian. His face was bloody, one eye swollen nearly shut, but in one hand was a blazing seraph blade, and the hand that held it was steady. "I've never killed a human being with one of these before," said Jace. "But I'm willing to try."

Sebastian's face twisted. He glanced down once at Simon, and then raised his head and spat. The words he said after that were in a language Clary didn't recognize—and then he turned with the same terrifying swiftness with which he'd moved when he'd attacked Jace, and vanished into the darkness.

“No!” Clary cried. She tried to raise herself to her feet, but the pain was like an arrow searing its way through her brain. She crumpled to the damp grass. A moment later Jace was leaning over her, his face pale and anxious. She looked up at him, her vision blurring—it had to be blurred, didn’t it, or she could never have imagined that whiteness around him, a sort of light—

She heard Simon’s voice and then Alec’s, and something was handed down to Jace—a stele. Her arm burned, and a moment later the pain began to recede, and her head cleared. She blinked up at the three faces hovering over hers. “My head . . .”

“You have a concussion,” Jace said. “The *iratze* should help, but we ought to get you to a Clave doctor. Head injuries can be tricky.” He handed the stele back to Alec. “Do you think you can stand up?”

She nodded. It was a mistake. Pain shot through her again as hands reached down and helped her to her feet. Simon. She leaned against him gratefully, waiting for her balance to return. She still felt as if she might fall over at any minute.

Jace was scowling. “You shouldn’t have attacked Sebastian like that. You didn’t even have a weapon. What were you thinking?”

“What we were all thinking.” Alec, unexpectedly, came to her defense. “That he’d just thrown you through the air like a softball. Jace, I’ve never seen anyone get the better of you like that.”

“I—he surprised me,” Jace said a little reluctantly. “He must have had some kind of special training. I wasn’t expecting it.”

“Yeah, well.” Simon touched his rib cage, wincing. “I think he kicked in a couple of my ribs. It’s okay,” he added at Clary’s worried look. “They’re healing. But Sebastian’s definitely strong. Really strong.” He looked at Jace. “How long do you think he was standing there in the shadows?”

Jace looked grim. He glanced among the trees in the direction Sebastian had gone. “Well, the Clave will catch him—and curse him, probably. I’d like to see them put the same curse on him they put on Hodge. That would be poetic justice.”

Simon turned aside and spat into the bushes. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, his face twisted into a grimace. “His blood tastes foul—like poison.”

“I suppose we can add that to his list of charming qualities,” said Jace. “I wonder what else he was up to tonight.”

“We need to get back to the Hall.” The look on Alec’s face was strained, and Clary remembered that Sebastian had said something to him, something about the other Lightwoods. . . . “Can you walk, Clary?”

She drew away from Simon. “I can walk. What about Hodge? We can’t just leave him.”

“We have to,” said Alec. “There’ll be time to come back for him if we all survive the night.”

As they left the garden, Jace paused, drew off his jacket, and laid it over Hodge’s slack, upturned face. Clary wanted to go to Jace, put a hand on his shoulder even, but something in the way he held himself told her not to. Even Alec didn’t go near him or offer a healing rune, despite the fact that Jace was limping as he walked down the hill.

They moved together down the zigzag path, weapons drawn and at the ready, the sky lit red by the burning Gard behind them. But they saw no demons. The stillness and eerie light made Clary’s head throb; she felt as if she were in a dream. Exhaustion gripped her like a vise. Just putting one foot in front of the other was like lifting a block of cement and slamming it down, over and over. She could hear Jace and Alec talking up ahead on the path, their voices faintly blurred despite their proximity.

Alec was speaking softly, almost pleading: “Jace, the way you were talking up there, to Hodge. You can’t think like that.

Being Valentine's son, it doesn't make you a monster. Whatever he did to you when you were a kid, whatever he taught you, you have to see it's not your fault—"

"I don't want to talk about this, Alec. Not now, not ever. Don't ask me about it again." Jace's tone was savage, and Alec fell silent. Clary could almost feel his hurt. What a night, Clary thought. A night of so much pain for everyone.

She tried not to think of Hodge, of the pleading, pitiful look on his face before he'd died. She hadn't liked Hodge, but he hadn't deserved what Sebastian had done to him. No one did. She thought of Sebastian, of the way he'd moved, like sparks flying. She'd never seen anyone but Jace move like that. She wanted to puzzle it out—what had happened to Sebastian? How had a cousin of the Penhallows managed to go so wrong, and how had they never noticed? She'd thought he'd wanted to help her save her mother, but he'd only wanted to get the Book of the White for Valentine. Magnus had been wrong—it hadn't been because of the Lightwoods that Valentine had found out about Ragnor Fell. It had been because she'd told Sebastian. How could she have been so stupid?

Appalled, she barely noticed as the path turned into an avenue, leading them into the city. The streets were deserted, the houses dark, many of the witchlight streetlamps smashed, their glass scattered across the cobblestones. Voices were audible, echoing as if at a distance, and the gleam of torches was visible here and there among the shadows between buildings, but—

"It's awfully quiet," Alec said, looking around in surprise. "And—"

"It doesn't stink like demons." Jace frowned. "Strange. Come on. Let's get to the Hall."

Though Clary was half-braced for an attack, they didn't see a single demon as they moved through the streets. Not a live one, at least—though as they passed a narrow alley, she saw a group of three or four Shadowhunters gathered in a circle around something that pulsed and twitched on the ground.

They were taking turns stabbing it with long, sharpened poles. With a shudder she looked away.

The Hall of Accords was lit like a bonfire, witchlight pouring out of its doors and windows. They hurried up the stairs, Clary steadying herself when she stumbled. Her dizziness was getting worse. The world seemed to be swinging around her, as if she stood inside a great spinning globe. Above her the stars were white-painted streaks across the sky. “You should lie down,” Simon said, and then, when she said nothing, “Clary?”

With an enormous effort, she forced herself to smile at him. “I’m all right.”

Jace, standing at the entrance to the Hall, looked back at her in silence. In the harsh glare of the witchlight, the blood on his face and his swollen eye looked ugly, streaked and black.

There was a dull roar inside the Hall, the low murmur of hundreds of voices. To Clary it sounded like the beating of an enormous heart. The lights of the bracketed torches, coupled with the glow of witchlights carried everywhere, seared her eyes and fragmented her vision; she could see only vague shapes now, vague shapes and colors. White, gold, and then the night sky above, fading from dark to paler blue. How late was it?

“I don’t see them.” Alec, casting anxiously around the room for his family, sounded as if he were a hundred miles off, or deep under water. “They should be here by now—”

His voice faded as Clary’s dizziness worsened. She put a hand against a nearby pillar to steady herself. A hand brushed across her back—Simon. He was saying something to Jace, sounding anxious. His voice faded into the pattern of dozens of others, rising and falling around her like waves breaking.

“Never seen anything like it. The demons just turned around and left, just vanished.”

“Sunrise, probably. They’re afraid of sunrise, and it’s not far off.”

“No, it was more than that.”

“You just don’t want to think they’ll be back the next night, or the next.”

“Don’t say that; there’s no reason to say that. They’ll get the wards back up.”

“And Valentine will just take them down again.”

“Maybe it’s no better than we deserve. Maybe Valentine was right—maybe allying ourselves with Downworlders means we’ve lost the Angel’s blessing.”

“Hush. Have some respect. They’re tallying the dead out in Angel Square.”

“There they are,” Alec said. “Over there, by the dais. It looks like . . .” His voice trailed off, and then he was gone, pushing his way through the crowd. Clary squinted, trying to sharpen her vision. All she could see were blurs—

She heard Jace catch his breath, and then, without another word, he was shoving through the crowd after Alec. Clary let go of the pillar, meaning to follow them, but stumbled. Simon caught her.

“You need to lie down, Clary,” he said.

“No,” she whispered. “I want to see what happened—”

She broke off. He was staring past her, after Jace, and he looked stricken. Bracing herself against the pillar, she raised herself up on her toes, struggling to see over the crowd—

There they were, the Lightwoods: Maryse with her arms around Isabelle, who was sobbing, and Robert Lightwood sitting on the ground and holding something—no, *someone*, and Clary thought of the first time she had seen Max, at the Institute, lying limp and asleep on a couch, his glasses knocked askew and his hand trailing along the floor. *He can sleep anywhere*, Jace had said, and he almost looked as if he were sleeping now, in his father’s lap, but Clary knew he wasn’t.

Alec was on his knees, holding one of Max’s hands, but Jace was just standing where he was, not moving, and more than anything else he looked lost, as if he had no idea where

he was or what he was doing there. All Clary wanted was to run to him and put her arms around him, but the look on Simon's face told her no, no, and so did her memory of the manor house and Jace's arms around her there. She was the last person on earth who could ever give him any comfort.

"Clary," Simon said, but she was pulling away from him, despite her dizziness and the pain in her head. She ran for the door of the Hall and pushed it open, ran out onto the steps and stood there, gulping down breaths of cold air. In the distance the horizon was streaked with red fire, the stars fading, bleached out of the lightening sky. The night was over. Dawn had come.

WHERE THERE IS SORROW

Clary woke gasping out of a dream of bleeding angels, her sheets twisted around her in a tight spiral. It was pitch-black and close in Amatis's spare bedroom, like being locked in a coffin. She reached out and twitched the curtains open. Daylight poured in. She frowned and pulled them shut again.

Shadowhunters burned their dead, and ever since the demon attack, the sky to the west of the city had been stained with smoke. Looking at it out the window made Clary feel sick, so she kept the curtains closed. In the darkness of the room she closed her eyes, trying to remember her dream. There had been angels in it, and the image of the rune Ithuriel had showed her, flashing over and over against the inside of her eyelids like a blinking WALK sign. It was a simple rune, as simple as a tied knot, but no matter how hard she concentrated, she couldn't read it, couldn't figure out what it meant. All she knew was that it seemed somehow incomplete to her, as if whoever had created the pattern hadn't quite finished it.

These are not the first dreams I have ever showed you, Ithuriel had said. She thought of her other dreams: of Simon with crosses burned into his hands, Jace with wings, lakes of cracking ice that shone like mirror glass. Had the angel sent her those, too?

With a sigh she sat up. The dreams might be bad, but the waking images that marched across her brain weren't much better. Isabelle, weeping on the floor of the Hall of Accords, tugging with such force on the black hair threaded through her fingers that Clary worried she would rip it out. Maryse shrieking at Jia Penhallow that the boy they'd brought into

their house had done this, their nephew, and if he was so closely allied with Valentine, what did that say about them? Alec trying to calm his mother down, asking Jace to help him, but Jace just standing there as the sun rose over Alicante and blazed down through the ceiling of the Hall. "It's dawn," Luke had said, looking more tired than Clary had ever seen him. "Time to bring the bodies inside." And he'd sent out patrols to gather up the dead Shadowhunters and lycanthropes lying in the streets and bring them to the plaza outside the Hall, the plaza Clary had crossed with Sebastian when she'd commented that the Hall looked like a church. It had seemed like a pretty place to her then, lined with flower boxes and brightly painted shops. And now it was full of corpses.

Including Max. Thinking of the little boy who'd so gravely talked about manga with her made her stomach knot. She'd promised once that she'd take him to Forbidden Planet, but that would never happen now. *I would have bought him books*, she thought. *Whatever books he wanted*. Not that it mattered.

Don't think about it. Clary kicked her sheets back and got up. After a quick shower she changed into the jeans and sweater she'd worn the day she'd come from New York. She pressed her face to the material before she put the sweater on, hoping to catch a whiff of Brooklyn, or the smell of laundry detergent—something to remind her of home—but it had been washed and smelled like lemon soap. With another sigh she headed downstairs.

The house was empty except for Simon, sitting on the couch in the living room. The open windows behind him streamed daylight. He'd become like a cat, Clary thought, always seeking out available patches of sunlight to curl up in. No matter how much sun he got, though, his skin stayed the same ivory white.

She picked an apple out of the bowl on the table and sank down next to him, curling her legs up under her. "Did you get any sleep?"

"Some." He looked at her. "I ought to ask you that. You're the one with the shadows under your eyes. More nightmares?"

She shrugged. "Same stuff. Death, destruction, bad angels."

"So a lot like real life, then."

"Yeah, but at least when I wake up, it's over." She took a bite out of her apple. "Let me guess. Luke and Amatis are at the Accords Hall, having another meeting."

"Yeah. I think they're having the meeting where they get together and decide what other meetings they need to have." Simon picked idly at the fringe edging a throw pillow. "Have you heard anything from Magnus?"

"No." Clary was trying not to think about the fact that it had been three days since she'd seen Magnus, and he'd sent no word at all. Or the fact that there was really nothing stopping him from taking the Book of the White and disappearing into the ether, never to be heard from again. She wondered why she'd ever thought trusting someone who wore that much eyeliner was a good idea.

She touched Simon's wrist lightly. "And you? What about you? You're still okay here?" She'd wanted Simon to go home the moment the battle was over—home, where it was safe. But he'd been strangely resistant. For whatever reason, he seemed to want to stay. She hoped it wasn't because he thought he had to take care of her—she'd nearly come out and told him she didn't need his protection—but she hadn't, because part of her couldn't bear to see him go. So he stayed, and Clary was secretly, guiltily glad. "You're getting—you know—what you need?"

"You mean blood? Yeah, Maia's still bringing me bottles every day. Don't ask me where she gets it, though." The first morning Simon had been at Amatis's house, a grinning lycanthrope had showed up on the doorstep with a live cat for him. "Blood," he'd said, in a heavily accented voice. "For you. Fresh!" Simon had thanked the werewolf, waited for him to leave, and let the cat go, his expression faintly green.

"Well, you're going to have to get your blood from *somewhere*," said Luke, looking amused.

"I have a pet cat," Simon replied. "There's no way."

“I’ll tell Maia,” Luke promised, and from then on the blood had come in discreet glass milk bottles. Clary had no idea how Maia was arranging it and, like Simon, didn’t want to ask. She hadn’t seen the werewolf girl since the night of the battle—the lycanthropes were camped somewhere in the nearby forest, with only Luke remaining in the city.

“What’s up?” Simon leaned his head back, looking at her through his lowered eyelashes. “You look like you want to ask me something.”

There were several things Clary wanted to ask him, but she decided to go for one of the safer options. “Hodge,” she said, and hesitated. “When you were in the cell—you really didn’t know it was him?”

“I couldn’t *see* him. I could just hear him through the wall. We talked—a lot.”

“And you liked him? I mean, he was nice?”

“Nice? I don’t know. Tortured, sad, intelligent, compassionate in brief flashes—yeah, I liked him. I think I sort of reminded him of himself, in a way—”

“Don’t *say* that!” Clary sat up straight, almost dropping her apple. “You’re nothing like Hodge was.”

“You don’t think I’m tortured and intelligent?”

“Hodge was evil. You’re not.” Clary spoke decidedly. “That’s all there is to it.”

Simon sighed. “People aren’t born good or bad. Maybe they’re born with tendencies either way, but it’s the way you live your life that matters. And the people you know. Valentine was Hodge’s friend, and I don’t think Hodge really had anyone else in his life to challenge him or make him be a better person. If I’d had that life, I don’t know how I would have turned out. But I didn’t. I have my family. And I have you.”

Clary smiled at him, but his words rang painfully in her ears. *People aren’t born good or bad*. She’d always thought that was true, but in the images the angel had showed her, she’d seen her mother call her own child evil, a monster. She wished she could tell Simon about it, tell him everything the

angel had showed her, but she couldn't. It would have meant telling what they'd discovered about Jace, and that she couldn't do. It was his secret to tell, not hers. Simon had asked her once what Jace had meant when he'd spoken to Hodge, why he'd called himself a monster, but she'd only answered that it was hard to understand what Jace meant by anything at the best of times. She wasn't sure Simon had believed her, but he hadn't asked again.

She was saved from saying anything at all by a loud knock on the door. With a frown Clary set her apple core down on the table. "I'll get it."

The open door let in a wave of cold, fresh air. Aline Penhallow stood on the front steps, wearing a dark pink silk jacket that almost matched the circles under her eyes. "I need to talk to you," she said without preamble.

Surprised, Clary could only nod and hold the door open. "All right. Come on in."

"Thanks." Aline pushed past her brusquely and went into the living room. She froze when she saw Simon sitting on the couch, her lips parting in astonishment. "Isn't that . . ."

"The vampire?" Simon grinned. The slight but inhuman acuity of his incisors was just visible against his lower lip when he grinned like that. Clary wished he wouldn't.

Aline turned to Clary. "Can I talk to you alone?"

"No," Clary said, and sat down on the couch next to Simon. "Anything you have to say, you can say to both of us."

Aline bit her lip. "Fine. Look, I have something I want to tell Alec and Jace and Isabelle, but I have no idea where to find them right now."

Clary sighed. "They pulled some strings and got into an empty house. The family in it left for the country."

Aline nodded. A lot of people had left Idris since the attacks. Most had stayed—more than Clary would have expected—but quite a few had packed up and departed, leaving their houses standing empty.

“They’re okay, if that’s what you want to know. Look, I haven’t seen them either. Not since the battle. I could pass on a message through Luke if you want—”

“I don’t know.” Aline was chewing her lower lip. “My parents had to tell Sebastian’s aunt in Paris what he did. She was really upset.”

“As one would be if one’s nephew turned out to be an evil mastermind,” said Simon.

Aline shot him a dark look. “She said it was completely unlike him, that there must be some mistake. So she sent me some photos of him.” Aline reached into her pocket and drew out several slightly bent photographs, which she handed to Clary. “Look.”

Clary looked. The photographs showed a laughing dark-haired boy, handsome in an off-kilter sort of way, with a crooked grin and a slightly-too-big nose. He looked like the sort of boy it would be fun to hang out with. He also looked nothing at all like Sebastian. “*This* is your cousin?”

“That’s Sebastian Verlac. Which means—”

“That the boy who was here, who was calling himself Sebastian, is someone else entirely?” Clary rifled through the photos with increasing agitation.

“I thought—” Aline was worrying her lip again. “I thought that if the Lightwoods knew Sebastian—or whoever that boy was—wasn’t really our cousin, maybe they’d forgive me. Forgive *us*.”

“I’m sure they will.” Clary made her voice as kind as she could. “But this is bigger than that. The Clave will want to know that Sebastian wasn’t just some misguided Shadowhunter kid. Valentine sent him here deliberately as a spy.”

“He was just so convincing,” Aline said. “He knew things only my family knows. He knew things from our childhood —”

“It kind of makes you wonder,” said Simon, “what happened to the real Sebastian. Your cousin. It sounds like he

left Paris, headed to Idris, and never actually got here. So what happened to him on the way?"

Clary answered. "Valentine happened. He must have planned it all and known where Sebastian would be and how to intercept him on the way. And if he did that with Sebastian —"

"Then there may be others," said Aline. "You should tell the Clave. Tell Lucian Graymark." She caught Clary's surprised look. "People listen to him. My parents said so."

"Maybe you should come to the Hall with us," Simon suggested. "Tell him yourself."

Aline shook her head. "I can't face the Lightwoods. Especially Isabelle. She saved my life, and I—I just ran away. I couldn't stop myself. I just ran."

"You were in shock. It's not your fault."

Aline looked unconvinced. "And now her brother—" She broke off, biting her lip again. "Anyway. Look, there's something I've been meaning to tell you, Clary."

"To tell *me*?" Clary was baffled.

"Yes." Aline took a deep breath. "Look, what you walked in on, with me and Jace, it wasn't anything. *I* kissed *him*. It was—an experiment. And it didn't really work."

Clary felt herself blushing what she thought must be a truly spectacular red. *Why is she telling me this?* "Look, it's okay. It's Jace's business, not mine."

"Well, you seemed pretty upset at the time." A small smile played around the corners of Aline's mouth. "And I think I know why."

Clary swallowed against the acid taste in her mouth. "You do?"

"Look, your brother gets around. Everyone knows that; he's dated lots of girls. You were worried that if he messed around with me, he'd get in trouble. After all, our families are—*were*—friends. You don't need to worry, though. He's not my type."

“I don’t think I’ve ever heard a girl say that before,” said Simon. “I thought Jace was the kind of guy who was everyone’s type.”

“I thought so too,” Aline said slowly, “which is why I kissed him. I was trying to figure out if any guy is my type.”

She kissed Jace, Clary thought. He didn’t kiss her. She kissed him. She met Simon’s eyes over Aline’s head. Simon was looking amused. “Well, what’d you decide?”

Aline shrugged. “Not sure yet. But, hey, at least you don’t have Jace to worry about.”

If only. “I always have Jace to worry about.”



The space inside the Hall of Accords had been swiftly reconfigured since the night of the battle. With the Gard gone it now served as a Council chamber, a gathering place for people looking for missing family members, and a place to learn the latest news. The central fountain was dry, and on either side of it long benches were drawn up in rows facing a raised dais at the far end of the room. While some Nephilim were seated on the benches in what looked like a Council session, in the aisles and beneath the arcades that ringed the great room dozens of other Shadowhunters were milling anxiously. The Hall no longer looked like a place where anyone would consider dancing. There was a peculiar atmosphere in the air, a mixture of tension and anticipation.

Despite the gathering of the Clave in the center, murmured conversations were everywhere. Clary caught snippets of chatter as she and Simon moved through the room: the demon towers were working again. The wards were back up, but weaker than before. The wards were back up, but stronger than before. Demons had been sighted on the hills south of the city. The country houses were abandoned, more families had left the city, and some had left the Clave altogether.

On the raised dais, surrounded by hanging maps of the city, stood the Consul, glowering like a bodyguard beside a short,

plump man in gray. The plump man was gesticulating angrily as he spoke, but no one seemed to be paying any attention.

“Oh, crap, that’s the Inquisitor,” Simon muttered in Clary’s ear, pointing. “Aldertree.”

“And there’s Luke,” Clary said, picking him out from the crowd. He stood near the dry fountain, deep in conversation with a man in heavily scuffed gear and a bandage covering the left half of his face. Clary looked around for Amatis and finally saw her, sitting silently at the end of a bench, as far away from the other Shadowhunters as she could get. She caught sight of Clary and made a startled face, beginning to rise to her feet.

Luke saw Clary, frowned, and spoke to the bandaged man in a low voice, excusing himself. He crossed the room to where Clary and Simon stood by one of the pillars, his frown deepening as he approached. “What are you doing here? You know the Clave doesn’t allow children into its meetings, and as for *you*—” He glared at Simon. “It’s probably not the best idea for you to show your face in front of the Inquisitor, even if there isn’t really anything he can do about it.” A smile twitched the corner of his mouth. “Not without jeopardizing any alliance the Clave might want to have with Downworlders in the future, anyway.”

“That’s right.” Simon wiggled his fingers in a wave at the Inquisitor, which Aldertree ignored.

“Simon, stop it. We’re here for a reason.” Clary thrust the photographs of Sebastian at Luke. “This is Sebastian Verlac. The *real* Sebastian Verlac.”

Luke’s expression darkened. He shuffled through the photos without saying anything as Clary repeated the story Aline had told her. Simon, meanwhile, stood uneasily, glowering across the room at Aldertree, who was studiously ignoring him.

“So does the real Sebastian look much like the imposter version?” Luke asked finally.

“Not really,” Clary said. “The fake Sebastian was taller. And I think he was probably blond, because he was definitely dyeing his hair. No one has hair *that* black.” *And the dye came off on my fingers when I touched it*, she thought, but kept the thought to herself. “Anyway, Aline wanted us to show these to you and to the Lightwoods. She thought maybe if they knew he wasn’t really related to the Penhallows, then—”

“She hasn’t told her parents about these, has she?” Luke indicated the photos.

“Not yet, I think,” Clary said. “I think she came straight to me. She wanted me to tell you. She said people listen to you.”

“Maybe some of them do.” Luke glanced back at the man with the bandaged face. “I was just talking to Patrick Penhallow, actually. Valentine was a good friend of his back in the day and may have kept tabs on the Penhallow family in one way or another in the years since. You said Hodge told you he had spies here.” He handed the photos back to Clary. “Unfortunately, the Lightwoods aren’t going to be part of the Council today. This morning was Max’s funeral. They’re most likely in the cemetery.” Seeing the look on Clary’s face, he added, “It was a very small ceremony, Clary. Just the family.”

But I am Jace’s family, said a small, protesting voice inside her head. But there was another voice, a louder one, surprising her with its bitterness. *And he told you that being around you was like bleeding to death slowly. Do you really think he needs that when he’s already at Max’s funeral?*

“Then you can tell them tonight, maybe,” Clary said. “I mean—I think it’ll be good news. Whoever Sebastian really is, he isn’t related to their friends.”

“It’d be better news if we knew where he was,” Luke muttered. “Or what other spies Valentine has here. There must have been several of them, at least, involved in taking down the wards. It could only have been done from inside the city.”

“Hodge said Valentine had figured out how to do it,” said Simon. “He said that you need demon blood to take the wards down, but that there was no way to get demon blood into the city. Except that Valentine had figured out a way.”

“Someone painted a rune in demon blood on the apex of one of the towers,” Luke said with a sigh, “so, clearly, Hodge was right. Unfortunately, the Clave has always trusted too much in their wards. But even the cleverest puzzle has a solution.”

“It seems to me like the sort of clever that gets your butt kicked in gaming,” Simon said. “The second you protect your fortress with a Spell of Total Invincibility, someone comes along and figures out how to trash the place.”

“Simon,” Clary said. “Shut up.”

“He’s not so far off,” said Luke. “We just don’t know how they got demon blood into the city without setting the wards off in the first place.” He shrugged. “It’s the least of our problems at the moment. The wards are back up, but we already know they’re not foolproof. Valentine could return at any moment with an even bigger force of arms, and I doubt we could fight him off. There aren’t enough Nephilim, and those who are here are utterly demoralized.”

“But what about the Downworlders?” Clary said. “You *told* the Consul that the Clave had to fight with the Downworlders.”

“I can tell Malachi and Aldertree that until I’m blue in the face, but it doesn’t mean they’ll listen,” Luke said wearily. “The only reason they’re even letting me stay here is because the Clave voted to keep me on as an adviser. And they only did *that* because quite a few of them had their lives saved by my pack. But that doesn’t mean they want more Downworlders in Idris—”

Someone screamed.

Amatis was on her feet, her hand over her mouth, staring toward the front of the Hall. A man stood in the doorway, framed in the glow of the sunlight outside. He was only a silhouette, until he took a step forward, into the Hall, and Clary could see his face for the first time.

Valentine.

For some reason the first thing Clary noticed was that he was clean shaven. It made him look younger, more like the angry boy in the memories Ithuriel had showed her. Instead of battle dress, he wore an elegantly cut pin-striped suit and a tie. He was unarmed. He could have been any man walking down the streets of Manhattan. He could have been anyone's father.

He didn't look toward Clary, didn't acknowledge her presence at all. His eyes were on Luke as he walked up the narrow aisle between the benches.

How could he come in here like this without any weapons? Clary wondered, and had her question answered a moment later: Inquisitor Aldertree made a noise like a wounded bear; tore himself away from Malachi, who was trying to hold him back; staggered down the dais steps; and hurled himself at Valentine.

He passed through Valentine's body like a knife tearing through paper. Valentine turned to watch Aldertree with an expression of bland interest as the Inquisitor staggered, collided with a pillar, and sprawled awkwardly to the ground. The Consul, following, bent to help him to his feet—there was a look of barely concealed disgust on his face as he did it, and Clary wondered if the disgust was directed at Valentine or at Aldertree for acting such a fool.

Another faint murmur carried around the room. The Inquisitor squeaked and struggled like a rat in a trap, Malachi holding him firmly by the arms as Valentine proceeded into the room without another glance at either of them. The Shadowhunters who had been clustered around the benches drew back, like the waves of the Red Sea parting for Moses, leaving a clear path down the center of the room. Clary shivered as he drew closer to where she stood with Luke and Simon. *He's only a Projection*, she told herself. *Not really here. He can't hurt you.*

Beside her Simon shuddered. Clary took his hand just as Valentine paused at the steps of the dais and turned to look directly at her. His eyes raked her once, casually, as if taking her measure; passed over Simon entirely; and came to rest on Luke.

“Lucian,” he said.

Luke returned his gaze, steady and level, saying nothing. It was the first time they had been together in the same room since Renwick’s, Clary thought, and then Luke had been half-dead from fighting and covered in blood. It was easier now to mark both the differences and the similarities between the two men—Luke in his ragged flannel and jeans, and Valentine in his beautiful and expensive-looking suit; Luke with a day’s worth of stubble and gray in his hair, and Valentine looking much as he had when he was twenty-five—only colder, somehow, and harder, as if the passing years were in the process of turning him slowly to stone.

“I hear the Clave has brought you onto the Council now,” Valentine said. “It would only be fitting for a Clave diluted by corruption and pandering to find itself infiltrated by half-breed degenerates.” His voice was placid, even cheerful—so much so that it was hard to feel the poison in his words, or to really believe that he meant them. His gaze moved back to Clary. “Clarissa,” he said, “here with the vampire, I see. When things have settled a bit, we really must discuss your choice of pets.”

A low growling noise came from Simon’s throat. Clary gripped his hand, hard—hard enough that there would have been a time he’d have jerked away in pain. Now he didn’t seem to feel it. “Don’t,” she whispered. “Just don’t.”

Valentine had already turned his attention away from them. He climbed the dais steps and turned to gaze down at the crowd. “So many familiar faces,” he observed. “Patrick. Malachi. Amatis.”

Amatis stood rigid, her eyes bright with hatred.

The Inquisitor was still struggling in Malachi’s grasp. Valentine’s gaze flicked over him, half-amused. “Even you, Aldertree. I hear you were indirectly responsible for the death of my old friend Hodge Starkweather. A pity, that.”

Luke found his voice. “You admit it, then,” he said. “You brought the wards down. You sent the demons.”

“I sent them,” said Valentine. “I can send more. Surely the Clave—even the Clave, stupid as they are—must have expected this? *You* expected it, didn’t you, Lucian?”

Luke’s eyes were gravely blue. “I did. But I know you, Valentine. So have you come to bargain, or to gloat?”

“Neither.” Valentine regarded the silent crowd. “I have no need to bargain,” he said, and though his tone was calm, his voice carried as if amplified. “And no desire to gloat. I don’t *enjoy* causing the deaths of Shadowhunters; there are precious few of us already, in a world that needs us desperately. But that’s how the Clave likes it, isn’t it? It’s just another one of their nonsensical rules, the rules they use to grind ordinary Shadowhunters into the dust. I did what I did because I had to. I did what I did because it was the only way to make the Clave listen. Shadowhunters didn’t die because of me; they died because the Clave ignored me.” He met Aldertree’s eyes across the crowd; the Inquisitor’s face was white and twitching. “So many of you here were once in my Circle,” said Valentine slowly. “I speak to you now, and to those who knew of the Circle but stood outside it. Do you remember what I predicted fifteen years ago? That unless we acted against the Accords, the city of Alicante, our own precious capital, would be overrun by slobbering, slaving crowds of half-breeds, the degenerate races trampling underfoot everything we hold dear? And just as I predicted, all that has come to pass. The Gard burned to the ground, the Portal destroyed, our streets awash with monsters. Half-human scum presuming to lead us. So, my friends, my enemies, my brothers under the Angel, I ask you—do you believe me now?” His voice rose to a shout: “DO YOU BELIEVE ME NOW?”

His gaze swept the room as if he expected an answer. There was none—only a sea of staring faces.

“Valentine.” Luke’s voice, though soft, broke the silence. “Can’t you see what you’ve done? The Accords you dreaded so much didn’t make Downworlders equal to Nephilim. They didn’t assure half humans a spot on the Council. All the old hatreds were still in place. You should have trusted to those, but you didn’t—you couldn’t—and now you’ve given us the

one thing that could possibly have united us all.” His eyes sought Valentine’s. “A common enemy.”

A flush passed over Valentine’s pale face. “I am not an enemy. Not of Nephilim. *You* are that. You’re the one trying to entice them into a hopeless fight. You think those demons you saw are all I have? They were a fraction of what I can summon.”

“There are more of us as well,” said Luke. “More Nephilim, and more Downworlders.”

“*Downworlders,*” Valentine sneered. “They will run at the first sign of true danger. Nephilim are born to be warriors, to protect this world, but the world hates your kind. There is a reason clean silver burns you, and daylight scorches the Night Children.”

“It doesn’t scorch me,” Simon said in a hard, clear voice, despite the grip of Clary’s hand. “Here I am, standing in sunlight—”

But Valentine just laughed. “I’ve seen you choke on the name of God, vampire,” he said. “As for why you can stand in the sunlight—” He broke off and grinned. “You’re an anomaly, perhaps. A freak. But still a monster.”

A monster. Clary thought of Valentine on the ship, of what he had said there: *Your mother told me that I had turned her first child into a monster. She left before I could do the same to her second.*

Jace. The thought of his name was a sharp pain. *After what Valentine did, he stands here talking about monsters—*

“The only monster here,” she said, despite herself and despite her resolution to keep silent, “is you. I saw Ithuriel,” she went on when he turned to look at her in surprise. “I know everything—”

“I doubt that,” Valentine said. “If you did, you’d keep your mouth shut. For your brother’s sake, if not your own.”

Don’t you even talk about Jace to me! Clary wanted to shout, but another voice came to cut hers off, a cool, unexpected female voice, fearless and bitter.

“And what about *my* brother?” Amatis moved to stand at the foot of the dais, looking up at Valentine. Luke started in surprise and shook his head at her, but she ignored him.

Valentine frowned. “What about Lucian?” Amatis’s question, Clary sensed, had unsettled him, or maybe it was just that Amatis was there, asking, confronting him. He had written her off years ago as weak, unlikely to challenge him. Valentine never liked it when people surprised him.

“You told me he wasn’t my brother anymore,” said Amatis. “You took Stephen away from me. You destroyed my family. You say you aren’t an enemy of Nephilim, but you set each of us against each other, family against family, wrecking lives without compunction. You say you hate the Clave, but you’re the one who made them what they are now—petty and paranoid. We used to trust one another, we Nephilim. *You* changed that. I will never forgive you for it.” Her voice shook. “Or for making me treat Lucian as if he were no longer my brother. I won’t forgive you for that, either. Nor will I forgive myself for listening to you.”

“Amatis—” Luke took a step forward, but his sister put up a hand to stop him. Her eyes were shining with tears, but her back was straight, her voice firm and unwavering.

“There was a time we were *all* willing to listen to you, Valentine,” she said. “And we all have that on our conscience. But no more. *No more*. That time is over. Is there anyone here who disagrees with me?”

Clary jerked her head up and looked out at the gathered Shadowhunters: They looked to her like a rough sketch of a crowd, with white blurs for faces. She saw Patrick Penhallow, his jaw set, and the Inquisitor, who was shaking like a frail tree in a high wind. And Malachi, whose dark, polished face was strangely unreadable.

No one said a word.

If Clary had expected Valentine to be angry at this lack of response from the Nephilim he had hoped to lead, she was disappointed. Other than a twitch in the muscle of his jaw, he

was expressionless. As if he had expected this response. As if he had planned for it.

“Very well,” he said. “If you will not listen to reason, you will have to listen to force. I have already showed you I can take down the wards around your city. I see that you’ve put them back up, but that’s of no consequence; I can easily do it again. You will either accede to my requirements or face every demon the Mortal Sword can summon. I will tell them not to spare a single one of you, not a man, woman, or child. It’s your choice.”

A murmur swept around the room; Luke was staring. “You would deliberately destroy *your own kind*, Valentine?”

“Sometimes diseased plants must be culled to preserve the whole garden,” said Valentine. “And if *all* are diseased . . .” He turned to face the horrified crowd. “It is your choice,” he went on. “I have the Mortal Cup. If I must, I will start over with a new world of Shadowhunters, created and taught by me. But I can give you this one chance. If the Clave will sign over all the powers of the Council to me and accept my unequivocal sovereignty and rule, I will stay my hand. All Shadowhunters will swear an oath of obedience and accept a permanent loyalty rune that binds them to me. These are my terms.”

There was silence. Amatis had her hand over her mouth; the rest of the room swung before Clary’s eyes in a whirling blur. *They can’t give in to him*, she thought. *They can’t*. But what choice did they have? What choice did any of them ever have? *They are trapped by Valentine*, she thought dully, *as surely as Jace and I are trapped by what he made us. We are all chained to him by our own blood*.

It was only a moment, though it felt like an hour to Clary, before a thin voice cut through the silence—the high, spidery voice of the Inquisitor. “Sovereignty and rule?” he shrieked. “*Your* rule?”

“Aldertree—” The Consul moved to restrain him, but the Inquisitor was too quick. He wriggled free and darted toward the dais. He was yelping something, the same words over and

over, as if he'd lost his mind entirely, his eyes rolled back practically to the whites. He thrust Amatis aside, staggering up the steps of the dais to face Valentine. "I am the Inquisitor, do you understand, the *Inquisitor*!" he shouted. "I am part of the Clave! The *Council*! I make the rules, not you! I rule, not you! I won't let you do this, you upstart, demon-loving slime—"

With a look very close to boredom, Valentine reached out a hand, almost as if he meant to touch the Inquisitor on the shoulder. But Valentine couldn't touch anything—he was just a Projection—and then Clary gasped as Valentine's hand passed *through* the Inquisitor's skin, bones and flesh, vanishing into his rib cage. There was a second—only a second—during which the whole Hall seemed to gape at Valentine's left arm, buried somehow, impossibly, wrist-deep in Aldertree's chest. Then Valentine jerked his wrist hard and suddenly to the left—a twisting motion, as if he were turning a stubbornly rusty doorknob.

The Inquisitor gave a single cry and dropped like a stone.

Valentine drew his hand back. It was slicked with blood, a scarlet glove reaching halfway to his elbow, staining the expensive wool of his suit. Lowering his bloody hand, he gazed out across the horrified crowd, his eyes coming to rest at last on Luke. He spoke slowly. "I will give you until tomorrow at midnight to consider my terms. At that time I will bring my army, in all its force, to Brocelind Plain. If I have not yet received a message of surrender from the Clave, I will march with my army here to Alicante, and this time we will leave nothing living. You have that long to consider my terms. Use the time wisely."

And with that, he vanished.

IN THE DARK FOREST

“Well, how about that,” said Jace, still without looking at Clary—he hadn’t really looked at her since she and Simon had arrived on the front step of the house the Lightwoods were now inhabiting. Instead he was leaning against one of the high windows in the living room, staring out toward the rapidly darkening sky. “A guy attends the funeral of his nine-year-old brother and misses all the fun.”

“Jace,” Alec said, in a tired sort of voice. “Don’t.”

Alec was slumped in one of the worn, overstuffed chairs that were the only things to sit on in the room. The house had the odd, alien feel of houses belonging to strangers: It was decorated in floral-printed fabrics, frilly and pastel, and everything in it was slightly worn or tattered. There was a glass bowl filled with chocolates on the small end table near Alec; Clary, starving, had eaten a few and found them crumbly and dry. She wondered what kind of people had lived here. The kind who ran away when things got tough, she thought sourly; they deserved to have their house taken over.

“Don’t *what*?” Jace asked; it was dark enough outside now that Clary could see his face reflected in the window glass. His eyes looked black. He was wearing Shadowhunter mourning clothes—they didn’t wear black to funerals, since black was the color of gear and fighting. The color of death was white, and the white jacket Jace wore had scarlet runes woven into the material around the collar and wrists. Unlike battle runes, which were all about aggression and protection, these spoke a gentler language of healing and grief. There were bands of hammered metal around his wrists, too, with similar runes on

them. Alec was dressed the same way, all in white with the same red-gold runes traced over the material. It made his hair look very black.

Jace, Clary thought, on the other hand, all in white, looked like an angel. Albeit one of the avenging kind.

“You’re not mad at Clary. Or Simon,” Alec said. “At least,” he added, with a faint, worried frown, “I don’t *think* you’re mad at Simon.”

Clary half-expected Jace to snap an angry retort, but all he said was, “Clary knows I’m not angry at her.”

Simon, leaning his elbows on the back of the sofa, rolled his eyes but said only, “What I don’t get is how Valentine managed to kill the Inquisitor. I thought Projections couldn’t actually affect anything.”

“They shouldn’t be able to,” said Alec. “They’re just illusions. So much colored air, so to speak.”

“Well, not in this case. He reached into the Inquisitor and he *twisted*...” Clary shuddered. “There was a lot of blood.”

“Like a special bonus for you,” Jace said to Simon.

Simon ignored this. “Has there ever been an Inquisitor who didn’t die a horrible death?” he wondered aloud. “It’s like being the drummer in Spinal Tap.”

Alec rubbed a hand across his face. “I can’t believe my parents don’t know about this yet,” he said. “I can’t say I’m looking forward to telling them.”

“Where are your parents?” asked Clary. “I thought they were upstairs.”

Alec shook his head. “They’re still at the necropolis. At Max’s grave. They sent us back. They wanted to be there alone for a while.”

“What about Isabelle?” Simon asked. “Where is she?”

The humor, such as it was, left Jace’s expression. “She won’t come out of her room,” he said. “She thinks what

happened to Max was her fault. She wouldn't even come to the funeral."

"Have you tried talking to her?"

"No," Jace said, "we've been punching her repeatedly in the face instead. Why, do you think that won't work?"

"Just thought I'd ask." Simon's tone was mild.

"We'll tell her this stuff about Sebastian not actually being Sebastian," said Alec. "It might make her feel better. She thinks she ought to have been able to tell that there was something off about Sebastian, but if he was a spy . . ." Alec shrugged. "*Nobody* noticed anything off about him. Not even the Penhallows."

"I thought he was a knob," Jace pointed out.

"Yes, but that's just because—" Alec sank deeper into his chair. He looked exhausted, his skin a pale gray color against the stark white of his clothes. "It hardly matters. Once she finds out what Valentine's threatening, nothing's going to cheer her up."

"But would he really do it?" Clary asked. "Send a demon army against Nephilim—I mean, he's still a *Shadowhunter*, isn't he? He couldn't destroy all his own people."

"He didn't care enough about his children not to destroy them," Jace said, meeting her eyes across the room. Their gazes held. "What makes you think he'd care about his people?"

Alec looked from one of them to the other, and Clary could tell from his expression that Jace hadn't told him about Ithuriel yet. He looked baffled, and very sad. "Jace . . ."

"This does explain one thing," Jace said without looking at Alec. "Magnus was trying to see if he could use a tracking rune on any of the things Sebastian had left in his room, to see if we could locate him that way. He said he wasn't getting much of a reading on anything we gave him. Just . . . flat."

"What does that mean?"

“They were Sebastian Verlac’s things. The fake Sebastian probably took them whenever he intercepted him. And Magnus isn’t getting anything from them because the real Sebastian—”

“Is probably dead,” finished Alec. “And the Sebastian we know is too smart to leave anything behind that could be used to track him. I mean, you can’t track somebody from just anything. It has to be an object that’s in some way very connected to that person. A family heirloom, or a stele, or a brush with some hair in it, something like that.”

“Which is too bad,” said Jace, “because if we could follow him, he’d probably lead us straight to Valentine. I’m sure he’s scuttled right back to his master with a full report. Probably told him all about Hodge’s crackpot mirror-lake theory.”

“It might not have been crackpot,” Alec said. “They’ve stationed guards at the paths that go to the lake, and set up wards that will warn them if anyone Portals there.”

“Fantastic. I’m sure we all feel very safe now.” Jace leaned back against the wall.

“What I don’t get,” Simon said, “is why Sebastian stayed around. After what he did to Izzy and Max, he was going to get caught, there was no more pretending. I mean, even if he thought he’d killed Izzy instead of just knocking her out, how was he going to explain that they were both dead and he was still fine? No, he was busted. So why hang around through the fighting? Why come up to the Gard to get *me*? I’m pretty sure he didn’t actually care one way or the other whether I lived or died.”

“Now you’re being too hard on him,” Jace said. “I’m sure he’d rather you’d died.”

“Actually,” Clary said, “I think he stayed because of me.”

Jace’s gaze flicked up to hers with a flash of gold. “Because of you? Hoping for another hot date, was he?”

Clary felt herself flush. “No. And our date wasn’t hot. In fact, it wasn’t even a date. Anyway, that’s not the point. When he came into the Hall, he kept trying to get me to go outside

with him so we could talk. He wanted something from me. I just don't know what."

"Or maybe he just wanted you," Jace said. Seeing Clary's expression, he added, "Not that way. I mean maybe he wanted to bring you to Valentine."

"Valentine doesn't care about me," Clary said. "He's only ever cared about you."

Something flickered in the depths of Jace's eyes. "Is that what you call it?" His expression was frighteningly bleak. "After what happened on the boat, he's interested in you. Which means you need to be careful. Very careful. In fact, it wouldn't hurt if you just spent the next few days inside. You can lock yourself in your room like Isabelle."

"I'm not going to do that."

"Of course you're not," said Jace, "because you live to torture me, don't you?"

"Not everything, Jace, is *about you*," Clary said furiously.

"Possibly," Jace said, "but you have to admit that the majority of things are."

Clary resisted the urge to scream.

Simon cleared his throat. "Speaking of Isabelle—which we only sort of were, but I thought I ought to mention this before the arguing really got under way—I think maybe I should go talk to her."

"You?" Alec said, and then, looking faintly embarrassed by his own discomfiture, added quickly, "It's just—she won't even come out of her room for her own family. Why would she come out for you?"

"Maybe because I'm *not* family," Simon said. He was standing with his hands in his pockets, his shoulders back. Earlier, when Clary had been sitting close to him, she had seen that there was still a thin white line circling his neck, where Valentine had cut his throat, and scars on his wrists where those had been cut too. His encounters with the Shadowhunters' world had changed him, and not just the

surface of him, or even his blood; the change went deeper than that. He stood straight, with his head up, and took whatever Jace and Alec threw at him and didn't seem to care. The Simon who would have been frightened of them, or made uneasy by them, was gone.

She felt a sudden pain in her heart, and realized with a jolt what it was. She was *missing* him—missing Simon. Simon as he had been.

“I think I’ll have a try at getting Isabelle to talk to me,” said Simon. “It can’t hurt.”

“But it’s almost dark,” Clary said. “We told Luke and Amatis we’d be back before the sun went down.”

“I’ll walk you back,” Jace said. “As for Simon, he can manage his own way back in the dark—can’t you, Simon?”

“Of course he can,” Alec said indignantly, as if eager to make up for his earlier slighting of Simon. “He’s a *vampire*—and,” he added, “I just now realized you were probably joking. Never mind me.”

Simon smiled. Clary opened her mouth to protest again—and closed it. Partly because she was, she knew, being unreasonable. And partly because there was a look on Jace’s face as he gazed past her, at Simon, a look that startled her into silence: It was amusement, Clary thought, mixed with gratitude and maybe even—most surprising of all—a little bit of respect.



It was a short walk between the Lightwoods’ new house and Amatis’s; Clary wished it were longer. She couldn’t shake the feeling that every moment she spent with Jace was somehow precious and limited, that they were closing in on some halfinvisible deadline that would separate them forever.

She looked sideways at him. He was staring straight ahead, almost as if she weren’t there. The line of his profile was sharp and clear-edged in the witchlight that illuminated the streets. His hair curled against his cheek, not quite hiding the white scar on one temple where a Mark had been. She could see a

line of metal glittering at his throat, where the Morgenstern ring dangled on its chain. His left hand was bare; his knuckles looked raw. So he really was healing like a mundane, as Alec had asked him to.

She shivered. Jace glanced at her. “Are you cold?”

“I was just thinking,” she said. “I’m surprised that Valentine went after the Inquisitor instead of Luke. The Inquisitor’s a Shadowhunter, and Luke—Luke’s a Downworlder. Plus, Valentine hates him.”

“But in a way, he respects him, even if he is a Downworlder,” Jace said, and Clary thought of the look Jace had given Simon earlier, and then tried not to think of it. She hated thinking of Jace and Valentine as being in any way alike, even in so trivial a thing as a glance. “Luke is trying to get the Clave to change, to think in a new way. That’s exactly what Valentine did, even if his goals were—well, not the same. Luke’s an iconoclast. He wants change. To Valentine, the Inquisitor represents the old, hidebound Clave he hates so much.”

“And they were friends once,” Clary said. “Luke and Valentine.”

““The Marks of that which once hath been,”” Jace said, and Clary could tell he was quoting something, from the half-mocking tone in his voice. “Unfortunately, you never really hate anyone as much as someone you cared about once. I imagine Valentine has something special planned for Luke, down the road, after he takes over.”

“But he won’t take over,” said Clary, and when Jace said nothing, her voice rose. “He *won’t* win—he can’t. He doesn’t really want war, not against Shadowhunters *and* Downworlders—”

“What makes you think Shadowhunters will fight with Downworlders?” Jace said, and he still wasn’t looking at her. They were walking along the canal street, and he was looking out at the water, his jaw set. “Just because Luke says so? Luke’s an idealist.”

“And why is that a bad thing to be?”

“It’s not. I’m just not one,” said Jace, and Clary felt a cold pang in her heart at the emptiness in his voice. *Despair, anger, hate. These are demon qualities. He’s acting the way he thinks he should act.*

They had reached Amatis’s house; Clary stopped at the foot of the steps, turning to face him. “Maybe,” she said. “But you’re not like *him*, either.”

Jace started a little at that, or maybe it was just the firmness in her tone. He turned his head to look at her for what felt like the first time since they’d left the Lightwoods. “Clary—,” he began, and broke off, with an intake of breath. “There’s blood on your sleeve. Are you hurt?”

He moved toward her, taking her wrist in his hand. Clary glanced down and saw to her surprise that he was right—there was an irregular scarlet stain on the right sleeve of her coat. What was odd was that it was still bright red. Shouldn’t dried blood be a darker color? She frowned. “That’s not my blood.”

He relaxed slightly, his grip on her wrist loosening. “Is it the Inquisitor’s?”

She shook her head. “I actually think it’s Sebastian’s.”

“*Sebastian’s* blood?”

“Yes—when he came into the Hall the other night, remember, his face was bleeding. I think Isabelle must have clawed him, but anyway—I touched his face and got his blood on me.” She looked more closely at it. “I thought Amatis washed the coat, but I guess she didn’t.”

She expected him to let go of her then, but instead he held her wrist for a long moment, examining the blood, before returning her arm to her, apparently satisfied. “Thanks.”

She stared at him for a moment before shaking her head. “You’re not going to tell me what that was about, are you?”

“Not a chance.”

She threw her arms up in exasperation. “I’m going inside. I’ll see you later.”

She turned and headed up the steps to Amatis's front door. There was no way she could have known that the moment she turned her back, the smile vanished from Jace's face, or that he stood for a long time in the darkness once the door closed behind her, looking after her, and twisting a small piece of thread over and over between his fingers.



"Isabelle," Simon said. It had taken him a few tries to find her door, but the scream of "Go away!" that had emanated from behind this one convinced him he'd made the right choice. "Isabelle, let me in."

There was a muffled thump and the door reverberated slightly, as if Isabelle had thrown something at it. Possibly a shoe. "I don't want to talk to you and Clary. I don't want to talk to anyone. Leave me alone, Simon."

"Clary's not here," said Simon. "And I'm not going away until you talk to me."

"Alec!" Isabelle yelled. "Jace! Make him go away!"

Simon waited. There was no sound from downstairs. Either Alec had left or he was lying low. "They're not here, Isabelle. It's just me."

There was a silence. Finally Isabelle spoke again. This time her voice came from much nearer, as if she were standing just on the other side of the door. "You're alone?"

"I'm alone," Simon said.

The door cracked open. Isabelle was standing there in a black slip, her hair lying long and tangled over her shoulders. Simon had never seen her like this: barefoot, with her hair unbrushed, and no makeup on. "You can come in."

He stepped past her into the room. In the light from the door he could see that it looked, as his mother would have said, like a tornado had hit it. Clothes were scattered across the floor in piles, a duffel bag open on the floor as if it had exploded. Isabelle's bright silver-gold whip hung from one bedpost, a lacy white bra from another. Simon averted his eyes. The curtains were drawn, the lamps extinguished.

Isabelle flopped down on the edge of the bed and looked at him with bitter amusement. “A blushing vampire. Who would have guessed.” She raised her chin. “So, I let you in. What do you want?”

Despite her angry glare, Simon thought she looked younger than usual, her eyes huge and black in her pinched white face. He could see the white scars that traced her light skin, all over her bare arms, her back and collarbones, even her legs. *If Clary remains a Shadowhunter*, he thought, *one day she’ll look like this, scarred all over*. The thought didn’t upset him as once it might have done. There was something about the way Isabelle wore her scars, as if she were proud of them.

She had something in her hands, something she was turning over and over between her fingers. It was a small something that glinted dully in the half-light. He thought for a moment it might be a piece of jewelry.

“What happened to Max,” Simon said. “It wasn’t your fault.”

She didn’t look at him. She was staring down at the object in her hands. “Do you know what this is?” she said, and held it up. It seemed to be a small toy soldier, carved out of wood. A toy Shadowhunter, Simon realized, complete with painted-on black gear. The silver glint he’d noticed was the paint on the little sword it held; it was nearly worn away. “It was Jace’s,” she said, without waiting for him to answer. “It was the only toy he had when he came from Idris. I don’t know, maybe it was part of a bigger set once. I think he made it himself, but he never said much about it. He used to take it everywhere with him when he was little, always in a pocket or whatever. Then one day I noticed Max carrying it around. Jace must have been around thirteen then. He just gave it to Max, I guess, when he got too old for it. Anyway, it was in Max’s hand when they found him. It was like he grabbed it to hold on to when Sebastian—when he—” She broke off. The effort she was making not to cry was visible; her mouth was set in a grimace, as if it were twisting itself out of shape. “*I should have been there protecting him. I should have been there for him to hold*

on to, not some stupid little wooden toy.” She flung it down onto the bed, her eyes shining.

“You were unconscious,” Simon protested. “You nearly died, Izzy. There was nothing you could have done.”

Isabelle shook her head, her tangled hair bouncing on her shoulders. She looked fierce and wild. “What do you know about it?” she demanded. “Did you know that Max came to us the night he died and told us he’d seen someone climbing the demon towers, and I told him he was dreaming and sent him away? And he was right. I bet it was that bastard Sebastian, climbing the tower so he could take the wards down. And Sebastian killed him so he couldn’t tell anyone what he’d seen. If I’d just listened—just taken one second to listen—it wouldn’t have happened.”

“There’s no way you could have known,” Simon said. “And about Sebastian—he wasn’t really the Penhallows’ cousin. He had everyone fooled.”

Isabelle didn’t look surprised. “I know,” she said. “I heard you talking to Alec and Jace. I was listening from the top of the stairs.”

“You were eavesdropping?”

She shrugged. “Up to the part where you said you were going to come and talk to me. Then I came back here. I didn’t feel like seeing you.” She looked at him sideways. “I’ll give you this much, though: You’re persistent.”

“Look, Isabelle.” Simon took a step forward. He was oddly, suddenly conscious of the fact that she wasn’t very dressed, so he held back from putting a hand on her shoulder or doing anything else overtly soothing. “When my father died, I knew it wasn’t my fault, but I still kept thinking over and over of all the things I should have done, should have said, before he died.”

“Yeah, well, this *is* my fault,” Isabelle said. “And what I should have done is listened. And what I still can do is track down the bastard who did this and kill him.”

“I’m not sure that’ll help—”

“How do you know?” Isabelle demanded. “Did you find the person responsible for your father’s death and kill him?”

“My father had a heart attack,” Simon said. “So, no.”

“Then you don’t know what you’re talking about, do you?” Isabelle raised her chin and looked at him squarely. “Come here.”

“What?”

She beckoned imperiously with her index finger. “Come *here*, Simon.”

Reluctantly he came toward her. He was barely a foot away when she seized him by the front of his shirt, yanking him toward her. Their faces were inches apart; he could see how the skin below her eyes shone with the marks of recent tears. “You know what I really need right now?” she said, enunciating each word clearly.

“Um,” Simon said. “No?”

“To be distracted,” she said, and with a half turn yanked him bodily onto the bed beside her.

He landed on his back amid a tangled pile of clothes. “Isabelle,” Simon protested weakly, “do you really think this is going to make you feel any better?”

“Trust me,” Isabelle said, placing a hand on his chest, just over his unbeating heart. “I feel better already.”



Clary lay awake in bed, staring up at a single patch of moonlight as it made its way across the ceiling. Her nerves were still too jangled from the events of the day for her to sleep, and it didn’t help that Simon hadn’t come back before dinner—or after it. Eventually she’d voiced her concern to Luke, who’d thrown on a coat and headed over to the Lightwoods’. He’d returned looking amused. “Simon’s fine, Clary,” he said. “Go to bed.” And then he’d left again, with Amatis, off to another one of their interminable meetings at the Accords Hall. She wondered if anyone had cleaned up the Inquisitor’s blood yet.

With nothing else to do, she'd gone to bed, but sleep had remained stubbornly out of reach. Clary kept seeing Valentine in her head, reaching into the Inquisitor and ripping his heart out. The way he had turned to her and said, *You'd keep your mouth shut. For your brother's sake, if not your own.* Above all, the secrets she had learned from Ithuriel lay like a weight on her chest. Under all these anxieties was the fear, constant as a heartbeat, that her mother would die. Where was Magnus?

There was a rustling sound by the curtains, and a sudden wash of moonlight poured into the room. Clary sat bolt upright, scrabbling for the seraph blade she kept on her bedside table.

"It's all right." A hand came down on hers—a slender, scarred, familiar hand. "It's me."

Clary drew her breath in sharply, and he took his hand back. "Jace," she said. "What are you doing here? What's wrong?"

For a moment he didn't answer, and she twisted to look at him, pulling the bedclothes up around her. She felt herself flush, acutely conscious of the fact that she was wearing only pajama bottoms and a flimsy camisole—and then she saw his expression, and her embarrassment faded.

"Jace?" she whispered. He was standing by the head of her bed, still wearing his white mourning clothes, and there was nothing light or sarcastic or distant in the way he was looking down at her. He was very pale, and his eyes looked haunted and nearly black with strain. "Are you all right?"

"I don't know," he said in the dazed manner of someone just waking up from a dream. "I wasn't going to come here. I've been wandering around all night—I couldn't sleep—and I kept finding myself walking here. To you."

She sat up straighter, letting the bedclothes fall down around her hips. "Why can't you sleep? Did something happen?" she asked, and immediately felt stupid. What *hadn't* happened?

Jace, however, barely seemed to hear the question. “I had to see you,” he said, mostly to himself. “I know I shouldn’t. But I *had* to.”

“Well, sit down, then,” she said, pulling her legs back to make a space for him to sit at the edge of the bed. “Because you’re freaking me out. Are you sure nothing’s happened?”

“I didn’t say nothing happened.” He sat down on the bed, facing her. He was close enough that she could have just leaned forward and kissed him—

Her chest tightened. “Is there bad news? Is everything—is everyone—”

“It’s not bad,” said Jace, “and it’s not news. It’s the opposite of news. It’s something I’ve always known, and you—you probably know it too. God knows I haven’t hid it all that well.” His eyes searched her face, slowly, as if he meant to memorize it. “What happened,” he said, and hesitated—“is that I realized something.”

“Jace,” she whispered suddenly, and for no reason she could identify, she was frightened of what he was about to say. “Jace, you don’t have to—”

“I was trying to go . . . somewhere,” Jace said. “But I kept getting pulled back here. I couldn’t stop walking, couldn’t stop thinking. About the first time I ever saw you, and how after that I couldn’t forget you. I wanted to, but I couldn’t stop myself. I forced Hodge to let me be the one who came to find you and bring you back to the Institute. And even back then, in that stupid coffee shop, when I saw you sitting on that couch with Simon, even *then* that felt wrong to me—I should have been the one sitting with you. The one who made you laugh like that. I couldn’t get rid of that feeling. That it should have been me. And the more I knew you, the more I felt it—it had never been like that for me before. I’d always wanted a girl and then gotten to know her and not wanted her anymore, but with you the feeling just got stronger and stronger until that night when you showed up at Renwick’s and I *knew*.

“And then to find out that the reason I felt like that—like you were some part of me I’d lost and never even knew I was

missing until I saw you again—that the reason was that you were *my sister*, it felt like some sort of cosmic joke. Like God was spitting on me. I don't even know for what—for thinking that I could actually get to *have* you, that I would deserve something like that, to be that happy. I couldn't imagine what it was I'd done that I was being punished for—”

“If you're being punished,” Clary said, “then so am I. Because all those things you felt, I felt them too, but we can't—we *have* to stop feeling this way, because it's our only chance.”

Jace's hands were tight at his sides. “Our only chance for what?”

“To be together at all. Because otherwise we can't ever be around each other, not even just in the same room, and I can't stand that. I'd rather have you in my life even as a brother than not at all—”

“And I'm supposed to sit by while you date boys, fall in love with someone else, get married . . . ?” His voice tightened. “And meanwhile, I'll die a little bit more every day, watching.”

“No. You won't care by then,” she said, wondering even as she said it if she could stand the idea of a Jace who didn't care. She hadn't thought as far ahead as he had, and when she tried to imagine watching him fall in love with someone else, marry someone else, she couldn't even picture it, couldn't picture anything but an empty black tunnel that stretched out ahead of her, forever. “Please. If we don't say anything—if we just pretend—”

“There is no pretending,” Jace said with absolute clarity. “I love you, and I will love you until I die, and if there's a life after that, I'll love you then.”

She caught her breath. He had said it—the words there was no going back from. She struggled for a reply, but none came.

“And I know you think I just want to be with you to—to show myself what a monster I am,” he said. “And maybe I am a monster. I don't know the answer to that. But what I do

know is that even if there's demon blood inside me, there is human blood inside me as well. And I couldn't love you like I do if I wasn't at least a little bit human. Because demons *want*. But they don't love. And I—"

He stood up then, with a sort of violent suddenness, and crossed the room to the window. He looked lost, as lost as he had in the Great Hall standing over Max's body.

"Jace?" Clary said, alarmed, and when he didn't answer, she scrambled to her feet and went to him, laying her hand on his arm. He continued staring out the window; their reflections in the glass were nearly transparent—ghostly outlines of a tall boy and a smaller girl, her hand clamped anxiously on his sleeve. "What's wrong?"

"I shouldn't have told you like that," he said, not looking at her. "I'm sorry. That was probably a lot to take in. You looked so . . . shocked." The tension underlying his voice was a live wire.

"I was," she said. "I've spent the past few days wondering if you hated me. And then I saw you tonight and I was pretty sure you did."

"Hated you?" he echoed, looking bewildered. He reached out then and touched her face, lightly, just the tips of his fingers against her skin. "I told you I couldn't sleep. Tomorrow by midnight we'll be either at war or under Valentine's rule. This could be the last night of our lives, certainly the last even barely ordinary one. The last night we go to sleep and get up just as we always have. And all I could think of was that I wanted to spend it with you."

Her heart skipped a beat. "Jace—"

"I don't mean it like that," he said. "I won't touch you, not if you don't want me to. I know it's wrong—God, it's all kinds of wrong—but I just want to lie down with you and wake up with you, just once, just once ever in my life." There was desperation in his voice. "It's just this one night. In the grand scheme of things, how much can one night matter?"

Because think how we'll feel in the morning. Think how much worse it will be pretending that we don't mean anything to each other in front of everyone else after we've spent the night together, even if all we do is sleep. It's like having just a little bit of a drug—it only makes you want more.

But that was why he had told her what he had, she realized. Because it wasn't true, not for him; there was nothing that could make it worse, just as there was nothing that could make it better. What he felt was as final as a life sentence, and could she really say it was so different for her? And even if she hoped it might be, even if she hoped she might someday be persuaded by time or reason or gradual attrition not to feel this way anymore, it didn't matter. There was nothing she had ever wanted in her life more than she wanted this night with Jace.

"Close the curtains, then, before you come to bed," she said. "I can't sleep with this much light in the room."

The look that washed over his face was pure incredulity. He really hadn't expected her to say yes, Clary realized in surprise, and a moment later he had caught her and hugged her to him, his face buried in her still-messy-from-sleep hair. "Clary . . ."

"Come to bed," she said softly. "It's late." She drew away from him and returned to the bed, crawling up onto it and drawing the covers up to her waist. Somehow, looking at him like this, she could almost imagine that things were different, that it was many years from now and they'd been together so long that they'd done this a hundred times, that every night belonged to them, and not just this one. She propped her chin on her hands and watched him as he reached to jerk the curtains shut and then unzipped his white jacket and hung it over the back of a chair. He was wearing a pale gray T-shirt underneath, and the Marks that twined his bare arms shone darkly as he unbuckled his weapons belt and laid it on the floor. He unlaced his boots and stepped out of them as he came toward the bed, and he stretched out very carefully beside Clary. Lying on his back, he turned his head to look at her. A very little light filtered into the room past the edge of the

curtains, just enough for her to see the outline of his face and the bright gleam of his eyes.

“Good night, Clary,” he said.

His hands lay flat on either side of him, his arms at his sides. He seemed barely to be breathing; she wasn't sure she was breathing herself. She slid her own hand across the bed-sheet, just far enough that their fingers touched—so lightly that she would probably hardly have been aware of it had she been touching anyone but Jace; as it was, the nerve endings in her fingertips prickled softly, as if she were holding them over a low flame. She felt him tense beside her and then relax. He had shut his eyes, and his lashes cast fine shadows against the curve of his cheekbones. His mouth curled into a smile as if he sensed her watching him, and she wondered how he would look in the morning, with his hair messed and sleep circles under his eyes. Despite everything, the thought gave her a jolt of happiness.

She laced her fingers through his. “Good night,” she whispered. With their hands clasped like children in a fairy tale, she fell asleep beside him in the dark.

THINGS FALL APART

Luke had spent most of the night watching the moon's progress across the translucent roof of the Hall of Accords like a silver coin rolling across the clear surface of a glass table. When the moon was close to full, as it was right now, he felt a corresponding sharpening in his vision and sense of smell, even when he was in human form. Now, for instance, he could smell the sweat of doubt in the room, and the underlying sharp tang of fear. He could sense the restless worry of his pack of wolves out in Brocelind Forest as they paced the darkness beneath the trees and waited for news from him.

"Lucian." Amatis's voice in his ear was low but piercing. "*Lucian!*"

Snapped out of his reverie, Luke fought to focus his exhausted eyes on the scene in front of him. It was a ragged little group, those who had agreed to at least listen to his plan. Fewer than he had hoped for. Many he knew from his old life in Idris—the Penhallows, the Lightwoods, the Ravenscars—and just as many he had just met, like the Monteverdes, who ran the Lisbon Institute and spoke in a mixture of Portuguese and English, or Nasreen Chaudhury, the stern-featured head of the Mumbai Institute. Her dark green sari was patterned in elaborate runes of such a bright silver that Luke instinctively flinched when she passed too close.

"Really, Lucian," said Maryse Lightwood. Her small white face was pinched by exhaustion and grief. Luke hadn't really expected either her or her husband to come, but they had agreed almost as soon as he'd mentioned it to them. He supposed he ought to be grateful they were here at all, even if

grief did tend to make Maryse more sharp-tempered than usual. “You’re the one who wanted us all here; the least you can do is pay attention.”

“He *has* been.” Amatis sat with her legs drawn under her like a young girl, but her expression was firm. “It’s not Lucian’s fault that we’ve been going around in circles for the past hour.”

“And we’ll keep going around and around until we figure out a solution,” said Patrick Penhallow, an edge to his voice.

“With all due respect, Patrick,” said Nasreen, in her clipped accent, “there may be no *solution* to this problem. The best we can hope for is a plan.”

“A plan that doesn’t involve either mass slavery or—,” began Jia, Patrick’s wife, and then she broke off, biting her lip. She was a pretty, slender woman who looked very like her daughter, Aline. Luke remembered when Patrick had run off to the Beijing Institute and married her. It had been something of a scandal, as he’d been supposed to marry a girl his parents had already picked out for him in Idris. But Patrick never had liked to do what he was told, a quality for which Luke was now grateful.

“Or allying ourselves with Downworlders?” said Luke. “I’m afraid there’s no way around that.”

“That’s not the problem, and you know it,” said Maryse. “It’s the whole business about seats on the Council. The Clave will never agree to it. You know that. *Four* whole seats—”

“Not four,” Luke said. “One each for the Fair Folk, the Moon’s Children, and the children of Lilith.”

“The warlocks, the fey, and the lycanthropes,” said soft-voiced Senhor Monteverde, his eyebrows arched. “And what of the vampires?”

“They haven’t promised me anything,” Luke admitted. “And I haven’t promised them anything either. They may not be eager to join the Council; they’re none too fond of my kind, and none too fond of meetings and rules. But the door is open to them should they change their minds.”

“Malachi and his lot will never agree to it, and we may not have enough Council votes without them,” muttered Patrick. “Besides, without the vampires, what chance do we have?”

“A very good one,” snapped Amatis, who seemed to believe in Luke’s plan even more than he did. “There are many Downworlders who *will* fight with us, and they are powerful indeed. The warlocks alone—”

With a shake of her head Senhora Monteverde turned to her husband. “This plan is mad. It will never work. Downworlders cannot be trusted.”

“It worked during the Uprising,” said Luke.

The Portuguese woman’s lips curled back. “Only because Valentine was fighting with fools for an army,” she said. “Not demons. And how are we to know his old Circle members will not go back to him the moment he calls them to his side?”

“Be careful what you say, Senhora,” rumbled Robert Lightwood. It was the first time he had spoken in more than an hour; he’d spent most of the evening motionless, immobilized by sorrow. There were lines in his face Luke could have sworn hadn’t been there three days ago. His torment was plain in his taut shoulders and clenched fists; Luke could hardly blame him. He had never much liked Robert, but there was something about the sight of such a big man made helpless by grief that was painful to witness. “If you think I would join with Valentine after Max’s death—he had my boy *murdered* —”

“Robert,” Maryse murmured. She put her hand on his arm.

“If we do not join with him,” said Senhor Monteverde, “*all* our children may die.”

“If you think that, then why are you here?” Amatis rose to her feet. “I thought we had agreed—”

So did I. Luke’s head ached. It was always like this with them, he thought, two steps forward and a step back. They were as bad as warring Downworlders themselves, if only they could see it. Maybe they’d all be better off if they solved their problems with combat, the way the pack did—

A flash of movement at the doors of the Hall caught his eye. It was momentary, and if it had not been so close to the full moon, he might not have seen it, or recognized the figure who passed quickly before the doors. He wondered for a moment if he was imagining things. Sometimes, when he was very tired, he thought he saw Jocelyn—in the flicker of a shadow, in the play of light on a wall.

But this wasn't Jocelyn. Luke rose to his feet. "I'm taking five minutes for some air. I'll be back." He felt them watching him as he made his way to the front doors—all of them, even Amatis. Senhor Monteverde whispered something to his wife in Portuguese; Luke caught "*lobo*," the word for "wolf," in the stream of words. *They probably think I'm going outside to run in circles and bark at the moon.*

The air outside was fresh and cold, the sky a slate-steel gray. Dawn reddened the sky in the east and gave a pale pink cast to the white marble steps leading down from the Hall doors. Jace was waiting for him, halfway down the stairs. The white mourning clothes he wore hit Luke like a slap in the face, a reminder of all the death they'd just endured here, and were about to endure again.

Luke paused several steps above Jace. "What are you doing here, Jonathan?"

Jace said nothing, and Luke mentally cursed his forgetfulness—Jace didn't like being called Jonathan and usually responded to the name with a sharp objection. This time, though, he didn't seem to care. The face he raised to Luke was as grimly set as the faces of any of the adults in the Hall. Though Jace was still a year away from being an adult under Clave law, he'd already seen worse things in his short life than most adults could even imagine.

"Were you looking for your parents?"

"You mean the Lightwoods?" Jace shook his head. "No. I don't want to talk to them. I was looking for you."

"Is it about Clary?" Luke descended several steps until he stood just above Jace. "Is she all right?"

“She’s fine.” The mention of Clary seemed to make Jace tense all over, which in turn sparked Luke’s nerves—but Jace would never say Clary was all right if she weren’t.

“Then what is it?”

Jace looked past him, toward the doors of the Hall. “How is it going in there? Any progress?”

“Not really,” Luke admitted. “As much as they don’t want to surrender to Valentine, they like the idea of Downworlders on the Council even less. And without the promise of seats on the Council, my people won’t fight.”

Jace’s eyes sparked. “The Clave is going to *hate* that idea.”

“They don’t have to love it. They only have to like it better than they like the idea of suicide.”

“They’ll stall,” Jace advised him. “I’d give them a deadline if I were you. The Clave works better with deadlines.”

Luke couldn’t help but smile. “All the Downworlders I can summon will be approaching the North Gate at twilight. If the Clave agrees to fight with them by then, they’ll enter the city. If not, they’ll turn around. I couldn’t leave it any later than that—it barely gives us enough time to get to Brocelind by midnight as it is.”

Jace whistled. “That’s theatrical. Hoping the sight of all those Downworlders will inspire the Clave, or scare them?”

“Probably a little of both. Many of the Clave members are associated with Institutes, like you; they’re a lot more used to the sight of Downworlders. It’s the native Idrisians I’m worried about. The sight of Downworlders at their gates might send them into a panic. On the other hand, it can’t hurt for them to be reminded how vulnerable they are.”

As if on cue, Jace’s gaze flicked up to the ruins of the Gard, a black scar on the hillside over the city. “I’m not sure anyone needs more reminders of that.” He glanced back at Luke, his clear eyes very serious. “I want to tell you something, and I want it to be in confidence.”

Luke couldn't hide his surprise. "Why tell me? Why not the Lightwoods?"

"Because you're the one who's in charge here, really. You know that."

Luke hesitated. Something about Jace's white and tired face drew sympathy out of his own exhaustion—sympathy and a desire to show this boy, who had been so betrayed and badly used by the adults in his life, that not all adults were like that, that there were some he could rely on. "All right."

"And," Jace said, "because I trust you to know how to explain it to Clary."

"Explain *what* to Clary?"

"Why I had to do it." Jace's eyes were wide in the light of the rising sun; it made him look years younger. "I'm going after Sebastian, Luke. I know how to find him, and I'm going to follow him until he leads me to Valentine."

Luke let his breath out in surprise. "*You know how to find him?*"

"Magnus showed me how to use a tracking spell when I was staying with him in Brooklyn. We were trying to use my father's ring to find him. It didn't work, but—"

"You're not a warlock. You shouldn't be able to do a tracking spell."

"These are runes. Like the way the Inquisitor watched me when I went to see Valentine on the ship. All I needed to make it work was something of Sebastian's."

"But we went over this with the Penhallows. He left nothing behind. His room was utterly cleared out, probably for exactly this reason."

"I found something," said Jace. "A thread soaked in his blood. It's not much, but it's enough. I tried it, and it worked."

"You can't go haring off after Valentine on your own, Jace. I won't let you."

“You can’t stop me. Not really. Unless you want to fight me right here on these steps. You won’t win, either. You know that as well as I do.” There was a strange note in Jace’s voice, a mixture of certainty and self-hatred.

“Look, however determined you may be to play the solitary hero—”

“I am not a hero,” Jace said. His voice was clear and toneless, as if he were stating the simplest of facts.

“Think of what this will do to the Lightwoods, even if nothing happens to you. Think of Clary—”

“You think I *haven’t* thought of Clary? You think I haven’t thought of my family? Why do you think I’m doing this?”

“Do you think I don’t remember what it’s like to be seventeen?” Luke answered. “To think you have the power to save the world—and not just the power but the responsibility —”

“Look at me,” said Jace. “Look at me and tell me I’m an ordinary seventeen-year-old.”

Luke sighed. “There’s nothing ordinary about you.”

“Now tell me it’s impossible. Tell me what I’m suggesting can’t be done.” When Luke said nothing, Jace went on, “Look, your plan is fine, as far as that goes. Bring in Downworlders, fight Valentine all the way to the gates of Alicante. It’s better than just lying down and letting him walk over you. But he’ll expect it. You won’t be catching him by surprise. I—I could catch him by surprise. He may not know Sebastian’s being followed. It’s a chance at least, and we have to take whatever chances we can get.”

“That may be true,” said Luke. “But this is too much to expect of any one person. Even you.”

“But don’t you see—it can only *be* me,” Jace said, desperation creeping into his voice. “Even if Valentine senses I’m following him, he might let me get close enough—”

“Close enough to do what?”

“To kill him,” said Jace. “What else?”

Luke looked at the boy standing below him on the stairs. He wished in some way he could reach through and see Jocelyn in her son, the way he saw her in Clary, but Jace was only, and always, himself—contained, alone, and separate. “You could do that?” Luke said. “You could kill your own father?”

“Yes,” Jace said, his voice as distant as an echo. “Now is this where you tell me I can’t kill him because he is, after all, my father, and patricide is an unforgivable crime?”

“No. This is where I tell you that you have to be sure you’re capable of it,” said Luke, and realized, to his own surprise, that some part of him had already accepted that Jace was going to do exactly what he said he was going to do, and that he would let him. “You can’t do all this, cut your ties here and hunt Valentine down on your own, just to fail at the final hurdle.”

“Oh,” said Jace, “I’m capable of it.” He looked away from Luke, down the steps toward the square that until yesterday morning had been full of bodies. “My father made me what I am. And I hate him for it. I can kill him. He made sure of that.”

Luke shook his head. “Whatever your upbringing, Jace, you’ve fought it. He didn’t corrupt you—”

“No,” Jace said. “He didn’t have to.” He glanced up at the sky, striped with blue and gray; birds had begun their morning songs in the trees lining the square. “I’d better go.”

“Is there something you wanted me to tell the Lightwoods?”

“No. No, don’t tell them anything. They’ll just blame you if they find out you knew what I was going to do and you let me go. I left notes,” he added. “They’ll figure it out.”

“Then why—”

“Did I tell you all this? Because I want you to know. I want you to keep it in mind while you make your battle plans. That I’m out there, looking for Valentine. If I find him, I’ll send you a message.” He smiled fleetingly. “Think of me as your backup plan.”

Luke reached out and clasped the boy's hand. "If your father weren't who he is," he said, "he'd be proud of you."

Jace looked surprised for a moment, and then just as quickly he flushed and drew his hand back. "If you knew—," he began, and bit his lip. "Never mind. Good luck to you, Lucian Graymark. *Ave atque vale.*"

"Let us hope there will be no real farewell," Luke said. The sun was rising fast now, and as Jace lifted his head, frowning at the sudden intensification of the light, there was something in his face that struck Luke—something in that mixture of vulnerability and stubborn pride. "You remind me of someone," he said without thinking. "Someone I knew years ago."

"I know," Jace said with a bitter twist to his mouth. "I remind you of Valentine."

"No," said Luke, in a wondering voice; but as Jace turned away, the resemblance faded, banishing the ghosts of memory. "No—I wasn't thinking of Valentine at all."



The moment Clary awoke, she knew Jace was gone, even before she opened her eyes. Her hand, still outstretched across the bed, was empty; no fingers returned the pressure of her own. She sat up slowly, her chest tight.

He must have drawn the curtains back before he left, because the windows were open and bright bars of sunlight striped the bed. Clary wondered why the light hadn't woken her. From the position of the sun, it had to be afternoon. Her head felt heavy and thick, her eyes bleary. Maybe it was just that she hadn't had nightmares last night, for the first time in so long, and her body was catching up on sleep.

It was only when she stood up that she noticed the folded piece of paper on the nightstand. She picked it up with a smile hovering around her lips—so Jace had left a note—and when something heavy slid from beneath the paper and rattled to the floor at her feet, she was so surprised that she jumped back, thinking it was alive.

It lay at her feet, a coil of bright metal. She knew what it was before she bent and picked it up. The chain and silver ring that Jace had worn around his neck. The family ring. She had rarely seen him without it. A sudden sensation of dread washed over her.

She opened the note and scanned the first lines: *Despite everything, I can't bear the thought of this ring being lost forever, any more than I can bear the thought of leaving you forever. And though I have no choice about the one, at least I can choose about the other.*

The rest of the letter seemed to wash together into a meaningless blur of letters; she had to read it over and over to make any sense of it. When she did finally understand, she stood staring down, watching the paper flutter as her hand shook. She understood now why Jace had told her everything he had, and why he had said one night didn't matter. You could say anything you wanted to someone you thought you were never going to see again.

She had no recollection, later, of having decided what to do next, or of having hunted for something to wear, but somehow she was hurrying down the stairs, dressed in Shadowhunter gear, the letter in one hand and the chain with the ring clasped hastily around her throat.

The living room was empty, the fire in the grate burned down to gray ash, but noise and light emanated from the kitchen: a chatter of voices, and the smell of something cooking. *Pancakes?* Clary thought in surprise. She wouldn't have thought Amatis knew how to make them.

And she was right. Stepping into the kitchen, Clary felt her eyes widen—Isabelle, her glossy dark hair swept up in a knot at the back of her neck, stood at the stove, an apron around her waist and a metal spoon in her hand. Simon was sitting on the table behind her, his feet up on a chair, and Amatis, far from telling him to get off the furniture, was leaning against the counter, looking highly entertained.

Isabelle waved her spoon at Clary. "Good morning," she said. "Would you like breakfast? Although, I guess it's more

like lunchtime.”

Speechless, Clary looked at Amatis, who shrugged. “They just showed up and wanted to make breakfast,” she said, “and I have to admit, I’m not that good a cook.”

Clary thought of Isabelle’s awful soup back at the Institute and suppressed a shudder. “Where’s Luke?”

“In Brocelind, with his pack,” said Amatis. “Is everything all right, Clary? You look a little . . .”

“Wild-eyed,” Simon finished for her. “*Is* everything all right?”

For a moment Clary couldn’t think of a reply. *They just showed up*, Amatis had said. Which meant Simon had spent the *entire* night at Isabelle’s. She stared at him. He didn’t *look* any different.

“I’m fine,” she said. Now was hardly the time to be worrying about Simon’s love life. “I need to talk to Isabelle.”

“So talk,” Isabelle said, poking at a misshapen object in the bottom of the frying pan that was, Clary feared, a pancake. “I’m listening.”

“*Alone,*” said Clary.

Isabelle frowned. “Can’t it wait? I’m almost done—”

“No,” Clary said, and there was something in her tone that made Simon, at least, sit up straight. “It can’t.”

Simon slid off the table. “Fine. We’ll give you two some privacy,” he said. He turned to Amatis. “Maybe you could show me those baby pictures of Luke you were talking about.”

Amatis shot a worried glance at Clary but followed Simon out of the room. “I suppose I could. . . .”

Isabelle shook her head as the door closed behind them. Something glinted at the back of her neck: a bright, delicately thin knife was thrust through the coil of her hair, holding it in place. Despite the tableau of domesticity, she was still a Shadowhunter. “Look,” she said. “If this is about Simon—”

“It’s not about Simon. It’s about Jace.” She thrust the note at Isabelle. “Read this.”

With a sigh Isabelle turned off the stove, took the note, and sat down to read it. Clary took an apple out of the basket on the table and sat down as Isabelle, across from her at the table, scanned the note silently. Clary picked at the apple peel in silence—she couldn’t imagine actually eating the apple, or, in fact, eating anything at all, ever again.

Isabelle looked up from the note, her eyebrows arched. “This seems kind of—personal. Are you sure I should be reading it?”

Probably not. Clary could barely even remember the words in the letter now; in any other situation, she would never have showed it to Isabelle, but her panic about Jace overrode every other concern. “Just read to the end.”

Isabelle turned back to the note. When she was done, she set the paper down on the table. “I thought he might do something like this.”

“You see what I mean,” Clary said, her words stumbling over themselves, “but he can’t have left that long ago, or gotten that far. We have to go after him and—” She broke off, her brain finally processing what Isabelle had said and catching up with her mouth. “What do you mean, you thought he might do something like this?”

“Just what I said.” Isabelle pushed a dangling lock of hair behind her ears. “Ever since Sebastian disappeared, everyone’s been talking about how to find him. I tore his room at the Penhallows’ apart looking for anything we could use to track him—but there was nothing. I might have known that if Jace found anything that would allow him to track Sebastian, he’d be off like a shot.” She bit her lip. “I just would have hoped that he’d have brought Alec with him. Alec won’t be happy.”

“So you think Alec will want to go after him, then?” Clary asked, with renewed hope.

“Clary.” Isabelle sounded faintly exasperated. “*How* are we supposed to go after him? How are we supposed to have the

slightest idea where he's gone?"

"There must be some way—"

"We can try to track him. Jace is smart, though. He'll have figured out some way to block the tracking."

A cold anger stirred in Clary's chest. "Do you even *want* to find him? Do you even care that he's gone off on what's practically a suicide mission? He can't face down Valentine all by himself."

"Probably not," said Isabelle. "But I trust that Jace has his reasons for—"

"For what? For wanting to die?"

"*Clary.*" Isabelle's eyes blazed up with a sudden light of anger. "Do you think the rest of us are *safe*? We're all waiting to die or be enslaved. Can you really see Jace doing that, just sitting around waiting for something awful to happen? Can you really see—"

"All I see is that Jace is your brother just like Max was," said Clary, "and you cared what happened to *him*."

She regretted it the moment she said it; Isabelle's face went white, as if Clary's words had bleached the color out of the other girl's skin. "Max," Isabelle said with a tightly controlled fury, "was a *little boy*, not a fighter—he was *nine years old*. Jace is a Shadowhunter, a warrior. If we fight Valentine, do you think Alec won't be in the battle? Do you think we're not all of us, at all times, prepared to die if we have to, if the cause is great enough? Valentine is Jace's father; Jace probably has the best chance of all of us of getting close to him to do what he has to do—"

"Valentine will kill Jace if he has to," Clary said. "He won't spare him."

"I know."

"But all that matters is if he goes out in glory? Won't you even miss him?"

"I will miss him *every day*," Isabelle said, "for the rest of my life, which, let's face it, if Jace fails, will probably be

about a week long.” She shook her head. “You don’t get it, Clary. You don’t understand what it’s like to live always at war, to grow up with battle and sacrifice. I guess it’s not your fault. It’s just how you were brought up—”

Clary held her hands up. “I *do* get it. I know you don’t like me, Isabelle. Because I’m a mundane to you.”

“You think *that’s* why—” Isabelle broke off, her eyes bright; not just with anger, Clary saw with surprise, but with tears. “God, you don’t understand *anything*, do you? You’ve known Jace what, a month? I’ve known him for seven years. And all the time I’ve known him, I’ve never seen him fall in love, never seen him even *like* anyone. He’d hook up with girls, sure. Girls always fell in love with him, but he never *cared*. I think that’s why Alec thought—” Isabelle stopped for a moment, holding herself very still. *She’s trying not to cry*, Clary thought in wonder—Isabelle, who seemed like she *never* cried. “It always worried me, and my mom, too—I mean, what kind of teenage boy never even gets a crush on anyone? It was like he was always half-awake where other people were concerned. I thought maybe what had happened with his father had done some sort of permanent damage to him, like maybe he never really could love anyone. If I’d only known what had *really* happened with his father—but then I probably would have thought the same thing, wouldn’t I? I mean, who *wouldn’t* have been damaged by that?”

“And then we met you, and it was like he woke up. You couldn’t see it, because you’d never known him any different. But I saw it. Hodge saw it. Alec saw it—why do you think he hated you so much? It was like that from the second we met you. You thought it was amazing that you could see us, and it was, but what was amazing to me was that Jace *could see you, too*. He kept talking about you all the way back to the Institute; he made Hodge send him out to get you; and once he brought you back, he didn’t want you to leave again. Wherever you were in the room, he watched you. . . . He was even jealous of Simon. I’m not sure he realized it himself, but he was. I could tell. Jealous of a mundane. And then after what happened to Simon at the party, he was willing to go with you to the Dumort, to break Clave Law, just to save a mundane he didn’t

even like. He did it for you. Because if anything had happened to Simon, *you* would have been hurt. You were the first person outside our family whose happiness I'd ever seen him take into consideration. Because he *loved* you."

Clary made a noise in the back of her throat. "But that was before—"

"Before he found out you were his sister. I know. And I don't blame you for *that*. You couldn't have known. And I guess you couldn't have helped that you just went right on ahead and dated Simon afterward like you didn't even care. I thought once Jace knew you were his sister, he'd give up and get over it, but he didn't, and he couldn't. I don't know what Valentine did to him when he was a child. I don't know if that's why he is the way he is, or if it's just the way he's made, but he won't get over you, Clary. He can't. I started to hate seeing you. I hated for *Jace* to see you. It's like an injury you get from demon poison—you have to leave it alone and let it heal. Every time you rip the bandages off, you just open the wound up again. Every time he sees you, it's like tearing off the bandages."

"I know," Clary whispered. "How do you think it is for me?"

"I don't know. I can't tell what you're feeling. You're not *my* sister. I don't hate you, Clary. I even like you. If it were possible, there isn't anyone I'd rather Jace be with. But I hope you can understand when I say that if by some miracle we all get through this, I hope my family moves itself somewhere so far away that we never see you again."

Tears stung the backs of Clary's eyes. It was strange, she and Isabelle sitting here at this table, crying over Jace for reasons that were both very different and strangely the same. "Why are you telling me all this now?"

"Because you're accusing me of not wanting to protect Jace. But I do want to protect him. Why do you think I was so upset when you suddenly showed up at the Penhallows'? You act as if you're not a part of all this, of our world; you stand on the sidelines, but you *are* a part of it. You're central to it. You

can't just pretend to be a bit player forever, Clary, not when you're Valentine's daughter. Not when Jace is doing what he's doing partly because of you."

"Because of *me*?"

"Why do you think he's so willing to risk himself? Why do you think he doesn't care if he dies?" Isabelle's words drove into Clary's ears like sharp needles. *I know why*, she thought. *It's because he thinks he's a demon, thinks he isn't really human, that's why—but I can't tell you that, can't tell you the one thing that would make you understand.* "He's always thought there was something wrong with him, and now, because of you, he thinks he's cursed forever. I heard him say so to Alec. Why *not* risk your life, if you don't want to live anyway? Why *not* risk your life if you'll never be happy no matter what you do?"

"Isabelle, that's enough." The door opened, almost silently, and Simon stood in the doorway. Clary had nearly forgotten how much better his hearing was now. "It's not Clary's fault."

Color rose in Isabelle's face. "Stay out of this, Simon. You don't know what's going on."

Simon stepped into the kitchen, shutting the door behind him. "I heard most of what you've been saying," he told them matter-of-factly. "Even through the wall. You said you don't know what Clary's feeling because you haven't known her long enough. Well, I have. If you think Jace is the only one who's suffered, you're wrong there."

There was a silence; the fierceness in Isabelle's expression was fading slightly. In the distance, Clary thought she heard the sound of someone knocking on the front door: Luke, probably, or Maia bringing more blood for Simon.

"It's not because of me that he left," Clary said, and her heart began to pound. *Can I tell them Jace's secret, now that he's gone? Can I tell them the real reason he left, the real reason he doesn't care if he dies?* Words started to pour out of her, almost against her will. "When Jace and I went to the Wayland manor—when we went to find the Book of the White —"

She broke off as the kitchen door swung open. Amatis stood there, the strangest expression on her face. For a moment Clary thought she was frightened, and her heart skipped a beat. But it wasn't fright on Amatis's face, not really. She looked as she had when Clary and Luke had suddenly showed up at her front door. She looked as if she'd seen a ghost. "Clary," she said slowly. "There's someone here to see you—"

Before she could finish, that someone pushed past her into the kitchen. Amatis stood back, and Clary got her first good look at the intruder—a slender woman, dressed in black. At first all Clary saw was the Shadowhunter gear and she almost didn't recognize her, not until her eyes reached the woman's face and she felt her stomach drop out of her body the way it had when Jace had driven their motorcycle off the edge of the Dumort roof, a ten-story fall.

It was her mother.

Part Three

The Way to Heaven



Oh yes, I know the way to heaven was easy.
—Siegfried Sassoon, “The Imperfect Lover”

ARTICLES OF FAITH

Since the night she'd come home to find her mother gone, Clary had imagined seeing her again, well and healthy, so often that her imaginings had taken on the quality of a photograph that had become faded from being taken out and looked at too many times. Those images rose up before her now, even as she stared in disbelief—images in which her mother, looking healthy and happy, hugged Clary and told her how much she'd missed her but that everything was going to be all right now.

The mother in her imaginings bore very little resemblance to the woman who stood in front of her now. She'd remembered Jocelyn as gentle and artistic, a little bohemian with her paint-splattered overalls, her red hair in pigtails or fastened up with a pencil into a messy bun. This Jocelyn was as bright and sharp as a knife, her hair drawn back sternly, not a wisp out of place; the harsh black of her gear made her face look pale and hard. Nor was her expression the one Clary had imagined: Instead of delight, there was something very like horror in the way she looked at Clary, her green eyes wide. "Clary," she breathed. "Your *clothes*."

Clary looked down at herself. She had on Amatis's black Shadowhunter gear, exactly what her mother had spent her whole life making sure her daughter would never have to wear. Clary swallowed hard and stood up, clutching the edge of the table with her hands. She could see how white her knuckles were, but her hands felt disconnected from her body somehow, as if they belonged to someone else.

Jocelyn stepped toward her, reaching her arms out. “Clary —”

And Clary found herself backing up, so hastily that she hit the counter with the small of her back. Pain flared through her, but she hardly noticed; she was staring at her mother. So was Simon, his mouth slightly open; Amatis, too, looked stricken.

Isabelle stood up, putting herself between Clary and her mother. Her hand slid beneath her apron, and Clary had a feeling that when she drew it out, she’d be holding her slender electrum whip. “What’s going on here?” Isabelle demanded. “Who are you?”

Her strong voice wavered slightly as she seemed to catch the expression on Jocelyn’s face; Jocelyn was staring at her, her hand over her heart.

“*Maryse.*” Jocelyn’s voice was barely a whisper.

Isabelle looked startled. “How do you know my mother’s name?”

Color came into Jocelyn’s face in a rush. “Of course. You’re Maryse’s daughter. It’s just—you look so much like her.” She lowered her hand slowly. “I’m Jocelyn Fr—Fairchild. I’m Clary’s mother.”

Isabelle took her hand out from under the apron and glanced at Clary, her eyes full of confusion. “But you were in the hospital . . . in New York . . .”

“I was,” Jocelyn said in a firmer voice. “But thanks to my daughter, I’m fine now. And I’d like a moment with her.”

“I’m not sure,” said Amatis, “that she wants a moment with you.” She reached out to put her hand on Jocelyn’s shoulder. “This must be a shock for her—”

Jocelyn shook off Amatis and moved toward Clary, reaching her hands out. “Clary—”

At last Clary found her voice. It was a cold, icy voice, so angry it surprised her. “How did you get here, Jocelyn?”

Her mother stopped dead, a look of uncertainty passing over her face. “I Portaled to just outside the city with Magnus

Bane. Yesterday he came to me in the hospital—he brought the antidote. He told me everything you did for me. All I’ve wanted since I woke up was to see you. . . .” Her voice trailed off. “Clary, is something wrong?”

“Why didn’t you ever tell me I had a brother?” Clary said. It wasn’t what she’d expected to say, wasn’t even what she’d planned to have come out of her mouth. But there it was.

Jocelyn dropped her hands. “I thought he was dead. I thought it would only hurt you to know.”

“Let me tell you something, Mom,” Clary said. “Knowing is better than not knowing. Every time.”

“I’m sorry—,” Jocelyn began.

“*Sorry?*” It was as if something inside Clary had torn open, and everything was pouring out, all her bitterness, all her pent-up rage. “Do you want to explain why you never told me I was a Shadowhunter? Or that my father was still alive? Oh, and how about that bit where you paid Magnus to steal my memories?”

“I was trying to protect you—”

“Well, you did a *terrible* job!” Clary’s voice rose. “What did you expect to happen to me after you disappeared? If it hadn’t been for Jace and the others, I’d be dead. You never showed me how to protect myself. You never told me how dangerous things really were. What did you think? That if I couldn’t see the bad things, that meant they couldn’t see me?” Her eyes burned. “You knew Valentine wasn’t dead. You told Luke you thought he was still alive.”

“That’s why I had to hide you,” Jocelyn said. “I couldn’t risk letting Valentine know where you were. I couldn’t let him touch you—”

“Because he turned your first child into a monster,” said Clary, “and you didn’t want him to do the same to me.”

Shocked speechless, Jocelyn could only stare at her. “Yes,” she said finally. “Yes, but that’s not all it was, Clary—”

“You stole my memories,” Clary said. “You took them away from me. You took away who I was.”

“That’s not who you are!” Jocelyn cried. “I never wanted it to be who you were—”

“It doesn’t matter what you wanted!” Clary shouted. “It is who I am! You took all that away from me and *it didn’t belong to you!*”

Jocelyn was ashen. Tears rose up in Clary’s eyes—she couldn’t bear seeing her mother like this, seeing her so hurt, and yet she was the one doing the hurting—and she knew that if she opened her mouth again, more terrible words would come out, more hateful, angry things. She clapped her hand over her mouth and darted for the hallway, pushing past her mother, past Simon’s outstretched hand. All she wanted was to get away. Blindly pushing at the front door, she half-fell out into the street. Behind her, someone called her name, but she didn’t turn around. She was already running.



Jace was somewhat surprised to discover that Sebastian had left the Verlac horse in the stables rather than galloping away on it the night he fled. Perhaps he had been afraid that Wayfarer might in some manner be tracked.

It gave Jace a certain satisfaction to saddle the stallion up and ride him out of the city. True, if Sebastian had really wanted Wayfarer, he wouldn’t have left him behind—and besides, the horse hadn’t really been Sebastian’s to begin with. But the fact was, Jace liked horses. He’d been ten the last time he’d ridden one, but the memories, he was pleased to note, came back fast.

It had taken him and Clary six hours to walk from the Wayland manor to Alicante. It took about two hours to get back, riding at a near gallop. By the time they drew up on the ridge overlooking the house and gardens, both he and the horse were covered in a light sheen of sweat.

The misdirection wards that had hidden the manor had been destroyed along with the manor’s foundation. What was left of

the once elegant building was a heap of smoldering stone. The gardens, singed at the edges now, still brought back memories of the time he'd lived there as a child. There were the rosebushes, denuded of their blossoms now and threaded with green weeds; the stone benches that sat by empty pools; and the hollow in the ground where he'd lain with Clary the night the manor collapsed. He could see the blue glint of the nearby lake through the trees.

A surge of bitterness caught him. He jammed his hand into his pocket and drew out first a stele—he'd "borrowed" it from Alec's room before he'd left, as a replacement for the one Clary had lost, since Alec could always get another—and then the thread he'd taken from the sleeve of Clary's coat. It lay in his palm, stained red-brown at one end. He closed his fist around it, tightly enough to make the bones jut out under his skin, and with his stele traced a rune on the back of his hand. The faint sting was more familiar than painful. He watched the rune sink into his skin like a stone sinking through water, and closed his eyes.

Instead of the backs of his eyelids he saw a valley. He was standing on a ridge looking down over it, and as if he were gazing at a map that pinpointed his location, he knew exactly where he was. He remembered how the Inquisitor had known exactly where Valentine's boat was in the middle of the East River and realized, *This is how she did it*. Every detail was clear—every blade of grass, the scatter of browning leaves at his feet—but there was no sound. The scene was eerily silent.

The valley was a horseshoe with one end narrower than the other. A bright silver rill of water—a creek or stream—ran through the center of it and disappeared among rocks at the narrow end. Beside the stream sat a gray stone house, white smoke puffing from the square chimney. It was an oddly pastoral scene, tranquil under the blue gaze of the sky. As he watched, a slender figure swung into view. Sebastian. Now that he was no longer bothering to pretend, his arrogance was plain in the way he walked, in the jut of his shoulders, the faint smirk on his face. Sebastian knelt down by the side of the stream and plunged his hands in, splashing water up over his face and hair.

Jace opened his eyes. Beneath him Wayfarer was contentedly cropping grass. Jace shoved the stele and thread back into his pocket, and with a single last glance at the ruins of the house he'd grown up in, he gathered up the reins and dug his heels into the horse's sides.



Clary lay in the grass near the edge of Gard Hill and stared morosely down at Alicante. The view from here was pretty spectacular, she had to admit. She could look out over the rooftops of the city, with their elegant carvings and rune-Marked weather vanes, past the spires of the Hall of Accords, out toward something that gleamed in the far distance like the edge of a silver coin—Lake Lyn? The black ruins of the Gard hulked behind her, and the demon towers shone like crystal. Clary almost thought she could see the wards, shimmering like an invisible net woven around the borders of the city.

She looked down at her hands. She had torn up several fistfuls of grass in the last spasms of her anger, and her fingers were sticky with dirt and blood where she'd ripped a nail half off. Once the fury had passed, a feeling of utter emptiness had replaced it. She hadn't realized how angry she'd been with her mother, not until she'd stepped through the door and Clary had set her panic about Jocelyn's life aside and realized what lay under it. Now that she was calmer, she wondered if a part of her had wanted to punish her mother for what had happened to Jace. If he hadn't been lied to—if they *both* hadn't been—then perhaps the shock of finding out what Valentine had done to him when he was only a baby wouldn't have driven him to a gesture Clary couldn't help feeling was close to suicide.

“Mind if I join you?”

She jumped in surprise and rolled onto her side to look up. Simon stood over her, his hands in his pockets. Someone—Isabelle, probably—had given him a dark jacket of the tough black stuff Shadowhunters used for their gear. A vampire in gear, Clary thought, wondering if it was a first. “You snuck up on me,” she said. “I guess I’m not much of a Shadowhunter, huh.”

Simon shrugged. “Well, in your defense, I do move with a silent, pantherlike grace.”

Despite herself, Clary smiled. She sat up, brushing dirt off her hands. “Go ahead and join me. This mope-fest is open to all.”

Sitting beside her, Simon looked out over the city and whistled. “Nice view.”

“It is.” Clary looked at him sidelong. “How did you find me?”

“Well, it took me a few hours.” He smiled, a little crookedly. “Then I remembered how when we used to fight, back in first grade, you’d go and sulk on my roof and my mom would have to get you down?”

“So?”

“I know you,” he said. “When you get upset, you head for high ground.”

He held something out to her—her green coat, neatly folded. She took it and shrugged it on—the poor thing was already showing distinct signs of wear. There was even a small hole in the elbow big enough to wiggle a finger through.

“Thanks, Simon.” She laced her hands around her knees and stared out at the city. The sun was low in the sky, and the towers had begun to glow a faint reddish pink. “Did my mom send you up here to get me?”

Simon shook his head. “Luke, actually. And he just asked me to tell you that you might want to head back before sunset. Some pretty important stuff is happening.”

“What kind of stuff?”

“Luke gave the Clave until sunset to decide whether they’d agree to give the Downworlders seats on the Council. The Downworlders are all coming to the North Gate at twilight. If the Clave agrees, they can come into Alicante. If not . . .”

“They get sent away,” Clary finished. “And the Clave gives itself up to Valentine.”

“Yeah.”

“They’ll agree,” said Clary. “They *have* to.” She hugged her knees. “They’d never pick Valentine. No one would.”

“Glad to see your idealism hasn’t been damaged,” said Simon, and though his voice was light, Clary heard another voice through it. Jace’s, saying he wasn’t an idealist, and she shivered, despite the coat she was wearing.

“Simon?” she said. “I have a stupid question.”

“What is it?”

“Did you sleep with Isabelle?”

Simon made a choking sound. Clary swiveled slowly around to look at him.

“Are you okay?” she asked.

“I think so,” he said, recovering his poise with apparent effort. “Are you serious?”

“Well, you *were* gone all night.”

Simon was silent for a long moment. Finally he said, “I’m not sure it’s your business, but no.”

“Well,” said Clary, after a judicious pause, “I guess you wouldn’t have taken advantage of her when she’s so grief-stricken and all.”

Simon snorted. “If you ever meet the man who could take advantage of Isabelle, you’ll have to let me know. I’d like to shake his hand. Or run away from him very fast, I’m not sure which.”

“So you’re not dating Isabelle.”

“Clary,” Simon said, “why are you asking me about Isabelle? Don’t you want to talk about your mom? Or about Jace? Izzy told me that he left. I know how you must be feeling.”

“No,” Clary said. “No, I don’t think you do.”

“You’re not the only person who’s ever felt abandoned.” There was an edge of impatience to Simon’s voice. “I guess I

just thought—I mean, I’ve never seen you so angry. And at your mom. I thought you missed her.”

“Of course I missed her!” Clary said, realizing even as she said it how the scene in the kitchen must have looked. Especially to her mother. She pushed the thought away. “It’s just that I’ve been so focused on rescuing her—saving her from Valentine, then figuring out a way to cure her—that I never even stopped to think about how angry I was that she lied to me all these years. That she kept all of this from me, kept the truth from me. Never let me know who I really was.”

“But that’s not what you said when she walked into the room,” said Simon quietly. “You said, ‘Why didn’t you ever tell me I had a brother?’”

“I know.” Clary yanked a blade of grass out of the dirt, worrying it between her fingers. “I guess I can’t help thinking that if I’d known the truth, I wouldn’t have met Jace the way I did. I wouldn’t have fallen in love with him.”

Simon was silent for a moment. “I don’t think I’ve ever heard you say that before.”

“That I love him?” She laughed, but it sounded dreary even to her ears. “Seems useless to pretend like I don’t, at this point. Maybe it doesn’t matter. I probably won’t ever see him again, anyway.”

“He’ll come back.”

“Maybe.”

“He’ll come back,” Simon said again. “For you.”

“I don’t know.” Clary shook her head. It was getting colder as the sun dipped to touch the edge of the horizon. She narrowed her eyes, leaning forward, staring. “Simon. Look.”

He followed her gaze. Beyond the wards, at the North Gate of the city, hundreds of dark figures were gathering, some huddled together, some standing apart: the Downworlders Luke had called to the city’s aid, waiting patiently for word from the Clave to let them in. A shiver sizzled down Clary’s spine. She was poised not just on the crest of this hill, looking down over a steep drop to the city below, but at the edge of a

crisis, an event that would change the workings of the whole Shadowhunting world.

“They’re here,” Simon said, half to himself. “I wonder if that means the Clave’s decided?”

“I hope so.” The grass blade Clary had been worrying at was a mangled green mess; she tossed it aside and yanked up another one. “I don’t know what I’ll do if they decide to give in to Valentine. Maybe I can create a Portal that’ll take us all away to somewhere Valentine will never find us. A deserted island, or something.”

“Okay, I have a stupid question myself,” Simon said. “You can create new runes, right? Why can’t you just create one to destroy every demon in the world? Or kill Valentine?”

“It doesn’t work like that,” Clary said. “I can only create runes I can visualize. The whole image has to come into my head, like a picture. When I try to visualize ‘kill Valentine’ or ‘rule the world’ or something, I don’t get any images. Just white noise.”

“But where do the images of the runes come from, do you think?”

“I don’t know,” Clary said. “All the runes the Shadowhunters know come from the Gray Book. That’s why they can only be put on Nephilim; that’s what they’re for. But there are other, older runes. Magnus told me that. Like the Mark of Cain. It was a protection Mark, but not one from the Gray Book. So when I think of these runes, like the Fearless rune, I don’t know if it’s something I’m inventing, or something I’m *remembering*—runes older than Shadowhunters. Runes as old as angels themselves.” She thought of the rune Ithuriel had showed her, the one as simple as a knot. Had it come from her own mind, or the angel’s? Or was it just something that had always existed, like the sea or the sky? The thought made her shiver.

“Are you cold?” Simon asked.

“Yes—aren’t you?”

“I don’t get cold anymore.” He put an arm around her, his hand rubbing her back in slow circles. He chuckled ruefully. “I guess this probably doesn’t help much, what with me having no body heat and all.”

“No,” Clary said. “I mean—yes, it does help. Stay like that.” She glanced up at him. He was staring down at the North Gate, around which the dark figures of Downworlders still crowded, almost motionless. The red light of the demon towers reflected in his eyes; he looked like someone in a photograph taken with a flash. She could see faint blue veins spidering just under the surface of his skin where it was thinnest: at his temples, at the base of his collarbone. She knew enough about vampires to know that this meant it had been a while since he’d fed. “Are you hungry?”

Now he did glance down at her. “Afraid I’m going to bite you?”

“You know you’re welcome to my blood whenever you want it.”

A shiver, not from cold, passed over him, and he pulled her more tightly against his side. “I’d never do that,” he said. And then, more lightly, “Besides, I’ve already drunk Jace’s blood—I’ve had enough of feeding off my friends.”

Clary thought of the silver scar on the side of Jace’s throat. Slowly, her mind still full of the image of Jace, she said, “Do you think that’s why . . . ?”

“Why what?”

“Why sunlight doesn’t hurt you. I mean, it did hurt you before that, didn’t it? Before that night on the boat?”

He nodded reluctantly.

“So what else changed? Or is it just that you drank his blood?”

“You mean because he’s Nephilim? Yes, but not just because of that. You and Jace—you’re not quite normal, are you? I mean, not normal Shadowhunters. Whatever makes you different, it’s what makes me different as well. There’s something special about you both. Like the Seelie Queen said.

You were experiments.” He smiled at her startled look. “I’m not stupid. I can put these things together. You with your rune powers, and Jace, well . . . no one could be that annoying without some kind of supernatural assistance.”

“Do you really dislike him that much?”

“I don’t dislike Jace,” Simon protested. “I mean, I hated him at first, sure. He seemed so arrogant and sure of himself, and you acted like he hung the moon—”

“I did not.”

“Let me finish, Clary.” There was a breathless undercurrent in Simon’s voice, if someone who never breathed could be said to be breathless. He sounded as if he were racing toward something. “I could tell how much you liked him, and I thought he was using you, that you were just some stupid mundane girl he could impress with his Shadowhunter tricks. First I told myself that you’d never fall for it, and then that even if you did, he’d get tired of you eventually and you’d come back to me. I’m not proud of that, but when you’re desperate, you’ll believe anything, I guess. And then when he turned out to be your brother, it seemed like a last-minute reprieve—and I was glad. I was even glad to see how much he seemed to be suffering, until that night in the Seelie Court when you kissed him. I could see . . .”

“See what?” Clary said, unable to bear the pause.

“The way he looked at you. I got it then. He was never using you. He loved you, and it was killing him.”

“Is that why you went to the Dumort?” Clary whispered. It was something she’d always wanted to know but had never been able to bring herself to ask.

“Because of you and Jace? Not in any real way, no. Ever since that night in the hotel, I’d been wanting to go back. I dreamed about it. And I’d wake up out of bed, getting dressed, or already on the street, and I knew I wanted to go back to the hotel. It was always worse at night, and worse the closer I got to the hotel. It didn’t even occur to me that it was something supernatural—I thought it was posttraumatic stress or

something. That night, I was so exhausted and angry, and we were so close to the hotel, and it was night—I barely even remember what happened. I just remember walking away from the park, and then—nothing.”

“But if you hadn’t been angry at me—if we hadn’t upset you—”

“It’s not like you had a choice,” Simon said. “And it’s not like I didn’t know. You can only push the truth down for so long, and then it bubbles back up. The mistake I made was not telling you what was going on with me, not telling you about the dreams. But I don’t regret dating you. I’m glad we tried. And I love you for trying, even if it was never going to work.”

“I wanted it to work so much,” Clary said softly. “I never wanted to hurt you.”

“I wouldn’t change it,” Simon said. “I wouldn’t give up loving you. Not for anything. You know what Raphael told me? That I didn’t know how to be a good vampire, that vampires accept that they’re dead. But as long as I remember what it was like to love you, I’ll always feel like I’m alive.”

“Simon—”

“Look.” He cut her off with a gesture, his dark eyes widening. “Down there.”

The sun was a red sliver on the horizon; as she looked, it flickered and vanished, disappearing past the dark rim of the world. The demon towers of Alicante blazed into sudden incandescent life. In their light Clary could see the dark crowd swarming restlessly around the North Gate. “What’s going on?” she whispered. “The sun’s set; why aren’t the gates opening?”

Simon was motionless. “The Clave,” he said. “They must have said no to Luke.”

“But they can’t have!” Clary’s voice rose sharply. “That would mean—”

“They’re going to give themselves up to Valentine.”

“They *can* ’t!” Clary cried again, but even as she stared, she saw the groups of dark figures surrounding the wards turn and move away from the city, streaming like ants out of a destroyed anthill.

Simon’s face was waxy in the fading light. “I guess,” he said, “they really hate us that much. They’d really rather choose Valentine.”

“It’s not hate,” Clary said. “It’s that they’re afraid. Even Valentine was afraid.” She said it without thinking, and realized as she said it that it was true. “Afraid and jealous.”

Simon flicked a glance toward her in surprise. “Jealous?”

But Clary was back in the dream Ithuriel had showed her, Valentine’s voice echoing in her ears. *I dreamed that you would tell me why. Why Raziel created us, his race of Shadowhunters, yet did not give us the powers Downworlders have—the speed of the wolves, the immortality of the Fair Folk, the magic of warlocks, even the endurance of vampires. He left us naked before the hosts of hell but for these painted lines on our skin. Why should their powers be greater than ours? Why can’t we share in what they have?*

Her lips parted and she stared unseeing down at the city below. She was vaguely aware that Simon was saying her name, but her mind was racing. The angel could have showed her anything, she thought, but he’d chosen to show her these scenes, these memories, for a reason. She thought of Valentine crying, *That we should be bound to Downworlders, tied to those creatures!*

And the rune. The one she had dreamed of. The rune as simple as a knot.

Why can’t we share in what they have?

“Binding,” she said out loud. “It’s a binding rune. It joins like and unlike.”

“What?” Simon stared up at her in confusion.

She scrambled to her feet, brushing off the dirt. “I have to get down there. Where are they?”

“Where are who? Clary—”

“The *Clave*. Where are they meeting? Where’s Luke?”

Simon rose to his feet. “The Accords Hall. Clary—”

But she was already racing toward the winding path that led to the city. Swearing under his breath, Simon followed.



They say all roads lead to the Hall. Sebastian’s words pounded over and over in Clary’s head and she sprinted down the narrow streets of Alicante. She hoped it was true, because otherwise she was definitely going to get lost. The streets twisted at odd angles, not like the lovely, straight, gridded streets of Manhattan. In Manhattan you always knew where you were. Everything was clearly numbered and laid out. This was a labyrinth.

She darted through a tiny courtyard and down one of the narrow canal paths, knowing that if she followed the water, she’d eventually come out in Angel Square. Somewhat to her surprise, the path took her by Amatis’s house, and then she was racing, panting, down a wider, curving, familiar street. It opened out onto the square, the Accords Hall rising up wide and white before her, the angel statue shining at the square’s center. Standing beside the statue was Simon, his arms crossed, regarding her darkly.

“You could have waited,” he said.

She leaned forward, her hands on her knees, catching her breath. “You . . . can’t really say that . . . since you got here before me anyway.”

“Vampire speed,” Simon said with some satisfaction. “When we get home, I ought to go out for track.”

“That would be . . . cheating.” With a last deep breath Clary straightened up and pushed her sweaty hair out of her eyes. “Come on. We’re going in.”

The Hall was full of Shadowhunters, more Shadowhunters than Clary had ever seen in one place before, even on the night of Valentine’s attack. Their voices rose in a roar like a crashing

avalanche; most of them had gathered into contentious, shouting groups—the dais was deserted, the map of Idris hanging forlornly behind it.

She looked around for Luke. It took her a moment to find him, leaning against a pillar with his eyes half-closed. He looked awful—half-dead, his shoulders slumped. Amatis stood behind him, patting his shoulder worriedly. Clary looked around, but Jocelyn was nowhere to be seen in the crowd.

For just a moment she hesitated. Then she thought of Jace, going after Valentine, doing it alone, knowing that he might well get himself killed. He knew he was a part of this, a part of all of it, and she was too—she always had been, even when she hadn't known it. Adrenaline was still coursing through her in spikes, sharpening her perception, making everything seem clear. Almost too clear. She squeezed Simon's hand. "Wish me luck," she said, and then her feet were carrying her toward the dais steps, almost without her volition, and then she was standing on the dais and turning to face the crowd.

She wasn't sure what she'd expected. Gasps of surprise? A sea of hushed, expectant faces? They barely noticed her—only Luke looked up, as if he sensed her there, and froze with a look of astonishment on his face. And there was someone coming toward her through the crowd—a tall man with bones as prominent as the prow of a sailing ship. Consul Malachi. He was gesturing at her to get down from the dais, shaking his head and shouting something she couldn't hear. More Shadowhunters were turning toward her now as he made his way through the throng.

Clary had what she wanted now, all eyes riveted on her. She heard the whispers running through the crowd: *That's her. Valentine's daughter.*

"You're right," she said, casting her voice as far and as loudly as she could, "I *am* Valentine's daughter. I never even knew he was my father until a few weeks ago. I never even knew he *existed* until a few weeks ago. I know a lot of you are going to believe that's not true, and that's fine. Believe what you want. Just as long as you also believe I know things about

Valentine you don't know, things that could help you win this battle against him—if only you let me tell you what they are.”

“Ridiculous.” Malachi stood at the foot of the dais steps. “This is ridiculous. You’re just a little girl—”

“She’s Jocelyn Fairchild’s daughter.” It was Patrick Penhallow. Having pushed his way to the front of the crowd, he held up a hand. “Let the girl say her piece, Malachi.”

The crowd was buzzing. “You,” Clary said to the Consul. “You and the Inquisitor threw my friend Simon into prison—”

Malachi sneered. “Your friend the vampire?”

“He told me you asked him what happened to Valentine’s ship that night on the East River. You thought Valentine must have done something, some kind of black magic. Well, he didn’t. If you want to know what destroyed that ship, the answer is me. I did it.”

Malachi’s disbelieving laugh was echoed by several others in the crowd. Luke was looking at her, shaking his head, but Clary plowed on.

“I did it with a rune,” she said. “It was a rune so strong it made the ship come apart in pieces. I can create new runes. Not just the ones in the Gray Book. Runes no one’s ever seen before—powerful ones—”

“That’s enough,” Malachi roared. “This is ridiculous. No one can create new runes. It’s a complete impossibility.” He turned to the crowd. “Like her father, this girl is nothing but a liar.”

“She’s not lying.” The voice came from the back of the crowd. It was clear, strong, and purposeful. The crowd turned, and Clary saw who had spoken: It was Alec. He stood with Isabelle on one side of him and Magnus on the other. Simon was with them, and so was Maryse Lightwood. They formed a small, determined-looking knot by the front doors. “I’ve seen her create a rune. She even used it on me. It worked.”

“You’re lying,” the Consul said, but doubt had crept into his eyes. “To protect your friend—”

“Really, Malachi,” Maryse said crisply. “Why would my son lie about something like this, when the truth can so easily be discovered? Give the girl a stele and let her create a rune.”

A murmur of assent ran around the Hall. Patrick Penhallow stepped forward and held a stele up to Clary. She took it gratefully and turned back to the crowd.

Her mouth went dry. Her adrenaline was still up, but it wasn’t enough to completely drown her stage fright. What was she supposed to do? What kind of rune could she create that would convince this crowd she was telling the truth? What would *show* them the truth?

She looked out then, through the crowd, and saw Simon with the Lightwoods, looking at her across the empty space that separated them. It was the same way that Jace had looked at her at the manor. It was the one thread that bound these two boys that she loved so much, she thought, their one commonality: They both believed in her even when she didn’t believe in herself.

Looking at Simon, and thinking of Jace, she brought the stele down and drew its stinging point against the inside of her wrist, where her pulse beat. She didn’t look down as she was doing it but drew blindly, trusting herself and the stele to create the rune she needed. She drew it faintly, lightly—she would need it only for a moment—but without a second’s hesitation.

The first thing she saw when she’d finished was Malachi. His face had gone white, and he was backing away from her with a look of horror. He said something—a word in a language she didn’t recognize—and then behind him she saw Luke, staring at her, his mouth slightly open. “Jocelyn?” Luke said.

She shook her head at him, just slightly, and looked out at the crowd. It was a blur of faces, fading in and out as she stared. Some were smiling, some glancing around the crowd in surprise, some turning to the person who stood next to them. A few wore expressions of horror or amazement, hands clamped over their mouths. She saw Alec glance quickly at Magnus,

and then at her, in disbelief, and Simon looking on in puzzlement, and then Amatis came forward, shoving her way past Patrick Penhallow's bulk, and ran up to the edge of the dais. "Stephen!" she said, looking up at Clary with a sort of dazzled amazement. "*Stephen!*"

"Oh," Clary said. "Oh, Amatis, no," and then she felt the rune magic slip from her, as if she'd shed a thin, invisible garment. Amatis's eager face dropped, and she backed away from the dais, her expression half-crestfallen and half-amazed.

Clary looked out across the crowd. They were utterly silent, every face turned to her. "I know what you all just saw," she said. "And I know that you know that that kind of magic is beyond any glamour or illusion. And I did that with one rune, a single rune, a rune *that I created*. There are reasons why I have this ability, and I know you might not like them or even believe them, but it doesn't matter. What matters is that I can help you win this battle against Valentine, if you'll let me."

"There will be no battle against Valentine," Malachi said. He didn't meet her eyes as he spoke. "The Clave has decided. We will agree to Valentine's terms and lay down our arms tomorrow morning."

"You can't do that," she said, a tinge of desperation entering her voice. "You think everything will be all right if you just give up? You think Valentine will let you keep on living like you have already? You think he'll confine his killing to demons and Downworlders?" She swept her gaze across the room. "Most of you haven't seen Valentine in fifteen years. Maybe you've forgotten what he's really like. But I know. I've heard him talk about his plans. You think you can still live your lives under Valentine's rule, but you won't be able to. He'll control you completely, because he'll always be able to threaten to destroy you with the Mortal Instruments. He'll start with Downworlders, of course. But then he'll go to the Clave. He'll kill them first because he thinks they're weak and corrupt. Then he'll start in on anyone who has a Downworlder anywhere in their family. Maybe a werewolf brother"—her eyes swept over Amatis—"or a rebellious teenage daughter who dates the occasional faerie knight"—her

eyes went to the Lightwoods—“or anyone who’s ever so much as befriended a Downworlder. And then he’ll go after anyone who’s ever employed the services of a warlock. How many of you would that be?”

“This is nonsense,” Malachi said crisply. “Valentine is not interested in destroying Nephilim.”

“But he doesn’t think anyone who associates with Downworlders is worthy of being called Nephilim,” Clary insisted. “Look, your war isn’t against Valentine. It’s against demons. Keeping demons from this world is your mandate, a mandate from heaven. And a mandate from heaven isn’t something you can just *ignore*. Downworlders hate demons too. They destroy them too. If Valentine has his way, he’ll spend so much of his time trying to murder every Downworlder, and every Shadowhunter who’s ever associated with them, that he’ll forget all about the demons, and so will you, because you’ll be so busy being afraid of Valentine. And they’ll overrun the world, and that will be that.”

“I see where this is going,” Malachi said through gritted teeth. “We will not fight beside Downworlders in the service of a battle we can’t possibly win—”

“But you can win it,” Clary said. “You can.” Her throat was dry, her head aching, and the faces in the crowd before her seemed to meld into a featureless blur, punctuated here and there by soft white explosions of light. *But you can’t stop now. You have to keep going. You have to try.* “My father hates Downworlders because he’s jealous of them,” she went on, her words tripping over one another. “Jealous and afraid of all the things they can do that he can’t. He hates that in some ways they’re more powerful than Nephilim, and I’d bet he’s not alone in that. It’s easy to be afraid of what you don’t share.” She took a breath. “But what if you *could* share it? What if I could make a rune that could bind each of you, each Shadowhunter, to a Downworlder who was fighting by your side, and you could *share your powers*—you could be as fast-healing as a vampire, as tough as a werewolf, or as swift as a faerie knight. And they, in turn, could share your training, your fighting skills. You could be an unbeatable force—if you’ll let

me Mark you, and if you'll fight with the Downworlders. Because if you don't fight beside them, the runes won't work." She paused. "Please," she said, but the word came almost inaudibly out of her dry throat. "Please let me Mark you."

Her words fell into a ringing silence. The world moved in a shifting blur, and she realized that she'd delivered the last half of her speech staring up at the ceiling of the Hall and that the soft white explosions she'd seen had been the stars coming out in the night sky, one by one. The silence went on and on as her hands, at her sides, curled themselves slowly into fists. And then slowly, very slowly, she lowered her gaze and met the eyes of the crowd staring back at her.

THE SHADOWHUNTER'S TALE

Clary sat on the top step of the Accords Hall, looking out over Angel Square. The moon had come up earlier and was just visible over the roofs of the houses. The demon towers reflected back its light, silver-white. The darkness hid the scars and bruises of the city well; it looked peaceful under the night sky—if one didn't look up at Gard Hill and the ruined outline of the citadel. Guards patrolled the square below, appearing and disappearing as they moved in and out of the illumination of the witchlight lamps. They studiously ignored Clary's presence.

A few steps below her Simon was pacing back and forth, his footsteps utterly soundless. He had his hands in his pockets, and when he turned at the end of the stairs to walk back toward her, the moonlight glossed off his pale skin as if it were a reflective surface.

"Quit pacing," she told him. "You're just making me more nervous."

"Sorry."

"I feel like we've been out here forever." Clary strained her ears, but she couldn't hear more than the dull murmur of many voices coming through the closed double doors of the Hall. "Can you hear what they're saying inside?"

Simon half-closed his eyes; he appeared to be concentrating hard. "A little," he said after a pause.

"I wish I were in there," Clary said, kicking her heels irritably against the steps. Luke had asked her to wait outside the doors while the Clave deliberated; he'd wanted to send

Amatis out with her, but Simon had insisted on coming instead, saying it would be better to have Amatis inside, supporting Clary. “I wish I were part of the meeting.”

“No,” Simon said. “You don’t.”

She knew why Luke had asked her to wait outside. She could imagine what they were saying about her in there. *Liar. Freak. Fool. Crazy. Stupid. Monster. Valentine’s daughter.* Perhaps she was better off outside the Hall, but the tension of anticipating the Clave’s decision was almost painful.

“Maybe I can climb one of those,” Simon said, eyeing the fat white pillars that held up the slanted roof of the Hall. Runes were carved on them in overlapping patterns, but otherwise there were no visible handholds. “Work off steam that way.”

“Oh, come on,” Clary said. “You’re a vampire, not Spider-Man.”

Simon’s only response was to jog lightly up the steps to the base of a pillar. He eyed it thoughtfully for a moment before putting his hands to it and starting to climb. Clary watched him, openmouthed, as his fingertips and feet found impossible holds on the ridged stone. “You *are* Spider-Man!” she exclaimed.

Simon glanced down from his perch halfway up the pillar. “That makes you Mary Jane. She has red hair,” he said. He glanced out across the city, frowning. “I was hoping I could see the North Gate from here, but I’m not high enough.”

Clary knew why he wanted to see the gate. Messengers had been dispatched there to ask the Downworlders to wait while the Clave deliberated, and Clary could only hope they were willing to do it. And if they were, what was it like out there? Clary pictured the crowd waiting, milling, wondering. . . .

The double doors of the Hall cracked open. A slim figure slipped through the gap, closed the door, and turned to face Clary. She was in shadow, and it was only when she moved forward, closer to the witchlight that illuminated the steps, that Clary saw the bright blaze of her red hair and recognized her mother.

Jocelyn looked up, her expression bemused. “Well, hello, Simon. Glad to see you’re . . . adjusting.”

Simon let go of the pillar and dropped, landing lightly at its base. He looked mildly abashed. “Hey, Mrs. Fray.”

“I don’t know if there’s any point in calling me that now,” said Clary’s mother. “Maybe you should just call me Jocelyn.” She hesitated. “You know, strange as this—situation—is, it’s good to see you here with Clary. I can’t remember the last time you two were apart.”

Simon looked acutely embarrassed. “It’s good to see you, too.”

“Thank you, Simon.” Jocelyn glanced at her daughter. “Now, Clary, would it be all right for us to talk for a moment? Alone?”

Clary sat motionless for a long moment, staring at her mother. It was hard not to feel like she was staring at a stranger. Her throat felt tight, almost too tight to speak. She glanced toward Simon, who was clearly waiting for a signal from her to tell him whether to stay or go. She sighed. “Okay.”

Simon gave Clary an encouraging thumbs-up before vanishing back into the Hall. Clary turned away and stared fixedly down into the square, watching the guards do their rounds, as Jocelyn came and sat down next to her. Part of Clary wanted to lean sideways and put her head on her mother’s shoulder. She could even close her eyes, pretend everything was all right. The other part of her knew that it wouldn’t make a difference; she couldn’t keep her eyes closed forever.

“Clary,” Jocelyn said at last, very softly. “I am so sorry.”

Clary stared down at her hands. She was, she realized, still holding Patrick Penhallow’s stele. She hoped he didn’t think she’d meant to steal it.

“I never thought I’d see this place again,” Jocelyn went on. Clary stole a sideways glance at her mother and saw that she was looking out over the city, at the demon towers casting their pale whitish light over the skyline. “I dreamed about it

sometimes. I even wanted to paint it, to paint my memories of it, but I couldn't do that. I thought if you ever saw the paintings, you might ask questions, might wonder how those images had ever come into my head. I was so frightened you'd find out where I was really from. Who I really was."

"And now I have."

"And now you have." Jocelyn sounded wistful. "And you have every reason to hate me."

"I don't hate you, Mom," Clary said. "I just . . ."

"Don't trust me," said Jocelyn. "I can't blame you. I should have told you the truth." She touched Clary's shoulder lightly and seemed encouraged when Clary didn't move away. "I can tell you I did it to protect you, but I know how that must sound. I was there, just now, in the Hall, watching you—"

"You were there?" Clary was startled. "I didn't see you."

"I was in the very back of the Hall. Luke had told me not to come to the meeting, that my presence would just upset everyone and throw everything off, and he was probably right, but I so badly wanted to be there. I slipped in after the meeting started and hid in the shadows. But I was there. And I just wanted to tell you—"

"That I made a fool out of myself?" Clary said bitterly. "I already know that."

"No. I wanted to tell you that I was proud of you."

Clary slewed around to look at her mother. "You were?"

Jocelyn nodded. "Of course I was. The way you stood up in front of the Clave like that. The way you showed them what you could do. You made them look at you and see the person they loved most in the world, didn't you?"

"Yeah," Clary said. "How did you know?"

"Because I heard them all calling out different names," Jocelyn said softly. "But I still saw you."

"Oh." Clary looked down at her feet. "Well, I'm still not sure they believe me about the runes. I mean, I hope so, but—"

“Can I see it?” Jocelyn asked.

“See what?”

“The rune. The one that you created to bind Shadowhunters and Downworlders.” She hesitated. “If you can’t show me . . .”

“No, it’s all right.” With the stele Clary traced the lines of the rune the angel had showed her across the marble of the Accords Hall step, and they blazed up in hot gold lines as she drew. It was a strong rune, a map of curving lines overlapping a matrix of straight ones. Simple and complex at the same time. Clary knew now why it had seemed somehow unfinished to her when she had visualized it before: It needed a matching rune to make it work. A twin. A partner. “Alliance,” she said, drawing the stele back. “That’s what I’m calling it.”

Jocelyn watched silently as the rune flared and faded, leaving faint black lines on the stone. “When I was a young woman,” she said finally, “I fought so hard to bind Downworlders and Shadowhunters together, to protect the Accords. I thought I was chasing a sort of dream—something most Shadowhunters could hardly imagine. And now you’ve made it concrete and literal and *real*.” She blinked hard. “I realized something, watching you there in the Hall. You know, all these years I’ve tried to protect you by hiding you away. It’s why I hated you going to Pandemonium. I knew it was a place where Downworlders and mundanes mingled—and that that meant there would be Shadowhunters there. I imagined it was something in your blood that drew you to the place, something that recognized the shadow world even without your Sight. I thought you would be safe if only I could keep that world hidden from you. I never thought about trying to protect you by helping you to be strong and to fight.” She sounded sad. “But somehow you got to be strong anyway. Strong enough for me to tell you the truth, if you still want to hear it.”

“I don’t know.” Clary thought of the images the angel had showed her, how terrible they had been. “I know I was angry with you for lying. But I’m not sure I want to find out any more horrible things.”

“I talked to Luke. He thought you should know what I have to tell you. The whole story. All of it. Things I’ve never told anyone, never told him, even. I can’t promise you that the whole truth is pleasant. But it is the truth.”

The Law is hard, but it is the Law. She owed it to Jace to find out the truth as much as she owed it to herself. Clary tightened her grip on the stele in her hand, her knuckles whitening. “I want to know everything.”

“Everything . . .” Jocelyn took a deep breath. “I don’t even know where to start.”

“How about starting with how you could marry Valentine? How you could have married a man like that, made him my father—he’s a *monster*.”

“No. He’s a man. He’s not a good man. But if you want to know why I married him, it was because I loved him.”

“You can’t have,” Clary said. “Nobody could.”

“I was your age when I fell in love with him,” Jocelyn said. “I thought he was perfect—brilliant, clever, wonderful, funny, charming. I know, you’re looking at me as if I’ve lost my mind. You only know Valentine the way he is now. You can’t imagine what he was like then. When we were at school together, *everyone* loved him. He seemed to give off light, in a way, like there was some special and brilliantly illuminated part of the universe that only he had access to, and if we were lucky, he might share it with us, even just a little. Every girl loved him, and I thought I didn’t have a chance. There was nothing special about me. I wasn’t even that popular; Luke was one of my closest friends, and I spent most of my time with him. But still, somehow, Valentine chose me.”

Gross, Clary wanted to say. But she held back. Maybe it was the wistfulness in her mother’s voice, mixed with regret. Maybe it was what she had said about Valentine giving off light. Clary had thought the same thing about Jace before, and then felt stupid for thinking it. But maybe everyone in love felt that way.

“Okay,” she said, “I get it. But you were sixteen then. That doesn’t mean you had to marry him later.”

“I was eighteen when we got married. He was nineteen,” Jocelyn said in a matter-of-fact tone.

“Oh my God,” Clary said in horror. “You’d *kill* me if I wanted to get married when I was eighteen.”

“I would,” Jocelyn agreed. “But Shadowhunters tend to get married earlier than mundanes. Their—*our*—life spans are shorter; a lot of us die violent deaths. We tend to do everything earlier because of it. Even so, I was young to get married. Still, my family was happy for me—even Luke was happy for me. Every one thought Valentine was a wonderful boy. And he was, you know, just a boy then. The only person who ever told me I shouldn’t marry him was Madeleine. We’d been friends in school, but when I told her I was engaged, she said that Valentine was selfish and hateful, that his charm masked a terrible amorality. I told myself she was jealous.”

“Was she?”

“No,” said Jocelyn, “she was telling the truth. I just didn’t want to hear it.” She glanced down at her hands.

“But you were sorry,” Clary said. “After you married him, you were sorry you did it, right?”

“Clary,” Jocelyn said. She sounded tired. “We were *happy*. At least for the first few years. We went to live in my parents’ manor house, where I grew up; Valentine didn’t want to be in the city, and he wanted the rest of the Circle to avoid Alicante and the prying eyes of the Clave as well. The Waylands lived in the manor just a mile or two from ours, and there were others close by—the Lightwoods, the Penhallows. It was like being at the center of the world, with all this activity swirling around us, all this passion, and through it all I was by Valentine’s side. He never made me feel dismissed or inconsequential. No, I was a key part of the Circle. I was one of the few whose opinions he trusted. He told me over and over that without me, he couldn’t do any of it. Without me, he’d be nothing.”

“He *did*?” Clary couldn’t imagine Valentine saying anything like that, anything that made him sound . . . vulnerable.

“He did, but it wasn’t true. Valentine could never have been nothing. He was born to be a leader, to be the center of a revolution. More and more converts came to him. They were drawn by his passion and the brilliance of his ideas. He rarely even spoke of Downworlders in those early days. It was all about reforming the Clave, changing laws that were ancient and rigid and wrong. Valentine said there should be more Shadowhunters, more to fight the demons, more Institutes, that we should worry less about hiding and more about protecting the world from demonkind. That we should walk tall and proud in the world. It was seductive, his vision: a world full of Shadowhunters, where demons ran scared and mundanes, instead of believing we didn’t exist, thanked us for what we did for them. We were young; we thought *thanks* were important. We didn’t know.” Jocelyn took a deep breath, as if she were about to dive underwater. “Then I got pregnant.”

Clary felt a cold prickle at the back of her neck and suddenly—she couldn’t have said why—she was no longer sure she wanted the truth from her mother, no longer sure she wanted to hear, again, how Valentine had made Jace into a monster. “Mom . . .”

Jocelyn shook her head blindly. “You asked me why I never told you that you had a brother. *This* is why.” She took a ragged breath. “I was so happy when I found out. And Valentine—he’d always wanted to be a father, he said. To train his son to be a warrior the way his father had trained him. ‘Or your daughter,’ I’d say, and he’d smile and say a daughter could be a warrior just as well as a boy, and he would be happy with either. I thought everything was perfect.

“And then Luke was bitten by a werewolf. They’ll tell you there’s a one in two chance that a bite will pass on lycanthropy. I think it’s more like three in four. I’ve rarely seen anyone escape the disease, and Luke was no exception. At the next full moon he Changed. He was there on our doorstep in the morning, covered in blood, his clothes torn to rags. I

wanted to comfort him, but Valentine shoved me aside. ‘Jocelyn,’ he said, ‘the baby.’ As if Luke were about to run at me and tear the baby out of my stomach. It was *Luke*, but Valentine pushed me away and dragged Luke down the steps and into the woods. When he came back much later, he was alone. I ran to him, but he told me that Luke had killed himself in despair over his lycanthropy. That he was . . . dead.”

The grief in Jocelyn’s voice was raw and ragged, Clary thought, even now, when she knew Luke hadn’t died. But Clary remembered her own despair when she’d held Simon as he’d died on the steps of the Institute. There were some feelings you never forgot.

“But he gave Luke a knife,” Clary said in a small voice. “He told him to kill himself. He made Amatis’s husband divorce her, just because her brother had become a werewolf.”

“I didn’t know,” Jocelyn said. “After Luke died, it was like I fell into a black pit. I spent months in my bedroom, sleeping all the time, eating only because of the baby. Mundanes would call what I had depression, but Shadowhunters don’t have those kinds of terms. Valentine believed I was having a difficult pregnancy. He told everyone I was ill. I *was* ill—I couldn’t sleep. I kept thinking I heard strange noises, cries in the night. Valentine gave me sleeping drafts, but those just gave me nightmares. Terrible dreams that Valentine was holding me down, was forcing a knife into me, or that I was choking on poison. In the morning I’d be exhausted, and I’d sleep all day. I had no idea what was going on outside, no idea that he’d forced Stephen to divorce Amatis and marry Céline. I was in a daze. And then . . .” Jocelyn knotted her hands together in her lap. They were shaking. “And then I had the baby.”

She fell silent, for so long that Clary wondered if she was going to speak again. Jocelyn was staring sightlessly toward the demon towers, her fingers beating a nervous tattoo against her knees. At last she said, “My mother was with me when the baby was born. You never knew her. Your grandmother. She was such a kind woman. You would have liked her, I think. She handed me my son, and at first I knew only that he fit

perfectly into my arms, that the blanket wrapping him was soft, and that he was so small and delicate, with just a wisp of fair hair on the top of his head. And then he opened his eyes.”

Jocelyn’s voice was flat, almost toneless, yet Clary found herself shivering, dreading what her mother might say next. *Don’t*, she wanted to say. *Don’t tell me*. But Jocelyn went on, the words pouring out of her like cold poison.

“Horror washed over me. It was like being bathed in acid—my skin seemed to burn off my bones, and it was all I could do not to drop the baby and begin screaming. They say every mother knows her own child instinctively. I suppose the opposite is true as well. Every nerve in my body was crying out that this was not my baby, that it was something horrible and unnatural, as inhuman as a parasite. How could my mother not see it? But she was smiling at me as if nothing were wrong.

“‘His name is Jonathan,’ said a voice from the doorway. I looked up and saw Valentine regarding the scene before him with a look of pleasure. The baby opened his eyes again, as if recognizing the sound of his name. His eyes were black, black as night, fathomless as tunnels dug into his skull. There was nothing human in them at all.”

There was a long silence. Clary sat frozen, staring at her mother in openmouthed horror. *That’s Jace she’s talking about*, she thought. *Jace when he was a baby. How could you feel like that about a baby?*

“Mom,” she whispered. “Maybe—maybe you were in shock or something. Or maybe you were sick—”

“That’s what Valentine told me,” Jocelyn said emotionlessly. “That I was sick. Valentine adored Jonathan. He couldn’t understand what was wrong with me. And I knew he was right. I was a monster, a mother who couldn’t stand her own child. I thought about killing myself. I might have done it too—and then I got a message, delivered by fire-letter, from Ragnor Fell. He was a warlock who had always been close to my family; he was the one we called on when we needed a healing spell, that sort of thing. He’d found out that Luke had

become the leader of a pack of werewolves in the Brocelind Forest, by the eastern border. I burned the note once I got it. I knew Valentine could never know. But it wasn't until I went to the werewolf encampment and *saw* Luke that I knew for certain that Valentine had lied to me, lied to me about Luke's suicide. It was then that I started to truly hate him."

"But Luke said you knew there was something wrong with Valentine—that you knew he was doing something terrible. He said you knew it even before he was Changed."

For a moment Jocelyn didn't reply. "You know, Luke should never have been bitten. It shouldn't have happened. It was a routine patrol of the woods, he was out with Valentine—it shouldn't have happened."

"Mom . . ."

"Luke says I told him I was afraid of Valentine even before he was Changed. He says I told him I could hear screams through the walls of the manor, that I suspected something, dreaded something. And Luke—trusting Luke—asked Valentine about it the very next day. That night Valentine took Luke hunting, and he was bitten. I think—I think Valentine made me forget what I'd seen, whatever had made me afraid. He made me believe it was all bad dreams. And I think he made sure Luke got bitten that night. I think he wanted Luke out of the way so no one could remind me that I was afraid of my husband. But I didn't realize that, not right away. Luke and I saw each other so briefly that first day, and I wanted so badly to tell him about Jonathan, but I couldn't, I couldn't. Jonathan was my son. Still, seeing Luke, even just seeing him, made me stronger. I went home telling myself that I would make a new effort with Jonathan, would learn to love him. Would make myself love him.

"That night I was woken by the sound of a baby crying. I sat bolt upright, alone in the bedroom. Valentine was out at a Circle meeting, so I had no one to share my amazement with. Jonathan, you see, never cried—never made a noise. His silence was one of the things that most upset me about him. I dashed down the hall to his room, but he was sleeping silently. Still, I could *hear* a baby crying, I was sure of it. I raced down

the stairs, following the sound of the crying. It seemed to be coming from inside the empty wine cellar, but the door was locked, the cellar never used. But I had grown up in the manor. I knew where my father hid the key. . . .”

Jocelyn didn’t look at Clary as she spoke; she seemed lost in the story, in her memories.

“I never told you the story of Bluebeard’s wife, did I, when you were a little girl? The husband told his wife never to look in the locked room, and she looked, and found the remains of all the wives he had murdered before her, displayed like butterflies in a glass case. I had no idea when I unlocked that door what I would find inside. If I had to do it again, would I be able to bring myself to open the door, to use my witchlight to guide me down into the darkness? I don’t know, Clary. I just don’t know.

“The smell—oh, the smell down there, like blood and death and rot. Valentine had hollowed out a place under the ground, in what had once been the wine cellar. It wasn’t a child I had heard crying, after all. There were cells down there now, with things imprisoned in them. Demon-creatures, bound with electrum chains, writhed and flopped and gurgled in their cells, but there was more, much more—the bodies of Downworlders, in different stages of death and dying. There were werewolves, their bodies half-dissolved by silver powder. Vampires held head-down in holy water until their skin peeled off the bones. Faeries whose skin had been pierced with cold iron.

“Even now I don’t think of him as a torturer. Not really. He seemed to be pursuing an almost scientific end. There were ledgers of notes by each cell door, meticulous recordings of his experiments, how long it had taken each creature to die. There was one vampire whose skin he had burned off over and over again to see if there was a point beyond which the poor creature could no longer regenerate. It was hard to read what he had written without wanting to faint, or throw up. Somehow I did neither.

“There was one page devoted to experiments he had done on himself. He had read somewhere that the blood of demons

might act as an amplifier of the powers Shadowhunters are naturally born with. He had tried injecting himself with the blood, to no end. Nothing had happened except that he had made himself sick. Eventually he came to the conclusion that he was too old for the blood to affect him, that it must be given to a child to take full effect—preferably one as yet unborn.

“Across from the page recording those particular conclusions he had written a series of notes with a heading I recognized. My name. *Jocelyn Morgenstern*.

“I remember the way my fingers shook while I turned the pages, the words burning themselves into my brain. ‘Jocelyn drank the mixture again tonight. No visible changes in her, but again it is the child that concerns me. . . . With regular infusions of demonic ichor such as I have been giving her, the child may be capable of any feats. . . . Last night I heard the child’s heart beat, more strongly than any human heart, the sound like a mighty bell, tolling the beginning of a new generation of Shadowhunters, the blood of angels and demons mixed to produce powers beyond any previously imagined possible. . . . No longer will the power of Downworlders be the greatest on this earth. . . .’

“There was more, much more. I clawed at the pages, my fingers trembling, my mind racing back, seeing the mixtures Valentine had given me to drink each night, the nightmares about being stabbed, choked, poisoned. But I wasn’t the one he’d been poisoning. It was Jonathan. Jonathan, whom he’d turned into some kind of half-demon *thing*. And that, Clary—that was when I realized what Valentine really was.”

Clary let out the breath she hadn’t realized she’d been holding. It was horrible—so horrible—and yet it all matched up with the vision Ithuriel had showed her. She wasn’t sure whom she felt more pity for, her mother or Jonathan. Jonathan—she couldn’t think of him as Jace, not with her mother there, not with the story so fresh in her mind—doomed to be not quite human by a father who’d cared more about murdering Downworlders than he had about his own family.

“But—you didn’t leave then, did you?” Clary asked, her voice sounding small to her ears. “You stayed. . . .”

“For two reasons,” Jocelyn said. “One was the Uprising. What I found in the cellar that night was like a slap in the face. It woke me up out of my misery and made me see what was going on around me. Once I realized what Valentine was planning—the wholesale slaughter of Downworlders—I knew I couldn’t let it happen. I began meeting in secret with Luke. I couldn’t tell him what Valentine had done to me and to our child. I knew it would just drive him mad, that he’d be unable to stop himself from trying to hunt down Valentine and kill him, and he’d only get himself killed in the process. And I couldn’t let anyone else know what had been done to Jonathan either. Despite everything, he was still my child. But I did tell Luke about the horrors in the cellar, of my conviction that Valentine was losing his mind, becoming progressively more insane. Together, we planned to thwart the Uprising. I felt driven to do it, Clary. It was a sort of expiation, the only way I could make myself feel like I had paid for the sin of ever having joined the Circle, of having trusted Valentine. Of having loved him.”

“And he didn’t know? Valentine, I mean. He didn’t figure out what you were doing?”

Jocelyn shook her head. “When people love you, they trust you. Besides, at home I tried to pretend everything was normal. I behaved as though my initial revulsion at the sight of Jonathan was gone. I would bring him over to Maryse Lightwood’s house, let him play with her baby son, Alec. Sometimes Céline Herondale would join us—she was pregnant by that time. ‘Your husband is so kind,’ she would tell me. ‘He is so concerned about Stephen and me. He gives me potions and mixtures for the health of the baby; they are wonderful.’”

“Oh,” said Clary. “Oh my God.”

“That’s what I thought,” said Jocelyn grimly. “I wanted to tell her not to trust Valentine or to accept anything he gave her, but I couldn’t. Her husband was Valentine’s closest friend, and she would have betrayed me to him immediately. I kept my mouth shut. And then—”

“She killed herself,” said Clary, remembering the story. “But—was it because of what Valentine did to her?”

Jocelyn shook her head. “I honestly don’t think so. Stephen was killed in a raid, and she slit her wrists when she found out the news. She was eight months pregnant. She bled to death. . . .” She paused. “Hodge was the one who found her body. And Valentine actually did seem distraught over their deaths. He vanished for almost an entire day afterward, and came home bleary-eyed and staggering. And yet in a way, I was almost grateful for his distraction. At least it meant he wasn’t paying attention to what *I* was doing. Every day I became more and more frightened that Valentine would discover the conspiracy and try to torture the truth out of me: Who was in our secret alliance? How much had I betrayed of his plans? I wondered how I would withstand torture, whether I could hold up against it. I was terribly afraid that I couldn’t. I resolved finally to take steps to make sure that this never happened. I went to Fell with my fears and he created a potion for me—”

“The potion from the Book of the White,” Clary said, realizing. “That’s why you wanted it. And the antidote—how did it wind up in the Waylands’ library?”

“I hid it there one night during a party,” said Jocelyn with the trace of a smile. “I didn’t want to tell Luke—I knew he’d hate the whole idea of the potion, but everyone else I knew was in the Circle. I sent a message to Ragnor, but he was leaving Idris and wouldn’t say when he’d be back. He said he could always be reached with a message—but who would send it? Eventually I realized there was one person I could tell, one person who hated Valentine enough that she’d never betray me to him. I sent a letter to Madeleine explaining what I planned to do and that the only way to revive me was to find Ragnor Fell. I never heard a word back from her, but I had to believe she had read it and understood. It was all I had to hold on to.”

“Two reasons,” Clary said. “You said there were two reasons that you stayed. One was the Uprising. What was the other?”

Jocelyn's green eyes were tired, but luminous and wide. "Clary," she said, "can't you guess? The second reason is that I was pregnant again. Pregnant with you."

"Oh," Clary said in a small voice. She remembered Luke saying, *She was carrying another child and had known it for weeks*. "But didn't that make you want to run away even more?"

"Yes," Jocelyn said. "But I knew I couldn't. If I'd run away from Valentine, he would have moved heaven and hell to get me back. He would have followed me to the ends of the earth, because I belonged to him and he would never have let me go. And maybe I would have let him come after me, and taken my chances, but I would never have let him come after you." She pushed her hair back from her tired-looking face. "There was only one way I could make sure he never did. And that was for him to die."

Clary looked at her mother in surprise. Jocelyn still looked tired, but her face was shining with a fierce light.

"I thought he'd be killed during the Uprising," she said. "I couldn't have killed him myself. I couldn't have brought myself to, somehow. But I never thought he'd survive the battle. And later, when the house burned, I wanted to believe he was dead. I told myself over and over that he and Jonathan had burned to death in the fire. But I knew . . ." Her voice trailed off. "It was why I did what I did. I thought it was the only way to protect you—taking your memories, making you into as much of a mundane as I could. Hiding you in the mundane world. It was stupid, I realize that now, stupid and wrong. And I'm sorry, Clary. I just hope you can forgive me—if not now, then in the future."

"Mom." Clary cleared her throat. She'd felt like she was about to cry for pretty much the last ten minutes. "It's okay. It's just—there's one thing I don't get." She knotted her fingers into the material of her coat. "I mean, I knew already a little of what Valentine did to Jace—I mean, to Jonathan. But the way you describe Jonathan, it's like he was a monster. And, Mom, Jace isn't like that. He's nothing like that. If you knew him—if you could just meet him—"

“Clary.” Jocelyn reached out and took Clary’s hand in hers. “There’s more that I have to tell you. There’s nothing more that I hid from you, or lied about. But there are things I never knew, things I only just discovered. And they may be very hard to hear.”

Worse than what you’ve already told me? Clary thought. She bit her lip and nodded. “Go ahead and tell me. I’d rather know.”

“When Dorothea told me that Valentine had been sighted in the city, I knew he was there for me—for the Cup. I wanted to flee, but I couldn’t bring myself to tell you why. I don’t blame you at all for running from me that awful night, Clary. I was just glad you weren’t there when your father—when Valentine and his demons broke into our apartment. I just had time to swallow the potion—I could hear them breaking the door down . . .” She trailed off, her voice tight. “I hoped Valentine would leave me for dead, but he didn’t. He brought me to Renwick’s with him. He tried various methods to wake me up, but nothing worked. I was in a sort of dream state; I was half-conscious that he was there, but I couldn’t move or respond to him. I doubt he thought I could hear or understand him. And yet he would sit by the bed while I slept and talk to me.”

“Talk to you? About what?”

“About our past. Our marriage. How he had loved me and I had betrayed him. How he hadn’t loved anyone since. I think he meant it too, as much as he could mean these things. I had always been the one he’d talked to about the doubts he had, the guilt he felt, and in the years since I’d left him I don’t think there’d ever been anyone else. I think he couldn’t stop himself from talking to me, even though he knew he shouldn’t. I think he just wanted to talk to someone. You’d have thought that what was on his mind would be what he’d done to those poor people, making them Forsaken, and what he was planning to do to the Clave. But it wasn’t. What he wanted to talk about was Jonathan.”

“What about him?”

Jocelyn's mouth tightened. "He wanted to tell me he was sorry for what he'd done to Jonathan before he'd been born, because he knew it had nearly destroyed me. He'd known I was close to suicide over Jonathan—though he didn't know I was also despairing over what I'd discovered about *him*. He'd somehow gotten hold of angel blood. It's an almost legendary substance for Shadowhunters. Drinking it is supposed to give you incredible strength. Valentine had tried it on himself and discovered that it gave him not just increased strength but a feeling of euphoria and happiness every time he injected it into his blood. So he took some, dried it to powder, and mixed it into my food, hoping it would help my despair."

I know where he got hold of angel blood, Clary thought, thinking of Ithuriel with a sharp sadness. "Do you think it worked at all?"

"I do wonder now if that was why I suddenly found the focus and the ability to go on, and to help Luke thwart the Uprising. It would be ironic if that was the case, considering why Valentine did it in the first place. But what he didn't know was that while he was doing this, I was pregnant with you. So while it may have affected me slightly, it affected you much more. I believe that's why you can do what you can with runes."

"And maybe," Clary said, "why you can do things like trap the image of the Mortal Cup in a tarot card. And why Valentine can do things like take the curse off Hodge—"

"Valentine has had years of experimenting on himself in a myriad of ways," said Jocelyn. "He's as close now as a human being, a Shadowhunter, can get to a warlock. But nothing he can do to himself would have the kind of profound effect on him it would have on you or Jonathan, because you were so young. I'm not sure anyone's ever before done what Valentine did, not to a baby before it was born."

"So Jace—Jonathan—and I really were both experiments."

"You were an unintentional one. With Jonathan, Valentine wanted to create some kind of superwarrior, stronger and faster and better than other Shadowhunters. At Renwick's,

Valentine told me that Jonathan really was all those things. But that he was also cruel and amoral and strangely empty. Jonathan was loyal enough to Valentine, but I suppose Valentine realized that somewhere along the way, in trying to create a child who was superior to others, he'd created a son who could never really love him."

Clary thought of Jace, of the way he'd looked at Renwick's, the way he'd clutched that piece of the broken Portal so hard that blood had run down his fingers. "No," she said. "No and no. Jace is not like that. He does love Valentine. He shouldn't, but he does. And he isn't empty. He's the opposite of everything you're saying."

Jocelyn's hands twisted in her lap. They were laced all over with fine white scars—the fine white scars all Shadowhunters bore, the memory of vanished Marks. But Clary had never really seen her mother's scars before. Magnus's magic had always made her forget them. There was one, on the inside of her mother's wrist, that was very like the shape of a star. . . .

Her mother spoke then, and all thoughts of anything else fled from Clary's mind.

"I am not," Jocelyn said, "talking about Jace."

"But . . .," Clary said. Everything seemed to be happening very slowly, as if she were dreaming. *Maybe I am dreaming*, she thought. *Maybe my mother never woke up at all, and all of this is a dream.* "Jace is Valentine's son. I mean, who else could he be?"

Jocelyn looked straight into her daughter's eyes. "The night Céline Herondale died, she was eight months pregnant. Valentine had been giving her potions, powders—he was trying on her what he'd tried on himself, with Ithuriel's blood, hoping that Stephen's child would be as strong and powerful as he suspected Jonathan would be, but without Jonathan's worse qualities. He couldn't bear that his experiment would go to waste, so with Hodge's help he cut the baby out of Céline's stomach. She'd only been dead a short time—"

Clary made a gagging noise. "That isn't possible."

Jocelyn went on as if Clary hadn't spoken. "Valentine took that baby and had Hodge bring it to his own childhood home, in a valley not far from Lake Lyn. It was why he was gone all that night. Hodge took care of the baby until the Uprising. After that, because Valentine was pretending to be Michael Wayland, he moved the child to the Wayland manor and raised him as Michael Wayland's son."

"So Jace," Clary whispered. "Jace is *not* my brother?"

She felt her mother squeeze her hand—a sympathetic squeeze. "No, Clary. He's not."

Clary's vision darkened. She could feel her heart pounding in separate, distinct beats. *My mom feels sorry for me*, she thought distantly. *She thinks this is bad news*. Her hands were shaking. "Then whose bones were those in the fire? Luke said there were a child's bones—"

Jocelyn shook her head. "Those were Michael Wayland's bones, and his son's bones. Valentine killed them both and burned their bodies. He wanted the Clave to believe that both he and his son were dead."

"Then Jonathan—"

"Is alive," said Jocelyn, pain flashing across her face. "Valentine told me as much at Renwick's. Valentine brought Jace up in the Wayland manor, and Jonathan in the house near the lake. He managed to divide his time between the two of them, traveling from one house to the other, sometimes leaving one or both alone for long periods of time. It seems that Jace never knew about Jonathan, though Jonathan may have known about Jace. They never met, though they probably lived only miles from each other."

"And Jace doesn't have demon blood in him? He's not—cursed?"

"Cursed?" Jocelyn looked surprised. "No, he doesn't have demon blood. Clary, Valentine experimented on Jace when he was a baby with the same blood he used on me, on you. *Angel* blood. Jace isn't cursed. The opposite, if anything. All

Shadowhunters have some of the Angel's blood in them—you two just have a bit more.”

Clary's mind whirled. She tried to imagine Valentine raising two children at the same time, one part demon, one part angel. One shadow boy, and one light. Loving them both, perhaps, as much as Valentine could love anything. Jace had never known about Jonathan, but what had the other boy known about him? His complementary part, his opposite? Had he hated the thought of him? Yearned to meet him? Been indifferent? They had both been so alone. And one of them was her brother—her real, full-blooded brother. “Do you think he's still the same? Jonathan, I mean? Do you think he could have gotten . . . better?”

“I don't think so,” Jocelyn said gently.

“But what makes you so sure?” Clary spun to look at her mother, suddenly eager. “I mean, maybe he's changed. It's been years. Maybe—”

“Valentine told me he had spent years teaching Jonathan how to appear pleasant, even charming. He wanted him to be a spy, and you can't be a spy if you terrify everyone you meet. Jonathan even learned a certain ability to cast slight glamours, to convince people he was likable and trustworthy.” Jocelyn sighed. “I'm telling you this so you won't feel bad that you were taken in. Clary, you've met Jonathan. He just never told you his real name, because he was posing as someone else. Sebastian Verlac.”

Clary stared at her mother. *But he's the Penhallows' cousin*, part of her mind insisted, but of course Sebastian had never been who he'd claimed he was; everything he'd said had been a lie. She thought of the way she'd felt the first time she'd seen him, as if she were recognizing someone she'd known all her life, someone as intimately familiar to her as her own self. She had never felt that way about Jace. “Sebastian's my brother?”

Jocelyn's fine-boned face was drawn, her hands laced together. Her fingertips were white, as if she were pressing them too hard against one another. “I spoke to Luke for a long

time today about everything that's happened in Alicante since you arrived. He told me about the demon towers, and his suspicion that Sebastian had destroyed the wards, though he had no idea how. I realized then who Sebastian really was."

"You mean because he lied about being Sebastian Verlac? And because he's a spy for Valentine?"

"Those two things, yes," said Jocelyn, "but it actually wasn't until Luke said that you'd told him Sebastian dyed his hair that I guessed. And I could be wrong, but a boy just a little older than you, fair-haired and dark-eyed, with no apparent parents, utterly loyal to Valentine—I couldn't help but think he must be Jonathan. And there's more than that. Valentine was always trying to find a way to bring the wards down, always determined that there was a way to do it. Experimenting on Jonathan with demon blood—he said it was to make him stronger, a better fighter, but there was more to it than that—"

Clary stared. "What do you mean, more to it?"

"It was his way of bringing down the wards," Jocelyn said. "You can't bring a demon into Alicante, but you need demons' blood to take down the wards. Jonathan has demon blood; it's in his veins. And his being a Shadowhunter means he's granted automatic entrance to the city whenever he wants to get in, no matter what. He used his own blood to take the wards down, I'm sure of it."

Clary thought of Sebastian standing across from her in the grass near the ruins of Fairchild manor. The way his dark hair had blown across his face. The way he'd held her wrists, his nails digging into her skin. The way he'd said it was impossible that Valentine had ever loved Jace. She'd thought it was because he hated Valentine. But it wasn't, she realized. He'd been . . . jealous.

She thought of the dark prince of her drawings, the one who had looked so much like Sebastian. She had dismissed the resemblance as coincidence, a trick of imagination, but now she wondered if it was the tie of their shared blood that had driven her to give the unhappy hero of her story her brother's

face. She tried to visualize the prince again, but the image seemed to shatter and dissolve before her eyes, like ash blown away on the wind. She could only see Sebastian now, the red light of the burning city reflected in his eyes.

“Jace,” she said. “Someone has to tell him. Has to tell him the truth.” Her thoughts tumbled over themselves, helter-skelter; if Jace had known, known he didn’t have demon blood, maybe he wouldn’t have gone after Valentine. If he’d known he wasn’t Clary’s brother after all . . .

“But I thought,” said Jocelyn, with a mixture of sympathy and puzzlement, “that nobody knew where he was . . . ?”

Before Clary could answer, the double doors of the Hall swung open, spilling light out over the pillared arcade and the steps below it. The dull roar of voices, no longer muffled, rose as Luke came through the doors. He looked exhausted, but there was a lightness about him that hadn’t been there before. He seemed almost relieved.

Jocelyn rose to her feet. “Luke. What is it?”

He took a few steps toward them, then paused between the doorway and the stairs. “Jocelyn,” he said, “I’m sorry to interrupt you.”

“That’s all right, Luke.” Even through her daze Clary thought, *Why do they keep saying each other’s names like that?* There was a sort of awkwardness between them now, an awkwardness that hadn’t been there before. “Is something wrong?”

He shook his head. “No. For a change, something’s right.” He smiled at Clary, and there was nothing awkward about it: He looked pleased with her, and even proud. “You did it, Clary,” he said. “The Clave’s agreed to let you Mark them. There will be no surrender after all.”

HAIL AND FAREWELL

The valley was more beautiful in reality than it had been in Jace's vision. Maybe it was the bright moonlight silvering the river that cut across the green valley floor. White birch and aspen dotted the valley's sides, shivering their leaves in the cool breeze—it was chilly up on the ridge, with no protection from the wind.

This was without a doubt the valley where he'd last seen Sebastian. Finally he was catching up. After securing Wayfarer to a tree, Jace took the bloody thread from his pocket and repeated the tracking ritual, just to be sure.

He closed his eyes, expecting to see Sebastian, hopefully somewhere very close by—maybe even still in the valley—

Instead he saw only darkness.

His heart began to pound.

He tried again, moving the thread to his left fist and awkwardly carving the tracking rune onto the back of it with his right, less agile, hand. He took a deep breath before closing his eyes this time.

Nothing, again. Just a wavering, shadowy blackness. He stood there for a full minute, his teeth gritted, the wind slicing through his jacket, making goose bumps rise on his skin. Eventually, cursing, he opened his eyes—and then, in a fit of desperate anger, his fist; the wind picked up the thread and carried it away, so fast that even if he'd regretted it immediately he couldn't have caught it back.

His mind raced. Clearly the tracking rune was no longer working. Perhaps Sebastian had realized he was being

followed and done something to break the charm—but what *could* you do to stop a tracking? Maybe he'd found a large body of water. Water disrupted magic.

Not that that helped Jace much. It wasn't as if he could go to every lake in the country and see if Sebastian was floating around in the middle of it. He'd been so close, too—so close. He'd *seen* this valley, seen Sebastian in it. And there the house was, just barely visible, nestled against a copse of trees on the valley floor. At least it would be worth going down to look around the house to see if there was anything that might point toward Sebastian's, or Valentine's, location.

With a feeling of resignation, Jace used the stele to Mark himself with a number of fast-acting, fast-disappearing battle Marks: one to give him silence, and one swiftness, and another for sure-footed walking. When he was done—and feeling the familiar, stinging pain hot against his skin—he slid the stele into his pocket, gave Wayfarer a brisk pat on the neck, and headed down into the valley.

The sides of the valley were deceptively steep, and treacherous with loose scree. Jace alternated picking his way down it carefully and sliding on the scree, which was fast but dangerous. By the time he reached the valley floor, his hands were bloody where he'd fallen onto the loose gravel more than once. He washed them in the clear, fast-flowing stream; its water was numbingly cold.

When he straightened up and looked around, he realized he was now regarding the valley from a different angle than he'd had in the tracking vision. There was the gnarled copse of trees, their branches intertwining, the valley walls rising all around, and there was the small house. Its windows were dark now, and no smoke rose out of the chimney. Jace felt a mingled stab of relief and disappointment. It would be easier to search the house if no one was in it. On the other hand, no one was in it.

As he approached, he wondered what about the house in the vision had seemed eerie. Up close, it was just an ordinary Idris farmhouse, made of squares of white and gray stone. The shutters had once been painted a bright blue, but it looked as if

it had been years since anyone had repainted them. They were pale and peeling with age.

Reaching one of the windows, Jace hoisted himself onto the sill and peered through the cloudy pane. He saw a big, slightly dusty room with a workbench of sorts running along one wall. The tools on it weren't anything you'd do handiwork with—they were a warlock's tools: stacks of smeared parchment; black, waxy candles; fat copper bowls with dried dark liquid stuck to the rims; an assortment of knives, some as thin as awls, some with wide square blades. A pentagram was chalked on the floor, its outlines blurred, each of its five points decorated with a different rune. Jace's stomach tightened—the runes looked like the ones that had been carved around Ithuriel's feet. Could Valentine have done this—could these be *his* things? Was this his hideaway—a hideaway Jace had never visited or known about?

Jace slid off the sill, landing in a dry patch of grass—just as a shadow passed across the face of the moon. But there were no birds here, he thought, and glanced up just in time to see a raven wheeling overhead. He froze, then stepped hastily into the shadow of a tree and peered up through its branches. As the raven dipped closer to the ground, Jace knew his first instinct had been right. This wasn't just any raven—this was Hugo, the raven that had once been Hodge's; Hodge had used him on occasion to carry messages outside the Institute. Since then Jace had learned that Hugo had originally been his father's.

Jace pressed himself closer to the tree trunk. His heart was pounding again, this time with excitement. If Hugo was here, it could only mean that he was carrying a message, and this time the message wouldn't be for Hodge. It would be for Valentine. It *had* to be. If Jace could only manage to follow him—

Perching on a sill, Hugo peered through one of the house's windows. Apparently realizing that the house was empty, the bird rose into the air with an irritable caw and flapped off in the direction of the stream.

Jace stepped out from the shadows and set out in pursuit of the raven.



“So, technically,” Simon said, “even though Jace isn’t actually related to you, you *have* kissed your brother.”

“Simon!” Clary was appalled. “Shut UP.” She spun in her seat to see if anyone was listening, but, fortunately, nobody seemed to be. She was sitting in a high seat on the dais in the Accords Hall, Simon by her side. Her mother stood at the edge of the dais, leaning down to speak to Amatis.

All around them the Hall was chaos as the Downworlders who had come from the North Gate poured in, spilling in through the doors, crowding against the walls. Clary recognized various members of Luke’s pack, including Maia, who grinned across the room at her. There were faeries, pale and cold and lovely as icicles and warlocks with bat wings and goat feet and even one with antlers, blue fire sparking from their fingertips as they moved through the room. The Shadowhunters milled among them, looking nervous.

Clutching her stele in both hands, Clary looked around anxiously. Where was Luke? He’d vanished into the crowd. She picked him out after a moment, talking with Malachi, who was shaking his head violently. Amatis stood nearby, shooting the Consul dagger glances.

“Don’t make me sorry I ever told you any of this, Simon,” Clary said, glaring at him. She’d done her best to give him a pared-down version of Jocelyn’s tale, mostly hissed under her breath as he’d helped her plow through the crowds to the dais and take her seat there. It was weird being up here, looking down on the room as if she were the queen of all she surveyed. But a queen wouldn’t be nearly so panicked. “Besides. He was a horrible kisser.”

“Or maybe it was just gross, because he was, you know, *your brother*.” Simon seemed more amused by the whole business than Clary thought he had any right to be.

“Do *not* say that where my mother can hear you, or I’ll kill you,” she said with a second glare. “I already feel like I’m going to throw up or pass out. Don’t make it worse.”

Jocelyn, returning from the edge of the dais in time to hear Clary’s last words—though, fortunately, not what she and Simon had been discussing—dropped a reassuring pat onto Clary’s shoulder. “Don’t be nervous, baby. You were so great before. Is there anything you need? A blanket, some hot water . . .”

“I’m not cold,” Clary said patiently, “and I don’t need a bath, either. I’m fine. I just want Luke to come up here and tell me what’s going on.”

Jocelyn waved toward Luke to get his attention, silently mouthing something Clary couldn’t quite decipher. “Mom,” she spat, “*don’t*,” but it was already too late. Luke glanced up—and so did quite a few of the other Shadowhunters. Most of them looked away just as quickly, but Clary sensed the fascination in their stares. It was weird thinking that her mother was something of a legendary figure here. Just about everyone in the room had heard her name and had some kind of opinion about her, good or bad. Clary wondered how her mother kept it from bothering her. She didn’t *look* bothered—she looked cool and collected and dangerous.

A moment later Luke had joined them on the dais, Amatis at his side. He still looked tired, but also alert and even a little excited. He said, “Just hang on a second. Everyone’s coming.”

“Malachi,” said Jocelyn, not quite looking directly at Luke while she spoke, “was he giving you trouble?”

Luke made a dismissive gesture. “He thinks we should send a message to Valentine, refusing his terms. I say we shouldn’t tip our hand. Let Valentine show up with his army on Brocelind Plain expecting a surrender. Malachi seemed to think that wouldn’t be sporting, and when I told him war wasn’t an English schoolboy cricket game, he said that if any of the Downworlders here got out of hand, he’d step in and end the whole business. I don’t know what he thinks is going

to happen—as if Downworlders can’t stop fighting even for five minutes.”

“That’s exactly what he thinks,” said Amatis. “It’s Malachi. He’s probably worried you’ll start eating each other.”

“Amatis,” Luke said. “Someone might hear you.” He turned, then, as two men mounted the steps behind him: one was a tall, slender faerie knight with long dark hair that fell in sheets on either side of his narrow face. He wore a tunic of white armor: pale, hard metal made of tiny overlapping circles, like the scales of a fish. His eyes were leaf green.

The other man was Magnus Bane. He didn’t smile at Clary as he came to stand beside Luke. He wore a long, dark coat buttoned up to the throat, and his black hair was pulled back from his face.

“You look so *plain*,” Clary said, staring.

Magnus smiled faintly. “I heard you had a rune to show us,” was all he said.

Clary looked at Luke, who nodded. “Oh, yes,” she said. “I just need something to write on—some paper.”

“I *asked* you if you needed anything,” Jocelyn said under her breath, sounding very much like the mother Clary remembered.

“I’ve got paper,” said Simon, fishing something out of his jeans pocket. He handed it to her. It was a crumpled flyer for his band’s performance at the Knitting Factory in July. She shrugged and flipped it over, raising her borrowed stele. It sparked slightly when she touched the tip to the paper, and she worried for a moment that the flyer might burn, but the tiny flame subsided. She set to drawing, doing her best to shut everything else out: the noise of the crowd, the feeling that everyone was staring at her.

The rune came out as it had before—a pattern of lines that curved strongly into one another, then stretched across the page as if expecting a completion that wasn’t there. She brushed dust from the page and held it up, feeling absurdly as if she were in school and showing off some sort of

presentation to her class. “This is the rune,” she said. “It requires a second rune to complete it, to work properly. A—partner rune.”

“One Downworlder, one Shadowhunter. Each half of the partnership has to be Marked,” Luke said. He scribbled a copy of the rune on the bottom of the page, tore the paper in half, and handed one illustration to Amatis. “Start circulating the rune,” he said. “Show the Nephilim how it works.”

With a nod Amatis vanished down the steps and into the crowd. The faerie knight, glancing after her, shook his head. “I have always been told that only the Nephilim can bear the Angel’s Marks,” he said, with a measure of distrust. “That others of us will run mad, or die, should we wear them.”

“This isn’t one of the Angel’s Marks,” said Clary. “It’s not from the Gray Book. It’s safe, I promise.”

The faerie knight looked unimpressed.

With a sigh Magnus flipped his sleeve back and reached a hand out to Clary. “Go ahead.”

“I can’t,” she said. “The Shadowhunter who Marks you will be your partner, and I’m not fighting in the battle.”

“I should hope not,” said Magnus. He glanced over at Luke and Jocelyn, who were standing close together. “You two,” he said. “Go on, then. Show the faerie how it works.”

Jocelyn blinked in surprise. “What?”

“I assumed,” Magnus said, “that you two would be partners, since you’re practically married anyway.”

Color flooded up into Jocelyn’s face, and she carefully avoided looking at Luke. “I don’t have a stele—”

“Take mine.” Clary handed it over. “Go ahead, show them.”

Jocelyn turned to Luke, who seemed entirely taken aback. He thrust out his hand before she could ask for it, and she Marked his palm with a hasty precision. His hand shook as she drew, and she took his wrist to steady it; Luke looked down at her as she worked, and Clary thought of their conversation about her mother and what he had told her about his feelings

for Jocelyn, and she felt a pang of sadness. She wondered if her mother even knew that Luke loved her, and if she knew, what she would say.

“There.” Jocelyn drew the stele back. “Done.”

Luke raised his hand, palm out, and showed the swirling black mark in its center to the faerie knight. “Is that satisfactory, Meliorn?”

“*Meliorn?*” said Clary. “I’ve *met* you, haven’t I? You used to go out with Isabelle Lightwood.”

Meliorn was almost expressionless, but Clary could have sworn he looked ever so slightly uncomfortable. Luke shook his head. “Clary, Meliorn is a knight of the Seelie Court. It’s very unlikely that he—”

“He was *totally* dating Isabelle,” Simon said, “and she dumped him too. At least she said she was going to. Tough break, man.”

Meliorn blinked at him. “You,” he said with distaste, “*you* are the chosen representative of the Night Children?”

Simon shook his head. “No. I’m just here for her.” He pointed at Clary.

“The Night Children,” said Luke, after a brief hesitation, “aren’t participating, Meliorn. I did convey that information to your Lady. They’ve chosen to—to go their own way.”

Meliorn’s delicate features drew down into a scowl. “Would that I had known that,” he said. “The Night Children are a wise and careful people. Any scheme that draws their ire draws *my* suspicions.”

“I didn’t say anything about ire,” Luke began, with a mixture of deliberate calm and faint exasperation—Clary doubted that anyone who didn’t know him well would know he was irritated at all. She could sense the shift in his attention: He was looking down toward the crowd. Following his gaze, Clary saw a familiar figure cut a path across the room—Isabelle, her black hair swinging, her whip wrapped around her wrist like a series of golden bracelets.

Clary caught Simon's wrist. "The *Lightwoods*. I just saw Isabelle."

He glanced toward the crowd, frowning. "I didn't realize you were looking for them."

"Please go talk to her for me," she whispered, glancing over to see if anyone was paying attention to them; nobody was. Luke was gesturing toward someone in the crowd; meanwhile, Jocelyn was saying something to Meliorn, who was looking at her with something approaching alarm. "I have to stay here, but—please, I need you to tell her and Alec what my mother told me. About Jace and who he really is, and Sebastian. They have to know. Tell them to come and talk to me as soon as they can. Please, Simon."

"All right." Clearly worried by the intensity of her tone, Simon freed his wrist from her grasp and touched her reassuringly on the cheek. "I'll be back."

He went down the steps and vanished into the throng; when she turned back, she saw that Magnus was looking at her, his mouth set in a crooked line. "It's fine," he said, obviously answering whatever question Luke had just asked him. "I'm familiar with Brocelind Plain. I'll set the Portal up in the square. One that big won't last very long, though, so you'd better get everyone through it pretty quickly once they're Marked."

As Luke nodded and turned to say something to Jocelyn, Clary leaned forward and said quietly, "Thanks, by the way. For everything you did for my mom."

Magnus's uneven smile broadened. "You didn't think I was going to do it, did you?"

"I wondered," Clary admitted. "Especially considering that when I saw you at the cottage, you didn't even see fit to tell me that Jace brought Simon through the Portal with him when he came to Alicante. I didn't have a chance to yell at you about that before, but *what* were you thinking? That I wouldn't be interested?"

“That you’d be too interested,” said Magnus. “That you’d drop everything and go rushing off to the Gard. And I needed you to look for the Book of the White.”

“That’s ruthless,” Clary said angrily. “And you’re wrong. I would have—”

“Done what anyone would have done. What I would have done if it were someone *I* cared about. I don’t blame you, Clary, and I didn’t do it because I thought you were weak. I did it because you’re human, and I know humanity’s ways. I’ve been alive a long time.”

“Like you never do anything stupid because you have feelings,” Clary said. “Where’s Alec, anyway? Why aren’t you off choosing him as your partner right now?”

Magnus seemed to wince. “I wouldn’t approach him with his parents there. You know that.”

Clary propped her chin on her hand. “Doing the right thing because you love someone sucks sometimes.”

“It does,” Magnus said, “at that.”



The raven flew in slow, lazy circles, making its way over the treetops toward the western wall of the valley. The moon was high, eliminating the need for witchlight as Jace followed, keeping to the edges of the trees.

The valley wall rose above, a sheer wall of gray rock. The raven’s path seemed to be following the curve of the stream as it wended its way west, disappearing finally into a narrow fissure in the wall. Jace nearly twisted his ankle several times on wet rock and wished he could swear out loud, but Hugo would be sure to hear him. Bent into an uncomfortable half crouch, he concentrated on not breaking a leg instead.

His shirt was soaked with sweat by the time he reached the edge of the valley. For a moment he thought he’d lost sight of Hugo, and his heart fell—then he saw the black sinking shape as the raven swooped low and disappeared into the dark, fissured hole in the valley’s rock wall. Jace ran forward—it was such a relief to run instead of crawl. As he neared the

fissure, he could see a much larger, darker gap beyond it—a cove. Fumbling his witchlight stone out of his pocket, Jace dived in after the raven.

Only a little light seeped in through the cave's mouth, and after a few steps even that was swallowed up by the oppressive darkness. Jace raised his witchlight and let the illumination bleed out between his fingers.

At first he thought he'd somehow found his way outside again, and that the stars were visible overhead in all their glittering glory. The stars never shone anywhere else the way they shone in Idris—and they weren't shining now. The witchlight had picked out dozens of sparkling deposits of mica in the rock around him, and the walls had come alive with brilliant points of light.

They showed him that he was standing in a narrow space carved out of sheer rock, the cave entrance behind him, two branching dark tunnels ahead. Jace thought of the stories his father had told him about heroes lost in mazes who used rope or twine to find their way back. He didn't have either of those on him, though. He moved closer to the tunnels and stood silent for a long moment, listening. He heard the drip of water, faintly, from somewhere far away; the rush of the stream, a rustling like wings, and—voices.

He jerked back. The voices were coming from the left-hand tunnel, he was sure of it. He ran his thumb over the witchlight to dim it, until it was giving off a faint glow that was just enough to light his way. Then he plunged forward into the darkness.



“Are you serious, Simon? It's really true? That's fantastic! It's wonderful!” Isabelle reached out for her brother's hand. “Alec, did you hear what Simon said? Jace *isn't* Valentine's son. He never was.”

“So whose son *is* he?” Alec replied, though Simon had the feeling that he was only partly paying attention. He seemed to be casting around the room for something. His parents stood a little distance away, frowning in their direction; Simon had

been worried he'd have to explain the whole business to them, too, but they'd nicely allowed him a few minutes with Isabelle and Alec alone.

"Who cares!" Isabelle threw her hands up in delight, then frowned. "Actually, that's a good point. Who *was* his father? Michael Wayland after all?"

Simon shook his head. "Stephen Herondale."

"So he was the Inquisitor's grandson," Alec said. "*That* must be why she—" He broke off, staring into the distance.

"Why she *what*?" Isabelle demanded. "Alec, pay attention. Or at least tell us what you're looking for."

"Not what," said Alec. "Who. Magnus. I wanted to ask him if he'd be my partner in the battle. But I've no idea where he is. Have *you* seen him?" he asked, directing his question at Simon.

Simon shook his head. "He was up on the dais with Clary, but"—he craned his neck to look—"he's not now. He's probably in the crowd somewhere."

"Really? Are you going to ask him to be your partner?" Isabelle asked. "It's like a cotillion, this partners business, except with killing."

"So, exactly like a cotillion," said Simon.

"Maybe I'll ask you to be my partner, Simon," Isabelle said, raising an eyebrow delicately.

Alec frowned. He was, like the rest of the Shadowhunters in the room, entirely geared up—all in black, with a belt from which dangled multiple weapons. A bow was strapped across his back; Simon was happy to see he'd found a replacement for the one Sebastian had smashed. "Isabelle, you don't need a partner, because you're not fighting. You're too young. And if you even think about it, I'll kill you." His head jerked up. "Wait—is *that* Magnus?"

Isabelle, following his gaze, snorted. "Alec, that's a werewolf. A *girl* werewolf. In fact, it's what's-her-name. May."

“Maia,” Simon corrected. She was standing a little ways away, wearing brown leather pants and a tight black T-shirt that said *WHATEVER DOESN’T KILL ME . . . HAD BETTER START RUNNING*. A cord held back her braided hair. She turned, as if sensing their eyes on her, and smiled. Simon smiled back. Isabelle glowered. Simon stopped smiling hastily—when exactly had his life gotten so complicated?

Alec’s face lit up. “There’s Magnus,” he said, and took off without a backward glance, shearing a path through the crowd to the space where the tall warlock stood. Magnus’s surprise as Alec approached him was visible, even from this distance.

“It’s sort of sweet,” said Isabelle, looking at them, “you know, in kind of a lame way.”

“Why lame?”

“Because,” Isabelle explained, “Alec’s trying to get Magnus to take him seriously, but he’s never told our parents about Magnus, or even that he likes, you know—”

“Warlocks?” Simon said.

“Very funny.” Isabelle glared at him. “You know what I mean. What’s going on here is—”

“What is going on, exactly?” asked Maia, striding into earshot. “I mean, I don’t quite get this partners thing. How is it supposed to work?”

“Like that.” Simon pointed toward Alec and Magnus, who stood a bit apart from the crowd, in their own small space. Alec was drawing on Magnus’s hand, his face intent, his dark hair falling forward to hide his eyes.

“So we all have to do that?” Maia said. “Get drawn on, I mean.”

“Only if you’re going to fight,” Isabelle said, looking at the other girl coldly. “You don’t look eighteen yet.”

Maia smiled tightly. “I’m not a Shadowhunter. Lycanthropes are considered adults at sixteen.”

“Well, you have to get drawn on, then,” said Isabelle. “By a Shadowhunter. So you’d better look for one.”

“But—” Maia, still looking over at Alec and Magnus, broke off and raised her eyebrows. Simon turned to see what she was looking at—and stared.

Alec had his arms around Magnus and was kissing him, full on the mouth. Magnus, who appeared to be in a state of shock, stood frozen. Several groups of people—Shadowhunters and Downworlders alike—were staring and whispering. Glancing to the side, Simon saw the Lightwoods, their eyes wide, gaping at the display. Maryse had her hand over her mouth.

Maia looked perplexed. “Wait a second,” she said. “Do we all have to do that, too?”



For the sixth time Clary scanned the crowd, looking for Simon. She couldn't find him. The room was a roiling mass of Shadowhunters and Downworlders, the crowd spilling through the open doors and onto the steps outside. Everywhere was the flash of steles as Downworlders and Shadowhunters came together in pairs and Marked each other. Clary saw Maryse Lightwood holding out her hand to a tall green-skinned faerie woman who was just as pale and regal as she was. Patrick Penhallow was solemnly exchanging Marks with a warlock whose hair shone with blue sparks. Through the Hall doors Clary could see the bright glimmer of the Portal in the square. The starlight shining down through the glass skylight lent a surreal air to all of it.

“Amazing, isn't it?” Luke said. He stood at the edge of the dais, looking down over the room. “Shadowhunters and Downworlders, mingling together in the same room. Working together.” He sounded awed. All Clary could think was that she wished Jace were here to see what was happening. She couldn't put aside her fear for him, no matter how hard she tried. The idea that he might face down Valentine, might risk his life because he thought he was cursed—that he might die without ever knowing it wasn't true—

“Clary,” Jocelyn said, with a trace of amusement, “did you hear what I said?”

“I did,” said Clary, “and it *is* amazing, I know.”

Jocelyn put her hand on top of Clary's. "That's not what I was saying. Luke and I will both be fighting. I know you know that. You'll be staying here with Isabelle and the other children."

"I'm not a child."

"I know you're not, but you're too young to fight. And even if you weren't, you've never been trained."

"I don't want to just sit here and do nothing."

"Nothing?" Jocelyn said in amazement. "Clary, none of this would be happening if it wasn't for you. We wouldn't even have a chance to fight if it wasn't for you. I'm so proud of you. I just wanted to tell you that even though Luke and I will be gone, we'll be coming back. Everything's going to be fine."

Clary looked up at her mother, into the green eyes so like her own. "Mom," she said. "Don't lie."

Jocelyn took a sharp breath and stood up, drawing her hand back. Before she could say anything, something caught Clary's eye—a familiar face in the crowd. A slim, dark figure, moving purposely toward them, slipping through the thronged Hall with deliberate and surprising ease—as if he could drift *through* the crowd, like smoke through the gaps in a fence.

And he *was*, Clary realized, as he neared the dais. It was Raphael, dressed in the same white shirt and black pants she'd first seen him in. She had forgotten how slight he was. He looked barely fourteen as he climbed the stairs, his thin face calm and angelic, like a choirboy mounting the steps to the chancel.

"Raphael." Luke's voice held amazement, mixed with relief. "I didn't think you were coming. Have the Night Children reconsidered joining us in fighting Valentine? There's still a Council seat open for you, if you'd like to take it." He held a hand out to Raphael.

Raphael's clear and lovely eyes regarded him expressionlessly. "I cannot shake hands with you, werewolf." When Luke looked offended, he smiled, just enough to show the white tips of his fang teeth. "I am a Projection," he said, raising his hand

so that they could all see how the light shone through it. “I can touch nothing.”

“But—” Luke glanced up at the moonlight pouring through the roof. “Why—” He lowered his hand. “Well, I’m glad you’re here. However you choose to appear.”

Raphael shook his head. For a moment his eyes lingered on Clary—a look she really didn’t like—and then he turned his gaze to Jocelyn, and his smile widened. “You,” he said, “Valentine’s wife. Others of my kind, who fought with you at the Uprising, told me of you. I admit I never thought I would see you myself.”

Jocelyn inclined her head. “Many of the Night Children fought very bravely then. Does your presence here indicate that we might fight alongside each other once again?”

It was odd, Clary thought, to hear her mother speak in that cool and formal way, and yet it seemed natural to Jocelyn. As natural in its way as sitting on the ground in ancient overalls, holding a paint-splattered brush.

“I hope so,” Raphael said, and his gaze brushed Clary again, like the touch of a cold hand. “We have only one requirement, one simple—and small—request. If that is honored, the Night Children of many lands will happily go to battle at your side.”

“The Council seat,” said Luke. “Of course—it can be formalized, the documents drawn up within the hour—”

“Not,” said Raphael, “the Council seat. Something else.”

“Something—else?” Luke echoed blankly. “What is it? I assure you, if it’s in our power—”

“Oh, it is.” Raphael’s smile was blinding. “In fact, it is something that is within the walls of this Hall as we speak.” He turned and gestured gracefully toward the crowd. “It is the boy Simon that we want,” he said. “It is the Daylighter.”



The tunnel was long and twisting, switchbacking on itself over and over as if Jace were crawling through the entrails of an

enormous monster. It smelled like wet rock and ashes and something else, something dank and odd that reminded Jace ever so slightly of the smell of the Bone City.

At last the tunnel opened out into a circular chamber. Huge stalactites, their surfaces as burnished as gems, hung down from a ridged, stony ceiling high above. The floor was as smooth as if it had been polished, alternating here and there with arcane patterns of gleaming inlaid stone. A series of rough stalagmites circled the chamber. In the very center of the room stood a single massive quartz stalagmite, rearing up from the floor like a gigantic fang, patterned here and there with a reddish design. Peering closer, Jace saw that the sides of the stalagmite were transparent, the reddish pattern the result of something swirling and moving *inside* it, like a glass test tube full of colored smoke.

High above, light filtered down from a circular hole in the stone, a natural skylight. The chamber had certainly been a product of design rather than accident—the intricate patterns tracing the floor made that much obvious—but who would have hollowed out such an enormous underground chamber, and why?

A sharp caw echoed through the room, sending a shock through Jace's nerves. He ducked behind a bulky stalagmite, dousing his witchlight, just as two figures emerged from the shadows at the far end of the room and moved toward him, their heads bent together in conversation. It was only when they reached the center of the room and the light struck them that he recognized them.

Sebastian.

And Valentine.



Hoping to avoid the crowd, Simon took the long way back toward the dais, ducking behind the rows of pillars that lined the sides of the Hall. He kept his head down as he went, lost in thought. It seemed strange that Alec, only a year or two older than Isabelle, was heading off to fight in a war, and the rest of them were going to stay behind. And Isabelle seemed calm

about it. No crying, no hysterics. It was as if she'd expected it. Maybe she had. Maybe they all had.

He was close to the dais steps when he glanced up and saw, to his surprise, Raphael standing across from Luke, looking his usual near-expressionless self. Luke, on the other hand, looked agitated—he was shaking his head, his hands up in protest, and Jocelyn, beside him, looked outraged. Simon couldn't see Clary's face—her back was to him—but he knew her well enough to recognize her tension just from the set of her shoulders.

Not wanting Raphael to see him, Simon ducked behind a pillar, listening. Even over the babble of the crowd, he was able to hear Luke's rising voice.

"It's out of the question," Luke was saying. "I can't believe you'd even ask."

"And I can't believe you would refuse." Raphael's voice was cool and clear, the sharp, still-high voice of a young boy. "It is such a small thing."

"It's not a *thing*," Clary sounded angry. "It's Simon. He's a *person*."

"He's a vampire," said Raphael. "Which you seem to keep forgetting."

"Aren't you a vampire as well?" asked Jocelyn, her tone as freezing as it had been every time Clary and Simon had ever gotten in trouble for doing something stupid. "Are you saying *your* life has no worth?"

Simon pressed himself back against the pillar. What was going on?

"My life has great worth," said Raphael, "being, unlike yours, eternal. There is no end to what I might accomplish, while there is a clear end where you are concerned. But that is not the issue. He is a vampire, one of my own, and I am asking for him back."

"You can't have him *back*," Clary snapped. "You never had him in the first place. You were never even interested in him either, till you found out he could walk around in daylight—"

“Possibly,” said Raphael, “but not for the reason you think.” He cocked his head, his bright, soft eyes dark and darting as a bird’s. “No vampire should have the power he has,” he said, “just as no Shadowhunter should have the power that you and your brother do. For years we have been told that we are wrong and unnatural. But this—*this* is unnatural.”

“Raphael.” Luke’s tone was warning. “I don’t know what you were hoping for. But there’s no chance we’ll let you hurt Simon.”

“But you will let Valentine and his army of demons hurt all these people, your allies.” Raphael made a sweeping gesture that encompassed the room. “You will let them risk their lives at their own discretion but won’t give Simon the same choice? Perhaps he would make a different one than you will.” He lowered his arm. “You know we will not fight with you otherwise. The Night Children will have no part in this day.”

“Then have no part in it,” said Luke. “I won’t buy your cooperation with an innocent life. I’m not Valentine.”

Raphael turned to Jocelyn. “What about you, Shadowhunter? Are you going to let this werewolf decide what’s best for your people?”

Jocelyn was looking at Raphael as if he were a roach she’d found crawling across her clean kitchen floor. Very slowly she said, “If you lay one hand on Simon, vampire, I’ll have you chopped up into tiny pieces and fed to my cat. Understand?”

Raphael’s mouth tightened. “Very well,” he said. “When you lie dying on Brocelind Plain, you may ask yourself whether one life was truly worth so many.”

He vanished. Luke turned quickly to Clary, but Simon was no longer watching them: He was looking down at his hands. He had thought they would be shaking, but they were as motionless as a corpse’s. Very slowly, he closed them into fists.



Valentine looked as he always had, a big man in modified Shadowhunter gear, his broad, thick shoulders at odds with his

sharply planed, fine-featured face. He had the Mortal Sword strapped across his back along with a bulky satchel. He wore a wide belt with numerous weapons thrust through it: thick hunting daggers, narrow dirks, and skinning knives. Staring at Valentine from behind the rock, Jace felt as he always did now when he thought of his father—a persistent familial affection corroded through with bleakness, disappointment, and mistrust.

It was strange seeing his father with Sebastian, who looked—different. He wore gear as well, and a long silver-hilted sword strapped at his waist, but it wasn't what he was wearing that struck Jace as odd. It was his hair, no longer a cap of dark curls but fair, shining-fair, a sort of white gold. It suited him, actually, better than the dark hair had; his skin no longer looked so startlingly pale. He must have dyed his hair to resemble the real Sebastian Verlac, and this was what he really looked like. A sour, roiling wave of hatred coursed through Jace, and it was all he could do to stay hidden behind the rock and not lunge forward to wrap his hands around Sebastian's throat.

Hugo cawed again and swooped down to land on Valentine's shoulder. An odd pang went through Jace, seeing the raven in the posture that had become so familiar to him over the years he'd known Hodge. Hugo had practically lived on the tutor's shoulder, and seeing him on Valentine's felt oddly foreign, even wrong, despite everything Hodge had done.

Valentine reached up and stroked the bird's glossy feathers, nodding as if the two of them were deep in conversation. Sebastian watched, his pale eyebrows arched. "Any word from Alicante?" he said as Hugo lifted himself from Valentine's shoulder and soared into the air again, his wings brushing the gemlike tips of the stalactites.

"Nothing as comprehensible as I would like," Valentine said. The sound of his father's voice, cool and unruffled as ever, went through Jace like an arrow. His hands twitched involuntarily and he pressed them hard against his sides, grateful for the bulk of the rock hiding him from view. "One

thing is certain. The Clave is allying itself with Lucian's force of Downworlders."

Sebastian frowned. "But Malachi said—"

"Malachi has failed." Valentine's jaw was set.

To Jace's surprise Sebastian moved forward and put a hand on Valentine's arm. There was something about that touch—something intimate and confident—that made Jace's stomach feel as if it had been invaded by a nest of worms. No one touched Valentine like that. Even he would not have touched his father like that. "Are you upset?" Sebastian asked, and the same tone was in his voice, the same grotesque and peculiar assumption of closeness.

"The Clave is further gone than I had thought. I knew the Lightwoods were corrupted beyond hope, and that sort of corruption is contagious. It's why I tried to keep them from entering Idris. But for the rest to have so easily had their minds filled with Lucian's poison, when he is not even Nephilim . . ." Valentine's disgust was plain, but he didn't move away from Sebastian, Jace saw with growing disbelief, didn't move to brush the boy's hand from his shoulder. "I am disappointed. I thought they would see reason. I would have preferred not to end things this way."

Sebastian looked amused. "*I* don't agree," he said. "Think of them, ready to do battle, riding out to glory, only to find that none of it matters. That their gesture is futile. Think of the looks on their faces." His mouth stretched into a grin.

"Jonathan." Valentine sighed. "This is ugly necessity, nothing to take delight in."

Jonathan? Jace clutched at the rock, his hands suddenly slippery. Why would Valentine call Sebastian by *his* name? Was it a mistake? But Sebastian didn't look surprised.

"Isn't it better if I enjoy what I'm doing?" Sebastian said. "I certainly enjoyed myself in Alicante. The Lightwoods were better company than you led me to believe, especially that Isabelle. We certainly parted on a high note. And as for Clary —"

Just hearing Sebastian say Clary's name made Jace's heart skip a sudden, painful beat.

"She wasn't at all like I thought she'd be," Sebastian went on petulantly. "She wasn't anything like me."

"There is no one else in the world like you, Jonathan. And as for Clary, she has always been exactly like her mother."

"She won't admit what she really wants," Sebastian said. "Not yet. But she'll come around."

Valentine raised an eyebrow. "What do you mean, come around?"

Sebastian grinned, a grin that filled Jace with an almost uncontrollable rage. He bit down hard on his lip, tasting blood. "Oh, you know," Sebastian said. "To our side. I can't wait. Tricking her was the most fun I've had in ages."

"You weren't supposed to be having fun. You were supposed to be finding out what it was she was looking for. And when she did find it—without you, I might add—you let her give it to a warlock. And then you failed to bring her with you when you left, despite the threat she poses to us. Not exactly a glorious success, Jonathan."

"I *tried* to bring her. They wouldn't let her out of their sight, and I couldn't exactly kidnap her in the middle of the Accords Hall." Sebastian sounded sulky. "Besides, I told you, she doesn't have any idea how to use that rune power of hers. She's too naive to pose any danger—"

"Whatever the Clave is planning now, she's at the center of it," Valentine said. "Hugin says as much. He saw her there on the dais in the Accords Hall. If she can show the Clave her power . . ."

Jace felt a flash of fear for Clary, mixed with an odd sort of pride—of course she was at the center of things. That was his Clary.

"Then they'll fight," said Sebastian. "Which is what we want, isn't it? Clary doesn't matter. It's the battle that matters."

"You underestimate her, I think," Valentine said quietly.

“I was watching her,” said Sebastian. “If her power was as unlimited as you seem to think, she could have used it to get her little vampire friend out of his prison—or save that fool Hodge when he was dying—”

“Power doesn’t have to be unlimited to be deadly,” Valentine said. “And as for Hodge, perhaps you might show a bit more reserve regarding his death, since you’re the one who killed him.”

“He was about to tell them about the Angel. I *had* to.”

“You *wanted* to. You always do.” Valentine took a pair of heavy leather gloves from his pocket and drew them on slowly. “Perhaps he would have told them. Perhaps not. All those years he looked after Jace in the Institute and must have wondered what it was he was raising. Hodge was one of the few who knew there was more than one boy. I knew he wouldn’t betray me—he was too much of a coward for that.” He flexed his fingers inside the gloves, frowning.

More than one boy? What was Valentine talking about?

Sebastian dismissed Hodge with a wave of his hand. “Who cares what he thought? He’s dead, and good riddance.” His eyes gleamed blackly. “Are you going to the lake now?”

“Yes. You’re clear on what must be done?” Valentine jerked his chin toward the sword at Sebastian’s waist. “Use that. It’s not the Mortal Sword, but its alliance is sufficiently demonic for this purpose.”

“I can’t go to the lake with you?” Sebastian’s voice had taken on a distinct whining tone. “Can’t we just release the army now?”

“It’s not midnight yet. I said I would give them until midnight. They may yet change their minds.”

“They’re not going to—”

“I gave my word. I’ll stand by it.” Valentine’s tone was final. “If you hear nothing from Malachi by midnight, open the gate.” Seeing Sebastian’s hesitation, Valentine looked impatient. “I need you to do this, Jonathan. I can’t wait here for midnight; it’ll take me nearly an hour to get to the lake

through the tunnels, and I have no intention of letting the battle drag on very long. Future generations must know how quickly the Clave lost, and how decisive our victory was.”

“It’s just that I’ll be sorry to miss the summoning. I’d like to be there when you do it.” Sebastian’s look was wistful, but there was something calculated beneath it, something sneering and grasping and planning and strangely, deliberately . . . *cold*. Not that Valentine seemed bothered.

To Jace’s bafflement, Valentine touched the side of Sebastian’s face, a quick, undisguisedly affectionate gesture, before turning away and moving toward the far end of the cavern, where thick clots of shadows gathered. He paused there, a pale figure against the darkness. “Jonathan,” he called back, and Jace glanced up, unable to help himself. “You will look upon the Angel’s face someday. After all, you will inherit the Mortal Instruments once I am gone. Perhaps one day you, too, will summon Raziel.”

“I’d like that,” Sebastian said, and stood very still as Valentine, with a final nod, disappeared into the darkness. Sebastian’s voice dropped to a half whisper. “I’d like it very much,” he snarled. “I’d like to spit in his bastard face.” He whirled, his face a white mask in the dim light. “You might as well come out, Jace,” he said. “I know you’re here.”

Jace froze—but only for a second. His body moved before his mind had time to catch up, catapulting him to his feet. He ran for the tunnel entrance, thinking only of making it outside, of getting a message, somehow, to Luke.

But the entrance was blocked. Sebastian stood there, his expression cool and gloating, his arms outstretched, his fingers almost touching the tunnel walls. “Really,” he said, “you didn’t actually think you were faster than me, did you?”

Jace skidded to a halt. His heart beat unevenly in his chest, like a broken metronome, but his voice was steady. “Since I’m better than you in every other conceivable way, it did stand to reason.”

Sebastian just smiled. “I could hear your heart beating,” he said softly. “When you were watching me with Valentine. Did

it bother you?"

"That you seem to be dating my dad?" Jace shrugged. "You're a little young for him, to be honest."

"*What?*" For the first time since Jace had met him, Sebastian seemed flabbergasted. Jace was able to enjoy it for only a moment, though, before Sebastian's composure returned. But there was a dark glint in his eye that indicated he hadn't forgiven Jace for making him lose his calm. "I wondered about you sometimes," Sebastian went on, in the same soft voice. "There seemed to be something to you, on occasion, something behind those yellow eyes of yours. A flash of intelligence, unlike the rest of your mud-stupid adoptive family. But I suppose it was only a pose, an attitude. You're as foolish as the rest, despite your decade of good upbringing."

"What do you know about my upbringing?"

"More than you might think." Sebastian lowered his hands. "The same man who brought you up, brought me up. Only he didn't tire of me after the first ten years."

"What do you mean?" Jace's voice came out in a whisper, and then, as he stared at Sebastian's unmoving, unsmiling face, he seemed to see the other boy as if for the first time—the white hair, the black anthracite eyes, the hard lines of his face, like something chiseled out of stone—and he saw in his mind the face of his father as the angel had showed it to him, young and sharp and alert and hungry, and he *knew*. "You," he said. "Valentine's your father. You're my *brother*."

But Sebastian was no longer standing in front of him; he was suddenly behind him, and his arms were around Jace's shoulders as if he meant to embrace him, but his hands were clenched into fists. "Hail and farewell, my brother," he spat, and then his arms jerked up and tightened, cutting off Jace's breath.



Clary was exhausted. A dull, pounding headache, the aftereffect of drawing the Alliance rune, had taken up

residence in her frontal lobe. It felt like someone trying to kick a door down from the wrong side.

“Are you all right?” Jocelyn put her hand on Clary’s shoulder. “You look like you aren’t feeling well.”

Clary glanced down—and saw the spidering black rune that crossed the back of her mother’s hand, the twin of the one on Luke’s palm. Her stomach tightened. She was managing to deal with the fact that within a few hours her mother might actually be *fighting an army of demons*—but only by willfully pushing down the thought every time it surfaced.

“I’m just wondering where Simon is.” Clary rose to her feet. “I’m going to go get him.”

“Down there?” Jocelyn gazed worriedly down at the crowd. It was thinning out now, Clary noted, as those who had been Marked flooded out the front doors into the square outside. Malachi stood by the doors, his bronze face impassive as he directed Downworlders and Shadowhunters where to go.

“I’ll be fine.” Clary edged past her mother and Luke toward the dais steps. “I’ll be right back.”

People turned to stare as she descended the steps and slipped into the crowd. She could feel the eyes on her, the *weight* of the staring. She scanned the crowd, looking for the Lightwoods or Simon, but saw nobody she knew—and it was hard enough seeing anything over the throng, considering how short she was. With a sigh Clary slipped away toward the west side of the Hall, where the crowd was thinner.

The moment she neared the tall line of marble pillars, a hand shot out from between two of them and pulled her sideways. Clary had time to gasp in surprise, and then she was standing in the darkness behind the largest of the pillars, her back against the cold marble wall, Simon’s hands gripping her arms. “*Don’t* scream, okay? It’s just me,” he said.

“Of course I’m not going to scream. Don’t be ridiculous.” Clary glanced from side to side, wondering what was going on—she could see only bits and pieces of the larger Hall, in

between the pillars. “But what’s with the James Bond spy stuff? I was coming to find you anyway.”

“I know. I’ve been waiting for you to come down off the dais. I wanted to talk to you where no one else could hear us.” He licked his lips nervously. “I heard what Raphael said. What he wanted.”

“Oh, Simon.” Clary’s shoulders sagged. “Look, nothing happened. Luke sent him away—”

“Maybe he shouldn’t have,” Simon said. “Maybe he should have given Raphael what he wanted.”

She blinked at him. “You mean *you*? Don’t be stupid. There’s no way—”

“There is a way.” His grip on her arms tightened. “I want to do this. I want Luke to tell Raphael that the deal is on. Or I’ll tell him myself.”

“I know what you’re doing,” Clary protested. “And I respect it and I admire you for it, but you don’t have to do it, Simon, you don’t have to. What Raphael’s asking for is wrong, and nobody will judge you for not sacrificing yourself for a war that isn’t yours to fight—”

“But that’s just it,” Simon said. “What Raphael said was right. I *am* a vampire, and you keep forgetting it. Or maybe you just want to forget. But I’m a Downworlder and you’re a Shadowhunter, and this fight is both of ours.”

“But you’re not like them—”

“I am one of them.” He spoke slowly, deliberately, as if to make absolutely sure that she understood every word he was saying. “And I always will be. If the Downworlders fight this war with the Shadowhunters, without the participation of Raphael’s people, then there will be no Council seat for the Night Children. They won’t be a part of the world Luke’s trying to create, a world where Shadowhunters and Downworlders work together. Are together. The vampires will be shut out of that. They’ll be the enemies of the Shadowhunters. I’ll be *your* enemy.”

“I could never be your enemy.”

“It would kill me,” Simon said simply. “But I can’t help anything by standing back and pretending I’m not part of this. And I’m not asking your permission. I would like your help. But if you won’t give it to me, I’ll get Maia to take me to the vampire camp anyway, and I’ll give myself up to Raphael. Do you understand?”

She stared at him. He was holding her arms so tightly she could feel the blood beating in the skin under his hands. She ran her tongue over her dry lips; her mouth tasted bitter. “What can I do,” she whispered, “to help you?”

She looked up at him incredulously as he told her. She was already shaking her head before he finished, her hair whipping back and forth, nearly covering her eyes. “No,” she said, “that’s a crazy idea, Simon. It’s not a gift; it’s a *punishment*—”

“Maybe not for me,” Simon said. He glanced toward the crowd, and Clary saw Maia standing there, watching them, her expression openly curious. She was clearly waiting for Simon. *Too fast*, Clary thought. *This is all happening much too fast.*

“It’s better than the alternative, Clary.”

“No . . .”

“It might not hurt me at all. I mean, I’ve *already* been punished, right? I already can’t go into a church, a synagogue, I can’t say—I can’t say holy names, I can’t get older, I’m already shut out from normal life. Maybe this won’t change anything.”

“But maybe it will.”

He let go of her arms, slid his hand around her side, and drew Patrick’s stele from her belt. He held it out to her. “Clary,” he said. “Do this for me. Please.”

She took the stele with numb fingers and raised it, touching the end of it to Simon’s skin, just above his eyes. *The first Mark*, Magnus had said. The very first. She thought of it, and her stele began to move the way a dancer begins to move when the music starts. Black lines traced themselves across his forehead like a flower unfolding on a speeded-up roll of film. When she was done, her right hand ached and stung, but as she

drew back and stared, she knew she had drawn something perfect and strange and ancient, something from the very beginning of history. It blazed like a star above Simon's eyes as he brushed his fingers across his forehead, his expression dazzled and confused.

"I can feel it," he said. "Like a burn."

"I don't know what'll happen," she whispered. "I don't know what long-term side effects it'll have."

With a twisted half smile, he raised his hand to touch her cheek. "Let's hope we get the chance to find out."

19

PENIEL

Maia was silent most of the way to the forest, keeping her head down and glancing from side to side only occasionally, her nose wrinkled in concentration. Simon wondered if she was *smelling* their way, and he decided that although that might be a little weird, it certainly counted as a useful talent. He also found that he didn't have to hurry to keep up with her, no matter how fast she moved. Even when they reached the beaten-down path that led into the forest and Maia started to run—swiftly, quietly, and staying low to the ground—he had no trouble matching her pace. It was one thing about being a vampire that he could honestly say he enjoyed.

It was over too soon; the woods thickened and they were running among the trees, over scuffed, thick-rooted ground dense with fallen leaves. The branches overhead made lacelike patterns against the starlit sky. They emerged from the trees in a clearing strewn with large boulders that gleamed like square white teeth. There were heaped piles of leaves here and there, as if someone had been over the place with a gigantic rake.

“Raphael!” Maia had cupped her hands around her mouth and was calling out in a voice loud enough to startle the birds out of the treetops high overhead. “Raphael, show yourself!”

Silence. Then the shadows rustled; there was a soft pattering sound, like rain hitting a tin roof. The piled leaves on the ground blew up into the air in tiny cyclones. Simon heard Maia cough; she had her hands up, as if to brush the leaves away from her face, her eyes.

As suddenly as the wind had come up, it settled. Raphael stood there, only a few feet from Simon. Surrounding him was

a group of vampires, pale and still as trees in the moonlight. Their expressions were cold, stripped down to a bare hostility. He recognized some of them from the Hotel Dumort: the petite Lily and the blond Jacob, his eyes as narrow as knives. But just as many of them he had never seen before.

Raphael stepped forward. His skin was sallow, his eyes ringed with black shadow, but he smiled when he saw Simon.

“Daylighter,” he breathed. “You came.”

“I came,” Simon said. “I’m here, so—it’s done.”

“It’s far from done, Daylighter.” Raphael looked toward Maia. “Lycanthrope,” he said. “Return to your pack leader and thank him for changing his mind. Tell him that the Night Children will fight beside his people on Brocelind Plain.”

Maia’s face was tight. “Luke didn’t change—”

Simon interrupted her hastily. “It’s fine, Maia. Go.”

Her eyes were luminous and sad. “Simon, think,” she said. “You don’t have to do this.”

“Yes, I do.” His tone was firm. “Maia, thank you so much for bringing me here. Now go.”

“Simon—”

He dropped his voice. “If you *don’t* go, they’ll kill us both, and all this will have been for nothing. Go. Please.”

She nodded and turned away, Changing as she turned, so that one moment she was a slight human girl, her bead-tied braids bouncing on her shoulders, and the next she had hit the ground running on all fours, a swift and silent wolf. She darted from the clearing and vanished into the shadows.

Simon turned back to the vampires—and almost shouted out loud; Raphael was standing directly in front of him, inches away. Up close his skin bore the telltale dark trceries of hunger. Simon thought of that night in the Hotel Dumort—faces appearing out of shadow, fleeting laughter, the smell of blood—and shivered.

Raphael reached out to Simon and took hold of his shoulders, the grip of his deceptively slight hands like iron. “Turn your head,” he said, “and look at the stars; it will be easier that way.”

“So you *are* going to kill me,” Simon said. To his surprise he didn’t feel afraid, or even particularly agitated; everything seemed to have slowed down to a perfect clarity. He was simultaneously aware of every leaf on the branches above him, every tiny pebble on the ground, every pair of eyes that rested on him.

“What did you think?” Raphael said—a little sadly, Simon thought. “It’s not personal, I assure you. It’s as I said before—you are too dangerous to be allowed to continue as you are. If I had known what you’d become—”

“You’d never have let me crawl out of that grave. I know,” said Simon.

Raphael met his eyes. “Everyone does what they must to survive. In that way even we are just like humans.” His needle teeth slid from their sheaths like delicate razors. “Hold still,” he said. “This will be quick.” He leaned forward.

“Wait,” Simon said, and when Raphael drew back with a scowl, he said it again, with more force: “Wait. There’s something I have to show you.”

Raphael made a low hissing sound. “You had better be doing more than trying to delay me, Daylighter.”

“I am. There’s something I thought you should see.” Simon reached up and brushed the hair back from his forehead. It felt like a foolish, even theatrical, gesture, but as he did it, he saw Clary’s desperate white face as she stared up at him, the stele in her hand, and thought, *Well, for her sake, at least I’ve tried.*

The effect on Raphael was both startling and instantaneous. He jerked back as if Simon had brandished a crucifix at him, his eyes widening. “Daylighter,” he spat, “who did this to you?”

Simon only stared. He wasn’t sure what reaction he’d expected, but it hadn’t been this one.

“Clary,” Raphael said, answering his own inquiry, “of course. Only a power like hers would allow this—a vampire, Marked, and with a Mark like that one—”

“A Mark like *what?*” said Jacob, the slender blond boy standing just behind Raphael. The rest of the vampires were staring as well, with expressions that mingled confusion and a growing fear. Anything that frightened Raphael, Simon thought, was sure to frighten them, too.

“This Mark,” Raphael said, still looking only at Simon, “is not one of those from the Gray Book. It is an even older Mark than that. One of the ancients, drawn by the Maker’s own hand.” He made as if to touch Simon’s forehead but didn’t seem quite able to bring himself to do it; his hand hovered for a moment, then fell to his side. “Such Marks are mentioned, but I have never seen one. And this one . . .”

Simon said, “‘Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold. And the Lord set a Mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him.’ You can *try* to kill me, Raphael. But I wouldn’t advise it.”

“The Mark of Cain?” Jacob said in disbelief. “This Mark on you is the Mark of *Cain?*”

“Kill him,” said a redheaded female vampire who stood close to Jacob. She spoke with a heavy accent—Russian, Simon thought, though he wasn’t sure. “Kill him anyway.”

Raphael’s expression was a mix of fury and disbelief. “I will not,” he said. “Any harm done to him will rebound upon the doer sevenfold. That is the nature of the Mark. Of course, if any of you would like to be the one to take that risk, by all means, be my guest.”

No one spoke or moved.

“I thought not,” said Raphael. His eyes raked Simon. “Like the evil queen in the fairy tale, Lucian Graymark has sent me a poisoned apple. I suppose he hoped I *would* harm you, and reap the punishment that would follow.”

“No,” Simon said hastily. “No—Luke didn’t even know what I’d done. His gesture was made in good faith. You have

to honor it.”

“And so you *chose* this?” For the first time there was something other than contempt, Simon thought, in the way Raphael was looking at him. “This is no simple protection spell, Day-lighter. Do you know what Cain’s punishment was?” He spoke softly, as if sharing a secret with Simon. “*And now thou art cursed from the earth. A fugitive and a wanderer shalt thou be.*”

“Then,” Simon said, “I’ll wander, if that’s what it comes to. I’ll do what I have to do.”

“All this,” said Raphael, “all this for Nephilim.”

“Not just for Nephilim,” said Simon. “I’m doing this for you, too. Even if you don’t want it.” He raised his voice so that the silent vampires surrounding them could hear him. “You were worried that if other vampires knew what had happened to me, they’d think Shadowhunter blood could let them walk in the daylight too. But that’s not why I have this power. It was something Valentine did. An experiment. He caused this, not Jace. And it isn’t replicable. It won’t ever happen again.”

“I imagine he is telling the truth,” said Jacob, to Simon’s surprise. “I’ve certainly known one or two of the Night Children who’ve had a taste of Shadowhunter in the past. None of them developed a fondness for sunlight.”

“It was one thing to refuse to help the Shadowhunters before,” said Simon, turning back to Raphael, “but now, now that they’ve sent me to you—” He let the rest of the sentence hang in the air, unfinished.

“Don’t try to blackmail me, Daylighter,” said Raphael. “Once the Night Children have made a bargain, they honor it, no matter how badly they are dealt with.” He smiled slightly, needle teeth gleaming in the dark. “There is just one thing,” he said. “One last act I require from you to prove that indeed you acted here in *good faith*.” The stress he put on the last two words was weighted with cold.

“What’s that?” Simon asked.

“We will not be the only vampires to fight in Lucian Graymark’s battle,” Raphael said. “So will you.”



Jace opened his eyes on a silver whirlpool. His mouth was filled with bitter liquid. He coughed, wondering for a moment if he was drowning—but if so, it was on dry land. He was sitting upright with his back against a stalagmite, and his hands were bound behind him. He coughed again and salt filled his mouth. He wasn’t drowning, he realized, just choking on blood.

“Awake, little brother?” Sebastian knelt in front of him, a length of rope in his hands, his grin like an unsheathed knife. “Good. I was afraid for a moment that I’d killed you a bit too early.”

Jace turned his head to the side and spat a mouthful of blood onto the ground. His head felt as if a balloon were being inflated inside it, pressing against the interior of his skull. The silvery whirling above his head slowed and stilled to the bright pattern of stars visible through the hole in the cave roof. “Waiting for a special occasion to kill me? Christmas is coming.”

Sebastian gave Jace a thoughtful look. “You have a smart mouth. You didn’t learn that from Valentine. What *did* you learn from him? It doesn’t seem to me that he taught you much about fighting, either.” He leaned closer. “You know what he gave me for my ninth birthday? A lesson. He taught me that there’s a place on a man’s back where, if you sink a blade in, you can pierce his heart and sever his spine, all at once. What did *you* get for your ninth birthday, little angel boy? A cookie?”

Ninth birthday? Jace swallowed hard. “So tell me, what hole was he keeping *you* in while I was growing up? Because I don’t remember seeing you around the manor.”

“I grew up in this valley.” Sebastian jerked his chin toward the cave exit. “I don’t remember seeing you around here either, come to think of it. Although I knew about you. I bet you didn’t know about me.”

Jace shook his head. “Valentine wasn’t much given to bragging about you. I can’t imagine why.”

Sebastian’s eyes flashed. It was easy to see, now, the resemblance to Valentine: the same unusual combination of silver-white hair and black eyes, the same fine bones that in another, less strongly molded face would have looked delicate. “I knew all about you,” he said. “But you don’t know anything, do you?” Sebastian got to his feet. “I wanted you alive to watch this, little brother,” he said. “So watch, and watch carefully.” With a movement so fast it was almost invisible, he drew the sword from its sheath at his waist. It had a silver hilt, and like the Mortal Sword it glowed with a dull dark light. A pattern of stars was etched into the surface of the black blade; it caught the true starlight as Sebastian turned the blade, and burned like fire.

Jace held his breath. He wondered if Sebastian merely meant to kill him; but no, Sebastian would have killed him already, while he was unconscious, if that were his intention. Jace watched as Sebastian moved toward the center of the chamber, the sword held lightly in his hand, though it looked to be quite heavy. His mind was whirling. How could Valentine have another son? Who was his mother? Someone else in the Circle? Was he older or younger than Jace?

Sebastian had reached the huge red-tinged stalagmite in the center of the room. It seemed to pulse as he approached, and the smoke inside it swirled faster. Sebastian half-closed his eyes and lifted the blade. He said something—a word in a harsh-sounding demon language—and brought the sword across, hard and fast, in a slicing arc.

The top of the stalagmite sheared away. Inside, it was hollow as a test tube, filled with a mass of black and red smoke, which swirled upward like gas escaping a punctured balloon. There was a roar—less a sound than a sort of explosive pressure. Jace felt his ears pop. It was suddenly hard to breathe. He wanted to claw at the neck of his shirt, but he couldn’t move his hands: They were tied too tightly behind him.

Sebastian was half-hidden behind the pouring column of red and black. It was coiling, swirling upward—"Watch!" he cried, his face glowing. His eyes were alight, his white hair whipping on the rising wind, and Jace wondered if his father had looked like that when he was young: terrible and yet somehow fascinating. "Watch and behold Valentine's army!"

His voice was drowned out then by the sound. It was a sound like the tide crashing up the shore, the breaking of an enormous wave, carrying massive detritus with it, the smashed bones of whole cities, the onrush of a great and evil power. A huge column of twisting, rushing, flapping blackness poured from the smashed stalagmite, funneling up through the air, pouring toward—and through—the torn gap in the cavern roof. *Demons*. They rose shrieking, howling, and snarling, a boiling mass of claws and talons and teeth and burning eyes. Jace recalled lying on the deck of Valentine's ship as the sky and earth and sea all around turned to nightmare; this was worse. It was as if the earth had torn open and hell had poured through. The demons carried a stench like a thousand rotting corpses. Jace's hands twisted against each other, twisted until the ropes cut into his wrists and they bled. A sour taste rose in his mouth, and he choked helplessly on blood and bile as the last of the demons rose and vanished overhead, a dark flood of horror, blotting out the stars.

Jace thought he might have passed out for a minute or two. Certainly there was a period of blackness during which the shrieking and howling overhead faded and he seemed to hang in space, pinned between the earth and the sky, feeling a sense of detachment that was somehow . . . peaceful.

It was over too soon. Suddenly he was slammed back into his body, his wrists in agony, his shoulders straining backward, the stench of demon so heavy in the air that he turned his head aside and retched helplessly onto the ground. He heard a dry chuckle and looked up, swallowing hard against the acid in his throat. Sebastian knelt over him, his legs straddling Jace's, his eyes shining. "It's all right, little brother," he said. "They're gone."

Jace's eyes were streaming, his throat scraped raw. His voice came out a croak. "He said midnight. Valentine said to open the gate at midnight. It can't be midnight yet."

"I always figure it's better to ask for forgiveness than permission in these sorts of situations." Sebastian glanced up at the now empty sky. "It should take them five minutes to reach Brocelind Plain from here, quite a bit less time than it will Father to reach the lake. I want to see some Nephilim blood spilled. I want them to writhe and die on the ground. They deserve shame before they get oblivion."

"Do you really think that Nephilim have so little chance against demons? It's not as if they're unprepared—"

Sebastian dismissed him with a flick of his wrist. "I thought you were listening to us. Didn't you understand the plan? Don't you know what my father's going to do?"

Jace said nothing.

"It was good of you," said Sebastian, "to lead me to Hodge that night. If he hadn't revealed that the Mirror we sought was Lake Lyn, I'm not sure this night would have been possible. Because anyone who bears the first two Mortal Instruments and stands before the Mortal Glass can summon the Angel Raziel out of it, just as Jonathan Shadowhunter did a thousand years ago. And once you've summoned the Angel, you can demand of him one thing. One task. One . . . favor."

"A favor?" Jace felt cold all over. "And Valentine is going to demand the defeat of the Shadowhunters at Brocelind?"

Sebastian stood up. "That would be a waste," he said. "No. He's going to demand that all Shadowhunters who have not drunk from the Mortal Cup—all those who are not his followers—be stripped of their powers. They will no longer be Nephilim. And as such, bearing the Marks they do . . ." He smiled. "They will become Forsaken, easy prey for the demons, and those Downworlders who have not fled will be quickly eradicated."

Jace's ears were ringing with a harsh, tinny sound. He felt dizzy. "Even Valentine," he said, "even Valentine would never

do that—”

“Please,” said Sebastian. “Do you really think my father won’t go through with what he’s planned?”

“*Our* father,” Jace said.

Sebastian glanced down at him. His hair was a white halo; he looked like the sort of bad angel who might have followed Lucifer out of heaven. “Pardon me,” he said, with some amusement. “Are you *praying*?”

“No. I said *our* father. I meant Valentine. Not *your* father. Ours.”

For a moment Sebastian was expressionless; then his mouth quirked up at the corner, and he grinned. “Little angel boy,” he said. “You’re a fool, aren’t you—just like my father always said.”

“Why do you keep calling me that?” Jace demanded. “Why are you blathering about angels—”

“God,” said Sebastian, “you don’t know *anything*, do you? Did my father ever say a word to you that wasn’t a lie?”

Jace shook his head. He’d been pulling at the ropes binding his wrists, but every time he jerked at them, they seemed to get tighter. He could feel the pounding of his pulse in each of his fingers. “How do you know he wasn’t lying to *you*?”

“Because I am his blood. I am just like him. When he’s gone, I’ll rule the Clave after him.”

“I wouldn’t brag about being just like him if I were you.”

“There’s that, too.” Sebastian’s voice was emotionless. “I don’t pretend to be anything other than I am. I don’t behave as if I’m horrified that my father does what he needs to do to save his people, even if they don’t want—or, if you ask me, deserve—saving. Who would *you* rather have for a son, a boy who’s proud that you’re his father or one who cowers from you in shame and fear?”

“I’m not afraid of Valentine,” said Jace.

“You shouldn’t be,” said Sebastian. “You should be afraid of me.”

There was something in his voice that made Jace abandon his struggle against the bindings and look up. Sebastian was still holding his blackly gleaming sword. It was a dark, beautiful thing, Jace thought, even when Sebastian lowered the point of it so that it rested above Jace’s collarbone, just nicking his Adam’s apple.

Jace struggled to keep his voice steady. “So now what? You’re going to kill me while I’m tied up? Does the thought of fighting me scare you that much?”

Nothing, not a flicker of emotion, passed across Sebastian’s pale face. “You,” he said, “are not a threat to me. You’re a pest. An annoyance.”

“Then why won’t you untie my hands?”

Sebastian, utterly still, stared at him. He looked like a statue, Jace thought, like the statue of some long-dead prince—someone who’d died young and spoiled. And that was the difference between Sebastian and Valentine; though they shared the same cold marble looks, Sebastian had an air about him of something ruined—something eaten away from the inside. “I’m not a fool,” Sebastian said, “and you can’t bait me. I left you alive only long enough so that you could see the demons. When you die now, and return to your angel ancestors, you can tell them there is no place for them in this world anymore. They’ve failed the Clave, and the Clave no longer needs them. We have Valentine now.”

“You’re killing me because you want me to give a message to *God* for you?” Jace shook his head, the point of the blade scraping across his throat. “You’re crazier than I thought.”

Sebastian just smiled and pushed the blade in slightly deeper; when Jace swallowed, he could feel the point of it denting his windpipe. “If you have any real prayers, little brother, say them now.”

“I don’t have any prayers,” said Jace. “I have a message, though. For our father. Will you give it to him?”

“Of course,” Sebastian said smoothly, but there was something in the way he said it, a flicker of hesitation before he spoke, that confirmed what Jace was already thinking.

“You’re lying,” he said. “You won’t give him the message, because you’re not going to tell him what you’ve done. He never asked you to kill me, and he won’t be happy when he finds out.”

“Nonsense. You’re nothing to him.”

“You think he’ll never know what happened to me if you kill me now, here. You can tell him I died in the battle, or he’ll just assume that’s what happened. But you’re wrong if you think he won’t know. Valentine always knows.”

“You don’t know what you’re talking about,” Sebastian said, but his face had tightened.

Jace kept talking, pressing home his advantage. “You can’t hide what you’re doing, though. There’s a witness.”

“A *witness*?” Sebastian looked almost surprised, which Jace counted as something of a victory. “What are you talking about?”

“The raven,” Jace said. “He’s been watching from the shadows. He’ll tell Valentine everything.”

“Hugin?” Sebastian’s gaze snapped up, and though the raven was nowhere to be seen, Sebastian’s face when he glanced back down at Jace was full of doubt.

“If Valentine knows you murdered me while I was tied up and helpless, he’ll be disgusted with you,” Jace said, and he heard his own voice drop into his father’s cadences, the way Valentine spoke when he wanted something: soft and persuasive. “He’ll call you a coward. He’ll never forgive you.”

Sebastian said nothing. He was staring down at Jace, his lips twitching, and hatred boiled behind his eyes like poison.

“Untie me,” Jace said softly. “Untie me and fight me. It’s the only way.”

Sebastian’s lip twitched again, hard, and this time Jace thought he had gone too far. Sebastian drew the sword back

and raised it, and the moonlight burst off it in a thousand silver shards, silver as the stars, silver as the color of his hair. He bared his teeth—and the sword’s whistling breath cut the night air with a scream as he brought it down in a whirling arc.



Clary sat on the steps of the dais in the Hall of Accords, holding the stele in her hands. She had never felt quite so alone. The Hall was utterly, totally empty. Clary had looked everywhere for Isabelle once the fighters had all passed through the Portal, but she hadn’t been able to find her. Aline had told her that Isabelle was probably back at the Penhallows’ house, where Aline and a few other teenagers were meant to be looking after at least a dozen children under fighting age. She’d tried to get Clary to go there with her, but Clary had declined. If she couldn’t find Isabelle, she’d rather be alone than with near strangers. Or so she’d thought. But sitting here, she found the silence and the emptiness becoming more and more oppressive. Still, she hadn’t moved. She was trying as hard as she could not to think of Jace, not to think of Simon, not to think of her mother or Luke or Alec—and the only way not to think, she had found, was to remain motionless and to stare at a single square of marble on the floor instead, counting the cracks in it, over and over.

There were six. *One, two, three. Four, five, six.* She finished the count and started again, from the beginning. *One—*

The sky overhead exploded.

Or at least that was what it sounded like. Clary threw her head back and stared upward, through the clear roof of the Hall. The sky had been dark a moment ago; now it was a roiling mass of flame and blackness, shot through with an ugly orange light. *Things* moved against that light—hideous things she didn’t want to see, things that made her grateful to the darkness for obscuring her view. The occasional glimpse was bad enough.

The transparent skylight overhead rippled and bent as the demon host passed, as if it were being warped by tremendous heat. At last there was a sound like a gunshot, and a huge

crack appeared in the glass, spiderwebbing out into countless fissures. Clary ducked, covering her head with her hands, as glass rained down around her like tears.



They were almost to the battlefield when the sound came, ripping the night in half. One moment the woods were as silent as they were dark. The next moment the sky was lit with a hellish orange glow. Simon staggered and nearly fell; he caught at a tree trunk to steady himself and looked up, barely able to believe what he was seeing. All around him the other vampires were staring up at the sky, their white faces like night-blooming flowers, lifting to catch the moonlight as nightmare after nightmare streaked across the sky.



“You keep passing out on me,” Sebastian said. “It’s extremely tedious.”

Jace opened his eyes. Pain lanced through his head. He put his hand up to touch the side of his face—and realized his hands were no longer tied behind him. A length of rope trailed from his wrist. His hand came away from his face black—blood, dark in the moonlight.

He stared around him. They were no longer in the cavern: He was lying on soft dirt and grass on the valley floor, not far from the stone house. He could hear the sound of the water in the creek, clearly close by. Knotted tree branches overhead blocked some of the moonlight, but it was still fairly bright.

“Get up,” Sebastian said. “You have five seconds before I kill you where you are.”

Jace stood as slowly as he thought he could get away with. He was still a little dizzy. Fighting for balance, he dug the heels of his boots into the soft dirt, trying to give himself some stability. “Why did you bring me out here?”

“Two reasons,” Sebastian said. “One, I enjoyed knocking you out. Two, it would be bad for either of us to get blood on the floor of that cavern. Trust me. And I intend to spill plenty of your blood.”

Jace felt at his belt, and his heart sank. Either he'd dropped most of his weapons while Sebastian was dragging him through the tunnels, or, more likely, Sebastian had thrown them away. All he had left was a dagger. It was a short blade—too short, no match for the sword.

“Not much of a weapon, that.” Sebastian grinned, white in the moon-dazzled darkness.

“I can't fight with this,” Jace said, trying to sound as quavering and nervous as he could.

“What a shame.” Sebastian came closer to Jace, grinning. He was holding his sword loosely, theatrically unconcerned, the tips of his fingers beating a light rhythm on the hilt. If there was ever going to be an opening for him, Jace thought, this was probably it. He swung his arm back and punched Sebastian as hard as he could in the face.

Bone crunched under his knuckles. The blow sent Sebastian sprawling. He skidded backward in the dirt, the sword flying from his grip. Jace caught it up as he darted forward, and a second later was standing over Sebastian, blade in hand.

Sebastian's nose was bleeding, the blood a scarlet streak across his face. He reached up and pulled his collar aside, baring his pale throat. “So go ahead,” he said. “Kill me already.”

Jace hesitated. He didn't want to hesitate, but there it was: an annoying reluctance to kill anyone lying helpless on the ground in front of him. Jace remembered Valentine taunting him, back at Renwick's, daring his son to kill him, and Jace hadn't been able to do it. But Sebastian was a murderer. He'd killed Max and Hodge.

He raised the sword.

And Sebastian erupted off the ground, faster than the eye could follow. He seemed to fly into the air, performing an elegant backflip and landing gracefully on the grass barely a foot away. As he did, he kicked out, striking Jace's hand. The kick sent the sword spinning out of Jace's grasp. Sebastian caught it out of the air, laughing, and slashed out with the

blade, whipping it toward Jace's heart. Jace leaped backward and the blade split the air just in front of him, slicing his shirt open down the front. There was a stinging pain and Jace felt blood welling from a shallow slice across his chest.

Sebastian chuckled, advancing toward Jace, who backed up, fumbling his insufficient dagger out of his belt as he went. He looked around, desperately hoping there was something else he could use as a weapon—a long stick, anything. There was nothing around him but the grass, the river running by, and the trees above, spreading their thick branches overhead like a green net. Suddenly he remembered the Malachi Configuration the Inquisitor had trapped him in. Sebastian wasn't the only one who could jump.

Sebastian slashed the sword toward him again, but Jace had already leaped—straight up into the air. The lowest tree branch was about twenty feet high; he caught at it, swinging himself up and over. Kneeling on the branch, he saw Sebastian, on the ground, spin around and look up. Jace flung the dagger and heard Sebastian shout. Breathless, he straightened up—

And Sebastian was suddenly on the branch beside him. His pale face was flushed angrily, his sword arm streaming blood. He had dropped the sword, evidently, in the grass, though that merely made them even, Jace thought, since his dagger was gone as well. He saw with some satisfaction that for the first time Sebastian looked *angry*—angry and surprised, as if a pet he'd thought was tame had bitten him.

"That was fun," Sebastian said. "But now it's over."

He flung himself at Jace, catching him around the waist, knocking him off the branch. They fell twenty feet through the air clutched together, tearing at each other—and hit the ground hard, hard enough that Jace saw stars behind his eyes. He grabbed for Sebastian's injured arm and dug his fingers in; Sebastian yelled and backhanded Jace across the face. Jace's mouth filled with salty blood; he gagged on it as they rolled through the dirt together, slamming punches into each other. He felt a sudden shock of icy cold; they'd rolled down the slight incline into the river and were lying half-in, half-out of the water. Sebastian gasped, and Jace took the opportunity to

grab for the other boy's throat and close his hands around it, squeezing. Sebastian choked, seizing Jace's right wrist in his hand and jerking it backward, hard enough to snap the bones. Jace heard himself scream as if from a distance, and Sebastian pressed the advantage, twisting the broken wrist mercilessly until Jace let go of him and fell back in the cold, watery mud, his arm a howl of agony.

Half-kneeling on Jace's chest, one knee digging hard into his ribs, Sebastian grinned down at him. His eyes shone out white and black from a mask of dirt and blood. Something glittered in his right hand. Jace's dagger. He must have picked it up from the ground. Its point rested directly over Jace's heart.

"And we find ourselves exactly where we were five minutes ago," Sebastian said. "You've had your chance, Wayland. Any last words?"

Jace stared up at him, his mouth streaming blood, his eyes stinging with sweat, and felt only a sense of total and empty exhaustion. Was this really how he was going to die? "Wayland?" he said. "You know that's not my name."

"You have as much of a claim to it as you have to the name of Morgenstern," said Sebastian. He bent forward, leaning his weight onto the dagger. Its tip pierced Jace's skin, sending a hot stab of pain through his body. Sebastian's face was inches away, his voice a hissing whisper. "Did you *really* think you were Valentine's son? Did you really think a whining, pathetic thing like yourself was worthy of being a Morgenstern, of being *my brother*?" He tossed his white hair back: It was lank with sweat and creek water. "You're a changeling," he said. "My father butchered a corpse to get you and make you one of his experiments. He tried to raise you as his own son, but you were too weak to be any good to him. You couldn't be a warrior. You were nothing. Useless. So he palmed you off on the Lightwoods and hoped you might be of some use to him later, as a decoy. Or as bait. *He never loved you.*"

Jace blinked his burning eyes. "Then you . . ."

“I am Valentine’s son. Jonathan Christopher Morgenstern. You never had any right to that name. You’re a ghost. A pretender.” His eyes were black and glinting, like the carapaces of dead insects, and suddenly Jace heard his mother’s voice, as if in a dream—but she wasn’t his mother—saying *Jonathan’s not a baby anymore. He isn’t even human; he’s a monster.*

“You’re the one,” Jace choked. “The one with the demon blood. Not me.”

“That’s right.” The dagger slid another millimeter into Jace’s flesh. Sebastian was still grinning, but it was a rictus grin, like a skull’s. “You’re the angel boy. I had to hear all about you. You with your pretty angel face and your pretty manners and your delicate, delicate feelings. You couldn’t even watch a bird die without crying. No wonder Valentine was ashamed of you.”

“No.” Jace forgot the blood in his mouth, forgot the pain. “You’re the one he’s ashamed of. You think he wouldn’t take you with him to the lake because he needed you to stay here and open the gate at midnight? Like he didn’t know you wouldn’t be able to wait. He didn’t take you with him because he’s ashamed to stand up in front of the Angel and show him what he’s done. Show him the *thing* he made. Show him *you*.” Jace gazed up at Sebastian—he could feel a terrible, triumphant pity blazing in his own eyes. “He knows there’s nothing human in you. Maybe he loves you, but he hates you too—”

“Shut up!” Sebastian pushed down on the dagger, twisting the hilt. Jace arched backward with a scream, and agony burst like lightning behind his eyes. *I’m going to die*, he thought. *I’m dying. This is it.* He wondered if his heart had already been pierced. He couldn’t move, couldn’t breathe. He knew now what it must be like for a butterfly pinned to a board. He tried to speak, tried to say a name, but nothing came out of his mouth but more blood.

And yet Sebastian seemed to read his eyes. “*Clary*. I’d almost forgotten. You’re in love with her, aren’t you? The shame of your nasty incestuous impulses must nearly have

killed you. Too bad you didn't know she's not really your sister. You could have spent the rest of your life with her, if only you weren't so stupid." He bent down, pushing the knife in harder, its edge scraping bone. He spoke in Jace's ear, a voice as soft as a whisper. "She loved you, too," he said. "Keep that in mind while you die."

Darkness flooded in from the edges of Jace's vision, like dye spilling onto a photograph, blotting out the image. Suddenly there was no pain at all. He felt nothing, not even Sebastian's weight on him, as if he were floating. Sebastian's face drifted over him, white against the darkness, the dagger raised in his hand. Something bright gold glittered at Sebastian's wrist, as if he were wearing a bracelet. But it wasn't a bracelet, because it was moving. Sebastian looked toward his hand, surprised, as the dagger fell from his loosened grasp and struck the mud with an audible sound.

Then the hand itself, separated from his wrist, thumped to the ground beside it.

Jace stared wonderingly as Sebastian's severed hand bounced and came to rest against a pair of high black boots. The boots were attached to a pair of delicate legs, rising to a slender torso and a familiar face capped with a waterfall of black hair. Jace raised his eyes and saw Isabelle, her whip soaked with blood, her eyes fastened on Sebastian, who was staring at the bloody stump of his wrist with openmouthed amazement.

Isabelle smiled grimly. "That was for Max, you bastard."

"*Bitch*," Sebastian hissed—and sprang to his feet as Isabelle's whip came slashing at him again with incredible speed. He ducked sideways and was gone. There was a rustle—he must have vanished into the trees, Jace thought, though it hurt too much to turn his head and look.

"Jace!" Isabelle knelt down over him, her stele shining in her left hand. Her eyes were bright with tears; he must seem pretty bad, Jace realized, for Isabelle to look like that.

"Isabelle," he tried to say. He wanted to tell her to go, to run, that no matter how spectacular and brave and talented she

was—and she was all those things—she was no match for Sebastian. And there was no way that Sebastian was going to let a little thing like getting his hand sliced off stop him. But all that came out of Jace’s mouth was a sort of gurgling noise.

“Don’t talk.” He felt the tip of her stele burn against the skin of his chest. “You’ll be fine.” Isabelle smiled down at him tremulously. “You’re probably wondering what the hell I’m doing here,” she said. “I don’t know how much you know—I don’t know what Sebastian’s told you—but you’re not Valentine’s son.” The *iratze* was close to finished; already Jace could feel the pain fading. He nodded slightly, trying to tell her: *I know*. “Anyway, I wasn’t going to come looking for you after you ran off, because you said in your note not to, and I got that. But there was no way I was going to let you die thinking you have demon blood, or without telling you that there’s nothing wrong with you, though honestly, how you could have thought anything so stupid in the first place—” Isabelle’s hand jerked, and she froze, not wanting to spoil the rune. “And you needed to know that Clary’s not your sister,” she said, more gently. “Because—because you just did. So I got Magnus to help me track you. I used that little wooden soldier you gave to Max. I don’t think Magnus would have done it normally, but let’s just say he was in an *unusually* good mood, and I may have told him Alec wanted him to do it—although that wasn’t *strictly* true, but it’ll be a while before he finds that out. And once I knew where you were, well, he’d already set up that Portal, and I’m *very* good at sneaking—”

Isabelle screamed. Jace tried to reach for her, but she was beyond his grasp, being lifted, flung to the side. Her whip fell from her hand. She scrambled to her knees, but Sebastian was already in front of her. His eyes blazed with rage, and there was a bloody cloth tied around the stump of his wrist. Isabelle darted for her whip, but Sebastian moved faster. He spun and kicked out at her, hard. His booted foot connected with her rib cage. Jace almost thought he could *hear* Isabelle’s ribs crack as she flew backward, landing awkwardly on her side. He heard her cry out—Isabelle, who never cried out in pain—as Sebastian kicked her again and then caught up her whip, brandishing it in his hand.

Jace rolled onto his side. The almost finished *iratze* had helped, but the pain in his chest was still bad, and he knew, in a detached sort of way, that the fact that he was coughing up blood probably meant that he had a punctured lung. He wasn't sure how long that gave him. Minutes, probably. He scrambled for the dagger where Sebastian had dropped it, next to the grisly remains of his hand. Jace staggered to his feet. The smell of blood was everywhere. He thought of Magnus's vision, the world turned to blood, and his slippery hand tightened on the hilt of the dagger.

He took a step forward. Then another. Every step felt like he was dragging his feet through cement. Isabelle was screaming curses at Sebastian, who was laughing as he brought the whip down across her body. Her screams drew Jace forward like a fish caught on a hook, but they grew fainter as he moved. The world was spinning around him like a carnival ride.

One more step, Jace told himself. One more. Sebastian had his back to him; he was concentrating on Isabelle. He probably thought Jace was already dead. And he nearly was. *One step*, he told himself, but he couldn't do it, couldn't move, couldn't bring himself to drag his feet one more step forward. Blackness was rushing in at the edges of his vision—a more profound blackness than the darkness of sleep. A blackness that would erase everything he had ever seen and bring him a rest that would be absolute. Peaceful. He thought, suddenly, of Clary—Clary as he had last seen her, asleep, with her hair spread across the pillow and her cheek on her hand. He had thought then that he had never seen anything so peaceful in his life, but of course she had only been sleeping, like anyone else might sleep. It hadn't been her peace that had surprised him, but his own. The peace he felt at being with her was like nothing he had ever known before.

Pain jarred up his spine, and he realized with surprise that somehow, without any volition of his own, his legs had moved him forward that last crucial step. Sebastian had his arm back, the whip shining in his hand; Isabelle lay on the grass, a crumpled heap, no longer screaming—no longer moving at all. “You little Lightwood bitch,” Sebastian was saying. “I should

have smashed your face in with that hammer until I was sure you weren't breathing any more—”

And Jace brought his hand up, with the dagger in it, and sank the blade into Sebastian's back.

Sebastian staggered forward, the whip falling out of his hand. He turned slowly and looked at Jace, and Jace thought, with a distant horror, that maybe Sebastian really wasn't human, that he was unkillable after all. Sebastian's face was blank, the hostility gone from it, and the dark fire from his eyes. He no longer looked like Valentine, though. He looked—scared.

He opened his mouth, as if he meant to say something to Jace, but his knees were already buckling. He crashed to the ground, the force of his fall sending him sliding down the incline and into the river. He came to rest on his back, his eyes staring sightlessly up at the sky; the water flowed around him, carrying dark threads of his blood downstream on the current.

He taught me there's a place on a man's back where, if you sink a blade in, you can pierce his heart and sever his spine, all at once, Sebastian had said. *I guess we got the same birthday present that year, big brother,* Jace thought. *Didn't we?*

“Jace!” It was Isabelle, her face bloody, struggling into a sitting position. “Jace!”

He tried to turn toward her, tried to say something, but his words were gone. He slid to his knees. A heavy weight was pressing on his shoulders, and the earth was calling him: down, down, down. He was barely aware of Isabelle crying his name as the darkness carried him away.



Simon was a veteran of countless battles. That is, if you counted battles engaged in while playing Dungeons and Dragons. His friend Eric was the military history buff and he was the one who usually organized the war part of the games, which involved dozens of tiny figurines moving in straight lines across a flat landscape drawn on butcher paper.

That was the way he'd always thought of battles—or the way they were in movies, with two groups of people advancing at each other across a flat expanse of land. Straight lines and orderly progression.

This was nothing like that.

This was chaos, a melee of shouting and movement, and the landscape wasn't flat but a mass of mud and blood churned into a thick, unstable paste. Simon had imagined that the Night Children would walk to the battlefield and be greeted by someone in charge; he imagined he'd see the battle from a distance first and be able to watch as the two sides clashed against each other. But there was no greeting, and there were no sides. The battle loomed up out of the darkness as if he'd wandered by accident from a deserted side street into a riot in the middle of Times Square—suddenly there were crowds surging around him, hands grabbing him, shoving him out of the way, and the vampires were scattering, diving into the battle without even a glance back for him.

And there were demons—demons everywhere, and he'd never imagined the kind of sounds they'd make, the screaming and hooting and grunting, and what was worse, the sounds of tearing and shredding and hungry satisfaction. Simon wished he could turn his vampire hearing off, but he couldn't, and the sounds were like knives piercing his eardrums.

He stumbled over a body lying half in and half out of the mud, turned to see if help was needed, and saw that the Shadowhunter at his feet was gone from the shoulders up. White bone gleamed against the dark earth, and despite Simon's vampire nature, he felt nauseated. *I must be the only vampire in the world sickened by the sight of blood*, he thought, and then something struck him hard from behind and he went over, skidding down a slope of mud into a pit.

Simon's wasn't the only body down there. He rolled onto his back just as the demon loomed up over him. It looked like the image of Death from a medieval woodcut—an animated skeleton, a bloodied hatchet clutched in one bony hand. He threw himself to the side as the blade thumped down, inches

from his face. The skeleton made a disappointed hissing noise and hoisted the hatchet again—

And was struck from the side by a club of knotted wood. The skeleton burst apart like a piñata filled with bones. They rattled into pieces with a sound like castanets clacking before vanishing into the darkness.

A Shadowhunter stood over Simon. It was no one he'd ever seen before. A tall man, bearded and blood-splattered, who ran a grimy hand across his forehead as he stared down at Simon, leaving a dark streak behind. "You all right?"

Stunned, Simon nodded and began scrambling to his feet. "Thanks."

The stranger leaned down, offering a hand to help Simon up. Simon accepted—and went flying up out of the pit. He landed on his feet at the edge, his feet skidding on the wet mud. The stranger offered a sheepish grin. "Sorry. Downworlder strength—my partner's a werewolf. I'm not used to it." He peered at Simon's face. "You're a vampire, aren't you?"

"How did you know?"

The man grinned. It was a tired sort of grin, but there was nothing unfriendly about it. "Your fangs. They come out when you're fighting. I know because—" He broke off. Simon could have filled in the rest for him: *I know because I've killed my fair share of vampires*. "Anyway. Thanks. For fighting with us."

"I—" Simon was about to say that he hadn't exactly fought yet. Or contributed anything, really. He turned to say it, and got exactly one word out of his mouth before something impossibly huge and clawed and ragged-winged swept down out of the sky and dug its talons into the Shadowhunter's back.

The man didn't even cry out. His head went back, as if he were looking up in surprise, wondering what had hold of him—and then he was gone, whipping up into the empty black sky in a whirl of teeth and wings. His club thumped to the ground at Simon's feet.

Simon didn't move. The whole thing, from the moment he'd fallen into the pit, had taken less than a minute. He turned numbly, staring around him at the blades whirling through the darkness, at the slashing talons of demons, at the points of illumination that raced here and there through the darkness like fireflies darting through foliage—and then he realized what they were. The gleaming lights of seraph blades.

He couldn't see the Lightwoods, or the Penhallows, or Luke, or anyone else he might recognize. He wasn't a Shadowhunter. And yet that man had thanked him, thanked him for fighting. What he'd told Clary was true—this was his battle too, and he was needed here. Not human Simon, who was gentle and geeky and hated the sight of blood, but vampire Simon, a creature he barely even knew.

A true vampire knows he is dead, Raphael had said. But Simon didn't feel dead. He'd never felt more alive. He turned as another demon loomed up in front of him: this one a lizard-thing, scaled, with rodent teeth. It swept down on Simon with its black claws extended.

Simon leaped. He struck the massive side of the thing and clung, his nails digging in, the scales giving way under his grip. The Mark on his forehead throbbed as he sank his fangs into the demon's neck.

It tasted awful.



When the glass stopped falling, there was a hole in the ceiling, several feet wide, as if a meteor had crashed through it. Cold air blew in through the gap. Shivering, Clary got to her feet, brushing glass dust from her clothes.

The witchlight that had lit the Hall had been doused: It was gloomy inside now, thick with shadows and dust. The faint illumination of the fading Portal in the square was just visible, glowing through the open front doors.

It was probably no longer safe to stay in here, Clary thought. She should go to the Penhallows' and join Aline. She was part-way across the Hall when footsteps sounded on the

marble floor. Heart pounding, she turned and saw Malachi, a long, spidery shadow in the half-light, striding toward the dais. But what was he still doing here? Shouldn't he be with the rest of the Shadowhunters on the battlefield?

As he drew closer to the dais, she noticed something that made her put her hand to her mouth, stifling a cry of surprise. There was a hunched dark shape perched on Malachi's shoulder. A bird. A raven, to be exact.

Hugo.

Clary ducked to crouch behind a pillar as Malachi climbed the dais steps. There was something unmistakably furtive in the way he glanced from side to side. Apparently satisfied that he was unobserved, he drew something small and glittering from his pocket and slipped it onto his finger. A ring? He reached to twist it, and Clary remembered Hodge in the library at the Institute, taking the ring from Jace's hand . . .

The air in front of Malachi shimmered faintly, as if with heat. A voice spoke from it, a familiar voice, cool and cultured, now touched with just the faintest annoyance.

"What is it, Malachi? I'm in no mood for small talk right now."

"My Valentine," said Malachi. His usual hostility had been replaced with a slimy obsequiousness. "Hugin visited me not a moment ago, bringing news. I assumed you had already reached the Mirror, and therefore he sought me out instead. I thought you might want to know."

Valentine's tone was sharp. "Very well. What news?"

"It's your son, lord. Your *other* son. Hugin tracked him to the valley of the cave. He may even have followed you through the tunnels to the lake."

Clary clutched the pillar with whitened fingers. They were talking about Jace.

Valentine grunted. "Did he meet his brother there?"

"Hugin says that he left the two of them fighting."

Clary felt her stomach turn over. Jace, fighting Sebastian? She thought of the way Sebastian had lifted Jace at the Gard and flung him, as if he weighed nothing. A wave of panic surged over her, so intense that for a moment her ears buzzed. By the time the room swam back into focus, she had missed whatever Valentine had said to Malachi in return.

“It is the ones old enough to be Marked but not old enough to fight, that concern me,” Malachi was saying now. “They didn’t vote in the Council’s decision. It seems unfair to punish them in the same way that those who are fighting must be punished.”

“I did consider that.” Valentine’s voice was a bass rumble. “Because teenagers are more lightly Marked, it takes them longer to become Forsaken. Several days, at least. I believe it may well be reversible.”

“While those of us who have drunk from the Mortal Cup will remain entirely unaffected?”

“I’m busy, Malachi,” said Valentine. “I’ve told you that you’ll be safe. I am trusting my own life to this process. Have some faith.”

Malachi bowed his head. “I have great faith, my lord. I have kept it for many years, in silence, serving you always.”

“And you will be rewarded,” said Valentine.

Malachi looked up. “My lord—”

But the air had stopped shimmering. Valentine was gone. Malachi frowned, then marched down the dais steps and toward the front doors. Clary shrank back against the pillar, hoping desperately that he wouldn’t see her. Her heart was pounding. What had all that been about? What was all this about Forsaken? The answer glimmered at the corner of her mind, but it seemed too horrible to contemplate. Even Valentine wouldn’t—

Something flew at her face then, whirling and dark. She barely had time to throw her arms up to cover her eyes when something slashed along the back of her hands. She heard a fierce caw, and wings beat against her upraised wrists.

“Hugin! Enough!” It was Malachi’s sharp voice. “*Hugin!*” There was another caw and a thump, then silence. Clary lowered her arms and saw the raven lying motionless at the Consul’s feet—stunned or dead, she couldn’t tell. With a snarl Malachi kicked the raven savagely out of his way and strode toward Clary, glowering. He caught hold of her by a bleeding wrist and hauled her to her feet. “Stupid girl,” he said. “How long have you been there listening?”

“Long enough to know that you’re one of the Circle,” she spat, twisting her wrist in his grasp, but he held firm. “You’re on Valentine’s side.”

“*There is only one side.*” His voice came out in a hiss. “The Clave is foolish, misguided, pandering to half men and monsters. All I want is to make it pure, to return it to its former glory. A goal you’d think every Shadowhunter would approve of, but no—they listen to fools and demon-lovers like you and Lucian Graymark. And now you’ve sent the flower of the Nephilim to die in this ridiculous battle—an empty gesture that will accomplish nothing. Valentine has already begun the ritual; soon the Angel will rise, and the Nephilim will become Forsaken. All those save the few under Valentine’s protection —”

“That’s murder! He’s murdering Shadowhunters!”

“Not murder,” said the Consul. His voice rang with a fanatic’s passion. “Cleansing. Valentine will make a new world of Shadowhunters, a world purged of weakness and corruption.”

“Weakness and corruption isn’t in the *world*,” Clary snapped. “It’s in *people*. And it always will be. The world just needs good people to balance it out. And you’re planning to kill them all.”

He looked at her for a moment with honest surprise, as if he were astonished at the force in her tone. “Fine words from a girl who would betray her own father.” Malachi jerked her toward him, yanking brutally on her bleeding wrist. “Perhaps we should see just how much Valentine would mind if I taught you—”

But Clary never found out what he wanted to teach her. A dark shape shot between them—wings outspread and claws extended.

The raven caught Malachi with the tip of a talon, raking a bloody groove across his face. With a cry the Consul let go of Clary and threw up his arms, but Hugo had circled back and was slashing at him viciously with beak and claws. Malachi staggered backward, arms flailing, until he struck the edge of a bench, hard. It fell over with a crash; unbalanced, he sprawled after it with a strangled cry—quickly cut off.

Clary raced to where Malachi lay crumpled on the marble floor, a circle of blood already pooling around him. He had landed on a pile of glass from the broken ceiling, and one of the jagged chunks had pierced his throat. Hugo was still hovering in the air, circling Malachi's body. He gave a triumphant caw as Clary stared at him—apparently he hadn't appreciated the Consul's kicks and blows. Malachi should have known better than to attack one of Valentine's creatures, Clary thought sourly. The bird was no more forgiving than its master.

But there was no time to think about Malachi now. Alec had said that there were wards up around the lake, and that if anyone Portaled there, an alarm would go off. Valentine was probably already at the mirror—there was no time to waste. Backing slowly away from the raven, Clary turned and dashed toward the front doors of the Hall and the glimmer of the Portal beyond.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE

Water struck her in the face like a blow. Clary went down, choking, into freezing darkness; her first thought was that the Portal had faded beyond repairing, and that she was stuck in the whirling black in-between place.

Her second thought was that she was already dead.

She was probably only actually unconscious for a few seconds, though it felt like the end of everything. When she came awake, it was with a shock that was like the shock of breaking through a layer of ice. She had been unconscious and now, suddenly, she wasn't; she was lying on her back on cold, damp earth, staring up at a sky so full of stars it looked like a handful of silver pieces had been flung across its dark surface. Her mouth was full of brackish liquid; she turned her head to the side, coughed and spat and gasped until she could breathe again.

When her stomach had stopped spasming, she rolled onto her side. Her wrists were bound together with a faint band of glowing light, and her legs felt heavy and strange, prickling all over with intense pins and needles. She wondered if she'd lain on them strangely, or perhaps it was a side effect of nearly drowning. The back of her neck burned as if a wasp had stung her. With a gasp she heaved herself into a sitting position, legs stretched out awkwardly in front of her, and looked around.

She was on the shore of Lake Lyn, where the water gave way to powdery sand. A black wall of rock rose behind her, the cliffs she remembered from her time here with Luke. The sand itself was dark, glittering with silver mica. Here and there in the sand were witchlight torches, filling the air with their

silvery glow, leaving a tracery of glowing lines across the surface of the water.

By the shore of the lake, a few feet away from where she sat, stood a low table made out of flat stones piled one on the other. It had clearly been assembled in haste; though the gaps between the stones were packed in with damp sand, some of the rocks were slipping away at angles. Placed on the surface of the stones was something that made Clary catch her breath—the Mortal Cup, and laid crossways atop it, the Mortal Sword, a tongue of black flame in the witchlight. Around the altar were the black lines of runes carved into the sand. She stared at them, but they were jumbled, meaningless—

A shadow cut across the sand, moving fast—the long black shadow of a man, made wavering and indistinct by the flickering light of the torches. By the time Clary raised her head, he was already standing over her.

Valentine.

The shock of seeing him was so enormous that it was almost no shock at all. She felt nothing as she stared up at her father, whose face hovered against the dark sky like the moon: white, austere, pitted with black eyes like meteor craters. Over his shirt were looped a number of leather straps holding a dozen or more weapons. They bristled behind him like a porcupine's spines. He looked huge, impossibly broad, the terrifying statue of some warrior god intent on destruction.

"Clarissa," he said. "You took quite a risk, Portaling here. You're lucky I saw you appear in the water between one minute and the next. You were quite unconscious; if it weren't for me, you would have drowned." A muscle beside his mouth moved slightly. "And I wouldn't concern yourself overmuch with the alarm wards the Clave put up around the lake. I took those down the moment I arrived. No one knows you're here."

I don't believe you! Clary opened her mouth to fling the words in his face. There was no sound. It was like one of those nightmares where she would try to scream and scream and nothing would happen. Only a dry puff of air came from her mouth, the gasp of someone trying to scream with a cut throat.

Valentine shook his head. “Don’t bother trying to speak. I used a Rune of Silence, one of those that the Silent Brothers use, on the back of your neck. There’s a binding rune on your wrists, and another disabling your legs. I wouldn’t try to stand—your legs won’t hold you, and it’ll only cause you pain.”

Clary glared at him, trying to bore into him with her eyes, cut him with her hatred. But he took no notice. “It could have been worse, you know. By the time I dragged you onto the bank, the lake poison had already started its work. I’ve cured you of it, by the way. Not that I expect your thanks.” He smiled thinly. “You and I, we’ve never had a conversation, have we? Not a real conversation. You must be wondering why I never really seemed to have a father’s interest in you. I’m sorry if that hurt you.”

Now her stare went from hateful to incredulous. How could they have a conversation when she couldn’t even speak? She tried to force the words out, but nothing came from her throat but a thin gasp.

Valentine turned back to his altar and placed his hand on the Mortal Sword. The sword gave off a black light, a sort of reverse glow, as if it were sucking the illumination from the air around it. “I didn’t know your mother was pregnant with you when she left me,” he said. He was speaking to her, Clary thought, in a way he never had before. His tone was calm, even conversational, but it wasn’t that. “I knew there was something wrong. She thought she was hiding her unhappiness. I took some blood from Ithuriel, dried it to a powder, and mixed it with her food, thinking it might cure her unhappiness. If I’d known she was pregnant, I wouldn’t have done it. I’d already resolved not to experiment again on a child of my own blood.”

You’re lying, Clary wanted to scream at him. But she wasn’t sure he was. He still sounded strange to her. Different. Maybe it was because he was telling the truth.

“After she fled Idris, I looked for her for years,” he said. “And not just because she had the Mortal Cup. Because I loved her. I thought if I could only talk to her, I could make her see reason. I did what I did that night in Alicante in a fit of

rage, wanting to destroy her, destroy everything about our life together. But afterward I—” He shook his head, turning away to look out over the lake. “When I finally tracked her down, I’d heard rumors she’d had another child, a daughter. I assumed you were Lucian’s. He’d always loved her, always wanted to take her from me. I thought she must finally have given in. Have consented to have a child with a filthy Downworlder.” His voice tightened. “When I found her in your apartment in New York, she was still barely conscious. She spat at me that I’d made a monster out of her first child, and she’d left me before I could do the same to her second. Then she went limp in my arms. All those years I’d looked for her, and that was all I had with her. Those few seconds in which she looked at me with a lifetime’s worth of hate. I realized something then.”

He lifted Maellartach. Clary remembered how heavy even the half-turned Sword had been to hold, and saw as the blade rose that the muscles of Valentine’s arm stood out, hard and corded, like ropes snaking under the skin.

“I realized,” he said, “that the reason she left me was to protect you. Jonathan she hated, but you—she would have done anything to protect you. To protect you from *me*. She even lived among mundanes, which I know must have pained her. It must have hurt her never to be able to raise you with any of our traditions. You are half of what you could have been. You have your talent with runes, but it’s been squandered by your mundane upbringing.”

He lowered the Sword. The tip of it hung, now, just by Clary’s face; she could see it out of the corner of her eye, floating at the edge of her vision like a silvery moth.

“I knew then that Jocelyn would never come back to me, because of you. You are the only thing in the world she ever loved more than she loved me. And because of you she hates me. And because of that, I hate the sight of you.”

Clary turned her face away. If he was going to kill her, she didn’t want to see her death coming.

“Clarissa,” said Valentine. “Look at me.”

No. She stared at the lake. Far out across the water she could see a dim red glow, like fire sunk away into ashes. She knew it was the light of the battle. Her mother was there, and Luke. Maybe it was fitting that they were together, even if she wasn't with them.

I'll keep my eyes on that light, she thought. I'll keep looking at it no matter what. It'll be the last thing I ever see.

"Clarissa," Valentine said again. "You look just like her, do you know that? Just like Jocelyn."

She felt a sharp pain against her cheek. It was the blade of the Sword. He was pressing the edge of it against her skin, trying to force her to turn her head toward him.

"I'm going to raise the Angel now," he said. "And I want you to watch as it happens."

There was a bitter taste in Clary's mouth. I know why you're so obsessed with my mother. Because she was the one thing you thought you had total control over that ever turned around and bit you. You thought you owned her and you didn't. That's why you want her here, right now, to witness you winning. That's why you'll make do with me.

The Sword bit farther into her cheek. Valentine said, "Look at me, Clary."

She looked. She didn't want to, but the pain was too much—her head jerked to the side almost against her will, the blood dripping in great fat drops down her face, splattering the sand. A nauseous pain gripped her as she raised her head to look at her father.

He was gazing down at the blade of Maellartach. It, too, was stained with her blood. When he glanced back at her, there was a strange light in his eyes. "Blood is needed to complete this ceremony," he said. "I intended to use my own, but when I saw you in the lake, I knew it was Raziel's way of telling me to use my daughter's instead. It's why I cleared your blood of the lake's taint. You are purified now—purified and ready. So thank you, Clarissa, for the use of your blood."

And in some way, Clary thought, he meant it, meant his gratitude. He had long ago lost the ability to distinguish between force and cooperation, between fear and willingness, between love and torture. And with that realization came a rush of numbness—what was the point of hating Valentine for being a monster when he didn't even know he was one?

“And now,” Valentine said, “I just need a bit more,” and Clary thought, *A bit more what?*—just as he swung the Sword back and the starlight exploded off it, and she thought, *Of course. It's not just blood he wants, but death.* The Sword had fed itself on enough blood by now; it probably had a taste for it, just like Valentine himself. Her eyes followed Maellartach's black light as it sliced toward her—

And went flying. Knocked out of Valentine's hand, it hurtled into the darkness. Valentine's eyes went wide; his gaze flicked down, fastening first on his bleeding sword hand—and then he looked up and saw, at the same moment that Clary did, what had struck the Mortal Sword from his grasp.

Jace, a familiar-looking sword gripped in his left hand, stood at the edge of a rise of sand, barely a foot from Valentine. Clary could see from the older man's expression that he hadn't heard Jace approach any more than she had.

Clary's heart caught at the sight of him. Dried blood crusted the side of his face, and there was a livid red mark at his throat. His eyes shone like mirrors, and in the witchlight they looked black—black as Sebastian's. “Clary,” he said, not taking his eyes off his father. “Clary, are you all right?”

Jace! She struggled to say his name, but nothing could pass the blockage in her throat. She felt as if she were choking.

“She can't answer you,” said Valentine. “She can't speak.”

Jace's eyes flashed. “What have you done to her?” He jabbed the sword toward Valentine, who took a step back. The look on Valentine's face was wary but not frightened. There was a calculation to his expression that Clary didn't like. She knew she ought to feel triumphant, but she didn't—if anything, she felt more panicked than she had a moment ago. She'd realized that Valentine was going to kill her—had

accepted it—and now Jace was here, and her fear had expanded to encompass him as well. And he looked so . . . *destroyed*. His gear was ripped halfway open down one arm, and the skin beneath was crisscrossed with white lines. His shirt was torn across the front, and there was a fading *iratze* over his heart that had not quite managed to erase the angry red scar beneath it. Dirt stained his clothes, as if he'd been rolling around on the ground. But it was his expression that frightened her the most. It was so—bleak.

“A Rune of Quietude. She won't be hurt by it.” Valentine's eyes fastened on Jace—hungrily, Clary thought, as if he were drinking in the sight of him. “I don't suppose,” Valentine asked, “that you've come to join me? To be blessed by the Angel beside me?”

Jace's expression didn't change. His eyes were fixed on his adoptive father, and there was nothing in them—no lingering shred of affection or love or memory. There wasn't even any hatred. Just . . . disdain, Clary thought. A cold disdain. “I know what you're planning to do,” Jace said. “I know why you're summoning the Angel. And I won't let you do it. I've already sent Isabelle to warn the army—”

“Warnings will do them little good. This is not the sort of danger you can run from.” Valentine's gaze flicked down to Jace's sword. “Put that down,” he began, “and we can talk—” He broke off then. “That's not your sword. That's a Morgenstern sword.”

Jace smiled, a dark, sweet smile. “It was Jonathan's. He's dead now.”

Valentine looked stunned. “You mean—”

“I took it from the ground where he'd dropped it,” Jace said, without emotion, “after I killed him.”

Valentine seemed dumbfounded. “*You* killed Jonathan? How could you have?”

“He would have killed me,” said Jace. “I had no choice.”

“I didn't mean that.” Valentine shook his head; he still looked stunned, like a boxer who'd been hit too hard in the

moment before he collapsed to the mat. “I raised Jonathan—I trained him myself. There was no better warrior.”

“Apparently,” Jace said, “there was.”

“But—” And Valentine’s voice cracked, the first time Clary had ever heard a flaw in the smooth, unruffled facade of that voice. “But he was your brother.”

“No. He wasn’t.” Jace took a step forward, nudging the blade an inch closer to Valentine’s heart. “What happened to my real father? Isabelle said he died in a raid, but did he really? Did you kill him like you killed my mother?”

Valentine still looked stunned. Clary sensed that he was fighting for control—fighting against grief? Or just afraid to die? “I didn’t kill your mother. She took her own life. I cut you out of her dead body. If I hadn’t done that, you would have died along with her.”

“But *why*? Why did you do it? You didn’t need a son, you *had* a son!” Jace looked deadly in the moonlight, Clary thought, deadly and strange, like someone she didn’t know. The hand that held the sword toward Valentine’s throat was unwavering. “Tell me the truth,” Jace said. “No more lies about how we’re the same flesh and blood. Parents lie to their children, but you—you’re not my father. And I want the truth.”

“It wasn’t a son I needed,” Valentine said. “It was a soldier. I had thought Jonathan might be that soldier, but he had too much of the demon nature in him. He was too savage, too sudden, not subtle enough. I feared even then, when he was barely out of infancy, that he would never have the patience or the compassion to follow me, to lead the Clave in my footsteps. So I tried again with you. And with you I had the opposite trouble. You were too gentle. Too empathic. You felt others’ pain as if it were your own; you couldn’t even bear the death of your pets. Understand this, my son—I loved you for those things. But the very things I loved about you made you no use to me.”

“So you thought I was soft and useless,” said Jace. “I suppose it will be surprising for you, then, when your soft and

useless son cuts your throat.”

“We’ve been through this.” Valentine’s voice was steady, but Clary thought she could see the sweat gleaming at his temples, at the base of his throat. “You wouldn’t do that. You didn’t want to do it at Renwick’s, and you don’t want to do it now.”

“You’re wrong.” Jace spoke in a measured tone. “I have regretted not killing you every day since I let you go. My brother Max is dead because I didn’t kill you that day. Dozens, maybe hundreds, are dead because I stayed my hand. I know your plan. I know you hope to slaughter almost every Shadowhunter in Idris. And I ask myself, how many more have to die before I do what I should have done on Blackwell’s Island? No,” he said. “I don’t *want* to kill you. *But I will.*”

“Don’t do this,” said Valentine. “Please. I don’t want to—”

“To die? No one wants to die, Father.” The point of Jace’s sword slipped lower, and then lower until it was resting over Valentine’s heart. Jace’s face was calm, the face of an angel dispatching divine justice. “Do you have any last words?”

“Jonathan—”

Blood spotted Valentine’s shirt where the tip of the blade rested, and Clary saw, in her mind’s eye, Jace at Renwick’s, his hand shaking, not wanting to hurt his father. And Valentine taunting him. *Drive the blade in. Three inches—maybe four.* It wasn’t like that now. Jace’s hand was steady. And Valentine looked afraid.

“*Last words,*” hissed Jace. “What are they?”

Valentine raised his head. His black eyes as he looked at the boy in front of him were grave. “I’m sorry,” he said. “I am so sorry.” He stretched out a hand, as if he meant to reach out to Jace, even to touch him—his hand turned, palm up, the fingers opening—and then there was a silver flash and something flew by Clary in the darkness like a bullet shot out of a gun. She felt displaced air brush her cheek as it passed, and then Valentine

had caught it out of the air, a long tongue of silver fire that flashed once in his hand as he brought it down.

It was the Mortal Sword. It left a tracery of black light on the air as Valentine drove the blade of it into Jace's heart.

Jace's eyes flew wide. A look of disbelieving confusion passed over his face; he glanced down at himself, where Maellartach stuck grotesquely out of his chest—it looked more bizarre than horrible, like a prop from a nightmare that made no logical sense. Valentine drew his hand back then, jerking the Sword out of Jace's chest the way he might have jerked a dagger from its scabbard; as if it had been all that was holding him up, Jace went to his knees. His sword slid from his grasp and hit the damp earth. He looked down at it in puzzlement, as if he had no idea why he had been holding it, or why he had let it go. He opened his mouth as if to ask the question, and blood poured over his chin, staining what was left of his ragged shirt.

Everything after that seemed to Clary to happen very slowly, as if time were stretching itself out. She saw Valentine sink to the ground and pull Jace onto his lap as if Jace were still very small and could be easily held. He drew him close and rocked him, and he lowered his face and pressed it against Jace's shoulder, and Clary thought for a moment that he might even have been crying, but when he lifted his head, Valentine's eyes were dry. "My son," he whispered. "My boy."

The terrible slowing of time stretched around Clary like a strangling rope, while Valentine held Jace and brushed his bloody hair back from his forehead. He held Jace while he died, and the light went out of his eyes, and then Valentine laid his adopted son's body gently down on the ground, crossing his arms over his chest as if to hide the gaping, bloody wound there. "*Ave—*," he began, as if he meant to say the words over Jace, the Shadowhunter's farewell, but his voice cracked, and he turned abruptly and walked back toward the altar.

Clary couldn't move. Could barely breathe. She could hear her own heart beating, hear the scrape of her breathing in her dry throat. From the corner of her eye she could see Valentine standing by the edge of the lake, blood streaming from the blade of Maellartach and dripping into the bowl of the Mortal

Cup. He was chanting words she didn't understand. She didn't care to try to understand. It would all be over soon, and she was almost glad. She wondered if she had enough energy to drag herself over to where Jace lay, if she could lie down beside him and wait for it to be over. She stared at him, lying motionless on the churned, bloody sand. His eyes were closed, his face still; if it weren't for the gash across his chest, she could have told herself he was asleep.

But he wasn't. He was a Shadowhunter; he had died in battle; he deserved the last benediction. *Ave atque vale*. Her lips shaped the words, though they fell from her mouth in silent puffs of air. Halfway through, she stopped, her breath catching. What should she say? Hail and farewell, Jace Wayland? That name was not truly his. He had never even really *been* named, she thought with agony, just given the name of a dead child because it had suited Valentine's purposes at the time. And there was so much power in a name. . . .

Her head whipped around, and she stared at the altar. The runes surrounding it had begun to glow. They were runes of summoning, runes of naming, and runes of binding. They were not unlike the runes that had kept Ithuriel imprisoned in the cellars beneath the Wayland manor. Now very much against her will, she thought of the way Jace had looked at her then, the blaze of faith in his eyes, his belief in her. He had always thought she was strong. He had showed it in everything he did, in every look and every touch. Simon had faith in her too, yet when he'd held her, it had been as if she were something fragile, something made of delicate glass. But Jace had held her with all the strength he had, never wondering if she could take it—he'd known she was as strong as he was.

Valentine was dipping the bloody Sword over and over in the water of the lake now, chanting low and fast. The water of the lake was rippling, as if a giant hand were stroking fingers lightly across its surface.

Clary closed her eyes. Remembering the way Jace had looked at her the night she'd freed Ithuriel, she couldn't help but imagine the way he'd look at her now if he saw her trying

to lie down to die on the sand beside him. He wouldn't be touched, wouldn't think it was a beautiful gesture. He'd be angry at her for giving up. He'd be so—disappointed.

Clary lowered herself so that she was lying on the ground, heaving her dead legs behind her. Slowly she crawled across the sand, pushing herself along with her knees and bound hands. The glowing band around her wrists burned and stung. Her shirt tore as she dragged herself across the ground, and the sand scraped the bare skin of her stomach. She barely felt it. It was hard work, pulling herself along like this—sweat ran down her back, between her shoulder blades. When she finally reached the circle of runes, she was panting so loudly that she was terrified Valentine would hear her.

But he didn't even turn around. He had the Mortal Cup in one hand and the Sword in the other. As she watched, he drew his right hand back, spoke several words that sounded like Greek, and threw the Cup. It shone like a falling star as it hurtled toward the water of the lake and vanished beneath the surface with a faint splash.

The circle of runes was giving off a faint heat, like a partly banked fire. Clary had to twist and struggle to reach her hand around to the stele jammed into her belt. The pain in her wrists spiked as her fingers closed around the handle; she pulled it free with a muffled gasp of relief.

She couldn't separate her wrists, so she gripped the stele awkwardly in both hands. She pushed herself up with her elbows, staring down at the runes. She could feel the heat of them on her face; they had begun to shimmer like witchlight. Valentine had the Mortal Sword poised, ready to throw it; he was chanting the last words of the summoning spell. With a final burst of strength Clary drove the tip of the stele into the sand, not scraping aside the runes Valentine had drawn but tracing her own pattern over them, writing a new rune over the one that symbolized his name. It was such a small rune, she thought, such a small change—nothing like her immensely powerful Alliance rune, nothing like the Mark of Cain.

But it was all she could do. Spent, Clary rolled onto her side just as Valentine drew his arm back and let the Mortal

Sword fly.

Maellartach hurtled end over end, a black and silver blur that joined soundlessly with the black and silver lake. A great plume went up from the place where it splashed down: a flowering of platinum water. The plume rose higher and higher, a geyser of molten silver, like rain falling upward. There was a great crashing noise, the sound of shattering ice, a glacier breaking—and then the lake seemed to blow apart, silver water exploding upward like a reverse hailstorm.

And rising with the hailstorm came the Angel. Clary was not sure what she'd expected—something like Ithuriel, but Ithuriel had been diminished by many years of captivity and torment. This was an angel in the full force of his glory. As he rose from the water, her eyes began to burn as if she were staring into the sun.

Valentine's hands had fallen to his sides. He was gazing upward with a rapt expression, a man watching his greatest dream become reality. "*Raziel*," he breathed.

The Angel continued to rise, as if the lake were sinking away, revealing a great column of marble at its center. First his head emerged from the water, streaming hair like chains of silver and gold. Then shoulders, white as stone, and then a bare torso—and Clary saw that the Angel was Marked all over with runes just as the Nephilim were, although Raziel's runes were golden and alive, moving across his white skin like sparks flying from a fire. Somehow, at the same time, the Angel was both enormous and no bigger than a man: Clary's eyes hurt trying to take all of him in, and yet he was all that she could see. As he rose, wings burst from his back and opened wide across the lake, and they were gold too, and feathered, and set into each feather was a single golden staring eye.

It was beautiful, and also terrifying. Clary wanted to look away, but she wouldn't. She would watch it all. She would watch it for Jace, because he couldn't.

It's just like all those pictures, she thought. The Angel rising from the lake, the Sword in one hand and the Cup in the

other. Both were streaming water, but Raziel was dry as a bone, his wings undampened. His feet rested, white and bare, on the surface of the lake, stirring its waters into small ripples of movement. His face, beautiful and inhuman, gazed down at Valentine.

And then he spoke.

His voice was like a cry and a shout and like music, all at once. It contained no words, yet was totally comprehensible. The force of his breath nearly knocked Valentine backward; he dug the heels of his boots into the sand, his head tilted back as if he were walking against a gale. Clary felt the wind of the Angel's breath pass over her: It was hot like air escaping from a furnace, and smelled of strange spices.

It has been a thousand years since I was last summoned to this place, Raziel said. *Jonathan Shadowhunter called on me then, and begged me to mix my blood with the blood of mortal men in a Cup and create a race of warriors who would rid this earth of demonkind. I did all that he asked and told him I would do no more. Why do you summon me now, Nephilim?*

Valentine's voice was eager. "A thousand years have passed, Glorious One, but demonkind are still here."

What is that to me? A thousand years for an angel pass between one blink of an eye and another.

"The Nephilim you created were a great race of men. For many years they valiantly battled to rid this plane of demon taint. But they have failed due to weakness and corruption in their ranks. I intend to return them to their former glory—"

Glory? The Angel sounded faintly curious, as if the word were strange to him. *Glory belongs to God alone.*

Valentine didn't waver. "The Clave as the first Nephilim created it exists no more. They have allied themselves with Downworlders, the demon-tainted nonhumans who infest this world like fleas on the carcass of a rat. It is my intention to cleanse this world, to destroy every Downworlder along with every demon—"

Demons do not possess souls. But as for the creatures you speak of, the Children of Moon, Night, Lilith, and Faerie, all are souled. It seems that your rules as to what does and does not constitute a human being are stricter than our own. Clary could have sworn the Angel's voice had taken on a dry tone. Do you intend to challenge heaven like that other Morning Star whose name you bear, Shadowhunter?

“Not to challenge heaven, no, Lord Raziel. To *ally* myself with heaven—”

In a war of your making? We are heaven, Shadowhunter. We do not fight in your mundane battles.

When Valentine spoke again, he sounded almost hurt. “Lord Raziel. Surely you would not have allowed such a thing as a ritual by which you might be summoned to exist if you did not *intend* to be summoned. We Nephilim are your children. We need your guidance.”

Guidance? Now the Angel sounded amused. *That hardly seems to be why you brought me here. You seek rather your own renown.*

“Renown?” Valentine echoed hoarsely. “I have given everything for this cause. My wife. My children. I have not withheld my sons. I have given everything I have for this—*everything.*”

The Angel simply hovered, gazing down at Valentine with his weird, inhuman eyes. His wings moved in slow, undeliberate motions, like the passage of clouds across the sky. At last he said, *God asked Abraham to sacrifice his son on an altar much like this one, to see who it was that Abraham loved more, Isaac or God. But no one asked you to sacrifice your son, Valentine.*

Valentine glanced down at the altar at his feet, splashed with Jace's blood, and then back up at the Angel. “If I must, I will compel this from you,” he said. “But I would rather have your willing cooperation.”

When Jonathan Shadowhunter summoned me, said the Angel, I gave him my assistance because I could see that his

dream of a world free of demons was a true one. He imagined a heaven on this earth. But you dream only of your own glory, and you do not love heaven. My brother Ithuriel can attest to that.

Valentine blanched. “But—”

Did you think that I would not know? The Angel smiled. It was the most terrible smile Clary had ever seen. *It is true that the master of the circle you have drawn can compel from me a single action. But you are not that master.*

Valentine stared. “My lord Raziel—there is no one else—”

But there is, said the Angel. *There is your daughter.*

Valentine whirled. Clary, lying half-conscious in the sand, her wrists and arms a screaming agony, stared defiantly back. For a moment their eyes met—and he *looked* at her, really looked at her, and she realized it was the first time her father had ever looked her in the face and *seen* her. The first and only time.

“Clarissa,” he said. “What have you done?”

Clary stretched out her hand, and with her finger she wrote in the sand at his feet. She didn’t draw runes. She drew words: the words he had said to her the first time he’d seen what she could do, when she’d drawn the rune that had destroyed his ship.

MENE MENE TEKEL UPHARSIN.

His eyes widened, just as Jace’s eyes had widened before he’d died. Valentine had gone bone white. He turned slowly to face the Angel, raising his hands in a gesture of supplication. “My lord Raziel—”

The Angel opened his mouth and spat. Or at least that was how it seemed to Clary—that the Angel spat, and that what came from his mouth was a shooting spark of white fire, like a burning arrow. The arrow flew straight and true across the water and buried itself in Valentine’s chest. Or maybe “buried” wasn’t the word—it *tore* through him, like a rock through thin paper, leaving a smoking hole the size of a fist. For a moment

Clary, staring up, could look *through* her father's chest and see the lake and the fiery glow of the Angel beyond.

The moment passed. Like a felled tree, Valentine crashed to the ground and lay still—his mouth open in a silent cry, his blind eyes fixed forever in a last look of incredulous betrayal.

That was the justice of heaven. I trust that you are not dismayed.

Clary looked up. The Angel hovered over her, like a tower of white flame, blotting out the sky. His hands were empty; the Mortal Cup and Sword lay by the shore of the lake.

You can compel me to one action, Clarissa Morgenstern. What is it that you want?

Clary opened her mouth. No sound came out.

Ah, yes, the Angel said, and there was gentleness in his voice now. *The rune.* The many eyes in his wings blinked. Something brushed over her. It was soft, softer than silk or any other cloth, softer than a whisper or the brush of a feather. It was what she imagined clouds might feel like if they had a texture. A faint scent came with the touch—a pleasant scent, heady and sweet.

The pain vanished from her wrists. No longer bound together, her hands fell to her sides. The stinging at the back of her neck was gone too, and the heaviness from her legs. She struggled to her knees. More than anything, she wanted to crawl across the bloody sand toward the place where Jace's body lay, crawl to him and lay down beside him and put her arms around him, even though he was gone. But the Angel's voice compelled her; she remained where she was, staring up into his brilliant golden light.

The battle on Brocelind Plain is ending. Morgenstern's hold over his demons vanished with his death. Already many are fleeing; the rest will soon be destroyed. There are Nephilim riding to the shores of this lake at this very moment. If you have a request, Shadowhunter, speak it now. The Angel paused. And remember that I am not a genie. Choose your desire wisely.

Clary hesitated—only for a moment, but the moment stretched out as long as any moment ever had. She could ask for anything, she thought dizzily, anything—an end to pain or world hunger or disease, or for peace on earth. But then again, perhaps these things weren't in the power of angels to grant, or they would already have been granted. And perhaps people were supposed to find these things for themselves.

It didn't matter, anyway. There was only one thing she could ask for, in the end, only one real choice.

She raised her eyes to the Angel's.

"Jace," she said.

The Angel's expression didn't change. She had no idea whether Raziel thought her request a good one or a bad one, or whether—she thought with a sudden burst of panic—he intended to grant it at all.

Close your eyes, Clarissa Morgenstern, the Angel said.

Clary shut her eyes. You didn't say no to an angel, no matter what it had in mind. Her heart pounding, she sat floating in the darkness behind her eyelids, resolutely trying not to think of Jace. But his face appeared against the blank screen of her closed eyelids anyway—not smiling at her but looking sidelong, and she could see the scar at his temple, the uneven curl at the corner of his mouth, and the silver line on his throat where Simon had bitten him—all the marks and flaws and imperfections that made up the person she loved most in the world. *Jace*. A bright light lit her vision to scarlet, and she fell back against the sand, wondering if she was going to pass out—or maybe she was dying—but she didn't want to die, not now that she could see Jace's face so clearly in front of her. She could almost hear his voice, too, saying her name, the way he'd whispered it at Renwick's, over and over again. *Clary. Clary. Clary.*

"Clary," Jace said. "Open your eyes."

She did.

She was lying on the sand, in her torn, wet, and bloodied clothes. That was the same. What was not the same was that

the Angel was gone, and with him the blinding white light that had lit the darkness to day. She was gazing up at the night sky, white stars like mirrors shining in the blackness, and leaning over her, the light in his eyes more brilliant than any of the stars, was Jace.

Her eyes drank him in, every part of him, from his tangled hair to his bloodstained, grimy face to his eyes shining through the layers of dirt; from the bruises visible through his torn sleeves to the gaping, blood-soaked tear down the front of his shirt, through which his bare skin showed—and there was no mark, no gash, to indicate where the Sword had gone in. She could see the pulse beating in his throat, and almost threw her arms around him at the sight because it meant his heart was beating and that meant—

“You’re alive,” she whispered. “Really alive.”

With a slow wonderment he reached to touch her face. “I was in the dark,” he said softly. “There was nothing there but shadows, and I was a shadow, and I knew that I was dead, and that it was over, all of it. And then I heard your voice. I heard you say my name, and it brought me back.”

“Not me.” Clary’s throat tightened. “The Angel brought you back.”

“Because you asked him to.” Silently he traced the outline of her face with his fingers, as if reassuring himself that she was real. “You could have had anything else in the world, and you asked for me.”

She smiled up at him. Filthy as he was, covered in blood and dirt, he was the most beautiful thing she’d ever seen. “But I don’t want anything else in the world.”

At that, the light in his eyes, already bright, went to such a blaze that she could hardly bear to look at him. She thought of the Angel, and how he had burned like a thousand torches, and that Jace had in him some of that same incandescent blood, and how that burning shone through him now, through his eyes, like light through the cracks in a door.

I love you, Clary wanted to say. And, *I would do it again. I would always ask for you*. But those weren't the words she said.

"You're not my brother," she told him, a little breathlessly, as if, having realized she hadn't yet said them, she couldn't get the words out of her mouth fast enough. "You know that, right?"

Very slightly, through the grime and blood, Jace grinned. "Yes," he said. "I know that."

Epilogue
Across the Sky in Stars



*I loved you, so I drew these tides of men into my hands
and wrote my will across the sky in stars.*

—T. E. Lawrence

The smoke rose in a lazy spiral, tracing delicate lines of black across the clear air. Jace, alone on the hill overlooking the cemetery, sat with his elbows on his knees and watched the smoke drift heavenward. The irony wasn't lost on him: These were his father's remains, after all.

He could see the bier from where he was sitting, obscured by smoke and flame, and the small group standing around it. He recognized Jocelyn's bright hair from here, and Luke standing beside her, his hand on her back. Jocelyn had her head turned aside, away from the burning pyre.

Jace could have been one of that group, had he wanted to be. He'd spent the last couple of days in the infirmary, and they'd only let him out this morning, partly so that he could attend Valentine's funeral. But he'd gotten halfway to the pyre, a stacked pile of stripped wood, white as bones, and realized he could go no farther. He'd turned and walked up the hill instead, away from the mourners' procession. Luke had called after him, but Jace hadn't turned.

He'd sat and watched them gather around the bier, watched Patrick Penhallow in his parchment white gear set the flame to the wood. It was the second time that week he'd watched a body burn, but Max's had been heartbreakingly small, and Valentine was a big man—even flat on his back with his arms crossed over his chest, a seraph blade gripped in his fist. His eyes were bound with white silk, as was the custom. They had done well by him, Jace thought, despite everything.

They hadn't buried Sebastian. A group of Shadowhunters had gone back to the valley, but they hadn't found his body—washed away by the river, they'd told Jace, though he had his doubts.

He had looked for Clary in the crowd around the bier, but she wasn't there. It had been almost two days now since he'd seen her last, at the lake, and he missed her with an almost physical sense of something lacking. It wasn't her fault they hadn't seen each other. She'd been worried he wasn't strong enough to Portal back to Alicante from the lake that night, and she'd turned out to be right. By the time the first

Shadowhunters had reached them, he'd been drifting into a dizzy unconsciousness. He'd woken up the next day in the city hospital with Magnus Bane staring down at him with an odd expression—it could have been deep concern or merely curiosity, it was hard to tell with Magnus. Magnus told him that though the Angel had healed Jace physically, it seemed that his spirit and mind had been exhausted to the point that only rest could heal them. In any event, he felt better now. Just in time for the funeral.

A wind had come up and was blowing the smoke away from him. In the distance he could see the glimmering towers of Alicante, their former glory restored. He wasn't totally sure what he hoped to accomplish by sitting here and watching his father's body burn, or what he would say if he were down there among the mourners, speaking their last words to Valentine. *You were never really my father*, he might say, or *You were the only father I ever knew*. Both statements were equally true, no matter how contradictory.

When he'd first opened his eyes at the lake—knowing, somehow, that he'd been dead, and now wasn't—all Jace could think about was Clary, lying a little distance away from him on the bloody sand, her eyes closed. He'd scrambled to her in a near panic, thinking she might be hurt, or even dead—and when she'd opened her eyes, all he'd been able to think about then was that she wasn't. Not until there were others there, helping him to his feet, exclaiming over the scene in amazement, did he see Valentine's body lying crumpled near the lake's edge and feel the force of it like a punch in the stomach. He'd known Valentine was dead—would have killed him himself—but still, somehow, the sight was painful. Clary had looked at Jace with sad eyes, and he'd known that even though she'd hated Valentine and had never had any reason not to, she still felt Jace's loss.

He half-closed his eyes and a flood of images washed across the backs of his eyelids: Valentine picking him up off the grass in a sweeping hug, Valentine holding him steady in the prow of a boat on a lake, showing him how to balance. And other, darker memories: Valentine's hand cracking across

the side of his face, a dead falcon, the angel shackled in the Waylands' cellar.

"Jace."

He looked up. Luke was standing over him, a black silhouette outlined by the sun. He was wearing jeans and a flannel shirt as usual—no concessionary funeral white for him. "It's over," Luke said. "The ceremony. It was brief."

"I'm sure it was." Jace dug his fingers into the ground beside him, welcoming the painful scrape of dirt against his fingertips. "Did anyone say anything?"

"Just the usual words." Luke eased himself down onto the ground beside Jace, wincing a little. Jace hadn't asked him what the battle had been like; he hadn't really wanted to know. He knew it had been over much quicker than anyone had expected—after Valentine's death, the demons he had summoned had fled into the night like so much mist burned off by the sun. But that didn't mean there hadn't been deaths. Valentine's hadn't been the only body burned in Alicante these past days.

"And Clary wasn't—I mean, she didn't—"

"Come to the funeral? No. She didn't want to." Jace could feel Luke looking at him sideways. "You haven't seen her? Not since—"

"No, not since the lake," Jace said. "This was the first time they let me leave the hospital, and I had to come here."

"You didn't *have* to," Luke said. "You could have stayed away."

"I wanted to," Jace admitted. "Whatever that says about me."

"Funerals are for the living, Jace, not for the dead. Valentine was more your father than Clary's, even if you didn't share blood. You're the one who has to say good-bye. You're the one who will miss him."

"I didn't think I was allowed to miss him."

“You never knew Stephen Herondale,” said Luke. “And you came to Robert Lightwood when you were only barely still a child. Valentine was the father of your childhood. You *should* miss him.”

“I keep thinking about Hodge,” Jace said. “Up at the Gard, I kept asking him why he’d never told me what I was—I still thought I was part demon then—and he kept saying it was because he didn’t know. I just thought he was lying. But now I think he meant it. He was one of the only people who ever even knew there *was* a Herondale baby that had lived. When I showed up at the Institute, he had no idea which of Valentine’s sons I was. The real one or the adopted one. And I could have been either. The demon or the angel. And the thing is, I don’t think he ever knew, not until he saw Jonathan at the Gard and realized. So he just tried to do his best by me all those years anyway, until Valentine showed up again. That took a sort of faith—don’t you think?”

“Yes,” Luke said. “I think so.”

“Hodge said he thought maybe upbringing might make a difference, regardless of blood. I just keep thinking—if I’d stayed with Valentine, if he hadn’t sent me to the Lightwoods, would I have been just like Jonathan? Is that how I’d be now?”

“Does it matter?” said Luke. “You are who you are now for a reason. And if you ask me, I think Valentine sent you to the Lightwoods because he knew it was the best chance for you. Maybe he had other reasons too. But you can’t get away from the fact that he sent you to people he knew would love you and raise you with love. It might have been one of the few things he ever really did for someone else.” He clapped Jace on the shoulder, a gesture so paternal that it almost made Jace smile. “I wouldn’t forget about that, if I were you.”



Clary, standing and looking out Isabelle’s window, watched smoke stain the sky over Alicante like a smudged hand against a window. They were burning Valentine today, she knew; burning her father, in the necropolis just outside the gates.

“You know about the celebration tonight, don’t you?” Clary turned to see Isabelle, behind her, holding up two dresses against herself, one blue and one steel gray. “What do you think I should wear?”

For Isabelle, Clary thought, clothes would always be therapy. “The blue one.”

Isabelle laid the dresses down on the bed. “What are you going to wear? You are going, aren’t you?”

Clary thought of the silver dress at the bottom of Amatis’s chest, the lovely gossamer of it. But Amatis would probably never let her wear it.

“I don’t know,” she said. “Probably jeans and my green coat.”

“Boring,” Isabelle said. She glanced over at Aline, who was sitting in a chair by the bed, reading. “Don’t you think it’s boring?”

“I think you should let Clary wear what she wants.” Aline didn’t look up from her book. “Besides, it’s not like she’s dressing up for anyone.”

“She’s dressing up for Jace,” Isabelle said, as if this were obvious. “As well she should.”

Aline looked up, blinking in confusion, then smiled. “Oh, right. I keep forgetting. It must be weird, right, knowing he’s not your brother?”

“No,” Clary said firmly. “Thinking he was my brother was weird. This feels—right.” She looked back toward the window. “Not that I’ve really seen him since I found out. Not since we’ve been back in Alicante.”

“That’s strange,” said Aline.

“It’s not strange,” Isabelle said, shooting Aline a meaningful look, which Aline didn’t seem to notice. “He’s been in the hospital. He only got out today.”

“And he didn’t come to see you right away?” Aline asked Clary.

“He couldn’t,” Clary said. “He had Valentine’s funeral to go to. He couldn’t miss that.”

“Maybe,” said Aline cheerfully. “Or maybe he’s not that interested in you anymore. I mean, now that it’s not forbidden. Some people only want what they can’t have.”

“Not Jace,” Isabelle said quickly. “Jace isn’t like that.”

Aline stood up, dropping her book onto the bed. “I should go get dressed. See you guys tonight?” And with that, she wandered out of the room, humming to herself.

Isabelle, watching her go, shook her head. “Do you think she doesn’t like you?” she said. “I mean, is she jealous? She did seem interested in Jace.”

“Ha!” Clary was briefly amused. “No, she’s not interested in Jace. I think she’s just one of those people who say whatever they’re thinking whenever they think it. And who knows, maybe she’s right.”

Isabelle pulled the pin from her hair, letting it fall down around her shoulders. She came across the room and joined Clary at the window. The sky was clear now past the demon towers; the smoke was gone. “Do *you* think she’s right?”

“I don’t know. I’ll have to ask Jace. I guess I’ll see him tonight at the party. Or the victory celebration or whatever it’s called.” She looked up at Isabelle. “Do you know what it’ll be like?”

“There’ll be a parade,” Isabelle said, “and fireworks, probably. Music, dancing, games, that sort of thing. Like a big street fair in New York.” She glanced out the window, her expression wistful. “Max would have loved it.”

Clary reached out and stroked Isabelle’s hair, the way she’d stroke the hair of her own sister if she had one. “I know he would.”



Jace had to knock twice at the door of the old canal house before he heard quick footsteps hurrying to answer; his heart jumped, and then settled as the door opened and Amatis

Herondale stood on the threshold, looking at him in surprise. She looked as if she'd been getting ready for the celebration: She wore a long dove gray dress and pale metallic earrings that picked out the silvery streaks in her graying hair. "Yes?"

"Clary," he began, and stopped, unsure what exactly to say. Where had his eloquence gone? He'd always had that, even when he hadn't had anything else, but now he felt as if he'd been ripped open and all the clever, facile words had poured out of him, leaving him empty. "I was wondering if Clary was here. I was hoping to talk to her."

Amatis shook her head. The blankness had gone from her expression, and she was looking at him intently enough to make him nervous. "She's not. I think she's with the Lightwoods."

"Oh." He was surprised at how disappointed he felt. "Sorry to have bothered you."

"It's no bother. I'm glad you're here, actually," she said briskly. "There was something I wanted to talk to you about. Come into the hall; I'll be right back."

Jace stepped inside as she disappeared down the hallway. He wondered what on earth she could have to talk to him about. Maybe Clary had decided she wanted nothing more to do with him and had chosen Amatis to deliver the message.

Amatis was back in a moment. She wasn't holding anything that looked like a note—to Jace's relief—but rather she was clutching a small metal box in her hands. It was a delicate object, chased with a design of birds. "Jace," Amatis said. "Luke told me that you're Stephen's—that Stephen Herondale was your father. He told me everything that happened."

Jace nodded, which was all he felt called on to do. The news was leaking out slowly, which was how he liked it; hopefully he'd be back in New York before everyone in Idris knew and was constantly staring at him.

"You know I was married to Stephen before your mother was," Amatis went on, her voice tight, as if the words hurt to say. Jace stared at her—was this about his mother? Did she

resent him for bringing up bad memories of a woman who'd died before he was ever born? "Of all the people alive today, I probably knew your father best."

"Yes," Jace said, wishing he were elsewhere. "I'm sure that's true."

"I know you probably have feelings about him that are very mixed," she said, surprising him mainly because it was true. "You never knew him. He wasn't the man who raised you. You don't even look that much like him, except for your fair hair—but those eyes of yours, I don't know where you got those. So maybe I'm being crazy, bothering you with this. Maybe you don't really want to know about Stephen at all. But he *was* your father, and if he'd known you—" She thrust the box at him then, nearly making him jump back. "These are some things of his that I saved over the years. Letters he wrote, photographs, a family tree. His witchlight stone. Maybe you don't have questions now, but someday perhaps you will, and when you do—when you do, you'll have this." She stood still, giving him the box as if she were offering him a precious treasure. Jace reached out and took it from her without a word; it was heavy, and the metal was cold against his skin.

"Thank you," he said. It was the best he could do. He hesitated, and then said, "There is one thing. Something I've been wondering."

"Yes?"

"If Stephen was my father, then the Inquisitor—Imogen—was my grandmother."

"She was . . ." Amatis paused. "A very difficult woman. But yes, she was your grandmother."

"She saved my life," said Jace. "I mean, for a long time she acted like she hated my guts. But then she saw this." He drew the collar of his shirt aside, showing Amatis the white star-shaped scar on his shoulder. "And she saved my life. But what could my scar possibly mean to her?"

Amatis's eyes had gone wide. "You don't remember getting that scar, do you?"

Jace shook his head. “Valentine told me it was an injury from when I was too young to remember, but now—I don’t think I believe him.”

“It’s not a scar. It’s a birthmark, of sorts, and a Herondale family secret. The story Stephen told me was that years ago, a Herondale ancestor encountered an angel. The angel touched him on the shoulder, and the touch left a mark like a star. It is the mark of one who has had contact with an angel. The mark was passed on through his blood: all his descendants have it as well.”

Jace thought of Ithuriel, tortured and dying in the cellars of the Wayland mansion. He had told no one of that encounter, and suspected Clary hadn’t either. It was too raw, too private and painful. “So anyone who has had contact with an angel—a real, living angel—might have one? Not just a Herondale?”

Amatis looked puzzled. “I suppose, but I’ve never heard of anyone else having contact like that. You know the Clave says no one but Jonathan Shadowhunter has ever seen an angel face to face. But that’s what your father told me.” She touched her right upper arm. “His scar was here. I have never heard of anyone who wasn’t a Herondale having a mark like it. Imogen must have seen it and guessed who you really were.”

Jace stared at Amatis, but he wasn’t seeing her: He was seeing that night on the ship; the wet, black deck and the Inquisitor dying at his feet. “She said something to me,” he said. “While she was dying. She said, ‘Your father would be proud of you.’ I thought she was being cruel. I thought she meant Valentine. . . .”

Amatis shook her head. “She meant Stephen,” she said softly. “And she was right. He would have been.”



Clary pushed open Amatis’s front door and stepped inside, thinking how quickly the house had become familiar to her. She no longer had to strain to remember the way to the front door, or the way the knob stuck slightly as she pushed it open. The glint of sunlight off the canal was familiar, as was the view of Alicante through the window. She could almost

imagine living here, almost imagine what it would be like if Idris were home. She wondered what she'd start missing first. Chinese takeout? Movies? Midtown Comics?

She was about to head for the stairs when she heard her mother's voice from the living room—sharp, and slightly agitated. But what could Jocelyn have to be upset about? Everything was fine now, wasn't it? Without thinking, Clary dropped back against the wall near the living room door and listened.

"What do you mean, you're staying?" Jocelyn was saying. "You mean you're not coming back to New York at all?"

"I've been asked to remain in Alicante and represent the werewolves on the Council," Luke said. "I told them I'd let them know tonight."

"Couldn't someone else do that? One of the pack leaders here in Idris?"

"I'm the only pack leader who was once a Shadowhunter. That's why they want me." He sighed. "I started all this, Jocelyn. I should stay here and see it out."

There was a short silence. "If that's how you feel, then of course you should stay," Jocelyn said at last, but her voice didn't sound sure.

"I'll have to sell the bookstore. Get my affairs in order." Luke sounded gruff. "It's not like I'll be moving right away."

"I can take care of that. After everything you've done . . ." Jocelyn didn't seem to have the energy to maintain her bright tone. Her voice trailed off into silence, a silence that stretched out so long that Clary thought about clearing her throat and walking into the living room to let them know she was there.

A moment later she was glad she hadn't. "Look," Luke said, "I've wanted to tell you this for a long time, but I didn't. I knew it would never matter, even if I did say it, because of what I am. You never wanted that to be part of Clary's life. But she knows now, so I guess it doesn't make a difference. And I might as well tell you. I love you, Jocelyn. I have for twenty years." He paused. Clary strained to hear her mother's

response, but Jocelyn was silent. At last Luke spoke again, his voice heavy. "I have to get back to the Council and tell them I'll stay. We don't ever have to talk about this again. I just feel better having said it after all this time."

Clary pressed herself back against the wall as Luke, his head down, stalked out of the living room. He brushed by her without seeming to see her at all and yanked the front door open. He stood there for a moment, staring blindly out at the sunshine bouncing off the water of the canal. Then he was gone, the door slamming shut behind him.

Clary stood where she was, her back against the wall. She felt terribly sad for Luke, and terribly sad for her mother, too. It looked like Jocelyn really didn't love Luke, and maybe never could. It was just like it had been for her and Simon, except she didn't see any way that Luke and her mother could fix things. Not if he was going to stay here in Idris. Tears stung her eyes. She was about to turn and go into the living room when she heard the sound of the kitchen door opening and another voice. This one sounded tired, and a little resigned. Amatis.

"Sorry I overheard that, but I'm glad he's staying," Luke's sister said. "Not just because he'll be near me but because it gives him a chance to get over *you*."

Jocelyn sounded defensive. "Amatis—"

"It's been a long time, Jocelyn," Amatis said. "If you don't love him, you ought to let him go."

Jocelyn was silent. Clary wished she could see her mother's expression—did she look sad? Angry? Resigned?

Amatis gave a little gasp. "Unless—you *do* love him?"

"Amatis, I can't—"

"You do! You *do*!" There was a sharp sound, as if Amatis had clapped her hands together. "I knew you did! I always knew it!"

"It doesn't matter." Jocelyn sounded tired. "It wouldn't be fair to Luke."

“I don’t want to hear it.” There was a rustling noise, and Jocelyn made a sound of protest. Clary wondered if Amatis had actually grabbed hold of her mother. “If you love him, you go right now and tell him. Right now, before he goes to the Council.”

“But they want him to be their Council member! And he wants to—”

“All Lucian wants,” said Amatis firmly, “is you. You and Clary. That’s all he ever wanted. Now go.”

Before Clary had a chance to move, Jocelyn dashed out into the hallway. She headed toward the door—and saw Clary, flattened against the wall. Halting, she opened her mouth in surprise.

“Clary!” She sounded as if she were trying to make her voice bright and cheerful, and failing miserably. “I didn’t realize you were here.”

Clary stepped away from the wall, grabbed hold of the doorknob, and threw the door wide open. Bright sunlight poured into the hall. Jocelyn stood blinking in the harsh illumination, her eyes on her daughter.

“If you don’t go after Luke,” Clary said, enunciating very clearly, “I, personally, will kill you.”

For a moment Jocelyn looked astonished. Then she smiled. “Well,” she said, “if you put it like *that*.”

A moment later she was out of the house, hurrying down the canal path toward the Accords Hall. Clary shut the door behind her and leaned against it.

Amatis, emerging from the living room, darted past her to lean on the windowsill, glancing anxiously out through the pane. “Do you think she’ll catch him before he gets to the Hall?”

“My mom’s spent her whole life chasing me around,” Clary said. “She moves *fast*.”

Amatis glanced toward her and smiled. “Oh, that reminds me,” she said. “Jace stopped by to see you. I think he’s hoping

to see you at the celebration tonight.”

“Is he?” Clary said thoughtfully. *Might as well ask. Nothing ventured, nothing gained.* “Amatis,” she said, and Luke’s sister turned away from the window, looking at her curiously.

“Yes?”

“That silver dress of yours, in the trunk,” said Clary. “Can I borrow it?”



The streets were already beginning to fill with people as Clary walked back through the city toward the Lightwoods’ house. It was twilight, and the lights were beginning to go on, filling the air with a pale glow. Bunches of familiar-looking white flowers hung from baskets on the walls, filling the air with their spicy smells. Dark gold fire-runes burned on the doors of the houses she passed; the runes spoke of victory and rejoicing.

There were Shadowhunters out in the streets. None were wearing gear—they were in a variety of finery, from the modern to what bordered on historical costumery. It was an unusually warm night, so few people were wearing coats, but there were plenty of women in what looked to Clary like ball gowns, their full skirts sweeping the streets. A slim dark figure cut across the road ahead of her as she turned onto the Lightwoods’ street, and she saw that it was Raphael, hand in hand with a tall dark-haired woman in a red cocktail dress. He glanced over his shoulder and smiled at Clary, a smile that sent a little shiver over her, and she thought that it was true that there really was something alien about Downworlders sometimes, something alien and frightening. Perhaps it was just that everything that was frightening wasn’t necessarily also bad.

Although, she had her doubts about Raphael.

The front door of the Lightwoods’ house was open, and several of the family were already standing out on the pavement. Maryse and Robert Lightwood were there, chatting with two other adults; when they turned, Clary saw with slight

surprise that it was the Penhallows, Aline's parents. Maryse smiled at her past them; she was elegant in a dark blue silk suit, her hair tied back from her severe face with a thick silver band. She looked like Isabelle—so much so that Clary wanted to reach out and put a hand on her shoulder. Maryse still seemed so sad, even as she smiled, and Clary thought, *She's remembering Max, just like Isabelle was, and thinking how much he would have liked all this.*

"Clary!" Isabelle bounded down the front steps, her dark hair flying behind her. She was wearing neither of the outfits she'd showed to Clary earlier, but an incredible gold satin dress that hugged her body like the closed petals of a flower. Her shoes were spiked sandals, and Clary remembered what Isabelle had once said about how she liked her heels, and laughed to herself. "You look *fantastic*."

"Thanks." Clary tugged a little self-consciously at the diaphanous material of the silver dress. It was probably the girliest thing she'd ever worn. It left her shoulders uncovered, and every time she felt the ends of her hair tickle the bare skin there, she had to quell the urge to hunt for a cardigan or hoodie to wrap herself in. "You too."

Isabelle bent over to whisper in her ear. "Jace isn't here."

Clary pulled back. "Then where—?"

"Alec says he might be at the square, where the fireworks are going to be. I'm sorry—I have no idea what's up with him."

Clary shrugged, trying to hide her disappointment. "It's okay."

Alec and Aline tumbled out of the house after Isabelle, Aline in a bright red dress that made her hair look shockingly black. Alec had dressed like he usually did, in a sweater and dark pants, though Clary had to admit that at least the sweater didn't appear to have any visible holes in it. He smiled at Clary, and she thought, with surprise, that actually he *did* look different. Lighter somehow, as if a weight were off his shoulders.

“I’ve never been to a celebration that had Downworlders at it before,” said Aline, looking nervously down the street, where a faerie girl whose long hair was braided with flowers—no, Clary thought, her hair *was* flowers, connected by delicate green tendrils—was plucking some of the white blossoms out of a hanging basket, looking at them thoughtfully, and eating them.

“You’ll love it,” Isabelle said. “They know how to party.” She waved good-bye to her parents and they set off toward the plaza, Clary still fighting the urge to cover the top half of her body by crossing her arms over her chest. The dress swirled out around her feet like smoke curling on the wind. She thought of the smoke that had risen over Alicante earlier that day, and shivered.

“Hey!” Isabelle said, and Clary looked up to see Simon and Maia coming toward them up the street. She hadn’t seen Simon for most of the day; he’d gone down to the Hall to observe the preliminary Council meeting because, he said, he was curious who they’d choose to hold the vampires’ Council seat. Clary couldn’t imagine Maia wearing anything as girly as a dress, and indeed she was clad in low-slung camo pants and a black T-shirt that said CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON and had a design of dice under the words. It was a gamer tee, Clary thought, wondering if Maia was really a gamer or was wearing the T-shirt to impress Simon. If so, it was a good choice. “You heading back down to Angel Square?”

Maia and Simon acknowledged that they were, and they headed toward the Hall together in a companionable group. Simon dropped back to fall into step beside Clary, and they walked together in silence. It was good just to be close to Simon again—he had been the first person she’d wanted to see once she was back in Alicante. She’d hugged him very tightly, glad he was alive, and touched the Mark on his forehead.

“Did it save you?” she’d asked, desperate to hear that she hadn’t done what she had to him for no reason.

“It saved me,” was all he’d said in reply.

“I wish I could take it off you,” she’d said. “I wish I knew what might happen to you because of it.”

He’d taken hold of her wrist and drawn her hand gently back down to her side. “We’ll wait,” he’d said. “And we’ll see.”

She’d been watching him closely, but she had to admit that the Mark didn’t seem to be affecting him in any visible way. He seemed just as he always had. Just like Simon. Only he’d taken to brushing his hair slightly differently, to cover the Mark; if you didn’t already know it was there, you’d never guess.

“How was the meeting?” Clary asked him now, giving him a once-over to see if he’d dressed up for the celebration. He hadn’t, but she hardly blamed him—the jeans and T-shirt he had on were all he had to wear. “Who’d they choose?”

“*Not* Raphael,” Simon said, sounding as if he were pleased about it. “Some other vampire. He had a pretentious name. Nightshade or something.”

“You know, they asked me if I wanted to draw the symbol of the New Council,” Clary said. “It’s an honor. I said I’d do it. It’s going to have the rune of the Council surrounded by the symbols of the four Downworlder families. A moon for the werewolves, and I was thinking a four-leaf clover for the faeries. A spell book for the warlocks. But I can’t think of anything for the vampires.”

“How about a fang?” Simon suggested. “Maybe dripping blood.” He bared his teeth.

“Thank you,” Clary said. “That’s very helpful.”

“I’m glad they asked you,” Simon said, more seriously. “You deserve the honor. You deserve a medal, really, for what you did. The Alliance rune and everything.”

Clary shrugged. “I don’t know. I mean, the battle barely went on for ten minutes, after all that. I don’t know how much I helped.”

“I was *in* that battle, Clary,” Simon said. “It may have been about ten minutes long, but it was the worst ten minutes of my

life. And I don't really want to talk about it. But I will say that even in that ten minutes, there would have been a lot more death if it hadn't been for you. Besides, the battle was only part of it. If you hadn't done what you did, there would be no New Council. We would be Shadowhunters and Downworlders, hating each other, instead of Shadowhunters and Downworlders, going to a party together."

Clary felt a lump rising in her throat and stared straight ahead, willing herself not to tear up. "Thanks, Simon." She hesitated, so briefly that no one who wasn't Simon would have noticed it. But he did.

"What's wrong?" he asked her.

"I'm just wondering what we do when we get back home," she said. "I mean, I know Magnus took care of your mom so she hasn't been freaking out that you're gone, but—school. We've missed a ton of it. And I don't even know . . ."

"You're not going back," Simon said quietly. "You think I don't know that? You're a Shadowhunter now. You'll finish up your education at the Institute."

"And what about you? You're a vampire. Are you just going to go back to high school?"

"Yeah," Simon said, surprising her. "I am. I want a normal life, as much as I can have one. I want high school, and college, and all of that."

She squeezed his hand. "Then you should have it." She smiled up at him. "Of course, everyone's going to freak out when you show up at school."

"Freak out? Why?"

"Because you're so much hotter now than when you left." She shrugged. "It's true. Must be a vampire thing."

Simon looked baffled. "I'm hotter now?"

"Sure you are. I mean, look at those two. They're both totally into you." She pointed to a few feet in front of them, where Isabelle and Maia had moved to walk side by side, their heads bent together.

Simon looked up ahead at the girls. Clary could almost swear he was blushing. “Are they? Sometimes they get together and whisper and *stare* at me. I have no idea what it’s about.”

“Sure you don’t.” Clary grinned. “Poor you, you have two cute girls vying for your love. Your life is hard.”

“Fine. You tell me which one to choose, then.”

“No way. That’s on you.” She lowered her voice again. “Look, you can date whoever you want and I will *totally* support you. I am all about support. Support is my middle name.”

“So *that’s* why you never told me your middle name. I figured it was something embarrassing.”

Clary ignored this. “But just promise me something, okay? I know how girls get. I know how they hate their boyfriends having a best friend who’s a girl. Just promise me you won’t cut me out of your life totally. That we can still hang out sometimes.”

“Sometimes?” Simon shook his head. “Clary, you’re crazy.”

Her heart sank. “You mean . . .”

“I *mean* that I would never date a girl who insisted that I cut you out of my life. It’s non-negotiable. You want a piece of all *this* fabulousness?” He gestured at himself. “Well, my best friend comes along with it. I wouldn’t cut you out of my life, Clary, any more than I would cut off my right hand and give it to someone as a Valentine’s Day gift.”

“Gross,” said Clary. “Must you?”

He grinned. “I must.”



Angel Square was almost unrecognizable. The Hall glowed white at the far end of the plaza, partly obscured by an elaborate forest of huge trees that had sprung up in the center of the square. They were clearly the product of magic—although, Clary thought, remembering Magnus’s ability to

whisk furniture and cups of coffee across Manhattan at the blink of an eye, maybe they were real, if transplanted. The trees rose nearly to the height of the demon towers, their silvery trunks wrapped with ribbons, colored lights caught in the whispering green nets of their branches. The square smelled of white flowers, smoke, and leaves. All around its edges were placed tables and long benches, and groups of Shadowhunters and Downworlders crowded around them, laughing and drinking and talking. Yet despite the laughter, there was a somberness mixed with the air of celebration—a present sorrow side by side with joy.

The stores that lined the square had their doors thrown open, light spilling out onto the pavement. Partygoers streamed by, carrying plates of food and long-stemmed glasses of wine and brightly colored liquids. Simon watched a kelpie skip past, carrying a glass of blue fluid, and raised an eyebrow.

“It’s not like Magnus’s party,” Isabelle reassured him. “Everything here ought to be safe to drink.”

“*Ought* to be?” Aline looked worried.

Alec glanced toward the mini-forest, the colored lights reflecting in the blue irises of his eyes. Magnus stood in the shadow of a tree, talking to a girl in a white dress with a cloud of pale brown hair. She turned as Magnus looked toward them, and Clary locked eyes with her for a moment across the distance that separated them. There was something familiar about her, though Clary couldn’t have said what it was.

Magnus broke away and came toward them, and the girl he’d been talking to slipped into the shadows of the trees and was gone. He was dressed like a Victorian gentleman, in a long black frock coat over a violet silk vest. A square pocket handkerchief embroidered with the initials M.B. protruded from his vest pocket.

“Nice vest,” said Alec with a smile.

“Would you like one exactly like it?” Magnus inquired. “In any color you prefer, of course.”

“I don’t really care about clothes,” Alec protested.

“And I love that about you,” Magnus announced, “though I would also love you if you owned, perhaps, one designer suit. What do you say? Dolce? Zegna? Armani?”

Alec sputtered as Isabelle laughed, and Magnus took the opportunity to lean close to Clary and whisper in her ear. “The Accords Hall steps. Go.”

She wanted to ask him what he meant, but he’d already turned back to Alec and the others. Besides, she had a feeling she knew. She squeezed Simon’s wrist as she went, and he turned to smile at her before returning to his conversation with Maia.

She cut through the edge of the glamour forest to cross the square, weaving in and out of the shadows. The trees reached up to the foot of the Hall stairs, which was probably why the steps were almost deserted. Though not entirely. Glancing toward the doors, Clary could make out a familiar dark outline, seated in the shadow of a pillar. Her heart quickened.

Jace.

She had to gather her skirt up in her hands to climb the stairs, afraid she’d step on and tear the delicate material. She almost wished she had worn her normal clothes as she approached Jace, who was sitting with his back to a pillar, staring out over the square. He wore his most mundane clothes—jeans, a white shirt, and a dark jacket over them. And for almost the first time since she’d met him, she thought, he didn’t seem to be carrying any weapons.

She abruptly felt overdressed. She stopped a slight distance away from him, suddenly unsure what to say.

As if sensing her there, Jace looked up. He was holding something balanced in his lap, she saw, a silvery box. He looked tired. There were shadows under his eyes, and his pale gold hair was untidy. His eyes widened. “Clary?”

“Who else would it be?”

He didn’t smile. “You don’t look like you.”

“It’s the dress.” She smoothed her hands down the material self-consciously. “I don’t usually wear things this . . . pretty.”

“You always look beautiful,” he said, and she remembered the first time he’d called her beautiful, in the greenhouse at the Institute. He hadn’t said it like it was a compliment, but just as if it were an accepted fact, like the fact that she had red hair and liked to draw. “But you look—distant. Like I couldn’t touch you.”

She came over then and sat down next to him on the wide top step. The stone was cold through the material of her dress. She held her hand out to him; it was shaking slightly, just enough to be visible. “Touch me,” she said. “If you want to.”

He took her hand and laid it against his cheek for a moment. Then he set it back down in her lap. Clary shivered a little, remembering Aline’s words back in Isabelle’s bedroom. *Maybe he’s not that interested in you anymore. I mean, now that it’s not forbidden.* He had said *she* looked distant, but the expression in his eyes was as remote as a faraway galaxy.

“What’s in the box?” she asked. He was still clutching the silver rectangle tightly in one hand. It was an expensive-looking object, delicately carved with a pattern of birds.

“I went to Amatis’s earlier today, looking for you,” he said. “But you weren’t there. So I talked to Amatis. She gave me this.” He indicated the box. “It belonged to my father.”

For a moment she just looked at him uncomprehendingly. *This was Valentine’s?* she thought, and then, with a jolt, *No, that’s not what he means.* “Of course,” she said. “Amatis was married to Stephen Herondale.”

“I’ve been going through it,” he said. “Reading the letters, the journal pages. I thought if I did that, I might feel some sort of connection to him. Something that would leap off the pages at me, saying, *Yes, this is your father.* But I don’t feel anything. Just bits of paper. Anyone could have written these things.”

“Jace,” she said softly.

“And that’s another thing,” he said. “I don’t have a name anymore, do I? I’m not Jonathan Christopher—that was someone else. But it’s the name I’m used to.”

“Who came up with Jace as a nickname? Did you come up with it yourself?”

Jace shook his head. “No. Valentine always called me Jonathan. And that’s what they called me when I first got to the Institute. I was never supposed to think my name was Jonathan Christopher, you know—that was an accident. I got the name out of my father’s journal, but it wasn’t me he was talking about. It wasn’t my progress he was recording. It was Seb—It was Jonathan’s. So the first time I ever told Maryse that my middle name was Christopher, she told herself that she’d just remembered wrong, and Christopher had been Michael’s son’s middle name. It had been ten years, after all. But that was when she started calling me Jace: It was like she wanted to give me a new name, something that belonged to her, to my life in New York. And I liked it. I’d never liked Jonathan.” He turned the box over in his hands. “I wonder if maybe Maryse knew, or guessed, but just didn’t want to know. She loved me . . . and she didn’t want to believe it.”

“Which is why she was so upset when she found out you *were* Valentine’s son,” said Clary. “Because she thought she ought to have known. She kind of *did* know. But we never do want to believe things like that about people we love. And, Jace, she was right about you. She was right about who you really are. And you *do* have a name. Your name is Jace. Valentine didn’t give that name to you. Maryse did. The only thing that makes a name important, and yours, is that it’s given to you by someone who loves you.”

“Jace what?” he said. “Jace Herondale?”

“Oh, please,” she said. “You’re Jace *Lightwood*. You know that.”

He raised his eyes to hers. His lashes shadowed them thickly, darkening the gold. She thought he looked a little less remote, though perhaps she was imagining it.

“Maybe you’re a different person than you thought you were,” she went on, hoping against hope that he understood what she meant. “But no one becomes a totally different person overnight. Just finding out that Stephen was your

biological father isn't going to automatically make you love him. And you don't have to. Valentine wasn't your real father, but not because you don't have his blood in your veins. He wasn't your real father because he didn't *act* like a father. He didn't take care of you. It's always been the Lightwoods who have taken care of you. *They're* your family. Just like Mom and Luke are mine." She reached to touch his shoulder, then drew her hand back. "I'm sorry," she said. "Here I am lecturing you, and you probably came up here to be alone."

"You're right," he said.

Clary felt the breath go out of her. "All right, then. I'll go." She stood up, forgetting to hold her dress up, and nearly stepped on the hem.

"Clary!" Setting the box down, Jace scrambled to his feet. "Clary, wait. That wasn't what I meant. I didn't mean I wanted to be alone. I meant you were right about Valentine—about the Lightwoods—"

She turned and looked at him. He was standing half in and half out of the shadows, the bright, colored lights of the party below casting strange patterns across his skin. She thought of the first time she'd seen him. She'd thought he looked like a lion. Beautiful and deadly. He looked different to her now. That hard, defensive casing he wore like armor was gone, and he wore his injuries instead, visibly and proudly. He hadn't even used his stele to take away the bruises on his face, along the line of his jaw, at his throat where the skin showed above the collar of his shirt. But he looked beautiful to her still, more than before, because now he seemed human—human, and real.

"You know," she said, "Aline said maybe you wouldn't be interested anymore. Now that it *isn't* forbidden. Now that you could be with me if you wanted to." She shivered a little in the flimsy dress, gripping her elbows with her hands. "Is that true? Are you not . . . interested?"

"*Interested?* As if you were a—a book, or a piece of news? No, I'm not *interested*. I'm—" He broke off, groping for the word the way someone might grope for a light switch in the dark. "Do you remember what I said to you before? About

feeling like the fact that you were my sister was a sort of cosmic joke on me? On both of us?"

"I remember."

"I never believed it," he said. "I mean, I believed it in a way—I let it drive me to despair, but I never *felt* it. Never felt you were my sister. Because I didn't feel about you the way you're supposed to feel about your sister. But that didn't mean I didn't feel like you were a part of me. I've always felt that." Seeing her puzzled expression, he broke off with an impatient noise. "I'm not saying this right. Clary, I hated every second that I thought you were my sister. I hated every moment that I thought what I felt for you meant there was something wrong with me. But—"

"But *what*?" Clary's heart was beating so hard it was making her feel more than a little dizzy.

"I could see the delight Valentine took in the way I felt about you. The way you felt about me. He used it as a weapon against us. And that made me hate him. More than anything else he'd ever done to me, that made me hate him, and it made me turn against him, and maybe that's what I needed to do. Because there were times I didn't know if I wanted to follow him or not. It was a hard choice—harder than I like to remember." His voice sounded tight.

"I asked you if I had a choice once," Clary reminded him. "And you said, 'We always have choices.' You chose against Valentine. In the end that was the choice you made, and it doesn't matter how hard it was to make it. It matters that you did."

"I know," Jace said. "I'm just saying that I think I chose the way I did in part because of you. Since I've met you, everything I've done has been in part because of you. I can't untie myself from you, Clary—not my heart or my blood or my mind or any other part of me. And I don't want to."

"You don't?" she whispered.

He took a step toward her. His gaze was fastened on her face, as if he couldn't look away. "I always thought love made

you stupid. Made you weak. A bad Shadowhunter. *To love is to destroy*. I believed that.”

She bit her lip, but she couldn’t look away from him, either.

“I used to think being a good warrior meant not caring,” he said. “About anything, myself especially. I took every risk I could. I flung myself in the path of demons. I think I gave Alec a complex about what kind of fighter he was, just because he wanted to live.” Jace smiled unevenly. “And then I met you. You were a mundane. Weak. Not a fighter. Never trained. And then I saw how much you loved your mother, loved Simon, and how you’d walk into hell to save them. You *did* walk into that vampire hotel. Shadowhunters with a decade of experience wouldn’t have tried that. Love didn’t make you weak, it made you stronger than anyone I’d ever met. And I realized I was the one who was weak.”

“No.” She was shocked. “You’re not.”

“Maybe not anymore.” He took another step, and now he was close enough to touch her. “Valentine couldn’t believe I’d killed Jonathan,” he said. “Couldn’t believe it because I was the weak one, and Jonathan was the one with more training. By all rights he probably should have killed me. He nearly did. But I thought of *you*—I saw you there, clearly, as if you were standing in front of me, watching me, and I knew I wanted to live, wanted it more than I’d ever wanted anything, if only so that I could see your face one more time.”

She wished she could move, wished she could reach out and touch him, but she couldn’t. Her arms felt frozen at her sides. His face was close to hers, so close that she could see her own reflection in the pupils of his eyes.

“And now I’m looking at you,” he said, “and you’re asking me if I still want you, as if I could stop loving you. As if I would want to give up the thing that makes me stronger than anything else ever has. I never dared give much of myself to anyone before—bits of myself to the Lightwoods, to Isabelle and Alec, but it took years to do it—but, Clary, since the first time I saw you, I have belonged to you completely. I still do. If you want me.”

For a split second longer she stood motionless. Then, somehow, she had caught at the front of his shirt and pulled him toward her. His arms went around her, lifting her almost out of her sandals, and then he was kissing her—or she was kissing him, she wasn't sure, and it didn't matter. The feel of his mouth on hers was electric; her hands gripped his arms, pulling him hard against her. The feel of his heart pounding through his shirt made her dizzy with joy. No one else's heart beat like Jace's did, or ever could.

He let her go at last and she gasped—she'd forgotten to breathe. He cupped her face between his hands, tracing the curve of her cheekbones with his fingers. The light was back in his eyes, as bright as it had been by the lake, but now there was a wicked sparkle to it. "There," he said. "That wasn't so bad, was it, even though it wasn't forbidden?"

"I've had worse," she said, with a shaky laugh.

"You know," he said, bending to brush his mouth across hers, "if it's the lack of *forbidden* you're worried about, you could still forbid me to do things."

"What kinds of things?"

She felt him smile against her mouth. "Things like this."



After some time they came down the stairs and into the square, where a crowd had begun to gather in anticipation of the fireworks. Isabelle and the others had found a table near the corner of the square and were crowded around it on benches and chairs. As they approached the group, Clary prepared to draw her hand out of Jace's—and then stopped herself. They could hold hands if they wanted to. There was nothing wrong with it. The thought almost took her breath away.

"You're here!" Isabelle danced up to them in delight, carrying a glass of fuchsia liquid, which she thrust at Clary. "Have some of this!"

Clary squinted at it. "Is it going to turn me into a rodent?"

"Where is the trust? I think it's strawberry juice," Isabelle said. "Anyway, it's yummy. Jace?" She offered him the glass.

"I am a man," he told her, "and men do not consume pink beverages. Get thee gone, woman, and bring me something brown."

"Brown?" Isabelle made a face.

"Brown is a manly color," said Jace, and yanked on a stray lock of Isabelle's hair with his free hand. "In fact, look—Alec is wearing it."

Alec looked mournfully down at his sweater. "It was black," he said. "But then it faded."

"You could dress it up with a sequined headband," Magnus suggested, offering his boyfriend something blue and sparkly. "Just a thought."

"Resist the urge, Alec." Simon was sitting on the edge of a low wall with Maia beside him, though she appeared to be deep in conversation with Aline. "You'll look like Olivia Newton-John in *Xanadu*."

"There are worse things," Magnus observed.

Simon detached himself from the wall and came over to Clary and Jace. With his hands in the back pockets of his jeans, he regarded them thoughtfully for a long moment. At last he spoke.

"You look happy," he said to Clary. He swiveled his gaze to Jace. "And a good thing for you that she does."

Jace raised an eyebrow. "Is this the part where you tell me that if I hurt her, you'll kill me?"

"No," said Simon. "If you hurt Clary, she's quite capable of killing you herself. Possibly with a variety of weapons."

Jace looked pleased by the thought.

"Look," Simon said. "I just wanted to say that it's okay if you dislike me. If you make Clary happy, I'm fine with you." He stuck his hand out, and Jace took his own hand out of Clary's and shook Simon's, a bemused look on his face.

"I don't dislike you," he said. "In fact, because I actually *do* like you, I'm going to offer you some advice."

“Advice?” Simon looked wary.

“I see that you are working this vampire angle with some success,” Jace said, indicating Isabelle and Maia with a nod of his head. “And kudos. Lots of girls love that sensitive-undead thing. But I’d drop that whole musician angle if I were you. Vampire rock stars are played out, and besides, you can’t possibly be very good.”

Simon sighed. “I don’t suppose there’s any chance you could reconsider the part where you didn’t like me?”

“Enough, both of you,” Clary said. “You can’t be complete jerks to each other forever, you know.”

“Technically,” said Simon, “I can.”

Jace made an inelegant noise; after a moment Clary realized that he was trying not to laugh, and only semi-succeeding.

Simon grinned. “Got you.”

“Well,” Clary said. “This *is* a beautiful moment.” She looked around for Isabelle, who would probably be nearly as pleased as she was that Simon and Jace were getting along, albeit in their own peculiar way.

Instead she saw someone else.

Standing at the very edge of the glamoured forest, where shadow blended into light, was a slender woman in a green dress the color of leaves, her long scarlet hair bound back by a golden circlet.

The Seelie Queen. She was looking directly at Clary, and as Clary met her gaze, she lifted up a slender hand and beckoned. *Come.*

Whether it was her own desire or the strange compulsion of the Fair Folk, Clary wasn’t sure, but with a murmured excuse she stepped away from the others and made her way to the edge of the forest, wending her way through riotous partygoers. She became aware, as she drew close to the Queen, of a preponderance of faeries standing very near them, in a

circle around their Lady. Even if she wanted to appear alone, the Queen was not without her courtiers.

The Queen held up an imperious hand. “There,” she said. “And no closer.”

Clary, a few steps from the Queen, paused. “My lady,” she said, remembering the formal way that Jace had addressed the Queen inside her court. “Why do you call me to your side?”

“I would have a favor from you,” said the Queen without preamble. “And of course, I would promise a favor in return.”

“A favor from *me*?” Clary said wonderingly. “But—you don’t even like me.”

The Queen touched her lips thoughtfully with a single long white finger. “The Fair Folk, unlike humans, do not concern themselves overmuch with *liking*. Love, perhaps, and hate. Both are useful emotions. But *liking*...” She shrugged elegantly. “The Council has not yet chosen which of our folk they would like to sit upon their seat,” she said. “I know that Lucian Graymark is like a father to you. He would listen to what you asked him. I would like you to ask him if they would choose my knight Meliorn for the task.”

Clary thought back to the Accords Hall, and Meliorn saying he did not want to fight in the battle unless the Night Children fought as well. “I don’t think Luke likes him very much.”

“And again,” said the Queen, “you speak of *liking*.”

“When I saw you before, in the Seelie Court,” Clary said, “you called Jace and me brother and sister. But you knew we weren’t really brother and sister. Didn’t you?”

The Queen smiled. “The same blood runs in your veins,” she said. “The blood of the Angel. All those who bear the Angel’s blood are brother and sister under the skin.”

Clary shivered. “You could have told us the truth, though. And you didn’t.”

“I told you the truth as I saw it. We all tell the truth as we see it, do we not? Did you ever stop to wonder what untruths might have been in the tale your mother told you, that served

her purpose in telling it? Do you truly think you know each and every secret of your past?”

Clary hesitated. Without knowing why, she suddenly heard Madame Dorothea’s voice in her head. *You’ll fall in love with the wrong person*, the hedge-witch had said to Jace. Clary had come to assume that Dorothea had only been referring to how much trouble Jace’s affection for Clary would bring them both. But still, there were blanks, she knew, in her memory—even now, things, events, that had not come back to her. Secrets whose truths she’d never know. She had given them up for lost and unimportant, but perhaps—

No. She felt her hands tighten at her sides. The Queen’s poison was a subtle one, but powerful. Was there anyone in the world who could truly say they knew every secret about themselves? And weren’t some secrets better left alone?

She shook her head. “What you did in the Court,” she said. “Perhaps you didn’t lie. But you were unkind.” She started to turn away. “And I have had enough unkindness.”

“Would you truly refuse a favor from the Queen of the Seelie Court?” the Queen demanded. “Not every mortal is granted such a chance.”

“I don’t need a favor from you,” Clary said. “I have everything I want.”

She turned her back on the Queen and walked away.



When she returned to the group she had left, she discovered that they had been joined by Robert and Maryse Lightwood, who were—she saw with surprise—shaking hands with Magnus Bane, who had put the sparkly headband away and was being the model of decorum. Maryse had her arm around Alec’s shoulder. The rest of her friends were sitting in a group along the wall; Clary was about to move to join them, when she felt a tap on her shoulder.

“Clary!” It was her mother, smiling at her—and Luke stood beside her, his hand in hers. Jocelyn wasn’t dressed up at all; she wore jeans, and a loose shirt that at least wasn’t stained

with paint. You couldn't have told from the way Luke was looking at her, though, that she looked anything less than perfect. "I'm glad we finally found you."

Clary grinned at Luke. "So you're *not* moving to Idris, I take it?"

"Nah," he said. He looked as happy as she'd ever seen him. "The pizza here is terrible."

Jocelyn laughed and moved off to talk to Amatis, who was admiring a floating glass bubble filled with smoke that kept changing colors. Clary looked at Luke. "Were you ever *actually* going to leave New York, or were you just saying that to get her to finally make a move?"

"Clary," said Luke, "I am shocked that you would suggest such a thing." He grinned, then abruptly sobered. "You're all right with it, aren't you? I know this means a big change in your life—I was going to see if you and your mother might want to move in with me, since your apartment's unlivable right now—"

Clary snorted. "A big change? My life has *already* changed totally. Several times."

Luke glanced over toward Jace, who was watching them from his seat on the wall. Jace nodded at them, his mouth curling up at the corner in an amused smile. "I guess it has," Luke said.

"Change is good," said Clary.

Luke held his hand up; the Alliance rune had faded, as it had for everyone, but his skin still bore the white telltale trace of it, the scar that would never entirely disappear. He looked thoughtfully at the Mark. "So it is."

"Clary!" Isabelle called from the wall. "Fireworks!"

Clary hit Luke lightly on the shoulder and went to join her friends. They were seated along the wall in a line: Jace, Isabelle, Simon, Maia, and Aline. She stopped beside Jace. "I don't see any fireworks," she said, mock-scowling at Isabelle.

“Patience, grasshopper,” said Maia. “Good things come to those who wait.”

“I always thought that was ‘Good things come to those who do the wave,’” said Simon. “No wonder I’ve been so confused all my life.”

“‘Confused’ is a nice word for it,” said Jace, but he was clearly only somewhat paying attention; he reached out and pulled Clary toward him, almost absently, as if it were a reflex. She leaned back against his shoulder, looking up at the sky. Nothing lit the heavens but the demon towers, glowing a soft silver-white against the darkness.

“Where did you go?” he asked, quietly enough that only she could hear the question.

“The Seelie Queen wanted me to do her a favor,” said Clary. “And she wanted to do me a favor in return.” She felt Jace tense. “Relax. I told her no.”

“Not many people would turn down a favor from the Seelie Queen,” said Jace.

“I told her I didn’t need a favor,” said Clary. “I told her I had everything I wanted.”

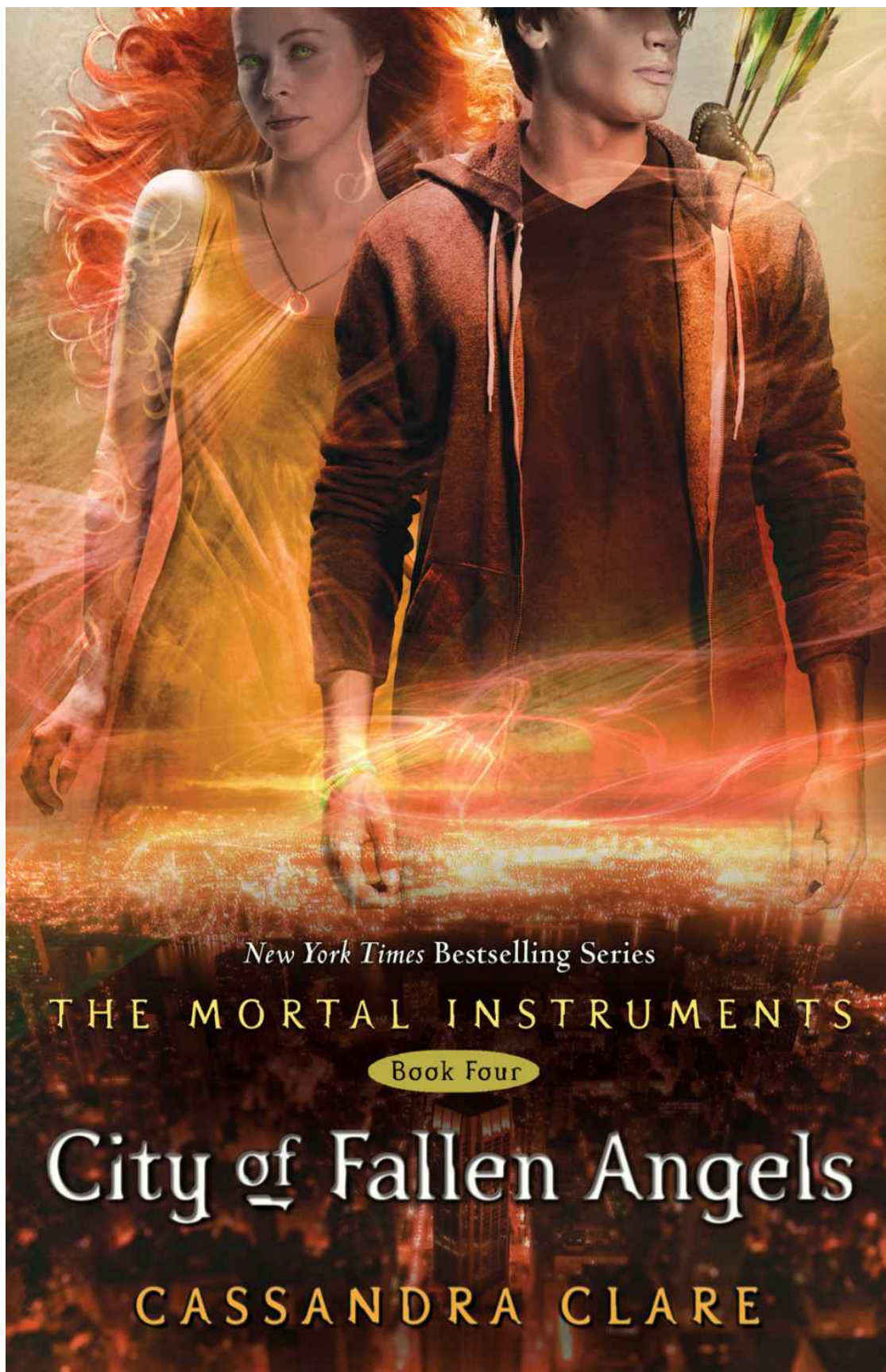
Jace laughed at that, softly, and slid his hand up her arm to her shoulder; his fingers played idly with the chain around her neck, and Clary glanced down at the glint of silver against her dress. She had worn the Morgenstern ring since Jace had left it for her, and sometimes she wondered why. Did she really want to be reminded of Valentine? And yet, at the same time, was it ever right to forget?

You couldn’t erase everything that caused you pain with its recollection. She didn’t want to forget Max or Madeleine, or Hodge, or the Inquisitor, or even Sebastian. Every memory was valuable; even the bad ones. Valentine had wanted to forget: to forget that the world had to change, and Shadowhunters had to change with it—to forget that Downworlders had souls, and all souls mattered to the fabric of the world. He had wanted to think only of what made Shadowhunters different from Downworlders. But what had

been his undoing had been the way in which they were all the same.

“Clary,” Jace said, breaking her out of her reverie. He tightened his arms around her, and she raised her head; the crowd was cheering as the first of the rockets went up. “Look.”

She looked as the fireworks exploded in a shower of sparks—sparks that painted the clouds overhead as they fell, one by one, in streaking lines of golden fire, like angels falling from the sky.



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For Josh

*Sommes-nous les deux livres
d'un même ouvrage?*



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Part One

Exterminating Angels



There are sicknesses that walk in darkness; and there are exterminating angels, that fly wrapt up in the curtains of immateriality and an uncommunicating nature; whom we cannot see, but we feel their force, and sink under their sword.

—Jeremy Taylor, “A Funeral Sermon”

1

THE MASTER

“Just coffee, please.”

The waitress raised her penciled eyebrows. “You don’t want anything to eat?” she asked. Her accent was thick, her attitude disappointed.

Simon Lewis couldn’t blame her; she’d probably been hoping for a better tip than the one she was going to get on a single cup of coffee. But it wasn’t his fault vampires didn’t eat. Sometimes, in restaurants, he ordered food anyway, just to preserve the appearance of normalcy, but late Tuesday night, when Veselka was almost empty of other customers, it didn’t seem worth the bother. “Just the coffee.”

With a shrug the waitress took his laminated menu and went to put his order in. Simon sat back against the hard plastic diner chair and looked around. Veselka, a diner on the corner of Ninth Street and Second Avenue, was one of his favorite places on the Lower East Side—an old neighborhood eatery papered with black-and-white murals, where they let you sit all day as long as you ordered coffee at half-hour intervals. They also served what had once been his favorite vegetarian pierogi and borscht, but those days were behind him now.

It was mid-October, and they’d just put their Halloween decorations up—a wobbly sign that said TRICK-OR-BORSCHT! and a fake cardboard cutout vampire nicknamed Count Blintzula. Once upon a time Simon and Clary had found the cheesy holiday decorations hilarious, but the Count, with his fake fangs and black cape, didn’t strike Simon as quite so funny anymore.

Simon glanced toward the window. It was a brisk night, and the wind was blowing leaves across Second Avenue like handfuls of thrown confetti. There was a girl walking down the street, a girl in a tight belted trench coat, with long black hair that flew in the wind. People turned to watch her as she walked past. Simon had looked at girls like that before in the past, idly wondering where they were going, who they were meeting. Not guys like him, he knew that much.

Except this one was. The bell on the diner's front door rang as the door opened, and Isabelle Lightwood came in. She smiled when she saw Simon, and came toward him, shrugging off her coat and draping it over the back of the chair before she sat down. Under the coat she was wearing one of what Clary called her "typical Isabelle outfits": a tight short velvet dress, fishnet stockings, and boots. There was a knife stuck into the top of her left boot that Simon knew only he could see; still, everyone in the diner was watching as she sat down, flinging her hair back. Whatever she was wearing, Isabelle drew attention like a fireworks display.

Beautiful Isabelle Lightwood. When Simon had met her, he'd assumed she'd have no time for a guy like him. He'd turned out to be mostly right. Isabelle liked boys her parents disapproved of, and in her universe that meant Downworlders—faeries, werewolves, and vamps. That they'd been dating regularly for the past month or two amazed him, even if their relationship was limited mostly to infrequent meetings like this one. And even if he couldn't help but wonder if he'd never been changed into a vampire, if his whole life hadn't been altered in that moment, would they be dating at all?

She tucked a lock of hair behind her ear, her smile brilliant. "You look nice."

Simon cast a glance at himself in the reflective surface of the diner window. Isabelle's influence was clear in the changes in his appearance since they'd been dating. She'd forced him to ditch his hoodies in favor of leather jackets, and his sneakers in favor of designer boots. Which, incidentally, cost three hundred dollars a pair. He was still wearing his characteristic word shirts—this one said EXISTENTIALISTS DO IT

POINTLESSLY—but his jeans no longer had holes in the knees and torn pockets. He'd also grown his hair long so that it fell in his eyes now, covering his forehead, but that was more necessity than Isabelle.

Clary made fun of him about his new look; but, then, Clary found everything about Simon's love life borderline hilarious. She couldn't believe he was dating Isabelle in any serious way. Of course, she also couldn't believe he was also dating Maia Roberts, a friend of theirs who happened to be a werewolf, in an equally serious way. And she really couldn't believe that Simon hadn't yet told either of them about the other.

Simon wasn't really sure how it had happened. Maia liked to come to his house and use his Xbox—they didn't have one at the abandoned police station where the werewolf pack lived—and it wasn't until the third or fourth time she'd come over that she'd leaned over and kissed him good-bye before she'd left. He'd been pleased, and then had called up Clary to ask her if he needed to tell Isabelle. "Figure out what's going on with you and Isabelle," she said. "Then tell her."

This had turned out to be bad advice. It had been a month, and he still wasn't sure what was going on with him and Isabelle, so he hadn't said anything. And the more time that passed, the more awkward the idea of saying something grew. So far he'd made it work. Isabelle and Maia weren't really friends, and rarely saw each other. Unfortunately for him, that was about to change. Clary's mother and her longtime friend, Luke, were getting married in a few weeks, and both Isabelle and Maia were invited to the wedding, a prospect Simon found more terrifying than the idea of being chased through the streets of New York by an angry mob of vampire hunters.

"So," Isabelle said, snapping him out of his reverie. "Why here and not Taki's? They'd serve you blood there."

Simon winced at her volume. Isabelle was nothing if not unsubtle. Fortunately, no one seemed to be listening in, not even the waitress who returned, banged down a cup of coffee in front of Simon, eyed Izzy, and left without taking her order.

“I like it here,” he said. “Clary and I used to come here back when she was taking classes at Tisch. They have great borscht and blintzes—they’re like sweet cheese dumplings—plus it’s open all night.”

Isabelle, however, was ignoring him. She was staring past his shoulder. “What is *that*?”

Simon followed her glance. “That’s Count Blintzula.”

“Count *Blintzula*?”

Simon shrugged. “It’s a Halloween decoration. Count Blintzula is for kids. It’s like Count Chocula, or the Count on *Sesame Street*.” He grinned at her blank look. “You know. He teaches kids how to count.”

Isabelle was shaking her head. “There’s a TV show where children are taught how to count by a *vampire*?”

“It would make sense if you’d seen it,” Simon muttered.

“There is some mythological basis for such a construction,” Isabelle said, lapsing into lecturey Shadowhunter mode. “Some legends do assert that vampires are obsessed with counting, and that if you spill grains of rice in front of them, they’ll have to stop what they’re doing and count each one. There’s no truth in it, of course, any more than that business about garlic. And vampires have no business teaching children. Vampires are terrifying.”

“Thank you,” Simon said. “It’s a joke, Isabelle. He’s the Count. He likes counting. You know. ‘What did the Count eat today, children? *One* chocolate chip cookie, *two* chocolate chip cookies, *three* chocolate chip cookies . . .’”

There was a rush of cold air as the door of the restaurant opened, letting in another customer. Isabelle shivered and reached for her black silk scarf. “It’s not realistic.”

“What would you prefer? ‘What did the Count eat today, children? *One* helpless villager, *two* helpless villagers, *three* helpless villagers . . .’”

“Shh.” Isabelle finished knotting her scarf around her throat and leaned forward, putting her hand on Simon’s wrist. Her

big dark eyes were alive suddenly, the way they only ever came alive when she was either hunting demons or thinking about hunting demons. “Look over there.”

Simon followed her gaze. There were two men standing over by the glass-fronted case that held bakery items: thickly frosted cakes, plates of rugelach, and cream-filled Danishes. Neither of the men looked as if they were interested in food, though. Both were short and painfully gaunt, so much so that their cheekbones jutted from their colorless faces like knives. Both had thin gray hair and pale gray eyes, and wore belted slate-colored coats that reached the floor.

“Now,” Isabelle said, “what do you suppose they are?”

Simon squinted at them. They both stared back at him, their lashless eyes like empty holes. “They kind of look like evil lawn gnomes.”

“They’re human subjugates,” Isabelle hissed. “They belong to a vampire.”

“‘Belong’ as in . . .?”

She made an impatient noise. “By the Angel, you don’t know anything about your kind, do you? Do you even really know how vampires are made?”

“Well, when a mommy vampire and a daddy vampire love each other very much . . .”

Isabelle made a face at him. “Fine, you know that vampires *don’t* need to have sex to reproduce, but I bet you don’t really know how it works.”

“I do too,” said Simon. “I’m a vampire because I drank some of Raphael’s blood before I died. Drinking blood plus death equals vampire.”

“Not exactly,” said Isabelle. “You’re a vampire because you drank some of Raphael’s blood, and then you were bitten by other vampires, and *then* you died. You need to be bitten at some point during the process.”

“Why?”

“Vampire saliva has . . . properties. Transformative properties.”

“Yech,” said Simon.

“Don’t ‘yech’ me. You’re the one with the magical spit. Vampires keep humans around and feed on them when they’re short on blood—like walking snack machines.” Izzy spoke with distaste. “You’d think they’d be weak from blood loss all the time, but vampire saliva actually has healing properties. It increases their red blood cell count, makes them stronger and healthier, and makes them live longer. That’s why it’s not against the Law for a vampire to feed on a human. It doesn’t really hurt them. Of course every once in a while the vampire will decide it wants more than a snack, it wants a subjugate—and then it will start feeding its bitten human small amounts of vampire blood, just to keep it docile, to keep it connected to its master. Subjugates worship their masters, and love serving them. All they want is to be near them. Like you were when you went back to the Dumont. You were drawn back to the vampire whose blood you had consumed.”

“Raphael,” Simon said, his voice bleak. “I don’t feel a burning urge to be with him these days, let me tell you.”

“No, it goes away when you become a full vampire. It’s only the subjugates who worship their sires and can’t disobey them. Don’t you see? When you went back to the Dumont, Raphael’s clan drained you, and you died, and then you became a vampire. But if they hadn’t drained you, if they’d given you more vampire blood instead, you would eventually have become a subjugate.”

“That’s all very interesting,” Simon said. “But it doesn’t explain why they’re staring at us.”

Isabelle glanced back at them. “They’re staring at *you*. Maybe their master died and they’re looking for another vampire to own them. You could have pets.” She grinned.

“Or,” Simon said, “maybe they’re here for the hash browns.”

“Human subjugates don’t eat food. They live on a mix of vampire blood and animal blood. It keeps them in a state of suspended animation. They’re not immortal, but they age very slowly.”

“Sadly,” Simon said, eyeing them, “they don’t seem to keep their looks.”

Isabelle sat up straight. “And they’re on their way over here. I guess we’ll find out what they want.”

The human subjugates moved as if they were on wheels. They didn’t appear to be taking steps so much as gliding forward soundlessly. It took them only seconds to cross the restaurant; by the time they neared Simon’s table, Isabelle had whipped the sharp stiletto-like dagger out of the top of her boot. It lay across the table, gleaming in the diner’s fluorescent lights. It was a dark, heavy silver, with crosses burned into both sides of the hilt. Most vampire-repelling weapons seemed to sport crosses, on the assumption, Simon thought, that most vampires were Christian. Who knew that following a minority religion could be so advantageous?

“That’s close enough,” Isabelle said, as the two subjugates paused beside the table, her fingers inches from the dagger. “State your business, you two.”

“Shadowhunter.” The creature on the left spoke in a hissing whisper. “We did not know of you in this situation.”

Isabelle raised a delicate eyebrow. “And what situation would that be?”

The second subjugate pointed a long gray finger at Simon. The nail on the end of it was yellowed and sharp. “We have dealings with the Daylighter.”

“No, you don’t,” Simon said. “I have no idea who you are. Never seen you before.”

“I am Mr. Walker,” said the first creature. “Beside me is Mr. Archer. We serve the most powerful vampire in New York City. The head of the greatest Manhattan clan.”

“Raphael Santiago,” said Isabelle. “In that case you must know that Simon isn’t a part of any clan. He’s a free agent.”

Mr. Walker smiled a thin smile. "My master was hoping that was a situation that could be altered."

Simon met Isabelle's eyes across the table. She shrugged. "Didn't Raphael tell you he wanted you to stay *away* from the clan?"

"Maybe he's changed his mind," Simon suggested. "You know how he is. Moody. Fickle."

"I wouldn't know. I haven't really seen him since that time I threatened to kill him with a candelabra. He took it well, though. Didn't flinch."

"Fantastic," Simon said. The two subjugates were staring at him. Their eyes were a pale whitish gray color, like dirty snow. "If Raphael wants me in the clan, it's because he wants something from me. You might as well tell me what it is."

"We are not privy to our master's plans," said Mr. Archer in a haughty tone.

"No dice, then," said Simon. "I won't go."

"If you do not wish to come with us, we are authorized to use force to bring you."

The dagger seemed to leap into Isabelle's hand; or at least, she barely seemed to move, and yet she was holding it. She twirled it lightly. "I wouldn't do that if I were you."

Mr. Archer bared his teeth at her. "Since when have the Angel's children become the bodyguards for rogue Downworlders? I would have thought you above this sort of business, Isabelle Lightwood."

"I'm not his bodyguard," said Isabelle. "I'm his *girlfriend*. Which gives me the right to kick your ass if you bother him. That's how it works."

Girlfriend? Simon was startled enough to look at her in surprise, but she was staring down the two subjugates, her dark eyes flashing. On the one hand he didn't think Isabelle had ever referred to herself as his girlfriend before. On the other hand it was symptomatic of how strange his life had become that *that* was the thing that had startled him most

tonight, rather than the fact that he had just been summoned to a meeting by the most powerful vampire in New York.

“My master,” said Mr. Walker, in what he probably thought was a soothing tone, “has a proposition to put to the Daylighter—”

“His name is Simon. Simon Lewis.”

“To put to Mr. Lewis. I can promise you that Mr. Lewis will find it most advantageous if he is willing to accompany us and hear my master out. I swear on my master’s honor that no harm will come to you, Daylighter, and that should you wish to refuse my master’s offer, you will have the free choice to do so.”

My master, my master. Mr. Walker spoke the words with a mixture of adoration and awe. Simon shuddered a little inwardly. How horrible to be so bound to someone else, and to have no real will of your own.

Isabelle was shaking her head; she mouthed “no” at Simon. She was probably right, he thought. Isabelle was an excellent Shadowhunter. She’d been hunting demons and lawbreaking Downworlders—rogue vampires, black-magic-practicing warlocks, werewolves who’d run wild and eaten someone—since she was twelve years old, and was probably better at what she did than any other Shadowhunter her age, with the exception of her brother Jace. And there had been Sebastian, Simon thought, who had been better than them both. But he was dead.

“All right,” he said. “I’ll go.”

Isabelle’s eyes rounded. “Simon!”

Both subjugates rubbed their hands together, like villains in a comic book. The gesture itself wasn’t what was creepy, really; it was that they did it exactly at the same time and in the same way, as if they were puppets whose strings were being yanked in unison.

“Excellent,” said Mr. Archer.

Isabelle banged the knife down on the table with a clatter and leaned forward, her shining dark hair brushing the

tabletop. “Simon,” she said in an urgent whisper. “Don’t be stupid. There’s no reason for you to go with them. And Raphael’s a jerk.”

“Raphael’s a master vampire,” said Simon. “His blood made me a vampire. He’s my—whatever they call it.”

“Sire, maker, begetter—there are a million names for what he did,” Isabelle said distractedly. “And maybe his blood made you a vampire. But it didn’t make you a *Daylighter*.” Her eyes met his across the table. *Jace made you a Daylighter*. But she would never say it out loud; there were only a few of them who knew the truth, the whole story behind what Jace was, and what Simon was because of it. “You don’t have to do what he says.”

“Of course I don’t,” Simon said, lowering his voice. “But if I refuse to go, do you think Raphael is just going to drop it? He won’t. They’ll keep coming after me.” He snuck a glance sideways at the subjugates; they looked as if they agreed, though he might have been imagining it. “They’ll bug me everywhere. When I’m out, at school, at Clary’s—”

“And what? Clary can’t handle it?” Isabelle threw up her hands. “Fine. At least let me go with you.”

“Certainly not,” cut in Mr. Archer. “This is not a matter for Shadowhunters. This is the business of the Night Children.”

“I will not—”

“The Law gives us the right to conduct our business in private.” Mr. Walker spoke stiffly. “With our own kind.”

Simon looked at them. “Give us a moment, please,” he said. “I want to talk to Isabelle.”

There was a moment of silence. Around them the life of the diner went on. The place was getting its late-night rush as the movie theater down the block let out, and waitresses were hurrying by, carrying steaming plates of food to customers; couples laughed and chattered at nearby tables; cooks shouted orders to each other behind the counter. No one looked at them or acknowledged that anything odd was going on. Simon was used to glances by now, but he couldn’t help the feeling

sometimes, when he was with Isabelle, that he was trapped behind an invisible glass wall, cut off from the rest of humanity and the daily round of its affairs.

“Very well,” said Mr. Walker, stepping back. “But my master does not like to be kept waiting.”

They retreated toward the door, apparently unaffected by the blasts of cold air whenever someone went in or out, and stood there like statues. Simon turned to Isabelle. “It’s all right,” he said. “They won’t hurt me. They *can’t* hurt me. Raphael knows all about . . .” He gestured uncomfortably toward his forehead. “This.”

Isabelle reached across the table and pushed his hair back, her touch more clinical than gentle. She was frowning. Simon had looked at the Mark enough times himself, in the mirror, to know well what it looked like. As if someone had taken a thin paintbrush and drawn a simple design on his forehead, just above and between his eyes. The shape of it seemed to change sometimes, like the moving images found in clouds, but it was always clear and black and somehow dangerous-looking, like a warning sign scrawled in another language.

“It really . . . works?” she whispered.

“Raphael thinks it works,” said Simon. “And I have no reason to think it doesn’t.” He caught her wrist and drew it away from his face. “I’ll be all right, Isabelle.”

She sighed. “Every bit of my training says this isn’t a good idea.”

Simon squeezed her fingers. “Come on. You’re curious about what Raphael wants, aren’t you?”

Isabelle patted his hand and sat back. “Tell me all about it when you get back. Call me *first*.”

“I will.” Simon stood, zipping up his jacket. “And do me a favor, will you? Two favors, actually.”

She looked at him with guarded amusement. “What?”

“Clary said she’d be training over at the Institute tonight. If you run into her, don’t tell her where I went. She’ll worry for

no reason.”

Isabelle rolled her eyes. “Okay, fine. Second favor?”

Simon leaned over and kissed her on the cheek. “Try the borscht before you leave. It’s fantastic.”



Mr. Walker and Mr. Archer were not the most talkative of companions. They led Simon silently through the streets of the Lower East Side, keeping several steps ahead of him with their odd gliding pace. It was getting late, but the city sidewalks were full of people—getting off a late shift, hurrying home from dinner, heads down, collars turned up against the stiff cold wind. At St. Mark’s Place there were card tables set up along the curb, selling everything from cheap socks to pencil sketches of New York to smoky sandalwood incense. Leaves rattled across the pavement like dried bones. The air smelled like car exhaust mixed with sandalwood, and underneath that, the smell of human beings—skin and blood.

Simon’s stomach tightened. He tried to keep enough bottles of animal blood in his room—he had a small refrigerator at the back of his closet now, where his mother wouldn’t see it—to keep himself from ever getting hungry. The blood was disgusting. He’d thought he’d get used to it, even start wanting it, but though it killed his hunger pangs, there was nothing about it that he enjoyed the way he’d once enjoyed chocolate or vegetarian burritos or coffee ice cream. It remained blood.

But being hungry was worse. Being hungry meant that he could smell things he didn’t want to smell—salt on skin; the overripe, sweet smell of blood exuding from the pores of strangers. It made him feel hungry and twisted up and utterly wrong. Hunching over, he jammed his fists into the pockets of his jacket and tried to breathe through his mouth.

They turned right onto Third Avenue, and paused in front of a restaurant whose sign said CLOISTER CAFÉ. GARDEN OPEN ALL YEAR. Simon blinked up at the sign. “What are we doing here?”

“This is the meeting place our master has chosen.” Mr. Walker’s tone was bland.

“Huh.” Simon was puzzled. “I would have thought Raphael’s style was more, you know, arranging meetings on top of an unconsecrated cathedral, or down in some crypt full of bones. He never struck me as the trendy restaurant type.”

Both subjugates stared at him. “Is there a problem, Daylighter?” asked Mr. Archer finally.

Simon felt obscurely scolded. “No. No problem.”

The interior of the restaurant was dark, with a marble-topped bar running along one wall. No servers or waitstaff approached them as they made their way through the room to a door in the back, and through the door into the garden.

Many New York restaurants had garden terraces; few were open this late into the year. This one was in a courtyard between several buildings. The walls had been painted with trompe l’oeil murals showing Italian gardens full of flowers. The trees, their leaves turned gold and russet with the fall, were strung with chains of white lights, and heat lamps scattered between the tables gave off a reddish glow. A small fountain plashed musically in the center of the yard.

Only one table was occupied, and not by Raphael. A slim woman in a wide-brimmed hat sat at a table close to the wall. As Simon watched in puzzlement, she raised a hand and waved at him. He turned and looked behind him; there was, of course, no one there. Walker and Archer had started moving again; bemused, Simon followed them as they crossed the courtyard and stopped a few feet from where the woman sat.

Walker bowed deeply. “Master,” he said.

The woman smiled. “Walker,” she said. “And Archer. Very good. Thank you for bringing Simon to me.”

“Wait a second.” Simon looked from the woman to the two subjugates and back again. “You’re not Raphael.”

“Dear me, no.” The woman removed her hat. An enormous quantity of silvery blond hair, brilliant in the Christmas lights, spilled down over her shoulders. Her face was smooth and

white and oval, very beautiful, dominated by enormous pale green eyes. She wore long black gloves, a black silk blouse and pencil skirt, and a black scarf tied around her throat. It was impossible to tell her age—or at least what age she might have been when she'd been Turned into a vampire. "I am Camille Belcourt. Enchanted to meet you."

She held out a black-gloved hand.

"I was told I was meeting Raphael Santiago here," said Simon, not reaching to take it. "Do you work for him?"

Camille Belcourt laughed like a rippling fountain. "Most certainly not! Though once upon a time he worked for me."

And Simon remembered. *I thought the head vampire was someone else*, he had said to Raphael once, in Idris, it felt like forever ago.

Camille has not yet returned to us, Raphael had replied. *I lead in her stead*.

"You're the head vampire," Simon said. "Of the Manhattan clan." He turned back to the subjugates. "You tricked me. You told me I was meeting Raphael."

"I said you were meeting our master," said Mr. Walker. His eyes were vast and empty, so empty that Simon wondered if they had even meant to mislead him, or if they were simply programmed like robots to say whatever their master had told them to say, and were unaware of deviations from the script. "And here she is."

"Indeed." Camille flashed a brilliant smile toward her subjugates. "Please leave us, Walker, Archer. I need to speak to Simon alone." There was something about the way she said it—both his name, and the word "alone"—that was like a secret caress.

The subjugates bowed and withdrew. As Mr. Archer turned to walk away, Simon caught sight of a mark on the side of his throat, a deep bruise, so dark it looked like paint, with two darker spots inside it. The darker spots were punctures, ringed with dry, ragged flesh. Simon felt a quiet shudder pass through him.

“Please,” said Camille, and patted the seat beside her. “Sit. Would you like some wine?”

Simon sat, perching uncomfortably on the edge of the hard metal chair. “I don’t really drink.”

“Of course,” she said, all sympathy. “You’re barely a fledgling, aren’t you? Don’t worry too much. Over time you will train yourself to be able to consume wine and other beverages. Some of the oldest of our kind can consume human food with few ill effects.”

Few ill effects? Simon didn’t like the sound of that. “Is this going to take a long time?” he inquired, gazing pointedly down at his cell phone, which told him the time was after ten thirty. “I have to get home.”

Camille took a sip of her wine. “You do? And why is that?”

Because my mom is waiting up for me. Okay, there was no reason this woman needed to know that. “You interrupted my date,” he said. “I was just wondering what was so important.”

“You still live with your mother, don’t you?” she said, setting her glass down. “Rather odd, isn’t it, a powerful vampire like yourself refusing to leave home, to join with a clan?”

“So you interrupted my date to make fun of me for still living with my parents. Couldn’t you have done that on a night I didn’t have a date? That’s most nights, in case you’re curious.”

“I’m not mocking you, Simon.” She ran her tongue over her lower lip as if tasting the wine she had just drunk. “I want to know why you haven’t become part of Raphael’s clan.”

Which is the same as your clan, isn’t it? “I got the strong feeling he didn’t want me to be part of it,” Simon said. “He pretty much said he’d leave me alone if I left him alone. So I’ve left him alone.”

“*Have* you.” Her green eyes glowed.

“I never wanted to be a vampire,” Simon said, half-wondering why he was telling these things to this strange

woman. “I wanted a normal life. When I found out I was a Daylighter, I thought I could have one. Or at least some approximation of one. I can go to school, I can live at home, I can see my mom and sister—”

“As long as you don’t ever eat in front of them,” said Camille. “As long as you hide your need for blood. You have never fed on someone purely human, have you? Just bagged blood. Stale. Animal.” She wrinkled her nose.

Simon thought of Jace, and pushed the thought hastily away. Jace was not precisely *human*. “No, I haven’t.”

“You will. And when you do, you will not forget it.” She leaned forward, and her pale hair brushed across his hand. “You cannot hide your true self forever.”

“What teenager doesn’t lie to their parents?” Simon said. “Anyway, I don’t see why you care. In fact, I’m still not sure why I’m here.”

Camille leaned forward. When she did, the neckline of her black silk blouse gaped open. If Simon had still been human, he would have blushed. “Will you let me see it?”

Simon could actually feel his eyes pop out. “See *what*?”

She smiled. “The Mark, silly boy. The Mark of the Wanderer.”

Simon opened his mouth, then closed it again. *How does she know?* Very few people knew of the Mark that Clary had put on him in Idris. Raphael had indicated it was a matter for deadly secrecy, and Simon had treated it as such.

But Camille’s eyes were very green and steady, and for some reason he wanted to do what she wanted him to do. It was something about the way she looked at him, something in the music of her voice. He reached up and pushed his hair aside, baring his forehead for her inspection.

Her eyes widened, her lips parting. Lightly she touched her fingers to her throat, as if checking the nonexistent pulse there. “Oh,” she said. “How lucky you are, Simon. How fortunate.”

“It’s a curse,” he said. “Not a blessing. You know that, right?”

Her eyes sparked. “‘And Cain said unto the Lord, My punishment is greater than I can bear.’ Is it more than you can bear, Simon?”

Simon sat back, letting his hair fall back into place. “I can bear it.”

“But you don’t want to.” She ran a gloved finger around the rim of her wineglass, her eyes still fixed on him. “What if I could offer you a way to turn what you regard as a curse into an advantage?”

I’d say you’re finally getting to the reason you brought me here, which is a start. “I’m listening.”

“You recognized my name when I told it to you,” Camille said. “Raphael has mentioned me before, has he not?” She had an accent, very faint, that Simon couldn’t quite place.

“He said you were the head of the clan and he was just leading them while you were gone. Stepping in for you like—like a vice president or something.”

“Ah.” She bit gently on her lower lip. “That is, in fact, not quite true. I would like to tell you the truth, Simon. I would like to make you an offer. But first I must have your word on something.”

“And what’s that?”

“That everything that passes between us this night, here, remains a secret. No one can know. Not your redheaded little friend, Clary. Not either of your lady friends. None of the Light-woods. No one.”

Simon sat back. “And what if I don’t want to promise?”

“Then you may leave, if you like,” she said. “But then you will never know what I wished to tell you. And that will be a loss you will regret.”

“I’m curious,” Simon said. “But I’m not sure I’m that curious.”

Her eyes held a little spark of surprise and amusement and perhaps, Simon thought, even a little respect. “Nothing I have to say to you concerns them. It will not affect their safety, or their well-being. The secrecy is for my own protection.”

Simon looked at her suspiciously. Did she mean it? Vampires weren’t like faeries, who couldn’t lie. But he had to admit he was curious. “All right. I’ll keep your secret, unless I think something you say is putting my friends in danger. Then all bets are off.”

Her smile was frosty; he could tell she didn’t like being disbelieved. “Very well,” she said. “I suppose I have little choice when I need your help so badly.” She leaned forward, one slim hand toying with the stem of her wineglass. “Until quite recently I led the Manhattan clan, happily. We had beautiful quarters in an old prewar building on the Upper West Side, not that rat hole of a hotel Santiago keeps my people in now. Santiago—Raphael, as you call him—was my second in command. My most loyal companion—or so I thought. One night I found out that he was murdering humans, driving them to that old hotel in Spanish Harlem and drinking their blood for his amusement. Leaving their bones in the Dumpster outside. Taking stupid risks, breaking Covenant Law.” She took a sip of wine. “When I went to confront him, I realized he had told the rest of the clan that I was the murderer, the lawbreaker. It was all a setup. He meant to kill me, so that he might seize power. I fled, with only Walker and Archer to keep me safe.”

“So all this time he’s claimed he’s just leading until you return?”

She made a face. “Santiago is an accomplished liar. He wishes me to return, that’s for certain—so he can murder me and take charge of the clan in earnest.”

Simon wasn’t sure what she wanted to hear. He wasn’t used to adult women looking at him with big tear-filled eyes, or spilling out their life stories to him.

“I’m sorry,” he said finally.

She shrugged, a very expressive shrug that made him wonder if perhaps her accent was French. "It is in the past," she said. "I have been hiding out in London all this time, looking for allies, biding my time. Then I heard about you." She held up her hand. "I cannot tell you how; I am sworn to secrecy. But the moment I did, I realized that you were what I had been waiting for."

"I was? I am?"

She leaned forward and touched his hand. "Raphael is afraid of you, Simon, as well he should be. You are one of his own, a vampire, but you cannot be harmed or killed; he cannot lift a finger against you without bringing down God's wrath on his head."

There was a silence. Simon could hear the soft electrical hum of the Christmas lights overhead, the water plashing in the stone fountain in the center of the courtyard, the buzz and hum of the city. When he spoke, his voice was soft. "You said it."

"What was that, Simon?"

"The word. The wrath of—" The word bit and burned in his mouth, just as it always did.

"Yes. *God*." She retracted her hand, but her eyes were warm. "There are many secrets of our kind, so many that I can tell you, show you. You will learn you are not damned."

"Ma'am—"

"Camille. You must call me Camille."

"I still don't understand what you want from me."

"Don't you?" She shook her head, and her brilliant hair flew around her face. "I want you to join with me, Simon. Join with me against Santiago. We will walk together into his rat-infested hotel; the moment his followers see that you are with me, they will leave him and come to me. I believe they are loyal to me beneath their fear of him. Once they see us together, that fear will be gone, and they will come to our side. Man cannot contend with the divine."

“I don’t know,” Simon said. “In the Bible, Jacob wrestled an angel, and he won.”

Camille looked at him with her eyebrows arched.

Simon shrugged. “Hebrew school.”

““And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel: for I have seen God face to face.’ You see, you are not the only one who knows your scripture.” Her narrow look was gone, and she was smiling. “You may not realize it, Daylighter, but as long as you bear that Mark, you are the avenging arm of heaven. No one can stand before you. Certainly not one vampire.”

“Are you afraid of me?” Simon asked.

He was almost instantly sorry he had. Her green eyes darkened like thunderclouds. “Me, afraid of you?” Then she collected herself, her face smoothing, her expression lightening. “Of course not,” she said. “You are an intelligent man. I am convinced you will see the wisdom of my proposal and join with me.”

“And what exactly is your proposal? I mean, I understand the part where we face down Raphael, but after that? I don’t really hate Raphael, or want to get rid of him just to get rid of him. He leaves me alone. That’s all I ever wanted.”

She folded her hands together in front of her. She wore a silver ring with a blue stone in it on her left middle finger, over the material of her glove. “You think that is what you want, Simon. You think Raphael is doing you a favor in leaving you alone, as you put it. In reality he is exiling you. Right now you think you do not need others of your kind. You are content with the friends you have—humans and Shadowhunters. You are content to hide bottles of blood in your room and lie to your mother about what you are.”

“How did you—”

She went on, ignoring him. “But what about in ten years, when you are supposed to be twenty-six? In twenty years? Thirty? Do you think no one will notice that as they age and change, you do not?”

Simon said nothing. He didn't want to admit he hadn't thought ahead that far. That he didn't want to think ahead that far.

"Raphael has taught you that other vampires are poison to you. But it does not need to be that way. Eternity is a long time to spend alone, without others of your kind. Others who understand. You befriend Shadowhunters, but you can never be of them. You will always be other and outside. With us you could belong." As she leaned forward, white light sparked off her ring, stinging Simon's eyes. "We have thousands of years of knowledge we could share with you, Simon. You could learn how to keep your secret; how to eat and drink, how to speak the name of God. Raphael has cruelly hidden this information from you, even led you to believe it doesn't exist. It does. I can help you."

"If I help you first," Simon said.

She smiled, and her teeth were white and sharp. "We will help each other."

Simon leaned back. The iron chair was hard and uncomfortable, and he suddenly felt tired. Looking down at his hands, he could see that the veins had darkened, spidering across the backs of his knuckles. He needed blood. He needed to talk to Clary. He needed time to think.

"I've shocked you," she said. "I know. It is a great deal to take in. I would be happy to give you as much time as you needed to make up your mind about this, and about me. But we don't have much time, Simon. While I remain in this city, I am in danger from Raphael and his cohorts."

"Cohorts?" Despite everything, Simon grinned slightly.

Camille seemed baffled. "Yes?"

"Well, it's just . . . 'Cohorts.' It's like saying 'evildoers' or 'minions.'" She stared at him blankly. Simon sighed. "Sorry. You probably haven't seen as many bad movies as I have."

Camille frowned faintly, a very fine line appearing between her brows. "I was told you would be slightly peculiar. Perhaps it is just that I don't know many vampires of your generation.

But that will be good for me, I feel, to be around someone so . . . young.”

“New blood,” said Simon.

At that she did smile. “Are you ready, then? To accept my offer? To begin to work together?”

Simon looked up at the sky. The strings of white lights seemed to blot out the stars. “Look,” he said, “I appreciate your offer. I really do.” *Crap*, he thought. There had to be some way to say this without him sounding like he was turning down a date to the prom. *I’m really, really flattered you asked, but . . .* Camille, like Raphael, always spoke stiffly, formally, as if she were in a fairy tale. Maybe he could try that. He said, “I require some time to make my decision. I’m sure you understand.”

Very delicately, she smiled, showing only the tips of her fangs. “Five days,” she said. “And no longer.” She held out her gloved hand to him. Something gleamed in her palm. It was a small glass vial, the size that might hold a perfume sample, only it appeared to be full of brownish powder. “Grave dirt,” she explained. “Smash this, and I will know you are summoning me. If you do not summon me within five days I will send Walker for your answer.”

Simon took the vial and slipped it into his pocket. “And if the answer is no?”

“Then I will be disappointed. But we will part friends.” She pushed her wineglass away. “Good-bye, Simon.”

Simon stood up. The chair made a metallic squeaking sound as it dragged over the ground, too loud. He felt like he should say something else, but he had no idea what. For the moment, though, he seemed to be dismissed. He decided that he’d rather look like one of those weird modern vampires with bad manners than risk getting dragged back into the conversation. He left without saying anything else.

On his way back through the restaurant, he passed Walker and Archer, who were standing by the big wooden bar, their shoulders hunched under their long gray coats. He felt the

force of their glares on him as he walked by and wiggled his fingers at them—a gesture somewhere between a friendly wave and a kiss-off. Archer bared his teeth—flat human teeth—and stalked past him toward the garden, Walker on his heels. Simon watched as they took their places in chairs across from Camille; she didn't look up as they seated themselves, but the white lights that had illuminated the garden went out suddenly—not one by one but all at the same time—leaving Simon staring at a disorienting square of darkness, as if someone had switched off the stars. By the time the waiters noticed and hurried outside to rectify the problem, flooding the garden with pale light once again, Camille and her human subjugates had vanished.



Simon unlocked the front door of his house—one of a long chain of identical brick-fronted row houses that lined his Brooklyn block—and pushed it open slightly, listening hard.

He had told his mother he was going out to practice with Eric and his other bandmates for a gig on Saturday. There had been a time when she simply would have believed him, and that would have been that; Elaine Lewis had always been a relaxed parent, never imposing a curfew on either Simon or his sister or insisting that they be home early on school nights. Simon was used to staying out until all hours with Clary, letting himself in with his key, and collapsing into bed at two in the morning, behavior that hadn't excited much comment from his mother.

Things were different now. He had been in Idris, the Shadowhunters' home country, for almost two weeks. He had vanished from home, with no chance to offer an excuse or explanation. The warlock Magnus Bane had stepped in and performed a memory spell on Simon's mother so that she now had no recollection that he had been missing at all. Or at least, no *conscious* recollection. Her behavior had changed, though. She was suspicious now, hovering, always watching him, insisting he be home at certain times. The last time he had come home from a date with Maia, he had found Elaine in the

foyer, sitting in a chair facing the door, her arms crossed over her chest and a look of barely tempered rage on her face.

That night, he'd been able to hear her breathing before he'd seen her. Now he could hear only the faint sound of the television coming from the living room. She must have waited up for him, probably watching a marathon of one of those hospital dramas she loved. Simon swung the door closed behind him and leaned against it, trying to gather his energy to lie.

It was hard enough not eating around his family. Thankfully his mother went to work early and got back late, and Rebecca, who went to college in New Jersey and only came home occasionally to do her laundry, wasn't around often enough to notice anything odd. His mom was usually gone in the morning by the time he got up, the breakfast and lunch she'd lovingly prepared for him left out on the kitchen counter. He'd dump it into a trash bin on his way to school. Dinner was tougher. On the nights she was there, he had to push his food around his plate, pretend he wasn't hungry or that he wanted to take his food into his bedroom so he could eat while studying. Once or twice he'd forced the food down, just to make her happy, and spent hours in the bathroom afterward, sweating and retching until it was out of his system.

He hated having to lie to her. He'd always felt a little sorry for Clary, with her fraught relationship with Jocelyn, the most overprotective parent he'd ever known. Now the shoe was on the other foot. Since Valentine's death, Jocelyn's grip on Clary had relaxed to the point where she was practically a normal parent. Meanwhile, whenever Simon was home, he could feel the weight of his mother's gaze on him, like an accusation wherever he went.

Squaring his shoulders, he dropped his messenger bag by the door and headed into the living room to face the music. The TV was on, the news blaring. The local announcer was reporting on a human interest story—a baby found abandoned in an alley behind a hospital downtown. Simon was surprised; his mom hated the news. She found it depressing. He glanced toward the couch, and his surprise faded. His mother was

asleep, her glasses on the table beside her, a half-empty glass on the floor. Simon could smell it from here—probably whiskey. He felt a pang. His mom hardly ever drank.

Simon went into his mother's bedroom and returned with a crocheted blanket. His mom was still asleep, her breathing slow and even. Elaine Lewis was a tiny, birdlike woman, with a halo of black curling hair, streaked with gray that she refused to dye. She worked during the day for an environmental nonprofit, and most of her clothes had animal motifs on them. Right now she was wearing a dress tie-dye printed with dolphins and waves, and a pin that had once been a live fish, dipped in resin. Its lacquered eye seemed to glare at Simon accusingly as he bent to tuck the blanket around her shoulders.

She moved, fitfully, turning her head away from him. "Simon," she whispered. "Simon, where are you?"

Stricken, Simon let go of the blanket and stood up. Maybe he should wake her up, let her know he was okay. But then there would be questions he didn't want to answer and that hurt look on her face he couldn't stand. He turned and went into his bedroom.

He had thrown himself down onto the covers and grabbed for the phone on his bedside table, about to dial Clary's number, before he even thought about it. He paused for a moment, listening to the dial tone. He couldn't tell her about Camille; he'd promised to keep the vampire's offer a secret, and while Simon didn't feel he owed Camille much, if there was one thing he had learned from the past few months, it was that reneging on promises made to supernatural creatures was a bad idea. Still, he wanted to hear Clary's voice, the way he always did when he'd had a tough day. Well, there was always complaining to her about his love life; that seemed to amuse her no end. Rolling over in bed, he pulled the pillow over his head and dialed Clary's number.

2

FALLING

“So, did you have fun with Isabelle tonight?” Clary, her phone jammed against her ear, maneuvered herself carefully from one long beam to another. The beams were set twenty feet up in the rafters of the Institute’s attic, where the training room was located. Walking the beams was meant to teach you how to balance. Clary hated them. Her fear of heights made the whole business sickening, despite the flexible cord tied around her waist that was supposed to keep her from hitting the floor if she fell. “Have you told her about Maia yet?”

Simon made a faint, noncommittal noise that Clary knew meant “no.” She could hear music in the background; she could picture him lying on his bed, the stereo playing softly as he talked to her. He sounded tired, that sort of bone-deep tired she knew meant that his light tone didn’t reflect his mood. She’d asked him if he was all right several times at the beginning of the conversation, but he’d brushed away her concern.

She snorted. “You’re playing with fire, Simon. I hope you know that.”

“I don’t know. Do you really think it’s such a big deal?” Simon sounded plaintive. “I haven’t had a single conversation with Isabelle—or Maia—about dating exclusively.”

“Let me tell you something about girls.” Clary sat down on a beam, letting her legs dangle out into the air. The attic’s half-moon windows were open, and cool night air spilled in, chilling her sweaty skin. She had always thought the Shadowhunters trained in their tough, leatherlike gear, but as it turned out, that was for later training, which involved weapons. For the sort of training she was doing—exercises

meant to increase her flexibility, speed, and sense of balance—she wore a light tank top and drawstring pants that reminded her of medical scrubs. “Even if you haven’t had the exclusivity conversation, they’re still going to be mad if they find out you’re dating someone they know and you haven’t mentioned it. It’s a dating rule.”

“Well, how am I supposed to know that rule?”

“Everyone knows that rule.”

“I thought you were supposed to be on my side.”

“I am on your side!”

“So why aren’t you being more sympathetic?”

Clary switched the phone to her other ear and peered down into the shadows below her. Where was Jace? He’d gone to get another rope and said he’d be back in five minutes. Of course, if he caught her on the phone up here, he’d probably kill her. He was rarely in charge of her training—that was usually Maryse, Kadir, or various other members of the New York Conclave pinch-hitting until a replacement for the Institute’s previous tutor, Hodge, could be found—but when he was, he took it very seriously. “Because,” she said, “your problems are not real problems. You’re dating two beautiful girls at once. Think about it. That’s like . . . rock-star problems.”

“Having rock-star problems may be the closest I ever get to being an actual rock star.”

“No one told you to call your band Salacious Mold, my friend.”

“We’re Millennium Lint now,” Simon protested.

“Look, just figure this out before the wedding. If they both think they’re going to it with you and they find out at the wedding that you’re dating them both, they’ll kill you.” She stood up. “And then my mom’s wedding will be ruined, and she’ll kill you. So you’ll be dead twice. Well, three times, technically . . .”

“I never told either of them I was going to the wedding with them!” Simon sounded panicked.

“Yes, but they’re going to expect you to. That’s why girls have boyfriends. So you have someone to take you to boring functions.” Clary moved out to the edge of the beam, looking down into the witchlight-illuminated shadows below. There was an old training circle chalked on the floor; it looked like a bull’s-eye. “Anyway, I have to jump off this beam now and possibly hurtle to my horrible death. I’ll talk to you tomorrow.”

“I’ve got band practice at two, remember? I’ll see you there.”

“See you.” She hung up and stuck the phone into her bra; the light training clothes didn’t have any pockets, so what was a girl to do?

“So, are you planning to stay up there all night?” Jace stepped into the center of the bull’s-eye and looked up at her. He was wearing fighting gear, not training clothes like Clary was, and his fair hair stood out startlingly against the black. It had darkened slightly since the end of summer and was more a dark gold than light, which, Clary thought, suited him even better. It made her absurdly happy that she had now known him long enough to notice small changes in his appearance.

“I thought you were coming up here,” she called down. “Change of plans?”

“Long story.” He grinned up at her. “So? You want to practice flips?”

Clary sighed. Practicing flips involved flinging herself off the beam into empty space, and using the flexible cord to hold her while she pushed off the walls and flipped herself over and under, teaching herself to whirl, kick, and duck without worrying about hard floors and bruises. She’d seen Jace do it, and he looked like a falling angel while he did, flying through the air, whirling and spinning with beautiful, balletic grace. She, on the other hand, curled up like a potato bug as soon as the floor approached, and the fact that she intellectually knew she wasn’t going to hit it didn’t seem to make any difference.

She was starting to wonder if it didn’t matter that she’d been born a Shadowhunter; maybe it was too late for her to be

made into one, or at least a fully functional one. Or maybe the gift that made her and Jace what they were had been somehow distributed unequally between them, so he had gotten all the physical grace, and she had gotten—well, not a lot of it.

“Come on, Clary,” Jace said. “Jump.” She closed her eyes and jumped. For a moment she felt herself hang suspended, free of everything. Then gravity took over, and she plunged toward the floor. Instinctively she pulled her arms and legs in, keeping her eyes squeezed shut. The cord pulled taut and she rebounded, flying back up before falling again. As her velocity slowed, she opened her eyes and found herself dangling at the end of the cord, about five feet above Jace. He was grinning.

“Nice,” he said. “As graceful as a falling snowflake.”

“Was I screaming?” she asked, genuinely curious. “You know, on the way down.”

He nodded. “Thankfully no one’s home, or they would have assumed I was murdering you.”

“Ha. You can’t even reach me.” She kicked out a leg and spun lazily in midair.

Jace’s eyes glinted. “Want to bet?”

Clary knew that expression. “No,” she said quickly. “Whatever you’re going to do—”

But he’d already done it. When Jace moved fast, his individual movements were almost invisible. She saw his hand go to his belt, and then something flashed in the air. She heard the sound of parting fabric as the cord above her head was sheared through. Released, she fell freely, too surprised to scream—directly into Jace’s arms. The force knocked him backward, and they sprawled together onto one of the padded floor mats, Clary on top of him. He grinned up at her.

“Now,” he said, “that was much better. You didn’t scream at all.”

“I didn’t get the chance.” She was breathless, and not just from the impact of the fall. Being sprawled on top of Jace, feeling his body against hers, made her hands shake and her heart beat faster. She had thought maybe her physical reaction

to him—their reactions to each other—would fade with familiarity, but that hadn't happened. If anything, it had gotten worse the more time she'd spent with him—or better, she supposed, depending on how you thought about it.

He was looking up at her with dark golden eyes; she wondered if their color had intensified since his encounter with Raziel, the Angel, by the shores of Lake Lyn in Idris. She couldn't ask anyone: Though everyone knew that Valentine had summoned the Angel, and that the Angel had healed Jace from injuries Valentine had inflicted on him, no one but Clary and Jace knew that Valentine had done more than just injure his adopted son. He had stabbed Jace through the heart as part of the summoning ceremony—stabbed him, and held him while he died. At Clary's wish Raziel had brought Jace back from death. The enormity of it still shocked Clary, and, she suspected, Jace as well. They had agreed never to tell anyone that Jace had actually *died*, even for a brief time. It was their secret.

He reached up and pushed her hair back from her face. "I'm joking," he said. "You're not so bad. You'll get there. You should have seen Alec do flips at first. I think he kicked himself in the head once."

"Sure," said Clary. "But he was probably eleven." She eyed him. "I suppose you've always been amazing at this stuff."

"I was born amazing." He stroked her cheek with the tips of his fingers, lightly but enough to make her shiver. She said nothing; he was joking, but in a sense it was true. Jace had been born to be what he was. "How long can you stay tonight?"

She smiled a little. "Are we done with training?"

"I'd like to think that we're done with the part of the evening where it's absolutely required. Although there are a few things I'd like to practice. . . ." He reached up to pull her down, but at that moment the door opened, and Isabelle came stalking in, the high heels of her boots clicking on the polished hardwood floor.

Catching sight of Jace and Clary sprawled on the floor, she raised her eyebrows. “Canoodling, I see. I thought you were supposed to be training.”

“No one said you had to walk in without knocking, Iz.” Jace didn’t move, just turned his head to the side to look at Isabelle with a mixture of annoyance and affection. Clary, though, scrambled to her feet, straightening her crumpled clothes.

“It’s the training room. It’s public space.” Isabelle was pulling off one of her gloves, which were bright red velvet. “I just got these at Trash and Vaudeville. On sale. Don’t you love them? Don’t you wish you had a pair?” She wiggled her fingers in their direction.

“I don’t know,” said Jace. “I think they’d clash with my gear.”

Isabelle made a face at him. “Did you hear about the dead Shadowhunter they found in Brooklyn? The body was all mangled up, so they don’t know who it is yet. I assume that’s where Mom went.”

“Yeah,” said Jace, sitting up. “Clave meeting. I ran into her on the way out.”

“You didn’t tell me that,” said Clary. “Is that why you took so long getting rope?”

He nodded. “Sorry. I didn’t want to freak you out.”

“He means,” said Isabelle, “he didn’t want to spoil the romantic mood.” She bit her lip. “I just hope it wasn’t anyone we know.”

“I don’t think it could have been. The body was dumped in an abandoned factory—had been there for several days. If it had been someone we knew, we would have noticed they were missing.” Jace pushed his hair back behind his ears. He was looking at Isabelle a little impatiently, Clary thought, as if he were annoyed she’d brought this up. She wished he’d told her earlier, even if it would have spoiled the mood. Much of what he did, what they all did, Clary knew, brought them into frequent contact with the reality of death. All the Lightwoods

were, in their own ways, still grieving the loss of the youngest son, Max, who had died simply for being in the wrong place at the wrong time. It was strange. Jace had accepted her decision to leave high school and take up training without a murmur, but he shied away from discussing the dangers of a Shadowhunting life with her.

“I’m going to get dressed,” she announced, and headed for the door that led to the small changing room attached to the training area. It was very plain: pale wood walls, a mirror, a shower, and hooks for clothes. Towels were stacked neatly on a wooden bench by the door. Clary showered quickly and put on her street clothes—tights, boots, jean skirt, and a new pink sweater. Looking at herself in the mirror, she saw that there was a hole in her tights, and her damp and curling red hair was an untidy tangle. She would never look perfectly put together like Isabelle always did, but Jace didn’t seem to mind.

By the time she came back to the training room, Isabelle and Jace had left the topic of dead Shadowhunters behind and had moved on to something Jace apparently found even more horrifying—Isabelle’s date with Simon. “I can’t believe he took you to an actual restaurant.” Jace was on his feet now, putting away the floor mats and training gear while Isabelle leaned against the wall and played with her new gloves. “I assumed his idea of a date would be making you watch him play World of Warcraft with his nerd friends.”

“I,” Clary pointed out, “am one of his nerd friends, thank you.”

Jace grinned at her.

“It wasn’t really a restaurant. More of a diner. With pink soup that he wanted me to try,” Isabelle said thoughtfully. “He was very sweet.”

Clary felt instantly guilty for not telling her—or Jace—about Maia. “He said you had fun.”

Isabelle’s gaze flickered over to her. There was a peculiar quality to Isabelle’s expression, as if she were hiding something, but it was gone before Clary could be sure it had been there at all. “You talked to him?”

“Yeah, he called me a few minutes ago. Just to check in.” Clary shrugged.

“I see,” Isabelle said, her voice suddenly brisk and cool. “Well, as I said, he’s very sweet. But maybe a bit *too* sweet. That can be boring.” She stuffed her gloves into her pockets. “Anyway, it isn’t a permanent thing. It’s just playing around for now.”

Clary’s guilt faded. “Have you guys ever talked about, you know, dating exclusively?”

Isabelle looked horrified. “Of course not.” She yawned then, stretching her arms catlike over her head. “Okay, off to bed. See you later, lovebirds.”

She departed, leaving a hazy cloud of jasmine perfume in her wake.

Jace looked over at Clary. He had started unbuckling his gear, which clasped at the wrists and back, forming a protective shell over his clothes. “I suppose you have to go home?”

She nodded reluctantly. Getting her mother to agree to let her pursue Shadowhunter training had been a long, unpleasant argument in the first place. Jocelyn had dug her heels in, saying that she’d spent her life trying to keep Clary out of the Shadowhunter culture, which she saw as dangerous—not just violent, she argued, but isolationist and cruel. Only a year ago, she pointed out to Clary, Clary’s decision to be trained as a Shadowhunter would have meant she could never speak to her mother again. Clary argued back that the fact that the Clave had suspended rules like that while the new Council reviewed the Laws meant that the Clave had changed since Jocelyn had been a girl, and anyway, Clary needed to know how to defend herself.

“I hope this isn’t just because of Jace,” Jocelyn had said finally. “I know how it is when you’re in love with someone. You want to be where they are and do what they do, but Clary —”

“I am not you,” Clary had said, struggling to control her anger, “the Shadowhunters aren’t the Circle, and Jace isn’t Valentine.”

“I didn’t say anything about Valentine.”

“It’s what you were thinking,” Clary had said. “Maybe Valentine brought Jace up, but Jace isn’t anything like him.”

“Well, I hope not,” Jocelyn had said softly. “For all our sakes.” Eventually she had given in, but with some rules:

Clary wasn’t to live in the Institute but with her mother at Luke’s; Jocelyn got weekly progress reports from Maryse to assure her that Clary was learning and not just, Clary supposed, ogling Jace all day, or whatever she was worried about. And Clary wasn’t to spend the night at the Institute—ever. “No sleepovers where your boyfriend lives,” Jocelyn had said firmly. “I don’t care if it is the Institute. No.”

Boyfriend. It was still a shock, hearing the word. For so long it had seemed a total impossibility that Jace would ever be her boyfriend, that they could ever be anything to each other at all but brother and sister, and that had been too hard and horrible to face. Never seeing each other again, they had decided, would have been better than that, and that would have been like dying. And then, by a miracle, they had been set free. Now it had been six weeks, but Clary wasn’t tired of the word yet.

“I have to get home,” she said. “It’s almost eleven, and my mom freaks if I stay here past ten.”

“All right.” Jace dropped his gear, or at least the top half of it, onto the bench. He wore a thin T-shirt underneath; Clary could see his Marks through it, like ink bleeding through wet paper. “I’ll walk you out.”

The Institute was quiet as they passed through. There were no visiting Shadowhunters from other cities staying right now. Robert, Isabelle and Alec’s father, was in Idris helping set up the new Council, and with Hodge and Max gone forever, and Alec away with Magnus, Clary felt as if the remaining occupants were like guests in a mostly empty hotel. She

wished other members of the Conclave would come around more often, but she supposed everyone was giving the Lightwoods time at the moment. Time to remember Max, and time to forget.

“So have you heard from Alec and Magnus lately?” she asked. “Are they having a good time?”

“Sounds like it.” Jace took his phone out of his pocket and handed it to her. “Alec keeps sending me annoying photos. Lots of captions like *Wish you were here, except not really.*”

“Well, you can’t blame him. It’s supposed to be a romantic vacation.” She flipped through the photos on Jace’s phone and giggled. Alec and Magnus standing in front of the Eiffel Tower, Alec wearing jeans as usual and Magnus wearing a striped fisherman’s sweater, leather pants, and an insane beret. In the Boboli Gardens, Alec was still wearing jeans, and Magnus was wearing an enormous Venetian cloak and a gondolier’s hat. He looked like the Phantom of the Opera. In front of the Prado he was wearing a sparkling matador jacket and platform boots, while Alec appeared to be calmly feeding a pigeon in the background.

“I’m taking that away from you before you get to the India part,” said Jace, retrieving his phone. “Magnus in a sari. Some things you don’t ever forget.”

Clary laughed. They had already reached the elevator, which opened its rattling gate when Jace pushed the call button. She stepped inside, and Jace followed her. The moment the elevator started down—Clary didn’t think she’d ever get used to the initial heart-stopping lurch as it began its descent—he moved toward Clary in the dimness, and drew her close. She put her hands against his chest, feeling the hard muscles under his T-shirt, the beat of his heart beneath them. In the shadowy light his eyes shone. “I’m sorry I can’t stay,” she whispered.

“Don’t be sorry.” There was a ragged edge to his voice that surprised her. “Jocelyn doesn’t want you to turn out like me. I don’t blame her for that.”

“Jace,” she said, a little bewildered by the bitterness in his voice, “are you all right?”

Instead of answering he kissed her, pulling her hard against him. His body pressed hers against the wall, the metal of the mirror cold against her back, his hands sliding around her waist, up under her sweater. She always loved the way he held her. Careful, but not too gentle, not so gentle that she ever felt he was more in control than she was. Neither of them could control how they felt about each other, and she liked that, liked the way his heart hammered against hers, liked the way he murmured against her mouth when she kissed him back.

The elevator came to a rattling stop, and the gate opened. Beyond it, she could see the empty nave of the cathedral, light shimmering in a line of candelabras down the center aisle. She clung to Jace, glad there was very little light in the elevator so she couldn’t see her own burning face in the mirror.

“Maybe I can stay,” she whispered. “Just a little while longer.”

He said nothing. She could feel the tension in him, and tensed herself. It was more than just the tension of desire. He was shaking, his whole body trembling as he buried his face in the crook of her neck.

“Jace,” she said.

He let go of her then, suddenly, and stepped back. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes fever-bright. “No,” he said. “I don’t want to give your mother another reason not to like me. She already thinks I’m the second coming of my father—”

He broke off, before Clary could say, *Valentine wasn’t your father*. Jace was usually so careful to refer to Valentine Morgenstern by name, never as “my father”—when he mentioned Valentine at all. Usually they stayed away from the topic, and Clary had never admitted to Jace that her mother worried that he was secretly just like Valentine, knowing that even the suggestion would hurt him badly. Mostly Clary just did everything she could to keep the two of them apart.

He reached past her before she could say anything, and yanked open the elevator gate. "I love you, Clary," he said without looking at her. He was staring out into the church, at the rows of lighted candles, their gold reflected in his eyes. "More than I ever—" He broke off. "God. More than I probably should. You know that, don't you?"

She stepped outside the elevator and turned to face him. There were a thousand things she wanted to say, but he was already looking away from her, pushing the button that would bring the elevator back up to the Institute floors. She started to protest, but the elevator was already moving, the doors closing as it rattled its way back up. They shut with a click, and she stared at them for a moment; the Angel was painted on their surface, wings outspread, eyes raised. The Angel was painted on everything.

Her voice echoed harshly in the empty room when she spoke. "I love you, too," she said.

3

SEVENFOLD

“You know what’s awesome?” said Eric, setting down his drumsticks. “Having a vampire in our band. This is the thing that’s really going to take us over the top.”

Kirk, lowering the microphone, rolled his eyes. Eric was always talking about taking the band over the top, and so far nothing had ever actually materialized. The best they’d ever done was a gig at the Knitting Factory, and only four people had come to that. And one of them had been Simon’s mom. “I don’t see how it can take us over the top if we’re not allowed to tell anyone he’s a vampire.”

“Too bad,” said Simon. He was sitting on one of the speakers, next to Clary, who was engrossed in texting someone, probably Jace. “No one’s going to believe you anyway, because look—here I am. Daylight.” He raised his arms to indicate the sunlight pouring through the holes in the roof of Eric’s garage, which was their current practice space.

“That does somewhat impact our credibility,” said Matt, pushing his bright red hair out of his eyes and squinting at Simon. “Maybe you could wear fake fangs.”

“He doesn’t need fake fangs,” said Clary irritably, lowering her phone. “He has real fangs. You’ve seen them.”

This was true. Simon had had to whip out the fangs when initially breaking the news to the band. At first they’d thought he’d had a head injury, or a mental breakdown. After he’d flashed the fangs at them, they’d come around. Eric had even admitted that he wasn’t particularly surprised. “I always knew there were vampires, dude,” he’d said. “Because, you know how there’s people you know who, like, always look the same,

even when they're, like, a hundred years old? Like David Bowie? That's because they're vampires."

Simon had drawn the line at telling them that Clary and Isabelle were Shadowhunters. That wasn't his secret to tell. Nor did they know that Maia was a werewolf. They just thought that Maia and Isabelle were two hot girls who had both inexplicably agreed to date Simon. They put this down to what Kirk called his "sexy vampire mojo." Simon didn't really care what they called it, as long as they never slipped up and told Maia and Isabelle about each other. So far he'd managed to successfully invite them each to alternate gigs, so they never showed up at the same one at the same time.

"Maybe you could show the fangs onstage?" Eric suggested. "Just, like, once, dude. Flash 'em at the crowd."

"If he did that, the leader of the New York City vampire clan would kill you all," Clary said. "You know that, right?" She shook her head in Simon's direction. "I can't believe you told them you're a vampire," she added, lowering her voice so only Simon could hear her. "They're idiots, in case you haven't noticed."

"They're my friends," Simon muttered.

"They're your friends, *and* they're idiots."

"I want people I care about to know the truth about me."

"Oh?" Clary said, not very kindly. "So when are you going to tell your mother?"

Before Simon could reply, there was a loud rap on the garage door, and a moment later it slid up, letting more autumn sunlight pour inside. Simon looked over, blinking. It was a reflex, really, left over from when he had been human. It no longer took his eyes more than a split second to adjust to darkness or light.

There was a boy standing at the garage entrance, backlit by bright sun. He held a piece of paper in his hand. He looked down at it uncertainly, and then back up at the band. "Hey," he said. "Is this where I can find the band Dangerous Stain?"

“We’re Dichotomous Lemur now,” said Eric, stepping forward. “Who wants to know?”

“I’m Kyle,” said the boy, ducking under the garage door. Straightening up, he flipped back the brown hair that fell into his eyes and held out his piece of paper to Eric. “I saw you were looking for a lead singer.”

“Whoa,” said Matt. “We put that flyer up, like, a year ago. I totally forgot about it.”

“Yeah,” said Eric. “We were doing some different stuff back then. Now we mostly switch off on vocals. You have experience?”

Kyle—who was very tall, Simon saw, though not at all gangly—shrugged. “Not really. But I’m told I can sing.” He had a slow, slightly drawling diction, more surfer than Southern.

The members of the band looked uncertainly at one another. Eric scratched behind his ear. “Can you give us a second, dude?”

“Sure.” Kyle ducked back out of the garage, sliding the door closed behind him. Simon could hear him whistling faintly outside. It sounded like “She’ll Be Comin’ Round the Mountain.” It wasn’t particularly in tune, either.

“I dunno,” Eric said. “I’m not sure we can use anyone new right now. ’Cause, I mean, we can’t tell him about the vampire thing, can we?”

“No,” said Simon. “You can’t.”

“Well, then.” Matt shrugged. “It’s too bad. We need a singer. Kirk sucks. No offense, Kirk.”

“Screw you,” said Kirk. “I do not suck.”

“Yes, you do,” said Matt. “You suck big, hairy—”

“I think,” Clary interrupted, raising her voice, “that you should let him try out.”

Simon stared at her. “Why?”

“Because he is superhot,” Clary said, to Simon’s surprise. He hadn’t been enormously struck by Kyle’s looks, but then, perhaps he wasn’t the best judge of male beauty. “And your band needs some sex appeal.”

“Thank you,” said Simon. “On behalf of us all, thank you very much.”

Clary made an impatient noise. “Yes, yes, you’re all fine-looking guys. Especially you, Simon.” She patted his hand. “But Kyle is hot like ‘whoa.’ I’m just saying. My objective opinion as a female is that if you add Kyle to your band, you will double your female fan base.”

“Which means we’ll have two female fans instead of one,” said Kirk.

“Which one?” Matt looked genuinely curious.

“Eric’s little cousin’s friend. What’s her name? The one who has a crush on Simon. She comes to all our gigs and tells everyone she’s his girlfriend.”

Simon winced. “She’s thirteen.”

“That’s your sexy vampire mojo at work, man,” said Matt. “The ladies cannot resist you.”

“Oh, for God’s sake,” said Clary. “There is no such thing as sexy vampire mojo.” She pointed a finger at Eric. “And don’t even say that Sexy Vampire Mojo sounds like a band name, or I’ll—”

The garage door swung back up. “Uh, dudes?” It was Kyle again. “Look, if you don’t want me to try out, it’s cool. Maybe you changed your sound, whatever. Just say the word, and I’m out.”

Eric cocked his head to the side. “Come on in and let’s get a look at you.”

Kyle stepped into the garage. Simon stared at him, trying to gauge what it was that had made Clary say he was hot. He was tall and broad-shouldered and slim, with high cheekbones, longish brown hair that tumbled over his forehead and down his neck in curls, and brown skin that hadn’t lost its summery

tan yet. His long, thick eyelashes over startling hazel-green eyes made him look like a pretty-boy rock star. He wore a fitted green T-shirt and jeans, and twining both his bare arms were tattoos—not Marks, just ordinary tattoos. They looked like scrolling script winding around his skin, disappearing up the sleeves of his shirt.

Okay, Simon had to admit. He wasn't hideous.

"You know," Kirk said finally, breaking the silence. "I see it. He *is* pretty hot."

Kyle blinked and turned to Eric. "So, do you want me to sing or not?"

Eric detached the mike from its stand and handed it to him. "Go ahead," he said. "Give it a try."



"You know, he was really pretty good," Clary said. "I was kind of kidding about including Kyle in the band, but he can actually sing."

They were walking along Kent Avenue, toward Luke's house. The sky had darkened from blue to gray in preparation for twilight, and clouds hung low over the East River. Clary was trailing one of her gloved hands along the chain-link fence that separated them from the cracked concrete embankment, making the metal rattle.

"You're just saying that because you think he's hot," said Simon.

She dimpled. "Not that hot. Not, like, the hottest guy I've ever seen." Which, Simon imagined, would be Jace, though she was nice enough not to say it. "But I thought it would be a good idea to have him in the band, honestly. If Eric and the rest of them can't tell *him* you're a vampire, they can't tell everyone else, either. Hopefully it'll put an end to that stupid idea." They were nearly at Luke's house; Simon could see it across the street, the windows lit up yellow against the coming dark. Clary paused at a gap in the fence. "Remember when we killed a bunch of Raum demons here?"

“You and Jace killed some Raum demons. I almost threw up.” Simon remembered, but his mind wasn’t on it; he was thinking of Camille, sitting across from him in the courtyard, saying, *You befriend Shadowhunters, but you can never be of them. You will always be other and outside.* He looked sideways at Clary, wondering what she would say if he told her about his meeting with the vampire, and her offer. He imagined that she would probably be terrified. The fact that he couldn’t be harmed hadn’t yet stopped her from worrying about his safety.

“You wouldn’t be scared now,” she said softly, as if reading his mind. “Now you have the Mark.” She turned to look at him, still leaning against the fence. “Does anyone ever notice or ask you about it?”

He shook his head. “My hair covers it, mostly, and anyway, it’s faded a lot. See?” He pushed his hair aside.

Clary reached out and touched his forehead and the curving scripted Mark there. Her eyes were sad, as they had been that day in the Hall of Accords in Alicante, when she’d cut the oldest curse of the world into his skin. “Does it hurt?”

“No. No, it doesn’t.” *And Cain said unto the Lord, My punishment is greater than I can bear.* “You know I don’t blame you, don’t you? You saved my life.”

“I know.” Her eyes were shining. She dropped her hand from his forehead and scrubbed the back of her glove across her face. “Damn. I hate crying.”

“Well, you better get used to it,” he said, and when her eyes widened, he added hastily, “I meant the wedding. It’s what, next Saturday? Everyone cries at weddings.”

She snorted.

“How are your mom and Luke, anyway?”

“Disgustingly in love. It’s horrible. Anyway—” She patted him on the shoulder. “I should go in. See you tomorrow?”

He nodded. “Sure. Tomorrow.”

He watched her as she ran across the street and up the stairs to Luke's front door. *Tomorrow*. He wondered how long it had been since he had gone more than a few days without seeing Clary. He wondered about being a fugitive and a wanderer on the earth, like Camille had said. Like Raphael had said. *Thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground*. He wasn't Cain, who had killed his brother, but the curse believed he was. It was strange, he thought, waiting to lose everything, not knowing if it would happen, or not.

The door shut behind Clary. Simon turned to head down Kent, toward the G train stop at Lorimer Street. It was nearly full dark now, the sky overhead a swirl of gray and black. Simon heard tires squeal on the road behind him, but he didn't turn around. Cars drove too fast on this street all the time, despite the cracks and potholes. It wasn't until the blue van drew up beside him and screeched to a stop that he turned to look.

The van's driver yanked the keys from the ignition, killing the engine, and threw open the door. It was a man—a tall man, dressed in a gray hooded tracksuit and sneakers, the hood pulled down so low that it hid most of his face. He leaped down from the driver's seat, and Simon saw that there was a long, shimmering knife in his hand.

Later Simon would think that he should have run. He was a vampire, faster than any human. He could outrun anyone. He should have run, but he was too startled; he stood still as the man, gleaming knife in hand, came toward him. The man said something in a low, guttural voice, something in a language Simon didn't understand.

Simon took a step back. "Look," he said, reaching for his pocket. "You can have my wallet—"

The man lunged at Simon, plunging the knife toward his chest. Simon stared down in disbelief. Everything seemed to be happening very slowly, as if time were stretching out. He saw the point of the knife near his chest, the tip denting the leather of his jacket—and then it sheared to the side, as if someone had grabbed his attacker's arm and *yanked*. The man screamed as he was jerked up into the air like a puppet being

hauled up by its strings. Simon looked around wildly—surely someone must have heard or noticed the commotion, but no one appeared. The man kept screaming, jerking wildly, while his shirt tore open down the front, as if ripped apart by an invisible hand.

Simon stared in horror. Huge wounds were appearing on the man's torso. His head flew back, and blood sprayed from his mouth. He stopped screaming abruptly—and fell, as if the invisible hand had opened, releasing him. He hit the ground and broke apart like glass shattering into a thousand shining pieces that scattered themselves across the pavement.

Simon dropped to his knees. The knife that had been meant to kill him lay a little way away, within arm's reach. It was all that was left of his attacker, save a pile of shimmering crystals that were already beginning to blow away in the brisk wind. He touched one cautiously.

It was salt. He looked down at his hands. They were shaking. He knew what had happened, and why.

And the Lord said unto him, Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold.

So this was what sevenfold looked like.

He barely made it to the gutter before he doubled over and vomited blood into the street.



The moment Simon opened the door, he knew he'd miscalculated. He'd thought his mother would be asleep by now, but she wasn't. She was awake, sitting in an armchair facing the front door, her phone on the table next to her, and she saw the blood on his jacket immediately.

To his surprise she didn't scream, but her hand flew to her mouth. "*Simon.*"

"It's not my blood," he said quickly. "I was over at Eric's, and Matt had a nosebleed—"

"I don't want to hear it." That sharp tone was one she rarely used; it reminded him of the way she'd talked during those last

months when his father had been sick, anxiety like a knife in her voice. “I don’t want to hear any more lies.”

Simon dropped his keys onto the table next to the door. “Mom—”

“All you do is tell me lies. I’m tired of it.”

“That’s not true,” he said, but he felt sick, knowing it was. “I just have a lot going on in my life right now.”

“I know you do.” His mother got to her feet; she had always been a skinny woman, and she looked bony now, her dark hair, the same color as his, streaked with more gray than he had remembered where it fell around her face. “Come with me, young man. *Now*.”

Puzzled, Simon followed her into the small bright-yellow kitchen. His mother stopped and pointed toward the counter. “Care to explain those?”

Simon’s mouth went dry. Lined up along the counter like a row of toy soldiers were the bottles of blood that had been in the mini-fridge inside his closet. One was half-full, the others entirely full, the red liquid inside them shining like an accusation. She had also found the empty blood bags he had washed out and carefully stuffed inside a shopping bag before dumping them into his trash can. They were spread out over the counter too, like a grotesque decoration.

“I thought at first the bottles were wine,” Elaine Lewis said in a shaking voice. “Then I found the bags. So I opened one of the bottles. It’s *blood*. Isn’t it?”

Simon said nothing. His voice seemed to have fled.

“You’ve been acting so strangely lately,” his mother went on. “Out at all hours, you never eat, you barely sleep, you have friends I’ve never met, never heard of. You think I can’t tell when you’re lying to me? I can tell, Simon. I thought maybe you were on drugs.”

Simon found his voice. “So you searched my room?”

His mother flushed. “I had to! I thought—I thought if I found drugs there, I could help you, get you into a rehab

program, but this?" She gestured wildly at the bottles. "I don't even know what to think about this. What's going on, Simon? Have you joined some kind of cult?"

Simon shook his head.

"Then, tell me," his mother said, her lips trembling. "Because the only explanations I can think of are horrible and sick. Simon, please—"

"I'm a vampire," Simon said. He had no idea how he had said it, or even why. But there it was. The words hung in the air between them like poisonous gas.

His mother's knees seemed to give out, and she sank into a kitchen chair. "What did you say?" she breathed.

"I'm a vampire," Simon said. "I've been one for about two months now. I'm sorry I didn't tell you before. I didn't know how."

Elaine Lewis's face was chalk white. "Vampires don't exist, Simon."

"Yes," he said. "They do. Look, I didn't ask to be a vampire. I was attacked. I didn't have a choice. I'd change it if I could." He thought wildly back to the pamphlet Clary had given him so long ago, the one about coming out to your parents. It had seemed like a funny analogy then; now it didn't.

"You think you're a vampire," Simon's mother said numbly. "You think you drink blood."

"I do drink blood," Simon said. "I drink animal blood."

"But you're a *vegetarian*." His mother looked to be on the verge of tears.

"I was. I'm not now. I can't be. Blood is what I live on." Simon's throat felt tight. "I've never hurt a person. I'd never drink someone's blood. I'm still the same person. I'm still me."

His mother seemed to be fighting for control. "Your new friends—are they vampires too?"

Simon thought of Isabelle, Maia, Jace. He couldn't explain Shadowhunters and werewolves, too. It was too much. "No. But—they know I am one."

"Did—did they give you drugs? Make you take something? Something that would make you hallucinate?" She seemed to have barely heard his answer.

"No. Mom, this is real."

"It's not real," she whispered. "You *think* it's real. Oh, God. Simon. I'm so sorry. I should have noticed. We'll get you help. We'll find someone. A doctor. Whatever it costs—"

"I can't go to a doctor, Mom."

"Yes, you can. You need to be somewhere. A hospital, maybe—"

He held out his wrist to her. "Feel my pulse," he said.

She looked at him, bewildered. "What?"

"My pulse," he said. "Take it. If I have one, okay. I'll go to the hospital with you. If not, you have to believe me."

She wiped the tears from her eyes and slowly reached to take his wrist. After so long taking care of Simon's father when he'd been sick, she knew how to take a pulse as well as any nurse. She pressed her index fingertip to the inside of his wrist, and waited.

He watched as her face changed, from misery and upset to confusion, and then to terror. She stood up, dropping his hand, backing away from him. Her eyes were huge and dark in her white face. "What are you?"

Simon felt sick. "I told you. I'm a vampire."

"You're not my son. You're not Simon." She was shuddering. "What kind of living thing doesn't have a pulse? What kind of monster are you? *What have you done with my child?*"

"I am Simon—" He took a step toward his mother.

She screamed. He had never heard her scream like that, and he never wanted to again. It was a horrible noise.

“Get away from me.” Her voice broke. “Don’t come any closer.” She began to whisper. “*Barukh ata Adonai sho’m’e’a t’fila . . .*”

She was *praying*, Simon realized with a jolt. She was so terrified of him that she was praying that he would go away, be banished. And what was worse was that he could feel it. The name of God tightened his stomach and made his throat ache.

She was right to pray, he thought, sick to his soul. He was cursed. He didn’t belong in the world. *What kind of living thing doesn’t have a pulse?*

“Mom,” he whispered. “Mom, stop.”

She looked at him, wide-eyed, her lips still moving.

“Mom, you don’t need to be so upset.” He heard his own voice as if from a distance, soft and soothing, a stranger’s voice. He kept his eyes fixed on his mother as he spoke, capturing her gaze with his as a cat might capture a mouse. “Nothing happened. You fell asleep in the armchair in the living room. You’re having a bad dream that I came home and told you I was a vampire. But that’s crazy. That would never happen.”

She had stopped praying. She blinked. “I’m dreaming,” she repeated.

“It’s a bad dream,” Simon said. He moved toward her and put his hand on her shoulder. She didn’t pull away. Her head was drooping, like a tired child’s. “Just a dream. You never found anything in my room. Nothing happened. You’ve just been sleeping, that’s all.”

He took her hand. She let him lead her into the living room, where he settled her into the armchair. She smiled when he pulled a blanket over her, and closed her eyes.

He went back into the kitchen and swiftly, methodically, swept the bottles and containers of blood into a garbage bag. He tied it at the top and brought it to his room, where he changed his bloody jacket for a new one, and threw some things quickly into a duffel bag. He flipped the light off and left, closing the door behind him.

His mother was already asleep as he passed through the living room. He reached out and lightly touched her hand.

“I’ll be gone for a few days,” he whispered. “But you won’t worry. You won’t expect me back. You think I’m on a school field trip. There’s no need to call. Everything is fine.”

He drew his hand back. In the dim light his mother looked both older and younger than he was used to. She was as small as a child, curled under the blanket, but there were new lines on her face he didn’t remember being there before.

“Mom,” he whispered.

He touched her hand, and she stirred. Not wanting her to wake, he jerked his fingers back and moved soundlessly to the door, grabbing his keys from the table as he went.



The Institute was quiet. It was always quiet these days. Jace had taken to leaving his window open at night, so he could hear the noises of traffic going by, the occasional wail of ambulance sirens and the honking of horns on York Avenue. He could hear things mundanes couldn’t, too, and these sounds filtered through the night and into his dreams—the rush of air displaced by a vampire’s airborne motorcycle, the flutter of winged fey, the distant howl of wolves on nights when the moon was full.

It was only half-full now, casting just enough light for him to read by as he sprawled on the bed. He had his father’s silver box open in front of him, and was going through what was inside it. One of his father’s steles was in there, and a silver-handled hunting dagger with the initials SWH on the handle, and—of most interest to Jace—a pile of letters.

Over the past six weeks he had taken to reading a letter or so every night, trying to get a sense for the man who was his biological father. A picture had begun to emerge slowly, of a thoughtful young man with hard-driving parents who had been drawn to Valentine and the Circle because they had seemed to offer him an opportunity to distinguish himself in the world. He had kept writing to Amatis even after their divorce,

something she hadn't mentioned before. In those letters, his disenchantment with Valentine and sickness at the Circle's activities were clear, though he rarely, if ever, mentioned Jace's mother, Céline. It made sense—Amatis wouldn't have wanted to hear about her replacement—and yet Jace could not help hating his father a little for it. If he hadn't cared about Jace's mother, why marry her? If he'd hated the Circle so much, why hadn't he left it? Valentine had been a madman, but at least he'd stood by his principles.

And then, of course, Jace only felt worse for preferring Valentine to his real father. What kind of person did that make him?

A knock on the door drew him out of his self-recriminations; he got to his feet and went to answer it, expecting Isabelle to be there, wanting to either borrow something or complain about something.

But it wasn't Isabelle. It was Clary.

She wasn't dressed the way she usually was. She had a low-cut black tank top on, a white blouse tied loose and open over it, and a short skirt, short enough to show the curves of her legs up to midthigh. She wore her bright red hair in braids, loose curls of it clinging against the hollows of her temples, as if it had been raining lightly outside. She smiled when she saw him, arching her eyebrows. They were coppery, like the fine eyelashes that framed her green eyes. "Aren't you going to let me in?"

He looked up and down the hallway. No one else was there, thank God. Taking Clary by the arm, he pulled her inside and shut the door. Leaning against it, he said, "What are you doing here? Is everything all right?"

"Everything's fine." She kicked off her shoes and sat down on the edge of the bed. Her skirt rode up as she leaned back on her hands, showing more thigh. It wasn't doing wonders for Jace's concentration. "I missed you. And Mom and Luke are asleep. They won't notice I'm gone."

"You shouldn't be here." The words came out as a sort of groan. He hated saying them but knew they needed to be said,

for reasons she didn't even know. And he hoped she never would.

"Well, if you want me to go, I will." She stood up. Her eyes were shimmeringly green. She took a step closer to him. "But I came all the way here. You could at least kiss me good-bye."

He reached for her and drew her in, and kissed her. There were some things you had to do, even if they were a bad idea. She folded into his arms like delicate silk. He put his hands in her hair and ran his fingers through it, untwisting her braids until her hair fell around her shoulders the way he liked it. He remembered wanting to do this the first time he had seen her, and dismissing the idea as insane. She was a mundane, she'd been a stranger, there'd been no sense in wanting her. And then he had kissed her for the first time, in the greenhouse, and it had almost made him crazy. They had gone downstairs and been interrupted by Simon, and he had never wanted to kill anyone as much as he had wanted to kill Simon in that moment, though he knew, intellectually, that Simon hadn't done anything wrong. But what he felt had nothing to do with intellect, and when he had imagined her leaving him for Simon, the thought had made him sick and scared the way no demon ever had.

And then Valentine had told them they were brother and sister, and Jace had realized that there were worse things, infinitely worse things, than Clary leaving him for someone else—and that was knowing that the way he loved her was somehow cosmically wrong; that what had seemed the most pure and most irreproachable thing in his life had now been defiled beyond redemption. He remembered his father saying that when angels fell, they fell in anguish, because once they had seen the face of God, and now they never would again. And he had thought he knew how they felt.

It had not made him want her any less; it had just turned wanting her into torture. Sometimes the shadow of that torture fell across his memories even when he was kissing her, as he was now, and made him crush her more tightly to him. She made a surprised noise but didn't protest, even when he lifted her up and carried her over to the bed.

They sprawled onto it together, crumpling some of the letters, Jace knocking the box itself aside to make room for them. His heart was hammering against the inside of his ribs. They had never been in bed together like this before, not really. There had been that night in her room in Idris, but they had barely touched. Jocelyn was careful never to let either of them spend the night where the other one lived. She didn't care much for him, Jace suspected, and he could hardly blame her. He doubted he would have liked himself much, if he'd been in her position.

"I love you," Clary whispered. She had his shirt off, and her fingertips were tracing the scars on his back, and the star-shaped scar on his shoulder that was the twin of her own, a relic of the angel whose blood they both shared. "I don't ever want to lose you."

He slid his hand down to untie her knotted blouse. His other hand, braced against the mattress, touched the cold metal of the hunting dagger; it must have spilled onto the bed with the rest of the contents of the box. "That will never happen."

She looked up at him with luminous eyes. "How can you be so sure?"

His hand tightened on the knife hilt. The moonlight that poured through the window slid off the blade as he raised it. "I'm sure," he said, and brought the dagger down. The blade sheared through her flesh as if it were paper, and as her mouth opened in a startled O and blood soaked the front of her white shirt, he thought, *Dear God, not again.*



Waking up from the nightmare was like crashing through a plate glass window. The razored shards of it seemed to slice at Jace even as he pulled free and sat up, gasping. He rolled off the bed, instinctively wanting to get away, and hit the stone floor on his hands and knees. Cold air poured through the open window, making him shiver but clearing away the last, clinging tendrils of the dream.

He stared down at his hands. They were clean of blood. The bed was a mess, the sheets and blankets screwed into a tangled

ball from his tossing and turning, but the box containing his father's things was still on the nightstand, where he'd left it before he went to sleep.

The first few times he'd had the nightmare, he'd woken up and vomited. Now he was careful about not eating for hours before he went to sleep, so instead his body had its revenge on him by racking him with spasms of sickness and fever. A spasm hit now, and he curled into a ball, gasping and dry-heaving until it passed.

When it was over, he pressed his forehead against the cold stone floor. Sweat was cooling on his body, his shirt sticking to him, and he wondered, not idly, if eventually the dreams would kill him. He had tried everything to stop them—sleeping pills and potions, runes of sleep and runes of peace and healing. Nothing worked. The dreams stole like poison into his mind, and there was nothing he could do to shut them out.

Even during his waking hours, he found it hard to look at Clary. She had always been able to see through him the way no one else had, and he could only imagine what she would think if she knew what he dreamed. He rolled onto his side and stared at the box on the nightstand, moonlight sparking off it. And he thought of Valentine. Valentine, who had tortured and imprisoned the only woman he'd ever loved, who had taught his son—both his sons—that to love something is to destroy it forever.

His mind spun frantically as he said the words to himself, over and over. It had become a sort of chant for him, and like any chant, the words had started to lose their individual meanings.

I'm not like Valentine. I don't want to be like him. I won't be like him. I won't.

He saw Sebastian—Jonathan, really—his sort-of-brother, grinning at him through a tangle of silver-white hair, his black eyes shining with merciless glee. And he saw his own knife go into Jonathan and pull free, and Jonathan's body tumbling

down toward the river below, his blood mixing with the weeds and grass at the riverbank's edge.

I am not like Valentine.

He had not been sorry to kill Jonathan. Given the chance, he would do it again.

I don't want to be like him.

Surely it wasn't normal to kill someone—to kill your own adoptive brother—and feel nothing about it at all.

I won't be like him.

But his father had taught him that to kill without mercy was a virtue, and maybe you could never forget what your parents taught you. No matter how badly you wanted to.

I won't be like him.

Maybe people could never really change.

I won't.

4

THE ART OF EIGHT LIMBS

HERE ARE ENSHRINED THE LONGING OF GREAT HEARTS AND NOBLE THINGS THAT TOWER ABOVE THE TIDE, THE MAGIC WORD THAT WINGED WONDER STARTS, THE GARNERED WISDOM THAT HAS NEVER DIED.

The words were engraved over the front doors of the Brooklyn Public Library at Grand Army Plaza. Simon was sitting on the front steps, looking up at the facade. Inscriptions glittered against the stone in dull gilt, each word flashing into momentary life when caught by the headlights of passing cars.

The library had always been one of his favorite places when he was a kid. There was a separate children's entrance around the side, and he had met Clary there every Saturday for years. They would pick up a stack of books and head for the Botanical Garden next door, where they could read for hours, sprawled in the grass, the sound of traffic a constant dull thrumming in the distance.

How he had ended up here tonight, he wasn't quite sure. He had gotten away from his house as fast as he could, only to realize he had nowhere to go. He couldn't face going to Clary's—she'd be horrified at what he'd done, and would want him to go back to fix it. Eric and the other guys wouldn't understand. Jace didn't like him, and besides, he couldn't go into the Institute. It was a church, and the reason the Nephilim lived there in the first place was precisely to keep creatures like him out. Eventually he had realized who it was he *could* call, but the thought had been unpleasant enough that it had taken him a while to screw up the nerve to actually do it.

He heard the motorcycle before he saw it, the loud roar of the engine cutting through the sounds of light traffic on Grand

Army Plaza. The cycle careened across the intersection and up onto the pavement, then reared back and shot up the steps. Simon moved aside as it landed lightly beside him and Raphael released the handlebars.

The motorcycle went instantly quiet. Vamp motorcycles were powered by demonic spirits and responded like pets to the wishes of their owners. Simon found them creepy.

“You wanted to see me, Daylighter?” Raphael, as elegant as always in a black jacket and expensive-looking jeans, dismounted and leaned his motorcycle against the library railing. “This had better be good,” he added. “It is not for nothing that I come all the way to Brooklyn. Raphael Santiago does not belong in an outer borough.”

“Oh, good. You’re starting to talk about yourself in the third person. That’s not a sign of impending megalomania or anything.”

Raphael shrugged. “You can either tell me what you wanted to tell me, or I will leave. It is up to you.” He looked at his watch. “You have thirty seconds.”

“I told my mother I’m a vampire.”

Raphael’s eyebrows went up. They were very thin and very dark. In less generous moments Simon sometimes wondered if he penciled them on. “And what happened?”

“She called me a monster and tried to pray at me.” The memory made the bitter taste of old blood rise in the back of Simon’s throat.

“And then?”

“And then I’m not sure what happened. I started talking to her in this really weird, soothing voice, telling her nothing had happened and it was all a dream.”

“And she believed you.”

“She believed me,” Simon said reluctantly.

“Of course she did,” said Raphael. “Because you are a vampire. It is a power we have. The *encanto*. The fascination. The power of persuasion, you would call it. You can convince

mundane humans of almost anything, if you learn how to use the ability properly.”

“But I didn’t want to use it on her. She’s my mother. Is there some way to take it off her—some way to fix it?”

“Fix it so she hates you again? So she thinks you are a monster? That is a very odd definition of fixing something.”

“I don’t care,” Simon said. “Is there a way?”

“No,” Raphael said cheerfully. “There is not. You would know all this, of course, if you did not disdain your own kind so much.”

“That’s right. Act like *I* rejected *you*. It’s not like you tried to kill me or anything.”

Raphael shrugged. “That was politics. Not personal.” He leaned back against the railing and crossed his arms over his chest. He was wearing black motorcycle gloves. Simon had to admit he looked pretty cool. “Please tell me you did not bring me out here so you could tell me a very boring story about your sister.”

“My mother,” Simon corrected.

Raphael flipped a dismissive hand. “Whatever. Some female in your life has rejected you. It will not be the last time, I can tell you that. Why are you bothering me about it?”

“I wanted to know if I could come and stay at the Dumont,” Simon said, getting the words out very fast so that he couldn’t back out halfway. He could barely believe he was asking. His memories of the vampire hotel were memories of blood and terror and pain. But it was a place to go, a place to stay where no one would look for him, and so he would not have to go home. He was a vampire. It was stupid to be afraid of a hotel full of *other* vampires. “I haven’t got anywhere else to go.”

Raphael’s eyes glittered. “Aha,” he said, with a soft triumph Simon did not particularly like. “Now you want something from me.”

“I suppose so. Although it’s creepy that you’re so excited about that, Raphael.”

Raphael snorted. "If you come to stay at the Dumont, you will not address me as Raphael, but as Master, Sire, or Great Leader."

Simon braced himself. "What about Camille?"

Raphael started. "What do you mean?"

"You always told me you weren't really the head of the vampires," Simon said blandly. "Then, in Idris, you told me it was someone named Camille. You said she hadn't come back to New York yet. But I assume, when she does, *she'll* be the master, or whatever?"

Raphael's gaze darkened. "I do not think I like your line of questioning, Daylighter."

"I have a right to know things."

"No," said Raphael. "You don't. You come to me, asking if you can stay in my hotel because you have nowhere else to go. Not because you wish to be with others of your kind. You shun us."

"Which, as I already pointed out, has to do with that time you tried to kill me."

"The Dumont is not a halfway house for reluctant vampires," Raphael went on. "You live among humans, you walk in daylight, you play in your stupid band—yes, don't think I don't know about that. In every way you do not accept what you really are. And as long as that is true, you are not welcome at the Dumont."

Simon thought of Camille saying, *The moment his followers see that you are with me, they will leave him and come to me. I believe they are loyal to me beneath their fear of him. Once they see us together, that fear will be gone, and they will come to our side.* "You know," he said, "I've had other offers."

Raphael looked at him as if he were insane. "Offers of what?"

"Just . . . offers," Simon said feebly.

“You are terrible at this politics business, Simon Lewis. I suggest you do not attempt it again.”

“Fine,” Simon said. “I came here to tell you something, but now I’m not going to.”

“I suppose you are also going to throw away the birthday present you got me,” Raphael said. “It is all very tragic.” He retrieved his motorcycle and swung a leg over it as the engine revved to life. Red sparks flew from the exhaust pipe. “If you bother me again, Daylighter, it had better be for a good reason. Or I will not be forgiving.”

And with that, the motorcycle surged forward and upward. Simon craned his head back to watch as Raphael, like the angel he was named for, soared into the sky trailing fire.



Clary sat with her sketchpad on her knees and gnawed the end of her pencil thoughtfully. She had drawn Jace dozens of times—she guessed it was her version of most girls’ writing about their boyfriends in their diaries—but she never seemed to be able to get him exactly *right*. For one thing, it was almost impossible to get him to stand still, so she’d thought that now, while he was asleep, would be perfect—but it still wasn’t coming out quite the way she wanted. It just didn’t look like *him*.

She tossed the sketchpad onto the blanket with a sigh of exasperation and pulled her knees up, looking down at him. She hadn’t expected him to fall asleep. They’d come to Central Park to eat lunch and train outside while the weather was still good. They’d done *one* of those things. Take-out containers from Taki’s were scattered in the grass beside the blanket. Jace hadn’t eaten much, picking through his carton of sesame noodles in a desultory fashion before tossing it aside and flinging himself down onto the blanket, staring up at the sky. Clary had sat looking down at him, at the way the clouds reflected in his clear eyes, the outline of muscles in the arms crossed behind his head, the perfect strip of skin revealed between the hem of his T-shirt and the belt of his jeans. She had wanted to reach out and slide her hand along his hard flat

stomach; instead she'd averted her eyes, rummaging for her sketchpad. When she'd turned back, pencil in hand, his eyes were closed and his breathing was soft and even.

She was now three drafts into her illustration, and no closer to a drawing that satisfied her. Looking at him now, she wondered why on earth she couldn't draw him. The light was perfect, soft bronze October light that laid a sheen of paler gold over his already golden hair and skin. His closed lids were fringed with gold a shade darker than his hair. One of his hands was draped loosely over his chest, the other open at his side. His face was relaxed and vulnerable in sleep, softer and less angular than when he was awake. Perhaps that was the problem. He was so rarely relaxed and vulnerable, it was hard to capture the lines of him when he was. It felt . . . unfamiliar.

At that precise moment he moved. He had begun making little gasping sounds in his sleep, his eyes darting back and forth behind his shut eyelids. His hand jerked, tightened against his chest, and he sat up, so suddenly that he nearly knocked Clary over. His eyes flew open. For a moment he looked simply dazed; he had gone startlingly pale.

"Jace?" Clary couldn't hide her surprise.

His eyes focused on her; a moment later he had drawn her toward him with none of his customary gentleness; he pulled her onto his lap and kissed her fiercely, his hands winding into her hair. She could feel the hammering of his heart with hers, and she felt her cheeks flush. They were in a public park, she thought, and people were probably staring.

"Whoa," he said, drawing back, his lips curving into a smile. "Sorry. You probably weren't expecting that."

"It was a nice surprise." Her voice sounded low and throaty to her own ears. "*What* were you dreaming about?"

"You." He twisted a lock of her hair around his finger. "I always dream about you."

Still on his lap, her legs straddling his, Clary said, "Oh, yeah? Because I thought you were having a nightmare."

He tipped his head back to look at her. “Sometimes I dream you’re gone,” he said. “I keep wondering when you’ll figure out how much better you could do and leave me.”

She touched his face with her fingertips, delicately running them over the planes of his cheekbones, down to the curve of his mouth. Jace never said things like that to anyone else but her. Alec and Isabelle knew, from living with him and loving him, that underneath the protective armor of humor and pretended arrogance, the ragged shards of memory and childhood still tore at him. But she was the only one he said the words out loud to. She shook her head; her hair fell forward across her forehead, and she pushed it away impatiently. “I wish I could say things the way you do,” she said. “Everything you say, the words you choose, they’re so perfect. You always find the right quote, or the right thing to say to make me believe you love me. If I can’t convince you that I’ll never leave you—”

He caught her hand in his. “Just say it again.”

“I’ll never leave you,” she said.

“No matter what happens, what I do?”

“I’d never give up on you,” she said. “Never. What I feel about you—” She stumbled over the words. “It’s the most important thing I’ve ever felt.”

Dammit, she thought. That sounded completely stupid. But Jace didn’t seem to think so; he smiled wistfully and said, “*L’amor che move il sole e l’altre stelle.*”

“Is that Latin?”

“Italian,” he said. “Dante.”

She ran her fingertips over his lips, and he shivered. “I don’t speak Italian,” she said, very softly.

“It means,” he said, “that love is the most powerful force in the world. That love can do anything.”

She drew her hand out of his, aware as she did that he was watching her through half-lidded eyes. She locked both hands around the back of his neck, leaned forward, and touched his

lips with hers—not a kiss this time, just a brush of lips against each other. It was enough; she felt his pulse speed up, and he leaned forward, trying to capture her mouth with his, but she shook her head, shaking her hair around them like a curtain that would hide them from the eyes of everyone else in the park. “If you’re tired, we could go back to the Institute,” she said in a half whisper. “Take a nap. We haven’t slept together in the same bed since—since Idris.”

Their gazes locked, and she knew he was remembering the same thing she was. The pale light filtering in through the window of Amatis’s small spare bedroom, the desperation in his voice. *I just want to lie down with you and wake up with you, just once, just once ever in my life.* That whole night, lying side by side, only their hands touching. They had touched much more since that night, but had never spent the night together. He knew she was offering him more than a nap in one of the Institute’s unused bedrooms, too. She was sure he could see it in her eyes—even if she herself wasn’t exactly sure how much she *was* offering. But it didn’t matter. Jace would never ask her for anything she didn’t want to give.

“I want to.” The heat she saw in his eyes, the ragged edge to his voice, told her he wasn’t lying. “But—we can’t.” He took her wrists firmly, and drew them down, holding their hands between them, making a barrier.

Clary’s eyes widened. “Why not?”

He took a deep breath. “We came here to train, and we should train. If we just spend all the time we’re supposed to be training making out instead, they’ll quit letting me help train you at all.”

“Aren’t they supposed to be hiring someone else to train me full-time *anyway*?”

“Yes,” he said, getting up and pulling her to her feet along with him, “and I’m worried that if you get into the habit of making out with your instructors, you’ll wind up making out with him, too.”

“Don’t be sexist. They could find me a female instructor.”

“In that case you have my permission to make out with her, as long as I can watch.”

“Nice.” Clary grinned, bending down to fold up the blanket they’d brought to sit on. “You’re just worried they’ll hire a male instructor and he’ll be hotter than you.”

Jace’s eyebrows went up. “Hotter than *me*?”

“It could happen,” Clary said. “You know, theoretically.”

“Theoretically the planet could suddenly crack in half, leaving me on one side and you on the other side, forever and tragically parted, but I’m not worried about that, either. Some things,” Jace said, with his customary crooked smile, “are just too unlikely to dwell upon.”

He held out his hand; she took it, and together they crossed the meadow, heading for a copse of trees at the edge of the East Meadow that only Shadowhunters seemed to know about. Clary suspected it was glamoured, since she and Jace trained there fairly often and no one had ever interrupted them there except Isabelle or Maryse.

Central Park in autumn was a riot of color. The trees lining the meadow had put on their brightest colors and circled the green in blazing gold, red, copper, and russet orange. It was a beautiful day to take a romantic walk through the park and kiss on one of the stone bridges. But *that* wasn’t going to happen. Obviously, as far as Jace was concerned, the park was an outside extension of the Institute’s training room, and they were there to run Clary through various exercises involving terrain navigation, escape and evasion techniques, and killing things with her bare hands.

Normally she would have been excited to learn how to kill things with her bare hands. But there was still something bothering her about Jace. She couldn’t rid herself of the nagging feeling that something was seriously wrong. If only there were a rune, she thought, that would make him tell her what he was really feeling. But she would never create a rune like that, she reminded herself hastily. It would be unethical to use her power to try to control someone else. And besides, since she’d created the binding rune in Idris, her power had

lain seemingly dormant. She had felt no urge to draw old runes, nor had she had any visions of new runes to create. Maryse had told her that they would be trying to bring in a specialist in runes to tutor her, once training really got underway, but so far that hadn't materialized. Not that she minded, really. She had to admit she wasn't sure she would be entirely sorry if her power had vanished forever.

"There are going to be times when you encounter a demon and you don't have a fighting weapon," Jace was saying as they passed under a row of trees laden with low-hanging leaves whose colors ran the gamut from green to brilliant gold. "At that point, you can't panic. First, you have to remember that anything can be a weapon. A tree branch, a handful of coins—they make great brass knuckles—a shoe, anything. And second, keep in mind that *you* are a weapon. In theory, when you're done with training, you should be able to kick a hole in a wall or knock out a moose with a single punch."

"I would never hit a moose," said Clary. "They're endangered."

Jace smiled slightly, and swung to face her. They had reached the copse, a small, cleared area in the center of a stand of trees. There were runes carved into the trunks of the trees that surrounded them, marking it as a Shadowhunter place.

"There's an ancient fighting style called Muay Thai," he said. "Have you heard of it?"

She shook her head. The sun was bright and steady, and she was almost too hot in her track pants and warm-up jacket. Jace took off his jacket and turned back to her, flexing his slim pianist's hands. His eyes were intensely gold in the autumn light. Marks for speed, agility, and strength trailed like a pattern of vines from his wrists up and over the swell of each bicep, disappearing under the sleeves of his T-shirt. She wondered why he'd bothered marking himself up as if she were a foe to be reckoned with.

"I heard a rumor that the new instructor we're getting next week is a master of Muay Thai," he said. "And sambo, lethwei, tomoi, krav maga, jujitsu, and another one that frankly

I don't remember the name of, but it involves killing people with small sticks or something. My *point* is, he or she isn't going to be used to working with someone your age who's as inexperienced as you are, so if we teach you a few of the basics, I'm hoping it'll make them feel a little more generously toward you." He reached out to put his hands on her hips. "Now turn and face me."

Clary did as instructed. Facing each other like this, her head came to the bottom of his chin. She rested her hands lightly on his biceps.

"Muay Thai is called 'the art of eight limbs.' That's because you use not just your fists and feet as strike points, but also your knees and elbows. First you want to pull your opponent in, then pummel him with every one of your strike points until he or she collapses."

"And that works on demons?" Clary raised her eyebrows.

"The smaller ones." Jace moved closer to her. "Okay. Reach your hand around and grip the back of my neck."

It was just possible to do as he instructed without going up on her toes. Not for the first time, Clary cursed the fact that she was so short.

"Now you raise your other hand and do the same thing again, so your hands are looped around the back of my neck."

She did it. The back of his neck was warm from the sun, and his soft hair tickled her fingers. Their bodies were pressed up against each other; she could feel the ring she wore on a chain around her neck pressed between them like a pebble pressed between two palms.

"In a real fight you'd do that move much faster," he said. Unless she was imagining it, his voice was a little unsteady. "Now that grip on me gives you leverage. You're going to use that leverage to pull yourself forward and add momentum to your upward knee kicks—"

"My, my," said a cool, amused voice. "Only six weeks, and already at each other's throats? How swiftly mortal love does fade."

Releasing her hold on Jace, Clary whirled, though she already knew who it was. The Queen of the Seelie Court stood in the shadows between two trees. If Clary had not known she was there, she wondered if she would have seen her, even with the Sight. The Queen wore a gown as green as grass, and her hair, falling around her shoulders, was the color of a turning leaf. She was as beautiful and awful as a dying season. Clary had never trusted her.

“What are you doing here?” It was Jace, his eyes narrow. “This is a Shadowhunter place.”

“And I have news of interest to Shadowhunters.” As the Queen stepped gracefully forward, the sun lanced down through the trees and sparked off the circlet of golden berries she wore around her head. Clary sometimes wondered if the Queen planned these dramatic entrances, and if so, how. “There has been another death.”

“What sort of death?”

“Another one of you. Dead Nephilim.” There was a certain relish to the way the Queen said it. “The body was found this dawn beneath Oak Bridge. As you know, the park is my domain. A human killing is not of concern to me, but the death did not seem to be one of mundane origins. The body was brought to the Court to be examined by my physicians. They pronounced the dead mortal one of yours.”

Clary looked quickly at Jace, remembering the news of the dead Shadowhunter two days before. She could tell Jace was thinking the same thing; he had paled. “Where is the body?” he asked.

“Are you concerned about my hospitality? He bides in my court, and I assure you that we afford his body all the respect we would give a living Shadowhunter. Now that one of my own has a place on the Council beside you and yours, you can hardly doubt our good faith.”

“As always, good faith and my Lady go hand in hand.” The sarcasm in Jace’s voice was clear, but the Queen just smiled. She liked Jace, Clary had always thought, in that way that faeries liked pretty things because they were pretty. She did

not think the Queen liked her, and the feeling was mutual. “And why are you giving this message to us, instead of to Maryse? Custom would indicate—”

“Oh, custom.” The Queen waved away convention with a flip of her hand. “You were here. It seemed expedient.”

Jace gave her another narrow look and flipped his cell phone open. He gestured at Clary to stay where she was, and walked a little ways away. She could hear him saying, “Maryse?” as the phone was answered, and then his voice was swallowed up by shouts from the playing fields nearby.

With a feeling of cold dread, she looked back at the Queen. She had not seen the Lady of the Seelie Court since her last night in Idris, and then Clary had not exactly been polite to her. She doubted the Queen had forgotten or forgiven her for that. *Would you truly refuse a favor from the Queen of the Seelie Court?*

“I heard Meliorn got a seat on the Council,” Clary said now. “You must be pleased about that.”

“Indeed.” The Queen looked at her with amusement. “I am sufficiently delighted.”

“So,” Clary said. “No hard feelings, then?”

The Queen’s smile turned icy around the edges, like frost riming the sides of a pond. “I suppose you refer to my offer, which you so rudely declined,” she said. “As you know, my objective was accomplished regardless; the loss there, I imagine most would agree, was yours.”

“I didn’t want your deal.” Clary tried to keep the sharpness from her voice, and failed. “People can’t do what you want all the time, you know.”

“Do not presume to lecture me, child.” The Queen’s eyes followed Jace, who was pacing at the edge of the trees, phone in hand. “He is beautiful,” she said. “I can see why you love him. But did you ever wonder what draws him to you?”

Clary said nothing to that; there seemed nothing to say.

“The blood of Heaven binds you,” said the Queen. “Blood calls to blood, under the skin. But love and blood are not the same.”

“Riddles,” Clary said angrily. “Do you even *mean* anything when you talk like that?”

“He is bound to you,” said the Queen. “But does he love you?”

Clary felt her hands twitch. She longed to try out on the Queen some of the new fighting moves she’d learned, but she knew how unwise that would be. “Yes, he does.”

“And does he want you? For love and desire are not always as one.”

“That’s none of your business,” Clary said shortly, but she could see that the Queen’s eyes on her were as sharp as pins.

“You want him like you have never wanted anything else. But does he feel the same?” The Queen’s soft voice was inexorable. “He could have anything or anyone he pleases. Do you wonder why he chose you? Do you wonder if he regrets it? Has he changed toward you?”

Clary felt tears sting the backs of her eyes. “No, he hasn’t.” But she thought of his face in the elevator that night, and the way he had told her to go home when she’d offered to stay.

“You told me that you did not wish to make a compact with me, for there was nothing I could give you. You said there was nothing in the world you wanted.” The Queen’s eyes glittered. “When you imagine your life without him, do you still feel the same?”

Why are you doing this to me? Clary wanted to scream, but she said nothing, for the Faerie Queen glanced past her, and smiled, saying, “Wipe your tears, for he returns. It will do you no good for him to see you cry.”

Clary rubbed hastily at her eyes with the back of her hand, and turned; Jace was walking toward them, frowning. “Maryse is on her way to the Court,” he said. “Where did the Queen go?”

Clary looked at him, surprised. “She’s right here,” she began, turning—and broke off. Jace was right. The Queen was gone, only a swirl of leaves at Clary’s feet to show where she had stood.



Simon, his jacket wadded up under his head, was lying on his back, staring up at the hole-filled ceiling of Eric’s garage with a sense of grim fatality. His duffel bag was at his feet, his phone pressed against his ear. Right now the familiarity of Clary’s voice on the other end of it was the only thing keeping him from falling apart completely.

“Simon, I’m so sorry.” He could tell she was somewhere in the city. The loud blare of traffic sounded behind her, muffling her voice. “Are you seriously in Eric’s *garage*? Does he know you’re there?”

“No,” Simon said. “No one’s home at the moment, and I’ve got the garage key. It seemed like a place to go. Where are you, anyway?”

“In the city.” To Brooklynites, Manhattan was always “the city.” No other metropolis existed. “I was training with Jace, but then he had to go back to the Institute for some kind of Clave business. I’m headed back to Luke’s now.” A car honked loudly in the background. “Look, do you want to stay with us? You could sleep on Luke’s couch.”

Simon hesitated. He had good memories of Luke’s. In all the years he’d known Clary, Luke had lived in the same ratty but pleasant old row house over the bookstore. Clary had a key, and she and Simon had whiled away a lot of pleasant hours there, reading books they’d “borrowed” from the store downstairs, or watching old movies on the TV.

Things were different now, though.

“Maybe my mom could talk to your mom,” Clary said, sounding worried by his silence. “Make her understand.”

“Make her understand that I’m a *vampire*? Clary, I think she does understand that, in a weird kind of way. That doesn’t mean she’s going to accept it or ever be okay with it.”

“Well, you can’t just keep making her forget it, either, Simon,” Clary said. “It’s not going to work forever.”

“Why not?” He knew he was being unreasonable, but lying on the hard floor, surrounded by the smell of gasoline and the whisper of spiders spinning their webs in the corners of the garage, feeling lonelier than he ever had, reasonable seemed very far away.

“Because then your whole relationship with her is a lie. You can’t never go home—”

“So what?” Simon interrupted harshly. “That’s part of the curse, isn’t it? ‘A fugitive and a wanderer shalt thou be.’”

Despite the traffic noises and the sound of chatter in the background, he could hear Clary’s sudden indrawn breath.

“You think I should tell her about that, too?” he said. “How you put the Mark of Cain on me? How I’m basically a walking curse? You think she’s going to want *that* in her house?”

The background sounds quieted; Clary must have ducked into a doorway. He could hear her struggling to hold back tears as she said, “Simon, I’m so sorry. You *know* I’m sorry—”

“It’s not your fault.” He suddenly felt bone-tired. *That’s right, terrify your mother and then make your best friend cry. A banner day for you, Simon.* “Look, obviously I shouldn’t be around people right now. I’m just going to stay here, and I’ll crash with Eric when he gets home.”

She made a snuffling laughing-through-tears sound. “What, doesn’t Eric count as people?”

“I’ll get back to you on that later,” he said, and hesitated. “I’ll call you tomorrow, all right?”

“You’ll *see* me tomorrow. You promised to come to that dress fitting with me, remember?”

“Wow,” he said. “I must really love you.”

“I know,” she said. “I love you, too.”

Simon clicked off the phone and lay back, holding it against his chest. It was funny, he thought. Now he could say

“I love you” to Clary, when for years he’d struggled to say those words and had not been able to get them out of his mouth. Now that he no longer meant them the same way, it was easy.

Sometimes he did wonder what would have happened if there had never been a Jace Wayland. If Clary had never found out she was a Shadowhunter. But he pushed the thought away—pointless, don’t go down that road. You couldn’t change the past. You could only go forward. Not that he had any idea what forward entailed. He couldn’t stay in Eric’s garage forever. Even in his current mood, he had to admit it was a miserable place to stay. He wasn’t cold—he no longer felt either cold or heat in any real way—but the floor was hard, and he was having trouble sleeping. He wished he could dull his senses. The loud noise of traffic outside was keeping him from resting, as was the unpleasant stench of gasoline. But it was the gnawing worry about what to do next that was the worst.

He’d thrown away most of his blood supply and stashed the rest in his knapsack; he had about enough for a few more days, and then he’d be in trouble. Eric, wherever he was, would certainly let Simon stay in the house if he wanted, but that might result in Eric’s parents calling Simon’s mom. And since she thought he was on a school field trip, that would do him no good at all.

Days, he thought. That was the amount of time he had. Before he ran out of blood, before his mother started to wonder where he was and called the school looking for him. Before she started to remember. He was a vampire now. He was supposed to have eternity. But what he had was days.

He had been so careful. Tried so hard for what he thought of as a normal life—school, friends, his own house, his own bedroom. It had been strained, but that was what life *was*. Other options seemed so bleak and lonely that they didn’t bear thinking about. And yet Camille’s voice rang in his head. *What about in ten years, when you are supposed to be twenty-six? In twenty years? Thirty? Do you think no one will notice that as they age and change, you do not?*

The situation he had created for himself, had carved so carefully in the shape of his old life, had never been permanent, he thought now, with a sinking in his chest. It never could have been. He'd been clinging to shadows and memories. He thought again of Camille, of her offer. It sounded better now than it had before. An offer of a community, even if it wasn't the community he wanted. He had only about three more days before she'd come looking for his answer. And what would he tell her when she did? He'd thought he knew, but now he wasn't so sure.

A grinding noise interrupted his reverie. The garage door was ratcheting upward, bright light spearing into the dark interior of the space. Simon sat up, his whole body suddenly on the alert.

"Eric?"

"Nah. It's me. Kyle."

"Kyle?" Simon said blankly, before he remembered—the guy they'd agreed to take on as a lead singer. Simon almost flopped back down onto the ground again. "Oh. Right. None of the other guys are here right now, so if you were hoping to practice . . ."

"It's cool. That's not why I came." Kyle stepped into the garage, blinking in the darkness, his hands in the back pockets of his jeans. "You're whatshisname, the bassist, right?"

Simon got to his feet, brushing garage floor dust off his clothes. "I'm Simon."

Kyle glanced around, a perplexed furrow between his brows. "I left my keys here yesterday, I think. Been looking for them everywhere. Hey, there they are." He ducked behind the drum set and emerged a second later, rattling a set of keys triumphantly in his hand. He looked much the same as he had the day before. He had a blue T-shirt on today under a leather jacket, and a gold saint's medal sparkled around his neck. His dark hair was messier than ever. "So," Kyle said, leaning against one of the speakers. "Were you, like, sleeping here? On the floor?"

Simon nodded. “Got thrown out of my house.” It wasn’t precisely true, but it was all he felt like saying.

Kyle nodded sympathetically. “Mom found your weed stash, huh? That sucks.”

“No. No . . . weed stash.” Simon shrugged. “We had a difference of opinion about my lifestyle.”

“So, she found out about your two girlfriends?” Kyle grinned. He was good-looking, Simon had to admit, but unlike Jace, who seemed to know exactly how good-looking he was, Kyle looked like someone who probably hadn’t brushed his hair in weeks. There was an open, friendly puppyishness about him that was appealing, though. “Yeah, Kirk told me about it. Good for you, man.”

Simon shook his head. “It wasn’t that.”

There was a short silence between them. Then:

“I . . . don’t live at home either,” Kyle said. “I left a couple of years ago.” He hugged his arms around himself, hanging his head down. His voice was low. “I haven’t talked to my parents since then. I mean, I’m doing all right on my own but . . . I get it.”

“Your tattoos,” Simon said, touching his own arms lightly. “What do they mean?”

Kyle stretched his arms out. “*Shaantih shaantih shaantih*,” he said. “They’re mantras from the Upanishads. Sanskrit. Prayers for peace.”

Normally Simon would have thought that getting yourself tattooed in Sanskrit was kind of pretentious. But right now, he didn’t. “*Shalom*,” he said.

Kyle blinked at him. “What?”

“Means peace,” said Simon. “In Hebrew. I was just thinking the words sounded sort of alike.”

Kyle gave him a long look. He seemed to be deliberating. Finally he said, “This is going to sound sort of crazy—”

“Oh, I don’t know. My definition of crazy has become pretty flexible in the past few months.”

“—but I have an apartment. In Alphabet City. And my roommate just moved out. It’s a two-bedroom, so you could crash in his space. There’s a bed in there and everything.”

Simon hesitated. On the one hand he didn’t know Kyle at all, and moving into the apartment of a total stranger seemed like a stupid move of epic proportions. Kyle could turn out to be a serial killer, despite his peace tattoos. On the other hand he didn’t know Kyle at all, which meant no one would come looking for him there. And what did it matter if Kyle did turn out to be a serial killer? he thought bitterly. It would turn out worse for Kyle than it would for him, just like it had for that mugger last night.

“You know,” he said, “I think I’ll take you up on that, if it’s okay.”

Kyle nodded. “My truck’s just outside if you want to ride into the city with me.”

Simon bent to grab his duffel bag and straightened with it slung over his shoulder. He slid his phone into his pocket and spread his hands wide, indicating his readiness. “Let’s go.”

5

HELL CALLS HELL

Kyle's apartment turned out to be a pleasant surprise. Simon expected a filthy walk-up in an Avenue D tenement, with roaches crawling on the walls and a bed made out of mattress foam and milk crates. In reality it was a clean two-bedroom with a small living area, a ton of bookshelves, and lots of photos on the walls of famous surfing spots. Admittedly, Kyle seemed to be growing marijuana plants on the fire escape, but you couldn't have everything.

Simon's room was basically an empty box. Whoever had lived there before had left nothing behind but a futon mattress. It had bare walls, bare floors, and a single window, through which Simon could see the neon sign of the Chinese restaurant across the street. "You like it?" Kyle inquired, hovering in the doorway, his hazel eyes open and friendly.

"It's great," Simon replied honestly. "Exactly what I needed."

The most expensive item in the apartment was the flat-screen TV in the living room. They threw themselves down on the futon couch and watched bad TV as the sunlight dimmed outside. Kyle was cool, Simon decided. He didn't poke, didn't pry, didn't ask questions. He didn't seem to want anything in exchange for the room except for Simon to pitch in grocery money. He was just a friendly guy. Simon wondered if he'd forgotten what ordinary human beings were like.

After Kyle headed out to work an evening shift, Simon went into his room, collapsed on the mattress, and listened to the traffic going by on Avenue B.

He'd been haunted by thoughts of his mother's face since he'd left: the way she'd looked at him with loathing and fear,

as if he were an intruder in her house. Even if he didn't need to breathe, the thought of it had still constricted his chest. But now . . .

When he was a kid, he'd always liked traveling, because being in a new place had meant being away from all his problems. Even here, just a river away from Brooklyn, the memories that had been eating at him like acid—the mugger's death, his mother's reaction to the truth of what he was—seemed blurred and distant.

Maybe that was the secret, he thought. Keep moving. Like a shark. Go to where no one can find you. *A fugitive and a wanderer shalt thou be in the earth.*

But that only worked if there was no one you cared about leaving behind.

He slept fitfully all night. His natural urge was to sleep during the day, despite his Daylighter powers, and he fought off restlessness and dreams before waking up late with the sun streaming in through the window. After throwing on clean clothes from his knapsack, he left the bedroom to find Kyle in the kitchen, frying bacon and eggs in a Teflon pan.

"Hey, roommate," Kyle greeted him cheerfully. "Want some breakfast?"

The sight of the food made Simon feel vaguely sick to his stomach. "No, thanks. I'll take some coffee, though." He perched himself on one of the slightly lopsided bar stools.

Kyle pushed a chipped mug across the counter toward him. "Breakfast is the most important meal of the day, bro. Even if it's already noon."

Simon put his hands around the mug, feeling the heat seep into his cold skin. He cast about for a topic of conversation—one that wasn't how little he ate. "So, I never asked you yesterday—what do you do for a living?"

Kyle picked a piece of bacon out of the pan and bit into it. Simon noticed that the gold medal at his throat had a pattern of leaves on it, and the words "*Beati Bellicosi.*" "*Beati,*" Simon knew, was a word that had something to do with saints; Kyle

must be Catholic. “Bike messenger,” he said, chewing. “It’s awesome. I get to ride around the city, seeing everything, talking to everyone. Way better than high school.”

“You dropped out?”

“Got my GED senior year. I prefer the school of life.” Simon would have thought Kyle sounded ridiculous if it weren’t for the fact that he said “school of life” the way he said everything else—with total sincerity. “What about you? Any plans?”

Oh, you know. Wander the earth, causing death and destruction to innocent people. Maybe drink some blood. Live forever but never have any fun. The usual. “I’m kind of winging it at the moment.”

“You mean you don’t want to be a musician?” Kyle asked.

To Simon’s relief his phone rang before he had to answer that. He fished it out of his pocket and looked at the screen. It was Maia. “Hey,” he greeted her. “What’s up?”

“Are you going to be at that dress fitting with Clary this afternoon?” she asked, her voice crackling down the line. She was probably calling from pack headquarters in Chinatown, where the reception wasn’t great. “She told me she was making you go to keep her company.”

“What? Oh, right. Yes. I’ll be there.” Clary had demanded that Simon accompany her to her bridesmaid’s dress fitting so afterward they could shop for comics and she could feel, in her words, like “less of a frilled-up girly-girl.”

“Well, I’m going to come too, then. I have to give Luke a message from the pack, and besides, I feel like I haven’t seen you in ages.”

“I know. I’m really sorry—”

“It’s fine,” she said lightly. “But you’re going to have to let me know what you’re wearing to the wedding eventually, because otherwise we’ll clash.”

She hung up, leaving Simon staring at the phone. Clary had been right. The wedding was D-day, and he was woefully

unprepared for the battle.

“One of your girlfriends?” Kyle asked curiously. “Was that redheaded chick at the garage one of them? Because she was cute.”

“No. That’s Clary; she’s my best friend.” Simon pocketed his phone. “And she has a boyfriend. Like, really, really, *really* has a boyfriend. The nuclear bomb of boyfriends. Trust me on this one.”

Kyle grinned. “I was just asking.” He dumped the bacon pan, now empty, into the sink. “So, your two girls. What are they like?”

“They’re very, very . . . different.” In some ways, Simon thought, they were opposites. Maia was calm and grounded; Isabelle lived at a high pitch of excitement. Maia was a steady light in the darkness; Isabelle a burning star, spinning through the void. “I mean, they’re both great. Beautiful, and smart . . .”

“And they don’t know about each other?” Kyle leaned against the counter. “Like, at all?”

Simon found himself explaining—how when he’d come back from Idris (though he didn’t mention the place by name), they’d both started calling him, wanting to hang out. And because he liked them both, he went. And somehow things started to turn casually romantic with each of them, but there never seemed to be a chance to explain to either of them that he was seeing someone else, too. And somehow it had snowballed, and here he was, not wanting to hurt either of them, and not knowing how to go on, either.

“Well, if you ask me,” Kyle said, turning to dump his remaining coffee out in the sink, “you ought to pick one of them and quit dogging around. I’m just saying.”

Since his back was to Simon, Simon couldn’t see his face, and for a moment he wondered if Kyle was actually angry. His voice sounded uncharacteristically stiff. But when Kyle turned around, his expression was as open and friendly as ever. Simon decided he must have imagined it.

"I know," he said. "You're right." He glanced back toward the bedroom. "Look, are you sure it's okay, me staying here? I can clear out whenever . . ."

"It's fine. You stay as long as you need." Kyle opened a kitchen drawer and scrabbled around until he found what he was looking for—a set of spare keys on a rubber-band ring. "There's a set for you. You're totally welcome here, okay? I gotta go to work, but you can hang around if you want. Play Halo, or whatever. Will you be here when I get back?"

Simon shrugged. "Probably not. I have a dress fitting to get to at three."

"Cool," said Kyle, slinging a messenger bag over his shoulder and heading toward the door. "Get them to make you something in red. It's totally your color."



"So," Clary said, stepping out of the dressing room. "What do you think?"

She did an experimental twirl. Simon, balanced on one of Karyn's Bridal Shop's uncomfortable white chairs, shifted position, winced, and said, "You look nice."

She looked better than nice. Clary was her mother's only bridesmaid, so she'd been allowed to pick out whatever dress she wanted. She'd selected a very simple coppery silk with narrow straps that flattered her small frame. Her only jewelry was the Morgenstern ring, worn on a chain around her neck; the very plain silver chain brought out the shape of her collarbones and the curve of her throat.

Not that many months ago, seeing Clary dressed up for a wedding would have conjured up in Simon a mix of feelings: dark despair (she would never love him) and high excitement (or maybe she would, if he could get up the nerve to tell her how he felt). Now it just made him feel a little wistful.

"Nice?" echoed Clary. "Is that it? Sheesh." She turned to Maia. "What do *you* think?"

Maia had given up on the uncomfortable chairs and was sitting on the floor, her back against a wall that was decorated

with tiaras and long gauzy veils. She had Simon's DS balanced on one of her knees and seemed to be at least partly absorbed in playing Grand Theft Auto. "Don't ask me," she said. "I hate dresses. I'd wear jeans to the wedding if I could."

This was true. Simon rarely saw Maia out of jeans and T-shirts. In that way she was the opposite of Isabelle, who wore dresses and heels at even the most inappropriate times. (Though since he'd once seen her dispatch a Vermis demon with the stiletto heel of a boot, he was less inclined to worry about it.)

The shop bell tinkled, and Jocelyn came in, followed by Luke. Both were holding steaming cups of coffee, and Jocelyn was looking up at Luke, her cheeks flushed and her eyes shining. Simon remembered what Clary had said about them being disgustingly in love. He didn't find it disgusting himself, though that was probably because they weren't *his* parents. They both seemed so happy, and he thought it was actually rather nice.

Jocelyn's eyes widened when she saw Clary. "Honey, you look gorgeous!"

"Yeah, you have to say that. You're my mother," Clary said, but she grinned anyway. "Hey, is that coffee black by any chance?"

"Yep. Consider it a sorry-we're-late gift," Luke said, handing her the cup. "We got held up. Some catering issue or other." He nodded toward Simon and Maia. "Hey, guys."

Maia inclined her head. Luke was the head of the local wolf pack, of which Maia was a member. Though he'd broken her of the habit of calling him "Master" or "Sir," she remained respectful in his presence. "I brought you a message from the pack," she said, setting down her game console. "They have questions about the party at the Ironworks—"

As Maia and Luke fell into conversation about the party the wolf pack was throwing in honor of their alpha wolf's marriage, the owner of the bridal shop, a tall woman who had been reading magazines behind the counter while the teenagers chatted, realized that the people who were actually

going to *pay* for the dresses had just arrived, and hurried forward to greet them. “I just got your dress back in, and it looks *marvelous*,” she gushed, taking Clary’s mother by the arm and steering her toward the back of the store. “Come and try it on.” As Luke started after them, she pointed a threatening finger at him. “*You* stay here.”

Luke, watching his fiancée disappear through a set of white swinging doors painted with wedding bells, looked puzzled.

“Mundanes think you’re not supposed to see the bride in her wedding dress before the ceremony,” Clary reminded him. “It’s bad luck. She probably thinks it’s weird you came to the fitting.”

“But Jocelyn wanted my opinion—” Luke broke off and shook his head. “Ah, well. Mundane customs are so peculiar.” He threw himself down in a chair, and winced as one of the carved rosettes poked into his back. “Ouch.”

“What about Shadowhunter weddings?” Maia inquired, curious. “Do they have their own customs?”

“They do,” Luke said slowly, “but this isn’t going to be a classic Shadowhunter ceremony. Those specifically don’t address any situation in which one of the participants is not a Shadowhunter.”

“Really?” Maia looked shocked. “I didn’t know that.”

“Part of a Shadowhunter marriage ceremony involves tracing permanent runes on the bodies of the participants,” said Luke. His voice was calm, but his eyes looked sad. “Runes of love and commitment. But of course, non-Shadowhunters can’t bear the Angel’s runes, so Jocelyn and I will be exchanging rings instead.”

“That sucks,” Maia pronounced.

At that, Luke smiled. “Not really. Marrying Jocelyn is all I ever wanted, and I’m not that bothered about the particulars. Besides, things are changing. The new Council members have made a lot of headway toward convincing the Clave to tolerate this sort of—”

“Clary!” It was Jocelyn, calling from the back of the store. “Can you come here for a second?”

“Coming!” Clary called, bolting down the last of her coffee. “Uh-oh. Sounds like a dress emergency.”

“Well, good luck with that.” Maia got to her feet, and dropped the DS back in Simon’s lap before bending to kiss him on the cheek. “I’ve got to go. I’m meeting some friends at the Hunter’s Moon.”

She smelled pleasantly of vanilla. Under that, as always, Simon could smell the salt scent of blood, mixed with a sharp, lemony tang that was peculiar to werewolves. Every Downworlder’s blood smelled different—faeries smelled like dead flowers, warlocks like burnt matches, and other vampires like metal.

Clary had once asked him what Shadowhunters smelled like.

“Sunlight,” he’d said.

“See you later, baby.” Maia straightened up, ruffled Simon’s hair once, and departed. As the door closed behind her, Clary fixed him with a piercing glare.

“You *must* work your love life out by next Saturday,” she said. “I mean it, Simon. If you don’t tell them, I will.”

Luke looked bewildered. “Tell who what?”

Clary shook her head at Simon. “You’re on thin ice, Lewis.” With which pronouncement she flounced away, holding up her silk skirts as she went. Simon was amused to note that underneath them she was wearing green sneakers.

“Clearly,” said Luke, “something is going on that I don’t know about.”

Simon looked over at him. “Sometimes I think that’s the motto of my life.”

Luke raised his eyebrows. “Has something happened?”

Simon hesitated. He certainly couldn’t tell Luke about his love life—Luke and Maia were in the same pack, and

werewolf packs were more loyal than street gangs. It would put Luke in a very awkward position. It was true, though, that Luke was also a resource. As the leader of the Manhattan wolf pack, he had access to all sorts of information, and was well versed in Downworlder politics. “Have you heard of a vampire named Camille?”

Luke made a low whistling sound. “I know who she is. I’m surprised you do.”

“Well, she’s the head of the New York vampire clan. I do know *something* about them,” Simon said, a little stiffly.

“I didn’t realize you did. I thought you wanted to live like a human as much as you could.” There was no judgment in Luke’s voice, only curiosity. “Now, by the time I took over the downtown pack from the previous pack leader, she had put Raphael in charge. I don’t think anyone knew where she’d gone exactly. But she is something of a legend. An extraordinarily old vampire, from everything I understand. Famously cruel and cunning. She could give the Fair Folk a run for their money.”

“Have you ever seen her?”

Luke shook his head. “Don’t think I have, no. Why the curiosity?”

“Raphael mentioned her,” Simon said vaguely.

Luke’s forehead creased. “You’ve seen Raphael lately?”

Before Simon could answer, the shop bell sounded again, and to Simon’s surprise, Jace came in. Clary hadn’t mentioned he was coming.

In point of fact, he realized, Clary hadn’t mentioned Jace much lately at all.

Jace looked from Luke to Simon. He looked as if he were mildly surprised to see Simon and Luke there, although it was hard to tell. Though Simon imagined that Jace ran the gamut of facial expressions when he was alone with Clary, his default one around other people was a fierce sort of blankness. “He looks,” Simon had once said to Isabelle, “like he’s thinking

about something deep and meaningful, but if you ask him what it is, he'll punch you in the face."

"So don't ask him," Isabelle had said, as if she thought Simon was being ridiculous. "No one says you two need to be friends."

"Is Clary here?" Jace asked, shutting the door behind him. He looked tired. There were shadows under his eyes, and he didn't seem to have bothered to put on a jacket, despite the fact that the autumn wind was brisk. Though cold no longer affected Simon much, looking at Jace in just jeans and a thermal shirt made him feel chilly.

"She's helping Jocelyn," explained Luke. "But you're welcome to wait here with us."

Jace looked around uneasily at the walls hung with veils, fans, tiaras, and seed-pearl-encrusted trains. "Everything is . . . so white."

"Of course it's white," said Simon. "It's a wedding."

"White for Shadowhunters is the color of funerals," Luke explained. "But for mundanes, Jace, it's the color of weddings. Brides wear white to symbolize their purity."

"I thought Jocelyn said her dress wasn't white," Simon said.

"Well," said Jace, "I suppose that ship *has* sailed."

Luke choked on his coffee. Before he could say—or do—anything, Clary walked back into the room. Her hair was up now, in sparkling pins, with a few curls hanging loose. "I don't know," she was saying as she came closer to them. "Karyn got her hands on me and did my hair, but I'm not sure about the sparkles—"

She broke off as she saw Jace. It was clear from her expression that she hadn't been expecting him either. Her lips parted in surprise, but she said nothing. Jace, in his turn, was staring at her, and for once in his life Simon could read Jace's expression like a book. It was as if everything else in the world had fallen away for Jace but himself and Clary, and he was looking at her with an unconcealed yearning and desire that

made Simon feel awkward, as if he had somehow walked in on a private moment.

Jace cleared his throat. “You look beautiful.”

“Jace.” Clary looked more puzzled than anything else. “Is everything all right? I thought you said you couldn’t come because of the Conclave meeting.”

“That’s right,” Luke said. “I heard about the Shadowhunter body in the park. Is there any news?”

Jace shook his head, still looking at Clary. “No. He’s not one of the New York Conclave members, but beyond that he hasn’t been identified. Neither of the bodies have. The Silent Brothers are looking at them now.”

“That’s good. The Brothers will figure out who they are,” said Luke.

Jace said nothing. He was still looking at Clary, and it was the oddest sort of look, Simon thought—the sort of look you might give someone you loved but could never, ever have. He imagined Jace had felt like that about Clary once before, but now?

“Jace?” Clary said, and took a step toward him.

He tore his gaze away from her. “That jacket you borrowed from me in the park yesterday,” he said. “Do you still have it?”

Now looking even more puzzled, Clary pointed to where the item of clothing in question, a perfectly ordinary brown suede jacket, was hanging over the back of one of the chairs. “It’s over there. I was going to bring it to you after—”

“Well,” said Jace, picking it up and thrusting his arms hastily into the sleeves, as if he were suddenly in a hurry, “now you don’t have to.”

“Jace,” Luke said in that calming tone he had, “we’re going to get an early dinner in Park Slope after this. You’re welcome to come along.”

“No,” Jace said, zipping the jacket up. “I’ve got training this afternoon. I’d better head out.”

“Training?” Clary echoed. “But we trained yesterday.”

“Some of us have to train every day, Clary.” Jace didn’t sound angry, but there was a harshness to his tone, and Clary flushed. “I’ll see you later,” he added without looking at her, and practically flung himself toward the door.

As it shut behind him, Clary reached up and angrily yanked the pins out of her hair. It cascaded in tangles down around her shoulders.

“Clary,” Luke said gently. He stood up. “What are you doing?”

“My hair.” She yanked the last pin out, hard. Her eyes were shining, and Simon could tell she was forcibly willing herself not to cry. “I don’t want to wear it like this. It looks stupid.”

“No, it doesn’t.” Luke took the pins from her and set them down on one of the small white end tables. “Look, weddings make men nervous, okay? It doesn’t mean anything.”

“Right.” Clary tried to smile. She nearly managed it, but Simon could tell she didn’t believe Luke. He could hardly blame her. After seeing the look on Jace’s face, Simon didn’t believe him either.



In the distance the Fifth Avenue Diner was lit up like a star against the blue twilight. Simon walked beside Clary down the avenue blocks, Jocelyn and Luke a few steps ahead of them. Clary had changed out of her dress and was back in jeans now, a thick white scarf wound around her neck. Every once in a while she would reach up and twirl the ring on the chain around her neck, a nervous gesture he wondered if she was even aware of.

When they’d left the bridal store, he had asked her if she knew what was wrong with Jace, but she hadn’t really answered him. She’d shrugged it off, and started asking him about what was going on with him, if he’d talked to his mother yet, and whether he minded staying with Eric. When he told her he was crashing with Kyle, she was surprised.

“But you hardly even know him,” she said. “He could be a serial killer.”

“I did have that thought. I checked the apartment out, but if he’s got an ice cooler full of arms in it, I haven’t seen it yet. Anyway, he seems pretty sincere.”

“So what’s his apartment like?”

“Nice for Alphabet City. You should come over later.”

“Not tonight,” Clary said, a little absently. She was fiddling with the ring again. “Maybe tomorrow?”

Going to see Jace? Simon thought, but he didn’t press the point. If she didn’t want to talk about it, he wasn’t going to make her. “Here we are.” He opened the diner door for her, and a blast of warm souvlaki-smelling air hit them.

They found a booth over by one of the big flat-screen TVs that lined the walls. They crowded into it as Jocelyn and Luke chattered animatedly with each other about wedding plans. Luke’s pack, it seemed, felt insulted that they hadn’t been invited to the ceremony—even though the guest list was tiny—and were insisting on holding their own celebration in a renovated factory in Queens. Clary listened, not saying anything; the waitress came around, handing out menus so stiffly laminated they could have been used as weapons. Simon set his own on the table and stared out the window. There was a gym across the street, and he could see people through the plate glass that fronted it, running on treadmills, arms pumping, headphones clamped to their ears. *All that running and getting nowhere, he thought. Story of my life.*

He tried to force his thoughts away from dark places, and almost succeeded. This was one of the most familiar scenes in his life, he thought—a corner booth in a diner, himself and Clary and her family. Luke had always been family, even when he hadn’t been about to marry Clary’s mom. Simon ought to feel at home. He tried to force a smile, only to realize that Clary’s mother had just asked him something and he hadn’t heard her. Everyone at the table was staring at him expectantly.

“Sorry,” he said. “I didn’t—What did you say?”

Jocelyn smiled patiently. “Clary told me you’ve added a new member to your band?”

Simon knew she was just being polite. Well, polite in that way parents were when they pretended to take your hobbies seriously. Still, she’d come to several of his gigs before, just to help fill up the room. She did care about him; she always had. In the very dark, tucked-away places of his mind, Simon suspected she had always known how he felt about Clary, and he wondered if she wouldn’t have wanted her daughter to make a different choice, had it been something she could control. He knew she didn’t entirely like Jace. It was clear even in the way she said his name.

“Yeah,” he said. “Kyle. He’s kind of a weird guy, but supernice.” Invited, by Luke, to expand on the topic of Kyle’s weirdness, Simon told them about Kyle’s apartment—careful to leave out the detail that it was now *his* apartment too—his bike messenger job, and his ancient, beat-up pickup truck. “And he grows these weird plants on the balcony,” he added. “Not pot—I checked. They have sort of silvery leaves—”

Luke frowned, but before he could say anything, the waitress arrived, carrying a big silver coffee pitcher. She was young, with bleached pale hair tied into two braids. As she bent to fill Simon’s coffee cup, one of them brushed his arm. He could smell sweat on her, and under that, blood. Human blood, the sweetest smell of all. He felt a familiar tightening in his stomach. Coldness spread through him. He was hungry, and all he had back at Kyle’s place was room-temperature blood that was already beginning to separate—a sickening prospect, even for a vampire.

You have never fed on a human, have you? You will. And when you do, you will not forget it.

He closed his eyes. When he opened them again, the waitress was gone and Clary was staring at him curiously across the table. “Is everything okay?”

“Fine.” He closed his hand around his coffee cup. It was shaking. Above them the TV was still blaring the nightly

news.

“Ugh,” Clary said, looking up at the screen. “Are you listening to this?”

Simon followed her gaze. The news anchor was wearing that expression news anchors tended to wear when they were reporting on something especially grim. “No one has come forward to identify an infant boy found abandoned in an alley behind Beth Israel hospital several days ago,” he was saying. “The infant is white, weighs six pounds and eight ounces, and is otherwise healthy. He was discovered strapped to an infant car seat behind a Dumpster in the alley,” the anchor went on. “Most disturbing, a handwritten note tucked into the child’s blanket begged hospital authorities to euthanize the child because ‘I don’t have the strength to do it myself.’ Police say it is likely that the child’s mother was mentally ill, and claim they have ‘promising leads.’ Anyone with information about this child should call Crime Stoppers at—”

“That’s so horrible,” Clary said, turning away from the TV with a shudder. “I can’t understand how people just dump their babies off like they’re trash—”

“Jocelyn,” Luke said, his voice sharp with concern. Simon looked toward Clary’s mother. She was as white as a sheet and looked as if she were about to throw up. She pushed her plate away abruptly, stood up from the table, and hurried toward the bathroom. After a moment Luke dropped his napkin and went after her.

“Oh, crap.” Clary put her hand over her mouth. “I can’t believe I said that. I’m so stupid.”

Simon was thoroughly perplexed. “What’s going on?”

Clary slunk down in her seat. “She was thinking about Sebastian,” she said. “I mean Jonathan. My brother. I assume you remember him.”

She was being sarcastic. None of them was likely to forget Sebastian, whose real name was Jonathan and who had murdered Hodge and Max and had nearly succeeded in helping Valentine win a war that would have seen the

destruction of all Shadowhunters. Jonathan, who had had burning black eyes and a smile like a razor blade. Jonathan, whose blood had tasted like battery acid when Simon had bitten him once. Not that he regretted it.

“But your mom didn’t abandon him,” Simon said. “She stuck with raising him even though she knew there was something horribly wrong with him.”

“She hated him, though,” Clary said. “I don’t think she’s ever gotten over that. Imagine hating your own baby. She used to take out a box that had his baby things in it and cry over it every year on his birthday. I think she was crying over the son she would have had—you know, if Valentine hadn’t done what he had.”

“And you would have had a brother,” said Simon. “Like, an actual one. Not a murdering psychopath.”

Looking close to tears, Clary pushed her plate away. “I feel sick now,” she said. “You know that feeling like you’re hungry but you can’t bring yourself to eat?”

Simon looked over at the bleached-haired waitress, who was leaning against the diner counter. “Yeah,” he said. “I know.”



Luke returned to the table eventually, but only to tell Clary and Simon that he was taking Jocelyn home. He left some money, which they used to pay the bill before wandering out of the diner and over to Galaxy Comics on Seventh Avenue. Neither of them could concentrate enough to enjoy themselves, though, so they split up, with a promise to see each other the next day.

Simon rode into the city with his hood pulled up and his iPod on, blasting music into his ears. Music had always been his way of blocking everything out. By the time he got out at Second Avenue and headed down Houston, a light rain had started to fall, and his stomach was in knots.

He cut over to First Street, which was mostly deserted, a strip of darkness between the bright lights of First Avenue and

Avenue A. Because he had his iPod on, he didn't hear them coming up behind him until they were nearly on him. The first intimation he had that something was wrong was a long shadow that fell across the sidewalk, overlapping his own. Another shadow joined it, this one on his other side. He turned —

And saw two men behind him. Both were dressed exactly like the mugger who had attacked him the other night—gray tracksuits, gray hoods pulled up to hide their faces. They were close enough to touch him.

Simon leaped back, with a force that surprised him. Because his vampire strength was so new, it still had the power to shock him. When, a moment later, he found himself perched on the stoop of a brownstone, several feet away from the muggers, he was so astonished to be there that he froze.

The muggers advanced on him. They were speaking the same guttural language as the first mugger—who, Simon was beginning to suspect, had not been a mugger at all. Muggers, as far as he knew, didn't work in gangs, and it was unlikely that the first mugger had criminal friends who had decided to take revenge on him for their comrade's demise. Something else was clearly going on here.

They had reached the stoop, effectively trapping him on the steps. Simon tore his iPod headphones from his ears and hastily held his hands up. "Look," he said, "I don't know what this is about, but you really want to leave me alone."

The muggers just looked at him. Or at least he thought they were looking at him. Under the shadows of their hoods, it was impossible to see their faces.

"I'm getting the feeling someone sent you after me," he said. "But it's a suicide mission. Seriously. I don't know what they're paying you, but it's not enough."

One of the tracksuited figures laughed. The other had reached into his pocket and drawn something out. Something that shone black under the streetlights.

A gun.

“Oh, man,” Simon said. “You really, really don’t want to do that. I’m not kidding.” He took a step back, up one of the stairs. Maybe if he got enough height, he could actually jump over them, or past them. Anything but let them attack him. He didn’t think he could face what that meant. Not again.

The man with the gun raised it. There was a click as he pulled the hammer back.

Simon bit his lip. In his panic his fangs had come out. Pain shot through him as they sank into his skin. “*Don’t—*”

A dark object fell from the sky. At first Simon thought something had merely tumbled from one of the upper windows—an air conditioner ripping loose, or someone too lazy to drag their trash downstairs. But the falling thing, he saw, was a person—falling with direction, purpose, and grace. The person landed on the mugger, knocking him flat. The gun skittered out of his hand, and he screamed, a thin, high sound.

The second mugger bent and seized the gun. Before Simon could react, the guy had raised it and pulled the trigger. A spark of flame appeared at the gun’s muzzle.

And the gun blew apart. It blew apart, and the mugger blew apart along with it, too fast to even scream. He had intended a quick death for Simon, and an even quicker death was what he got in return. He shattered apart like glass, like the outward-flying colors in a kaleidoscope. There was a soft explosion—the sound of displaced air—and then nothing but a soft drizzle of salt, falling onto the pavement like solidified rain.

Simon’s vision blurred, and he sank down onto the steps. He was aware of a loud humming in his ears, and then someone grabbed him roughly by the wrists and shook him, hard. “Simon. Simon!”

He looked up. The person grabbing him and shaking him was Jace. The other boy wasn’t in gear, but was still wearing his jeans and the jacket he’d taken back from Clary. He was disheveled, his clothes and face streaked with dirt and soot. His hair was wet from the rain.

“What the hell was that?” Jace asked.

Simon looked up and down the street. It was still deserted. The asphalt shone, black and wet and empty. The second mugger was gone.

“*You,*” he said, a little groggily. “You jumped the muggers —”

“Those weren’t muggers. They were following you since you got off the subway. Someone sent those guys.” Jace spoke with complete surety.

“The other one,” Simon said. “What happened to him?”

“He just vanished.” Jace snapped his fingers. “He saw what happened to his friend, and he was gone, like that. I don’t know what they were, exactly. Not demons, but not exactly human, either.”

“Yeah, I figured that part out, thanks.”

Jace looked at him more closely. “That—what happened to the mugger—that was you, wasn’t it? Your Mark, here.” He pointed at his forehead. “I saw it burn white before that guy just . . . dissolved.”

Simon said nothing.

“I’ve seen a lot,” Jace said. There was no sarcasm in his voice, for a change, or any mockery. “But I’ve never seen anything like that.”

“I didn’t do it,” Simon said softly. “I didn’t do anything.”

“You didn’t have to,” said Jace. His golden eyes burned in his soot-streaked face. “*“For it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.”*”

6

WAKE THE DEAD

Jace's room was as neat as ever—bed made perfectly, the books that lined the shelves arranged in alphabetical order, notes and textbooks stacked carefully on the desk. Even his weapons were lined up along the wall in order of size, from a massive broadsword to a set of small daggers.

Clary, standing in the doorway, held back a sigh. The neatness was all very well. She was used to it. It was, she had always thought, Jace's way of exerting control over the elements of a life that otherwise might seem overwhelmed with chaos. He had lived so long not knowing who—or even what—he really was, she could hardly begrudge him the careful alphabetization of his poetry collection.

She could, however—and did—begrudge the fact that he wasn't there. If he hadn't gone back home after leaving the bridal shop, where *had* he gone? As she looked around the room, a feeling of unreality came over her. It wasn't possible that any of this was happening, was it? She knew how breakups went from hearing other girls complain about them. First the pulling away, the gradual refusal to return notes or phone calls. The vague messages saying nothing was wrong, that the other person just wanted a little space. Then the speech about how "It's not you, it's me." Then the crying part.

She'd never thought any of that would ever apply to her and Jace. What they had wasn't ordinary, or subject to the ordinary rules of relationships and breakups. They belonged to each other totally, and always would, and that was that.

But maybe everyone felt that way? Until the moment they realized they were just like everyone else, and everything they'd thought was real shattered apart.

Something that glittered silver across the room caught her eye. It was the box Amatis had given Jace, with its delicate design of birds around the sides. She knew he had been working his way through it, reading the letters slowly, going through the notes and photos. He hadn't said much about it to her, and she hadn't wanted to pry. His feelings about his biological father were something he was going to have to come to terms with on his own.

She found herself drawn to the box now, though. She remembered him sitting on the front steps of the Accords Hall in Idris, holding the box in his lap. *As if I could stop loving you*, he'd said. She touched the lid of the box, and her fingers found the clasp, which sprung open easily. Inside were scattered papers, old photographs. She drew one out, and stared at it, fascinated. There were two people in the photograph, a young woman and a young man. She recognized the woman immediately as Luke's sister, Amatis. She was gazing up at the young man with all the radiance of first love. He was handsome, tall and blond, though his eyes were blue, not gold, and his features less angular than Jace's . . . and yet still, knowing who he was—Jace's father—was enough to make her stomach tighten.

She set the photo of Stephen Herondale down hastily, and nearly cut her finger on the blade of a slim hunting dagger that lay crosswise in the box. Birds were carved along the handle. The blade of it was stained with rust, or what looked like rust. It must not have been cleaned properly. She shut the box quickly, and turned away, guilt like a weight on her shoulders.

She had thought about leaving a note, but, deciding it would be better to wait until she could talk to Jace in person, she left and went down the hall to the elevator. She had knocked on Isabelle's door earlier, but it didn't look like she was home either. Even the witchlight torches in the hallways seemed to be burning at a lower level than usual. Feeling utterly depressed, Clary reached for the elevator call button—only to realize it was already lit. Someone was heading up from the ground floor to the Institute.

Jace, she thought immediately, her pulse jumping. But of course it might not be him, she told herself. It could be Izzy, or Maryse, or—

“Luke?” she said in surprise as the elevator door opened. “What are you doing here?”

“I might ask you the same thing.” He stepped out of the elevator, pulling the gate shut behind him. He was wearing a fleece-lined zip-up flannel jacket that Jocelyn had been trying to get him to throw away since they’d first started dating. It was rather nice, Clary thought, that just about nothing seemed to change Luke, no matter what happened in his life. He liked what he liked, and that was that. Even if it was a ratty-looking old coat. “Except I think I can guess. So, is he here?”

“Jace? No.” Clary shrugged, trying to look unconcerned. “It’s fine. I’ll see him tomorrow.”

Luke hesitated. “Clary—”

“Lucian.” The cool voice that came from behind them was Maryse’s. “Thank you for coming on such short notice.”

He turned to nod at her. “Maryse.”

Maryse Lightwood stood in the doorway, her hand lightly on the frame. She was wearing gloves, pale gray gloves that matched her tailored gray suit. Clary wondered if Maryse ever wore jeans. She had never seen Isabelle and Alec’s mother in anything but power suits or gear. “Clary,” she said. “I didn’t realize you were here.”

Clary felt herself flush. Maryse didn’t seem to mind her coming and going, but then, Maryse had never really acknowledged Clary’s relationship with Jace at all. It was hard to blame her. Maryse was still coping with Max’s death, which had been only six weeks ago, and she was doing it alone, with Robert Lightwood still in Idris. She had bigger things on her mind than Jace’s love life.

“I was just leaving,” Clary said.

“I’ll give you a ride back home when I’m done here,” Luke said, putting a hand on her shoulder. “Maryse, is it a problem

if Clary remains while we talk? Because I'd prefer to have her stay."

Maryse shook her head. "No problem, I suppose." She sighed, raking her hands through her hair. "Believe me, I wish I didn't need to bother you at all. I know you're getting married in a week—congratulations, by the way. I don't know if I told you that before."

"You didn't," said Luke, "but it's appreciated. Thank you."

"Only six weeks." Maryse smiled faintly. "Quite a whirlwind courtship."

Luke's hand tightened on Clary's shoulder, the only sign of his annoyance. "I don't suppose you called me over here to congratulate me on my engagement, did you?"

Maryse shook her head. She looked very tired, Clary thought, and there were strands of gray in her upswept dark hair that hadn't been there before. "No. I assume you've heard about the bodies we've been finding for the past week or so?"

"The dead Shadowhunters, yes."

"We found another one tonight. Stuffed in a Dumpster near Columbus Park. Your pack's territory."

Luke's eyebrows went up. "Yes, but the others—"

"The first body was found in Greenpoint. Warlock territory. The second floating in a pond in Central Park. The domain of the fey. Now we have werewolf territory." She fixed her gaze on Luke. "What does that make you think?"

"That someone who isn't very pleased about the new Accords is trying to set Downworlder against Downworlder," Luke said. "I can assure you my pack didn't have anything to do with this. I don't know who's behind it, but it's a very clumsy attempt, if you ask me. I hope the Clave can see through it."

"There's more," Maryse said. "We've identified the first two bodies. It took some time, since the first was burned nearly beyond recognition and the second was badly decomposed. Can you guess who they might have been?"

“Maryse—”

“Anson Pangborn,” she said, “and Charles Freeman. Neither of whom, I might note, had been heard from since Valentine’s death—”

“But that’s not possible,” Clary interrupted. “Luke killed Pangborn, back in August—at Renwick’s.”

“He killed Emil Pangborn,” said Maryse. “Anson was Emil’s younger brother. They were both in the Circle together.”

“As was Freeman,” said Luke. “So someone is killing not just Shadowhunters but former Circle members? And leaving their bodies in Downworlder territory?” He shook his head. “It sounds like someone’s trying to shake up some of the more . . . recalcitrant members of the Clave. Get them to rethink the new Accords, perhaps. We should have expected this.”

“I suppose,” Maryse said. “I’ve met with the Seelie Queen already, and I have a message out to Magnus. Wherever he is.” She rolled her eyes; Maryse and Robert seemed to have accepted Alec’s relationship with Magnus with surprisingly good grace, but Clary could tell that Maryse, at least, didn’t take it seriously. “I just thought, perhaps—” She sighed. “I’ve been so exhausted lately. I feel like I can hardly think straight. I hoped you might have some idea about who might be doing this, some idea that hadn’t occurred to me.”

Luke shook his head. “Someone with a grudge against the new system. But that could be anyone. I suppose there’s no evidence on the bodies?”

Maryse sighed. “Nothing conclusive. If only the dead could talk, eh, Lucian?”

It was as if Maryse had lifted a hand and yanked a curtain across Clary’s vision; everything went dark, except for a single symbol, hanging like a glowing sign against a blank night sky.

It seemed her power had not vanished, after all.

“What if . . .,” she said slowly, raising her eyes to look at Maryse. “What if they could?”



Staring at himself in the bathroom mirror in Kyle's small apartment, Simon couldn't help but wonder where that whole business about vampires not being able to see themselves in mirrors had come from. He was able to see himself perfectly well in the dinged surface—tousled brown hair, wide brown eyes, white, unmarked skin. He had sponged off the blood from his cut lip, though his skin had already healed over.

He knew, objectively speaking, that becoming a vampire had made him more attractive. Isabelle had explained to him that his movements had become graceful and that, whereas before he had seemed disheveled, somehow now he looked attractively rumpled, as if he had just gotten out of bed. "Someone *else's* bed," she had noted, which, he'd told her, he had already figured out was what she meant, thank you.

When he looked at himself, though, he didn't see any of that. The poreless whiteness of his skin, as it always did, disturbed him, as did the dark, spidering veins that showed at his temples, evidence of the fact that he had not fed today. He looked alien and not like himself. Perhaps the whole business about not being able to see yourself in a mirror once you had become a vampire was wishful thinking. Maybe it was just that you no longer recognized the reflection looking back at you.

Cleaned up, he headed back into the living room, where Jace was sprawled out on the futon couch, reading Kyle's beaten-up copy of *The Lord of the Rings*. He dropped it onto the coffee table as Simon came in. His hair looked newly wet, as if he'd splashed water on his face from the kitchen sink.

"I can see why you like it here," he said, making a sweeping gesture that encompassed Kyle's collection of movie posters and science fiction books. "There's a thin layer of nerd all over everything."

"Thanks. I appreciate that." Simon gave Jace a hard look. Up close, under the bright light of the unshaded overhead bulb, Jace looked—ill. The shadows Simon had noticed under his eyes before were more pronounced than ever, and his skin

seemed tight over the bones of his face. His hand shook a little as he pushed his hair away from his forehead in a characteristic gesture.

Simon shook his head as if to clear it. Since when did he know Jace well enough to be able to identify which gestures of his were characteristic? It wasn't as if they were friends. "You look lousy," he said.

Jace blinked. "Seems an odd time to start an insult contest, but if you insist, I could probably think up something good."

"No, I mean it. You don't look good."

"This from a guy who has all the sex appeal of a penguin. Look, I realize you may be jealous that the good Lord didn't deal you the same chiseled hand he dealt me, but that's no reason to—"

"I am *not trying to insult you*," Simon snapped. "I mean you look *sick*. When was the last time you ate anything?"

Jace looked thoughtful. "Yesterday?"

"You ate something yesterday. You're sure?"

Jace shrugged. "Well, I wouldn't swear on a stack of Bibles. I think it was yesterday, though."

Simon had investigated the contents of Kyle's fridge earlier when he'd been searching the place, and there hadn't been much to find. A withered-up old lime, some soda cans, a pound of ground beef, and, inexplicably, a single Pop-Tart in the freezer. He grabbed his keys off the kitchen counter. "Come on," he said. "There's a supermarket on the corner. Let's get you some food."

Jace looked as if he were in the mood to object, then shrugged. "Fine," he said, in the tone of someone who didn't much care where they went or what they did there. "Let's go."

Outside on the front steps Simon locked the door behind them with the keys he was still getting used to, while Jace examined the list of names next to the apartment doorbell buzzers. "That one's yours, huh?" he asked, pointing to 3A. "How come it just says 'Kyle'? Doesn't he have a last name?"

“Kyle wants to be a rock star,” Simon said, heading down the stairs. “I think he’s working the one-name thing. Like Rihanna.”

Jace followed him, hunching his shoulders slightly against the wind, though he made no move to zip up the suede jacket he’d retrieved from Clary earlier that day. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“I’m sure you don’t.”

As they rounded the corner onto Avenue B, Simon looked at Jace sideways. “So,” he said. “Were you *following* me? Or is it just an amazing coincidence that you happened to be on the roof of a building I was walking by when I got attacked?”

Jace stopped at the corner, waiting for the light to turn. Apparently even Shadowhunters had to obey traffic laws. “I was following you.”

“Is this the part where you tell me you’re secretly in love with me? Vampire mojo strikes again.”

“There’s no such thing as vampire mojo,” said Jace, rather eerily echoing Clary’s earlier comment. “And I was following Clary, but then she got into a cab, and I can’t follow a cab. So I doubled back and followed you instead. Mostly for something to do.”

“You were following Clary?” Simon echoed. “Here’s a hot tip: Most girls don’t like being stalked.”

“She left her phone in the pocket of my jacket,” Jace said, patting his right side, where, presumably, the phone was stashed. “I thought if I could figure out where she was going, I could leave it where she’d find it.”

“Or,” Simon said, “you could call her at home and tell her you had her phone, and she could come and get it from you.”

Jace said nothing. The light changed, and they headed across the street toward the C-Town supermarket. It was still open. Markets in Manhattan never closed, Simon thought, which was a nice change from Brooklyn. Manhattan was a good place to be a vampire. You could do all your shopping at midnight and no one would think it was weird.

“You’re avoiding Clary,” Simon observed. “I don’t suppose you want to tell me why?”

“No, I don’t,” Jace said. “Just count yourself lucky I *was* following you, or—”

“Or what? Another mugger would be dead?” Simon could hear the bitterness in his own voice. “You saw what happened.”

“Yes. And I saw the look on your face when it did.” Jace’s tone was neutral. “That wasn’t the first time you’ve seen that happen, was it?”

Simon found himself telling Jace about the tracksuited figure who had attacked him in Williamsburg, and how he had assumed it was just a mugger. “After he died, he turned into salt,” he finished. “Just like the second guy. I guess it’s a biblical thing. Pillars of salt. Like Lot’s wife.”

They had reached the supermarket; Jace shoved the door open, and Simon followed him in, grabbing a miniature wheeled silver cart from the line near the front door. He started to push it down one of the aisles, and Jace followed him, clearly lost in thought. “So I guess the question is,” Jace said, “do you have any idea who might want to kill you?”

Simon shrugged. The sight of all the food around him was making his stomach twist, reminding him how hungry he was, though not for anything they sold here. “Maybe Raphael. He seems to hate me. And he wanted me dead before—”

“It’s not Raphael,” said Jace.

“How can you be so sure?”

“Because Raphael knows about your Mark and wouldn’t be stupid enough to strike at you directly like that. He’d know exactly what would happen. Whoever’s after you, it’s someone who knows enough about you to know where you’re likely to be, but they don’t know about the Mark.”

“But that could be anyone.”

“Exactly,” said Jace, and grinned. For a moment he almost looked like himself again.

Simon shook his head. “Look, do you know what you want to eat, or do you just want me to keep pushing this cart up and down aisles because it amuses you?”

“That,” said Jace, “and I’m not really familiar with what they sell in mundane grocery stores. Maryse usually cooks or we order in food.” He shrugged, and picked up a piece of fruit at random. “What’s this?”

“That’s a mango.” Simon stared at Jace. Sometimes it really was like *Shadowhunters* were from an alien planet.

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen one of those that wasn’t already cut up,” Jace mused. “I like mangoes.”

Simon grabbed the mango and tossed it into the cart. “Great. What else do you like?”

Jace pondered for a moment. “Tomato soup,” he said finally.

“Tomato soup? You want tomato soup and a mango for dinner?”

Jace shrugged. “I don’t really care about food.”

“Fine. Whatever. Stay here. I’ll be right back.” *Shadowhunters*. Simon seethed quietly to himself as he rounded the corner of an aisle lined with soup cans. They were a sort of bizarre amalgam of millionaires—people who never had to consider the petty parts of life, like how to shop for food, or use MetroCard machines in the subway—and soldiers, with their rigid self-discipline and constant training. Maybe it was easier for them, going through life with blinders on, he thought as he grabbed a soup can off the shelf. Maybe it helped you keep your focus on the big picture—which, when your job was basically keeping the world safe from evil, was a pretty big picture indeed.

He was feeling nearly sympathetic toward Jace as he neared the aisle where he’d left him—then paused. Jace was leaning against the cart, turning something over in his hands. From this distance Simon couldn’t see what it was, and he couldn’t get closer, either, because two teenage girls were blocking his way, standing in the middle of the aisle giggling and crowding

up against each other to whisper the way girls did. They were obviously dressed to pass for twenty-one, in high heels and short skirts, push-up bras and no jackets to keep the chill away.

They smelled like lip gloss. Lip gloss and baby powder and blood.

He could hear them, of course, despite the whispering. They were talking about Jace, how hot he was, each daring the other to go up and talk to him. There was a great deal of discussion of his hair and also his abs, although how they could really see his abs though his T-shirt, Simon wasn't sure. *Blech*, he thought. *This is ridiculous*. He was about to say "Excuse me" when one of them, the taller and darker-haired of the two, broke away and sauntered over to Jace, wobbling a little on her platform heels. Jace looked up as she approached him, his eyes wary, and Simon had the sudden panicked thought that maybe Jace would mistake her for a vampire or some kind of succubus and whip out one of his seraph blades on the spot, and then they'd both be arrested.

He needn't have worried. Jace just arched an eyebrow. The girl said something to him breathlessly; he shrugged; she pressed something into his hand, and then dashed back to her friend. They wobbled out of the store, giggling together.

Simon went over to Jace and dropped the soup can into the cart. "So what was all that about?"

"I think," Jace said, "that she asked if she could touch my mango."

"She *said* that?"

Jace shrugged. "Yeah, then she gave me her number." He showed Simon the piece of paper with an expression of bland indifference, then tossed it into the cart. "Can we go now?"

"You're not going to call her, are you?"

Jace looked at him as if he were insane.

"Forget I said that," said Simon. "This sort of thing happens to you all the time, doesn't it? Girls just coming up to you?"

"Only when I'm not glamourised."

“Yes, because when you are, girls can’t see you, because you’re *invisible*.” Simon shook his head. “You’re a public menace. You shouldn’t be allowed out on your own.”

“Jealousy is such an ugly emotion, Lewis.” Jace grinned a crooked grin that normally would have made Simon want to hit him. Not this time, though. He had just realized what it was that Jace had been playing with, turning over and over in his fingers as if it were something precious or dangerous or both. It was Clary’s phone.



“I’m still not sure that this is a good idea,” said Luke.

Clary, her arms crossed over her chest to ward off the chill of the Silent City, looked sideways at him. “Maybe you should have said that *before* we got here.”

“I’m fairly sure I did. Several times.” Luke’s voice echoed off the stone pillars that rose overhead, striped with bands of semiprecious stone—black onyx, green jade, rose carnelian, and blue lapis. Silvery witchlight burned in torches attached to the pillars, lighting the mausoleums that lined each wall to a bright white that was almost painful to look at.

Little had changed in the Silent City since the last time Clary had been here. It still felt alien and strange, though now the sweeping runes that stretched across the floors in carved whorls and etched patterns teased her mind with the edges of their meanings, instead of being totally incomprehensible. Maryse had left her and Luke here in this entry chamber the moment they had arrived, preferring to go and confer with the Silent Brothers herself. There was no guarantee they’d let the three of them in to see the bodies, she’d warned Clary. Nephilim dead were the province of the Bone City’s guardians, and no one else had jurisdiction over them.

Not that there were many such guardians left. Valentine had killed nearly all of them while searching for the Mortal Sword, leaving alive only the few who had not been in the Silent City at the time. New members had been added to their order since then, but Clary doubted there were more than ten or fifteen Silent Brothers left in the world.

The harsh clack of Maryse's heels on the stone floor alerted them to her return before she actually appeared, a robed Silent Brother trailing in her wake. "Here you are," she said, as if Clary and Luke weren't exactly where she'd left them. "This is Brother Zachariah. Brother Zachariah, this is the girl I was telling you about."

The Silent Brother pushed his hood back very slightly from his face. Clary held back a start of surprise. He didn't look like Brother Jeremiah had, with his hollowed eyes and stitched mouth. Brother Zachariah's eyes were closed, his high cheekbones each marked with the scar of a single black rune. But his mouth wasn't stitched shut, and she didn't think his head was shaved, either. It was hard to tell, with the hood up, whether she was seeing shadows or dark hair.

She felt his voice touch her mind. *You truly believe you can do this thing, Valentine's daughter?*

She felt her cheeks flush. She hated being reminded of whose daughter she was.

"Surely you've heard of the other things she's done," said Luke. "Her rune of binding helped us end the Mortal War."

Brother Zachariah raised his hood to hide his face. *Come with me to the Ossuarium.*

Clary looked at Luke, hoping for a supportive nod, but he was staring straight ahead and fiddling with his glasses the way he did when he was anxious. With a sigh she set off after Maryse and Brother Zachariah. He moved as silently as fog, while Maryse's heels sounded like gunshots on the marble floors. Clary wondered if Isabelle's propensity for unsuitable footwear was genetic.

They followed a winding path through the pillars, passing the great square of the Speaking Stars, where the Silent Brothers had first told Clary about Magnus Bane. Beyond the square was an arched doorway, set with a pair of enormous iron doors. Into their surfaces had been burned runes that Clary recognized as runes of death and peace. Over the doors was written an inscription in Latin that made her wish she had

her notes with her. She was woefully behind in Latin for a Shadowhunter; most of them spoke it like a second language.

Taceant Colloquia. Effugiat risus. Hic locus est ubi mors gaudet succurrere vitae.

“*Let conversation stop. Let laughter cease,*” Luke read aloud. “*Here is the place where the dead delight to teach the living.*”

Brother Zachariah laid a hand on the door. *The most recent of the murdered dead has been made ready for you. Are you prepared?*

Clary swallowed hard, wondering exactly what it was she had gotten herself into. “I’m ready.”

The doors swung wide, and they filed through. Inside was a large, windowless room with walls of smooth white marble. They were featureless save for hooks on which hung silvery instruments of dissection: shining scalpels, things that looked like hammers, bone saws, and rib spreaders. And beside them on shelves were even more peculiar instruments: massive corkscrew-like tools, sheets of sandpapery material, and jars of multicolored liquid, including a greenish one labeled “Acid” that actually seemed to be steaming.

The center of the room featured a row of high marble tables. Most were bare. Three were occupied, and on two of those three, all Clary could see was a human shape concealed by a white sheet. On the third table lay a body, the sheet pulled down to just below the rib cage. Naked from the waist up, the body was clearly male, and just as clearly a Shadowhunter. The corpse-pale skin was inked all over with Marks. The dead man’s eyes had been bound with white silk, as per Shadowhunter custom.

Clary swallowed back her rising nausea and moved to stand beside the corpse. Luke came with her, his hand protectively on her shoulder; Maryse stood opposite them, watching everything with her curious blue eyes, the same color as Alec’s.

Clary drew her stele from her pocket. She could feel the chill of the marble through her shirt as she leaned over the dead man. This close, she could see details—that his hair had been reddish brown, and that his throat had been torn clean through in strips, as if by a massive claw.

Brother Zachariah reached out and removed the silk binding from the dead man's eyes. Beneath it, they were closed. *You may begin.*

Clary took a deep breath and set the tip of the stele to the skin of the dead Shadowhunter's arm. The rune she had visualized before, in the entryway of the Institute, came back to her as clearly as the letters of her own name. She began to draw.

The black Mark lines spiraled out from the tip of her stele, much as they always did—but her hand felt heavy, the stele itself dragging slightly, as if she were writing in mud rather than on skin. It was as if the implement were confused, skittering over the surface of the dead skin, seeking the living spirit of the Shadowhunter that was no longer there. Clary's stomach churned as she drew, and by the time she was done and had retracted her stele, she was sweating and nauseated.

For a long moment nothing happened. Then, with a terrible suddenness, the dead Shadowhunter's eyes flicked open. They were blue, the whites flecked red with blood.

Maryse let out a long gasp. It was clear she hadn't really believed the rune would work. "By the Angel."

A rattling breath came from the dead man, the sound of someone trying to breathe through a cut throat. The ragged skin of his neck fluttered like a fish's gills. His chest rose, and words came from his mouth.

"It hurts."

Luke swore, and glanced toward Zachariah, but the Silent Brother was impassive.

Maryse moved closer to the table, her eyes suddenly sharp, almost predatory. "Shadowhunter," she said. "Who are you? I demand your name."

The man's head thrashed from side to side. His hands rose and fell convulsively. "*The pain . . . Make the pain stop.*"

Clary's stele nearly dropped from her hand. This was much more awful than she had imagined. She looked toward Luke, who was backing away from the table, his eyes wide with horror.

"Shadowhunter." Maryse's tone was imperious. "Who did this to you?"

"*Please . . .*"

Luke whirled around, his back to Clary. He seemed to be rummaging among the Silent Brother's tools. Clary stood frozen as Maryse's gray-gloved hand shot out, and closed on the corpse's shoulder, her fingers digging in. "In the name of the Angel, I command you to answer me!"

The Shadowhunter made a choking sound. "*Downworlder . . . vampire . . .*"

"Which vampire?" Maryse demanded.

"*Camille. The ancient one—*" The words choked off as a gout of black clotted blood poured from the dead mouth.

Maryse gasped and jerked her hand back. As she did so, Luke reappeared, carrying the jar of green acid liquid that Clary had noticed earlier. With a single gesture he yanked the lid off and sloshed the acid over the Mark on the corpse's arm, eradicating it. The corpse gave a single scream as the flesh sizzled—and then it collapsed back against the table, eyes blank and staring, whatever had animated it for that brief period clearly gone.

Luke set the empty jar of acid down on the table. "Maryse." His voice was reproachful. "This is not how we treat our dead."

"I will decide how we treat *our* dead, Downworlder." Maryse was pale, her cheeks spotted with red. "We have a name now. Camille. Perhaps we can prevent more deaths."

"There are worse things than death." Luke reached a hand out for Clary, not looking at her. "Come on, Clary. I think it's

time for us to go.”



“So you really can’t think of anyone else who might want to kill you?” Jace asked, not for the first time. They’d gone over the list several times, and Simon was getting tired of being asked the same questions over and over. Not to mention that he suspected Jace was only partly paying attention. Having already eaten the soup Simon had bought—cold, out of the can, with a spoon, which Simon couldn’t help thinking was disgusting—he was leaning against the window, the curtain pulled aside slightly so that he could see the traffic going by on Avenue B, and the brightly lit windows of the apartments across the street. Through them Simon could see people eating dinner, watching television, and sitting around a table talking. Ordinary things that ordinary people did. It made him feel oddly hollow.

“Unlike in your case,” said Simon, “there aren’t actually all that many people who dislike me.”

Jace ignored this. “There’s something you’re not telling me.”

Simon sighed. He hadn’t wanted to say anything about Camille’s offer, but in the face of someone trying to kill him, however ineffectually, maybe secrecy wasn’t such a priority. He explained what had happened at his meeting with the vampire woman, while Jace watched him with an intent expression.

When he was done, Jace said, “Interesting, but she’s not likely to be the one trying to kill you either. She knows about your Mark, for one thing. And I’m not sure she’d be keen to get caught breaking the Accords like that. When Downworlders are that old, they usually know how to stay out of trouble.” He set his soup can down. “We could go out again,” he suggested. “See if they try to attack a third time. If we could just capture one of them, maybe we—”

“No,” Simon said. “Why are you always trying to get yourself killed?”

“It’s my job.”

“It’s a *hazard* of your job. At least for most Shadowhunters. For you it seems to be the purpose.”

Jace shrugged. “My father always said—” He broke off, his face hardening. “Sorry. I meant Valentine. By the Angel. Every time I call him that, it feels like I’m betraying my real father.”

Simon felt sympathetic toward Jace despite himself. “Look, you thought he was your father for what, sixteen years? That doesn’t just go away in a day. And you never met the guy who was really your father. And he’s dead. So you can’t really betray him. Just think of yourself as someone who has two fathers for a while.”

“You can’t have two fathers.”

“Sure you can,” Simon said. “Who says you can’t? We can buy you one of those books they have for little kids. *Timmy Has Two Dads*. Except I don’t think they have one called *Timmy Has Two Dads and One of Them Was Evil*. That part you’re just going to have to work through on your own.”

Jace rolled his eyes. “It’s fascinating,” he said. “You know all these words, and they’re all English, but when you string them together into sentences, they just don’t make any sense.” He tugged lightly on the window curtain. “I wouldn’t expect you to understand.”

“My father’s dead,” said Simon.

Jace turned to look at him. “What?”

“I figured you didn’t know,” said Simon. “I mean, it’s not like you were going to *ask*, or are particularly interested in anything about me. So, yeah. My father’s dead. So we do have that in common.” Suddenly exhausted, he leaned back against the futon. He felt sick and dizzy and tired—a deep tiredness that seemed to have sunk into his bones. Jace, on the other hand, seemed possessed of a restless energy that Simon found a little disturbing. It hadn’t been easy watching him eat that tomato soup, either. It had looked too much like blood for his comfort.

Jace eyed him. “How long has it been since *you* . . . ate? You look pretty bad.”

Simon sighed. He supposed he couldn’t say anything, after pestering Jace to eat something. “Hang on,” he said. “I’ll be right back.”

Peeling himself off the futon, he went into his bedroom and retrieved his last bottle of blood from under the bed. He tried not to look at it—separated blood was a sickening sight. He shook the bottle hard as he headed into the living room, where Jace was still staring out the window.

Leaning against the kitchen counter, Simon unscrewed the bottle of blood and took a swig. Normally he didn’t like drinking the stuff in front of other people, but this was Jace, and he didn’t care what Jace thought. Besides, it wasn’t as if Jace hadn’t seen him drink blood before. At least Kyle wasn’t home. That would be a hard one to explain to his new roommate. Nobody liked a guy who kept blood in the fridge.

Two Jaces eyed him—one the real Jace, the other his reflection in the windowpane. “You can’t just skip feeding, you know.”

Simon shrugged. “I’m eating now.”

“Yeah,” Jace said, “but you’re a vampire. Blood isn’t like food for you. Blood is . . . blood.”

“That’s very illuminating.” Simon flung himself into the armchair across from the TV; it had probably once been a pale gold velvet but was now worn to the grayish pile. “Do you have a lot of other profound thoughts like that? Blood is blood? A toaster is a toaster? A Gelatinous Cube is a Gelatinous Cube?”

Jace shrugged. “Fine. Ignore my advice. You’ll be sorry later.”

Before Simon could answer, he heard the sound of the front door opening. He looked daggers at Jace. “That’s my roommate. Kyle. Be nice.”

Jace smiled charmingly. “I’m always nice.”

Simon had no chance to respond to this the way he would have liked, for a moment later Kyle bounded into the room, looking bright-eyed and energetic. “Man, I was all over town today,” he said. “I almost got lost, but you know what they say. Bronx up, Battery down—” He looked at Jace, registering belatedly that there was someone else in the room. “Oh, hey. I didn’t know you had a friend over.” He held out a hand. “I’m Kyle.”

Jace did not respond in kind. To Simon’s surprise, Jace had gone rigid all over, his pale yellow eyes narrowing, his whole body displaying that Shadowhunter watchfulness that seemed to transform him from an ordinary teenage boy into something very much other than that.

“Interesting,” he said. “You know, Simon never mentioned that his new roommate was a werewolf.”



Clary and Luke drove most of the way back to Brooklyn in silence. Clary stared out the window as they went, watching Chinatown slide past, and then the Williamsburg Bridge, lit up like a chain of diamonds against the night sky. In the distance, out over the black water of the river, she could see Renwick’s, illuminated as it always was. It looked like a ruin again, empty black windows gaping like the eye holes in a skull. The voice of the dead Shadowhunter whispered in her mind:

The pain . . . Make the pain stop.

She shuddered and drew her jacket more tightly around her shoulders. Luke glanced at her briefly but said nothing. It wasn’t until he had pulled up in front of his house and killed the engine of the truck that he turned to her and spoke.

“Clary,” he said. “What you just did—”

“It was wrong,” she said. “I know it was wrong. I was there too.” She swiped at her face with the edge of her sleeve. “Go ahead and yell at me.”

Luke stared through the windshield. “I’m not going to yell at you. You didn’t know what was going to happen. Hell, I

thought it might work too. I wouldn't have gone with you if I hadn't."

Clary knew this ought to have made her feel better, but it didn't. "If you hadn't thrown acid on the rune—"

"But I did."

"I didn't even know you could do that. Destroy a rune like that."

"If you disfigure it enough, you can minimize or destroy its power. Sometimes in battle the enemy will try to burn or slice off a Shadowhunter's skin, just to deprive them of the power of their runes." Luke sounded distracted.

Clary felt her lips tremble, and pressed them together, hard, to stop the shaking. Sometimes she forgot the more nightmarish aspects of being a Shadowhunter—*This life of scars and killing*, as Hodge had said to her once. "Well," she said, "I won't do it again."

"Won't do what again? Make that particular rune? I have no doubt you won't, but I'm not sure that addresses the problem." Luke drummed his fingers on the steering wheel. "You have an ability, Clary. A great ability. But you have absolutely no idea what it means. You're totally untrained. You know almost nothing about the history of runes, or what they have meant to Nephilim through the centuries. You can't tell a rune designed to do good from one designed to do harm."

"You were happy enough to let me use my power when it was the binding rune," she said angrily. "You didn't tell me not to create runes then."

"I'm not telling you not to use your power now. In fact, I think the problem is that you so rarely do use it. It's not as if you're using your power to change your nail polish color or make the subway come when you want it. You use it only in these occasional life-and-death moments."

"The runes only come to me in those moments."

"Maybe that's because you haven't yet been trained in how your power *works*. Think of Magnus; his power is a part of him. You seem to think of yours as separate from you."

Something that happens to you. It's not. It's a tool you need to learn to use."

"Jace said Maryse wants to hire a rune expert to work with me, but it hasn't happened yet."

"Yes," said Luke, "I imagine Maryse has other things on her mind." He took the key out of the ignition and sat for a moment in silence. "Losing a child the way she lost Max," he said. "I can't imagine it. I should be more forgiving of her behavior. If something happened to you, I . . ."

His voice trailed off.

"I wish Robert would come back from Idris," said Clary. "I don't see why she has to deal with all this alone. It must be horrible."

"Many marriages break up when a child dies. The married couple can't stop blaming themselves, or each other. I imagine Robert is gone precisely because he needs space, or Maryse does."

"But they love each other," Clary said, appalled. "Isn't that what love means? That you're supposed to be there for the other person to turn to, no matter what?"

Luke looked toward the river, at the dark water moving slowly under the light of the autumn moon. "Sometimes, Clary," he said, "love just isn't enough."

7

PRAETOR LUPUS

The bottle slid out of Simon's hand and crashed to the floor, where it shattered, sending shards flying in all directions. "Kyle's a werewolf?"

"Of course he's a werewolf, you moron," said Jace. He looked at Kyle. "Aren't you?"

Kyle said nothing. The relaxed good humor had gone out of his expression. His hazel eyes were as hard and flat as glass. "Who's asking?"

Jace moved away from the window. There was nothing overtly hostile in his demeanor, and yet everything about him implied a clear threat. His hands were loose at his sides, but Simon remembered the way he had seen Jace, before, explode into action with almost nothing, it seemed, between thought and response. "Jace Lightwood," he said. "Of the Lightwood Institute. What pack are you sworn to?"

"Jesus," said Kyle. "You're a Shadowhunter?" He looked at Simon. "The cute redheaded girl who was with you in the garage—she's a Shadowhunter too, isn't she?"

Taken aback, Simon nodded.

"You know, some people think Shadowhunters are just myths. Like mummies and genies." Kyle grinned at Jace. "Can you grant wishes?"

The fact that Kyle had just called Clary cute did not seem to have endeared him to Jace, whose face had tightened alarmingly. "That depends," he said. "Do you wish to be punched in the face?"

"My, my," said Kyle. "And I thought you all were so gung ho for the Accords these days—"

“The Accords apply to vamps and lycanthropes with clear alliances,” interrupted Jace. “Tell me what pack you’re sworn to, or I’ll have to assume you’re rogue.”

“All right, that’s enough,” Simon said. “Both of you, stop acting like you’re about to hit each other.” He looked at Kyle. “You should have told me you were a werewolf.”

“I didn’t notice you telling me you’re a vampire. Maybe I thought it was none of your business.”

Simon’s whole body jerked with surprise. “What?” He glanced down at the shattered glass and blood on the floor. “I didn’t—I don’t—”

“Don’t bother,” Jace said quietly. “He can sense you’re a vampire. Just like you’ll be able to sense werewolves and other Downworlders when you’ve had a bit more practice. He’s known what you are since he met you. Isn’t that true?” He met Kyle’s icy hazel eyes with his own. Kyle said nothing. “And that stuff he’s growing on the balcony, by the by? That’s wolfsbane. Now you know.”

Simon crossed his arms over his chest and glared at Kyle. “So what the hell is this? Some sort of setup? Why did you ask me to live with you? Werewolves hate vampires.”

“I don’t,” said Kyle. “I’m not too fond of their kind, though.” He jabbed a finger at Jace. “They think they’re better than everyone else.”

“No,” said Jace. “*I* think *I*’m better than everyone else. An opinion that has been backed up with ample evidence.”

Kyle looked at Simon. “Does he always talk like this?”

“Yes.”

“Does anything shut him up? Other than getting the crap beaten out of him, of course.”

Jace moved away from the window. “I would *love* for you to try.”

Simon stepped between them. “I’m not going to let you fight with each other.”

“And what are you going to do about it if . . . Oh.” Jace’s gaze trailed up to Simon’s forehead, and he grinned reluctantly. “So basically you’re threatening to turn me into something you can sprinkle on popcorn if I don’t do what you say?”

Kyle looked baffled. “What are you—”

“I just think you two should talk,” Simon interrupted. “So Kyle’s a werewolf. I’m a vampire. And you’re not exactly the boy next door either,” he added to Jace. “I say we figure out what’s going on and proceed from there.”

“Your trusting idiocy knows no bounds,” Jace said, but he sat down on the windowsill, crossing his arms. After a moment Kyle sat down too, on the futon couch. They both glared at each other. *Still*, Simon thought. *Progress*.

“Fine,” Kyle said. “I’m a werewolf. I’m not part of a pack, but I *do* have an alliance. Have you heard of the Praetor Lupus?”

“I’ve heard of lupus,” said Simon. “Isn’t it a kind of disease?”

Jace gave him a withering look. “‘*Lupus*’ means ‘wolf,’” he explained. “And the praetorians were an elite Roman military force. So I guess the translation is ‘Wolf Guardians.’” He shrugged. “I’ve run across mentions of them, but they’re a pretty secretive organization.”

“And the Shadowhunters aren’t?” said Kyle.

“We have good reasons.”

“So do we.” Kyle leaned forward. The muscles in his arms flexed as he propped his elbows on his knees. “There are two kinds of werewolves,” he explained. “The kind that are born werewolves, with werewolf parents, and the kind that get infected with lycanthropy through a bite.” Simon looked at him in surprise. He wouldn’t have thought Kyle, slacker-stoner bike messenger, would have known the word “lycanthropy,” much less how to pronounce it. But this was a very different Kyle—focused, intent, and direct. “For those of us who are turned by a bite, those first few years are key. The demon

strain that causes lycanthropy causes a whole raft of other changes—waves of uncontrollable aggression, inability to control rage, suicidal anger and despair. The pack can help with that, but a lot of the newly infected aren't lucky enough to fall in with a pack. They're on their own, trying to deal with all this overwhelming stuff, and a lot of them turn violent—against others or against themselves. There's a high suicide rate and a high rate of domestic violence.” He looked at Simon. “The same goes for vampires, except it can be even worse. An orphaned fledgling has literally no idea what's happened to it. With no guidance, it doesn't know how to feed safely, or even to stay out of sunlight. That's where we come in.”

“And do what?” Simon asked.

“We track down ‘orphaned’ Downworlders—vampires and werewolves who've just been Turned and don't know what they are yet. Sometimes even warlocks—some of them don't realize what they are for years. We intervene, try to get them into a pack or a clan, try to help them control their powers.”

“Good Samaritans, aren't you.” Jace's eyes glittered.

“We are, actually.” Kyle sounded like he was trying to keep his voice neutral. “We intervene before the new Downworlder can get violent and hurt themselves or other people. I know what would have happened to me if it hadn't been for the Guard. I've done bad things. Really bad.”

“How bad?” asked Jace. “Illegal bad?”

“Shut up, Jace,” said Simon. “You're off duty, okay? Stop being a Shadowhunter for a second.” He turned to Kyle. “So how did you end up auditioning for my crappy band, then?”

“I didn't realize you knew it was crappy.”

“Just answer the question.”

“We got a report of a new vampire—a Daylighter, living on his own, not with a clan. Your secret's not as secret as you think. Fledgling vampires without a clan to help them can be very dangerous. I got dispatched to keep an eye on you.”

“So, what you’re saying,” said Simon, “is not just that you don’t want me to move out now that I know you’re a werewolf, but that you won’t let me move out?”

“Right,” said Kyle. “I mean, you can move out, but I’ll come with you.”

“That’s not necessary,” said Jace. “I can keep a perfectly good eye on Simon, thank you. He’s *my* neophyte Downworlder to mock and boss around, not yours.”

“Shut up!” Simon yelled. “Both of you. Neither of you were around when someone tried to kill me earlier today—”

“I was,” said Jace. “You know, eventually.”

Kyle’s eyes shone, like a wolf’s eyes at night. “Someone tried to kill you? What happened?”

Simon’s gaze met Jace’s across the room. A silent agreement not to mention the Mark of Cain passed between them. “Two days ago, and today, I was followed and attacked by some guys in gray tracksuits.”

“Humans?”

“We’re not sure.”

“And you have no idea what they want with you?”

“They definitely want me dead,” said Simon. “Beyond that, I don’t really know, no.”

“We have some leads,” said Jace. “We’ll be investigating.”

Kyle shook his head. “Fine. Whatever it is you’re not telling me, I’ll find out eventually.” He got to his feet. “And now, I’m beat. I’m going to sleep. I’ll see you in the morning,” he said to Simon. “You,” he said to Jace, “well, I guess I’ll see you around. You’re the first Shadowhunter I’ve ever met.”

“That’s too bad,” said Jace, “since all the ones you meet from now on will be a terrible letdown.”

Kyle rolled his eyes and left, banging his bedroom door shut behind him.

Simon looked at Jace. "You're not going back to the Institute," he said, "are you?"

Jace shook his head. "You need protecting. Who knows when someone might try to kill you again?"

"This avoiding Clary thing of yours has truly taken an epic turn," Simon said, standing up. "Are you ever going home?"

Jace looked at him. "Are you?"

Simon stalked into the kitchen, retrieved a broom, and swept up the broken glass from the smashed bottle. It had been his last. He dumped the shards into the trash and walked past Jace into his own small bedroom, where he stripped off his jacket and shoes and flung himself down onto the mattress.

A moment later Jace came into the room. He looked around, his light eyebrows raised, his expression a mask of amusement. "Quite a space you've got here. Minimalist. I like it."

Simon rolled onto his side and stared at Jace in disbelief. "Please tell me you're not actually planning on staying in my *room*."

Jace perched on the windowsill and looked down at him. "You really don't get this bodyguard thing, do you?"

"I didn't even think you liked me all that much," said Simon. "Is this one of those keep-your-friends-close-and-your-enemies-closer things?"

"I thought it was keep your friends close so you have someone to drive the car when you sneak over to your enemy's house at night and throw up in his mailbox."

"I'm pretty sure that's not it. And this protecting me thing is less touching than creepy, just so you know. I'm *fine*. You've seen what happens if someone tries to hurt me."

"Yes, I have," said Jace. "But eventually the person who's trying to kill you is going to figure out about the Mark of Cain. And then they're either going to give up or find some other way to come at you." He leaned against the window frame. "And that's why I'm here."

Despite his exasperation Simon could find no holes in this argument, or at least not one big enough to bother with. He rolled onto his stomach and buried his face in his arms. Within minutes he was asleep.



He was walking through the desert, over burning sands, past bones whitening in the sun. He had never been so thirsty. When he swallowed, his mouth felt as if it were coated with sand, his throat lined with knives.

The sharp buzzing of his cell phone woke Simon. He rolled over and clawed tiredly at his jacket. By the time he'd pried the cell phone loose from the pocket, it had stopped ringing.

He turned it over and looked to see who had called. It was Luke.

Crap. I bet my mom called Clary's house looking for me, he thought, sitting up. His brain was still fuzzy from sleep, and it took a moment for him to remember that when he had fallen asleep in this room, he hadn't been alone.

He looked quickly toward the window. Jace was still there, but he was clearly asleep—sitting up, his head leaning against the window glass. Pale blue dawn light filtered past him. He looked very young like that, Simon thought. No mockery in his expression, no defensiveness or sarcasm. It was almost possible to imagine what Clary saw in him.

It was pretty clear he wasn't taking his bodyguard duties all that seriously, but that had been obvious from the beginning. Simon wondered, not for the first time, what the hell was going on between Clary and Jace.

The phone started buzzing again. Propelling himself to his feet, Simon padded out into the living room, pressing the talk button just before the call went to voice mail again. "Luke?"

"Sorry to wake you up, Simon." Luke was, as always, unfailingly polite.

"I was awake anyway," Simon lied.

“I need you to meet me in Washington Square Park in half an hour,” said Luke. “At the fountain.”

Now Simon was seriously alarmed. “Is everything okay? Is Clary all right?”

“She’s fine. This isn’t about her.” There was a rumbling sound in the background. Simon guessed that Luke was starting up his truck. “Just meet me in the park. And don’t bring anyone with you.”

He clicked off.



The sound of Luke’s truck pulling out of the driveway woke Clary out of uneasy dreams. She sat up, and winced. The chain around her neck had gotten caught in her hair while she slept, and she drew it off over her head, carefully pulling it free of the tangles.

She dropped the ring into her palm, the chain pooling around it. The little silver circlet, stamped with its pattern of stars, seemed to wink up at her mockingly. She remembered when Jace had given it to her, wrapped in the note he’d left behind when he’d gone off to hunt down Jonathan. *Despite everything, I can’t bear the thought of this ring being lost forever; any more than I can bear the thought of leaving you forever.*

That had been almost two months ago. She had been sure that he loved her, so sure that the Queen of the Seelie Court had not been able to tempt her. How could there be anything else she wanted, when she had Jace?

But maybe you never really had someone, she thought now. Maybe, no matter how much you loved them, they could slip through your fingers like water, and there was nothing you could do about it. She understood why people talked about hearts “breaking”; she felt as if hers were made of cracked glass, and the shards were like tiny knives inside her chest when she breathed. *Imagine your life without him*, the Seelie Queen had said—

The phone rang, and for a moment Clary felt only relieved that something, anything, had cut through her misery. Her second thought was, *Jace*. Maybe he couldn't reach her on her cell phone and was calling her house. She dropped the ring on her bedside table and reached to lift the receiver out of its cradle. She was about to voice a greeting when she realized that the phone had already been picked up, by her mother.

"Hello?" Her mother sounded anxious, and surprisingly awake for so early in the morning.

The voice that answered was unfamiliar, faintly accented. "This is Catarina from Beth Israel hospital. I'm looking for Jocelyn."

Clary froze. The hospital? Had something happened, maybe to Luke? He had pulled out of the driveway awfully fast—

"This is Jocelyn." Her mother didn't sound frightened, but rather as if she'd expected the call. "Thank you for calling me back so soon."

"Of course. I was glad to hear from you. You don't often see people recover from a curse like the one you were suffering from." Right, Clary thought. Her mother had been in Beth Israel, comatose from the effects of the potion she'd taken to prevent Valentine from interrogating her. "And any friend of Magnus Bane's is a friend of mine."

Jocelyn sounded strained. "Did my message make sense? You know what I was calling about?"

"You wanted to know about the child," said the woman on the other end of the line. Clary knew she ought to hang up, but she couldn't. What child? What was going on? "The one who was abandoned."

There was a catch in Jocelyn's voice. "Y-yes. I thought—"

"I'm sorry to say this, but he's dead. He died last night."

For a moment Jocelyn was silent. Clary could feel her mother's shock through the phone line. "Died? How?"

"I'm not sure I understand it myself. The priest came last night to baptize the child, and—"

“Oh, my God.” Jocelyn’s voice shook. “Can I—Could I please come down and look at the body?”

There was a long silence. Finally the nurse said, “I’m not sure about that. The body’s in the morgue now, awaiting transfer to the medical examiner’s office.”

“Catarina, I think I know what happened to the boy.” Jocelyn sounded breathless. “And if I could confirm it, maybe I could prevent it from happening again.”

“Jocelyn—”

“I’m coming down,” Clary’s mother said, and hung up the phone. Clary gazed blankly at the receiver for a moment before hanging up herself. She scrambled to her feet, ran a brush through her hair, tossed on jeans and a sweater, and was out her bedroom door just in time to catch her mother in the living room, scribbling a note on the pad of paper by the telephone. She looked up as Clary came in, and gave a guilty start.

“I was just running out,” she said. “A few last-minute wedding things have come up, and—”

“Don’t bother lying to me,” Clary said without preamble. “I was listening on the phone, and I know exactly where you’re going.”

Jocelyn paled. Slowly she set her pen down. “Clary—”

“You have to stop trying to protect me,” Clary said. “I bet you didn’t say anything to Luke, either, about calling the hospital.”

Jocelyn pushed her hair back nervously. “It seems unfair on him. With the wedding coming up and everything—”

“Right. The wedding. You’re having a wedding. And why is that? Because you’re getting *married*. Don’t you think it’s time you started trusting Luke? And trusting me?”

“I do trust you,” Jocelyn said softly.

“In that case you won’t mind me coming with you to the hospital.”

“Clary, I don’t think—”

“I know what you think. You think this is just like what happened to Sebastian—I mean Jonathan. You think maybe someone’s out there doing to babies what Valentine did to my brother.”

Jocelyn’s voice shook slightly. “Valentine’s dead. But there are others who were in the Circle who have never been caught.”

And they never found Jonathan’s body. It wasn’t something Clary liked to think about. Besides, Isabelle had been there and had always been adamant that Jace had severed Jonathan’s spine with the blade of a dagger and that Jonathan had been quite, quite dead as a result. She had gone down into the water and checked, she’d said. There had been no pulse, no heartbeat.

“Mom,” Clary said. “He was *my brother*. I have a right to come with you.”

Very slowly Jocelyn nodded. “You’re right. I suppose you do.” She reached for her purse where it hung on a peg by the door. “Well, come on, then, and get your coat. The weather forecast says it might rain.”



Washington Square Park in the early morning was mostly deserted. The air was crisp and morning-clean, the leaves already thickly covering the pavement in sheets of red, gold, and dark green. Simon kicked them aside as he made his way under the stone archway at the north end of the park.

There were few other people around—a couple of homeless men sleeping on benches, wrapped in sleeping bags or threadbare blankets, and some guys in green sanitation uniforms emptying the trash cans. There was a guy pushing a cart through the park, selling doughnuts and coffee and pre-sliced bagels. And in the center of the park, by the big circular stone fountain, was Luke. He was wearing a green zip-up Windbreaker and waved when he saw Simon.

Simon waved back, a little tentatively. He still wasn't sure he wasn't in some kind of trouble. Luke's expression, as Simon drew closer, only intensified Simon's foreboding. Luke looked tired and more than a little stressed out. His gaze, as it fell on Simon, was full of concern.

"Simon," he said. "Thanks for coming."

"Sure." Simon wasn't cold, but he stuck his hands into the pockets of his jacket anyway, just to give them something to do. "What's wrong?"

"I didn't say anything was wrong."

"You wouldn't drag me out here at the crack of dawn if nothing was wrong," Simon pointed out. "If it isn't about Clary, then . . .?"

"Yesterday, in the bridal shop," Luke said. "You asked me about someone. Camille."

A flock of birds rose, cawing, from the nearby trees. Simon remembered a rhyme his mother used to recite to him, about magpies. You were supposed to count them and say: *One for sorrow, two for mirth, three for a wedding, four for a birth; five for silver, six for gold, seven for a secret that's never been told.*

"Right," Simon said. He had already lost count of the number of birds there were. Seven, he guessed. A secret that's never been told. Whatever that was.

"You know about the Shadowhunters who have been found murdered around the city this past week or so," Luke said. "Don't you?"

Simon nodded slowly. He had a bad feeling about where this was going.

"It seems Camille may be responsible," said Luke. "I couldn't help but remember you had asked about her. Hearing her name twice, in a single day, after years of never hearing it at all—it seemed like quite a coincidence."

"Coincidences happen."

“On occasion,” said Luke, “but they are rarely the most likely answer. Tonight Maryse will be summoning Raphael to interrogate him about Camille’s role in these murders. If it comes out that you knew something about Camille—that you’ve had contact with her—I don’t want you to be blindsided, Simon.”

“That makes two of us.” Simon’s head had started pounding again. Were vampires even supposed to get headaches? He couldn’t remember the last time he’d had one, before the events of these past few days. “I met Camille,” he said. “About four days ago. I thought I was being summoned by Raphael, but it turned out to be her. She offered to make me a deal. If I came to work for her, she’d make me the second most important vampire in the city.”

“Why did she want you to work for her?” Luke’s tone was neutral.

“She knows about my Mark,” Simon said. “She said Raphael betrayed her and she could use me to get back control of the clan. I got the feeling she wasn’t enormously fond of Raphael.”

“That’s very curious,” said Luke. “The story as I’ve heard it is that Camille took an indefinite leave of absence from heading up the clan about a year ago and made Raphael her temporary successor. If she chose him to lead in her place, why would she move against him?”

Simon shrugged. “I don’t know. I’m just telling you what she said.”

“Why didn’t you tell us about her, Simon?” Luke said very quietly.

“She told me not to.” Simon realized how stupid this sounded. “I’ve never met a vampire like her before,” he added. “Just Raphael, and the others at the Dumont. It’s hard to explain what she was like. Everything she said, you wanted to believe. Everything she asked you to do, you wanted to do. I wanted to please her even though I knew she was just messing around with me.”

The man with the coffee and doughnut cart was passing by again. Luke bought coffee and a bagel and sat down on the edge of the fountain. After a moment Simon joined him.

“The man who gave me Camille’s name called her ‘the ancient one,’” Luke said. “She is, I think, one of the very, very old vampires of this world. I imagine she would make most people feel fairly small.”

“She made me feel like a bug,” Simon said. “She did promise that if in five days I didn’t want to work for her, she’d never bother me again. So I told her I’d think about it.”

“And have you? Thought about it?”

“If she’s killing Shadowhunters, I don’t want anything to do with her,” said Simon. “I can tell you that much.”

“I’m sure Maryse will be relieved to hear it.”

“Now you’re just being sarcastic.”

“I am not,” said Luke, looking very serious. It was at moments like this that Simon could put aside his memories of Luke—Clary’s sort-of stepfather, the guy who was always around, who was always willing to give you a ride home from school or lend you ten bucks for a book or a movie ticket—and remember that Luke led the biggest wolf pack in the city, that he was someone to whom, at crucial times, the whole Clave had listened. “You forget what you are, Simon. You forget the power you have.”

“I wish I could forget it,” Simon said bitterly. “I wish if I didn’t use it, it would just go away.”

Luke shook his head. “Power is a magnet. It draws those who desire it. Camille is one of them, but there will be others. We’ve been lucky, in a way, that it’s taken this long.” He looked at Simon. “Do you think that if she summons you again, you could get word to me, or to the Conclave, letting us know where to find her?”

“Yes,” Simon said slowly. “She gave me a way to contact her. But it’s not like she’s just going to show up if I blow a magic whistle. Last time she wanted to talk to me, she had her minions surprise me and then bring me to her. So just having

people hang around with me while I try to contact her isn't going to work. Otherwise you'll get her subjugates, but you won't get her."

"Hmm." Luke looked considering. "We'll have to think of something clever, then."

"Better think fast. She said she'd give me five days, so that means by tomorrow she's going to expect some kind of signal from me."

"I imagine she will," said Luke. "In fact, I'm counting on it."



Simon opened the front door of Kyle's apartment cautiously. "Hey there," he called, coming into the entryway and hanging up his jacket. "Is anyone home?"

No one answered, but from the living room Simon could hear the familiar *zap-bang-crash* sounds of a video game being played. He headed into the room, holding in front of him like a peace offering the white bag of bagels he'd picked up from Bagel Zone on Avenue A. "I brought breakfast. . . ."

His voice trailed off. He wasn't sure what he'd expected would happen when his self-appointed bodyguards realized he'd sneaked out of the apartment behind their backs. It had definitely involved some form of the phrase "Try that again, and I'll kill you." What it hadn't involved was Kyle and Jace sitting on the futon couch side by side, looking for all the world like newly minted best friends. Kyle had a video game controller in his hands, and Jace was leaning forward, his elbows on his knees, watching intently. They barely seemed to notice Simon's entrance.

"That guy over there in the corner is totally looking the other way," Jace observed, pointing at the TV screen. "A spinning wheel kick would put him out of commission."

"I can't kick people in this game. I can only shoot them. See?" Kyle mashed some buttons.

"That's stupid." Jace looked over and seemed to see Simon for the first time. "Back from your breakfast meeting, I see,"

he said without much welcome in his tone. "I bet you thought you were very clever, sneaking off like that."

"Medium clever," Simon acknowledged. "Like a cross between George Clooney in *Ocean's Eleven* and those *MythBusters* guys, but, you know, better-looking."

"I'm always so glad I have no idea what you're vacantly chattering about," said Jace. "It fills me with a sense of peace and well-being."

Kyle set his controller down, leaving the screen frozen on a close-up of an enormous needle-tipped gun. "I'll take a bagel."

Simon tossed him one, and Kyle headed into the kitchen, which was separated from the living room by a long counter, to toast and butter his breakfast. Jace looked at the white bag and waved a dismissive hand. "No, thanks."

Simon sat down on the coffee table. "You ought to eat something."

"Look who's talking."

"I'm out of blood right now," Simon said. "Unless you're offering."

"No, thanks. We've been down that road before, and I think we're better off as just friends." Jace's tone was as lightly sarcastic as ever, but this close up, Simon could see how pale he looked, and that his eyes were ringed with gray shadows. The bones of his face seemed to be sticking out more prominently than they had before.

"Really," Simon said, pushing the bag across the table toward Jace. "You should eat something. I'm not kidding."

Jace glanced down at the bag of food, and winced. The lids of his eyes were grayish blue with exhaustion. "The thought makes me sick, to be honest."

"You fell asleep last night," Simon said. "When you were supposed to be guarding me. I know this bodyguard thing is mostly a joke to you, but still. How long has it been since you slept?"

“As in, through the night?” Jace considered. “Two weeks. Maybe three.”

Simon’s mouth opened. “Why? I mean, what’s going on?”

Jace offered the ghost of a smile. “I could be bounded in a nut shell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.”

“I actually know that one. *Hamlet*. So you’re saying you can’t sleep because you’re having *nightmares*?”

“Vampire,” said Jace, with a tired certainty, “you have no idea.”

“Hey.” Kyle came back around the counter and flung himself down in the nubby armchair. He took a bite out of his bagel. “What’s going on?”

“I went to meet Luke,” Simon said, and explained what had happened, seeing no reason to hide it. He left out any mention of Camille wanting him not just because he was a Daylighter, but also because of the Mark of Cain. Kyle nodded when he was done. “Luke Garroway. He’s the head of the downtown pack. I’ve heard of him. He’s kind of a big shot.”

“His real name isn’t Garroway,” said Jace. “He used to be a Shadowhunter.”

“Right. I heard that, too. And now he’s been instrumental with all the new Accords stuff.” Kyle glanced at Simon. “You know some important people.”

“Important people are a lot of trouble,” Simon said. “Camille, for instance.”

“Once Luke tells Maryse what’s going on, the Clave will take care of her,” said Jace. “There are protocols for dealing with rogue Downworlders.” At that, Kyle looked at him sideways, but Jace didn’t seem to notice. “I already told you I don’t think she’s the one trying to kill you. She knows—” Jace broke off. “She knows better than that.”

“And besides, she wants to use you,” Kyle said.

“Good point,” said Jace. “No one’s going to off a valuable resource.”

Simon looked from one of them to the other, and shook his head. "When did you two get so buddy-buddy? Last night it was all, 'I'm the most elite warrior!' 'No, *I'm* the most elite warrior!' And today you're playing Halo and giving each other props for good ideas."

"We realized we have something in common," said Jace. "You annoy us both."

"In that vein, I had a thought," Simon said. "I don't think either of you are going to like it, though."

Kyle raised his eyebrows. "Let's hear it."

"The problem with you guys watching me all the time," Simon said, "is that if you do, the guys trying to kill me won't try it again, and if they don't try it again, then we won't know who they are, and plus, you'll have to watch me all the time. And I assume you have other things you'd rather be doing. Well," he added in Jace's direction, "possibly *you* don't."

"So?" said Kyle. "What's your suggestion?"

"We lure them out. Get them to attack again. Try to capture one of them and find out who sent them."

"If I recall," said Jace, "I had this idea the other day, and you didn't like it much."

"I was tired," Simon said. "But now I've been thinking. And so far, in my experience with evildoers, they don't go away just because you ignore them. They keep on coming in different ways. So either I make these guys come to me, or I spend forever waiting for them to attack again."

"I'm in," Jace said, though Kyle still looked dubious. "So do you just want to go out and wander around until they show up again?"

"I thought I'd make it easy for them. Show up somewhere everyone knows I'm supposed to be."

"You mean . . .?" said Kyle.

Simon pointed to the flyer taped to the fridge. MILLENNIUM LINT, OCTOBER 16, THE ALTO BAR, BROOKLYN. 9 P.M. "I mean the gig. Why not?" His headache was still there, full force; he

pushed it back, trying not to think about how exhausted he was, or how he'd push himself through the gig. He had to get more blood somehow. Had to.

Jace's eyes were shining. "You know, that's actually a pretty good idea there, vampire."

"You want them to attack you *onstage*?" Kyle asked.

"It'll make for an exciting show," said Simon, with more bravado than he really felt. The idea of being attacked one more time was almost more than he could stand, even if he didn't fear for his personal safety. He wasn't sure he could bear to watch the Mark of Cain do its work again.

Jace shook his head. "They don't attack in public. They'll wait till after the show. And we'll be there to deal with them."

Kyle shook his head. "I don't know . . ."

They went a few more rounds, Jace and Simon on one side of the argument and Kyle on the other. Simon felt a little guilty. If Kyle knew about the Mark, he'd be a lot easier to persuade. Eventually he cracked under the pressure and reluctantly agreed to what he continued to insist was "a stupid plan."

"But," he said finally, getting to his feet and brushing bagel crumbs off his shirt, "I'm only doing this because I realize that you'll both just do it whether I agree or not. So I might as well be there." He looked at Simon. "Who would have thought protecting you from yourself would be so hard?"

"I could have told you that," Jace said, as Kyle threw a jacket on and headed to the door. He had to work, he'd explained to them. It appeared he really was a bike messenger; the Praetor Lupus, despite having a badass name, didn't pay that well. The door closed behind him, and Jace turned back to Simon. "So, the gig's at nine, right? What do we do with the rest of the day?"

"We?" Simon looked at him in disbelief. "Are you *ever* going home?"

"What, bored with my company already?"

“Let me ask you something,” Simon said. “Do you find me fascinating to be around?”

“What was that?” Jace said. “Sorry, I think I fell asleep for a moment. Do, continue with whatever mesmerizing thing you were saying.”

“Stop it,” Simon said. “Stop being sarcastic for a second. You’re not eating, you’re not sleeping. You know who else isn’t? Clary. I don’t know what’s going on with you and her, because frankly she hasn’t said anything about it. I assume she doesn’t want to talk about it either. But it’s pretty obvious you’re having a fight. And if you’re going to break up with her —”

“*Break up with her?*” Jace stared at him. “Are you insane?”

“If you keep avoiding her,” Simon said, “she’s going to break up with *you*.”

Jace got to his feet. His easy relaxation was gone; he was all tension now, like a prowling cat. He went to the window and twitched the curtain back restlessly; the late-morning light came through the gap, bleaching the color in his eyes. “I have reasons for the things I do,” he said finally.

“Great,” Simon said. “Does Clary know them?”

Jace said nothing.

“All she does is love you and trust you,” said Simon. “You owe her—”

“There are more important things than honesty,” said Jace. “You think I like hurting her? You think I like knowing that I’m making her angry, maybe making her hate me? Why do you think I’m *here*?” He looked at Simon with a bleak sort of rage. “I can’t be with her,” he said. “And if I can’t be with her, it doesn’t really matter to me where I am. I might as well be with you, because at least if she knew I was trying to protect you, that might make her happy.”

“So you’re trying to make her happy despite the fact that the reason she’s unhappy in the first place is you,” said Simon, not very kindly. “That seems contradictory, doesn’t it?”

“Love is a contradiction,” said Jace, and turned back to the window.

8

WALK IN DARKNESS

Clary had forgotten how much she hated the smell of hospitals until they walked through the front doors of Beth Israel. Sterility, metal, old coffee, and not enough bleach to cover up the stench of sickness and misery. The memory of her mother's illness, of Jocelyn lying unconscious and unresponsive in her nest of tubes and wires, hit her like a slap in the face, and she sucked in a breath, trying not to taste the air.

"Are you all right?" Jocelyn pulled the hood of her coat down and looked at Clary, her green eyes anxious.

Clary nodded, hunching her shoulders into her jacket, and looked around. The lobby was all cold marble, metal, and plastic. There was a big information desk behind which several women, probably nurses, were milling; signs pointed the way to the ICU, Radiation, Surgical Oncology, Pediatrics, and so on. She could probably have found the cafeteria in her sleep; she'd brought Luke enough tepid cups of coffee from there to fill the Central Park reservoir.

"Excuse me." A slender nurse pushing an old man in a wheelchair went past them, nearly rolling the wheels over Clary's toes. Clary looked after her—there had been something—a shimmer—

"Don't stare, Clary," Jocelyn said under her breath. She put her arm around Clary's shoulders, turning them both so that they faced the doors that led to the waiting room for the lab where people got their blood taken. Clary could see herself and her mother reflected in the dark glass of the doors. Though she was still half a head shorter than her mother, they really *did* look alike, didn't they? In the past she'd always shrugged

it off when people said that. Jocelyn was beautiful, and she wasn't. But the shape of their eyes and mouths were the same, as were their red hair and green eyes and slight hands. How had she gotten so little of Valentine's looks, Clary wondered, when her brother had gotten them all? He had had their father's fair hair and startling dark eyes. Though maybe, she thought, if she looked closely, she could see a little of Valentine in the stubborn set of her jaw. . . .

"Jocelyn." They both turned. The nurse who had been pushing the old man in the wheelchair was standing in front of them. She was slim, young-looking, dark-skinned, and dark-eyed—and then, as Clary looked at her, the glamour peeled away. She was still a slight, youthful-looking woman, but now her skin was dark blue, and her hair, twisted up into a knot at the back of her head, was snowy white. The blue of her skin contrasted shockingly with her pale pink scrubs.

"Clary," Jocelyn said. "This is Catarina Loss. She took care of me while I was here. She's also a friend of Magnus's."

"You're a warlock." The words came out of Clary's mouth before she could stop them.

"*Shhh.*" The warlock woman looked horrified. She glared at Jocelyn. "I don't remember you saying you were going to bring your daughter along. She's just a kid."

"Clarissa can behave herself." Jocelyn looked sternly at Clary. "Can't you?"

Clary nodded. She'd seen warlocks before, other than Magnus, at the battle in Idris. All warlocks had some feature that marked them out as not human, she'd learned, like Magnus's cat eyes. Some had wings or webbed toes or taloned fingers. But having entirely blue skin was something it would be hard to hide with contacts or oversize jackets. Catarina Loss must have had to glamour herself every day just to go outside—especially working in a mundane hospital.

The warlock jerked her thumb toward the elevators. "Come on. Come with me. Let's get this done fast."

Clary and Jocelyn hurried after her to the bank of elevators and into the first one whose doors opened. As the doors slid shut behind them with a hiss, Catarina pressed a button marked simply *M*. There was an indentation in the metal beside it that indicated that floor M could be reached only with an access key, but as she touched the button, a blue spark leaped from her finger and the button lit up. The elevator began to move downward.

Catarina was shaking her head. “If you weren’t a friend of Magnus Bane’s, Jocelyn Fairchild—”

“Fray,” Jocelyn said. “I go by Jocelyn Fray now.”

“No more Shadowhunter names for you?” Catarina smirked; her lips were startlingly red against her blue skin. “What about you, little girl? You going to be a Shadowhunter like your dad?”

Clary tried to hide her annoyance. “No,” she said. “I’m going to be a Shadowhunter, but I’m not going to be like my father. And my name’s Clarissa, but you can call me Clary.”

The elevator came to a stop; the doors slid open. The warlock woman’s blue eyes rested on Clary for a moment. “Oh, I know your name,” she said. “Clarissa Morgenstern. Little girl who stopped a big war.”

“I guess so.” Clary walked out of the elevator after Catarina, her mother close behind. “Were you there? I don’t remember seeing you.”

“Catarina was here,” said Jocelyn, a little breathless from hurrying to keep up. They were walking down an almost totally featureless hallway; there were no windows, and no doors along the corridor. The walls were painted a sickly pale green. “She helped Magnus use the Book of the White to wake me up. Then she stayed behind to watch over it while he returned to Idris.”

“To watch over the book?”

“It’s a very important book,” said Catarina, her rubber-soled shoes slapping against the floor as she hurried ahead.

“I thought it was a very important war,” Clary muttered under her breath.

They had finally reached a door. There was a square of frosted glass set in it, and the word “morgue” was painted on it in large black letters. Catarina turned with her hand on the knob, a look of amusement on her face, and gazed at Clary. “I learned early on in my life that I had a healing gift,” she said. “It’s the kind of magic I do. So I work here, for crap pay, at this hospital, and I do what I can to heal mundanes who would scream if they knew what I really looked like. I could make a fortune selling my skills to Shadowhunters and dumb mundanes who think they know what magic is, but I don’t. I work here. So don’t get all high-and-mighty on me, little redheaded girl. You’re no better than me, just because you’re famous.”

Clary’s cheeks flamed. She had never thought of herself as famous before. “You’re right,” she said. “I’m sorry.”

The warlock’s blue eyes flicked to Jocelyn, who looked white and tense. “You ready?”

Jocelyn nodded, and looked at Clary, who nodded as well. Catarina pushed the door open, and they followed her into the morgue.

The first thing that struck Clary was the chill. It was freezing inside the room, and she hastily zipped her jacket. The second was the smell, the harsh stench of cleaning products overlaying the sweetish odor of decay. Yellowish light flooded down from the fluorescent lights overhead. Two large, bare exam tables stood in the center of the room; there was a sink as well, and a metal stand with a scale on it for weighing organs. Along one wall was a bank of steel compartments, like safe-deposit boxes in a bank, but much bigger. Catarina crossed the room to one, took hold of the handle, and pulled it; it slid out on rollers. Inside, lying on a metal slab, was the body of an infant.

Jocelyn made a little noise in her throat. A moment later she had hurried to Catarina’s side; Clary followed more slowly. She had seen dead bodies before—she had seen Max

Lightwood's dead body, and she had known him. He had been only nine years old. But a baby—

Jocelyn put her hand over her mouth. Her eyes were very large and dark, fixed on the body of the child. Clary looked down. At first glance the baby—a boy—looked normal. He had all ten fingers and all ten toes. But looking closer—looking the way she would look if she wanted to see past a glamour—she saw that the child's fingers were not fingers at all, but claws, curving inward, sharply pointed. The child's skin was gray, and its eyes, wide open and staring, were absolutely black—not just the irises, but the whites as well.

Jocelyn whispered, “That’s how Jonathan’s eyes were when he was born—like black tunnels. They changed later, to look more human, but *I remember*. . . .”

And with a shudder she turned and hurried from the room, the morgue door swinging shut behind her.

Clary glanced at Catarina, who looked impassive. “The doctors couldn’t tell?” she asked. “I mean, his eyes—and those hands—”

Catarina shook her head. “They don’t see what they don’t want to see,” she said, and shrugged. “There’s some kind of magic at work here I haven’t seen much of before. Demon magic. Bad stuff.” She slipped something out of her pocket. It was a swatch of fabric, tucked into a plastic Ziploc bag. “This is a piece of what he was wrapped in when they brought him in. It stinks of demon magic too. Give it to your mother. Maybe she can show it to the Silent Brothers, see if they can get something from it. Find out who did this.”

Numbly, Clary took it. As her hands closed over the bag, a rune rose up behind her eyes—a matrix of lines and swirls, the whisper of an image that was gone as soon as she slid the Baggie into the pocket of her coat.

Her heart was pounding, though. *This isn’t going to the Silent Brothers*, she thought. *Not till I see what that rune does to it.*

“You’ll talk to Magnus?” said Catarina. “Tell him I showed your mama what she wanted to see.”

Clary nodded mechanically, like a doll. Suddenly all she wanted was to get out of there, out of the yellow-lit room, away from the smell of death and the tiny defiled body lying still on its slab. She thought of her mother, every year on Jonathan’s birthday taking out that box and crying over the lock of his hair, crying over the son she should have had, replaced by a *thing* like this one. *I don’t think this was what she wanted to see*, Clary thought. *I think this was what she was hoping was impossible*. But “Sure,” was all she said. “I’ll tell him.”



The Alto Bar was your typical hipster dive, located partially under the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway overpass in Greenpoint. But it had an all-ages night every Saturday, and Eric was friends with the owner, so they let Simon’s band play pretty much any Saturday they wanted, despite the fact that they kept changing their name and couldn’t be counted on to draw a crowd.

Kyle and the other band members were already onstage, setting up their equipment and doing final checks. They were going to run through one of their old sets, with Kyle on vocals; he learned lyrics fast, and they were feeling pretty confident. Simon had agreed to stay backstage until the show started, which seemed to relieve some of Kyle’s stress. Now Simon peered around the dusty velvet curtain at the back of the stage, trying to get a glimpse of who might be out there.

The interior of the bar had once been stylishly decorated, with pressed-tin walls and ceiling, reminiscent of an old speakeasy, and frosted art deco glass behind the bar. It was a lot grungier now than it had been when it opened, with permanent smoke stains on the walls. The floor was covered in sawdust that had formed into clumps as a result of beer spills and worse.

On the plus side, the tables that lined the walls were mostly full. Simon saw Isabelle sitting at a table by herself, dressed in

a short silver mesh dress that looked like chain mail, and her demon-stomping boots. Her hair was pulled up into a messy bun, stuck through with silver chopsticks. Simon knew each of those chopsticks was razor sharp, able to slice through metal or bone. Her lipstick was bright red, like fresh blood.

Get a grip, Simon told himself. Stop thinking about blood.

More tables were taken up by other friends of the band. Blythe and Kate, the respective girlfriends of Kirk and Matt, were at a table together sharing a plate of pallid-looking nachos. Eric had various girlfriends scattered at tables around the room, and most of his friends from school were there too, making the place look a lot more full. Sitting off in the corner, at a table all by herself, was Maureen, Simon's one fan—a tiny waifish blond girl who looked about twelve but claimed she was sixteen. He figured she was probably actually about fourteen. Seeing him sticking his head around the curtain, she waved and smiled vigorously.

Simon pulled his head back in like a turtle, yanking the curtains closed.

"Hey," said Jace, who was sitting on an overturned speaker, looking at his cell phone, "do you want to see a photo of Alec and Magnus in Berlin?"

"Not really," said Simon.

"Magnus is wearing lederhosen."

"And yet, still no."

Jace shoved the phone into his pocket and looked at Simon quizzically. "Are you okay?"

"Yes," Simon said, but he wasn't. He felt light-headed and nauseated and tense, which he put down to the strain of worrying about what was going to happen tonight. And it didn't help that he hadn't fed; he was going to have to deal with that, and soon. He wished Clary were here, but he knew she couldn't come. She had some wedding responsibility to attend to, and had told him a long time ago that she wasn't going to be able to make it. He'd passed that on to Jace before they'd gotten here. Jace had seemed both miserably relieved

and also disappointed, all at the same time, which was impressive.

“Hey, hey,” Kyle said, ducking through the curtain. “We’re just about ready to go.” He looked at Simon closely. “You sure about this?”

Simon looked from Kyle to Jace. “Did you know you two match?”

They glanced down at themselves, and then at each other. Both were wearing jeans and long-sleeved black T-shirts. Jace tugged on his shirt hem with slight self-consciousness. “I borrowed this from Kyle. My other shirt was pretty filthy.”

“Wow, you’re wearing each other’s clothes now. That’s, like, best-friend stuff.”

“Feeling left out?” said Kyle. “I suppose you want to borrow a black T-shirt too.”

Simon did not state the obvious, which was that nothing that fit Kyle or Jace was likely to fit his skinny frame. “As long as everyone’s wearing their own pants.”

“I see I have come in on a fascinating moment in the conversation.” Eric poked his head through the curtain. “Come on. It’s time to start.”

As Kyle and Simon headed for the stage, Jace got to his feet. Just below the hem of his borrowed shirt, Simon could see the glittering edge of a dagger. “Break a leg up there,” Jace said with a wicked grin. “And I’ll be down here, hopefully breaking someone else’s.”



Raphael had been supposed to come at twilight, but he kept them waiting almost three hours past the appointed time before his Projection appeared in the Institute library.

Vampire politics, thought Luke dryly. The head of the New York vampire clan would come, if he must, when the Shadowhunters called; but he would not be summoned, and he would not be punctual. Luke had spent the past few hours whiling away the time by reading several of the library’s

books; Maryse hadn't been interested in talking and had spent most of the time standing by the window, drinking red wine out of a cut-crystal glass and staring at the traffic going by on York Avenue.

She turned as Raphael appeared, like a white chalk drawing on the darkness. First the pallor of his face and hands became visible, and then the darkness of his clothes and hair. Finally he stood, filled in, a solid-looking Projection. He looked at Maryse hurrying toward him and said, "You called, Shadowhunter?" He turned then, his gaze sweeping over Luke. "And the wolf-human is here too, I see. Have I been summoned to a sort of Council?"

"Not exactly." Maryse set her glass down on the desktop. "You have heard about the recent deaths, Raphael? The Shadowhunter bodies that have been found?"

Raphael raised expressive eyebrows. "I have. I did not think to make note of it. It has nothing to do with my clan."

"One body found in warlock territory, one in wolf territory, one in faerie territory," said Luke. "I imagine your folk will be next. It seems a clear attempt to foment discord among Downworlders. I am here in good faith, to show you that I do not believe that you are responsible, Raphael."

"What a relief," Raphael said, but his eyes were dark and watchful. "Why would there be any suggestion that I was?"

"One of the dead was able to tell us who attacked him," said Maryse carefully. "Before he—died—he let us know that the person responsible was Camille."

"Camille." Raphael's voice was careful, but his expression, before he schooled it into blankness, showed fleeting shock. "But that is not possible."

"Why is it not possible, Raphael?" Luke asked. "She is the head of your clan. She is very powerful and famously quite ruthless. And she seems to have disappeared. She never came to Idris to fight with you in the war. She never agreed to the new Accords. No Shadowhunter has seen or heard tell of her in months—until now."

Raphael said nothing.

“There is something going on,” Maryse said. “We wanted to give you the chance to explain it to us before we told the Clave of Camille’s involvement. A show of good faith.”

“Yes,” said Raphael. “Yes, it is certainly a show.”

“Raphael,” said Luke, not unkindly. “You don’t have to protect her. If you care for her—”

“Care for her?” Raphael turned aside and spat, though as he was a Projection, this was more for show than result. “I hate her. I despise her. Every evening when I rise, I wish her dead.”

“Oh,” said Maryse delicately. “Then, perhaps—”

“She led us for years,” said Raphael. “She was the clan head when I was made a vampire, and that was fifty years ago. Before that, she came to us from London. She was a stranger to the city but ruthless enough to rise to head the Manhattan clan in only a few short months. Last year I became her second in command. Then, some months ago, I discovered that she had been killing humans. Killing them for sport, and drinking their blood. Breaking the Law. It happens sometimes. Vampires go rogue and there is nothing that can be done to stop them. But for it to happen to the head of a clan—they are supposed to be better than that.” He stood still, his dark eyes inward-looking, lost in his memories. “We are not like the wolves, those savages. We do not kill one leader to find another. For a vampire to raise a hand against another vampire is the worst of crimes, even if that vampire has broken the Law. And Camille has many allies, many followers. I could not risk ending her. Instead I went to her and told her she had to leave us, to get out, or I would go to the Clave. I didn’t want to do that, of course, because I knew that if it were discovered, it would bring wrath down on the entire clan. We would be distrusted, investigated. We would be shamed and humiliated in front of other clans.”

Maryse made an impatient noise. “There are more important things than loss of face.”

“When you are a vampire, it can mean the difference between life and death.” Raphael’s voice dropped. “I gambled that she would believe I would do it, and she did. She agreed to go. I sent her away, but it left behind a conundrum. I could not take her place, for she had not abdicated it. I could not explain her departure without revealing what she had done. I had to pose it as a long absence, a need to travel. Wanderlust is not unheard of in our kind; it comes upon us now and then. When you can live forever, staying in one place can come to seem a dull prison after many, many years.”

“And how long did you think you could keep up the charade?” Luke inquired.

“As long as I could,” said Raphael. “Until now, it seems.” He looked away from them, toward the window and the sparkling night outside.

Luke leaned back against one of the bookshelves. He was vaguely amused to notice that he seemed to be in the shape-shifter section, lined with volumes on the topics of werewolves, naga, kitsunes, and selkies. “You might be interested to know she has been telling much the same story about you,” he said, neglecting to mention whom she had been telling it to.

“I thought she had left the city.”

“Perhaps she did, but she has returned,” said Maryse. “And she is no longer satisfied only with human blood, it seems.”

“I do not know what I can tell you,” said Raphael. “I was trying to protect my clan. If the Law must punish me, then I will accept punishment.”

“We aren’t interested in punishing you, Raphael,” said Luke. “Not unless you refuse to cooperate.”

Raphael turned back to them, his dark eyes burning. “Cooperate with what?”

“We would like to capture Camille. Alive,” said Maryse. “We want to question her. We need to know why she has been killing Shadowhunters—and these Shadowhunters in particular.”

“If you sincerely hope to accomplish this, I hope you have a very clever plan.” There was a mixture of amusement and scorn in Raphael’s voice. “Camille is cunning even for our kind, and we are very cunning indeed.”

“I have a plan,” said Luke. “It involves the Daylighter. Simon Lewis.”

Raphael made a face. “I dislike him,” he said. “I would rather not be a part of a plan that relies upon his involvement.”

“Well,” said Luke, “isn’t that too bad for you.”



Stupid, Clary thought. *Stupid not to bring an umbrella*. The faint drizzle that her mother had told her was coming that morning had turned into nearly full-blown rain by the time she reached the Alto Bar on Lorimer Street. She pushed past the knot of people smoking out on the sidewalk and ducked gratefully into the dry warmth of the bar inside.

Millennium Lint was already onstage, the guys whaling away on their instruments, and Kyle, at the front, growling sexily into a microphone. Clary felt a moment of satisfaction. It was largely down to her influence that they’d hired Kyle at all, and he was clearly doing them proud.

She glanced around the room, hoping to see either Maia or Isabelle. She knew it wouldn’t be both of them, since Simon carefully invited them only to alternating gigs. Her gaze fell on a slender figure with black hair, and she moved toward that table, only to stop midway. It wasn’t Isabelle at all, but a much older woman, her face made up with dark outlined eyes. She was wearing a power suit and reading a newspaper, apparently oblivious to the music.

“Clary! Over here!” Clary turned and saw the actual Isabelle, seated at a table close to the stage. She wore a dress that shone like a silver beacon; Clary navigated toward it and flung herself down in the seat opposite Izzy. “Got caught in the rain, I see,” Isabelle observed.

Clary pushed her damp hair back from her face with a rueful smile. “You bet against Mother Nature, you lose.”

Isabelle raised her dark eyebrows. “I thought you weren’t coming tonight. Simon said you had some wedding blah-blah to deal with.” Isabelle was not impressed with weddings or any of the trappings of romantic love, as far as Clary could tell.

“My mom wasn’t feeling well,” Clary said. “She decided to reschedule.”

This was true, up to a point. When they’d come home from the hospital, Jocelyn had gone into her room and shut the door. Clary, feeling helpless and frustrated, had heard her crying softly through the door, but her mom had refused to let her in or to talk about it. Eventually Luke had come home, and Clary had gratefully left the care of her mother to him and headed out to kick around the city before going to see Simon’s band. She always tried to come to his gigs if she could, and besides, talking to him would make her feel better.

“Huh.” Isabelle didn’t inquire further. Sometimes her almost total lack of interest in other people’s problems was something of a relief. “Well, I’m sure Simon will be glad you came.”

Clary glanced toward the stage. “How’s the show been so far?”

“Fine.” Isabelle chewed thoughtfully on her straw. “That new lead singer they have is hot. Is he single? I’d like to ride *him* around town like a bad, bad pony—”

“Isabelle!”

“What?” Isabelle glanced over at her and shrugged. “Oh, whatever. Simon and I aren’t exclusive. I told you that.”

Admittedly, Clary thought, Simon didn’t have a leg to stand on in this particular situation. But he was still her friend. She was about to say something in his defense when she glanced toward the stage again—and something caught her eye. A familiar figure, emerging from the stage door. She would have recognized him anywhere, at any time, no matter how dark the room or how unexpected the sight of him.

Jace. He was dressed like a mundane: jeans, a tight black T-shirt that showed the movement of the slim muscles in his shoulders and back. His hair gleamed under the stage lights. Covert gazes watched him as he moved toward the wall and leaned against it, looking intently toward the front of the room. Clary felt her heart begin to pound. It felt like it had been forever since she'd last seen him, though she knew it had been only about a day. And yet, already, watching him seemed like watching someone distant, a stranger. What was he even doing here? He didn't like Simon! He'd never come to a single one of the band's performances before.

"Clary!" Isabelle sounded accusing. Clary turned to see that she'd accidentally upset Isabelle's glass, and water was dripping off the other girl's lovely silver dress.

Isabelle, grabbing a napkin, looked at her darkly. "Just talk to him," she said. "I know you want to."

"I'm sorry," Clary said.

Isabelle made a shooing gesture in her direction. "Go."

Clary got up, smoothing down her dress. If she'd known Jace was going to be here, she would have worn something other than red tights, boots, and a vintage hot-pink Betsey Johnson dress of hers she'd found hanging in Luke's spare closet. Once, she'd thought the flower-shaped green buttons that ran all the way up the front were funky and cool, but now she just felt less put-together and sophisticated than Isabelle.

She pushed her way across the floor, which was now crowded with people either dancing or standing in place, drinking beer, and swaying a little to the music. She couldn't help but remember the first time she'd ever seen Jace. It had been in a club, and she'd watched him across the floor, watched his bright hair and the arrogant set of his shoulders. She'd thought he was beautiful, but not in any way that applied to her. He wasn't the sort of boy you could have dated, she'd thought. He existed apart from that world.

He didn't notice her now until she was nearly standing in front of him. Up close, she could see how tired he looked, as if he hadn't slept in days. His face was tight with exhaustion, the

bones sharp-looking under the skin. He was leaning against the wall, his fingers hooked in the loops of his belt, his pale gold eyes watchful.

“Jace,” she said.

He started, and turned to look at her. For a moment his eyes lit, the way they always did when he saw her, and she felt a wild hope rise in her chest.

Almost instantly the light went out of them, and the remaining color drained out of his face. “I thought—Simon said you weren’t coming.”

A wave of nausea passed over her, and she put her hand out to steady herself against the wall. “So you only came because you thought I wouldn’t be here?”

He shook his head. “I—”

“Were you ever planning on talking to me again?” Clary felt her voice rise, and forced it back down with a vicious effort. Her hands were now tight at her sides, her nails cutting hard into her palms. “If you’re going to break it off, the least you could do is tell me, not just stop talking to me and leave me to figure it out on my own.”

“Why,” Jace said, “does everyone keep goddamn asking me if I’m going to break up with you? First Simon, and now—”

“You talked to *Simon* about us?” Clary shook her head. “Why? Why aren’t you talking to me?”

“Because I can’t talk to you,” Jace said. “I can’t talk to you, I can’t be with you, I can’t even look at you.”

Clary sucked her breath in; it felt like breathing battery acid. “What?”

He seemed to realize what he had said, and lapsed into an appalled silence. For a moment they simply looked at each other. Then Clary turned and darted back through the crowd, pushing her way past flailing elbows and knots of chatting people, blind to everything but getting to the door as quickly as she could.



“And now,” Eric yelled into his microphone, “we’re going to sing a new song—one we just wrote. This one’s for my girlfriend. We’ve been going out for three weeks, and, damn, our love is true. We’re gonna be together forever, baby. This one’s called ‘Bang You Like a Drum.’”

There was laughter and applause from the audience as the music started up, though Simon wasn’t sure if Eric realized they thought he was joking, which he wasn’t. Eric was always in love with whatever girl he’d just started dating, and he always wrote an inappropriate song about it. Normally Simon wouldn’t have cared, but he’d really hoped they were going to get off the stage after the previous song. He felt worse than ever—dizzy, sticky and sick with sweat, his mouth tasting metallic, like old blood.

The music crashed around him, sounding like nails being pounded into his eardrums. His fingers slipped and slid on the strings as he played, and he saw Kirk look over at him quizzically. He tried to force himself to focus, to concentrate, but it was like trying to start a car with a dead battery. There was an empty grinding noise in his head, but no spark.

He stared out into the bar, looking—he wasn’t even quite sure why—for Isabelle, but he could see only a sea of white faces turned toward him, and he remembered his first night in the Dumont Hotel and the faces of the vampires turned toward him, like white paper flowers unfolding against a dark emptiness. A surge of gripping, painful nausea seized him. He staggered back, his hands falling away from the guitar. The ground under his feet felt as if it were moving. The other members of the band, caught up in the music, didn’t seem to notice. Simon tore the strap of the guitar off his shoulder and pushed past Matt to the curtain at the back of the stage, ducking through it just in time to fall to his knees and retch.

Nothing came up. His stomach felt as hollow as a well. He stood up and leaned against the wall, pressing his icy hands against his face. It had been weeks since he’d felt either cold or hot, but now he felt feverish—and scared. What was happening to him?

He remembered Jace saying, *You're a vampire. Blood isn't like food for you. Blood is . . . blood.* Could all this be because he hadn't eaten? But he didn't feel hungry, or even thirsty, really. He felt as sick as if he were dying. Maybe he'd been poisoned. Maybe the Mark of Cain didn't protect against something like that?

He moved slowly toward the fire door that would take him out onto the street in back of the club. Maybe the cold air outside would clear his head. Maybe all this was just exhaustion and nerves.

"Simon?" A little voice, like a bird's chirp. He looked down with dread, and saw that Maureen was standing at his elbow. She looked even tinier close up—little birdlike bones and a lot of very pale blond hair, which cascaded down her shoulders from beneath a knitted pink cap. She wore rainbow-stripe arm warmers and a short-sleeved white T-shirt with a screen print of Strawberry Shortcake on it. Simon groaned inwardly.

"This really isn't a good time, Mo," he said.

"I just want to take a picture of you on my camera phone," she said, pushing her hair back behind her ears nervously. "So I can show it to my friends, okay?"

"Fine." His head was pounding. This was ridiculous. It wasn't like he was overwhelmed with fans. Maureen was literally the band's only fan, that he knew about, and was Eric's little cousin's friend, to boot. He supposed he couldn't really afford to alienate her. "Go ahead. Take it."

She raised her phone and clicked, then frowned. "Now one with you and me?" She sidled up to him quickly, pressing herself against his side. He could smell strawberry lip gloss on her, and under that, the smell of salt sweat and saltier human blood. She looked up at him, holding the phone up and out with her free hand, and grinned. She had a gap between her two front teeth, and a blue vein in her throat. It pulsed as she drew a breath.

"Smile," she said.

Twin jolts of pain went through Simon as his fangs slid free, digging into his lip. He heard Maureen gasp, and then her phone went flying as he caught hold of her and spun her toward him, and his canine teeth sank into her throat.

Blood exploded into his mouth, the taste of it like nothing else. It was as if he had been starving for air and now was breathing, inhaling great gasps of cold, clean oxygen, and Maureen struggled and pushed at him, but he barely noticed. He didn't even notice when she went limp, her dead weight dragging him to the floor so that he was lying on top of her, his hands gripping her shoulders, clenching and unclenching as he drank.

You have never fed on someone purely human, have you? Camille had said. *You will.*

And when you do, you will never forget it.

9

FROM FIRE UNTO FIRE

Clary reached the door and burst out into the rain-drenched evening air. It was coming down in sheets now, and she was instantly soaked. Choking on rainwater and tears, she darted past Eric's familiar-looking yellow van, rain sheeting off its roof into the gutter, and was about to race across the street against the light when a hand caught her arm and spun her around.

It was Jace. He was as soaked as she was, the rain sticking his fair hair to his head and plastering his shirt to his body like black paint. "Clary, didn't you hear me calling you?"

"Let go of me." Her voice shook.

"No. Not until you talk to me." He looked around, up and down the street, which was deserted, the rain exploding off the black pavement like fast-blooming flowers. "Come on."

Still holding her by the arm, he half-dragged her around the van and into a narrow alley that bordered the Alto Bar. High windows above them let through the blurred sound of the music that was still being played inside. The alley was brick-walled, clearly a dumping ground for old bits of no longer usable musical equipment. Broken amps and old mikes littered the ground, along with shattered beer glasses and cigarette butts.

Clary jerked her arm out of Jace's grasp and turned to face him. "If you're planning to apologize, don't bother." She pushed her wet, heavy hair back from her face. "I don't want to hear it."

"I was going to tell you that I was trying to help out Simon," he said, rainwater running off his eyelashes and down

his cheeks like tears. “I’ve been at his place for the past—”

“And you couldn’t tell me? Couldn’t text me a single line letting me know where you were? Oh, wait. You couldn’t, because you still have my *goddamned phone*. Give it to me.”

Silently he reached into his jeans pocket and handed it to her. It looked undamaged. She jammed it into her messenger bag before the rain could ruin it. Jace watched her as she did it, looking as if she’d hit him in the face. It only made her angrier. What right did he have to be hurt?

“I think,” he said slowly, “that I thought that the closest thing to being with you was being with Simon. Watching out for him. I had some stupid idea that you’d realize I was doing it for you and forgive me—”

All of Clary’s rage rose to the surface, a hot, unstoppable tide. “I don’t even know what you think I’m supposed to forgive you *for*,” she shouted. “Am I supposed to forgive you for not loving me anymore? Because if that’s what you want, Jace Lightwood, you can go right ahead and—” She took a step back, blindly, and nearly tripped over an abandoned speaker. Her bag slid to the ground as she put her hand out to right herself, but Jace was already there. He moved forward to catch her, and kept moving, until her back hit the alley wall, and his arms were around her, and he was kissing her frantically.

She knew she ought to push him away; her mind told her it was the sensible thing to do, but no other part of her cared about what was sensible. Not when Jace was kissing her like he thought he might go to hell for doing it, but it would be worth it.

She dug her fingers into his shoulders, into the damp fabric of his T-shirt, feeling the resistance of the muscles underneath, and kissed him back with all the desperation of the past few days, all the not knowing where he was or what he was thinking, all the feeling like a part of her heart had been ripped out of her chest and she could never get enough air. “Tell me,” she said between kisses, their wet faces sliding against each other. “Tell me what’s wrong—Oh,” she gasped as he drew

away from her, only far enough to reach his hands down and put them around her waist. He lifted her up so she stood on top of a broken speaker, making them almost the same height. Then he put his hands on either side of her head and leaned forward, so their bodies almost touched—but not quite. It was nerve-wracking. She could feel the feverish heat that came off him; her hands were still on his shoulders, but it wasn't enough. She wanted him wrapped around her, holding her tight. "W-why," she breathed, "can't you talk to me? Why can't you look at me?"

He ducked his head down to look into her face. His eyes, surrounded by lashes darkened with rainwater, were impossibly gold.

"Because I love you."

She couldn't stand it anymore. She took her hands off his shoulders, hooked her fingers through his belt loops, and pulled him against her. He let her do it with no resistance, his hands flattening against the wall, folding his body against hers until they were pressed together everywhere—chest, hips, legs—like puzzle pieces. His hands slid down to her waist and he kissed her, long and lingering, making her shudder.

She pulled away. "That doesn't make any sense."

"Neither does this," he said, "but I don't care. I'm sick of trying to pretend I can live without you. Don't you understand that? Can't you see it's killing me?"

She stared at him. She could see he meant what he said, could see it in the eyes she knew as well as her own, in the bruised shadows under those eyes, the pulse pounding in his throat. Her desire for answers battled the more primal part of her brain, and lost. "Kiss me then," she whispered, and he pressed his mouth against hers, their hearts slamming together through the thin layers of wet fabric that divided them. And she was drowning in it, in the sensation of him kissing her; of rain everywhere, running off her eyelashes; of letting his hands slide freely over the wet, crumpled fabric of her dress, made thin and clinging by the rain. It was almost like having his hands on her bare skin, her chest, her hips, her stomach; when

he reached the hem of her dress, he gripped her legs, pressing her harder back against the wall while she wrapped them around his waist.

He made a noise of surprise, low in his throat, and dug his fingers into the thin fabric of her tights. Not unexpectedly, they ripped, and his wet fingers were suddenly on the bare skin of her legs. Not to be outdone, she slid her hands under the hem of his soaked shirt, and let her fingers explore what was underneath: the tight, hot skin over his ribs, the ridges of his abdomen, the scars on his back, the angle of his hipbones above the waistband of his jeans. This was uncharted territory for her, but it seemed to be driving him crazy: he was moaning softly against her mouth, kissing her harder and harder, as if it would never be enough, not quite enough—

And a horrific clanging noise exploded in Clary's ears, shattering her out of her dream of kissing and rain. With a gasp she pushed Jace away, hard enough that he let go of her and she tumbled off the speaker to land unsteadily on her feet, hastily straightening her dress. Her heart was slamming against her rib cage like a battering ram, and she felt dizzy.

"Dammit." Isabelle, standing in the mouth of the alley, her wet black hair like a cloak around her shoulders, kicked a trash can out of her way and glowered. "Oh, for goodness' sake," she said. "I can't believe you two. Why? What's wrong with bedrooms? And privacy?"

Clary looked at Jace. He was utterly drenched, water running off him in sheets, his fair hair, plastered to his head, nearly silver in the faint glow of the distant streetlights. Just looking at him made Clary want to touch him again, Isabelle or no Isabelle, with a longing that was nearly painful. He was staring at Izzy with the look of someone who had been slapped out of a dream—bewilderment, anger, dawning realization.

"I was just looking for Simon," Isabelle said defensively, seeing Jace's expression. "He ran offstage, and I've no idea where he went." The music had stopped, Clary realized, at some point; she hadn't noticed when. "Anyway, he's obviously not here. Go back to what you were doing. What's the point in wasting a perfectly good brick wall when you have someone

to throw against it, that's what I always say." And she stalked off, back toward the bar.

Clary looked at Jace. At any other time they would have laughed together at Isabelle's moodiness, but there was no humor in his expression, and she knew immediately that whatever they had had between them—whatever had blossomed out of his momentary lack of control—it was gone now. She could taste blood in her mouth and wasn't sure if she had bitten her own lip or he had.

"Jace—" She took a step toward him.

"Don't," he said, his voice very rough. "I can't."

And then he was gone, running as fast as only he could run, a blur that vanished into the distance before she could even take a breath to call him back.



"Simon!"

The angry voice exploded in Simon's ears. He would have released Maureen then—or so he told himself—but he didn't get the chance. Strong hands grabbed him by the arms, hauling him off her. He was dragged to his feet by a white-faced Kyle, still tousled and sweaty from the set they'd just finished. "What the hell, Simon. What the hell—"

"I didn't mean to," Simon gasped. His voice sounded blurry to his own ears; his fangs were still out, and he hadn't learned to talk around the goddamn things yet. Past Kyle, on the floor, he could see Maureen lying in a crumpled heap, horribly still. "It just happened—"

"I told you. I *told* you." Kyle's voice rose, and he pushed Simon, hard. Simon stumbled back, his forehead burning, as an invisible hand seemed to lift Kyle and fling him hard against the wall behind him. He hit it and slid to the ground, landing in a wolflike crouch, on his hands and knees. He staggered to his feet, staring. "Jesus Christ. Simon—"

But Simon had dropped to his knees beside Maureen, his hands on her, frantically feeling at her throat for a pulse. When

it fluttered under his fingertips, faint but steady, he nearly wept with relief.

“Get away from her.” Kyle, sounding strained, moved to stand over Simon. “Just get up and move away.”

Simon got up reluctantly and faced Kyle over Maureen’s limp form. Light was lancing through the gap in the curtains that led to the stage; he could hear the other band members out there, chattering to one another, starting the teardown. Any minute they’d be coming back here.

“What you just did,” Kyle said. “Did you—push me? Because I didn’t see you move.”

“I didn’t mean to,” Simon said again, wretchedly. It seemed to be all he said these days.

Kyle shook his head, his hair flying. “Get out of here. Go wait by the van. I’ll deal with her.” He bent down and lifted Maureen in his arms. She looked tiny against the bulk of him, like a doll. He fixed Simon with a glare. “Go. And I hope you feel really goddamn terrible.”

Simon went. He moved to the fire door and shoved it open. No alarm went off; the alarm had been busted for months. The door swung shut behind him, and he leaned up against the back wall of the club as every part of his body began to tremble.

The club backed onto a narrow street lined with warehouses. Across the way was a vacant lot blocked off with a sagging chain-link fence. Ugly scrub grass grew up through the cracks in the pavement. Rain was sheeting down, soaking the garbage that littered the street, floating old beer cans on the runoff-filled gutters.

Simon thought it was the most beautiful thing he’d ever seen. The whole night seemed to have exploded with prismatic light. The fence was a linked chain of brilliant silver wires, each raindrop a platinum tear.

I hope you feel really goddamn terrible, Kyle had said. But this was much worse. He felt fantastic, alive in a way he never had before. Human blood was clearly somehow the perfect,

the ideal food for vampires. Waves of energy were running through him like electric current. The pain in his head, his stomach, was gone. He could have run ten thousand miles.

It was awful.

“Hey, you. Are you all right?” The voice that spoke was cultured, amused; Simon turned and saw a woman in a long black trench coat, a bright yellow umbrella open over her head. With his brand-new prismatic vision, it looked like a glimmering sunflower. The woman herself was beautiful—though everything looked beautiful to him right now—with gleaming black hair and a red-lipsticked mouth. He dimly recalled seeing her sitting at one of the tables during the band’s performance.

He nodded, not trusting himself to speak. He must have looked pretty shell-shocked, if total strangers were coming up to inquire about his well-being.

“You look like maybe you got banged on the head there,” she said, indicating his forehead. “That’s a nasty bruise. Are you sure I can’t call anyone for you?”

He reached up hastily to move his hair across his forehead, hiding the Mark. “I’m fine. It’s nothing.”

“Okay. If you say so.” She sounded a little doubtful. She reached into her pocket, pulled out a card, and handed it to him. It had a name on it, Satrina Kendall. Underneath the name was a title, BAND PROMOTER, in small capitals, and a phone number and address. “That’s me,” she said. “I liked what you guys did in there. If you’re interested in making it a little more big-time, give me a call.”

And with that, she turned and sashayed away, leaving Simon staring after her. Surely, he thought, there was no way this night could get any more bizarre.

Shaking his head—a move that sent water drops flying in all directions—he squelched around the corner to where the van was parked. The door of the bar was open, and people were streaming out. Everything still looked unnaturally bright, Simon thought, but his prismatic vision was beginning to fade

slightly. The scene in front of him looked ordinary—the bar emptying out, the side doors open, and the van with its back doors open, already being loaded up with gear by Matt, Kirk, and a variety of their friends. As Simon drew closer, he saw that Isabelle was leaning against the side of the van, one leg drawn up, the heel of her boot braced against the van’s blistered side. She could have been helping with the teardown, of course—Isabelle was stronger than anyone else in the band, with the possible exception of Kyle—but she clearly couldn’t be bothered. Simon would hardly have expected anything else.

She looked up as he came closer. The rain had slowed, but she had clearly been out in it for some time; her hair was a heavy, wet curtain down her back. “Hey there,” she said, pushing off from the side of the van and coming toward him. “Where have you been? You just ran offstage—”

“Yeah,” he said. “I wasn’t feeling well. Sorry.”

“As long as you’re better now.” She wrapped her arms around him and smiled up into his face. He felt a wave of relief that he didn’t feel any urge to bite her. Then another wave of guilt as he remembered why.

“You haven’t seen Jace anywhere, have you?” he asked.

She rolled her eyes. “I ran across him and Clary making out,” she said. “Although they’re gone now—home, I hope. Those two epitomize ‘get a room.’”

“I didn’t think Clary was coming,” Simon said, though it wasn’t that odd; he supposed the cake appointment had been canceled or something. He didn’t even have the energy to be annoyed about what a terrible bodyguard Jace had turned out to be. It wasn’t as if he’d ever thought Jace took his personal safety all that seriously. He just hoped Jace and Clary had worked it out, whatever it was.

“Whatever.” Isabelle grinned. “Since it’s just us, do you want to go somewhere and—”

A voice—a very familiar voice—spoke out of the shadows just beyond the reach of the nearest streetlight. “Simon?”

Oh, no, not now. Not right now.

He turned slowly. Isabelle's arm was still loosely clasped around his waist, though he knew that wouldn't last much longer. Not if the person speaking was who he thought it was.

It was.

Maia had moved into the light, and was standing looking at him, an expression of disbelief on her face. Her normally curly hair was pasted to her head with rain, her amber eyes very wide, her jeans and denim jacket soaked. She was clutching a rolled-up piece of paper in her left hand.

Simon was vaguely aware that off to the side the band members had slowed down their movements and were openly gawking. Isabelle's arm slid off his waist. "Simon?" she said. "What's going on?"

"You told me you were going to be busy," Maia said, looking at Simon. "Then someone shoved this under the station door this morning." She thrust the rolled-up paper forward; it was instantly recognizable as one of the flyers for the band's performance tonight.

Isabelle was looking from Simon to Maia, recognition slowly dawning on her face. "Wait a second," she said. "Are you two *dating*?"

Maia set her chin. "Are you?"

"Yes," Isabelle said. "For quite a few weeks now."

Maia's eyes narrowed. "Us, too. We've been dating since September."

"I can't believe it," Isabelle said. She genuinely looked as if she couldn't. "Simon?" She turned to him, her hands on her hips. "Do you have an explanation?"

The band, who had finally shoved all the equipment into the van—the drums packing out the back bench seat and the guitars and basses in the cargo section—were hanging out the back of the car, openly staring. Eric put his hands around his mouth to make a megaphone. "Ladies, ladies," he intoned. "There is no need to fight. There is enough Simon to go around."

Isabelle whipped around and shot a glare at Eric so terrifying that he fell instantly silent. The back doors of the van slammed shut, and it took off down the road. *Traitors*, Simon thought, though to be fair, they probably assumed he would catch a ride home in Kyle's car, which was parked around the corner. Assuming he lived long enough.

"I can't believe you, Simon," Maia said. She was standing with her hands on her hips as well, in a pose identical to Isabelle's. "What were you thinking? How could you lie like that?"

"I didn't lie," Simon protested. "We never said we were exclusive!" He turned to Isabelle. "Neither did we! And I know you were dating other people—"

"Not people you *know*," Isabelle said, blisteringly. "Not your *friends*. How would you feel if you found out I was dating Eric?"

"Stunned, frankly," said Simon. "He really isn't your type."

"That's not the point, Simon." Maia had moved closer to Isabelle, and the two of them faced him down together, an immovable wall of female rage. The bar had finished emptying out, and aside from the three of them, the street was deserted. He wondered about his chances if he made a break for it, and decided they weren't good. Werewolves were fast, and Isabelle was a trained vampire hunter.

"I'm really sorry," Simon said. The buzz from the blood he'd drunk was beginning to wear off, thankfully. He felt less dizzy with overwhelming sensation, but more panicked. To make things worse, his mind kept returning to Maureen, and what he'd done to her, and whether she was all right. *Please let her be all right*. "I should have told you guys. It's just—I really like you both, and I didn't want to hurt either of your feelings."

The moment it was out of his mouth, he realized how stupid he sounded. Just another jerkish guy making excuses for his jerk behavior. Simon had never thought of himself like that. He was a nice guy, the kind of guy who got overlooked, passed up for the sexy bad boy or the tortured artist type. For

the self-involved kind of guy who would think nothing of dating two girls at once while maybe not exactly *lying* about what he was doing, but not telling the truth about it either.

“Wow,” he said, mostly to himself. “I am a *huge* asshole.”

“That’s probably the first true thing you’ve said since I got here,” said Maia.

“Amen,” said Isabelle. “Though if you ask me, it’s too little, too late—”

The side door of the bar opened, and someone came out. It was Kyle. Simon felt a wave of relief. Kyle looked serious, but not as serious as Simon thought he would look if something awful had happened to Maureen.

He started down the steps toward them. The rain was barely a drizzle now. Maia and Isabelle had their backs to him; they were glaring at Simon with the laser focus of rage. “I hope you don’t expect *either* of us to speak to you again,” Isabelle said. “And I’m going to have a talk with Clary—a very, very serious talk about her choice of friends.”

“Kyle,” Simon said, unable to keep the relief out of his voice as Kyle came into earshot. “Uh, Maureen—is she—”

He had no idea how to ask what he wanted to ask without letting Maia and Isabelle know what had happened, but as it turned out, it didn’t matter, because he never managed to get the rest of the words out. Maia and Isabelle turned; Isabelle looked annoyed and Maia surprised, clearly wondering who Kyle was.

As soon as Maia really saw Kyle, her face changed; her eyes went wide, the blood draining from her face. And Kyle, in his turn, was staring at her with the look of someone who has woken up from a nightmare only to discover that it is real and continuing. His mouth moved, shaping words, but no sound came out.

“Whoa,” Isabelle said, looking from one of them to the other. “Do you two—know each other?”

Maia’s lips parted. She was still staring at Kyle. Simon had time only to think that she had never looked at him with

anything like that intensity, when she whispered “*Jordan*”—and lunged for Kyle, her claws out and sharp, and sank them into his throat.

Part Two

For Every Life



*Nothing is free. Everything has to be paid for. For every profit
in one thing, payment in some other thing. For every life, a
death. Even your music, of which we have heard so much, that
had to be paid for. Your wife was the payment for your music.
Hell is now satisfied.*

—Ted Hughes, “The Tiger’s Bones”

10

232 RIVERSIDE DRIVE

Simon sat in the armchair in Kyle's living room and stared at the frozen image on the TV screen in the corner of the room. It had been paused on the game Kyle had been playing with Jace, and the image was one of a dank-looking underground tunnel with a heap of collapsed bodies on the ground and some very realistic-looking pools of blood. It was disturbing, but Simon didn't have either the energy or the inclination to bother to turn it off. The images that had been running through his head all night were worse.

The light streaming into the room through the windows had strengthened from watery dawn light to the pale illumination of early morning, but Simon barely noticed. He kept seeing Maureen's limp body on the ground, her blond hair stained with blood. His own staggering progress out into the night, her blood singing through his veins. And then Maia lunging at Kyle, tearing into him with her claws. Kyle had lain there, not lifting a hand to defend himself. He probably would have let her kill him if Isabelle hadn't interfered, pulling Maia bodily off him and rolling her onto the pavement, holding her there until her rage dissolved into tears. Simon had tried to go to her, but Isabelle had held him off with a furious glare, her arm around the other girl, her hand up to ward him off.

"Get *out* of here," she'd said. "And take him with you. I don't know what he did to her, but it must have been pretty bad."

And it was. Simon knew that name, Jordan. It had come up before, when he'd asked her how she'd been turned into a werewolf. Her ex-boyfriend had done it, she'd said. He'd done it with a savage and vicious attack, and he'd run off afterward, leaving her to deal with the aftermath alone.

His name had been Jordan.

That was why Kyle had only one name next to his door buzzer. Because it was his *last* name. His full name must have been Jordan Kyle, Simon realized. He'd been stupid, unbelievably stupid, not to have figured it out before. Not that he needed another reason to hate himself right now.

Kyle—or rather, Jordan—was a werewolf; he healed fast. By the time Simon had hauled him, none too gently, to his feet and had led him back over to his car, the deep slashes in his throat and under the torn rags of his shirt had healed to crusted-over scars. Simon had taken his keys from him and driven them back to Manhattan mostly in silence, Jordan sitting almost motionless in the passenger seat, staring down at his bloody hands.

“Maureen’s fine,” he’d said finally as they drove over the Williamsburg Bridge. “It looked worse than it was. You’re not that good at feeding off humans yet, so she hadn’t lost too much blood. I put her in a cab. She doesn’t remember anything. She thinks she fainted in front of you, and she’s really embarrassed.”

Simon knew he ought to thank Jordan, but he couldn’t bring himself to do it. “You’re Jordan,” he said. “Maia’s old boyfriend. The one who turned her into a werewolf.”

They were on Kenmare now; Simon turned north, heading up the Bowery with its flophouses and lighting stores. “Yeah,” Jordan said at last. “Kyle’s my last name. I started to go by it when I joined the Praetor.”

“She would’ve killed you if Isabelle had let her.”

“She has a perfect right to kill me if she wants to,” said Jordan, and fell silent. He didn’t say anything else as Simon found parking and they trudged up the stairs to the apartment. He’d gone into his room without even taking off his bloody jacket, and slammed the door.

Simon had packed his things into his backpack and had been about to leave the apartment when he’d hesitated. He wasn’t sure why, even now, but instead of leaving he’d

dropped his bag by the door and come back to sit in this chair, where he'd stayed all night.

He wished he could call Clary, but it was too early in the morning, and besides, Isabelle had said she and Jace had gone off together, and the thought of interrupting some special moment of theirs wasn't appealing. He wondered how his mother was. If she could have seen him last night, with Maureen, she would have thought he was every bit the monster she'd accused him of being.

Maybe he was.

He looked up as Jordan's door cracked open and Jordan emerged. He was barefoot, still in the same jeans and shirt he'd been wearing yesterday. The scars on his throat had faded to red lines. He looked at Simon. His hazel eyes, normally so bright and cheerful, were darkly shadowed. "I thought you would leave," he said.

"I was going to," Simon said. "But then I figured I ought to give you a chance to explain."

"There's nothing to explain." Jordan shuffled into the kitchen and dug around in a drawer until he produced a coffee filter. "Whatever Maia said about me, I'm sure it was true."

"She said you hit her," Simon said.

Jordan, in the kitchen, went very still. He looked down at the filter as if he were no longer quite sure what it was for.

"She said you guys went out for months and everything was great," Simon went on. "Then you turned violent and jealous. When she called you on it, you hit her. She broke up with you, and when she was walking home one night, something attacked her and nearly killed her. And you—you took off out of town. No apology, no explanation."

Jordan set the filter down on the counter. "How did she get here? How did she find Luke Garroway's pack?"

Simon shook his head. "She hopped a train to New York and tracked them down. She's a survivor, Maia. She didn't let what you did to her wreck her. A lot of people would have."

“Is this why you stayed?” asked Jordan. “To tell me I’m a bastard? Because I already know that.”

“I stayed,” Simon said, “because of what I did last night. If I’d found out about you yesterday, I would have left. But after what I did to Maureen . . .” He chewed his lip. “I thought I had control over what happened to me and I didn’t, and I hurt someone who didn’t deserve it. So that’s why I’m staying.”

“Because if I’m not a monster, then you’re not a monster.”

“Because I want to know how to go on, now, and maybe you can tell me.” Simon leaned forward. “Because you’ve been a good guy to me since I met you. I’ve never seen you be mean or get angry. And then I thought about the Wolf Guard, and how you said you joined it because you’d done bad things. And I thought Maia was maybe the bad thing you’d done that you were trying to make up for.”

“I was,” said Jordan. “She is.”



Clary sat at her desk in Luke’s small spare room, the scrap of cloth she’d taken from the Beth Israel morgue spread out in front of her. She’d weighted it down on either side with pencils and was hovering over it, stele in hand, trying to remember the rune that had come to her in the hospital.

It was hard to concentrate. She kept thinking about Jace, about last night. Where he might have gone. Why he was so unhappy. She hadn’t realized until she had seen him that he was as miserable as she was, and it tore at her heart. She wanted to call him, but had held herself back from doing so several times since she’d gotten home. If he was going to tell her what the problem was, he’d have to do it without being asked. She knew him well enough to know that.

She closed her eyes, and tried to force herself to picture the rune. It wasn’t one she’d invented, she was pretty sure. It was one that actually existed, though she wasn’t sure she’d seen it in the Gray Book. Its shape spoke to her less of translation than of revelation, of showing the shape of something hidden

belowground, blowing the dust away from it slowly to read the inscription beneath. . . .

The stele twitched in her fingers, and she opened her eyes to find, to her surprise, that she'd managed to trace a small pattern on the edge of the fabric. It looked almost like a blot, with odd bits going off every which way, and she frowned, wondering if she was losing her skill. But the fabric began to shimmer, like heat rising off hot blacktop. She stared as words unfolded across the cloth as if an invisible hand was writing them:

Property of the Church of Talto. 232 Riverside Drive.

A hum of excitement went through her. It was a clue, a real clue. And she'd found it herself, without any help from anyone else.

232 Riverside Drive. That was on the Upper West Side, she thought, by Riverside Park, just across the water from New Jersey. Not that long a trip at all. The Church of Talto. Clary set the stele down with a worried frown. Whatever that was, it sounded like bad news. She scooted her chair over to Luke's old desktop computer and pulled up the Internet. She couldn't say she was surprised that typing in "Church of Talto" produced no comprehensible results. Whatever had been written there on the corner of the cloth had been in Purgatic, or Cthonian, or some other demon language.

One thing she was sure of: Whatever the Church of Talto was, it was secret, and probably bad. If it was mixed up with turning human babies into *things* with claws for hands, it wasn't any kind of a real religion. Clary wondered if the mother who'd dumped her baby near the hospital was a member of the church, and if she knew what she'd gotten herself into before her baby was born.

She felt cold all over as she reached for her phone—and paused with it in hand. She had been about to call her mother, but she couldn't call Jocelyn about this. Jocelyn had only just stopped crying and agreed to go out, with Luke, to look at rings. And while Clary thought her mother was strong enough to handle whatever the truth turned out to be, she'd doubtless

get in massive trouble with the Clave for having taken her investigation this far without informing them.

Luke. But Luke was with her mother. She couldn't call him.

Maryse, maybe. The mere idea of calling her seemed alien and intimidating. Plus, Clary knew—without quite wanting to admit to herself that it was a factor—that if she let the Clave take this over, she'd be benched. Pushed off to the sidelines of a mystery that seemed intensely personal. Not to mention that it felt like betraying her mother to the Clave.

But to go running off on her own, not knowing what she'd find . . . Well, she had training, but not *that* much training. And she knew she had a tendency to act first, think later. Reluctantly she pulled the phone toward her, hesitated a moment—and sent a quick text: 232 RIVERSIDE DRIVE. YOU NEED TO MEET ME THERE RIGHT AWAY. IT'S IMPORTANT. She hit the send button and sat for a moment until the screen lit up with an answering buzz: OK.

With a sigh Clary set down the phone, and went to get her weapons.



"I loved Maia," Jordan said. He was sitting on the futon now, having finally managed to make coffee, though he hadn't drunk any of it. He was just holding the mug in his hands, turning it around and around as he talked. "You have to know that, before I tell you anything else. We both came from this dismal hellhole of a town in New Jersey, and she got endless crap because her dad was black and her mom was white. She had a brother, too, who was a total psychopath. I don't know if she told you about him. Daniel."

"Not much," Simon said.

"With all that, her life was pretty hellish, but she didn't let it get her down. I met her in a music store, buying old records. Vinyl, right. We got to talking, and I realized she was basically the coolest girl for miles around. Beautiful, too. And sweet." Jordan's eyes were distant. "We went out, and it was fantastic. We were totally in love. The way you are when you're sixteen.

Then I got bit. I was in a fight one night, at a club. I used to get into fights a lot. I was used to getting kicked and punched, but bitten? I thought the guy who'd done it was crazy, but whatever. I went to the hospital, got stitched up, forgot about it.

"About three weeks later it started to hit. Waves of uncontrollable rage and anger. My vision would just black out, and I wouldn't know what was happening. I punched my hand through my kitchen window because a drawer was stuck shut. I was crazy jealous about Maia, convinced she was looking at other guys, convinced . . . I don't even know what I thought. I just know I snapped. I hit her. I want to say I don't remember doing it, but I do. And then she broke up with me. . . ." His voice trailed off. He took a swallow of coffee; he looked sick, Simon thought. He must not have told this story much before. Or ever. "A couple nights later I went to a party and she was there. Dancing with another guy. Kissing him like she wanted to prove to me it was over. It was a bad night for her to choose, not that she could have known that. It was the first full moon since I'd been bitten." His knuckles were white where he gripped the cup. "The first time I ever Changed. The transformation ripped through my body and tore my bones and skin apart. I was in agony, and not just because of that. I wanted her, wanted her to come back, wanted to explain, but all I could do was howl. I took off running through the streets, and that was when I saw her, crossing the park near her house. She was going home. . . ."

"And you attacked her," Simon said. "You bit her."

"Yeah." Jordan stared blindly into the past. "When I woke up the next morning, I knew what I'd done. I tried to go to her house, to explain. I was halfway there when a big guy stepped into my path and stared me down. He knew who I was, knew everything about me. He explained he was a member of the Praetor Lupus and he'd been assigned to me. He wasn't too happy that he'd gotten there too late, that I'd already bitten someone. He wouldn't let me go anywhere near her. He said I'd just make it worse. He promised the Wolf Guard would be watching over her. He told me that since I'd bitten a human already, which was strictly forbidden, the only way I'd evade

punishment was to join the Guard and get trained to control myself.

“I wouldn’t have done it. I would have spit on him and taken whatever punishment they wanted to hand out. I hated myself that much. But when he explained that I’d be able to help other people like me, maybe stop what had happened to me and Maia from happening again, it was like I saw a light in the darkness, way off in the future. Like maybe it was a chance to fix what I’d done.”

“Okay,” Simon said slowly. “But isn’t it kind of a weird coincidence that you wound up assigned to me? A guy who was dating the girl you once bit and turned into a werewolf?”

“No coincidence,” Jordan said. “Your file was one of a bunch I got handed. I picked you *because* Maia was mentioned in the notes. A werewolf and a vampire dating. You know, it’s kind of a big deal. It was the first time I realized she’d become a werewolf after I—after what I did.”

“You never checked up to find out? That seems kind of—”

“I tried. The Praetor didn’t want me to, but I did what I could to find out what happened to her. I knew she ran away from home, but she had a crappy home life anyway, so that didn’t tell me anything. And it’s not like there’s some national registry of werewolves where I could look her up. I just . . . hoped she hadn’t Turned.”

“So you took my assignment because of Maia?”

Jordan flushed. “I thought maybe if I met you, I could find out what happened to her. If she was okay.”

“That’s why you told me off for two-timing her,” said Simon, thinking back. “You were being protective.”

Jordan glared at him over the rim of the coffee cup. “Yeah, well, it was a jerk move.”

“And you’re the one who shoved the flyer for the band performance under her door. Aren’t you?” Simon shook his head. “So, was messing with my love life part of the assignment, or just your personal extra touch?”

“I screwed her over,” Jordan said. “I didn’t want to see her screwed over by someone else.”

“And it didn’t occur to you that if she showed up at our performance she’d try to rip your face off? If she hadn’t been late, maybe she even would have done it while you were onstage. That would have been an exciting extra for the audience.”

“I didn’t know,” Jordan said. “I didn’t realize she hated me so much. I mean, I don’t hate the guy who Turned me; I kind of understand that he might not have been in control of himself.”

“Yeah,” said Simon, “but you never *loved* that guy. You never had a relationship with him. Maia loved you. She thinks you bit her and then you ditched and never thought about her again. She’s going to hate you as much as she loved you once.”

Before Jordan could reply, the doorbell rang—not the buzzer that would have sounded if someone had been downstairs, calling up, but the one that could be rung only if the visitor was standing in the hallway outside their door. The boys exchanged baffled looks. “Are you expecting someone?” Simon asked.

Jordan shook his head and put the coffee cup down. Together they went into the small entryway. Jordan gestured for Simon to stand behind him before he swung the door open.

There was no one there. Instead there was a folded piece of paper on the welcome mat, weighed down by a solid-looking hunk of rock. Jordan bent to free the paper and straightened up with a frown.

“It’s for you,” he said, handing it to Simon.

Puzzled, Simon unfolded the paper. Printed across the center, in childish block letters, was the message:

SIMON LEWIS. WE HAVE YOUR GIRLFRIEND.
YOU MUST COME TO 232 RIVERSIDE DRIVE

TODAY. BE THERE BEFORE DARK OR WE WILL
CUT HER THROAT.

“It’s a joke,” Simon said, staring numbly at the paper. “It has to be.”

Without a word Jordan grabbed Simon’s arm and hauled him into the living room. Letting go of him, he rooted around for the cordless phone until he found it. “Call her,” he said, slapping the phone against Simon’s chest. “Call Maia and make sure she’s all right.”

“But it might not be her.” Simon stared down at the phone as the full horror of the situation buzzed around his brain like a ghoulish buzz around the outside of a house, begging to be let in. *Focus*, he told himself. *Don’t panic*. “It might be Isabelle.”

“Oh, Jesus.” Jordan glowered at him. “Do you have any other girlfriends? Do we have to make a list of names to call?”

Simon yanked the phone away from him and turned away, punching in the number.

Maia answered on the second ring. “Hello?”

“Maia—it’s Simon.”

The friendliness went out of her voice. “Oh. What do you want?”

“I just wanted to check that you were okay,” he said.

“I’m fine.” She spoke stiffly. “It’s not like what was going on with us was all that serious. I’m not happy, but I’ll live. You’re still an ass, though.”

“No,” Simon said. “I mean I wanted to check that you were *okay*.”

“Is this about Jordan?” He could hear the tense anger when she said his name. “Right. You guys went off together, didn’t you? You’re friends or something, right? Well, you can tell him to stay away from me. In fact, that goes for both of you.”

She hung up. The dial tone buzzed down the phone like an angry bee.

Simon looked at Jordan. “She’s fine. She hates us both, but it really didn’t sound like anything else was wrong.”

“Fine,” Jordan said tightly. “Call Isabelle.”

It took two tries before Izzy picked up; Simon was nearly in a panic by the time her voice came down the line, sounding distracted and annoyed. “Whoever this is, it had better be good.”

Relief poured through his veins. “Isabelle. It’s Simon.”

“Oh, for God’s sake. What do *you* want?”

“I just wanted to make sure you were okay—”

“Oh, what, I’m supposed to be devastated because you’re a cheating, lying, two-timing son of a—”

“No.” This was really starting to wear on Simon’s nerves. “I meant, are you all right? You haven’t been kidnapped or anything?”

There was a long silence. “Simon,” Isabelle said finally. “This is really, seriously, the stupidest excuse for a whiny makeup call that I have ever, ever heard. What’s *wrong* with you?”

“I’m not sure,” Simon said, and hung up before she could hang up on him. He handed the phone to Jordan. “She’s fine too.”

“I don’t get it.” Jordan looked bewildered. “Who makes a threat like that if it’s totally empty? I mean, it’s so easy to check and find out it’s a lie.”

“They must think I’m stupid,” Simon began, and then paused, a horrible thought dawning on him. He snatched the phone back from Jordan and started to dial with numb fingers.

“Who is it?” Jordan said. “Who are you calling?”



Clary’s phone rang just as she turned the corner of Ninety-sixth Street onto Riverside Drive. The rain seemed to have washed away the city’s usual dirt; the sun shone down from a

brilliant sky onto the bright green strip of the park running alongside the river, whose water looked nearly blue today.

She dug into her bag for her phone, found it, and flipped it open. “Hello?”

Simon’s voice came down the line. “Oh, thank—” He broke off. “Are you all right? You’re not kidnapped or anything?”

“*Kidnapped?*” Clary peered up at the numbers of the buildings as she walked uptown. 220, 224. She wasn’t entirely sure what she was looking for. Would it *look* like a church? Something else, glamoured to look like an abandoned lot? “Are you drunk or something?”

“It’s a little early for that.” The relief in his voice was plain. “No, I just—I got a weird note. Someone threatening to go after my girlfriend.”

“Which one?”

“Har de har.” Simon did not sound amused. “I called Maia and Isabelle already, and they’re both fine. Then I thought of you—I mean, we spend a lot of time together. Someone might get the wrong idea. But now I don’t know what to think.”

“I dunno.” 232 Riverside Drive loomed up in front of Clary suddenly, a big square stone building with a pointed roof. It *could* have been a church at one point, she thought, though it didn’t look much like one now.

“Maia and Isabelle found out about each other last night, by the way. It wasn’t pretty,” Simon added. “You were right about the playing-with-fire bit.”

Clary examined the facade of number 232. Most of the edifices lining the drive were expensive apartment buildings, with doormen in livery waiting inside. This one, though, had only a set of tall wooden doors with curved tops, and old-fashioned-looking metal handles instead of doorknobs. “Ooh, ouch. Sorry, Simon. Are either of them speaking to you?”

“Not really.”

She took hold of one of the handles, and pushed. The door slid open with a soft hissing noise. Clary dropped her voice.

“Maybe one of them left the note?”

“It doesn’t really seem like their style,” said Simon, sounding genuinely puzzled. “Do you think Jace would have done it?”

The sound of his name was like a punch to the stomach. Clary caught her breath and said, “I really don’t think he’d do that, even if he was angry.” She drew the phone away from her ear. Peering around the half-open door, she could see what looked reassuringly like the inside of a normal church—a long aisle, and flickering lights like candles. Surely it couldn’t hurt just to take a peek inside. “I have to go, Simon,” she said. “I’ll call you later.”

She flipped her phone closed and stepped inside.



“You really think it was a joke?” Jordan was prowling up and down the apartment like a tiger pacing its cage at the zoo. “I dunno. It seems like a really sick sort of joke to me.”

“I didn’t say it wasn’t sick.” Simon glanced at the note; it lay on the coffee table, the block-printed letters clearly visible even at a distance. Just looking at it gave him a lurching feeling in his stomach, even though he knew it was meaningless. “I’m just trying to think who might have sent it. And why.”

“Maybe I should take the day off watching you and keep an eye on her,” said Jordan. “You know, just in case.”

“I assume you’re talking about Maia,” said Simon. “I know you mean well, but I really don’t think she wants you around. In any capacity.”

Jordan’s jaw tightened. “I’d stay out of the way so she wouldn’t see me.”

“Wow. You’re still really into her, aren’t you?”

“I have a personal responsibility.” Jordan sounded stiff. “Whatever else I feel doesn’t matter.”

“You can do what you want,” Simon said. “But I think—”

The door buzzer sounded again. The two boys exchanged a single look before both bolting down the narrow hallway to the door. Jordan got there first. He grabbed for the coatrack that stood by the door, ripped the coats off it, and flung the door wide, the rack held above his head like a javelin.

On the other side of the door was Jace. He blinked. "Is that a coatrack?"

Jordan slammed the coatrack down on the ground and sighed. "If you'd been a vampire, this would have been a lot more useful."

"Yes," said Jace. "Or, you know, just someone with a lot of coats."

Simon stuck his head around Jordan and said, "Sorry. We've had a stressful morning."

"Yeah, well," said Jace. "It's about to get more stressful. I came to bring you to the Institute, Simon. The Conclave wants to see you, and they don't like having to wait."



The moment the door of the Church of Talto shut behind Clary, she felt that she was in another world, the noise and bustle of New York City entirely shut out. The space inside the building was big and lofty, with high ceilings soaring above. There was a narrow aisle banked by rows of pews, and fat brown candles burned in sconces bolted along the walls. The interior seemed dimly lit to Clary, but perhaps that was just because she was used to the brightness of witchlight.

She moved along the aisle, the tread of her sneakers soft against the dusty stone. It was odd, she thought, a church with no windows at all. At the end of the aisle she reached the apse, where a set of stone steps led to a podium on which was displayed an altar. She blinked up at it, realizing what else was strange: There were no crosses in this church. Instead there was an upright stone tablet on the altar, crowned by the carved figure of an owl. The words on the tablet read:

FOR HER HOUSE INCLINETH UNTO DEATH,

AND HER PATHS UNTO THE DEAD.

NONE THAT GO UNTO HER RETURN AGAIN,

NEITHER TAKE THEY HOLD OF THE PATHS OF LIFE.

Clary blinked. She wasn't too familiar with the Bible—she certainly didn't have anything like Jace's near-perfect recall of large passages of it—but while that sounded religious, it was also an odd bit of text to feature in a church. She shivered, and drew closer to the altar, where a large closed book had been left out. One of the pages seemed to be marked; when Clary reached to open the book, she realized that what she'd thought was a bookmark was a black-handled dagger carved with occult symbols. She'd seen pictures of these before in her textbooks. It was an *athame*, often used in demonic summoning rituals.

Her stomach went cold, but she bent to scan the marked page anyway, determined to learn something—only to discover that it was written in a cramped, stylized hand that would have been hard to decipher had the book been in English. It wasn't; it was in a sharp, spiky-looking alphabet that she was sure she'd never seen before. The words were below an illustration of what Clary recognized as a summoning circle—the kind of pattern warlocks traced on the ground before they enacted spells. The circles were meant to draw down and concentrate magical power. This one, splashed across the page in green ink, looked like two concentric circles, with a square in the center of them. In the space between the circles, runes were scrawled. Clary didn't recognize them, but she could feel the language of the runes in her bones, and it made her shiver. Death and blood.

She turned the page hastily, and came on a group of illustrations that made her suck in her breath.

It was a progression of pictures that started with the image of a woman with a bird perched on her left shoulder. The bird, possibly a raven, looked sinister and cunning. In the second picture the bird was gone, and the woman was obviously pregnant. In the third image the woman was lying on an altar not unlike the one Clary was standing in front of now. A robed

figure was standing in front of her, a jarringly modern-looking syringe in its hand. The syringe was full of dark red liquid. The woman clearly knew she was about to be injected with it, because she was screaming.

In the last picture the woman was sitting with a baby on her lap. The baby looked almost normal, except that its eyes were entirely black, without whites at all. The woman was looking down at her child with a look of terror.

Clary felt the hairs on the back of her neck prickle. Her mother had been right. Someone was trying to make more babies like Jonathan. In fact, they already had.

She stepped back from the altar. Every nerve in her body was screaming that there was something very wrong with this place. She didn't think she could spend another second here; better to go outside and wait there for the cavalry to arrive. She might have discovered this clue on her own, but the result was way more than she could handle on her own.

It was then that she heard the sound.

A soft susurraton, like a slow tide pulling back, that seemed to come from above her. She looked up, the *athame* gripped firmly in her hand. And stared. All around the upstairs gallery stood rows of silent figures. They wore what looked like gray tracksuits—sneakers, dull gray sweats, and zip-up tops with hoods pulled down over their faces. They were utterly motionless, their hands on the gallery railing, staring down at her. At least, she assumed they were staring. Their faces were hidden entirely in shadow; she couldn't even tell if they were male or female.

"I . . . I'm sorry," she said. Her voice echoed loudly in the stone room. "I didn't mean to intrude, or . . ."

There was no answer but silence. Silence like a weight. Clary's heart began to beat faster.

"I'll just go, then," she said, swallowing hard. She stepped forward, laid the *athame* on the altar, and turned to leave. She caught the scent on the air then, a split second before she turned—the familiar stench of rotting garbage. Between her

and the door, rising up like a wall, was a nightmarish mishmash of scaled skin, bladelike teeth, and reaching claws.

For the past seven weeks Clary had trained to face down a demon in battle, even a massive one. But now that it was actually happening, all she could do was scream.

11

OUR KIND

The demon lunged for Clary, and she stopped screaming abruptly and flung herself backward, over the altar—a perfect flip, and for one bizarre moment she wished Jace had been there to see it. She hit the ground in a crouch, just as something struck the altar hard, making the stone vibrate.

A howl sounded through the church. Clary scrambled to her knees and peered over the edge of the altar. The demon wasn't as big as she'd first thought, but it wasn't small, either—about the size of a refrigerator, with three heads on swaying stalks. The heads were blind, with enormous gaping jaws from which ropes of greenish drool hung. The demon seemed to have smacked its leftmost head on the altar when it grabbed for her, because it was shaking the head back and forth as if trying to clear it.

Clary glanced up wildly, but the tracksuited figures were still where they had been before. None of them had moved. They seemed to be watching what was going on with a detached interest. She spun and looked behind her, but there appeared to be no exits from the church besides the door she'd come through, and the demon was currently blocking her path back to it. Realizing she was wasting precious seconds, she scrambled to her feet and grabbed for the *athame*. She yanked it off the altar and ducked back down just as the demon came for her again. She rolled to the side as a head, swaying on a thick stalk of neck, darted over the altar, its thick black tongue flicking out, searching for her. With a scream she jammed the *athame* into the creature's neck once, then jerked it free, scrambling backward and out of the way.

The thing screamed, its head rearing back, black blood spraying from the wound she'd made. But it wasn't a killing

blow. Even as Clary watched, the wound began to heal slowly, the demon's blackish green flesh knitting together like fabric being sewed up. Her heart sank. Of course. The whole reason Shadowhunters used runed weapons was that the runes prevented demons from healing.

She reached for the stele in her belt with her left hand, and yanked it free just as the demon came for her again. She leaped to the side and threw herself painfully down the stairs, rolling until she fetched up against the first row of pews. The demon turned, lumbering a bit as it moved, and made for her again. Realizing she was still clutching both the stele and the dagger—in fact, the dagger had cut her as she had rolled, and blood was quickly staining the front of her jacket—she transferred the dagger to her left hand, the stele to her right, and with a desperate swiftness, cut an *enkeli* rune into the *athame's* hilt.

The other symbols on the hilt began to melt and run as the rune of angelic power took hold. Clary looked up; the demon was almost on her, its three heads reaching, their mouths gaping. Propelling herself to her feet, she drew her arm back and flung the dagger as hard as she could. To her great surprise, it struck the middle head right in the center of the skull, sinking in up to the hilt. The head thrashed as the demon screamed—Clary's heart lifted—and then the head simply dropped, hitting the ground with a sickening thud. The demon kept coming anyway, dragging the now-dead head on its limp neck after it as it moved toward Clary.

The sound of many footsteps came from above. Clary looked up. The tracksuited figures were gone, the gallery empty. The sight was not reassuring. Her heart doing a wild tango in her chest, Clary turned and ran for the front door, but the demon was faster than she was. With a grunt of effort it launched itself *over* her and landed in front of the doors, blocking her way out. Making a hissing noise, it moved toward her, its two living heads swaying, then rising, stretching to their full length in order to strike at her—

Something flashed through the air, a darting flame of silvery gold. The demon's heads whipped around, the hissing

rising to a scream, but it was too late—the silvery thing that encircled them pulled tight, and with a spray of blackish blood, its remaining two heads sheared away. Clary rolled out of the way as flying blood splattered her, searing her skin. Then she ducked her head as the headless body swayed, fell toward her—

And was gone. As it was collapsing, the demon vanished, sucked back to its home dimension. Clary raised her head cautiously. The front doors of the church were open, and in the entranceway stood Isabelle, in boots and a black dress, her electrum whip in hand. She was winding it back slowly around her wrist, glancing around the church as she did so, her dark eyebrows drawn together in a curious frown. As her gaze fell on Clary, she grinned.

“Damn, girl,” she said. “What have you gotten yourself into now?”



The touch of the vampire servants’ hands on Simon’s skin was cold and light, like the touch of icy wings. He shuddered a little as they unwound the blindfold from around his head, their withered skin rough on his, before they stepped back, bowing as they retreated.

He looked around, blinking. Moments ago, he had been standing in the sunlight on the corner of Seventy-Eighth Street and Second Avenue—enough of a distance from the Institute that he had judged it safe to use the grave-dirt to contact Camille without arousing her suspicions. Now he was in a dimly lit room, quite large, with a smooth marble floor and elegant marble pillars holding up a high ceiling. Along the left wall ran a row of glass-fronted cubicles, each with a brass-lettered plaque hanging over it that read TELLER. Another brass plaque on the wall proclaimed this to be the DOUGLAS NATIONAL BANK. Thick layers of dust padded the floor and the counters where people had once stood to write out checks or withdrawal slips, and the brass-bound lamps that hung from the ceiling were coated with verdigris.

In the center of the room was a high armchair, and in the chair sat Camille. Her silvery-blond hair was undone, and rained down over her shoulders like tinsel. Her beautiful face had been wiped clean of makeup, but her lips were still very red. In the dimness of the bank, they were almost the only color Simon could see.

“I would not normally agree to meet during sunlight hours, Daylighter,” she said. “But since it is you, I have made an exception.”

“Thank you.” He noticed no chair had been provided for him, so he continued awkwardly standing. If his heart still beat, he thought, it would have been pounding. When he had agreed to do this for the Conclave, he had forgotten how much Camille scared him. Maybe it was illogical—what could she really *do* to him?—but there it was.

“I suppose this means that you have considered my offer,” said Camille. “And that you agree to it.”

“What makes you think I agree?” Simon said, very much hoping that she wouldn’t put down the fatuousness of the question to the fact that he was stalling for time.

She looked mildly impatient. “You would hardly deliver in person the news that you had decided to refuse me. You would be afraid of my temper.”

“Should I be afraid of your temper?”

Camille sat back in the wing-back chair, smiling. The chair was modern-looking and luxurious, unlike anything else in the abandoned bank. It must have been hauled here from somewhere else, probably by Camille’s servants, who were currently standing off to each side like silent statues. “Many are,” she said. “But you have no reason to be. I am very pleased with you. Though you waited until the last moment to contact me, I sense you have made the right decision.”

Simon’s phone chose that minute to begin buzzing insistently. He jumped, feeling a trickle of cold sweat going down his back, then fished it hastily out of the pocket of his jacket. “Sorry,” he said, flipping it open. “Phone.”

Camille looked horrified. “Do *not* answer that.”

Simon began lifting the phone to his ear. As he did, he managed to hit the camera button several times with his finger. “It’ll just take a second.”

“*Simon.*”

He hit the send button and then quickly flipped the phone closed. “Sorry. I didn’t think.”

Camille’s chest was rising and falling with rage, despite the fact that she didn’t actually breathe. “I demand more respect than that from my servants,” she hissed. “You will never do that again, or—”

“Or what?” Simon said. “You can’t hurt me, any more than anyone else can. And you told me I wouldn’t be a servant. You told me I’d be your partner.” He paused, letting just the right note of arrogance into his voice. “Maybe I ought to reconsider my acceptance of your offer.”

Camille’s eyes darkened. “Oh, for God’s sake. Don’t be a little fool.”

“How can you say that word?” Simon demanded.

Camille raised delicate eyebrows. “Which word? Are you annoyed that I called you a fool?”

“No. Well, yes, but that’s not what I meant. You said ‘Oh, for—’” He broke off, his voice cracking. He still couldn’t say it. *God*.

“Because I do not believe in him, silly boy,” said Camille. “And you still do.” She tilted her head to the side, regarding him the way a bird might regard a worm on the sidewalk that it was considering eating. “I think perhaps it is time for a blood oath.”

“A . . . blood oath?” Simon wondered if he’d heard right.

“I forget that your knowledge of the customs of our kind is so limited.” Camille shook her silvery head. “I will have you sign an oath, in blood, that you are loyal to me. It will prevent you from disobeying me in the future. Consider it a sort of . . . prenuptial agreement.” She smiled, and he saw the glint of her

fangs. “Come.” She snapped her fingers imperiously, and her minions scurried toward her, their gray heads bent. The first to reach her handed her something that looked like an old-fashioned glass pen, the kind with a whorled tip meant to catch and hold ink. “You will have to cut yourself and draw your own blood,” said Camille. “Normally I would do it myself, but the Mark prevents me. Therefore we must improvise.”

Simon hesitated. This was bad. Very bad. He knew enough about the supernatural world to know what oaths meant to Downworlders. They were not just empty promises that could be broken. They truly bound the promiser, like virtual manacles. If he signed the oath, he really would be loyal to Camille. Possibly forever.

“Come along,” Camille said, a touch of impatience creeping into her voice. “There is no need to dawdle.”

Swallowing, Simon took a reluctant step forward, and then another. A servant stepped in front of him, blocking his way. He was holding out a knife to Simon, a wicked-looking thing with a needle blade. Simon took it, and raised it above his wrist. Then he lowered it. “You know,” he said, “I really don’t like pain very much. Or knives—”

“*Do it,*” Camille growled.

“There has to be some other way.”

Camille rose from her chair, and Simon saw that her fangs were fully extended. She was truly enraged. “If you do not stop wasting my time—”

There was a soft implosion, a sound like something enormous tearing down the middle. A great shimmering panel appeared against the opposite wall. Camille turned toward it, her lips parting in shock as she saw what it was. Simon knew she recognized it, just as he did. There was only one thing it could be.

A Portal. And through it were pouring at least a dozen Shadowhunters.



“Okay,” said Isabelle, putting away the first aid kit with a brisk gesture. They were in one of the Institute’s many spare rooms, meant to house visiting Clave members. Each was plainly furnished with a bed, a dresser and a wardrobe, and a small bathroom. And, of course, each one had a first aid kit, with bandages, poultices, and even spare steles included. “You’re pretty well *iratze*’d up, but it’s going to take a little while for some of those bruises to fade. And these”—she ran her hand over the burn marks on Clary’s forearm where the demon blood had splashed her—“probably won’t go away totally till tomorrow. If you rest, they’ll heal faster, though.”

“That’s fine. Thanks, Isabelle.” Clary looked down at her hands; there were bandages around the right one, and her shirt was still torn and bloodstained, though Izzy’s runes had healed the cuts beneath. She supposed she could have done the *iratzes* herself, but it was nice to have someone take care of her, and Izzy, while not the warmest person Clary knew, could be capable and kind when she felt like it. “And thanks for showing up and, you know, saving my life from whatever that was—”

“A Hydra demon. I told you. They have a lot of heads, but they’re pretty dumb. And you weren’t doing such a bad job with it before I showed up. I like what you did with the *athame*. Good thinking under pressure. That’s as much a part of being a Shadowhunter as learning how to punch holes in things.” Isabelle flopped down onto the bed next to Clary and sighed. “I should probably go look up what I can find out about the Church of Talto before the Conclave gets back. Maybe it’ll help us figure out what’s going on. The hospital stuff, the babies—” She shuddered. “I don’t like it.”

Clary had told Isabelle as much as she could about why she’d been at the church, even about the demon baby at the hospital, though she’d pretended she was the one who’d been suspicious, and had kept her mother out of the story. Isabelle had looked sick when Clary had described the way the baby had looked exactly like a normal baby except for its open black eyes and the little claws it had instead of hands. “I think they were trying to make another baby like—like my brother. I think they experimented on some poor mundane woman,”

Clary said. “But she couldn’t take it when the baby was born, and she lost her mind. It’s just—who would do something like that? One of Valentine’s followers? The ones who never got caught, maybe trying to carry on what he was doing?”

“Maybe. Or just some demon-worshipping cult. There are plenty of them. Although I can’t imagine why anyone would want to make more creatures like Sebastian.” Her voice gave a little jump of hatred when she said his name.

“His name’s really Jonathan—”

“Jonathan is Jace’s name,” said Isabelle tightly. “I won’t call that monster by the same name my brother has. He’s always going to be Sebastian to me.”

Clary had to admit Isabelle had a point. She had a hard time thinking of him as Jonathan too. She supposed it wasn’t fair to the true Sebastian, but none of them had really known him. It was easier to slap a stranger’s name onto Valentine’s vicious son than call him something that made him feel closer to her family, closer to her life.

Isabelle spoke lightly, but Clary could tell that her mind was working, ticking over various possibilities: “Anyway, I’m glad you texted me when you did. I could tell from your message that something weird was going on, and frankly I was bored. Everyone’s off doing some secret thing with the Conclave, and I didn’t want to go, because Simon was going to be there, and I hate him now.”

“Simon is with the Conclave?” Clary was astonished. She had noticed that the Institute had seemed even more empty than usual when they’d arrived. Jace, of course, wasn’t there, but she hadn’t expected him to be—though she hadn’t known why. “I talked to him this morning and he didn’t say anything about doing something for them,” Clary added.

Isabelle shrugged. “It has something to do with vampire politics. That’s all I know.”

“Do you think he’s all right?”

Isabelle sounded exasperated. “He doesn’t need you to protect him anymore, Clary. He has the Mark of Cain. He

could get blown up, shot at, drowned, and stabbed and he'd be just fine." She looked at Clary hard. "I notice you didn't ask me why I hate Simon," she said. "I assume you knew about the two-timing thing?"

"I knew," Clary admitted. "I'm sorry."

Isabelle waved her confession away. "You're his best friend. It would have been weird if you didn't know."

"I should have told you," Clary said. "It's just—I never got the sense you were that serious about Simon, you know?"

Isabelle scowled. "I wasn't. It's just—I thought *he* would take it seriously, at least. Since I was so out of his league and everything. I guess I expected better from him than I do from other guys."

"Maybe," Clary said quietly, "Simon shouldn't be dating someone who thinks they're out of his league." Isabelle looked at her, and Clary felt herself flush. "Sorry. Your relationship is really none of my business."

Isabelle was twisting her dark hair up into a knot, something she did when she felt tense. "No, it isn't. I mean, I could ask you why you texted me to come to the church and meet you, and not Jace, but I haven't. I'm not stupid. I know something's wrong between you two, passionate alley make-out sessions notwithstanding." She looked keenly at Clary. "Have the two of you slept together yet?"

Clary felt the blood rush into her face. "What—I mean, no, we haven't, but I don't see what that has to do with anything."

"It doesn't," said Isabelle, patting her knotted hair into place. "That was just prurient curiosity. What's holding you back?"

"*Isabelle—*" Clary pulled up her legs, wrapped her arms around her knees, and sighed. "Nothing. We were just taking our time. I've never—you know."

"Jace has," said Isabelle. "I mean, I assume he has. I don't know for sure. But if you ever need anything . . ." She let the sentence hang in the air.

“Need anything?”

“Protection. You know. So you can be careful,” Isabelle said. She sounded as practical as if she were talking about extra buttons. “You’d think the Angel would have been foresighted enough to give us a birth-control rune, but no dice.”

“Of course I’d be careful,” Clary spluttered, feeling her cheeks turn red. “Enough. This is awkward.”

“This is girl talk,” said Isabelle. “You just think it’s awkward because you’ve spent your whole life with Simon as your only friend. And you can’t talk to him about Jace. That *would* be awkward.”

“And Jace really hasn’t said anything to you? About what’s bothering him?” Clary said, in a small voice. “You promise?”

“He didn’t have to,” Isabelle said. “The way you’ve been acting, and with Jace going around looking like someone just died, it’s not like I wouldn’t notice something was wrong. You should have come to talk to me sooner.”

“Is he at least all right?” Clary asked very quietly.

Isabelle stood up from the bed and looked down at her. “No,” she said. “He is very much not all right. Are you?”

Clary shook her head.

“I didn’t think so,” Isabelle said.



To Simon’s surprise, Camille, upon seeing the Shadowhunters, didn’t even try to stand her ground. She screamed and ran for the door, only to freeze when she realized that it was daylight outside, and that exiting the bank would quickly incinerate her. She gasped and cowered back against a wall, her fangs bared, a low hiss coming from her throat.

Simon stepped back as the Shadowhunters of the Conclave swarmed around him, all in black like a murder of crows; he saw Jace, his face pale and set like white marble, slide a broadsword blade through one of the human servants as he passed him, as casually as a pedestrian might swat a fly.

Maryse stalked ahead, her flying black hair reminding Simon of Isabelle. She dispatched the second cowering minion with a whipsaw movement of her seraph blade, and advanced on Camille, her shining blade outstretched. Jace was beside her, and another Shadowhunter—a tall man with black runes twining his forearms like vines—was on her other side.

The rest of the Shadowhunters had spread out and were canvassing the bank, sweeping it with those odd things they used—Sensors—checking every corner for demon activity. They ignored the bodies of Camille’s human servants, lying motionless in their pools of drying blood. They ignored Simon as well. He might as well have been another pillar, for all the attention they paid him.

“Camille Belcourt,” said Maryse, her voice echoing off the marble walls. “You have broken the Law and are subject to the Law’s punishments. Will you surrender and come with us, or will you fight?”

Camille was crying, making no attempt to cover her tears, which were tinged with blood. They streaked her white face with red lines as she choked, “Walker—and my Archer—”

Maryse looked baffled. She turned to the man on her left. “What is she saying, Kadir?”

“Her human servants,” he replied. “I believe she is mourning their deaths.”

Maryse flipped her hand dismissively. “It is against the Law to make servants of human beings.”

“I made them before Downworlders were subject to your accursed laws, you bitch. They have been with me two hundred years. They were like children to me.”

Maryse’s hand tightened on the hilt of her blade. “What would you know of children?” she whispered. “What does your kind know of anything but destroying?”

Camille’s tear-streaked face flashed for a moment with triumph. “I knew it,” she said. “Whatever else you might say, whatever lies you tell, you hate our kind. Don’t you?”

Maryse's face tightened. "Take her," she said. "Bring her to the Sanctuary."

Jace moved swiftly to one side of Camille and took hold of her; Kadir seized her other arm. Together, they pinioned her between them.

"Camille Belcourt, you stand accused of the murder of humans," Maryse intoned. "And of the murder of Shadowhunters. You will be taken to the Sanctuary, where you will be questioned. The sentence for the murder of Shadowhunters is death, but it is possible that if you cooperate with us, your life will be spared. Do you understand?" asked Maryse.

Camille tossed her head defiantly. "There is only one man I will answer to," she said. "If you do not bring him to me, I will tell you nothing. You can kill me, but I will tell you nothing."

"Very well," said Maryse. "What man is that?"

Camille bared her teeth. "Magnus Bane."

"*Magnus Bane?*" Maryse looked flabbergasted. "The High Warlock of Brooklyn? Why do you want to talk to him?"

"I will answer to him," Camille said again. "Or I will answer to no one."

And that was that. She said not another word. As she was dragged away by Shadowhunters, Simon watched her go. He did not feel, as he had thought he would, triumphant. He felt hollow, and strangely sick to his stomach. He looked down at the bodies of the slain servants; he hadn't liked them much either, but they hadn't asked to be what they were, not really. In a way, maybe neither had Camille. But she was a monster to Nephilim anyway. And maybe not just because she had killed Shadowhunters; maybe there was no way, really, for them to think of her as anything else.

Camille had been pushed through the Portal; Jace stood on the other side of it, gesturing impatiently for Simon to follow. "Are you coming or not?" he called.

Whatever else you might say, whatever lies you tell, you hate our kind.

“Coming,” Simon said, and moved reluctantly forward.

12

SANCTUARY

“What do you think Camille wants to see Magnus for?”
Simon asked.

He and Jace were standing against the back wall of the Sanctuary, which was a massive room attached to the main body of the Institute through a narrow passageway. It wasn't *part* of the Institute per se; it had been left deliberately unconsecrated in order that it might be used as a holding place for demons and vampires. Sanctuaries, Jace had informed Simon, had gone out of fashion somewhat since Projecting had been invented, but every once in a while they found a use for theirs. Apparently, this was one of those times.

It was a big room, stone-bound and pillared, with an equally stone-bound entryway beyond a wide set of double doors; the entryway led to the corridor connecting the room to the Institute. Huge gouges in the stone floor indicated that whatever had been caged here over the years had been pretty nasty—and big. Simon couldn't help wondering how many enormous rooms full of pillars he was going to have to spend time in. Camille was standing against one of the pillars, her arms behind her, guarded on either side by Shadowhunter warriors. Maryse was pacing back and forth, occasionally conferring with Kadir, clearly trying to sort out some kind of plan. There were no windows in the room, for obvious reasons, but witchlight torches burned everywhere, giving the whole scene a peculiar whitish cast.

“I don't know,” Jace said. “Maybe she wants fashion tips.”

“Ha,” Simon said. “Who's that guy, with your mother? He looks familiar.”

“That’s Kadir,” said Jace. “You probably met his brother. Malik. He died in the attack on Valentine’s ship. Kadir’s the second most important person in the Conclave, after my mom. She relies on him a lot.”

As Simon watched, Kadir pulled Camille’s arms behind her back, so they circled the pillar, and chained them at her wrists. The vampire gave a little scream.

“Blessed metal,” said Jace without a flicker of emotion. “It burns them.”

Them, Simon thought. You mean “you.” I’m just like her. I’m not different just because you know me.

Camille was whimpering. Kadir stood back, his face impassive. Runes, dark against his dark skin, twined the entirety of his arms and throat. He turned to say something to Maryse; Simon caught the words “Magnus” and “fire-message.”

“Magnus again,” said Simon. “But isn’t he traveling?”

“Magnus and Camille are both really old,” said Jace. “I suppose it’s not that odd that they know each other.” He shrugged, seemingly uninterested in the topic. “Anyway, I’m pretty sure they’re going to wind up summoning Magnus back here. Maryse wants information, and she wants it bad. She knows Camille wasn’t killing those Shadowhunters just for blood. There are easier ways to get blood.”

Simon thought fleetingly of Maureen, and felt sick. “Well,” he said, trying to sound unconcerned. “I guess that means Alec will be back. So that’s good, right?”

“Sure.” Jace’s voice sounded lifeless. He didn’t look all that great either; the whitish light in the room cast the angles of his cheekbones into a new and sharper relief, showing that he’d lost weight. His fingernails were bitten down to bloody stumps, and there were dark shadows under his eyes.

“At least your plan worked,” Simon added, trying to inject some cheer into Jace’s misery. It had been Jace’s idea to have Simon take a picture with his cell phone and send it to the

Conclave, which would allow them to Portal to where he was. "It was a good idea."

"I knew it would work." Jace sounded bored by the compliment. He looked up as the double doors to the Institute swung open, and Isabelle came through them, her black hair swinging. She looked around the room—giving Camille and the other Shadowhunters barely a glance—and came toward Jace and Simon, her boots clattering against the stone floor.

"What's all this about yanking poor Magnus and Alec back from their vacation?" Isabelle demanded. "They have opera tickets!"

Jace explained, while Isabelle stood with her hands on her hips, ignoring Simon completely.

"Fine," she said when he was done. "But the whole thing's ridiculous. She's just stalling for time. What could she possibly have to say to Magnus?" She glanced back over her shoulder at Camille, who was now not just manacled but bound to the pillar with lengths of silvery-gold chain. It crisscrossed her body across her torso, her knees, and even her ankles, holding her totally immobile. "Is that blessed metal?"

Jace nodded. "The manacles are lined to protect her wrists, but if she moves too much . . ." He made a sizzling sound. Simon, remembering the way his hands had burned when he'd touched the Star of David in his cell in Idris, the way his skin had run with blood, had to fight the urge to snap at him.

"Well, while you were off trapping vampires, I was uptown fighting off a Hydra demon," Isabelle said. "With Clary."

Jace, who had evinced only the barest interest in anything going on around him until now, jerked upright. "With *Clary*? You took her demon-hunting with you? Isabelle—"

"Of course not. She was already well into the fight by the time I got there."

"But how did you know—?"

"She texted me," Isabelle said. "So I went." She examined her nails, which were, as usual, perfect.

“She texted *you*?” Jace grabbed Isabelle by the wrist. “Is she all right? Did she get hurt?”

Isabelle looked down at his hand gripping her wrist, and then back up at his face. If he was hurting her, Simon couldn’t tell, but the look on her face could have cut glass, as could the sarcasm in her voice. “Yes, she’s bleeding to death upstairs, but I thought I’d avoid telling you right away, because I like to draw the suspense out.”

Jace, as if suddenly conscious of what he was doing, let go of Isabelle’s wrist. “She’s here?”

“She’s upstairs,” Isabelle said. “Resting—”

But Jace was already gone, running for the entryway doors. He burst through them and vanished. Isabelle, looking after him, shook her head.

“You can’t really have thought he was going to do anything else,” said Simon.

For a moment she said nothing. He wondered if maybe she was just planning to ignore anything he said for the rest of eternity. “I know,” she said finally. “I just wish I knew what was going on with them.”

“I’m not sure *they* know.”

Isabelle was worrying at her bottom lip. She looked very young all of a sudden, and unusually conflicted, for Isabelle. Something was clearly going on with her, and Simon waited quietly while she appeared to come to a decision. “I don’t want to be like that,” she said. “Come on. I want to talk to you.” She started to head toward the Institute doors.

“You do?” Simon was astonished.

She spun and glared at him. “Right now I do. But I can’t promise how long it’ll last.”

Simon held his hands up. “I want to talk to you, Iz. But I can’t go into the Institute.”

A line appeared between her eyebrows. “Why?” She broke off, looking from him to the doors, to Camille, and back again. “Oh. Right. How did you get in here, then?”

“Portaled,” said Simon. “But Jace said there’s an entryway that leads to a set of doors that go outside. So vampires can enter here at night.” He pointed to a narrow door set in the wall a few feet away. It was secured with a rusting iron bolt, as if it hadn’t been used in a while.

Isabelle shrugged. “Fine.”

The bolt made a screeching noise when she yanked it back, sending flakes of rust into the air in a fine red spray. Beyond the door was a small stone room, like the vestry of a church, and a set of doors that most likely led outside. There were no windows, but cold air crept around the edges of the doors, making Isabelle, in her short dress, shiver.

“Look, Isabelle,” Simon said, figuring that the onus was on him to start the discussion. “I really am sorry about what I did. There’s no excuse—”

“No, there isn’t,” Isabelle said. “And while you’re at it, you might want to tell me why you’re hanging around with the guy who Turned Maia into a werewolf.”

Simon told her the story Jordan had recounted to him, trying to keep his explanation as evenhanded as he could. He felt like it was at least important to explain to Isabelle that he hadn’t known who Jordan really was at first, and also, that Jordan regretted what he’d done. “Not that that makes it okay,” he finished. “But, you know—” *We’ve all done bad things*. But he couldn’t bring himself to tell her about Maureen. Not right now.

“I know,” Isabelle said. “And I’ve heard of the Praetor Lupus. If they’re willing to have him as a member, he can’t be a complete washout, I guess.” She looked at Simon a little more closely. “Although I don’t get why you need someone to protect you. You have . . .” She pointed at her forehead.

“I can’t go through the rest of my life with people running at me every day and the Mark blowing them up,” Simon said. “I need to know who’s trying to kill me. Jordan’s helping with that. Jace too.”

“Do you really think Jordan’s helping you? Because the Clave has some pull with the Praetor. We could get him replaced.”

Simon hesitated. “Yeah,” he said. “I really do think he’s helping. And I can’t always rely on the Clave.”

“Okay.” Isabelle leaned back against the wall. “Did you ever wonder why I’m so different from my brothers?” she asked without preamble. “Alec and Jace, I mean.”

Simon blinked. “You mean aside from the whole thing where you’re a girl and they . . . aren’t?”

“No. Not that, idiot. I mean, look at the two of them. They have no problem falling in love. They’re both *in* love. The forever kind. They’re done. Look at Jace. He loves Clary like—like there’s nothing else in the world and there never will be. Alec’s the same. And Max—” Her voice caught. “I don’t know what it would have been like for him. But he trusted everyone. And as you might have noticed, I don’t trust anyone.”

“People are different,” Simon said, trying to sound understanding. “It doesn’t mean they’re happier than you—”

“Sure it does,” Isabelle said. “You think I don’t know that?” She looked at Simon, hard. “You know my parents.”

“Not well.” They had never been terribly eager to meet Isabelle’s vampire boyfriend, a situation that hadn’t done much to ameliorate Simon’s feeling that he was merely the latest in a long line of undesirable suitors.

“Well, you know they were both in the Circle. But I bet you didn’t know it was all my mom’s idea. My dad was never really enthusiastic about Valentine or any of it. And then when everything happened, and they got banished, and they realized they’d practically wrecked their lives, I think he blamed her. But they already had Alec and were going to have me, so he stayed, even though I think he kind of wanted to leave. And then, when Alec was about nine, he found someone else.”

“Whoa,” Simon said. “Your dad cheated on your mom? That’s—that’s awful.”

“She told me,” said Isabelle. “I was about thirteen. She told me that he would have left her but they found out she was pregnant with Max, so they stayed together and he broke it off with the other woman. My mom didn’t tell me who she was. She just told me that you couldn’t really trust men. And she told me not to tell anyone.”

“And did you? Tell anyone?”

“Not until now,” Isabelle said.

Simon thought of a younger Isabelle, keeping the secret, never telling anyone, hiding it from her brothers. Knowing things about their family that they would never know. “She shouldn’t have asked you to do that,” he said, suddenly angry. “That wasn’t fair.”

“Maybe,” said Isabelle. “I thought it made me special. I didn’t think about how it might have changed me. But I watch my brothers give their hearts away and I think, *Don’t you know better?* Hearts are breakable. And I think even when you heal, you’re never what you were before.”

“Maybe you’re better,” said Simon. “I know I’m better.”

“You mean Clary,” said Isabelle. “Because she broke your heart.”

“Into little pieces. You know, when someone prefers their own brother over you, it isn’t a confidence booster. I thought maybe once she realized it would never work out with Jace, she’d give up and come back to me. But I finally figured out that she’d never stop loving Jace, whether it was going to work out with him or not. And I knew that if she was only with me because she couldn’t have him, I’d rather be alone, so I ended it.”

“I didn’t know you broke it off with her,” said Isabelle. “I assumed . . .”

“That I had no self-respect?” Simon smiled wryly.

“I thought that you were still in love with Clary,” Isabelle said. “And that you couldn’t be serious about anyone else.”

“Because you pick guys who will never be serious about you,” said Simon. “So you never need to be serious about them.”

Isabelle’s eyes shone when she looked at him, but she said nothing.

“I care about you,” Simon said. “I always cared about you.”

She took a step toward him. They were standing fairly close together in the small room, and he could hear the sound of her breathing, and the fainter pulse of her heartbeat underneath. She smelled of shampoo and sweat and gardenia perfume and Shadowhunter blood.

The thought of blood made him remember Maureen, and his body tensed. Isabelle noticed—of course she noticed, she was a warrior, her senses finely tuned to even the slightest movement in others—and drew back, her expression tightening. “All right,” she said. “Well, I’m glad we talked.”

“Isabelle—”

But she was already gone. He went after her into the Sanctuary, but she was moving fast. By the time the vestry door shut behind him, she was halfway across the room. He gave up and watched as she disappeared through the double doors into the Institute, knowing he couldn’t follow.



Clary sat up, shaking her head to clear the grogginess. It took her a moment to remember where she was—in a spare bedroom in the Institute, the only light in the room the illumination that streamed in through the single high window. It was blue light—twilight light. She lay twisted in the blanket; her jeans, jacket, and shoes were stacked neatly on a chair near the bed. And beside her was Jace, looking down at her, as if she had conjured him up by dreaming of him.

He was sitting on the bed, wearing his gear, as if he had just come from a fight, and his hair was tousled, the dim light from the window illuminating shadows under his eyes, the hollows of his temples, the bones of his cheeks. In this light he had the

extreme and almost unreal beauty of a Modigliani painting, all elongated planes and angles.

She rubbed at her eyes, blinking away sleep. “What time is it?” she said. “How long—”

He pulled her toward him and kissed her, and for a moment she froze, suddenly very conscious that all she was wearing was a thin T-shirt and underwear. Then she went boneless against him. It was the sort of lingering kiss that turned her insides to water. The sort of kiss that might have made her feel that nothing was wrong, that things were as they had been before, and he was only glad to see her. But when his hands went to lift the hem of her T-shirt, she pushed them away.

“No,” she said, her fingers wrapped around his wrists. “You can’t just keep grabbing at me every time you see me. It’s not a substitute for actually talking.”

He took a ragged breath and said, “Why did you text Isabelle instead of me? If you were in trouble—”

“Because I knew she’d come,” said Clary. “And I don’t know that about you. Not right now.”

“If something had happened to you—”

“Then I guess you would have heard about it eventually. You know, when you deigned to actually pick up the phone.” She was still holding his wrists; she let go of them now, and sat back. It was hard, physically hard, to be close to him like this and not touch him, but she forced her hands down by her sides and kept them there. “Either you tell me what’s wrong, or you can get out of the room.”

His lips parted, but he said nothing; she didn’t think she’d spoken to him this harshly in a long time. “I’m sorry,” he said finally. “I mean, I know, with the way I’ve been acting, you’ve got no reason to listen to me. And I probably shouldn’t have come in here. But when Isabelle said you were hurt, I couldn’t stop myself.”

“Some burns,” Clary said. “Nothing that matters.”

“Everything that happens to you matters to me.”

“Well, that certainly explains why you haven’t called me back once. And the last time I saw you, you ran away without telling me why. It’s like dating a ghost.”

Jace’s mouth quirked up slightly at the side. “Not exactly. Isabelle actually dated a ghost. She could tell you—”

“No,” Clary said. “It was a metaphor. And you know exactly what I mean.”

For a moment he was silent. Then he said, “Let me see the burns.”

She held out her arms. There were harsh red splotches on the insides of her wrists where the demon’s blood had splattered. He took her wrists, very lightly, looking at her for permission first, and turned them over. She remembered the first time he had touched her, in the street outside Java Jones, searching her hands for Marks she didn’t have. “Demon blood,” he said. “They’ll go away in a few hours. Do they hurt?”

Clary shook her head.

“I didn’t know,” he said. “I didn’t know you needed me.”

Her voice shook. “I always need you.”

He bent his head and kissed the burn on her wrist. A flare of heat coursed through her, like a hot spike that went from her wrist to the pit of her stomach. “I didn’t realize,” he said. He kissed the next burn, on her forearm, and then the next, moving up her arm to her shoulder, the pressure of his body bearing her back until she was lying against the pillows, looking up at him. He propped himself on his elbows so as not to crush her with his weight and looked down at her.

His eyes always darkened when they kissed, as if desire changed their color in some fundamental way. He touched the white star mark on her shoulder, the one they both had, that marked them as the children of those who had had contact with angels. “I know I’ve been acting strange lately,” he said. “But it’s not you. I love you. That never changes.”

“Then what—?”

“I think everything that happened in Idris—Valentine, Max, Hodge, even Sebastian—I kept shoving it all down, trying to forget, but it’s catching up with me. I . . . I’ll get help. I’ll get better. I promise.”

“You promise.”

“I swear on the Angel.” He ducked his head down, kissed her cheek. “The hell with that. I swear on *us*.”

Clary wound her fingers into the sleeve of his T-shirt. “Why us?”

“Because there isn’t anything I believe in more.” He tilted his head to the side. “If we were to get married,” he began, and he must have felt her tense under him, because he smiled. “Don’t panic, I’m not proposing on the spot. I was just wondering what you knew about Shadowhunter weddings.”

“No rings,” Clary said, brushing her fingers across the back of his neck, where the skin was soft. “Just runes.”

“One here,” he said, gently touching her arm, where the scar was, with a fingertip. “And another here.” He slid his fingertip up her arm, across her collarbone, and down until it rested over her racing heart. “The ritual is taken from the Song of Solomon. *‘Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is strong as death.’*”

“Ours is stronger than that,” Clary whispered, remembering how she had brought him back. And this time, when his eyes darkened, she reached up and drew him down to her mouth.

They kissed for a long time, until most of the light had bled out of the room and they were just shadows. Jace didn’t move his hands or try to touch her, though, and she sensed he was waiting for permission.

She realized she would have to be the one to take it further, if she wanted to—and she *did* want to. He’d admitted something was wrong and that it had nothing to do with her. This was progress: positive progress. He ought to be rewarded, right? A little grin crooked the edge of her mouth. Who was she kidding; she wanted more on her own behalf. Because he was Jace, because she loved him, because he was so gorgeous

that sometimes she felt the need to poke him in the arm just to make sure he was real.

She did just that.

“Ow,” he said. “What was that for?”

“Take your shirt off,” she whispered. She reached for the hem of it but he was already there, lifting it over his head and tossing it casually to the floor. He shook his hair out, and she almost expected the bright gold strands to scatter sparks in the darkness of the room.

“Sit up,” she said softly. Her heart was pounding. She didn’t usually take the lead in these sort of situations, but he didn’t seem to mind. He sat up slowly, pulling her up with him, until they were both sitting among the welter of blankets. She crawled into his lap, straddling his hips. Now they were face-to-face. She heard him suck his breath in and he raised his hands, reaching for her shirt, but she pushed them back down again, gently, to his sides, and put her own hands on him instead. She watched her fingers slide over his chest and arms, the swell of his biceps where the black Marks twined, the star-shaped mark on his shoulder. She traced her index finger down the line between his pectoral muscles, across his flat washboard stomach. They were both breathing hard when she reached the buckle on his jeans, but he didn’t move, just looked at her with an expression that said: *Whatever you want*.

Her heart thudding, she dropped her hands to the hem of her own shirt and pulled it off over her head. She wished she’d worn a more exciting bra—this one was plain white cotton—but when she looked up again at Jace’s expression, the thought evaporated. His lips were parted, his eyes nearly black; she could see herself reflected in them and knew he didn’t care if her bra was white or black or neon green. All he was seeing was her.

She reached for his hands, then, freeing them, and put them on her waist, as if to say, *You can touch me now*. He tilted his head up, her mouth came down over his, and they were kissing again, but it was fierce instead of languorous, a hot and fast-burning fire. His hands were feverish: in her hair, on her body,

pulling her down so that she lay under him, and as their bare skin slid together she was acutely conscious that there really was nothing between them but his jeans and her bra and panties. She tangled her hands in his silky, disheveled hair, holding his head as he kissed down her throat. *How far are we going? What are we doing?* a small part of her brain was asking, but the rest of her mind was screaming at that small part to shut up. She wanted to keep touching him, kissing him; she wanted him to hold her and to know that he was real, here with her, and that he would never leave again.

His fingers found the clasp of her bra. She tensed. His eyes were large and luminous in the darkness, his smile slow. “Is this all right?”

She nodded. Her breath was coming fast. No one in her entire life had ever seen her topless—no *boy*, anyway. As if sensing her nervousness, he cupped her face gently with one hand, his lips teasing hers, brushing gently across them until her whole body felt as if it were shattering with tension. His long-fingered, callused right hand stroked along her cheek, then her shoulder, soothing her. She was still on edge, though, waiting for his other hand to move back to her bra clasp, to touch her again, but he seemed to be reaching for something behind him—What was he *doing*?

Clary thought suddenly of what Isabelle had said about being careful. *Oh*, she thought. She stiffened a little and drew back. “Jace, I’m not sure I—”

There was a flash of silver in the darkness, and something cold and sharp lanced across the side of her arm. All she felt for a moment was surprise—then pain. She drew her hands back, blinking, and saw a line of dark blood beading on her skin where a shallow cut ran from her elbow to her wrist. “Ouch,” she said, more in annoyance and surprise than hurt. “What—”

Jace launched himself off her, off the bed, in a single motion. Suddenly he was standing in the middle of the room, shirtless, his face as white as bone.

Hand clasped across her injured arm, Clary started to sit up. “Jace, what—”

She broke off. In his left hand he was clutching a knife—the silver-handled knife she had seen in the box that had belonged to his father. There was a thin smear of blood across the blade.

She looked down at her hand, and then up again, at him. “I don’t understand. . . .”

He opened his hand, and the knife clattered to the floor. For a moment he looked as if he might run again, the way he had outside the bar. Then he sank to the ground and put his head in his hands.



“I like her,” said Camille as the doors shut behind Isabelle. “She rather reminds me of me.”

Simon turned to look at her. It was very dim in the Sanctuary, but he could see her clearly, her back against the pillar, her hands bound behind her. There was a Shadowhunter guard stationed near the doors to the Institute, but either he hadn’t heard Camille or he wasn’t interested.

Simon moved a bit closer to Camille. The bonds that constrained her held an odd fascination for him. Blessed metal. The chain seemed to gleam softly against her pale skin, and he thought he could see a few threads of blood seeping around the manacles at her wrists. “She isn’t at all like you.”

“So you think.” Camille tilted her head to the side; her blond hair seemed artfully arranged around her face, though he knew she couldn’t have touched it. “You love them so,” she said, “your Shadowhunter friends. As the falcon loves the master who binds and blinds it.”

“Things aren’t like that,” Simon said. “Shadowhunters and Downworlders aren’t enemies.”

“You can’t even go with them into their home,” she said. “You are shut out. Yet so eager to serve them. You would stand on their side against your own kind.”

“I have no kind,” Simon said. “I’m not one of them. But I’m not one of you, either. And I’d rather be like them than like you.”

“You *are* one of us.” She moved impatiently, rattling her chains, and gave a little gasp of pain. “There is something I didn’t say to you, back at the bank. But it is true.” She smiled tightly through the pain. “I can smell human blood on you. You fed recently. On a mundane.”

Simon felt something inside him jump. “I . . .”

“It was wonderful, wasn’t it?” Her red lips curved. “The first time since you’ve been a vampire that you haven’t been hungry.”

“No,” Simon said.

“You’re lying.” There was conviction in her voice. “They try to make us fight against our natures, the Nephilim. They will accept us only if we pretend to be other than we are—not hunters, not predators. Your friends will never accept what you are, only what you pretend to be. What you do for them, they would never do for you.”

“I don’t know why you’re bothering with this,” said Simon. “What’s done is done. I’m not going to let you go. I made my choice. I don’t want what you offered me.”

“Maybe not now,” Camille said softly. “But you will. You will.”

The Shadowhunter guard stepped back as the door opened, and Maryse came into the room. She was followed by two figures immediately familiar to Simon: Isabelle’s brother Alec, and his boyfriend, the warlock Magnus Bane.

Alec was dressed in a sober black suit; Magnus, to Simon’s surprise, was similarly dressed, with the addition of a long white silk scarf with tasseled ends and a pair of white gloves. His hair stood up like it always did, but for a change he was devoid of glitter. Camille, upon seeing him, went very still.

Magnus didn’t seem to see her yet; he was listening to Maryse, who was saying, rather awkwardly, that it was good

of them to come so quickly. “We really didn’t expect you until tomorrow, at the earliest.”

Alec made a muffled noise of annoyance and gazed off into space. He seemed as if he wasn’t happy to be there at all. Beyond that, Simon thought, he looked much the same as he always had—same black hair, same steady blue eyes—although there was something more relaxed about him than there had been before, as if he had grown into himself somehow.

“Fortunately there’s a Portal located near the Vienna Opera House,” Magnus said, flinging his scarf back over his shoulder with a grand gesture. “The moment we got your message, we hurried to be here.”

“I still really don’t see what any of this has to do with us,” Alec said. “So you caught a vampire who was up to something nasty. Aren’t they always?”

Simon felt his stomach turn. He looked toward Camille to see if she was laughing at him, but her gaze was fixed on Magnus.

Alec, looking at Simon for the first time, flushed. It was always very noticeable on him because his skin was so pale. “Sorry, Simon. I didn’t mean you. You’re different.”

Would you think that if you had seen me last night, feeding on a fourteen-year-old girl? Simon thought. He didn’t say that, though, just dropped Alec a nod.

“She is of interest in our current investigation into the deaths of three Shadowhunters,” said Maryse. “We need information from her, and she will only talk to Magnus Bane.”

“Really?” Alec looked at Camille with puzzled interest. “Only to Magnus?”

Magnus followed his gaze, and for the first time—or so it seemed to Simon—looked at Camille directly. Something crackled between them, a sort of energy. Magnus’s mouth quirked up at the corners into a wistful smile.

“Yes,” Maryse said, a look of puzzlement passing over her face as she caught the look between the warlock and the

vampire. “That is, if Magnus is willing.”

“I am,” Magnus said, drawing off his gloves. “I’ll talk to Camille for you.”

“Camille?” Alec looked at Magnus with his eyebrows raised. “You know her, then? Or—she knows you?”

“We know each other.” Magnus shrugged, very slightly, as if to say, *What can you do?* “Once upon a time she was my girlfriend.”

13

GIRL FOUND DEAD

“Your *girlfriend*?” Alec looked astonished. So did Maryse. Simon couldn’t say he was unastonished himself. “You dated a *vampire*? A *girl* vampire?”

“It was a hundred and thirty years ago,” said Magnus. “I haven’t seen her since.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Alec demanded.

Magnus sighed. “Alexander, I’ve been alive for hundreds of years. I’ve been with men, been with women—with faeries and warlocks and vampires, and even a djinn or two.” He looked sideways at Maryse, who looked mildly horrified. “Too much information?”

“It’s all right,” she said, though she sounded a little wan. “I have to discuss something with Kadir for a moment. I’ll be back.” She stepped aside, joining Kadir; they disappeared through the doorway. Simon took a few steps back as well, pretending to study one of the stained-glass windows intently, but his vampire hearing was good enough that he could hear everything Magnus and Alec were saying to each other, whether he wanted to or not. Camille, he knew, could hear it too. She had her head cocked to the side as she listened, her eyes heavy-lidded and thoughtful.

“How *many other* people?” Alec asked. “Roughly.”

Magnus shook his head. “I can’t count, and it doesn’t matter. The only thing that matters is how I feel about you.”

“More than a hundred?” Alec asked. Magnus looked blank. “*Two* hundred?”

“I can’t believe we’re having this conversation now,” Magnus said, to no one in particular. Simon was inclined to

agree, and wished they weren't having it in front of him.

"Why so many?" Alec's blue eyes were very bright in the dimness. Simon couldn't tell if he was angry. He didn't *sound* angry, just very intense, but Alec was a shut-down person, and perhaps this was as angry as he ever got. "Do you get bored with people fast?"

"I live forever," Magnus said quietly. "But not everyone does."

Alec looked as if someone had hit him. "So you just stay with them as long as they live, and then you find someone else?"

Magnus didn't say anything. He looked at Alec, his eyes shining like a cat's. "Would you rather I spent all of eternity alone?"

Alec's mouth twitched. "I'm going to find Isabelle," he said, and without another word he turned and walked back into the Institute.

Magnus watched him go with sad eyes. Not a human sort of sad, Simon thought. His eyes seemed to contain the sadness of great ages, as if the sharp edges of human sadness had been worn down to something softer by the passing of years, the way sea water wore away the sharp edges of glass.

As if he could tell Simon was thinking about him, Magnus looked at him sideways. "Eavesdropping, vampire?"

"I really don't love it when people call me that," Simon said. "I have a name."

"I suppose I'd better remember it. After all, in a hundred, two hundred, years, it'll be just you and me." Magnus regarded Simon thoughtfully. "We'll be all that's left."

The thought made Simon feel as if he were in an elevator that had suddenly broken free of its moorings and started plunging toward the ground, a thousand stories down. The thought had passed through his mind before, of course, but he had always pushed it away. The thought that he would stay sixteen while Clary got older, Jace got older, everyone he knew got older, grew up, had children, and nothing ever

changed for him was too enormous and horrible to contemplate.

Being sixteen forever sounded good until you really thought about it. Then it didn't seem like such a great prospect anymore.

Magnus's cat eyes were a clear gold-green. "Staring eternity in the face," he said. "Not so much fun, is it?"

Before Simon could reply, Maryse had returned. "Where's Alec?" she asked, looking around in puzzlement.

"He went to see Isabelle," said Simon, before Magnus had to say anything.

"Very well." Maryse smoothed the front of her jacket down, though it wasn't wrinkled. "If you wouldn't mind . . ."

"I'll talk to Camille," said Magnus. "But I want to do it alone. If you'd like to wait for me in the Institute, I'll join you there when I'm finished."

Maryse hesitated. "You know what to ask her?"

Magnus's gaze was unwavering. "I know how to talk to her, yes. If she is willing to say anything, she'll say it to me."

Both of them seemed to have forgotten that Simon was there. "Should I go too?" he asked, interrupting their staring contest.

Maryse looked at him, half-distracted. "Oh, yes. Thank you for your help, Simon, but you're no longer needed. Go home if you like."

Magnus said nothing at all. With a shrug Simon turned and went toward the door that led to the vestry and the exit that would take him outside. At the door he paused and looked back. Maryse and Magnus were still talking, though the guard was already holding open the Institute door, ready to leave. Only Camille seemed to remember that Simon was there at all. She was smiling at him from her pillar, her lips curved up at the corners, her eyes shining like a promise.

Simon went out, and closed the door behind him.



“It happens every night.” Jace was sitting on the floor, his legs drawn up, his hands dangling between his knees. He had put the knife on the bed next to Clary; she kept one hand on it while he talked—more to reassure him than because she needed it to defend herself. All the energy seemed to have drained out of Jace; even his voice sounded empty and far away while he talked, as if he were speaking to her from a great distance. “I dream that you come into my room and we . . . start doing what we were just doing. And then I hurt you. I cut you or strangle or stab you, and you die, looking up at me with those green eyes of yours while your life bleeds away between my hands.”

“They’re only dreams,” Clary said gently.

“You just saw that they aren’t,” said Jace. “I was wide awake when I picked up that knife.”

Clary knew he was right. “Are you worried that you’re going crazy?”

He shook his head slowly. Hair fell into his eyes; he pushed it back. His hair had gotten a little too long; he hadn’t cut it in a while, and Clary wondered if it was because he couldn’t be bothered. How could she not have paid more attention to the shadows under his eyes, the bitten nails, the drawn exhausted look of him? She had been so concerned about whether he still loved her that she had not thought about anything else. “I’m not so worried about that, really,” he said. “I’m worried about hurting you. I’m worried that whatever poison it is that’s eating its way into my dreams will bleed through into my waking life and I’ll . . .” His throat seemed to close up.

“You would never hurt me.”

“I had that knife *in my hand*, Clary.” He looked up at her, and then away. “If I hurt you . . .” His voice trailed off. “Shadowhunters die young, a lot of the time,” he said. “We all know that. And you wanted to be a Shadowhunter, and I would never stop you because it isn’t my job to tell you what to do with your life. Especially when I’m taking the same kind of risks. What kind of person would I be if I told you it was all

right for me to risk my life, but not for you? So I've thought about what it would be like for me if you died. I bet you've thought about the same thing."

"I know what it would be like," Clary said, remembering the lake, the sword, and Jace's blood spreading over the sand. He had been dead, and the Angel had brought him back, but those had been the worst minutes of her life. "I wanted to die. But I knew how disappointed in me you'd have been if I'd just given up."

He smiled, the ghost of a smile. "And I've thought the same thing. If you died, I wouldn't want to live. But I wouldn't kill myself, because whatever happens after we die, I want to be with you there. And if I killed myself, I know you'd never talk to me again. In any life. So I'd live, and I'd try to make something out of my life, until I could be with you again. But if *I* hurt you—if *I* was the cause of your death—there's nothing that would keep me from destroying myself."

"Don't say that." Clary felt chilled to the bone. "Jace, you should have told me."

"I couldn't." His voice was flat, final.

"Why not?"

"I thought I was Jace Lightwood," he said. "I thought it was possible that my upbringing hadn't touched me. But now I wonder if maybe people can't change. Maybe I'll always be Jace Morgenstern, Valentine's son. He raised me for ten years, and maybe that's a stain that won't ever bleach out."

"You think this is because of your father," Clary said, and the bit of story that Jace had told her once ran through her head, *to love is to destroy*. And then she thought how strange it was that she would call Valentine Jace's father, when his blood ran in her veins, not Jace's. But she had never felt about Valentine the way you might feel about a father. And Jace had. "And you didn't want me to know?"

"You're everything I want," Jace said. "And maybe Jace Lightwood deserves to get everything he wants. But Jace

Morgenstern doesn't. Somewhere inside I must know that. Or I wouldn't be trying to destroy what we have."

Clary took a deep breath, and let it out slowly. "I don't think you are."

He raised his head and blinked. "What do you mean?"

"You think this is psychological," Clary said. "That there's something wrong with you. Well, I don't. I think someone is doing this to you."

"I don't—"

"Ithuriel sent me dreams," Clary said. "Maybe someone is sending you dreams."

"Ithuriel sent you dreams to try to help you. To guide you to the truth. What's the point of these dreams? They're sick, meaningless, sadistic—"

"Maybe they have a meaning," Clary said. "Maybe the meaning just isn't what you think. Or maybe whoever's sending them is trying to hurt you."

"Who would do that?"

"Someone who doesn't like us very much," said Clary, and pushed away an image of the Seelie Queen.

"Maybe," Jace said softly, looking down at his hands. "Sebastian—"

So he doesn't want to call him Jonathan either, Clary thought. She didn't blame him. It was his own name too. "Sebastian's dead," she said, a little more sharply than she'd intended. "And if he had had this sort of power, he would have used it before."

Doubt and hope chased each other across Jace's face. "You really think someone else could be doing this?"

Clary's heart beat hard against her rib cage. She *wasn't* sure; she wanted it so badly to be true, but if it wasn't, she would have gotten Jace's hopes up for nothing. *Both* their hopes.

But then she got the feeling it had been a while since Jace had felt hopeful about anything.

“I think we should go to the Silent City,” she said. “The Brothers can get into your head and find out if someone’s been messing around in there. The way they did with me.”

Jace opened his mouth and closed it again. “When?” he said finally.

“Now,” Clary said. “I don’t want to wait. Do you?”

He didn’t reply, just got up off the floor and picked up his shirt. He looked at Clary, and almost smiled. “If we’re going to the Silent City, you might want to get dressed. I mean, I appreciate the bra-and-panties look, but I don’t know if the Silent Brothers will. There are only a few of them left, and I don’t want them to die of excitement.”

Clary got up off the bed and threw a pillow at him, mostly out of relief. She reached for her clothes and began to pull her shirt on. Just before it went over her head, she caught sight of the knife lying on the bedspread, gleaming like a fork of silvery flame.



“Camille,” Magnus said. “It’s been a long time, hasn’t it?”

She smiled. Her skin looked whiter than he recalled, and dark spidery veins were beginning to show beneath its surface. Her hair was still the color of spun silver, and her eyes were still as green as a cat’s. She was still beautiful. Looking at her, he was in London again. He saw the gaslight and smelled the smoke and dirt and horses, the metallic tang of fog, the flowers in Kew Gardens. He saw a boy with black hair and blue eyes like Alec’s, heard violin music like silver water. Saw a girl with long brown curls and a serious face. In a world where everything went away from him eventually, she was one of the few remaining constants.

And then there was Camille.

“I’ve missed you, Magnus,” she said.

“No, you haven’t.” He sat down on the floor of the Sanctuary. He could feel the cold of the stone through his clothes. He was glad he had worn the scarf. “So why the message for me? Just stalling for time?”

“No.” She leaned forward, the chains rattling. He could almost hear the hissing where the blessed metal touched the skin of her wrists. “I have heard things about you, Magnus. I have heard that you are under the wing of the Shadowhunters these days. I had heard that you have won the love of one of them. That boy you were just talking to, I imagine. But then your tastes were always diverse.”

“You have been listening to rumors about me,” Magnus said. “But you could simply have asked me. All these years I was in Brooklyn, not far away at all, and I never heard from you. Never saw you at one of my parties. There has been a wall of ice between us, Camille.”

“I did not build it.” Her green eyes widened. “I have loved you always.”

“You left me,” he said. “You made a pet out of me, and then you left me. If love were food, I would have starved on the bones you gave me.” He spoke matter-of-factly. It had been a long time.

“But we had all of eternity,” she protested. “You must have known I would come back to you—”

“Camille.” Magnus spoke with infinite patience. “What do you *want*?”

Her chest rose and fell quickly. Since she had no need to breathe, Magnus knew this was mainly for effect. “I know you have the ear of the Shadowhunters,” she said. “I want you to speak to them on my behalf.”

“You want me to cut a deal for you,” Magnus translated.

She cut her eyes at him. “Your diction has always been so regrettably modern.”

“They’re saying you killed three Shadowhunters,” said Magnus. “Did you?”

“They were Circle members,” she said, her lower lip trembling. “They had tortured and killed my kind in the past. . . .”

“Is that why you did it? Revenge?” When she was silent, Magnus said, “You know what they do to those who kill Nephilim, Camille.”

Her eyes shone. “I need you to intercede for me, Magnus. I want immunity. I want a signed promise from the Clave that if I give them information, they will spare my life and set me free.”

“They’ll never set you free.”

“Then they’ll never know why their colleagues had to die.”

“*Had* to die?” Magnus mused. “Interesting wording, Camille. Am I correct that there is more to this than meets the eye? More than blood or revenge?”

She was silent, looking at him, her chest rising and falling artfully. Everything about her was artful—the fall of her silvery hair, the curve of her throat, even the blood on her wrists.

“If you want me to speak to them for you,” Magnus said, “you have to tell me at least some small thing. A show of good faith.”

She smiled brilliantly. “I knew you would speak to them for me, Magnus. I knew the past was not entirely dead for you.”

“Consider it undead if you like,” Magnus said. “The truth, Camille?”

She ran her tongue across her lower lip. “You can tell them,” she said, “that I was under orders when I killed those Shadowhunters. It did not disturb me to do it, for they had killed my kin, and their deaths were deserved. But I would not have done it unless requested to do so by someone else, someone much more powerful than myself.”

Magnus’s heart beat a little faster. He didn’t like the sound of this. “Who?”

But Camille shook her head. “Immunity, Magnus.”

“Camille—”

“They will stake me out in the sun and leave me to die,” she said. “That is what they do to those who slay Nephilim.”

Magnus got to his feet. His scarf was dusty from lying on the ground. He looked at the stains mournfully. “I’ll do what I can, Camille. But I make no promises.”

“You never would,” she murmured, her eyes half-lidded. “Come here, Magnus. Come close to me.”

He did not love her, but she was a dream out of the past, so he moved toward her, until he was standing close enough to touch her. “Remember,” she said softly. “Remember London? The parties at de Quincey’s? Remember Will Herondale? I know you do. That boy of yours, that Lightwood. They even look alike.”

“Do they?” Magnus said, as if he had never thought about it.

“Pretty boys have always been your undoing,” she said. “But what can some mortal child give you? Ten years, twenty, before dissolution begins to claim him. Forty years, fifty, before death takes him. I can give you all of eternity.”

He touched her cheek. It was colder than the floor had been. “You could give me the past,” he said a little sadly. “But Alec is my future.”

“Magnus—,” she began.

The Institute door opened, and Maryse stood in the doorway, outlined by the witchlight behind her. Beside her was Alec, his arms crossed over his chest. Magnus wondered if Alec had heard any of the conversation between him and Camille through the door—surely not?

“Magnus,” said Maryse Lightwood. “Have you come to some agreement?”

Magnus dropped his hand. “I’m not sure I’d call it an agreement,” he said, turning to Maryse. “But I do think we have some things to talk about.”



Dressed, Clary went with Jace to his room, where he packed a small canvas bag with things to bring with him to the Silent City, as if, she thought, he were going to some grim sleepover party. Weapons mostly—a few seraph blades; his stele; and almost as an afterthought, the silver-handled knife, its blade now cleaned of blood. He slid on a black leather jacket, and she watched as he zipped it, pulling loose strands of blond hair free of his collar. When he turned to look at her, slinging his bag across his shoulder, he smiled faintly, and she saw the slight chip in his front left incisor that she had always thought was endearing, a little flaw in looks that would otherwise be too perfect. Her heart contracted, and for a moment she looked away from him, hardly able to breathe.

He held out his hand to her. “Let’s go.”

There was no way to summon the Silent Brothers to come and get them, so Jace and Clary took a taxi heading downtown toward Houston and the Marble Cemetery. Clary supposed they could just have Portaled into the Bone City—she’d been there before; she knew what it looked like—but Jace said there were rules about that sort of thing, and Clary couldn’t shake the feeling that the Silent Brothers might find it rather rude.

Jace sat beside her in the back of the taxi, holding one of her hands and tracing patterns on the back of it with his fingers. This was distracting, but not so distracting that she couldn’t concentrate while he filled her in on what had been going on with Simon, the story of Jordan, their capture of Camille, and her demand to speak to Magnus.

“Simon’s all right?” she said worriedly. “I didn’t realize. He was in the Institute, and I didn’t even see him—”

“He wasn’t in the Institute; he was in the Sanctuary. And he seems to be holding his own. Better than I would have thought for someone who was so recently a mundane.”

“But the plan sounds dangerous. I mean Camille, she’s absolutely crazy, isn’t she?”

Jace traced his fingers over her knuckles. “You have to stop thinking of Simon as the mundane boy you used to know. The one who required so much saving. He’s almost beyond being

harmed now. You haven't seen that Mark you gave him in action. I have. Like the wrath of God being visited upon the world. I suppose you should be proud."

She shivered. "I don't know. I did it because I had to do it, but it's still a curse. And I didn't know he was going through all this. He didn't say. I knew Isabelle and Maia had found out about each other, but I didn't know about Jordan. That he was really Maia's ex, or—any of it." *Because you haven't asked. You were too busy worrying about Jace. Not good.*

"Well," Jace said, "have you been telling him what *you're* up to? Because it has to go both ways."

"No. I haven't really told anyone," Clary said, and filled Jace in on her trip to the Silent City with Luke and Maryse, what she had found at the morgue at Beth Israel, and her subsequent discovery of the Church of Talto.

"Never heard of it," Jace said. "But Isabelle's right, there are all sorts of bizarro demon-worshipping sects out there. Most of them never actually succeed in summoning up a demon. Sounds like this one did."

"Do you think the demon we killed was the one they were worshipping? Do you think now they might—stop?"

Jace shook his head. "That was just a Hydra demon, a sort of guard dog. Besides, 'Her house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead.' Sounds like a female demon to me. And it's the cults that worship female demons that often do horrible stuff with babies. They have all sorts of twisted ideas about fertility and infants." He sat back against the seat, half-closing his eyes. "I'm sure the Conclave will go to the church and check it out, but twenty to one they don't find anything. You killed their guard demon, so the cult's going to clear out and ditch the evidence. We might have to wait until they set up shop again somewhere else."

"But—" Clary's stomach clenched. "That baby. And the pictures in the book I saw. I think they're trying to make more children like—like Sebastian."

“They can’t,” said Jace. “They shot up a human baby with demon blood, which is pretty bad, yes. But you get something like Sebastian only if what you’re doing is using demon blood on Shadowhunter children. Instead the baby died.” He squeezed her hand lightly, as if for reassurance. “They’re not nice people, but I can’t imagine they’d try the same thing again, since it didn’t work.”

The taxi came to a screeching halt at the corner of Houston and Second Avenue. “Meter’s broken,” said the cabbie. “Ten bucks.”

Jace, who under other circumstances would probably have made a sarcastic remark, tossed the cabbie a twenty and got out of the car, holding the door open for Clary to follow. “You ready?” he asked as they headed toward the iron gate that led to the City.

She nodded. “I can’t say my last trip here was much fun, but yes, I’m ready.” She took his hand. “As long as we’re together, I’m ready for anything.”

The Silent Brothers were waiting for them in the entryway of the City, almost as if they had been expecting them. Clary recognized Brother Zachariah among the group. They stood in a silent line, blocking Clary and Jace’s farther ingress into the City.

Why have you come here, daughter of Valentine and son of the Institute? Clary wasn’t sure which of them was speaking to her inside her head, or if all of them were. *It is unusual for children to enter the Silent City unsupervised.*

The appellation “children” stung, though Clary was aware that as far as Shadowhunters were concerned, everyone under eighteen was a child and subject to different rules.

“We need your help,” Clary said when it became apparent Jace wasn’t going to say anything. He was looking from one of the Silent Brothers to the other with a curious listlessness, like someone who had received countless terminal diagnoses from different doctors and now, having reached the end of the line, waited without much hope for a specialist’s verdict. “Isn’t that your job—helping Shadowhunters?”

And yet we are not servants, at your beck and call. Nor does every problem fall under our jurisdiction.

“But this one does,” Clary said firmly. “I believe someone is reaching into Jace’s mind—someone with power—and messing with his memories and dreams. Making him do things he doesn’t want to do.”

Hypnomancy, said one of the Silent Brothers. The magic of dreams. That is the province of only the greatest and most powerful users of magic.

“Like angels,” said Clary, and she was rewarded by a stiff, surprised silence.

Perhaps, said Brother Zachariah finally, you should come with us to the Speaking Stars. This was not an invitation, clearly, but an order, for they turned immediately and began walking into the heart of the City, not waiting to see if Jace and Clary followed.

They reached the pavilion of the Speaking Stars, where the Brothers took their places behind their black basalt table. The Mortal Sword was back in its place, gleaming on the wall behind them like the wing of a silver bird. Jace moved to the center of the room and stared down at the pattern of metallic stars burned into the red and gold tiles of the floor. Clary watched him, feeling her heart ache. It was hard to see him like this, all his usual burning energy gone, like witchlight suffocating under a covering of ash.

He raised his blond head then, blinking, and Clary knew that the Silent Brothers were speaking inside his mind, saying words she couldn’t hear. She saw him shake his head and heard him say, “I don’t know. I thought they weren’t anything but ordinary dreams.” His mouth tightened then, and she couldn’t help wondering what they were asking him. “Visions? I don’t think so. Yes, I did encounter the Angel, but it’s Clary who had the prophetic dreams. Not me.”

Clary tensed. They were getting awfully close to asking about what had happened with Jace and the Angel that night by Lake Lyn. She hadn’t thought about that. When the Silent

Brothers pried into your mind, just what did they see? Only what they were looking for? Or everything?

Jace nodded then. “Fine. I’m ready if you are.”

He closed his eyes, and Clary, watching, relaxed slightly. This must have been what it had been like for Jace to watch her, she thought, the first time the Silent Brothers had delved into her mind. She saw details she hadn’t noticed then, for she had been caught inside the nets of their minds and her own, reeling back into her memories, lost to the world.

She saw Jace stiffen all over as if they had touched him with their hands. His head went back. His hands, at his sides, opened and closed, as the stars on the floor at his feet flared up with a blinding silver light. She blinked away tears from the brightness; he was a graceful dark outline against a sheet of blinding silver, as if he stood in the heart of a waterfall. All around them was noise, a soft, incomprehensible whispering.

As she watched, he went to his knees, his hands braced against the ground. Her heart tightened. Having the Silent Brothers in her head had nearly made her faint, but Jace was stronger than that, wasn’t he? Slowly he doubled in on himself, hands gripped against his stomach, agony in every line of him, though he never cried out. Clary could take it no longer—she darted toward him, through the sheets of light, and went on her knees next to him, throwing her arms around his body. The whispering voices around her rose to a storm of protest as he turned his head and looked at her. The silver light had washed out his eyes, and they looked flat and as white as marble tiles. His lips shaped her name.

And then it was gone—the light, the sound, all of it, and they knelt together on the bare floor of the pavilion, silence and shadow all around them. Jace was shaking, and when his hands released each other, she saw that they were bloody where his nails had torn the skin. Still holding him by the arm, she looked up at the Silent Brothers, fighting back her anger. She knew it was like being furious at a doctor who had to administer a painful but lifesaving treatment, but it was hard—so hard—to be reasonable when it was someone that you loved.

There is something you have not told us, Clarissa Morgenstern, said Brother Zachariah. *A secret you both have been keeping.*

An icy hand closed around Clary's heart. "What do you mean?"

The mark of death is on this boy. It was another of the Brothers speaking—Enoch, she thought.

"Death?" said Jace. "Do you mean I'm going to die?" He didn't sound surprised.

We mean that you were dead. You had passed beyond the portal into the shadow realms, your soul untethered from your body.

Clary and Jace exchanged a look. She swallowed. "The Angel Raziel—," she began.

Yes, his mark is all over the boy as well. Enoch's voice was without emotion. *There are only two ways to bring back the dead. The way of necromancy, the black sorcery of bell, book, and candle. That will return a semblance of life. But only an Angel of God's own right hand could place a human's soul back into their body as easily as life was breathed into the first of men.* He shook his head. *The balance of life and death, of good and evil, is a delicate one, young Shadowhunters. You have upset it.*

"But Raziel's the Angel," said Clary. "He can do whatever he wants. You worship him, don't you? If he chose to do this —"

Did he? asked another of the Brothers. *Did he choose?*

"I . . ." Clary looked at Jace. She thought, *I could have asked for anything else in the universe. World peace, a cure to disease, to live forever. But all I wanted was you.*

We know the ritual of the Instruments, said Zachariah. *We know that he who possesses them all, who is their Lord, may request of the Angel one thing. I do not think he could have refused you.*

Clary set her chin. "Well," she said, "it's done now."

Jace gave the ghost of a laugh. “They could always kill me, you know,” he said. “Bring things back into balance.”

Her hands tightened on his arm. “Don’t be ridiculous.” But her voice was thin. She tensed further as Brother Zachariah broke away from the tight group of Silent Brothers and approached them, his feet gliding silently over the Speaking Stars. He reached Jace, and Clary had to fight the urge to push him away as he bent down and placed his long fingers under Jace’s chin, raising the boy’s face to his. Zachariah’s fingers were slim, unlined—a young man’s fingers. She had never given much thought to the ages of the Silent Brothers before, assuming them to be all some species of wizened and old.

Jace, kneeling, gazed up at Zachariah, who looked down at him with his blind, impassive expression. Clary could not help but think of medieval paintings of saints on their knees, gazing upward, their faces suffused with shining golden light. *Would that I had been here*, he said, his voice unexpectedly gentle, *when you were growing up. I would have seen the truth in your face, Jace Lightwood, and known who you were.*

Jace looked puzzled but didn’t move to pull away.

Zachariah turned to the others. *We cannot and should not harm the boy. Old ties exist between the Herondales and the Brothers. We owe him help.*

“Help with what?” Clary demanded. “Can you see something wrong with him—something inside his head?”

When a Shadowhunter is born, a ritual is performed, a number of protective spells placed upon the child by both the Silent Brothers and the Iron Sisters.

The Iron Sisters, Clary knew from her studies, were the sister sect of the Silent Brothers; even more retiring than their brethren, they were in charge of crafting Shadowhunter weapons.

Brother Zachariah went on. *When Jace died and then was raised, he was born a second time, with those protections and rituals stripped away. It would have left him as open as an*

unlocked door—open to any kind of demonic influence or malevolence.

Clary licked her dry lips. “Possession, you mean?”

Not possession. Influence. I suspect that a powerful demonic power whispers into your ears, Jonathan Herondale. You are strong, you fight it, but it wears you down as the sea wears down the sand.

“Jace,” he whispered through white lips. “Jace Lightwood, not Herondale.”

Clary, clinging to practicalities, said, “How can you be sure it’s a demon? And what can we do to get it to leave him alone?”

Enoch, sounding thoughtful, said, *The ritual must be performed again, the protections laid upon him a second time, as if he had just been born.*

“Can you do it?” Clary asked.

Zachariah inclined his head. *It can be done. The preparations must be made, one of the Iron Sisters called on, an amulet crafted. . . .* He trailed off. *Jonathan must remain with us until the ritual is finished. This is the safest place for him.*

Clary looked at Jace again, searching for an expression—any expression—of hope, relief, delight, anything. But his face was impassive. “For how long?” he said.

Zachariah spread his thin hands wide. *A day, perhaps two. The ritual is meant for infants; we will have to change it, alter it to fit an adult. If he were older than eighteen, it would be impossible. As it is, it will be difficult. But he is not beyond saving.*

Not beyond saving. It was not what Clary had hoped for; she had wanted to be told that the problem was simple, easily solved. She looked at Jace. His head was bowed, his hair falling forward; the back of his neck looked so vulnerable to her, it made her heart ache.

“It’s fine,” she said softly. “I’ll stay here with you—”

No. The Brothers spoke as a group, their voices inexorable. He must remain here alone. For what we must do, he cannot afford to be distracted.

She felt Jace's body tighten. The last time he had been alone in the Silent City, he had been unfairly imprisoned, present for the horrible deaths of most of the Silent Brothers, and tormented by Valentine. She could not imagine that the idea of another night alone in the City would be anything but awful for him.

"Jace," she whispered. "I'll do whatever you want me to do. If you want to go . . ."

"I'll stay," he said. He had raised his head, and his voice was strong and clear. "I'll stay. I'll do whatever I have to do to fix this. I just need you to call Izzy and Alec. Tell them—tell them I'm staying at Simon's to keep an eye on him. Tell them I'll see them tomorrow or the next day."

"But . . ."

"Clary." Gently he took both her hands and held them between his. "You were right. This isn't coming from inside me. Something is *doing* this to me. To us. You know what that means? If I can be . . . cured . . . then I don't have to be afraid of myself when I'm around you anymore. I'd spend a thousand nights in the Silent City for that."

She leaned forward, heedless of the presence of the Silent Brothers, and kissed him, a quick press of her lips against his. "I'll be back," she whispered. "Tomorrow night, after the Ironworks party, I'll come back and see you."

The hopefulness in his eyes was enough to break her heart. "Maybe I'll be cured by then."

She touched his face with her fingertips. "Maybe you will be."



Simon woke still feeling exhausted after a long night of bad dreams. He rolled onto his back and stared at the light coming in the single window in his bedroom.

He couldn't help but wonder if he'd sleep better if he did what other vampires did, and slept during the day. Despite the fact that the sun didn't harm him, he could feel the pull of the nights, the desire to be out under the dark sky and the glimmering stars. There was something in him that wanted to live in shadows, that felt the sunlight like a thin, knifelike pain—just like there was something in him that wanted blood. And look how fighting *that* had turned out for him.

He staggered upright and threw on some clothes, then made his way out into the living room. The place smelled like toast and coffee. Jordan was sitting on one of the counter stools, his hair sticking out every which way as usual, his shoulders hunched.

“Hey,” Simon said. “What’s up?”

Jordan looked over at him. He was pale under his tan. “We have a problem,” he said.

Simon blinked. He hadn't seen his werewolf roommate since the day before. He'd come home from the Institute last night and collapsed in exhaustion. Jordan hadn't been here, and Simon had figured he was out working. But maybe something had happened. “What’s wrong?”

“This was shoved under our door.” Jordan pushed a folded newspaper toward Simon. It was the *New York Morning Chronicle*, folded open to one of the pages. There was a grisly picture up toward the top, a grainy image of a body sprawled on some pavement, stick-skinny limbs bent at odd angles. It hardly looked human, the way dead bodies sometimes didn't. Simon was about to ask Jordan why he had to look at this, when the text under the photo jumped out at him.

GIRL FOUND DEAD

Police say they are pursuing leads in the death of fourteen-year-old Maureen Brown, whose body was discovered Sunday night at eleven p.m. stuffed into a trash can outside the Big Apple Deli on Third Avenue. Though no official cause of death has been released by the coroner's office, the deli owner who

found the body, Michael Garza, says her throat was cut open. Police have not yet located a weapon . . .

Unable to read on, Simon sat down heavily in a chair. Now that he knew, the photo was unmistakably Maureen. He recognized her rainbow arm warmers, the stupid pink hat she'd been wearing when he'd seen her last. *My God*, he wanted to say. *Oh, God*. But no words came out.

"Didn't that note say," Jordan said in a bleak voice, "that if you didn't go to that address, they'd cut your girlfriend's throat?"

"No," Simon whispered. "It's not possible. No."

But he remembered.

Eric's little cousin's friend. What's her name? The one who has a crush on Simon. She comes to all our gigs and tells everyone she's his girlfriend.

Simon remembered her phone, her little pink phone with the stickers on it, the way she'd held it up to take a photo of them. The feeling of her hand on his shoulder, as light as a butterfly. Fourteen years old. He curled in on himself, wrapping his arms around his chest, as if he could make himself small enough to vanish completely.

14

WHAT DREAMS MAY COME

Jace tossed uneasily on the narrow bed in the Silent City. He didn't know where the Brothers slept, and they didn't seem inclined to reveal it. The only place there seemed to be for him to lie down was in one of the cells below the City where they usually kept prisoners. They'd left the door open for him so he didn't feel too much like he was in jail, but the place couldn't by any stretch of the imagination be called pleasant.

The air was close and thick; he'd taken off his shirt and lay atop the covers in just his jeans, but he was still too hot. The walls were dull gray. Someone had carved the letters *JG* into the stone just above the bedstead, leaving him to wonder what that was about—and there was nothing else in the room but the bed, a cracked mirror that gave him back his own reflection in twisted pieces, and the sink. Not to mention the more than unpleasant memories the room stirred up.

The Brothers had been in and out of his mind all night, till he felt like a wrung-out rag. Since they were so secretive about everything, he had no idea if they were making any progress. They didn't seem pleased, but then, they never did.

The real test, he knew, was sleeping. What would he dream? *To sleep: perchance to dream.* He flipped over, burying his face in his arms. He didn't think he could stand even one more dream about hurting Clary. He thought he might actually lose his mind, and the idea frightened him. The prospect of dying had never frightened him much, but the thought of going insane was nearly the worst thing he could imagine. But going to sleep was the only way to know. He closed his eyes and willed himself to sleep.

He slept, and he dreamed.

He was back in the valley—the valley in Idris where he had fought Sebastian and nearly died. It was autumn in the valley, not high summer as it had been the last time he had been there. The leaves were exploding in gold and russet and orange and red. He was standing by the bank of the small river—a stream, really—that cut the valley in half. In the distance, coming toward him, was someone, someone he couldn't see very clearly yet, but the person's stride was direct and purposeful.

He was so sure it was Sebastian that it was not until the figure had come close enough to see clearly that he realized it couldn't possibly be. Sebastian had been tall, taller than Jace, but this person was small—the face in shadow, but a head or two shorter than Jace—and skinny, with the thin shoulders of childhood, and bony wrists sticking out of the too-short sleeves of his shirt.

Max.

The sight of his little brother hit Jace like a blow, and he went down on his knees on the green grass. The fall didn't hurt. Everything had the padded edges of the dream that it was. Max looked as he always had. A knobby-kneed boy just on the verge of growing up and out of that little-kid stage. Now he never would.

"Max," Jace said. "Max, I'm so sorry."

"Jace." Max stood where he was. A little wind had come up and lifted his brown hair off his face. His eyes, behind their glasses, were serious. "I'm not here because of me," he said. "I'm not here to haunt you or make you feel guilty."

Of course he isn't, said a voice in Jace's head. *Max has only ever loved you, looked up to you, thought you were wonderful.*

"The dreams you've been having," Max said. "They're messages."

"The dreams are a demon's influence, Max. The Silent Brothers said—"

"They're wrong," Max said quickly. "There are only a few of them now, and their powers are weaker than they used to be. These dreams are meant to tell you something. You've

been misunderstanding them. They're not telling you to hurt Clary. They're warning you that you already are."

Jace shook his head slowly. "I don't understand."

"The angels sent me to talk to you because I know you," Max said, in his clear child's voice. "I know how you are with the people you love, and you'd never hurt them willingly. But you haven't destroyed all of Valentine's influence inside you yet. His voice still whispers to you, and you don't think you hear it, but you do. The dreams are telling you that until you kill that part of yourself, you can't be with Clary."

"Then I'll kill it," Jace said. "I'll do whatever I have to do. Just tell me how."

Max smiled a clear bright smile and held out something in his hand. It was a silver-handled dagger—Stephen Herondale's silver-handled dagger, the one from the box. Jace recognized it at once. "Take this," Max said. "And turn it against yourself. The part of you that is here in the dream with me must die. What will rise up afterward will be cleansed."

Jace took the knife.

Max smiled. "Good. There are many of us here on the other side who are worried about you. Your father is here."

"Not Valentine—"

"Your real father. He told me to tell you to use this. It will cut away everything rotten in your soul."

Max smiled like an angel as Jace turned the knife toward himself, blade inward. Then at the last moment Jace hesitated. It was too close to what Valentine had done to him, piercing him through the heart. He took the blade and cut a long incision into his right forearm, from elbow to wrist. There was no pain. He switched the knife to the right hand and did the same to his other arm. Blood exploded from the long cuts on his arms, brighter red than blood in real life, blood the color of rubies. It spilled down his skin and pattered onto the grass.

He heard Max breathe out softly. The boy bent down and touched the fingers of his right hand to the blood. When he raised them, they were glittering scarlet. He took a step toward

Jace, and then another. This close up, Jace could see Max's face clearly—his poreless child's skin, the translucence of his eyelids, his eyes—Jace didn't remember him having such dark eyes. Max put his hand to the skin of Jace's chest, just over his heart, and with the blood he began to trace a design there, a rune. Not one Jace had ever seen before, with overlapping corners and strange angles to its shape.

Done, Max dropped his hand and stepped back, head cocked to the side, an artist examining his latest work. A sudden spear of agony went through Jace. It felt as if the skin on his chest were burning. Max stood watching him, smiling, flexing his bloody hand. "Does it hurt you, Jace Lightwood?" he said, and his voice was no longer Max's voice, but something else, high and husky and familiar.

"Max—," Jace whispered.

"As you have dealt pain, so shall you be dealt pain," said Max, whose face had begun to shimmer and change. "As you have caused grief, so shall you feel grief. You are mine now, Jace Lightwood. You are mine."

The agony was blinding. Jace crumpled forward, hands clawing at his chest, and he tumbled into darkness.



Simon sat on the couch, his face in his hands. His mind was buzzing. "This is my fault," he said. "I might as well have killed Maureen when I drank her blood. She's dead because of me."

Jordan sprawled in the armchair opposite him. He was wearing jeans and a green tee over a long-sleeved thermal shirt with holes in the cuffs; he had his thumbs stuck through them, and was worrying at the material. The gold Praetor Lupus medal around his neck glinted. "Come on," he said. "There's no way you could have known. She was fine when I put her in the cab. These guys must have grabbed her and killed her later."

Simon felt light-headed. "But I bit her. She's not going to come back, right? She's not going to be a vampire?"

“No. Come on, you know this stuff as well as I do. You’d have to have given her some of your blood for her to become a vampire. If she’d drunk *your* blood and then died, yeah, we’d be out in the graveyard on stake watch. But she didn’t. I mean, I assume you’d remember something like that.”

Simon tasted sour blood in the back of his throat. “They thought she was my girlfriend,” he said. “They warned me they’d kill her if I didn’t show up, and when I didn’t come, they cut her throat. She must have waited there all day, wondering if I’d come. Hoping I’d show up . . .” His stomach revolted, and he bent over, breathing hard, trying to keep from gagging.

“Yeah,” said Jordan, “but the question is, who is *they*?” He gave Simon a hard look. “I think it might be time for you to call the Institute. I don’t love the Shadowhunters, but I’ve always heard their archives are incredibly thorough. Maybe they’ve got something on that address from the note.”

Simon hesitated.

“Come on,” Jordan said. “You do enough crap for them. Let them do something for you.”

With a shrug Simon went to get his phone. Heading back to the living room, he dialed Jace’s number. Isabelle picked up on the second ring. “You again?”

“Sorry,” Simon said awkwardly. Apparently their little interlude in the Sanctuary hadn’t softened her toward him as much as he had hoped. “I was looking for Jace, but I guess I can talk to you—”

“Charming as always,” said Isabelle. “I thought Jace was with you.”

“No.” Simon felt a stirring of unease. “Who told you that?”

“Clary,” Isabelle said. “Maybe they’re sneaking some time together or something.” She sounded unworried, which made sense; the last person who’d lie about Jace’s whereabouts if he was in any sort of trouble was Clary. “Anyway, Jace left his phone in his room. If you do see him, remind him he’s

supposed to be at the party at the Ironworks tonight. If he doesn't show, Clary will kill him."

Simon had nearly forgotten that *he* was supposed to be at the party that night.

"Right," he said. "Look, Isabelle. I've got a problem here."

"Spill. I love problems."

"I don't know if you're going to love this one," he said dubiously, and filled her in quickly on the situation. She gave a little gasp when he got to the part where he'd bitten Maureen, and he felt his throat tighten.

"Simon," she whispered.

"I know, I know," he said wretchedly. "You think I'm not sorry? I'm beyond sorry."

"If you'd killed her, you'd have broken the Law. You'd be an outlaw. I'd have to kill *you*."

"But I didn't," he said, his voice shaking a little. "I didn't do this. Jordan swears that she was fine when he put her into the cab. And the newspaper says her throat was cut. *I* didn't do that. Someone did it to get to me. I just don't know why."

"We're not done with this issue." Her voice was stern. "But first go get the note they left. Read it out to me."

Simon did as asked, and was rewarded by a sharp intake of breath on Isabelle's part.

"I thought that address sounded familiar," she said. "That's where Clary told me to meet her yesterday. It's a church, uptown. The headquarters of some sort of demon-worshipping cult."

"What would a demon-worshipping cult want with me?" Simon said, and received a curious look from Jordan, who was only hearing half the conversation.

"I don't know. You're a Daylighter. You've got crazy powers. You're going to be a target for lunatics and black magicians. That's just how it *is*." Isabelle, Simon felt, could have sounded a bit more sympathetic. "Look, you're going to

the Ironworks party, right? We can meet there and talk next steps. And I'll tell my mom about what's been going on with you. They're already investigating the Church of Talto, so they can add that to the info pile."

"I guess," Simon said. The last thing in the world he felt like was going to a party.

"And bring Jordan with you," Isabelle said. "You can use a bodyguard."

"I can't do that. Maia's going to be there."

"I'll talk to her," Isabelle said. She sounded a lot more confident than Simon would have felt in her place. "See you there."

She clicked off. Simon turned to Jordan, who was lying down across the futon, his head propped against one of the woven throw pillows. "How much of that did you hear?"

"Enough to gather that we're going to a party tonight," said Jordan. "I heard about the Ironworks event. I'm not in the Garroway pack, so I wasn't invited."

"I guess you're coming as my date now." Simon shoved the phone back into his pocket.

"I'm secure enough in my masculinity to accept that," said Jordan. "We'd better get you something nice to wear, though," he called as Simon headed back into his room. "I want you to look pretty."



Years previously, when Long Island City had been a center of industry instead of a trendy neighborhood full of art galleries and coffee shops, the Ironworks was a textile factory. Now it was an enormous brick shell whose inside had been transformed into a spare but beautiful space. The floor was made up of overlapping squares of brushed steel; slender steel beams arced overhead, wrapped with ropes of tiny white lights. Ornate wrought iron staircases spiraled up to catwalks decorated with hanging plants. A massive cantilevered glass ceiling opened onto a view of the night sky. There was even a terrace outside, built out over the East River, with a

spectacular view of the Fifty-Ninth Street Bridge, which loomed overhead, stretching from Queens to Manhattan like a spear of tinsel ice.

Luke's pack had outdone themselves making the place look nice. There were artfully placed huge pewter vases holding long-stemmed ivory flowers, and tables covered in white linen arranged in a circle around a raised stage on which a werewolf string quartet provided classical music. Clary couldn't help wishing Simon were there; she was pretty sure he'd think Werewolf String Quartet was a good name for a band.

Clary wandered from table to table, arranging things that didn't need arranging, fiddling with flowers and straightening silverware that wasn't actually crooked. Only a few of the guests had arrived so far, and none of them were people she knew. Her mother and Luke stood near the door, greeting people and smiling, Luke looking uncomfortable in a suit, and Jocelyn radiant in a tailored blue dress. After the events of the past few days, it was good to see her mother looking happy, though Clary wondered how much of it was real and how much was for show. There was a certain tightness about Jocelyn's mouth that made Clary worry—was she actually happy, or just smiling through the pain?

Not that Clary didn't know how she felt. Whatever else was going on, she couldn't put Jace out of her mind. What were the Silent Brothers doing to him? Was he all right? Were they going to be able to fix what was wrong with him, to block out the demon influence? She had spent a sleepless night the evening before staring into the darkness of her bedroom and worrying until she felt literally sick.

More than anything else, she wished he was here. She had picked out the dress she was wearing tonight—pale gold and more fitted to her body than anything she usually wore—with the express hope that Jace would like it; now he wasn't going to see her in it. That was a shallow thing to worry about, she knew; she'd go around dressed in a barrel for the rest of her life if it meant Jace would get better. Besides, he was always telling her she was beautiful, and he never complained about

the fact that she mostly wore jeans and sneakers, but she had thought he would like this.

Standing in front of her mirror tonight, she had almost felt beautiful. Her mother had always said that she herself had been a late bloomer, and Clary, looking at her own reflection, had wondered if the same thing might happen to her. She wasn't flat as a board anymore—she'd had to go up a bra size this past year—and if she squinted, she thought she could see—yes, those were definitely hips. She had curves. Small ones, but you had to start somewhere.

She'd kept her jewelry simple—very simple.

She put her hand up and touched the Morgenstern ring on its chain around her throat. She had put it on again, for the first time in days, that morning. She felt as if it were a silent gesture of confidence in Jace, a way of signaling her loyalty, whether he knew about it or not. She had decided she would wear it until she saw him again.

"Clarissa Morgenstern?" said a soft voice at her shoulder.

Clary turned in surprise. The voice wasn't familiar. Standing there was a slim tall girl who looked about twenty. Her skin was milk-pale, threaded with veins the clear green of sap, and her blond hair had the same greenish tint. Her eyes were solid blue, like marbles, and she wore a slip of a blue dress, so thin that Clary thought she had to be freezing. Memory swam up slowly from the depths.

"Kaelie," Clary said slowly, recognizing the faerie waitress from Taki's who had served her and the Lightwoods more than once. A flicker reminded her that there had been some intimation that Kaelie and Jace had once had a fling, but the fact seemed so minor in the face of everything else that she couldn't bring herself to mind it. "I didn't realize—do you know Luke?"

"Do not mistake me for a guest at this occasion," said Kaelie, her thin hand tracing a casually indifferent gesture on the air. "My lady sent me here to find you—not to attend the festivities." She glanced curiously over her shoulder, her all-

blue eyes shining. “Though I had not realized that your mother was marrying a werewolf.”

Clary raised her eyebrows. “And?”

Kaelie looked her up and down with some amusement. “My lady said you were quite flinty, despite your small size. In the Court you would be looked down on for having such short stature.”

“We’re not in the Court,” said Clary. “And we’re not in Taki’s, which means *you* came to *me*, which means you have five seconds to tell me what the Seelie Queen wants. I don’t like her much, and I’m not in the mood for her games.”

Kaelie pointed a thin green-nailed finger at Clary’s throat. “My lady said to ask you,” she said, “why you wear the Morgenstern ring. Is it to acknowledge your father?”

Clary’s hand stole to her throat. “It’s for Jace—because Jace gave it to me,” she said before she could help herself, and then cursed herself quietly. It wasn’t smart to tell the Seelie Queen more than you had to.

“But he is not a Morgenstern,” said Kaelie, “but a Herondale, and they have their own ring. A pattern of herons, rather than morning stars. And does that not suit him better, a soul that soars like a bird in flight, rather than falling like Lucifer?”

“Kaelie,” Clary ground out between her teeth. “*What does the Seelie Queen want?*”

The faerie girl laughed. “Why,” she said, “only to give you this.” She held out something in her hand, a tiny silver bell pendant, with a loop at the end of the handle so that it could be strung on a chain. As Kaelie moved her hand forward, the bell chimed, light and as sweet as rain.

Clary shrank back. “I do not want the gifts of your lady,” she said, “for they come freighted with lies and expectations. I will not owe the Queen anything.”

“It is not a gift,” Kaelie said impatiently. “It is a means of summoning. The Queen forgives you for your earlier stubbornness. She expects there is a time soon in which you

will want her help. She is willing to offer it to you, should you choose to ask. Simply ring that bell, and a servant of the Court will come and bring you to her.”

Clary shook her head. “I will not ring it.”

Kaelie shrugged. “Then it should cost you nothing to take it.”

As if in a dream Clary saw her own hand reach out, her fingers hover over the bell.

“You would do anything to save him,” said Kaelie, her voice thin and as sweet as the bell’s ring, “whatever it cost you, whatever you might owe to Hell or Heaven, would you not?”

Remembered voices chimed in Clary’s head. *Did you ever stop to wonder what untruths might have been in the tale your mother told you, that served her purpose in telling it? Do you truly think you know each and every secret of your past?*

Madame Dorothea told Jace he would fall in love with the wrong person.

He is not beyond saving. But it will be difficult.

The bell clanged as Clary took it, folding it into her palm. Kaelie smiled, her blue eyes shining like glass beads. “A wise choice.”

Clary hesitated. But before she could thrust the bell back at the faerie girl, she heard someone call her name, and turned to see her mother making her way through the crowd toward her. She turned back hastily, but was not surprised to see that Kaelie was gone, having melted away into the crowd like mist burning away in the morning sun.

“Clary,” Jocelyn said, reaching her, “I was looking for you, and then Luke pointed you out, just standing over here by yourself. Is everything okay?”

Just standing over here by yourself. Clary wondered what kind of glamour Kaelie had been using; her mother ought to be able to see through most. “I’m fine, Mom.”

“Where’s Simon? I thought he was coming.”

Of course she would think of Simon first, Clary thought, not Jace. Even though Jace had been supposed to come, and as Clary's boyfriend, he probably ought to even have been there early. "Mom," she said, and then paused. "Do you think you'll ever like Jace?"

Jocelyn's green eyes softened. "I *did* notice he wasn't here, Clary. I just didn't know if you'd want to talk about it."

"I mean," Clary went on doggedly, "do you think there's something he could do to *make* you like him?"

"Yes," Jocelyn said. "He could make you happy." She touched Clary's face lightly, and Clary clenched her own hand, feeling the bell press into her skin.

"He does make me happy," Clary said. "But he can't control everything in the world, Mom. Other things happen—" She fumbled for words. How could she explain that it wasn't *Jace* making her unhappy, but what was happening to him, without revealing what that was?

"You love him so much," Jocelyn said gently. "It scares me. I've always wanted to keep you protected."

"And look how that worked out," Clary began, and then softened her voice. This wasn't the time to blame her mother or fight with her, not now. Not with Luke looking over at them from the doorway, his face alight with love and anxiety. "If you just knew him," she said, a little hopelessly. "But I guess everyone says that about their boyfriend."

"You're right," Jocelyn said, surprising her. "I don't know him, not really. I see him, and he reminds me a little of his mother somehow. I don't know why—he doesn't look like her, except that she was also beautiful, and she had that terrible vulnerability that he has—"

"Vulnerability?" Clary was astonished. She had never thought anyone but herself thought of Jace as vulnerable.

"Oh, yes," said Jocelyn. "I wanted to hate her for taking Stephen away from Amatis, but you just couldn't help wanting to protect Céline. Jace has a little of that." She sounded lost in thought. "Or maybe it's just that beautiful things are so easily

broken by the world.” She lowered her hand. “It doesn’t matter. I have my memories to contend with, but they’re *my* memories. Jace shouldn’t bear the weight of them. I will tell you one thing, though. If he didn’t love you like he does—and it’s written all over his face whenever he looks at you—I wouldn’t tolerate him for even a moment. So keep that in mind when you’re being angry with me.”

She waved off Clary’s protestation that she wasn’t angry with a smile and a pat on the cheek, and headed back toward Luke with a last appeal for Clary to get out among the crowd and mingle. Clary nodded and said nothing, looking after her mother as she went, and feeling the bell sear against the inside of her hand where she clutched it, like the tip of a burning match.



The area around the Ironworks was mostly warehouses and art galleries, the kind of neighborhood that emptied out at night, so it didn’t take too long for Jordan and Simon to find a parking space. Simon jumped down out of the truck, only to find Jordan already on the sidewalk, looking at him critically.

Simon hadn’t packed any nice clothes when he’d left his house—he didn’t have anything on him fancier than a bomber jacket that had once belonged to his dad—so he and Jordan had spent the afternoon prowling the East Village for a decent outfit for him to wear. They’d finally found an old Zegna suit in a consignment shop called Love Saves the Day that mostly sold glitter platform boots and sixties Pucci scarves. Simon suspected it was where Magnus got most of his clothes.

“What?” he said now, self-consciously pulling down the sleeves of his suit jacket. It was a little too small for him, though Jordan had opined that if he never buttoned it, no one would notice. “How bad do I look?”

Jordan shrugged. “You won’t crack any mirrors,” he said. “I was just wondering if you were armed. You want anything? Dagger, maybe?” He opened his own suit jacket just a bit, and Simon saw something long and metallic glinting against the inside lining.

“No wonder you and Jace like each other so much. You’re both crazy walking arsenals.” Simon shook his head in weariness and turned to head toward the Ironworks entrance. It was across the street, a wide gold awning shadowing a rectangle of sidewalk that had been decorated with a dark red carpet with the gold image of a wolf stamped into it. Simon couldn’t help being slightly amused.

Leaning against one of the poles holding up the awning was Isabelle. She had her hair up and was wearing a long red dress, slit up the side to show most of her leg. Loops of gold laddered her right arm. They looked like bracelets, but Simon knew they were really her electrum whip. She was covered in Marks. They twined her arms, threaded their way up her thigh, necklaced her throat, and decorated her chest, a great deal of which was visible, thanks to the plunging neckline of her dress. Simon tried not to stare.

“Hey, Isabelle,” he said.

Beside him Jordan was also trying not to stare. “Um,” he said. “Hi. I’m Jordan.”

“We met,” Isabelle said coldly, ignoring his proffered hand. “Maia was trying to rip your face off. Quite rightly, too.”

Jordan looked worried. “Is she here? Is she okay?”

“She’s here,” said Isabelle. “Not that how she feels is any of your business . . .”

“I feel a sense of responsibility,” said Jordan.

“And where is this feeling located? In your pants, perhaps?”

Jordan looked indignant.

Isabelle waved a slim decorated hand. “Look, whatever you did in the past, it’s past. I know you’re Praetor Lupus now, and I told Maia what that means. She’s willing to accept that you’re here and ignore you. But that’s all you get. Don’t bother her, don’t try to talk to her, don’t even look at her, or I’ll fold you in half so many times you’ll look like a tiny little origami werewolf.”

Simon snorted.

“Laugh away.” Isabelle pointed at him. “She doesn’t want to talk to you, either. So despite the fact that she looks totally babelicious tonight—and if I were into chicks I would completely go for her—neither of you are allowed to talk to her. Got it?”

They nodded, looking at their shoes like middle schoolers who’d just been handed detention slips.

Isabelle unpeeled herself from the pole. “Great. Let’s go on in.”

15

BEATI BELlicosI

The inside of the Ironworks was alive with ropes of shimmering multicolored lights. Quite a few guests were already sitting, but just as many were milling around, carrying champagne glasses full of pale, fizzing liquid. Waiters—who were also werewolves, Simon noted; the whole event seemed to be staffed by members of Luke’s pack—moved among the guests, handing out champagne flutes. Simon declined one. Ever since his experience at Magnus’s party, he hadn’t felt safe drinking anything that he hadn’t prepared himself, and besides, he never knew which non-blood liquids were going to stay down and which would make him sick.

Maia was standing over by one of the brick pillars, talking to two other werewolves and laughing. She wore a brilliant orange satin sheath dress that set off her dark skin, and her hair was a wild halo of brown-gold curls around her face. She caught sight of Simon and Jordan and deliberately turned away. The back of her dress was a low V that showed a lot of bare skin, including a tattoo of a butterfly across her lower spine.

“I don’t think she had that when I knew her,” Jordan said. “That tattoo, I mean.”

Simon looked at Jordan. He was goggling at his ex-girlfriend with the sort of obvious longing that, Simon suspected, was going to get him punched in the face by Isabelle if he wasn’t careful. “Come on,” he said, putting his hand against Jordan’s back and shoving lightly. “Let’s go see where we’re sitting.”

Isabelle, who had been watching them over her shoulder, smiled a catlike smile. “Good idea.”

They made their way through the crowd to the area where the tables were, only to find that their table was already half-occupied. Clary sat in one of the seats, looking down into a champagne glass full of what was most likely ginger ale. Next to her were Alec and Magnus, both in the dark suits they'd worn when they'd come from Vienna. Magnus seemed to be playing with the fringed edges of his long white scarf. Alec, his arms crossed over his chest, was staring ferociously into the distance.

Clary, on seeing Simon and Jordan, bounced to her feet, relief evident on her face. She came around the table to greet Simon, and he saw that she was wearing a very plain gold silk dress and low gold sandals. Without heels to give her height, she looked tiny. The Morgenstern ring was around her neck, its silver glinting against the chain that held it. She reached up to hug him and muttered, "I think Alec and Magnus are fighting."

"Looks like it," he muttered back. "Where's your boyfriend?"

At that, she detached her arms from his neck. "He got held up at the Institute." She turned. "Hey, Kyle."

He smiled a little awkwardly. "It's Jordan, actually."

"So I've heard." Clary gestured toward the table. "Well, we might as well sit. I think pretty soon there's going to be toasting and stuff. And then, hopefully, food."

They all sat. There was a long, awkward silence.

"So," Magnus said finally, running a long white finger around the rim of his champagne glass. "Jordan. I hear you're in the Praetor Lupus. I see you're wearing one of their medallions. What does it say on it?"

Jordan nodded. He was flushed, his hazel eyes sparkling, his attention clearly only partly on the conversation. He was following Maia around the room with his eyes, his fingers nervously clenching and unclenching on the edge of the tablecloth. Simon doubted he was even aware of it. "*Beati bellicosi*: Blessed are the warriors."

“Good organization,” said Magnus. “I knew the man who founded it, back in the 1800s. Woolsey Scott. Respectable old werewolf family.”

Alec made an ugly sound in the back of his throat. “Did you sleep with him, too?”

Magnus’s cat eyes widened. “Alexander!”

“Well, I don’t know anything about your past, do I?” Alec demanded. “You won’t tell me anything; you just say it doesn’t matter.”

Magnus’s face was expressionless, but there was a dark tinge of anger to his voice. “Does this mean every time I mention anyone I’ve ever met, you’re going to ask me if I had an affair with them?”

Alec’s expression was stubborn, but Simon couldn’t help having a flash of sympathy; the hurt behind his blue eyes was clear. “Maybe.”

“I met Napoleon once,” said Magnus. “We didn’t have an affair, though. He was shockingly prudish for a Frenchman.”

“You met Napoleon?” Jordan, who appeared to be missing most of the conversation, looked impressed. “So it’s true what they say about warlocks, then?”

Alec gave him a very unpleasant look. “*What’s* true?”

“Alexander,” said Magnus coldly, and Clary met Simon’s eyes across the table. Hers were wide, green, and full of an expression that said *Uh-oh*. “You can’t be rude to everyone who talks to me.”

Alec made a wide, sweeping gesture. “And why not? Cramping your style, am I? I mean, maybe you were hoping to flirt with werewolf boy here. He’s pretty attractive, if you like the messy-haired, broad-shouldered, chiseled-good-looks type.”

“Hey, now,” said Jordan mildly.

Magnus put his head in his hands.

“Or there are plenty of pretty girls here, since apparently your taste goes both ways. Is there anything you *aren’t* into?”

“Mermaids,” said Magnus into his fingers. “They always smell like seaweed.”

“It’s *not funny*,” Alec said savagely, and kicking back his chair, he got up from the table and stalked off into the crowd.

Magnus still had his head in his hands, the black spikes of his hair sticking out between his fingers. “I just don’t see,” he said to no one in particular, “why the past has to matter.”

To Simon’s surprise it was Jordan who answered. “The past always matters,” he said. “That’s what they tell you when you join the Praetor. You can’t forget the things you did in the past, or you’ll never learn from them.”

Magnus looked up, his gold-green eyes glinting through his fingers. “How old are you?” he demanded. “Sixteen?”

“Eighteen,” said Jordan, looking slightly frightened.

Alec’s age, thought Simon, suppressing an interior grin. He didn’t really find Alec and Magnus’s drama funny, but it was hard not to feel a certain bitter amusement at Jordan’s expression. Jordan had to be twice Magnus’s size—despite being tall, Magnus was slender to the point of skinniness—but Jordan was clearly afraid of him. Simon turned to share a glance with Clary, but she was staring off toward the front door, her face gone suddenly bone white. Dropping her napkin onto the table, she murmured, “Excuse me,” and got to her feet, practically fleeing the table.

Magnus threw his hands up. “Well, if there’s going to be a mass exodus . . .,” he said, and got up gracefully, flinging his scarf around his neck. He vanished into the crowd, presumably looking for Alec.

Simon looked at Jordan, who was looking at Maia again. She had her back to them and was talking to Luke and Jocelyn, laughing, flinging her curly hair back. “Don’t even think about it,” Simon said, and got up. He pointed at Jordan. “You stay here.”

“And do what?” Jordan demanded.

“Whatever Praetor Lupus do in this situation. Meditate. Contemplate your Jedi powers. Whatever. I’ll be back in five minutes, and you better still be here.”

Jordan leaned back, crossing his arms over his chest in a clearly mutinous manner, but Simon had already stopped paying attention. He turned and moved into the crowd, following Clary. She was a speck of red and gold among the moving bodies, crowned with her twist of bright hair.

He caught up to her by one of the light-wrapped pillars, and put a hand on her shoulder. She turned with a startled exclamation, eyes wide, hand raised as if to fend him off. She relaxed when she saw who it was. “You scared me!”

“Obviously,” Simon said. “What’s going on? What are you so freaked out about?”

“I . . .” She lowered her hand with a shrug; despite her forced look of casual dismissal, the pulse was going in her neck like a hammer. “I thought I saw Jace.”

“I figured,” Simon said. “But . . .”

“But?”

“You look really frightened.” He wasn’t sure why he’d said it exactly, or what he was hoping she’d say back. She bit her lip, the way she always did when she was nervous. Her gaze for a moment was far away; it was a look familiar to Simon. One of the things he’d always loved about Clary was how easily caught up in her imagination she was, how easily she could wall herself away in illusory worlds of curses and princes and destiny and magic. Once he had been able to do the same, had been able to inhabit imaginary worlds all the more exciting for being safe—for being fictional. Now that the real and the imagined had collided, he wondered if she, like he, longed for the past, for the normal. He wondered if normalcy was something, like vision or silence, you didn’t realize was precious until you lost it.

“He’s having a hard time,” she said in a low voice. “I’m scared for him.”

“I know,” Simon said. “Look, not to pry, but—has he figured out what’s wrong with him? Has anyone?”

“He—” She broke off. “He’s all right. He’s just having a hard time coming to terms with some of the Valentine stuff. You know.” Simon did know. He also knew she was lying. Clary, who hardly ever hid anything from him. He gave her a hard look.

“He’s been having bad dreams,” she said. “He was worried that there was some demon involvement—”

“*Demon* involvement?” Simon echoed in disbelief. He’d known that Jace was having bad dreams—he’d said as much—but Jace had never mentioned demons.

“Well, apparently there are kinds of demons that try to reach you through your dreams,” Clary said, sounding as if she were sorry she’d brought it up at all, “but I’m sure it’s nothing. Everyone has bad dreams sometimes, don’t they?” She put a hand on Simon’s arm. “I’m just going to see how he is. I’ll come back.” Her gaze was already sliding past him, toward the doors that led onto the terrace; he stood back with a nod and let her go, watching her as she moved off into the crowd.

She looked so small—small the way she had in first grade when he’d walked her to the front door of her house and watched her go up the stairs, tiny and determined, her lunch box banging against her knee as she went. He felt his heart, which no longer beat, contract, and he wondered if there was anything in the world as painful as not being able to protect the people you loved.

“You look sick,” said a voice at his elbow. Husky, familiar. “Thinking about what a horrible person you are?”

Simon turned and saw Maia leaning against the pillar behind him. She had a strand of the small, glowing white lights wound around her neck, and her face was flushed with champagne and the warmth of the room.

“Or maybe I should say,” she went on, “what a horrible *vampire* you are. Except that makes it sound like you’re bad at being a vampire.”

“I *am* bad at being a vampire,” Simon said. “But that doesn’t mean I wasn’t bad at being a boyfriend, too.”

She smiled crookedly. “Bat says I shouldn’t be so hard on you,” she said. “He says guys do stupid things when girls are involved. Especially geeky ones who previously haven’t had much luck with women.”

“It’s like he can see into my soul.”

Maia shook her head. “It’s hard to stay mad at you,” she said. “But I’m working on it.” She turned away.

“Maia,” Simon said. His head had started to ache, and he felt a little dizzy. If he didn’t talk to her now, though, he never would. “Please. Wait.”

She turned back and looked at him, both eyebrows raised questioningly.

“I’m sorry about what I did,” he said. “I know I said that before, but I really do mean it.”

She shrugged, expressionless, giving him nothing.

He swallowed past the pain in his head. “Maybe Bat’s right,” he said. “But I think there’s more to it than that. I wanted to be with you because—and this is going to sound so selfish—you made me feel normal. Like the person I was before.”

“I’m a werewolf, Simon. Not exactly normal.”

“But you—you are,” he said, stumbling over his words a little. “You’re genuine and real—one of the realest people I’ve ever known. You wanted to come over and play Halo. You wanted to talk about comics and check out concerts and go dancing and just do normal things. And you treated me like I was normal. You’ve never called me ‘Daylighter’ or ‘vampire’ or anything but Simon.”

“That’s all friend stuff,” Maia said. She was leaning against the pillar again, her eyes glinting softly as she spoke. “Not *girlfriend* stuff.”

Simon just looked at her. His headache pulsed like a heartbeat.

“And then you come around,” she added, “bringing Jordan with you. *What* were you thinking?”

“That’s not fair,” Simon protested. “I had no idea he was your ex—”

“I know. Isabelle told me,” Maia interrupted. “I just feel like giving you hell about it anyway.”

“Oh, yeah?” Simon glanced over at Jordan, who was sitting alone at the round linen-draped table, like a guy whose prom date hadn’t showed up. Simon suddenly felt very tired—tired of worrying about everyone, tired of feeling guilty for the things he’d done and would probably do in the future. “Well, did Izzy tell you that Jordan got himself assigned to me so he could be near you? You should hear the way he asks about you. The way he says your name, even. Man, the way he ripped into me when he thought I was cheating on you—”

“You weren’t cheating. We weren’t exclusively dating. Cheating is different—”

Simon smiled as Maia broke off, blushing. “I guess it’s good that you dislike him so much that you’ll take my side against him no matter what,” he said.

“It’s been years,” she said. “He’s never tried to get in touch with me. Not once.”

“He did try,” Simon said. “Did you know the night he bit you was the first time he ever Turned?”

She shook her head, her curls bouncing, her wide amber eyes very serious. “No. I thought he knew—”

“That he was a werewolf? No. He knew he was losing control in some way, but who guesses they’re turning into a werewolf? The day after he bit you he went looking for you, but the Praetor stopped him. They kept him away from you. Even then he didn’t stop looking. I don’t think a day’s gone by in the past two years that he hasn’t wondered where you were —”

“Why are you defending him?” she whispered.

“Because you should know,” said Simon. “I sucked at being a boyfriend, and I owe you. You should know he didn’t mean to abandon you. He only took me on as an assignment because your name was mentioned in the notes on my case.”

Her lips parted. As she shook her head, the glittering lights of her necklace winked like stars. “I just don’t know what I’m supposed to do with that, Simon. What am I supposed to *do*?”

“I don’t know,” Simon said. His head felt like nails were being pounded into it. “But I can tell you one thing. I’m the last guy in the world you should be asking for relationship advice from.” He pressed a hand to his forehead. “I’m going to go outside. Get some air. Jordan’s over at that table there if you want to talk to him.”

He gestured over toward the tables and then turned away, away from her questioning eyes, from the eyes of everyone in the room, the sound of raised voices and laughter, and stumbled toward the doors.



Clary pushed open the doors that led out onto the terrace and was greeted by a rush of cold air. She shivered, wishing she had her coat but unwilling to take up any time going back to the table to get it. She stepped out onto the terrace and shut the door behind her.

The terrace was a wide expanse of flagstones, surrounded by ironwork railings. Tiki torches burned in big pewter holders, but they did little to warm the air—which probably explained why no one was out here but Jace. He was standing by the railing, looking out over the river.

She wanted to run over to him, but she couldn’t help hesitating. He was wearing a dark suit, the jacket open over a white shirt, and his head was turned to the side, away from her. She had never seen him dressed like this before, and it made him look older and a little remote. The wind off the river lifted his fair hair, and she saw the little scar across the side of his throat where Simon had bitten him once, and she remembered that Jace had let himself be bitten, had risked his life, for her.

“Jace,” she said.

He turned and looked at her and smiled. The smile was familiar and seemed to unlock something inside her, freeing her to run across the flagstones to him and throw her arms around him. He picked her up and held her off the ground for a long time, his face buried in her neck.

“You’re all right,” she said finally, when he set her down. She scrubbed fiercely at the tears that had spilled out of her eyes. “I mean—the Silent Brothers wouldn’t have let you go if you weren’t all right—but I thought they said the ritual was going to take a long time? Days, even?”

“It didn’t.” He put his hands on either side of her face and smiled down at her. Behind him the Queensboro Bridge arced out over the water. “You know the Silent Brothers. They like to make a big deal out of everything they do. But it’s actually a pretty simple ceremony.” He grinned. “I felt kind of stupid. It’s a ceremony meant for little kids, but I just kept thinking that if I got it over with fast, I’d get to see you in your sexy party dress. It got me through.” His eyes raked her up and down. “And let me tell you, I am *not* disappointed. You’re gorgeous.”

“You look pretty good yourself.” She laughed a little through the tears. “I didn’t even think you owned a suit.”

“I didn’t. I had to buy one.” He slid his thumbs over her cheekbones where the tears had made them damp. “Clary—”

“Why did you come out here?” she asked. “It’s freezing. Don’t you want to go back inside?”

He shook his head. “I wanted to talk to you alone.”

“So talk,” Clary said in a half whisper. She took his hands away from her face and put them on her waist. Her need to be held against him was almost overwhelming. “Is something else wrong? Are you going to be okay? Please don’t hold anything back from me. After everything that’s happened, you should know I can handle any bad news.” She knew she was nervously chattering, but she couldn’t help it. Her heart felt as if it were beating a thousand miles a minute. “I just want you to be all right,” she said as calmly as she could.

His gold eyes darkened. “I keep going through that box. The one that belonged to my father. I don’t feel anything about it. The letters, the photos. I don’t know who those people were. They don’t feel real to me. Valentine was real.”

Clary blinked; it wasn’t what she’d expected him to say. “Remember, I said that it would take time—”

He didn’t even seem to hear her. “If I really were Jace Morgenstern, would you still love me? If I were Sebastian, would you love me?”

She squeezed his hands. “You could never be like that.”

“If Valentine did to me what he did to Sebastian, *would you love me?*”

There was an urgency to the question that she didn’t understand. Clary said, “But then you wouldn’t be you.”

His breath caught, almost as if what she’d said had hurt him—but how could it have? It was the truth. He wasn’t like Sebastian. He was like himself. “I don’t know who I am,” he said. “I look at myself in the mirror and I see Stephen Herondale, but I act like a Lightwood and talk like my father—like Valentine. So I see who I am in your eyes, and I try to be that person, because you have faith in that person and I think faith might be enough to make me what you want.”

“You’re already what I want. You always have been,” Clary said, but she couldn’t help feeling as if she were calling into an empty room. It was as if Jace couldn’t *hear* her, no matter how many times she told him she loved him. “I know you feel like you don’t know who you are, but I do. I know. And someday you will too. And in the meantime you can’t keep worrying about losing me, because it’ll never happen.”

“There is a way . . .” Jace raised his eyes to hers. “Give me your hand.”

Surprised, Clary reached her hand out, remembering the first time he’d ever taken her hand like that. She had the rune now, the open-eye rune, on the back of her hand, the one he’d been looking for then and hadn’t found. Her first permanent

rune. He turned her hand over, baring her wrist, the vulnerable skin of her forearm.

She shivered. The wind off the river felt as if it were driving into her bones. “Jace, what are you doing?”

“Remember what I said about Shadowhunter weddings? How instead of exchanging rings, we Mark each other with runes of love and commitment?” He looked at her, his eyes wide and vulnerable under their thick gold lashes. “I want to Mark you in a way that will bind us together, Clary. It’s just a small Mark, but it’s permanent. Are you willing?”

She hesitated. A permanent rune, when they were so young—her mother would be incensed. But nothing else seemed to be working; nothing she said convinced him. Maybe this would. Silently, she drew out her stele and handed it to him. He took it, brushing her fingers as he did. She was shivering harder now, cold everywhere except where he touched her. He cradled her arm against him and lowered the stele, touching it softly to her skin, moving it gently up and down, and then, when she didn’t protest, with more force. As cold as she was, the burn of the stele was almost welcome. She watched as the dark lines spiraled out from the tip of it, forming a pattern of hard, angular lines.

Her nerves tingled with a sudden alarm. The pattern didn’t speak of love and commitment to her; there was something else there, something darker, something that spoke of control and submission, of loss and darkness. Was he drawing the wrong rune? But this was Jace; surely he knew better than that. And yet a numbness was beginning to spread up her arm from the place the stele touched—a painful tingling, like nerves waking up—and she felt dizzy, as if the ground were moving under her—

“Jace.” Her voice rose, tinged with anxiety. “Jace, I don’t think that’s right—”

He let her arm go. He held the stele balanced lightly in his hand, with the same grace with which he would hold any weapon. “I’m sorry, Clary,” he said. “I do want to be bound to you. I would never lie about that.”

She opened her mouth to ask him what on earth he was talking about, but no words came. The darkness was rushing up too fast. The last thing she felt was Jace's arms around her as she fell.



After what seemed like an eternity of wandering around what he considered to be an extremely boring party, Magnus finally found Alec, sitting alone at a table in a corner, behind a spray of artificial white roses. There were a number of champagne glasses on the table, most half-full, as if passing partygoers had abandoned them there. Alec was looking rather abandoned himself. He had his chin in his hands and was staring moodily into space. He didn't look up, even when Magnus hitched a foot around the chair opposite his, spun it toward him, and sat down, resting his arms along the back.

"Do you want to go back to Vienna?" he said.

Alec didn't answer, just stared into space.

"Or we could go somewhere else," said Magnus. "Anywhere you want. Thailand, South Carolina, Brazil, Peru—Oh, wait, no, I'm banned from Peru. I'd forgotten about that. It's a long story, but amusing if you want to hear it."

Alec's expression said that he very much did not want to hear it. Pointedly he turned and looked out over the room as if the werewolf string quartet fascinated him.

Since Alec was ignoring him, Magnus decided to amuse himself by changing the colors of the champagne in the glasses on the table. He made one blue, the next pink, and was working on green when Alec reached across the table and hit him on the wrist.

"Stop that," he said. "People are looking."

Magnus looked down at his fingers, which were spraying blue sparks. Maybe it was a bit obvious. He curled his fingers under. "Well," he said. "I have to do something to keep myself from dying of boredom, since you're not talking to me."

"I'm not," said Alec. "Not talking to you, I mean."

“Oh?” said Magnus. “I just asked you if you wanted to go to Vienna, or Thailand, or the moon, and I don’t recall you saying anything in response.”

“I don’t know what I want.” Alec, his head bent, was playing with an abandoned plastic fork. Though his eyes were defiantly cast down, their pale blue color was visible even through his lowered eyelids, which were pale and as fine as parchment. Magnus had always found humans more beautiful than any other creatures alive on the earth, and had often wondered why. Only a few years before dissolution, Camille had said. But it was mortality that made them what they were, the flame that blazed brighter for its flickering. *Death is the mother of beauty*, as the poet said. He wondered if the Angel had ever considered making his human servants, the Nephilim, immortal. But no, for all their strength, they fell as humans had always fallen in battle through all the ages of the world.

“You’ve got that look again,” Alec said peevishly, glancing up through his lashes. “Like you’re staring at something I can’t see. Are you thinking about Camille?”

“Not really,” Magnus said. “How much of the conversation I had with her did you overhear?”

“Most of it.” Alec prodded the tablecloth with his fork. “I was listening at the door. Enough.”

“Not at all enough, I think.” Magnus glared at the fork, and it skidded out of Alec’s grasp and across the table toward him. He slammed his hand down on top of it and said, “Stop fidgeting. What was it I said to Camille that bothered you so much?”

Alec raised his blue eyes. “Who’s *Will*?”

Magnus exhaled a sort of laugh. “Will. Dear God. That was a long time ago. Will was a Shadowhunter, like you. And yes, he did look like you, but you’re not anything like him. Jace is much more the way Will was, in personality at least—and my relationship with you is nothing like the one I had with Will. Is *that* what’s bothering you?”

“I don’t like thinking you’re only with me because I look like some dead guy you liked.”

“I never said that. Camille implied it. She is a master of implication and manipulation. She always has been.”

“You didn’t tell her she was wrong.”

“If you let Camille, she will attack you on every front. Defend one front, and she will attack another. The only way to deal with her is to pretend she isn’t getting to you.”

“She said pretty boys were your undoing,” Alec said. “Which makes it sound like I’m just one in a long line of toys for you. One dies or goes away, you get another one. I’m nothing. I’m—trivial.”

“Alexander—”

“Which,” Alec went on, staring down at the table again, “is especially unfair, because you are anything but trivial for me. I changed my whole life for you. But nothing ever changes for you, does it? I guess that’s what it means to live forever. Nothing ever really has to matter all that much.”

“I’m telling you that you do matter—”

“The Book of the White,” Alec said, suddenly. “Why did you want it so badly?”

Magnus looked at him, puzzled. “You know why. It’s a very powerful spellbook.”

“But you wanted it for something specific, didn’t you? A spell that was in it?” Alec took a ragged breath. “You don’t have to answer; I can tell by your face that you did. Was it—was it a spell for making me immortal?”

Magnus felt shaken to his core. “Alec,” he whispered. “No. No, I—I wouldn’t do that.”

Alec fixed him with his piercing blue gaze. “Why not? Why through all the years of all the relationships you’ve ever had have you never tried to make any of them immortal like you? If you could have me with you forever, wouldn’t you want to?”

“Of course I would!” Magnus, realizing he was almost shouting, lowered his voice with an effort. “But you don’t understand. You don’t get something for nothing. The price for living forever—”

“Magnus.” It was Isabelle, hurrying toward them, her phone in her hand. “Magnus, I need to talk to you.”

“Isabelle.” Normally Magnus liked Alec’s sister. Not so much at the moment. “Lovely, wonderful Isabelle. Could you please go away? Now is a really bad time.”

Isabelle looked from Magnus to her brother, and back again. “Then, you don’t want me to tell you that Camille’s just escaped from the Sanctuary and my mother is demanding that you come back to the Institute right now to help them find her?”

“No,” Magnus said. “I don’t want you to tell me that.”

“Well, too bad,” Isabelle said. “Because it’s true. I mean, I guess you don’t have to go, but—”

The rest of the sentence hung in the air, but Magnus knew what she wasn’t saying. If he didn’t go, the Clave would be suspicious that he’d had something to do with Camille’s escape, and that was the last thing he needed. Maryse would be furious, complicating his relationship with Alec even further. And yet—

“She *escaped*?” Alec said. “No one’s ever escaped from the Sanctuary.”

“Well,” said Isabelle, “now someone has.”

Alec slunk down lower in his seat. “Go,” he said. “It’s an emergency. Just go. We can talk later.”

“Magnus . . .” Isabelle sounded half-apologetic, but there was no mistaking the urgency in her voice.

“Fine.” Magnus stood up. “But,” he added, pausing by Alec’s chair and leaning in close to him, “*you are not trivial*.”

Alec flushed. “If you say so,” he said.

“I say so,” said Magnus, and he turned to follow Isabelle out of the room.



Outside on the deserted street, Simon leaned against the wall of the Ironworks, against the ivy-covered brick, and stared up at the sky. The lights of the bridge washed out the stars so there was nothing to see but a sheet of velvety blackness. He wished with a sudden fierceness that he could breathe in the cold air to clear his head, that he could feel it on his face, on his skin. All he was wearing was a thin shirt, and it made no difference. He couldn't shiver, and even the memory of what it felt like to shiver was going away from him, little by little, every day, slipping away like the memories of another life.

“Simon?”

He froze where he stood. That voice, small and familiar, drifting like a thread on the cold air. *Smile*. That was the last thing she had said to him.

But it couldn't be. She was dead.

“Won't you look at me, Simon?” Her voice was as small as ever, barely a breath. “I'm right here.”

Dread clawed its way up his spine. He opened his eyes, and turned his head slowly.

Maureen stood in the circle of light cast by a streetlamp just at the corner of Vernon Boulevard. She wore a long white virginal dress. Her hair was brushed straight down over her shoulders, shining yellow in the lamplight. There was still some grave dirt caught in it. There were little white slippers on her feet. Her face was dead white, circles of rouge painted on her cheekbones, and her mouth colored a dark pink as if it had been drawn on with a felt-tip marker.

Simon's knees gave out. He slid down the wall he had been leaning against, until he was sitting on the ground, his knees drawn up. His head felt like it was going to explode.

Maureen gave a girlish little giggle and stepped out of the lamplight. She moved toward him and looked down; her face wore a look of amused satisfaction.

“I thought you’d be surprised,” she said.

“You’re a vampire,” Simon said. “But—how? I didn’t do this to you. I know I didn’t.”

Maureen shook her head. “It wasn’t you. But it was *because* of you. They thought I was your girlfriend, you know. They took me out of my bedroom at night, and they kept me in a cage for the whole next day. They told me not to worry because you’d come for me. But you didn’t come. You never came.”

“I didn’t know.” Simon’s voice cracked. “I would have come if I’d known.”

Maureen flung her blond hair back over her shoulder in a gesture that reminded Simon suddenly and painfully of Camille. “It doesn’t matter,” she said in her girlish little voice. “When the sun went down, they told me I could die or I could choose to live like this. As a vampire.”

“So you *chose* this?”

“I didn’t want to die,” she breathed. “And now I’ll be pretty and young forever. I can stay out all night, and I never need to go home. And she takes care of me.”

“Who are you talking about? Who’s she? Do you mean Camille? Look, Maureen, she’s crazy. You shouldn’t listen to her.” Simon staggered to his feet. “I can get you help. Find you a place to stay. Teach you how to be a vampire—”

“Oh, Simon.” She smiled, and her little white teeth showed in a precise row. “I don’t think you know how to be a vampire either. You didn’t want to bite me, but you did. I remember. Your eyes went all black like a shark’s, and you bit me.”

“I’m so sorry. If you’ll let me help you—”

“You could come with me,” she said. “That would help me.”

“Come with you where?”

Maureen looked up and down the empty street. She looked like a ghost in her thin white dress. The wind blew it around her body, but she clearly didn’t feel the cold. “You have been

chosen,” she said. “Because you are a Daylighter. Those who did this to me want you. But they know you bear the Mark now. They can’t get to you unless you choose to come to them. So they sent me as a messenger.” She cocked her head to the side, like a bird’s. “I might not be anyone who matters to you,” she said, “but the next time it will be. They will keep coming for the people you love until there is no one left, so you might as well come with me and find out what they want.”

“Do you know?” Simon asked. “Do you know what they want?”

She shook her head. She was so pale under the diffuse lamplight that she looked almost transparent, as if Simon could have looked right through her. The way, he supposed, he always had.

“Does it matter?” she said, and reached out her hand.

“No,” he said. “No, I guess it doesn’t.” And he took her hand.

16

NEW YORK CITY ANGELS

“We’re here,” Maureen said to Simon.

She had stopped in the middle of the sidewalk and was looking up at a massive glass-and-stone building that rose above them. It was clearly designed to look like one of the luxury apartment complexes that had been built on Manhattan’s Upper East Side before the Second World War, but the modern touches gave it away—the high sheets of windows, the copper roof untouched by verdigris, the banner signs draping themselves down the front of the edifice, promising LUXURY CONDOS STARTING AT \$750,000. Apparently the purchase of one would entitle you to the use of a roof garden, a fitness center, a heated pool, and twenty-four-hour doorman service, starting in December. At the moment the place was still under construction, and KEEP OUT: PRIVATE PROPERTY signs were tacked to the scaffolding that surrounded it.

Simon looked at Maureen. She seemed to be getting used to being a vampire pretty fast. They had run over the Queensboro Bridge and up Second Avenue to get here, and her white slippers were shredded. But she had never slowed, and had never seemed surprised not to have gotten tired. She was looking up at the building now with a beatific expression, her small face aglow with what Simon could only guess was anticipation.

“This place is closed,” he said, knowing he was stating the obvious. “Maureen—”

“Hush.” She reached out a small hand to pull at a placard attached to a corner of the scaffolding. It came away with a sound of tearing plasterboard and ripped-out nails. Some of them rattled to the ground at Simon’s feet. Maureen tossed the

square of plasterboard aside and grinned at the hole she'd made.

An old man who'd been passing by, walking a small plaid-jacketed poodle on a leash, stopped and stared. "You ought to get a coat on your little sister there," he said to Simon. "Skinny thing like that, she'll freeze in this weather."

Before Simon could reply, Maureen turned on the man with a ferocious grin, showing all her teeth, including her needle fangs. "*I am not his sister,*" she hissed.

The man blanched, picked up his dog, and hurried away.

Simon shook his head at Maureen. "You didn't need to do that."

Her fangs had pierced her lower lip, something that had happened to Simon often before he'd gotten used to them. Thin trickles of blood ran down her chin. "Don't tell me what to do," she said peevishly, but her fangs retracted. She wiped the back of her hand across her chin, a childish gesture, smearing the blood. Then she turned back to the hole she'd made. "Come on."

She ducked through, and he followed her. They passed through an area where the construction crew had clearly dumped their junk. There were broken tools lying around, smashed bricks, old plastic bags, and Coke cans littering the ground. Maureen lifted her skirts and picked her way daintily through the wreckage, a look of disgust on her face. She hopped over a narrow trench, and up a row of cracked stone steps. Simon followed.

The steps led to a set of glass doors, propped open. Through the doors was an ornate marble lobby. A massive unlit chandelier hung from the ceiling, though there was no light to spark off its pendant crystals. It would have been too dark in the room for a human to see at all. There was a marble desk for a doorman to sit at, a green chaise longue beneath a gilt-edged mirror, and banks of elevators on either side of the room. Maureen hit the button for the elevator, and to Simon's surprise, it lit.

“Where are we going?” he asked.

The elevator pinged, and Maureen stepped in, Simon behind her. The elevator was paneled in gold and red, with frosted glass mirrors on each of the walls. “Up.” She hit the button for the roof and giggled. “Up to Heaven,” she said, and the doors closed.



“I can’t find Simon.”

Isabelle, who had been leaning against a pillar in the Ironworks and trying not to brood, looked up to see Jordan looming over her. He really was most unreasonably tall, she thought. He had to be at least six foot two. She had thought he was very attractive the first time she’d seen him, with his tousled dark hair and greenish eyes, but now that she knew he was Maia’s ex, she had moved him firmly into the mental space she reserved for boys who were off-limits.

“Well, I haven’t seen him,” she said. “I thought you were supposed to be his keeper.”

“He told me he was going to be right back. That was forty minutes ago. I figured he was going to the bathroom.”

“What kind of guardian are you? Shouldn’t you have gone to the bathroom *with* him?” Isabelle demanded.

Jordan looked horrified. “Dudes,” he said, “do not follow other dudes to the bathroom.”

Isabelle sighed. “Latent homosexual panic will do you in every time,” she said. “Come on. Let’s look for him.”

They circled the party, moving in and out among the guests. Alec was sulking alone at a table, playing with an empty champagne glass. “No, I haven’t seen him,” he said in response to their question. “Though admittedly I haven’t been looking.”

“Well, you can search along with us,” said Isabelle. “It’ll give you something to do besides look miserable.”

Alec shrugged and joined them. They decided to split up and fan out across the party. Alec headed upstairs to search the

catwalks and the second level. Jordan went outside to check the terraces and the entryway. Isabelle took the party area. She was just wondering whether glancing under the tables would actually be ridiculous, when Maia came up behind her. “Everything all right?” she inquired. She glanced up toward Alec, and then in the direction Jordan had gone. “I know a searching formation when I see one. What are you guys looking for? Is there trouble?”

Isabelle filled her in on the Simon situation.

“I just talked to him about half an hour ago.”

“So did Jordan, but he’s gone now. And since people have been trying to kill him lately . . .”

Maia set her glass down on the table. “I’ll help you look.”

“You don’t have to. I know you’re not feeling super-fond of Simon right now—”

“That doesn’t mean I don’t want to help out if he’s in *trouble*,” Maia said, as if Isabelle were being ridiculous. “Wasn’t Jordan supposed to be watching him?”

Isabelle threw up her hands. “Yeah, but apparently dudes don’t follow other dudes to the bathroom or something. He wasn’t making a lot of sense.”

“Guys never do,” Maia said, and followed her. They glided in and out through the crowd, though Isabelle was already pretty sure they weren’t going to find Simon. She had a small cold spot in the middle of her stomach that was growing bigger and colder. By the time they’d all convened back at their original table, she felt as if she’d swallowed a glass of ice water.

“He isn’t here,” she said.

Jordan swore, then stared guiltily at Maia. “Sorry.”

“I’ve heard worse,” she said. “So what’s the next step? Anyone tried calling him?”

“Straight to voice mail,” Jordan said.

“Any idea where he might have gone?” asked Alec.

“Best-case scenario, maybe back to the apartment,” said Jordan. “Worst, those people who’ve been after him finally got him.”

“People who what?” Alec looked bewildered; while Isabelle had told Maia Simon’s story, she hadn’t had a chance to fill her brother in yet.

“I’m going to head back to the apartment and look for him,” said Jordan. “If he’s there, great. If not, that’s still where I should start. They know where he lives; they’ve been sending us messages there. Maybe there’ll be a message.” He didn’t sound too hopeful.

Isabelle made a split-second decision. “I’ll go with you.”

“You don’t have to—”

“Yes, I do. I told Simon he should come here tonight; I’m responsible. Besides, I’m having a crap time at this party anyway.”

“Yeah,” Alec said, looking relieved at the prospect of getting out of there. “Me too. Maybe we should all go. Should we tell Clary?”

Isabelle shook her head. “It’s her mom’s party. It wouldn’t be fair. Let’s see what we can do just the three of us.”

“Three of you?” Maia asked, a tone of delicate annoyance shading her voice.

“Do you want to come with us, Maia?” It was Jordan. Isabelle froze; she wasn’t sure how Maia would respond to having her ex-boyfriend speak to her directly. The other girl’s mouth tightened a little, and for just a moment she looked at Jordan—not as if she hated him, but thoughtfully.

“It’s Simon,” she said finally, as if that decided everything. “I’ll go get my coat.”



The elevator doors opened onto a swirl of dark air and shadows. Maureen gave another high-pitched giggle and danced out into the darkness, leaving Simon to follow her with a sigh.

They stood in a large marble windowless room. There were no lights, but the wall to the left of the elevator was fitted with a towering set of double glass doors. Through them Simon could see the flat surface of the roof, and above it the black night sky overhead pinpointed with faintly glowing stars.

The wind was blowing hard again. He followed Maureen through the doors and out into the cold, gusting air, her dress fluttering around her like a moth beating its wings against a gale. The roof garden was as elegant as the signs had promised. Smooth hexagonal stone tiles made up the flooring; there were banks of flowers blooming under glass, and carefully clipped topiary hedges in the shapes of monsters and animals. The walkway they followed was lined with tiny gleaming lights. All around them rose high glass-and-steel apartment buildings, their windows aglow with electricity.

The path dead-ended at a row of raised, tiled steps, atop which was a wide square bordered on three sides by the high wall that encircled the garden. It was clearly intended to be an area where the building's eventual residents would socialize. There was a big concrete block in the center of the square, which would probably someday hold a grill, Simon guessed, and the area was encircled by neatly clipped rosebushes that in June would bloom, just as the bare trellises adorning the walls would one day vanish under a covering of leaves. It would be an attractive space eventually, a luxury Upper East Side penthouse garden where you could relax on a lounge chair, with the East River glittering under the sunset, and the city stretched out before you, a mosaic of shimmering light.

Except. The tile floor had been defaced, splattered with some sort of black, sticky fluid that had been used to draw a rough circle, inside a larger circle. The space between the two circles was filled with scrawled runes. Though Simon wasn't a Shadowhunter, he'd seen enough Nephilim runes to recognize what came from the Gray Book. These didn't. They looked menacing and wrong, like a curse scrawled in an unfamiliar language.

In the very center of the circle was the concrete block. On top of it a bulky rectangular object sat, draped with a dark

cloth. The shape of it was not unlike that of a coffin. More runes were scribbled around the base of the block. If Simon's blood had run, it would have run cold.

Maureen clapped her hands together. "Oh," she said in her elfin little voice. "It's pretty."

"*Pretty?*" Simon looked quickly at the hunched shape on top of the concrete block. "Maureen, what the hell—"

"So you brought him." It was a woman's voice that spoke, cultured, strong, and—familiar. Simon turned. Standing on the pathway behind him was a tall woman with short dark hair. She was very slender, wearing a long dark coat, belted around the middle like a femme fatale from a forties spy movie. "Maureen, thank you," she went on. She had a hard, beautiful face, sharply planed, with high cheekbones and wide dark eyes. "You've done very well. You may go now." She turned her gaze on Simon. "Simon Lewis," she said. "Thank you for coming."

The moment she said his name he recognized her. The last time he'd seen her she'd been standing in pouring rain outside the Alto Bar. "You. I remember you. You gave me your card. The music promoter. Wow, you must *really* want to promote my band. I didn't even think we were that good."

"Don't be sarcastic," the woman said. "There's no point in it." She glanced sideways. "Maureen. You may *go*." Her voice was firm this time, and Maureen, who had been hovering like a little ghost, gave a tiny squeak and darted back the way they'd come. He watched as she vanished through the doors that led to the elevators, feeling almost sorry to see her go. Maureen wasn't much company, but without her he felt very alone. Whoever this strange woman was, she gave off a clear aura of dark power he'd been too blood-drugged to notice before.

"You led me a dance, Simon," she said, and now her voice was coming from another direction, several feet away. Simon spun, and saw that she was standing beside the concrete block, in the center of the circle. The clouds were blowing swiftly across the moon, casting a moving pattern of shadows across

her face. Because he was at the foot of the steps, he had to crane his head back to look up at her. “I thought getting hold of you would be easy. Dealing with a simple vampire. A newly made one, at that. Even a Daylighter is nothing I haven’t encountered before, though there has not been one for a hundred years. Yes,” she added, with a smile at his glance, “I am older than I look.”

“You look pretty old.”

She ignored the insult. “I sent my best people after you, and only one returned, with some babbled tale about holy fire and the wrath of God. He was quite useless to me after that. I had to have him put down. It was most annoying. After that I decided I ought to deal with you myself. I followed you to your silly musical show, and afterward, when I came up to you, I saw it. Your Mark. As one who knew Cain personally, I am intimately familiar with its shape.”

“Knew Cain *personally*?” Simon shook his head. “You can’t expect me to believe that.”

“Believe it or do not believe it,” she said. “It makes no difference to me. I am older than the dreams of your kind, little boy. I walked the paths of the Garden of Eden. I knew Adam before Eve did. I was his first wife, but I would not be obedient to him, so God cast me out and made for Adam a new wife, one fashioned of his own body that she might ever be subservient.” She smiled faintly. “I have many names. But you may call me Lilith, first of all demons.”

At that, Simon, who had not felt cold in months, finally shivered. He had heard the name Lilith before. He couldn’t remember where exactly, but he knew it was a name associated with darkness, with evil and terrible things.

“Your Mark presented me with a conundrum,” said Lilith. “I need you, you see, Daylighter. Your life force—your blood. But I could not force you or harm you.”

She said this as if needing his blood were the most natural thing in the world.

“You—drink blood?” Simon asked. He felt dazed, as if he were trapped in a strange dream. Surely this couldn’t really be happening.

She laughed. “Blood is not the food of demons, silly child. What I want from you is not for myself.” She held out a slender hand. “Come closer.”

Simon shook his head. “I’m not stepping inside that circle.”

She shrugged. “Very well, then. I intended only to give you a better view.” She moved her fingers slightly, almost negligently, the gesture of someone twitching a curtain aside. The black cloth covering the coffin-shaped object between them vanished.

Simon stared at what was revealed. He had not been wrong about the coffin shape. It was a big glass box, just long and wide enough for a person to lie down in. A glass coffin, he thought, like Snow White’s. But this was no fairy tale. Inside the coffin was a cloudy liquid, and floating in that liquid—naked from the waist up, his white-blond hair drifting around him like pale seaweed—was Sebastian.



There were no messages stuck to Jordan’s apartment door, nothing on or under the welcome mat, and nothing immediately obvious inside the apartment, either. While Alec stood guard downstairs and Maia and Jordan rummaged through Simon’s backpack in the living room, Isabelle, standing in the doorway of Simon’s bedroom, looked silently at the place he’d been sleeping for the past few days. It was so empty—just four walls, naked of any decoration, a bare floor with a futon mattress on it and a white blanket folded at the foot, and a single window that looked out onto Avenue B.

She could hear the city—the city she had grown up in, whose noises had always surrounded her, since she was a baby. She had found the quiet of Idris terribly alien without the sounds of car alarms, people shouting, ambulance sirens, and music playing that never, in New York City, quite went away, even in the dead of night. But now, standing here looking at Simon’s small room, she thought about how lonely those

noises sounded, how distant, and whether he had been lonely himself at night, lying here looking up at the ceiling, alone.

Then again, it wasn't as if she'd ever seen his bedroom at home, which presumably was covered with band posters, sports trophies, boxes of those games he loved to play, musical instruments, books—all the flotsam and jetsam of a normal life. She'd never asked to come over, and he'd never suggested it. She'd been gun-shy of meeting his mother, of doing anything that might bespeak a greater commitment than she was willing to make. But now, looking at this empty shell of a room, feeling the vast dark bustle of the city all around her, she felt a twinge of fear for Simon—mixed with an equal twinge of regret.

She turned back toward the rest of the apartment, but paused when she heard a low murmur of voices coming from the living room. She recognized Maia's voice. She didn't sound angry, which was surprising in and of itself, considering how much she seemed to hate Jordan.

"Nothing," she was saying. "Some keys, a bunch of papers with game stats scrawled on them." Isabelle leaned around the doorway. She could see Maia, standing on one side of the kitchen counter, her hand in the zip pocket of Simon's backpack. Jordan, on the other side of the counter, was watching her. Watching *her*, Isabelle thought, not what she was doing—that way guys watched you when they were so into you they were fascinated by every move you made. "I'll check his wallet."

Jordan, who had changed out of his formal wear into jeans and a leather jacket, frowned. "Weird that he left it. Can I see?" He reached across the counter.

Maia jerked back so fast she dropped the wallet, her hand flying out.

"I wasn't . . ." Jordan drew his hand back slowly. "I'm sorry."

Maia took a deep breath. "Look," she said, "I talked to Simon. I know you never meant to Turn me. I know you didn't

know what was happening to you. I remember what that was like. I remember being terrified.”

Jordan put his hands down slowly, carefully, on the countertop. It was odd, Isabelle thought, watching someone so tall try to make himself look harmless and small. “I should have been there for you.”

“But the Praetor wouldn’t let you be,” Maia said. “And let’s face it, you didn’t know anything about being a werewolf; we would have been like two blindfolded people stumbling around in a circle. Maybe it’s better you weren’t there. It made me run away to where I could get help. From the Pack.”

“At first I hoped the Praetor Lupus would bring you in,” he whispered. “So I could see you again. Then I realized that was selfish and I should be wishing that I didn’t pass on the disease to you. I knew it was fifty-fifty. I thought you might be one of the lucky ones.”

“Well, I wasn’t,” she said, matter-of-factly. “And over the years I built you up in my head to be this sort of monster. I thought you knew what you were doing when you did this to me. I thought it was revenge on me for kissing that boy. So I hated you. And hating you made everything easier. Having someone to blame.”

“You should blame me,” he said. “It is my fault.”

She ran her finger along the countertop, avoiding his eyes. “I do blame you. But . . . not the way I did before.”

Jordan reached up and grabbed his own hair with his fists, tugging on it hard. “There isn’t a day goes by I don’t think about what I did to you. I bit you. I Turned you. I made you what you are. I raised my hand to you. I hurt you. The one person I loved more than anything else in the world.”

Maia’s eyes were shining with tears. “Don’t *say* that. That doesn’t help. You think that helps?”

Isabelle cleared her throat loudly, stepping into the living room. “So. Have you found anything?”

Maia looked away, blinking rapidly. Jordan, lowering his hands, said, “Not really. We were just about to go through his

wallet.” He picked it up from where Maia had dropped it. “Here.” He tossed it to Isabelle.

She caught it and flicked it open. School pass, New York state nondriver’s ID, a guitar pick tucked into the space that was supposed to hold credit cards. A ten-dollar bill and a receipt for dice. Something else caught her eye—a business card, shoved carelessly behind a photo of Simon and Clary, the kind of picture you might take in a cheap drugstore photo booth. They were both smiling.

Isabelle took out the card and stared at it. It had a swirling, almost abstract design of a floating guitar against clouds. Below that was a name.

Satrina Kendall. Band Promoter. Below that was a telephone number, and an Upper East Side address. Isabelle frowned. Something, a memory, tugged at the back of her mind.

Isabelle held the card up toward Jordan and Maia, who were busy not looking at each other. “What do you think of this?”

Before they could respond the apartment door opened, and Alec strode in. He was scowling. “Have you found anything? I’ve been standing down there for thirty minutes, and nothing even remotely threatening has come by. Unless you count the NYU student who threw up on the front steps.”

“Here,” Isabelle said, handing the card over to her brother. “Look at this. Does anything strike you as odd?”

“You mean besides the fact that no band promoter could possibly be interested in Lewis’s sucky band?” Alec inquired, taking the card between two long fingers. Lines appeared between his eyes. “Satrina?”

“Does that name mean something to you?” Maia asked. Her eyes were still red, but her voice was steady.

“Satrina is one of the seventeen names of Lilith, the mother of all demons. She is why warlocks are called Lilith’s children,” said Alec. “Because she mothered demons, and they in turn brought forth the race of warlocks.”

“And you have all seventeen names committed to memory?” Jordan sounded dubious.

Alec gave him a cold look. “Who are you again?”

“Oh, shut up, Alec,” Isabelle said, in the tone she only ever took with her brother. “Look, not all of us have your memory for boring facts. I don’t suppose you recall the *other* names of Lilith?”

With a superior look Alec rattled them off, “Satrina, Lilith, Ita, Kali, Batna, Talto—”

“Talto!” Isabelle yelped. “That’s it. I knew I was remembering something. I *knew* there was a connection!” Quickly she told them about the Church of Talto, what Clary had found there, and how it connected to the dead half-demon baby at Beth Israel.

“I wish you’d told me about this before,” Alec said. “Yes, Talto is another name for Lilith. And Lilith has always been associated with babies. She was Adam’s first wife, but she fled from the Garden of Eden because she didn’t want to obey Adam or God. God cursed her for her disobedience, though—any child she bore would die. The legend says she tried over and over to have a child, but they were all born dead. Eventually she swore she would have vengeance against God by weakening and murdering infant humans. You might say she’s the demon goddess of dead children.”

“But you said she was the mother of demons,” said Maia.

“She was able to create demons by scattering drops of her blood on the earth in a place called Edom,” said Alec. “Because they were born out of her hatred for God and mankind, they became demons.” Aware that they were all staring at him, he shrugged. “It’s just a story.”

“All stories are true,” said Isabelle. This had been a tenet of her beliefs since she was a child. All Shadowhunters believed it. There was no one religion, no one truth—and no myth lacked meaning. “You know that, Alec.”

“I know something else, too,” Alec said, handing her back the card. “That telephone number and that address are crap.

No way they're real."

"Maybe," Isabelle said, tucking the card into her pocket. "But we don't have anywhere else to start looking. So we're going to start there."



Simon could only stare. The body floating inside the coffin—Sebastian's—didn't appear to be alive; at least, he wasn't breathing. But he clearly wasn't exactly dead, either. It had been two months. If he *were* dead, Simon was fairly sure, he'd look like he was in a lot worse shape than he did. His body was very white, like marble; one hand was a bandaged stump, but he was otherwise unmarked. He appeared to be asleep, his eyes shut, his arms loose at his sides. Only the fact that his chest wasn't rising or falling indicated that something was very wrong.

"But," Simon said, knowing he sounded ridiculous, "he's dead. Jace killed him."

Lilith placed a pale hand on the glass surface of the coffin. "Jonathan," she said, and Simon remembered that that was, in fact, his name. Her voice had an odd soft quality when she said it, as if she were crooning to a child. "He's beautiful, isn't he?"

"Um," said Simon, looking with loathing at the creature inside the coffin—the boy who had murdered nine-year-old Max Lightwood. The creature who had killed Hodge. Had tried to kill them all. "Not my type, really."

"Jonathan is unique," she said. "He is the only Shadowhunter I have ever known of who is part Greater Demon. This makes him very powerful."

"He's *dead*," Simon said. He felt that, somehow, it was important to keep making this point, though Lilith didn't seem to quite grasp it.

Lilith, gazing down at Sebastian, frowned. "It's true. Jace Lightwood slipped up behind him and stabbed him in the back, through to the heart."

"How do you—"

“I was in Idris,” said Lilith. “When Valentine opened the doorway to the demon worlds, I came through. Not to fight in his stupid battle. Out of curiosity more than anything else. That Valentine should have such hubris—” She broke off, shrugging. “Heaven smote him down for it, of course. I saw the sacrifice he made; I saw the Angel rise and turn on him. I saw what was brought back. I am the oldest of demons; I know the Old Laws. A life for a life. I raced to Jonathan. It was almost too late. That which was human about him died instantly—his heart had ceased to beat, his lungs to inflate. The Old Laws were not enough. I tried to bring him back then. He was too far gone. All I could do was this. Preserve him for this moment.”

Simon wondered briefly what would happen if he made a run for it—dashed past this insane demon and threw himself off the roof of the building. He couldn’t be harmed by another living creature; that was the result of the Mark, but he doubted its power extended to protecting him against the ground. Still, he was a vampire. If he fell forty stories and smashed every bone in his body, would he heal from that? He swallowed hard and found Lilith looking at him with amusement.

“Don’t you want to know,” she said in her cold, seductive voice, “what moment I mean?” Before he could answer, she leaned forward, her elbows on the coffin. “I suppose you know the story of the way the Nephilim came to be? How the Angel Raziel mixed his blood with the blood of men, and gave it to a man to drink, and that man became the first of the Nephilim?”

“I’ve heard it.”

“In effect the Angel created a new race of creature. And now, with Jonathan, a new race has been born again. As Jonathan Shadowhunter led the first Nephilim, so shall this Jonathan lead the new race that I intend to create.”

“The new race you intend—” Simon held up his hands. “You know what, you want to lead a new race starting off with one dead guy, you go right ahead. I don’t see what this has to do with me.”

“He is dead now. He need not remain so.” Lilith’s voice was cool, unemotional. “There is, of course, one kind of Downworlder whose blood offers the possibility of, shall we say, resurrection.”

“Vampires,” said Simon. “You want me to turn Sebastian into a *vampire*?”

“His name is Jonathan.” Her tone was sharp. “And yes, in a sense. I want you to bite him, to drink his blood, and to give him your blood in exchange—”

“I won’t do it.”

“Are you so sure of that?”

“A world without Sebastian”—Simon used the name deliberately—“in it is a better world than one *with* him in it. I won’t do it.” Anger was rising in Simon, a swift tide. “Anyway, I couldn’t if I wanted to. He’s *dead*. Vampires can’t bring back the dead. You ought to know that, if you know so much. Once the soul is gone from the body, nothing can bring someone back. Thankfully.”

Lilith bent her gaze on him. “You really don’t know, do you?” she said. “Clary never told you.”

Simon was getting fed up. “Never told me what?”

She chuckled. “An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life. To prevent chaos there must be order. If a life is given to the Light, a life is owed to the Dark as well.”

“I have,” Simon said slowly and deliberately, “literally no idea what you’re talking about. And I don’t care. You villains and your creepy eugenics programs are starting to bore me. So I’m going to leave now. You’re welcome to try to stop me by threatening or hurting me. I encourage you to go ahead and try.”

She looked at him and chuckled. “‘Cain rose up,’” she said. “You are a bit like him whose Mark you bear. He was stubborn, as you are. Foolhardy, too.”

“He went up against—” Simon choked on the word. *God*. “I’m just dealing with you.” He turned to leave.

“I would not turn your back on me, Daylighter,” said Lilith, and there was something in her voice that made him look back at her, where she leaned on Sebastian’s coffin. “You think you cannot be hurt,” she said with a sneer. “And indeed I cannot lift a hand against you. I am not a fool; I have seen the holy fire of the divine. I have no wish to see it turned against me. I am not Valentine, to bargain with what I cannot understand. I am a demon, but a very old one. I know humanity better than you might think. I understand the weaknesses of pride, of lust for power, of desire of the flesh, of greed and vanity and love.”

“Love isn’t a weakness.”

“Oh, isn’t it?” she said, and glanced past him, with a look as cold and pointed as an icicle.

He turned, not wanting to, knowing he must, and looked behind him.

There on the brick walkway was Jace. He wore a dark suit and a white shirt. Standing in front of him was Clary, still in the pretty gold-colored dress she had worn to the Ironworks party. Her long, wavy red hair had come out of its knot and hung down around her shoulders. She stood very still in the circle of Jace’s arms. It would almost have looked like a romantic picture if it were not for the fact that in one of his hands, Jace was holding a long and glittering bone-handled knife, and the edge of it was pressed against Clary’s throat.

Simon stared at Jace in total and absolute shock. There was no emotion on Jace’s face, no light in his eyes. He seemed utterly blank.

Very slightly he inclined his head.

“I brought her, Lady Lilith,” he said. “Just as you asked.”

17

AND CAIN ROSE UP

Clary had never been so cold.

Even when she had crawled out of Lake Lyn, coughing and sputtering its poisonous water onto the shore, she hadn't been this cold. Even when she had thought Jace was dead, she hadn't felt this terrible icy paralysis in her heart. Then she had burned with rage, rage against her father. Now she just felt ice, all the way down to her toes.

She had come back to consciousness in the marble lobby of a strange building, under the shadow of an unlit chandelier. Jace had been carrying her, one arm under her bent knees, the other supporting her head. Still dizzy and groggy, she'd buried her head against his neck for a moment, trying to remember where she was.

"What happened?" she had whispered.

They had reached the elevator. Jace pushed the button, and Clary heard the rattle that meant the machine was moving down toward them. But where were they?

"You were unconscious," he said.

"But how—" She remembered then, and fell silent. His hands on her, the sting of her stele on her skin, the wave of darkness that had come over her. Something *wrong* with the rune he had drawn on her, the way it had looked and felt. She stayed motionless in his arms for a moment, and then said:

"Put me down."

He set her down on her feet, and they looked at each other. Only a small space separated them. She could have reached out and touched him, but for the first time since she had met him, she didn't want to. She had the terrible feeling that she

was looking at a stranger. He looked like Jace, and sounded like Jace when he spoke, and had felt like Jace when she was holding him. But his eyes were strange and distant, as was the tiny smile playing about his mouth.

The elevator doors opened behind him. She remembered standing in the nave of the Institute, saying “I love you” to a closed elevator door. The gap yawned behind him now, as black as the mouth of a cave. She felt for the stele in her pocket; it was gone.

“You knocked me out,” she said. “With a rune. You brought me here. *Why?*”

His beautiful face was entirely, carefully blank. “I had to do it. I didn’t have a choice.”

She turned and ran then, going for the door, but he was faster than she was. He always had been. He swung in front of her, blocking her path, and held out his hands. “Clary, don’t run,” he said. “Please. For me.”

She looked at him incredulously. His voice was the same—he sounded just like Jace, but not like him—like a recording of him, she thought, all the tones and patterns of his voice there, but the life that animated it gone. How had she not realized it before? She had thought he sounded remote because of stress and pain, but no. It was that he was *gone*. Her stomach turned over, and she bolted for the door again, only to have him catch her around the waist and swing her back toward him. She pushed at him, her fingers locking into the fabric of his shirt, ripping it sideways.

She froze, staring. On the skin of his chest, just over his heart, was a rune.

It wasn’t one she had ever seen before. It wasn’t black, like Shadowhunter runes were, but dark red, the color of blood. And it lacked the delicate grace of the runes from the Gray Book. It was scrawling, ugly, its lines sharp and cruel rather than curving and generous.

Jace didn’t seem to see it. He stared down at himself as if wondering what she was gazing at, then looked at her,

puzzled. "It's all right. You didn't hurt me."

"That rune—," she began, but cut herself off, hard. Maybe he *didn't* know it was there. "Let me go, Jace," she said instead, backing away from him. "You don't have to do this."

"You're wrong about that," he said, and reached for her again.

This time she didn't fight. What would happen even if she escaped? She couldn't just leave him here. Jace was still there, she thought, trapped somewhere behind those blank eyes, maybe screaming for her. She had to stay with him. Had to know what was happening. She let him pick her up and carry her into the elevator.

"The Silent Brothers will notice you left," she said, as the buttons for floor after floor lit up while the elevator rose. "They'll alert the Clave. They'll come looking—"

"I need not fear the Brothers. I wasn't a prisoner; they weren't expecting me to want to leave. They won't notice I'm gone until they wake up tomorrow morning."

"What if they wake up earlier than that?"

"Oh," he said, with a cold certainly, "they won't. It's much more likely the other partygoers at the Ironworks will notice you're missing. But what can they do about it? They'll have no idea where you went, and Tracking to this building is blocked." He stroked her hair back from her face, and she went still. "You're just going to have to trust me. No one's coming for you."

He didn't bring the knife out until they left the elevator, and then he said, "I would never hurt you. You know that, don't you?" even as he flicked her hair back with the tip of the blade and pressed the edge to her throat. The icy air hit her bare shoulders and arms as soon as they were out on the roof. Jace's hands were warm where he touched her, and she could feel the heat of him through her thin dress, but it didn't warm her, not inside. Inside she was filled with jagged slivers of ice.

She grew colder still when she saw Simon, looking at her with his huge dark eyes. His face looked scrubbed blank with

shock, like a white piece of paper. He was looking at her, and Jace behind her, as if he were seeing something fundamentally *wrong*, a person with their face turned inside-out, a map of the world with all the land gone and nothing left but ocean.

She barely looked at the woman beside him, with her dark hair and her thin, cruel face. Clary's gaze had gone immediately to the transparent coffin on its pedestal of stone. It seemed to glow from within, as if lit by a milky inner light. The water that Jonathan was floating in was probably not water but some other, less natural liquid. Normal Clary, she thought dispassionately, would have screamed at the sight of her brother, floating still and dead-looking and totally unmoving in what looked like Snow White's glass coffin. But frozen Clary just stared with a remote and distant shock.

Lips as red as blood, skin as white as snow, hair as black as ebony. Well, some of that was true. When she had met Sebastian, his hair had been black, but it was white-silver now, floating around his head like albino seaweed. The same color as his father's hair. *Their* father's hair. His skin was so pale it looked as if it could be made up of luminous crystals. But his lips were colorless too, as were the lids of his eyes.

"Thank you, Jace," the woman that Jace had called Lady Lilith said. "Nicely done, and very prompt. I thought I was going to have difficulties with you at first, but it appears I worried for nothing."

Clary stared. Though the woman did not look familiar, her *voice* was familiar. She had heard that voice before. But where? She tried to pull away from Jace, but his grip on her only tightened. The edge of the knife kissed her throat. An accident, she told herself. Jace—even this Jace—would never hurt her.

"You," she said to Lilith between her teeth. "What have you done to Jace?"

"Valentine's daughter speaks." The dark-haired woman smiled. "Simon? Would you like to explain?"

Simon looked like he was going to throw up. "I have no idea." He sounded as if he were choking. "Believe me, you

two were the last thing I expected to see.”

“The Silent Brothers said that a demon was responsible for what’s been happening with Jace,” Clary said, and saw Simon look more baffled than ever. The woman, though, just watched her with eyes like flat obsidian circles. “That demon was you, wasn’t it? But why Jace? What do you want from us?”

“‘Us’?” Lilith pealed with laughter. “As if you mattered in this, my girl. Why you? Because you are a means to an end. Because I needed both these boys, and both of them love you. Because Jace Herondale is the one person you trust more than anyone else in the world. And *you* are someone the Daylighter loves enough to give up his own life for. Perhaps *you* cannot be harmed,” she said, turning to Simon. “But *she* can be. Are you so stubborn that you will sit back and watch Jace cut her throat rather than give up your blood?”

Simon, looking like death itself, shook his head slowly, but before he could speak, Clary said, “Simon, no! Don’t do it, whatever it is. Jace wouldn’t hurt me.”

The woman’s fathomless eyes turned to Jace. She smiled. “Cut her,” she said. “Just a little.”

Clary felt Jace’s shoulders tense, the way they had in the park when he’d been showing her how to fight. She felt something at her throat, like a stinging kiss, cold and hot at once, and felt a warm trickle of liquid spill down onto her collarbone. Simon’s eyes widened.

He had cut her. He had actually done it. She thought of Jace crouched on the floor of the bedroom at the Institute, his pain clear in every line of his body. *I dream that you come into my room. And then I hurt you. I cut you or strangle or stab you, and you die, looking up at me with those green eyes of yours while your life bleeds away between my hands.*

She had not believed him. Not really. He was Jace. He would never hurt her. She looked down and saw the blood staining the neckline of her dress. It looked like red paint.

“You see now,” said the woman. “He does what I tell him. Don’t blame him for it. He is completely within my power. For

weeks I have crept through his head, seeing his dreams, learning his fears and wants, his guilts and desires. In a dream he accepted my Mark, and that Mark has been burning through him ever since—through his skin, down into his soul. Now his soul is in my hands, to shape or direct as I see fit. He will do whatever I say.”

Clary remembered what the Silent Brothers had said. *When a Shadowhunter is born, a ritual is performed, a number of protective spells placed upon the child by both the Silent Brothers and the Iron Sisters. When Jace died and then was raised, he was born a second time, with those protections and rituals stripped away. It would have left him as open as an unlocked door—open to any kind of demonic influence or malevolence.*

I did this, Clary thought. *I brought him back, and I wanted it kept secret. If we had only told someone what had happened, maybe the ritual could have been done in time to keep Lilith out of his head.* She felt sick with self-loathing. Behind her Jace was silent, as still as a statue, his arms around her and the knife still at her throat. She could feel it against her skin when she took a breath to speak, keeping her voice even with an effort. “I understand that you control Jace,” she said. “I don’t understand *why*. Surely there are other, easier ways to threaten me.”

Lilith sighed as if the whole business had grown tedious. “I need you,” she said, with exaggerated patience, “to get Simon to do what I want, which is give me his blood. And I need Jace not just because I needed a way to get you here, but as a counterweight. All things in magic must balance, Clarissa.” She pointed at the rough black circle drawn on the tiles, and then at Jace. “He was the first. The first to be brought back, the first soul restored to this world in the name of Light. Therefore he must be present for me to successfully restore the second, in the name of the Dark. Do you understand now, silly girl? We are all needed here. Simon to die. Jace to live. Jonathan to return. And you, Valentine’s daughter, to be the catalyst for it all.”

The demon woman's voice had dropped to a low chant. With a shock of surprise Clary realized that she now knew where she had heard it before. She saw her father, standing inside a pentagram, a black-haired woman with tentacles for eyes kneeling at his feet. The woman said, *The child born with this blood in him will exceed in power the Greater Demons of the abysses between the worlds. But it will burn out his humanity, as poison burns the life from the blood.*

"I know," Clary said through stiff lips. "I *know who you are*. I saw you cut your wrist and drip blood into a cup for my father. The angel Ithuriel showed it to me in a vision."

Simon's eyes darted back and forth between Clary and the woman, whose dark eyes held a hint of surprise. Clary guessed she didn't surprise easily. "I saw my father summon you. I know what he called you. *My Lady of Edom*. You're a Greater Demon. *You* gave your blood to make my brother what he is. You turned him into a—a horrible *thing*. If it weren't for you —"

"Yes. All that is true. I gave my blood to Valentine Morgenstern, and he put it in his baby boy, and this is the result." The woman placed her hand gently, almost as a caress, against the glass surface of Sebastian's coffin. There was the oddest smile on her face. "You might almost say that, in a way, I am Jonathan's mother."



"I told you that address didn't mean anything," Alec said.

Isabelle ignored him. The moment they had stepped through the doors of the building, the ruby pendant around her neck had pulsed, faintly, like the beat of a distant heart. That meant demonic presence. Under other circumstances she would have expected her brother to sense the weirdness of the place just like she did, but he was clearly too sunk in gloom about Magnus to concentrate.

"Get your witchlight," she said to him. "I left mine at home."

He shot her an irritated look. It was dark in the lobby, dark enough that a normal human wouldn't have been able to see. Maia and Jordan both had the excellent night vision of werewolves. They were standing at opposite ends of the room, Jordan examining the big marble lobby desk, and Maia leaning against the far wall, apparently examining her rings. "You're supposed to bring it with you everywhere," Alec replied.

"Oh? Did you bring your Sensor?" she snapped. "I didn't think so. At least I have this." She tapped the pendant. "I can tell you that there's *something* here. Something demonic."

Jordan's head snapped around. "There are demons here?"

"I don't know—maybe only one. It pulsed and faded," Isabelle admitted. "But it's too big a coincidence for this just to have been the wrong address. We have to check it out."

A dim light rose up all around her. She looked over and saw Alec holding up his witchlight, its blaze contained by his fingers. It threw strange shadows across his face, making him look older than he was, his eyes a darker blue. "So let's get going," he said. "We'll take it one floor at a time."

They moved toward the elevator, Alec first, then Isabelle, Jordan and Maia dropping into line behind them. Isabelle's boots had Soundless runes carved into the soles, but Maia's heels clicked on the marble floor as she walked. Frowning, she paused to discard them, and went barefoot the rest of the way. As Maia stepped into the elevator, Isabelle noticed that she wore a gold ring around her left big toe, set with a turquoise stone.

Jordan, glancing down at her feet, said in a surprised tone, "I remember that ring. I bought that for you at—"

"Shut up," Maia said, hitting the door close button. The doors slid shut as Jordan lapsed into silence.

They paused at every floor. Most were still under construction—there were no lights, and wires hung down from the ceilings like vines. Windows had plywood nailed over them. Drop cloths blew in the faint wind like ghosts. Isabelle kept a firm hand on her pendant, but nothing happened until

they reached the tenth floor. As the doors opened, she felt a flutter against the inside of her cupped palm, as if she had been holding a tiny bird there and it had beaten its wings.

She spoke in a whisper. "There's something here."

Alec just nodded; Jordan opened his mouth to say something, but Maia elbowed him, hard. Isabelle slipped past her brother, into the hall outside the elevators. The ruby was pulsing and vibrating against her hand now like a distressed insect.

Behind her, Alec whispered, "*Sandalphon*." Light blazed up around Isabelle, illuminating the hall. Unlike some of the other floors they had seen, this one seemed at least partly finished. Bare granite walls rose around her, and the floor was smooth black tile. A corridor led in two directions. One ended in a heap of construction equipment and tangled wires. The other ended in an archway. Beyond the archway, black space beckoned.

Isabelle turned to look back at her companions. Alec had put away his witchlight stone and was holding a blazing seraph blade, lighting the interior of the elevator like a lantern. Jordan had produced a large, brutal-looking knife and was gripping it in his right hand. Maia seemed to be in the process of putting her hair up; when she lowered her hands, she was holding a long, razor-tipped pin. Her nails had grown, too, and her eyes held a feral, greenish gleam.

"Follow me," Isabelle said. "Quietly."

Tap, tap went the ruby against Isabelle's throat as she went down the hall, like the prodding of an insistent finger. She didn't hear the rest of them behind her, but she knew they were there from the long shadows cast against the dark granite walls. Her throat was tight, her nerves singing, the way they always did before she walked into battle. This was the part she liked least, the anticipation before the release of violence. During a fight nothing mattered but the fight itself; now she had to struggle to keep her mind on the task at hand.

The archway loomed above them. It was carved marble, oddly old-fashioned for such a modern building, its sides

decorated with scrollwork. Isabelle glanced up briefly as she passed through, and almost started. The face of a grinning gargoyle was carved into the stone, leering down at her. She made a face at it and turned to look at the room she had entered.

It was vast, high-ceilinged, clearly meant to someday be a full loft apartment. The walls were floor-to-ceiling windows, giving out onto a view of the East River with Queens in the distance, the Pepsi-Cola sign flashing blood-red and navy blue down onto the black water. The lights of surrounding buildings hovered glittering in the night air like tinsel on a Christmas tree. The room itself was dark, and full of odd, humped shadows, spaced at regular intervals, low to the ground. Isabelle squinted, puzzled. They weren't animate; they appeared to be chunks of square, blocky furniture, but what—?

"Alec," she said softly. Her pendant was writhing as if alive, its ruby heart painfully hot against her skin.

In a moment her brother was beside her. He raised his blade, and the room was full of light. Isabelle's hand flew to her mouth. "Oh, dear God," she whispered. "Oh, by the Angel, no."



"You're not his mother." Simon's voice cracked as he said it; Lilith didn't even turn to look at him. She still had her hands on the glass coffin. Sebastian floated inside it, silent and unaware. His feet were bare, Simon noticed. "He has a mother. Clary's mother. Clary's his sister. Sebastian—Jonathan—won't be too pleased if you hurt her."

Lilith looked up at that, and laughed. "A brave attempt, Daylighter," she said. "But I know better. I saw my son grow up, you know. Often I visited him in the form of an owl. I saw how the woman who had given birth to him hated him. He has no love lost for her, nor should he, nor does he care for his sister. He is more like me than he is like Jocelyn Morgenstern." Her dark eyes moved from Simon to Jace and Clary. They had not moved, not really. Clary still stood in the circle of Jace's arms, with the knife near her throat. He held it

easily, carelessly, as if he were barely paying attention. But Simon knew how quickly Jace's seeming uninterest could explode into violent action.

"Jace," said Lilith. "Step into the circle. Bring the girl with you."

Obediently Jace moved forward, pushing Clary ahead of him. As they crossed the barrier of the black-painted line, the runes inside the line flashed a sudden, brilliant red—and something else lit as well. A rune on the left side of Jace's chest, just above his heart, glowed suddenly, with such brightness that Simon closed his eyes. Even with his eyes closed, he could still see the rune, a vicious swirl of angry lines, printed against the inside of his eyelids.

"Open your eyes, Daylighter," Lilith snapped. "The time has come. Will you give me your blood, or will you refuse? You know the price if you do."

Simon looked down at Sebastian in his coffin—and did a double take. A rune that was the twin of the one that had just flashed on Jace's chest was visible on his bare chest as well, just beginning to fade as Simon stared down at him. In a moment it was gone, and Sebastian was still and white again. Unmoving. Unbreathing.

Dead.

"I can't bring him back for you," Simon said. "He's *dead*. I'd give you my blood, but he can't swallow it."

Her breath hissed through her teeth in exasperation, and for a moment her eyes glowed with a harsh acidic light. "First you must bite him," she said. "You are a *Daylighter*. Angel blood runs through your body, through your blood and tears, through the fluid in your fangs. Your Daylighter blood will revive him enough that he can swallow and drink. Bite him and give him your blood, and bring him back to me."

Simon stared at her wildly. "But what you're saying—you're saying I have the power to bring back the *dead*?"

"Since you've been a Daylighter you've had that power," she said. "But not the right to use it."

“The right?”

She smiled, tracing the tip of one long red-painted nail across the top of Sebastian’s coffin. “History is written by the winners, they say,” she said. “There might not be so much of a difference between the side of Light and the side of Dark as you suppose. After all, without the Dark, there is nothing for the Light to burn away.”

Simon looked at her blankly.

“Balance,” she clarified. “There are laws older than any you can imagine. And one of them is that you cannot bring back what is dead. When the soul has left the body, it belongs to death. And it cannot be taken back without a price to pay.”

“And you’re willing to pay it? For *him*?” Simon gestured toward Sebastian.

“He *is* the price.” She threw her head back and laughed. It sounded almost like human laughter. “If the Light brings back a soul, then the Dark has the right to bring one back as well. This is my right. Or perhaps you should ask your little friend Clary what I’m talking about.”

Simon looked at Clary. She looked as if she might pass out. “Raziel,” she said faintly. “When Jace died—”

“Jace *died*?” Simon’s voice went up an octave. Jace, despite being the subject under discussion, remained serene and expressionless, his knife hand steady.

“Valentine stabbed him,” Clary said in an almost-whisper. “And then the Angel killed Valentine, and he said I could have anything I wanted. And I said I wanted Jace back, I wanted him back, and he brought him back—for me.” Her eyes were huge in her small white face. “He was dead for only a few minutes . . . hardly any time at all . . .”

“It was enough,” breathed Lilith. “I was hovering near my son during his battle with Jace; I saw him fall and die. I followed Jace to the lake, I watched as Valentine slew him, and then as the Angel raised him again. I knew that was my chance. I raced back to the river and took my son’s body from it. . . . I kept it preserved for just this moment.” She looked

fondly down at the coffin. “Everything in balance. An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth. A life for a life. Jace is the counterweight. If Jace lives, then so shall Jonathan.”

Simon couldn’t tear his eyes away from Clary. “What she’s saying—about the Angel—it’s true?” he said. “And you never told anyone?”

To his surprise it was Jace who answered. Brushing his cheek against Clary’s hair, he said, “It was our secret.”

Clary’s green eyes flashed, but she didn’t move.

“So you see, Daylighter,” said Lilith, “I am only taking what is mine by right. The Law says that the one who was first brought back must be here in the circle when the second is returned.” She indicated Jace with a contemptuous flick of her finger. “He is here. You are here. All is in readiness.”

“Then you don’t need Clary,” said Simon. “Leave her out of it. Let her go.”

“Of course I need her. I need her to motivate *you*. I cannot hurt you, Mark-bearer, or threaten you, or kill you. But I can cut out your heart when I cut out her life. And I will.”

She looked toward Clary, and Simon’s gaze followed hers.

Clary. She was so pale that she looked almost blue, though perhaps that was the cold. Her green eyes were vast in her pale face. A trickle of drying blood spilled from her collarbone to the neckline of her dress, now spotted with red. Her hands hung at her sides, loose, but they were shaking.

Simon saw her as she was, but also as she had been when she was seven years old, skinny arms and freckles and those blue plastic barrettes she’d worn in her hair until she was eleven. He thought of the first time he’d noticed she had a real girl’s shape under the baggy T-shirt and jeans she always wore, and how he hadn’t been sure if he should look or look away. He thought of her laugh and her quick pencil moving across a page, leaving intricately designed images behind: spired castles, running horses, brightly colored characters she’d made up in her head. *You can walk to school by yourself*, her mother had said, *but only if Simon goes with you*. He

thought of her hand in his when they crossed the street, and his own sense of the awesome task that he had undertaken: the responsibility for her safety.

He had been in love with her once, and maybe some part of him always would be, because she had been his first. But that wasn't what mattered now. She was Clary; she was part of him; she always had been and would be forever. As he stared at her, she shook her head, very slightly. He knew what she was saying. *Don't do it. Don't give her what she wants. Let whatever happens to me happen.*

He stepped into the circle; as his feet passed over the painted line, he felt a shiver, like an electric shock, go through him. "All right," he said. "I'll do it."

"No!" Clary cried, but Simon didn't look at her. He was watching Lilith, who smiled a cool, gloating smile as she raised her left hand and passed it across the surface of the coffin.

The lid of it vanished, peeling back in a way that reminded Simon bizarrely of peeling back the lid of a tin of sardines. As the top layer of glass pulled away, it melted and ran, dripping down the sides of the granite pedestal, crystallizing into tiny shards of glass as the drops struck the ground.

The coffin was open now, like a fish tank; Sebastian's body drifted inside, and Simon thought he could once again see the flash of the rune on his chest as Lilith reached into the tank. As Simon watched, she took Sebastian's dangling arms and crossed them over his chest with an oddly tender gesture, tucking the bandaged one under the one that was whole. She brushed a lock of his wet hair away from his still, white forehead, and stepped back, shaking milky water from her hands.

"To your work, Daylighter," she said.

Simon moved toward the coffin. Sebastian's face was slack, his eyelids still. No pulse beat in his throat. Simon remembered how much he had wanted to drink Maureen's blood. How he had craved the feeling of his teeth sinking into her skin and freeing the salty blood beneath. But this—this

was feeding off a corpse. The very thought made his stomach turn.

Though he wasn't looking at her, he was aware of Clary watching him. He could feel her breath as he bent over Sebastian. He could sense Jace, too, watching him out of blank eyes. Reaching into the coffin, he closed his hands around Sebastian's cold, slippery shoulders. Biting back the urge to be sick, he bent and sank his teeth into Sebastian's throat. Black demon blood poured into his mouth, as bitter as poison.



Isabelle moved silently among the stone pedestals. Alec was with her, *Sandalphon* in his hand, sending light winging through the room. Maia was in one corner of the room, bent over and retching, her hand braced against the wall; Jordan hovered over her, looking as if he wanted to reach out and stroke her back, but was afraid of being rebuffed.

Isabelle didn't blame Maia for throwing up. If she hadn't had years of training, she would have thrown up herself. She had never seen anything like what she was looking at now. There were dozens, maybe fifty, of the stone pedestals in the room. Atop each one was a low crib-like basket. Inside each basket was a baby. And every one of the babies was dead.

She had held out hope at first, as she walked up and down the rows, that she might find one alive. But these children had been dead for some time. Their skin was gray, their small faces bruised and discolored. They were wrapped in thin blankets, and though it was cold in the room, Isabelle didn't think it was cold enough for them to have frozen to death. She wasn't sure how they had died; she couldn't bear to investigate too closely. This was clearly a matter for the Clave.

Alec, behind her, had tears running down his face; he was cursing under his breath by the time they reached the last of the pedestals. Maia had straightened up and was leaning against the window; Jordan had given her some kind of cloth, maybe a handkerchief, to hold to her face. The cold white lights of the city burned behind her, cutting through the dark glass like diamond drills.

“Iz,” Alec said. “Who could have done something like this? *Why* would someone—even a demon—”

He broke off. Isabelle knew what he was thinking about. Max, when he had been born. She had been seven, Alec nine. They had bent over their little brother in the cradle, amused and enchanted by this fascinating new creature. They’d played with his little fingers, laughed at the weird faces he made when they tickled him.

Her heart twisted. *Max*. As she had moved down the lines of little cribs, now turned into little coffins, a sense of overwhelming dread had begun to press down on her. She couldn’t ignore the fact that the pendant around her neck was glowing with a harsh, steady glow. The sort of glow she might have expected if she were facing down a Greater Demon.

She thought of what Clary had seen in the morgue in Beth Israel. *He looked just like a normal baby. Except for his hands. They were twisted into claws. . . .*

With great care she reached into one of the cribs. Careful not to touch the baby, she twitched aside the thin blanket that wrapped its body.

She felt the breath puff out of her in a gasp. Ordinary chubby baby arms, round baby wrists. The hands looked soft and new. But the fingers—the fingers were twisted into claws, as black as burned bone, tipped with sharp little talons. She took an involuntary step back.

“What?” Maia moved toward them. She still looked sickened, but her voice was steady. Jordan followed her, hands in his pockets. “What did you find?” she asked.

“By the Angel.” Alec, beside Isabelle, was looking down into the crib. “Is this—like the baby Clary was telling you about? The one at Beth Israel?”

Slowly Isabelle nodded. “I guess it wasn’t just the one baby,” she said. “Someone’s been trying to make a lot more of them. More . . . Sebastians.”

“Why would anyone want more of *him*?” Alec’s voice was full of naked hatred.

“He was fast and strong,” Isabelle said. It almost hurt physically to say anything complimentary about the boy who had killed her brother and tried to kill her. “I guess they’re trying to breed a race of super-warriors.”

“It didn’t work.” Maia’s eyes were dark with sadness.

A noise so soft it was almost inaudible teased at the edge of Isabelle’s hearing. Her head jerked up, her hand going to her belt, where her whip was coiled. Something in the thick shadows at the edge of the room, near the door, moved, just the faintest flicker, but Isabelle had already broken away from the others and was running for the door. She burst out into the hallway near the elevators. There *was* something there—a shadow that had broken free of the greater darkness and was moving, edging along the wall. Isabelle picked up speed and threw herself forward, knocking the shadow to the floor.

It wasn’t a ghost. As they went down together in a heap, Isabelle surprised a very human-sounding grunt of surprise out of the shadowy figure. They hit the ground together and rolled. The figure was definitely human—slight and shorter than Isabelle, wearing a gray warm-up suit and sneakers. Sharp elbows came up, jabbing into Isabelle’s collarbone. A knee dug into her solar plexus. She gasped and rolled aside, feeling for her whip. By the time she got it free, the figure was on its feet. Isabelle rolled onto her stomach, flicking the whip forward; the end of it coiled around the stranger’s ankle and pulled tight. Isabelle jerked the whip back, yanking the figure off its feet.

She scrambled to her feet, reaching with her free hand for her stele, which was tucked down the front of her dress. With a quick slash she finished the *nyx* Mark on her left arm. Her vision adjusted quickly, the whole room seeming to fill with light as the night vision rune took effect. She could see her attacker more clearly now—a thin figure in a gray warm-up suit and gray sneakers, scrambling backward until its back hit the wall. The hood of the suit had fallen back, exposing the face. The head was shaved cleanly bald, but the face was definitely female, with sharp cheekbones and big dark eyes.

“Stop it,” Isabelle said, and pulled hard on the whip. The woman cried out in pain. “Stop trying to crawl away.”

The woman bared her teeth. “Worm,” she said. “Unbeliever. I will tell you nothing.”

Isabelle jammed her stele back into her dress. “If I pull hard enough on this whip, it’ll cut through your leg.” She gave the whip another flick, tightening it, and moved forward, until she was standing in front of the woman, looking down at her. “Those babies,” she said. “What happened to them?”

The woman gave a bubbling laugh. “They were not strong enough. Weak stock, too weak.”

“Too weak for what?” When the woman didn’t answer, Isabelle snapped, “You can tell me or lose your leg. Your choice. Don’t think I won’t let you bleed to death here on the floor. Child-murderers don’t deserve mercy.”

The woman hissed, like a snake. “If you harm me, She will smite you down.”

“Who—” Isabelle broke off, remembering what Alec had said. *Talto is another name for Lilith. You might say she’s the demon goddess of dead children.* “Lilith,” she said. “You worship Lilith. You did all this . . . for her?”

“Isabelle.” It was Alec, carrying the light of *Sandalphon* before him. “What’s going on? Maia and Jordan are searching, looking for any more . . . children, but it looks like they were all in the big room. What’s going on here?”

“This . . . person,” Isabelle said with disgust, “is a cult member of the Church of Talto. Apparently they worship Lilith. And they’ve murdered all these babies for her.”

“Not murder!” The woman struggled upright. “Not murder. Sacrifice. They were tested and found weak. Not our fault.”

“Let me guess,” Isabelle said. “You tried injecting the pregnant women with demon blood. But demon blood is toxic stuff. The babies couldn’t survive. They were born deformed, and then they died.”

The woman whimpered. It was a very slight sound, but Isabelle saw Alec's eyes narrow. He had always been the one of them that was best at reading people.

"One of those babies," he said. "It was yours. How could you inject your own child with demon blood?"

The woman's mouth trembled. "I didn't. *We* were the ones who took the blood injections. The mothers. Made us stronger, faster. Our husbands, too. But we got sick. Sicker and sicker. Our hair fell out. Our nails . . ." She raised her hands, showing the blackened nails, the torn, bloody nail beds where some had fallen away. Her arms were dotted with blackish bruises. "We're all dying," she said. There was a faint sound of satisfaction in her voice. "We will be dead in days."

"She made you take poison," Alec said, "and yet you worship her?"

"You don't understand." The woman sounded hoarse, dreamy. "I had nothing before She found me. None of us did. I was on the streets. Sleeping on subway gratings so I wouldn't freeze. Lilith gave me a place to live, a family to take care of me. Just to be in Her presence is to be safe. I never felt safe before."

"You've seen Lilith," Isabelle said, struggling to keep the disbelief from her voice. She was familiar with demon cults; she had done a report on them once, for Hodge. He had given her high marks on it. Most cults worshipped demons they had imagined or invented. Some managed to raise weak minor demons, who either killed them all when set free, or contented themselves with being served by the cult members, all their needs attended to, and little asked of them in return. She had never heard of a cult who worshipped a Greater Demon in which the members had ever actually *seen* that demon in the flesh. Much less a Greater Demon as powerful as Lilith, the mother of warlocks. "You've been in her presence?"

The woman's eyes fluttered half-shut. "Yes. With Her blood in me I can feel when She is near. As She is now."

Isabelle couldn't help it; her free hand flew to her pendant. It had been pulsing on and off since they'd entered the

building; she had assumed it was because of the demon blood in the dead children, but the presence nearby of a Greater Demon would make even more sense. “She’s here? Where is she?”

The woman seemed to be drifting off into sleep. “Upstairs,” she said vaguely. “With the vampire boy. The one who walks by day. She sent us to fetch him for Her, but he was protected. We could not lay hands on him. Those who went to find him died. Then, when Brother Adam returned and told us the boy was guarded by holy fire, Lady Lilith was angry. She slew him where he stood. He was lucky, to die by Her hand, so lucky.” Her breath rattled. “And She is clever, Lady Lilith. She found another way to bring the boy. . . .”

The whip dropped from Isabelle’s suddenly limp hand. “Simon? She brought Simon here? Why?”

“None that go unto Her,” the woman breathed, “return again . . .”

Isabelle dropped to her knees, seizing up the whip. “Stop it,” she said in a voice that shook. “Stop yammering and tell me where he is. Where did she take him? Where is Simon? Tell me, or I’ll—”

“Isabelle.” Alec spoke heavily. “Iz, there’s no point. She’s dead.”

Isabelle stared at the woman in disbelief. She had died, it seemed, between one breath and the next, her eyes wide open, her face set in slack lines. It was possible to see now that beneath the starvation and the baldness and the bruising, she had probably been quite young, not more than twenty. “God *damn* it.”

“I don’t get it,” Alec said. “What does a Greater Demon want with Simon? He’s a vampire. Granted, a powerful vampire, but—”

“The Mark of Cain,” Isabelle said distractedly. “This must have something to do with the Mark. It’s got to.” She moved toward the elevator and jabbed at the call button. “If Lilith was

really Adam's first wife, and Cain was Adam's son, then the Mark of Cain is nearly as old as she is."

"Where are you going?"

"She said they were upstairs," Isabelle said. "I'm going to search every floor until I find him."

"She can't hurt him, Izzy," said Alec in the reasonable voice Isabelle detested. "I know you're worried, but he's got the Mark of Cain; he's untouchable. Even a Greater Demon can't harm him. No one can."

Isabelle scowled at her brother. "So what do you think she wants him for, then? So she'll have someone to pick up her dry cleaning during the day? Really, Alec—"

There was a *ping*, and the arrow above the farthest elevator lit up. Isabelle started forward as the doors began to open. Light flooded out . . . and after the light, a wave of men and women—bald, emaciated, and dressed in gray tracksuits and sneakers—poured out. They were brandishing crude weapons culled from the debris of construction: jagged shards of glass, torn-off chunks of rebar, concrete blocks. None of them spoke. In a silence as total as it was eerie, they surged from the elevator as one, and advanced on Alec and Isabelle.

18

SCARS OF FIRE

Clouds had rolled in over the river, the way they sometimes did at night, bringing a thick mist with them. It didn't hide what was happening on the roof, just laid a sort of dimming fog over everything else. The buildings rising all around them were murky pillars of light, and the moon glowed barely, a muffled lamp, through the low scudding clouds. The broken bits of the glass coffin, scattered across the tiled ground, shone like shards of ice, and Lilith, too, shone, pale under the moon, watching Simon as he bent over Sebastian's still body, drinking his blood.

Clary could hardly bear to watch. She knew Simon hated what he was doing; she knew he was doing it for her. For her, and even, a little bit, for Jace. And she knew what the next step in the ritual would be. Simon would give up his blood, willingly, to Sebastian, and Simon would die. Vampires could die when their blood was drained. He would die, and she would lose him forever, and it would—all of it—be her own fault.

She could feel Jace behind her, his arms still tight around her, the soft, regular beat of his heart against her shoulder blades. She remembered the way he had held her on the steps of the Accords Hall in Idris. The sound of the wind in the leaves as he'd kissed her, his hands warm on either side of her face. The way she had felt his heart beating and thought that no one else's heart beat like his, like every pulse of his blood matched her own.

He *had* to be in there somewhere. Like Sebastian inside his glass prison. There had to be some way to reach him.

Lilith was watching Simon as he bent over Sebastian, her dark eyes wide and fixed. Clary and Jace might as well not have been there at all.

“Jace,” Clary whispered. “Jace, I don’t want to watch this.”

She pressed back against him, as if she were trying to snuggle into his arms, then pretended a wince as the knife brushed the side of her throat.

“Please, Jace,” she whispered. “You don’t need the knife. You know I can’t hurt you.”

“But why—”

“I just want to look at you. I want to see your face.”

She felt his chest rise and fall once, fast. A shudder went through him, as if he were fighting something, pushing against it. Then he moved, the way only he could move, so swiftly it was like a flash of light. He kept his right arm tight around her; his left hand slid the knife into his belt.

Her heart leaped wildly. *I could run*, she thought, but he would only catch her, and it was only a moment. Seconds later both arms were around her again, his hands on her arms, turning her. She felt his fingers trail over her back, her bare, shivering arms, as he spun her to face him.

She was looking away from Simon now, away from the demon woman, though she could still feel their presence at her back, shivering up her spine. She looked up at Jace. His face was so familiar. The lines of it, the way his hair fell across his forehead, the faint scar over his cheekbone, another at his temple. His eyelashes a shade darker than his hair. His eyes were the color of pale yellow glass. That was where he was different, she thought. He still looked like Jace, but his eyes were clear and blank, as if she were looking through a window into an empty room.

“I’m afraid,” she said.

He stroked her shoulder, sending sparks winging through her nerves; with a feeling of sickness she realized her body still responded to his touch. “I won’t let anything happen to you.”

She stared at him. *You really think that, don't you? Somehow you can't see the disconnect between your actions and your intentions. Somehow she's taken that away from you.*

"You won't be able to stop her," she said. "She's going to kill me, Jace."

He shook his head. "No. She wouldn't do that."

Clary wanted to scream, but she kept her voice deliberate, careful, calm. "I know you're in there, Jace. The real you." She pressed closer to him. The buckle on his belt dug into her waist. "You could fight her. . . ."

It had been the wrong thing to say. He tensed all over, and she saw a flash of anguish in his eyes, the look of an animal in a trap. In another instant it had turned to hardness. "I can't."

She shivered. The look on his face was awful, so awful. At her shudder his eyes softened. "Are you cold?" he said, and for a moment he sounded like Jace again, concerned about her well-being. It made her throat hurt.

She nodded, though physical cold was the furthest thing from her mind. "Can I put my hands inside your jacket?"

He nodded. His jacket was unbuttoned; she slid her arms inside, her hands touching his back lightly. Everything was eerily silent. The city seemed frozen inside an icy prism. Even the light radiating off the buildings around them was still and cold.

He breathed slowly, steadily. She could see the rune on his chest through the torn fabric of his shirt. It seemed to pulse when he breathed. It was sickening, she thought, attached to him like that, like a leech, sucking out what was good, what was *Jace*.

She remembered what Luke had said to her about destroying a rune. *If you disfigure it enough, you can minimize or destroy its power. Sometimes in battle the enemy will try to burn or slice off a Shadowhunter's skin, just to deprive them of the power of their runes.*

She kept her eyes fixed on Jace's face. *Forget about what's happening*, she thought. *Forget about Simon, about the knife*

at your throat. What you say now matters more than anything you've ever said before.

"Remember what you said to me in the park?" she whispered.

He looked down at her, startled. "What?"

"When I told you I didn't speak Italian. I remember what you told me, what that quote meant. You said it meant love is the most powerful force on earth. More powerful than anything else."

A tiny line appeared between his eyebrows. "I don't . . ."

"Yes, you do." *Tread carefully*, she told herself, but she couldn't help it, couldn't help the strain that surfaced in her voice. "You remember. The most powerful force there is, you said. Stronger than Heaven or Hell. It has to be more powerful than Lilith, too."

Nothing. He stared at her as if he couldn't hear her. It was like shouting down into a black, empty tunnel. *Jace, Jace, Jace. I know you're in there.*

"There's a way you could protect me and still do what she wants," she said. "Wouldn't that be the best thing?" She pressed her body closer against his, feeling her stomach twist. It was like holding Jace and not like it, all at the same time, joy and horror mixed together. And she could feel his body react to her, the drumbeat of his heart in her ears, her veins; he had not stopped wanting her, whatever layers of control Lilith exerted over his mind.

"I'll whisper it to you," she said, brushing her lips against his neck. She breathed in the scent of him, as familiar as the scent of her own skin. "Listen."

She tilted her face up, and he leaned down to hear her—and her hand moved from his waist to clamp down on the hilt of the knife in his belt. She whipped it upward, just as he had shown her when they had trained, balancing its weight in her palm, and she slashed the blade across the left side of his chest in a wide, shallow arc. Jace cried out—more in surprise than pain, she guessed—and blood burst from the cut, spilling

down his skin, obscuring the rune. He put his hand to his chest; when it came away red, he stared at her, his eyes wide, as if somehow he was genuinely hurt, genuinely unable to believe in her betrayal.

Clary spun away from him as Lilith cried out. Simon was no longer bending over Sebastian; he had straightened up and was staring down at Clary, the back of his hand jammed against his mouth. Black demon blood dripped from his chin onto his white shirt. His eyes were wide.

“Jace,” Lilith’s voice soared upward in astonishment. “Jace, get hold of her—I order it—”

Jace didn’t move. He was staring from Clary, to Lilith, at his bloody hand, and then back again. Simon had begun to back away from Lilith; suddenly he stopped with a jerk and bent double, falling to his knees. Lilith whirled away from Jace and advanced on Simon, her hard face contorted. “Get up!” she shrieked. “Get on your feet! You drank his blood. Now he needs yours!”

Simon struggled to a sitting position, then slid limply to the ground. He retched, coughing up black blood. Clary remembered him in Idris, saying that Sebastian’s blood was like poison. Lilith drew back her foot to kick him—then staggered back as if an invisible hand had pushed her, hard. Lilith screeched—not words, just a scream like the cry of an owl. It was a sound of unadulterated hatred and rage.

It was not a sound a human being could have made; it felt like jagged shards of glass being driven into Clary’s ears. She cried out, “Leave Simon alone! He’s sick. Can’t you see he’s sick?”

She was immediately sorry she’d spoken. Lilith turned slowly, her gaze sliding over Jace, cold and imperious. “I told you, Jace Herondale.” Her voice rang out. “Don’t let the girl leave the circle. Take her weapon.”

Clary had barely realized she was still holding the knife. She felt so cold she was nearly numb, but beneath that a wash of unbearable rage at Lilith—at everything—freed the movement of her arm. She flung the knife at the ground. It

skidded across the tiles, fetching up at Jace's feet. He stared down at it blindly, as if he'd never seen a weapon before.

Lilith's mouth was a thin red slash. The whites of her eyes had vanished; they were all black. She did not look human. "Jace," she hissed. "Jace Herondale, you heard me. And you *will* obey me."

"Take it," Clary said, looking at Jace. "Take it and kill either her or me. It's your choice."

Slowly Jace bent down and picked up the knife.



Alec had *Sandalphon* in one hand, a *hachiwara*—good for parrying multiple attackers—in the other. At least six cultists lay at his feet, dead or unconscious.

Alec had fought quite a few demons in his time, but there was something especially eerie about fighting the cultists of the Church of Talto. They moved all together, less like people than like an eerie dark tide—eerie because they were so silent and so bizarrely strong and fast. They also seemed totally unafraid of death. Though Alec and Isabelle shouted at them to keep back, they kept moving forward in a wordless, clustering horde, flinging themselves at the Shadowhunters with the self-destructive mindlessness of lemmings hurling themselves over a cliff. They had backed Alec and Isabelle down the hallway and into the big, open room full of stone pedestals, when the noise of the fight brought Jordan and Maia running: Jordan in wolf form, Maia still human, but with her claws fully out.

The cultists seemed barely to register their presence. They fought on, falling one after the other as Alec, Maia, and Jordan laid about themselves with knives, claws, and blades. Isabelle's whip traced shimmering patterns in the air as it sliced through bodies, sending fine sprays of blood into the air. Maia especially was acquitting herself well. At least a dozen cultists lay crumpled around her, and she was laying into another one with a blazing fury, her clawed hands red to the wrists.

A cultist streaked across Alec's path and lunged at him, hands outstretched. Its hood was up; he couldn't see its face, or guess at sex or age. He sank the blade of *Sandalphon* into the left side of its chest. It screamed—a male scream, loud and hoarse. The man collapsed, clawing at his chest, where flames were licking at the edge of the torn hole in his jacket. Alec turned away, sickened. He hated watching what happened to humans when a seraph blade pierced their skin.

Suddenly he felt a searing burn across his back, and turned to see a second cultist wielding a jagged piece of rebar. This one was hoodless—a man, his face so thin that his cheekbones seemed to be digging through his skin. He hissed and lunged again at Alec, who leaped aside, the weapon whistling harmlessly past him. He spun and kicked it out of the cultist's hand; it rattled to the floor, and the cultist backed up, nearly tripped over a body—and ran.

Alec hesitated for a moment. The cultist who had just attacked him had nearly made it to the door. Alec knew he ought to follow—for all he knew, the man might be running to warn someone or to get reinforcements—but he felt bone-weary, disgusted, and a little sick. These people might be possessed; they might barely be people anymore, but it still felt too much like killing human beings.

He wondered what Magnus would say, but to tell the truth, he already knew. Alec had fought creatures like this before, the cult servants of demons. Almost all that was human about them had been consumed by the demon for energy, leaving nothing but a murderous yearning to kill and a human body dying slowly in agony. They were beyond help: incurable, unfixable. He heard Magnus's voice as if the warlock stood beside him. *Killing them is the most merciful thing you can do.*

Jamming the *hachiwara* back into his belt, Alec gave chase, pounding out the door and into the hall after the fleeing cultist. The hallway was empty, the farthest of the elevator doors jammed open, a weird high-pitched alarm noise sounding through the corridor. Several doorways branched off from the foyer. Shrugging inwardly, Alec picked one at random and dashed through it.

He found himself in a maze of small rooms that were barely finished—drywall had been hastily thrown up, and bouquets of multicolored wire sprouted from holes in the walls. The seraph blade threw a patchwork quilt of light across the walls as he moved cautiously through the rooms, his nerves prickling. At one point the light caught movement, and he jumped. Lowering the blade, he saw a pair of red eyes and a small gray body skittering into a hole in the wall. Alec’s mouth twitched. That was New York for you. Even in a building as new as this one, there were rats.

Eventually the rooms opened out into a larger space—not as large as the room with the pedestals, but more sizeable than the others. There was a wall of glass here, too, with cardboard taped across sections of it.

A dark shape was huddled in one corner of the room, near an exposed section of piping. Alec approached cautiously. Was it a trick of the light? No, the shape was recognizably human, a bent, huddled figure in dark clothes. Alec’s night vision rune twinged as he narrowed his eyes, moving forward. The shape resolved itself into a slim woman, barefoot, her hands chained in front of her to a length of pipe. She raised her head as Alec approached, and the dim light that poured through the windows illuminated her pale white-blond hair.

“Alexander?” she said, her voice rich with disbelief. “Alexander Lightwood?”

It was Camille.



“*Jace.*” Lilith’s voice came down like a whip across bare flesh; even Clary flinched at the sound of it. “I command you to—”

Jace’s arm drew back—Clary tensed, bracing herself—and he flung the knife at Lilith. It whipped through the air, end over end, and sank into her chest; she staggered back, caught off balance. Lilith’s heels skidded on the smooth stone; the demoness righted herself with a snarl, reaching down to pluck the knife from her ribs. Spitting something in a language Clary

couldn't understand, she let it drop. It fell hissing to the ground, its blade half-eaten away, as if by a powerful acid.

She whirled on Clary. "What did you do to him? *What did you do?*" Her eyes had been all black a moment ago. Now they seemed to bulge and protrude. Small black serpents slithered from her eye sockets; Clary cried out and stepped back, almost tripping over a low hedge. This was the Lilith she had seen in Ithuriel's vision, with her slithering eyes and harsh, echoing voice. She advanced on Clary—

And suddenly Jace was between them, blocking Lilith's path. Clary stared. He was himself again. He seemed to burn with a righteous fire, as Raziel had by Lake Lyn that horrible night. He had drawn a seraph blade from his belt; the white-silver of it reflected in his eyes; blood dripped from the rent in his shirt and slicked his bare skin. The way he looked at her, at Lilith—if angels could rise up out of Hell, Clary thought, they would look like that. "*Michael,*" he said, and Clary wasn't sure whether it was the strength of the name, or the rage in his voice, but the blade he held blazed up brighter than any seraph blade she'd ever seen. She looked aside for a moment, blinded, and saw Simon lying in a crumpled dark heap beside Sebastian's glass coffin.

Her heart twisted inside her chest. What if Sebastian's demon blood had poisoned him? The Mark of Cain wouldn't help him. It was something he had done willingly, to himself. For her. *Simon.*

"Ah, Michael." Lilith's voice was rich with laughter as she moved toward Jace. "The captain of the hosts of the Lord. I knew him."

Jace raised the seraph blade; it blazed like a star, so bright that Clary wondered if all the city could see it, like a searchlight piercing the sky. "Don't come any closer."

Lilith, to Clary's surprise, paused. "Michael slew the demon Sammael, whom I loved," she said. "Why is it, little Shadowhunter, that your angels are so cold and without mercy? Why do they break that which will not obey them?"

“I had no idea you were such a proponent of free will,” said Jace, and the way he said it, his voice heavy with sarcasm, did more to reassure Clary that he was himself again than anything else would have. “How about letting us all walk off this roof now, then? Me, Simon, Clary? What do you say, demoness? It’s over. You don’t control me anymore. I won’t hurt Clary, and Simon won’t obey you. And that piece of filth you’re trying to resuscitate—I suggest you get rid of him before he starts to rot. Because he isn’t coming back, and he’s way past his sell-by date.”

Lilith’s face twisted. She spat at Jace, and her spit was a black flame that hit the ground and became a snake that wiggled toward him, its jaws agape. He smashed it with a booted foot and lunged for the demoness, blade outstretched; but Lilith was gone like a shadow when light shone on it, vanishing and reforming just behind him. As he spun, she reached out almost lazily and slammed her open palm against his chest.

Jace went flying, Michael knocked from his hand, skittering across the stone tiles. Jace sailed through the air and struck the low roof wall with such force that splintering lines appeared in the stone. He hit the ground hard, visibly stunned.

Gasping, Clary ran for the fallen seraph blade, but never reached it. Lilith caught Clary up in two thin, icy hands and threw her with incredible force. Clary hurtled into a low hedge, the branches slashing viciously at her skin, opening up long cuts. She struggled to free herself, her dress tangled in the foliage. She heard the silk rip as she tore free and turned to see Lilith drag Jace to his feet, her hand fastened in the bloody front of his shirt.

She grinned at him, and her teeth were black too, and gleamed like metal. “I am glad you’re on your feet, little Nephilim. I want to see your face when I kill you, not stab you in the back the way you did my son.”

Jace wiped his sleeve across his face; he was bleeding from a long cut along his cheek, and the fabric came away red. “He’s not your son. You donated some blood to him. That

doesn't make him yours. Mother of warlocks—" He turned his head and spat, blood. "You're not anyone's mother."

Lilith's snake eyes darted back and forth furiously. Clary, disentangling herself painfully from the hedge, saw that each of the snake heads had two eyes of its own, glittering and red. Clary's stomach turned as the snakes moved, their gazes seeming to slither up and down Jace's body. "Cutting my rune apart. How crude," she spat.

"But effective," said Jace.

"You cannot win against me, Jace Herondale," she said. "You may be the greatest Shadowhunter this world has known, but I am more than a Greater Demon."

"Then, fight me," said Jace. "I'll give you a weapon. I'll have my seraph blade. Fight me one on one, and we'll see who wins."

Lilith looked at him, shaking her head slowly, her dark hair swirling around her like smoke. "I am the oldest of demons," she said. "I am not a *man*. I have no male pride for you to trick me with, and I am not interested in single combat. That is entirely a weakness of your sex, not mine. I am a woman. I will use any weapon and all weapons to get what I want." She let go of him then, with a half-contemptuous shove; Jace stumbled for a moment, righting himself quickly and reaching to the ground for the glittering blade of Michael.

He seized it just as Lilith laughed and raised her hands. Half-opaque shadows exploded from her open palms. Even Jace looked shocked as the shadows solidified into the forms of twin black shadowy demons with shimmering red eyes. They hit the ground, pawing and growling. They were *dogs*, Clary thought in amazement, two gaunt, vicious-looking black dogs that vaguely resembled Doberman pinschers.

"Hellhounds," breathed Jace. "Clary—"

He broke off as one of the dogs sprang toward him, its mouth opened as wide as a shark's, a loud, baying howl erupting from its throat. A moment later the second one leaped into the air, launching itself directly at Clary.



“Camille.” Alec’s head was spinning. “What are you doing here?”

He immediately realized that he sounded like an idiot. He fought down the urge to smack himself in the forehead. The last thing he wanted was to look like a fool in front of Magnus’s ex-girlfriend.

“It was Lilith,” said the vampire woman in a small, trembling voice. “She had her cult members break into the Sanctuary. It isn’t warded against humans, and they’re human—barely. They cut my chains and brought me here, to her.” She raised her hands; the chains binding her wrists to the pipe rattled. “They brutalized me.”

Alec crouched down, bringing his eyes on a level with Camille’s. Vampires didn’t bruise—they healed too quickly for that—but her hair was matted with blood on the left side, which made him think she was telling the truth. “Let’s say I believe you,” he said. “What did she want with you? Nothing in what I know about Lilith says she has a particular interest in vampires.”

“You know why the Clave was holding me,” she said. “You would have heard.”

“You killed three Shadowhunters. Magnus said you claimed you were doing it because someone had ordered you to—” He broke off. “Lilith?”

“If I tell you, will you help me?” Camille’s lower lip trembled. Her eyes were huge, green, pleading. She was very beautiful. Alec wondered if she had once looked at Magnus like this. It made him want to shake her.

“I might,” he said, astonished at the coldness in his own voice. “You don’t have a lot of bargaining power here. I could go off and leave you for Lilith to have, and it wouldn’t make much difference to me.”

“Yes, it would,” she said. Her voice was low. “Magnus loves you. He wouldn’t love you if you were the sort of person who could abandon someone helpless.”

“He loved *you*, ” Alec said.

She gave a wistful smile. “He appears to have learned better since then.”

Alec rocked back on his heels slightly. “Look,” he said. “Tell me the truth. If you do, I’ll cut you free and bring you to the Clave. They’ll treat you better than Lilith would.”

She looked down at her wrists, chained to the pipe. “The Clave chained me,” she said. “Lilith chained me. I see little difference in my treatment between the two.”

“I guess it’s your choice, then. Trust me, or trust her,” Alec said. It was a gamble, he knew.

He waited for several tense moments before she said, “Very well. If Magnus trusts you, I will trust you.” She raised her head, doing her best to look dignified despite torn clothing and bloody hair. “Lilith came to me, not I to her. She had heard I was looking to recover my position as head of the Manhattan clan from Raphael Santiago. She said she would help me, if I would help her.”

“Help her by murdering Shadowhunters?”

“She wanted their blood,” said Camille. “It was for those babies. She was injecting Shadowhunter blood and demon blood into the mothers, trying to replicate what Valentine did to his son. It didn’t work, though. The babies became twisted things—and then they died.” Catching his revolted look, she said, “I didn’t know at first what she wanted the blood *for*. You may not think much of me, but I have no taste for murdering innocents.”

“You didn’t have to do it,” said Alec. “Just because she offered.”

Camille smiled tiredly. “When you are as old as I am,” she said, “it is because you have learned to play the game correctly—to make the right alliances at the right times. To ally yourself not just with the powerful, but with those who you believe will make you powerful. I knew that if I did not agree to assist Lilith, she would kill me. Demons are not by nature trusting, and she would think that I would go to the Clave with

what I knew about her plans to kill Shadowhunters, even if I promised her I would stay silent. I took a chance that Lilith was a greater danger to me than your kind were.”

“And you didn’t mind killing Shadowhunters.”

“They were Circle members,” said Camille. “They had killed my kind. And yours.”

“And Simon Lewis? What was your interest in him?”

“Everyone wants the Daylighter on their side.” Camille shrugged. “And I knew he had the Mark of Cain. One of Raphael’s vampire underlings is still loyal to me. He passed on the information. Few other Downworlders know of it. It makes him an incalculably valuable ally.”

“Is that what Lilith wants with him?”

Camille’s eyes widened. Her skin was very pale, and beneath it Alec could see that her veins had darkened, the pattern of them beginning to spread across the whiteness of her face like widening cracks in china. Eventually, starving vampires became savage, then lost consciousness, once they had been without blood for too long. The older they were, the longer they could stave it off, but Alec couldn’t help but wonder how long it had been since she had fed. “What do you mean?”

“Apparently she’s summoned Simon to meet with her,” said Alec. “They’re somewhere in the building.”

Camille stared a moment longer, then laughed. “A true irony,” she said. “She never mentioned him to me, and I never mentioned him to her, and yet both of us were pursuing him for our own ends. If she wants him, it’s for his blood,” she added. “The ritual she’s performing is most assuredly one of blood magic. His blood—mixed Downworlder and Shadowhunter blood—would be of great use to her.”

Alec felt a flicker of unease. “But she can’t hurt him. The Mark of Cain—”

“She’ll find a way around that,” said Camille. “She is Lilith, mother of warlocks. She’s been alive a *long* time, Alexander.”

Alec got to his feet. “Then I’d better find out what she’s doing.”

Camille’s chains rattled as she tried to rise to her knees. “Wait—but you said you would free me.”

Alec turned and looked down at her. “I didn’t. I said I would let the Clave have you.”

“But if you leave me here, nothing prevents Lilith from finding me first.” She tossed her matted hair back; lines of strain showed in her face. “Alexander, please. I beg you—”

“Who’s Will?” Alec said. The words came out abruptly, unexpectedly, and much to his horror.

“Will?” For a moment her face was blank; then it creased into a look of realization, and near amusement. “You heard my conversation with Magnus.”

“Some of it.” Alec exhaled carefully. “Will is dead, isn’t he? I mean, Magnus said it was a long time ago that he knew him. . . .”

“I know what’s bothering you, little Shadowhunter.” Camille’s voice had gone musical and soft. Behind her, through the windows, Alec could see the distant flickering lights of a plane as it flew over the city. “At first you were happy. You thought of the moment, not of the future. Now you have realized. You will grow old, and will someday die. And Magnus will not. He will continue. You will not grow old together. You will grow apart instead.”

Alec thought of the people on the airplane, high up in the cold and icy air, looking down on the city like a field of glittering diamonds, far below. Of course, he had never been in an airplane himself. He was only guessing at how it would feel: lonely, distant, disconnected from the world. “You can’t know that,” he said. “That we’ll grow apart.”

She smiled pityingly. “You’re beautiful now,” she said. “But will you be in twenty years? In forty? Fifty? Will he love your blue eyes when they fade, your soft skin when age cuts deep furrows in it? Your hands when they wrinkle and grow weak, your hair when it grows white—”

“Shut up.” Alec heard the crack in his own voice, and was ashamed. “Just shut up. I don’t want to hear it.”

“It doesn’t have to be that way.” Camille leaned toward him, her green eyes luminous. “What if I told you that you didn’t have to grow old? Didn’t have to die?”

Alec felt a wave of rage. “I’m not interested in becoming a vampire. Don’t even bother making the offer. Not if the only other alternative was death.”

For the briefest of moments her face twisted. It was gone in a flash as her control reasserted itself; she smiled a thin smile and said, “That wasn’t my suggestion. What if I told you there was another way? Another way for the two of you to be together forever?”

Alec swallowed. His mouth was as dry as paper. “Tell me,” he said.

Camille raised her hands. Her chains rattled. “Cut these free.”

“No. Tell me first.”

She shook her head. “I won’t do that.” Her expression was as hard as marble, as was her voice. “You said I had nothing to bargain with. But I do. And I will not give it away.”

Alec hesitated. In his head he heard Magnus’s soft voice. *She is a master of implication and manipulation. She always has been.*

But Magnus, he thought. You never told me. Never warned me it would be like this, that I would wake up one day and realize that I was going somewhere you couldn’t follow. That we are essentially not the same. There’s no “till death do us part” for those who never die.

He took a step toward Camille, and then another. Raising his right arm, he brought the seraph blade down, as hard as he could. It sheared through the metal of her chains; her wrists sprang apart, still in their manacles but free. She brought her hands up, her expression gloating, triumphant.

“Alec.” Isabelle spoke from the doorway; Alec turned and saw her standing there, her whip at her side. It was stained with blood, as were her hands and her silk dress. “What are you doing in here?”

“Nothing. I—” Alec felt a wave of shame and horror; almost without thinking, he moved to step in front of Camille, as if he could obscure her from his sister’s view.

“They’re all dead.” Isabelle sounded grim. “The cultists. We killed every one of them. Now come on. We have to start looking for Simon.” She squinted at Alec. “Are you okay? You look really pale.”

“I cut her free,” Alec blurted. “I shouldn’t have. It’s just—”

“Cut *who* free?” Isabelle took a step into the room. The ambient city light sparked off her dress, making her shine like a ghost. “Alec, what are you blathering about?”

Her expression was blank, confused. Alec turned, following her gaze, and saw—nothing. The pipe was still there, a length of chain lying beside it, the dust on the floor only very slightly disturbed. But Camille was gone.



Clary barely had time to put her arms up before the hellhound collided with her, a cannonball of muscle and bone and hot, stinking breath. Her feet went out from under her; she remembered Jace telling her the best way to fall, how to protect yourself, but the advice flew from her mind and she hit the ground with her elbows, agony shooting through her as the skin tore. A moment later the hound was on top of her, its paws crushing her chest, its gnarled tail swishing from side to side in a grotesque imitation of a wag. The tip of its tail was spiked with nail-like protrusions like a medieval mace, and a thick growl came from its barrel-chested body, so loud and strong that she could feel her bones vibrate.

“Hold her there! Tear her throat out if she tries to get away!” Lilith snapped instructions as the second hellhound sprang at Jace; he was struggling with it, rolling over and over, a whirlwind of teeth and arms and legs and the vicious

whipping tail. Painfully Clary turned her head to the other side, and saw Lilith striding toward the glass coffin and Simon, still lying in a heap beside it. Inside the coffin Sebastian floated, as motionless as a drowned body; the milky color of the water had turned dark, probably with his blood.

The hound pinning her to the ground snarled close to her ear. The sound sent a jolt of fear through her—and along with the fear, anger. Anger at Lilith, and at herself. She was a Shadowhunter. It was one thing to be taken down by a Ravener demon when she'd never heard of the Nephilim. She had some training now. She ought to be able to do better.

Anything can be a weapon. Jace had said that to her in the park. The weight of the hellhound was crushing; she made a gagging noise and reached for her throat, as if fighting for air. It barked and snarled, baring its teeth; her fingers closed on the chain holding the Morgenstern ring around her neck. She yanked it, hard, and the chain snapped; she whipped it toward the dog's face, slashing the hound brutally across the eyes. The hound reared back, howling in pain, and Clary rolled to the side, scrambling to her knees. Bloody-eyed, the dog crouched, ready to spring. The necklace had fallen out of Clary's hand, the ring rolling away; she scrabbled for the chain as the dog leaped—

A shining blade split the night, slashing down inches from Clary's face, severing the dog's head from its body. It gave a single howl and vanished, leaving behind a scorched black mark on the stone, and the stench of demon in the air.

Hands came down, lifted Clary gently to her feet. It was Jace. He had shoved the burning seraph blade through his belt, and he held her by both hands, gazing at her with a peculiar look. She couldn't have described it, or even drawn it—hope, shock, love, yearning, and anger all mixed together in his expression. His shirt was torn in several places, soaked with blood; his jacket was gone, his fair hair matted with sweat and blood. For a moment they simply stared at each other, his grip on her hands painfully tight. Then they both spoke at once:

“Are you—,” she began.

“Clary.” Still gripping her hands, he pushed her away from him, away from the circle, toward the walkway that led to the elevators. “Go,” he said raggedly. “Get out of here, Clary.”

“Jace—”

He took a shaking breath. “*Please,*” he said, and then he let her go, drawing the seraph blade from his belt as he turned back toward the circle.



“Get up,” Lilith growled. “Get *up*.”

A hand shook Simon’s shoulder, sending a wave of agony through his head. He had been floating in darkness; he opened his eyes now and saw night sky, stars, and Lilith’s white face looming over him. Her eyes were gone, replaced by slithering black snakes. The shock of the sight was enough to propel Simon to his feet.

The moment he was upright, he retched and nearly fell to his knees again. Shutting his eyes against the nausea, he heard Lilith snarl his name, and then her hand was on his arm, guiding him forward. He let her do it. His mouth was full of the nauseating, bitter taste of Sebastian’s blood; it was spreading through his veins, too, making him sick, weak, and shivery down to his bones. His head felt like it weighed a thousand pounds, and dizziness was advancing and receding in waves.

Abruptly Lilith’s cold grip on his arm was gone. Simon opened his eyes and found that he was standing over the glass coffin, just as he had been before. Sebastian floated in the dark, milky liquid, his face smooth, no pulse in his neck. Two dark holes were visible at the side of his throat where Simon had bitten him.

Give him your blood. Lilith’s voice echoed, not aloud but inside his head. *Do it now.*

Simon looked up dizzily. His vision was fogging. He strained to see Clary and Jace through the encroaching darkness.

Use your fangs, said Lilith. Tear your wrist open. Give Jonathan your blood. Heal him.

Simon raised his wrist to his mouth. *Heal him.* Raising someone from the dead was a lot more than healing them, he thought. Maybe Sebastian's hand would grow back. Maybe that's what she meant. He waited for his fangs to come, but they didn't. He was too sick to be hungry, he thought, and fought back the insane urge to laugh.

"I can't," he said, half-gasping. "I can't—"

"*Lilith!*" Jace's voice cut through the night; Lilith turned with an incredulous hiss. Simon lowered his wrist slowly, struggling to focus his eyes. He focused on the brightness in front of him, and it became the leaping flame of a seraph blade, held in Jace's left hand. Simon could see him clearly now, a distinct image painted onto the darkness. His jacket was gone, he was filthy, his shirt torn and black with blood, but his eyes were clear and steady and focused. He no longer looked like a zombie or someone caught sleepwalking in a terrible dream.

"Where is she?" Lilith said, her snake eyes slithering forward on their stalks. "Where is the girl?"

Clary. Simon's fogged gaze scanned the darkness around Jace, but she was nowhere to be seen. His vision was beginning to clear. He could see blood smearing the tiled ground, and bits of shredded, torn satin caught on the sharp branches of a hedge. What looked like paw prints smeared the blood. Simon felt his chest tighten. He looked quickly back at Jace. Jace looked angry—very angry indeed—but not shattered the way Simon would have expected him to look if something had happened to Clary. So where was she?

"She has nothing to do with this," Jace said. "You say I can't kill you, demoness. I say I can. Let's see which of us is right."

Lilith moved so fast, she was a blur. One moment she was beside Simon, the next she was on the step above Jace. She slashed out at him with her hand; he ducked, spinning behind her, whipping the seraph blade across her shoulder. She

screamed, whirling on him, blood arcing from her wound. It was a shimmering black color, like onyx. She brought her hands together as if she meant to smash the blade between them. They struck each other with a sound like a thunderclap, but Jace was already gone, several feet away, the light of the seraph blade dancing in the air before him like the wink of a mocking eye.

If it had been any other Shadowhunter but Jace, Simon thought, he would have been dead already. He thought of Camille saying, *Man cannot contend with the divine*. Shadowhunters were human, despite their angel blood, and Lilith was more than a demon.

Pain shot through Simon. With surprise he realized his fangs had, finally, come out, and were cutting into his lower lip. The pain and the taste of blood roused him further. He began to rise to his feet, slowly, his eyes on Lilith. She certainly didn't appear to notice him, or what he was doing. Her eyes were fixed on Jace. With another sudden snarl she leaped for him. It was like watching moths flashing to and fro, watching the two of them as they battled back and forth across the rooftop. Even Simon's vampire vision had trouble keeping up as they moved, leaping over hedges, darting among the walkways. Lilith backed Jace up against the low wall that surrounded a sundial, the numbers on its face picked out in shining gold. Jace was moving so fast he was nearly a blur, the light of Michael whipping around Lilith as if she were being wrapped in a net of shining filaments. Anyone else would have been cut to ribbons in seconds. But Lilith moved like dark water, like smoke. She seemed to vanish and reappear at will, and though Jace was clearly not tiring, Simon could sense his frustration.

Finally it happened. Jace swung the seraph blade violently toward Lilith—and she caught it out of the air, her hand wrapping around the blade. Her hand was dripping black blood as she yanked the blade toward her. The drops, as they struck the ground, became tiny obsidian snakes that wiggled away into the underbrush.

Taking the blade in both hands, she raised it. Blood was running down her pale wrists and forearms like streaks of tar. With a snarling grin she snapped the blade in half; one half crumbled to a shining powder in her hands, while the other—the hilt and a jagged shard of blade—sputtered darkly, a flame half-smothered by ash.

Lilith smiled. “Poor little Michael,” she said. “He always was weak.”

Jace was panting, his hands clenched at his sides, his hair pasted to his forehead with sweat. “You and your name-dropping,” he said. “‘I knew Michael.’ ‘I knew Sammael.’ ‘The angel Gabriel did my hair.’ It’s like *I’m with the Band* with biblical figures.”

This was Jace being brave, Simon thought, brave and snarky because he thought Lilith was going to kill him, and that was the way he wanted to go, unafraid and on his feet. Like a warrior. The way Shadowhunters did. His death song would always be this—jokes and snideness and pretend arrogance, and that look in his eyes that said, *I’m better than you*. Simon just hadn’t realized it before.

“Lilith,” Jace went on, managing to make the word sound like a curse. “I studied you. In school. Heaven cursed you with barrenness. A thousand babies, and they all died. Isn’t that the case?”

Lilith held her darkly glowing blade, her face impassive. “Be careful, little Shadowhunter.”

“Or what? Or you’ll kill me?” Blood was dripping down Jace’s face from the cut on his cheek; he made no move to wipe it away. “Go ahead.”

No. Simon tried to take a step; his knees buckled, and he fell, slamming his hands into the ground. He took a deep breath. He didn’t need the oxygen, but it helped somehow, steadying him. He reached up and grabbed the edge of the stone pedestal, using it to pull himself upright. The back of his head was pounding. There was no way there would be enough time. All Lilith had to do was drive forward the jagged blade she held—

But she didn't. Looking at Jace, she didn't move, and suddenly his eyes flashed, his mouth relaxing. "*You can't kill me,*" he said, his voice rising. "What you said before—I'm the counterweight. I'm the only thing tethering *him*"—he thrust out an arm, indicating Sebastian's glass coffin—"to this world. If I die, he dies. Isn't that true?" He took a step back. "I could jump off this roof right now," he said. "Kill myself. End this."

For the first time Lilith appeared truly agitated. Her head whipped from side to side, her serpent eyes quivering, as if they were searching the wind. "Where is she? Where's the girl?"

Jace wiped blood and sweat from his face and grinned at her; his lip was already split, and blood ran down his chin. "Forget it. I sent her back downstairs while you weren't paying attention. She's gone—safe from you."

Lilith snarled. "You lie."

Jace took another step back. A few more steps would bring him to the low wall, the edge of the building. Jace could survive a lot, Simon knew, but a fall from a forty-story building might be too much even for him.

"You forget," said Lilith. "I was *there*, Shadowhunter. I watched you fall and die. I watched Valentine weep over your body. And then I watched as the Angel asked Clarissa what she desired of him, what she wanted in the world more than she wanted anything else, and she said *you*. Thinking you could be the only people in the world who could have their dead loved one back, and that there would be *no consequences*. That *is* what you thought, isn't it, both of you? Fools." Lilith spat. "You love each other—anyone can see that, looking at you—that kind of love that can burn down the world or raise it up in glory. No, she would never leave your side. Not while she thought you were in danger." Her head jerked back, her hand shooting out, fingers curved into claws. "*There.*"

There was a scream, and one of the hedges seemed to tear apart, revealing Clary, who had been crouched, hiding, in the middle of it. Kicking and clawing, she was dragged forward,

her fingernails scraping the ground, seizing in vain for a purchase on something that she could grip. Her hands left bloody trails on the tiles.

“*No!*” Jace started forward, then froze as Clary was whipped up into the air, where she hovered, dangling in front of Lilith. She was barefoot, her satin dress—now so torn and filthy it looked red and black rather than gold—swirling around her, one of her shoulder straps torn and dangling. Her hair had come completely out of its sparkling combs and spilled down over her shoulders. Her green eyes fixed on Lilith with hatred.

“You *bitch*,” she said.

Jace’s face was a mask of horror. He really had believed it when he’d said Clary was gone, Simon realized. He’d thought she was safe. But Lilith had been right. And she was gloating now, her snake’s eyes dancing as she moved her hands like a puppeteer, and Clary spun and gasped in the air. Lilith flicked her fingers, and what looked like the lash of a silver whip came down across Clary’s body, slicing her dress open, and the skin under it. She screamed and clutched at the wound, and her blood pattered down on the tiles like scarlet rain.

“*Clary.*” Jace whirled on Lilith. “All right,” he said. He was pale now, his bravado gone; his hands, clenched into fists, were white at the knuckles. “All right. Let her go, and I’ll do what you want—so will Simon. We’ll let you—”

“*Let me?*” Somehow the features of Lilith’s face had rearranged themselves. Snakes wriggled in the sockets of her eyes, her white skin was too stretched and shining, her mouth too wide. Her nose had nearly vanished. “You have no choice. And more to the point, you have annoyed me. All of you. Perhaps if you had simply done as I’d ordered, I would have let you go. You will never know now, will you?”

Simon let go of the stone pedestal, swayed, and steadied himself. Then he began to walk. Putting his feet down, one after the other, felt like heaving enormous bags of packed wet sand down the side of a cliff. Each time his foot hit the ground,

it sent a stab of pain through his body. He concentrated on moving forward, one step at a time.

“Maybe I can’t kill you,” Lilith said to Jace. “But I can torture her past the point of her endurance—torture her to madness—and make you watch. There are worse things than death, Shadowhunter.”

She flicked her fingers again, and the silver whip came down, slashing across Clary’s shoulder this time, opening up a wide gash. Clary buckled but didn’t scream, jamming her hands into her mouth, curling in on herself as if she could protect herself from Lilith.

Jace started forward to throw himself at Lilith—and saw Simon. Their gazes met. For a moment the world seemed to hang in suspension, all of it, not just Clary. Simon saw Lilith, all her attention focused on Clary, her hand drawn back, ready to deliver an even more vicious blow. Jace’s face was white with anguish, his eyes darkening as they met Simon’s—and he realized—and understood.

Jace stepped back.

The world blurred around Simon. As he leaped forward, he realized two things. One, that it was impossible, he would never reach Lilith in time; her hand was already whipping forward, the air in front of her alive with whirling silver. And two, that he had never understood before quite how *fast* a vampire could move. He felt the muscles in his legs, his back, tear, the bones in his feet and ankles crack—

And he was there, sliding between Lilith and Clary as the demoness’s hand came down. The long, razored silver wire struck him across the face and chest—there was a moment of shocking pain—and then the air seemed to burst apart around him like glittering confetti, and Simon heard Clary scream, a clear sound of shock and amazement that cut through the darkness. “*Simon!*”

Lilith froze. She stared from Simon, to Clary, still hanging in the air, and then down at her own hand, now empty. She drew in a long, ragged breath.

“Sevenfold,” she whispered—and was abruptly cut off as a blinding incandescence lit up the night. Dazed, all Simon could think of was ants burning under the concentrated beam from a magnifying glass as a great ray of fire plunged down from the sky, spearing through Lilith. For a long moment she burned white against the darkness, trapped within the blinding flame, her mouth open like a tunnel in a silent scream. Her hair lifted, a mass of burning filaments against the darkness—and then she was white gold, beaten thin against the air—and then she was salt, a thousand crystalline granules of salt that rained down at Simon’s feet with a dreadful sort of beauty.

And then she was gone.

19

HELL IS SATISFIED

The unimaginable brilliance printed on the back of Clary's eyelids faded into darkness. A surprisingly long darkness that gave way slowly to an intermittent grayish light, blotched with shadows. There was something hard and cold pressing into her back, and her whole body hurt. She heard murmured voices above her, which sent a stab of pain through her head. Someone touched her gently on the throat, and the hand was withdrawn. She took a deep breath.

Her whole body was throbbing. She opened her eyes to slits, and looked around her, trying not to move very much. She was lying on the hard tiles of the rooftop garden, one of the paving stones digging into her back. She had fallen to the ground when Lilith vanished, and was covered in cuts and bruises, her shoes were gone, her knees were bleeding, and her dress was slashed where Lilith had cut her with the magical whip, blood welling through the rents in her silk dress.

Simon was kneeling over her, his face anxious. The Mark of Cain still gleamed whitely on his forehead. "Her pulse is steady," he was saying, "but come on. You're supposed to have all those healing runes. There must be something you can do for her—"

"Not without a stele. Lilith made me throw Clary's away so she couldn't grab it from me when she woke up." The voice was Jace's, low and tense with suppressed anguish. He knelt across from Simon, on her other side, his face in shadow. "Can you carry her downstairs? If we can get her to the Institute—"

"You want *me* to carry her?" Simon sounded surprised; Clary didn't blame him.

“I doubt she’d want me touching her.” Jace stood up, as if he couldn’t bear to remain in one place. “If you could—”

His voice cracked, and he turned away, staring at the place where Lilith had stood until a moment ago, a bare patch of stone now silvered with scattered molecules of salt. Clary heard Simon sigh—a deliberate sound—and he bent over her, his hands on her arms.

She opened her eyes the rest of the way, and their gazes met. Though she knew he realized she was conscious, neither of them said anything. It was hard for her to look at him, at that familiar face with the mark she had given him blazing like a white star above his eyes.

She had known, giving him the Mark of Cain, that she was doing something enormous, something terrifying and colossal whose outcome was almost totally unpredictable. She would have done it again, to save his life. But still, while he’d been standing there, the Mark burning like white lightning as Lilith—a Greater Demon as old as mankind itself—charred away to salt, she had thought, *What have I done?*

“I’m all right,” she said. She lifted herself up onto her elbows; they hurt horribly. At some point she’d landed on them and scraped off all the skin. “I can walk just fine.”

At the sound of her voice, Jace turned. The sight of him tore at her. He was shockingly bruised and bloody, a long scratch running the length of his cheek, his lower lip swollen, and a dozen bleeding rents in his clothes. She wasn’t used to seeing him so damaged—but of course, if he didn’t have a stele to heal her, he didn’t have one to heal himself, either.

His expression was absolutely blank. Even Clary, used to reading his face as if she were reading the pages of a book, could read nothing in it. His gaze dropped to her throat, where she could still feel the stinging pain, the blood crusting there where his knife had cut her. The nothingness of his expression cracked, and he looked away before she could see his face change.

Waving away Simon’s offer of a helping hand, she tried to rise to her feet. A searing pain shot through her ankle, and she

cried out, then bit her lip. Shadowhunters didn't scream in pain. They bore it stoically, she reminded herself. No whimpering.

"It's my ankle," she said. "I think it might be sprained, or broken."

Jace looked at Simon. "Carry her," he said. "Like I told you."

This time Simon didn't wait for Clary's response; he slid one arm under her knees and the other under her shoulders and lifted her; she looped her arms around his neck and held on tight. Jace headed toward the cupola and the doors that led inside. Simon followed, carrying Clary as carefully as if she were breakable porcelain. Clary had almost forgotten how strong he was, now that he was a vampire. He no longer smelled like himself, she thought, a little wistfully—that Simon-smell of soap and cheap aftershave (that he really didn't need) and his favorite cinnamon gum. His hair still smelled like his shampoo, but otherwise he seemed to have no smell at all, and his skin where she touched it was cold. She tightened her arms around his neck, wishing he had some body heat. The tips of her fingers looked bluish, and her body felt numb.

Jace, ahead of them, shouldered the glass double doors open. Then they were inside, where it was mercifully slightly warmer. It was strange, Clary thought, being held by someone whose chest didn't rise and fall as they breathed. A strange electricity still seemed to cling to Simon, a remnant of the brutally shining light that had enveloped the roof when Lilith was destroyed. She wanted to ask him how he was feeling, but Jace's silence was so devastatingly total that she felt afraid to break it.

He reached for the elevator call button, but before his finger touched it, the doors slid open of their own accord, and Isabelle seemed to almost explode through them, her silvery-gold whip trailing behind her like the tail of a comet. Alec followed, hard on her heels; seeing Jace, Clary, and Simon there, Isabelle skidded to a stop, Alec nearly crashing into her

from behind. Under other circumstances it would almost have been funny.

“But—,” Isabelle gasped. She was cut and bloodied, her beautiful red dress torn raggedly around the knees, her black hair having come down out of its updo, strands of it matted with blood. Alec looked as if he had fared only a little better; one sleeve of his jacket was sliced open down the side, though it didn’t look as if the skin beneath had been injured. “What are you *doing* here?”

Jace, Clary, and Simon all stared at her blankly, too shell-shocked to respond. Finally Jace said dryly, “We could ask you the same question.”

“I didn’t—We thought you and Clary were at the party,” Isabelle said. Clary had rarely seen Isabelle so not self-possessed. “We were looking for Simon.”

Clary felt Simon’s chest lift, a sort of reflexive human gasp of surprise. “You *were*?”

Isabelle flushed. “I . . .”

“Jace?” It was Alec, his tone commanding. He had given Clary and Simon an astonished look, but then his attention went, as it always did, to Jace. He might not be in love with Jace anymore, if he ever really had been, but they were still *parabatai*, and Jace was always first on his mind in any battle. “What are you doing here? And for the Angel’s sake, what happened to you?”

Jace stared at Alec, almost as if he didn’t know him. He looked like someone in a nightmare, examining a new landscape not because it was surprising or dramatic but to prepare himself for whatever horrors it might reveal. “Stele,” he said finally, in a cracking voice. “Do you have your stele?”

Alec reached for his belt, looking baffled. “Of course.” He held the stele out to Jace. “If you need an *iratze*—”

“Not for me,” Jace said, still in the same odd, cracked voice. “Her.” He pointed at Clary. “She needs it more than I do.” His eyes met Alec’s, gold and blue. “Please, Alec,” he

said, the harshness gone from his voice as suddenly as it had come. "Help her for me."

He turned and walked away, toward the far side of the room, where the glass doors were. He stood, staring through them—at the garden outside or his own reflection, Clary couldn't tell.

Alec looked after Jace for a moment, then came toward Clary and Simon, stele in hand. He indicated that Simon should lower Clary to the floor, which he did gently, letting her brace her back against the wall. He stepped back as Alec knelt down over her. She could see the confusion in Alec's face, and his look of surprise as he saw how bad the cuts across her arm and abdomen were. "Who did this to you?"

"I—" Clary looked helplessly toward Jace, who still had his back to them. She could see his reflection in the glass doors, his face a white smudge, darkened here and there with bruises. The front of his shirt was dark with blood. "It's hard to explain."

"Why didn't you summon us?" Isabelle demanded, her voice thin with betrayal. "Why didn't you tell us you were coming here? Why didn't you send a fire-message, or *anything*? You know we would have come if you needed us."

"There wasn't time," Simon said. "And I didn't know Clary and Jace were going to be here. I thought I was the only one. It didn't seem right to drag you into my problems."

"D-drag me into your problems?" Isabelle sputtered. "You —," she began—and then to everyone's surprise, clearly including her own, she flung herself at Simon, wrapping her arms around his neck. He staggered backward, unprepared for the assault, but he recovered quickly enough. His arms went around her, nearly snagging on the dangling whip, and he held her tightly, her dark head just under his chin. Clary couldn't quite tell—Isabelle was speaking too softly—but it sounded like she was swearing at Simon under her breath.

Alec's eyebrows went up, but he made no comment as he bent over Clary, blocking her view of Isabelle and Simon. He touched the stele to her skin, and she jumped at the stinging

pain. "I know it hurts," he said in a low voice. "I think you hit your head. Magnus ought to look at you. What about Jace? How badly is he hurt?"

"I don't know." Clary shook her head. "He won't let me near him."

Alec put his hand under her chin, turning her face from side to side, and sketched a second light *iratze* on the side of her throat, just under her jawline. "What did he do that he thinks was so terrible?"

She flicked her eyes up toward him. "What makes you think he did anything?"

Alec let go of her chin. "Because I know him. And the way he punishes himself. Not letting you near him is punishing himself, not punishing you."

"He doesn't *want* me near him," Clary said, hearing the rebelliousness in her own voice and hating herself for being petty.

"You're all he ever wants," said Alec in a surprisingly gentle tone, and he sat back on his heels, pushing his long dark hair out of his eyes. There was something different about him these days, Clary thought, a surety about himself he hadn't had when she had first met him, something that allowed him to be generous with others as he had never been generous with himself before. "How did you two wind up here, anyway? We didn't even notice you leave the party with Simon—"

"They didn't," said Simon. He and Isabelle had detached themselves, but still stood close to each other, side by side. "I came here alone. Well, not exactly alone. I was—summoned."

Clary nodded. "It's true. We didn't leave the party with him. When Jace brought me here, I had no idea Simon was going to be here too."

"*Jace* brought you here?" Isabelle said, amazed. "Jace, if you knew about Lilith and the Church of Talto, you should have said something."

Jace was still staring through the doors. "I guess it slipped my mind," he said tonelessly.

Clary shook her head as Alec and Isabelle looked from their adoptive brother to her, as if for an explanation of his behavior. “It wasn’t really Jace,” she said finally. “He was . . . being controlled. By Lilith.”

“Possession?” Isabelle’s eyes rounded into surprised Os. Her hand tightened on her whip handle reflexively.

Jace turned away from the doors. Slowly he reached up and drew open his mangled shirt so that they could see the ugly possession rune, and the bloody slash that ran through it. “That,” he said, still in the same toneless voice, “is Lilith’s mark. It’s how she controlled me.”

Alec shook his head; he looked deeply disturbed. “Jace, usually the only way to sever a demonic connection like that is to kill the demon who’s doing the controlling. Lilith is one of the most powerful demons who ever—”

“She’s dead,” said Clary abruptly. “Simon killed her. Or I guess you could say the Mark of Cain killed her.”

They all stared at Simon. “And what about you two? How did you end up here?” he asked, his tone defensive.

“Looking for you,” Isabelle said. “We found that card Lilith must have given you. In your apartment. Jordan let us in. He’s with Maia, downstairs.” She shuddered. “The things Lilith’s been doing—you wouldn’t believe—*so* horrible—”

Alec held his hands up. “Slow down, everyone. We’ll explain what happened with us, and then Simon, Clary, you explain what happened on your end.”

The explanation took less time than Clary thought it would, with Isabelle doing much of the talking with wide, sweeping hand gestures that threatened, on occasion, to sever one of her friends’ unprotected limbs with her whip. Alec took the opportunity to go out onto the roof deck to send a fire-message to the Clave telling them where they were and asking for backup. Jace stepped aside wordlessly to let him by as he left, and again when he came back in. He didn’t speak during Simon and Clary’s explanation of what had happened on the rooftop either, even when they got to the part about Raziel

having raised Jace from the dead back in Idris. It was Izzy who finally interrupted, when Clary began to explain about Lilith being Sebastian's "mother" and keeping his body encased in glass.

"Sebastian?" Isabelle slammed her whip against the ground with enough force to open up a crack in the marble. "*Sebastian* is out there? And he's not dead?" She turned to look at Jace, who was leaning against the glass doors, arms crossed, expressionless. "I saw him die. I saw Jace cut his spine in half, and I saw him fall into the river. And now you're telling me he's *alive* out there?"

"No," Simon hastened to reassure her. "His body's there, but he's not alive. Lilith didn't get to complete the ceremony." Simon put a hand on her shoulder, but she shook it off. She had gone a deadly white color.

"'Not really alive' isn't dead enough for me," she said. "I'm going out there and I'm going to cut him into a thousand pieces." She turned toward the doors.

"Iz!" Simon put his hand on her shoulder. "Izzy. No."

"No?" She looked at him incredulously. "Give me one good reason why I shouldn't chop him into worthless-bastard-themed confetti."

Simon's eyes darted around the room, resting for a moment on Jace, as if he expected him to chime in or add a comment. He didn't; he didn't even move. Finally Simon said, "Look, you understand about the ritual, right? Because Jace was brought back from the dead, that gave Lilith the power to raise Sebastian. And to do that, she needed Jace there and alive, as—what did she call it—"

"A counterweight," put in Clary.

"That mark that Jace has on his chest. Lilith's mark." In a seemingly unconscious gesture, Simon touched his own chest, just over the heart. "Sebastian has it too. I saw them both flash at the same time when Jace stepped into the circle."

Isabelle, her whip twitching at her side, her teeth biting into her red bottom lip, said impatiently, "And?"

“I think she was making a tie between them,” said Simon. “If Jace died, Sebastian couldn’t live. So if you cut Sebastian into pieces—”

“It could hurt Jace,” Clary said, the words spilling out of her as she realized. “Oh, my God. Oh, Izzy, you can’t.”

“So we’re just going to let him *live*?” Isabelle sounded incredulous.

“Cut him to pieces if you like,” Jace said. “You have my permission.”

“Shut up,” said Alec. “Stop acting like your life doesn’t matter. Iz, weren’t you listening? Sebastian’s not alive.”

“He’s not dead, either. Not dead *enough*.”

“We need the Clave,” said Alec. “We need to give him over to the Silent Brothers. They can sever his connection to Jace, and then you’ll get all the blood you want, Iz. He’s *Valentine’s son*. And he’s a murderer. Everyone lost someone in the battle in Alicante, or knows someone who did. You think they’ll be kind to him? They’ll take him apart slowly while he’s still living.”

Isabelle stared up at her brother. Very slowly tears welled in her eyes, spilling down her cheeks, streaking the dirt and blood on her skin. “I hate it,” she said. “I hate it when you’re right.”

Alec pulled his sister closer and kissed the top of her head. “I know you do.”

She squeezed her brother’s hand briefly, then drew back. “Fine,” she said. “I won’t touch Sebastian. But I can’t stand to be this close to him.” She glanced toward the glass doors, where Jace still stood. “Let’s go downstairs. We can wait for the Clave in the lobby. And we need to get Maia and Jordan; they’re probably wondering where we went.”

Simon cleared his throat. “Someone should stay up here just to keep an eye on—on things. I’ll do it.”

“No.” It was Jace. “You go downstairs. I’ll stay. All of this is my fault. I should have made sure Sebastian was dead when

I had the chance. And as for the rest of it . . .”

His voice trailed off. But Clary remembered him touching her face in a dark hallway in the Institute, remembered him whispering, *Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*.

My fault, my fault, my own most grievous fault.

She turned to look at the others; Isabelle had pushed the call button, which was lit. Clary could hear the distant hum of the rising elevator. Isabelle’s brow creased. “Alec, maybe you should stay up here with Jace.”

“I don’t need help,” Jace said. “There’s nothing to handle. I’ll be fine.”

Isabelle threw her hands up as the elevator arrived with a *ping*. “Fine. You win. Sulk up here alone if you want.” She stalked into the elevator, Simon and Alec crowding in after her. Clary was the last to follow, turning back to look at Jace as she went. He had gone back to staring at the doors, but she could see his reflection in them. His mouth was compressed into a bloodless line, his eyes dark.

Jace, she thought as the elevator doors began to close. She willed him to turn, to look at her. He didn’t, but she felt strong hands suddenly on her shoulders, shoving her forward. She heard Isabelle say, “Alec, what on earth are you—” as she stumbled through the elevator doors and righted herself, turning to stare. The doors were closing behind her, but through them she could see Alec. He gave her a rueful little half smile and a shrug, as if to say, *What else was I supposed to do?* Clary stepped forward, but it was too late; the elevator doors had clanged shut.

She was alone in the room with Jace.



The room was littered with dead bodies—crumpled figures all in gray hooded tracksuits, flung or crumpled or slumped against the wall. Maia stood by the window, breathing hard, looking out across the scene in front of her with disbelief. She had taken part in the battle at Brocelind in Idris, and had thought that was the worst thing she would ever see. But

somehow this was worse. The blood that ran from dead cult members wasn't demon ichor; it was human blood. And the babies—silent and dead in their cribs, their small taloned hands folded one over the other, like dolls . . .

She looked down at her own hands. Her claws were still out, stained with blood from tip to root; she retracted them, and the blood ran down her palms, staining her wrists. Her feet were bare and bloodstained, and there was a long scratch along one bare shoulder still oozing red, though it had already begun to heal. Despite the swift healing lycanthropy provided, she knew she'd wake up tomorrow covered in bruises. When you were a werewolf, bruises rarely lasted more than a day. She remembered when she had been human, and her brother, Daniel, had made himself an expert in pinching her hard in places where the bruises wouldn't show.

"Maia." Jordan came in through one of the unfinished doors, ducking a bundle of dangling wires. He straightened up and moved toward her, picking his way among the bodies. "Are you all right?"

The look of concern on his face knotted her stomach.

"Where are Isabelle and Alec?"

He shook his head. He had sustained much less visible damage than she had. His thick leather jacket had protected him, as had his jeans and boots. There was a long scrape along his cheek, dried blood in his light brown hair and staining the blade of the knife he held. "I've searched the whole floor. Haven't seen them. Couple more bodies in the other rooms. They might have—"

The night lit up like a seraph blade. The windows went white, and bright light seared through the room. For a moment Maia thought the world had caught on fire, and Jordan, moving toward her through the light, seemed almost to disappear, white on white, into a shimmering field of silver. She heard herself scream, and she moved blindly backward, banging her head on the plate glass window. She put her hands up to cover her eyes—

And the light was gone. Maia lowered her hands, the world swinging around her. She reached out blindly, and Jordan was there. She put her arms around him—threw them around him, the way she used to when he came to pick her up from her house, and he would swing her into his arms, winding the curls of her hair through his fingers.

He had been slighter then, narrow-shouldered. Now muscle corded his bones, and holding him was like holding on to something absolutely solid, a pillar of granite in the midst of a blowing desert sandstorm. She clung on to him, and heard the beat of his heart under her ear as his hands smoothed her hair, one rough, soothing stroke at a time, comforting and . . . familiar. “Maia . . . it’s all right . . .”

She raised her head and pressed her mouth to his. He had changed in so many ways, but the feel of kissing him was the same, his mouth as soft as ever. He went rigid for a second with surprise, and then gathered her up against him, his hands stroking slow circles on her bare back. She remembered the first time they had ever kissed. She had handed him her earrings to put in the glove compartment of his car, and his hand had shaken so badly he’d dropped them and then apologized and apologized until she kissed him to shut him up. She’d thought he was the sweetest boy she’d ever known.

And then he was bitten, and everything changed.

She drew away, dizzy and breathing hard. He let her go instantly; he was staring at her, his mouth open, his eyes dazed. Behind him, through the window, she could see the city—she had half expected it to be flattened, a blasted white desert outside the window—but everything was exactly the same. Nothing had changed. Lights blinked on and off in the buildings across the street; she could hear the faint rush of traffic below. “We should go,” she said. “We should look for the others.”

“Maia,” he said. “Why did you just kiss me?”

“I don’t know,” she said. “Do you think we should try the elevators?”

“Maia—”

“I don’t *know*, Jordan,” she said. “I don’t know why I kissed you, and I don’t know if I’m going to do it again, but I do know I’m freaked out and worried about my friends and I want to get out of here. Okay?”

He nodded. He looked like there were a million things he wanted to say but had determined not to say them, for which she was grateful. He ran a hand through his tousled hair, rimed white with plaster dust, and nodded. “Okay.”



Silence. Jace was still leaning against the door, only now he had his forehead pressed against it, his eyes closed. Clary wondered if he even knew she was in the room with him. She took a step forward, but before she could say anything, he pushed the doors open and walked back out into the garden.

She stood still for a moment, staring after him. She could call for the elevator, of course, ride it down, wait for the Clave in the lobby with everyone else. If Jace didn’t want to talk, he didn’t want to talk. She couldn’t force him to. If Alec was right, and he was punishing himself, she’d just have to wait until he got over it.

She turned toward the elevator—and stopped. A little flame of anger licked its way through her, making her eyes burn. *No*, she thought. She didn’t have to let him behave like this. Maybe he could be this way to everyone else, but not to her. He owed her better than that. They owed each other better than that.

She whirled and made her way to the doors. Her ankle still ached, but the *iratzes* Alec had put on her were working. Most of the pain in her body had subsided to a dull, throbbing ache. She reached the doors and pushed them open, stepping onto the roof terrace with a wince as her bare feet came into contact with the freezing tiles.

She saw Jace immediately; he was kneeling near the steps, on tiles stained with blood and ichor and glittering with salt. He rose as she approached, and he turned, something shiny dangling from his hand.

The Morgenstern ring, on its chain.

The wind had come up; it blew his dark gold hair across his face. He pushed it away impatiently and said, “I just remembered that we left this here.”

His voice sounded surprisingly normal.

“Is that why you wanted to stay up here?” said Clary. “To get it back?”

He turned his hand, so the chain swung upward, his fingers closing over the ring. “I’m attached to it. It’s stupid, I know.”

“You could have said, or Alec could have stayed—”

“I don’t belong with the rest of you,” he said abruptly. “After what I did, I don’t deserve *iratzes* and healing and hugs and being consoled and whatever else it is my friends are going to think I need. I’d rather stay up here with *him*.” He jerked his chin toward the place where Sebastian’s motionless body lay in the open coffin, on its stone pedestal. “And I sure as hell don’t deserve *you*.”

Clary crossed her arms over her chest. “Have you ever thought about what *I* deserve? That maybe I deserve to get a chance to talk to you about what happened?”

He stared at her. They were only a few feet apart, but it felt as if an inexpressible gulf lay between them. “I don’t know why you would even want to look at me, much less talk to me.”

“Jace,” she said. “Those things you did—that wasn’t *you*.”

He hesitated. The sky was so black, the lit windows of the nearby skyscrapers so bright, it was as if they stood in the center of a net of shining jewels. “If it wasn’t me,” he said, “then why can I remember *everything I did*? When people are possessed, and they come back from it, they don’t remember what they did when the demon inhabited them. But I remember *everything*.” He turned abruptly and walked away, toward the roof garden wall. She followed him, glad for the distance it put between them and Sebastian’s body, now hidden from view by a row of hedges.

“Jace!” she called out, and he turned, his back to the wall, slumping against it. Behind him a city’s worth of electricity lit up the night like the demon towers of Alicante. “You remember because she wanted you to remember,” Clary said, catching up with him, a little breathless. “She did this to torture you as much as she did it to get Simon to do what she wanted. She wanted you to have to watch yourself hurt the people you love.”

“I was watching,” he said in a low voice. “It was as if some part of me was off at a distance, watching and screaming at myself to stop. But the rest of me felt completely peaceful and like what I was doing was *right*. Like it was the only thing I could do. I wonder if that’s how Valentine felt about everything he did. Like it was so easy to be right.” He looked away from her. “I can’t stand it,” he said. “You shouldn’t be here with me. You should just go.”

Instead of leaving, Clary moved to stand beside him against the wall. Her arms were already wrapped around herself; she was shivering. Finally, reluctantly, he turned his head to look at her again. “Clary . . .”

“You don’t get to decide,” she said, “where I go, or when.”

“I know.” His voice was ragged. “I’ve always known that about you. I don’t know why I had to fall in love with someone who’s more stubborn than I am.”

Clary was silent a moment. Her heart had contracted at those two words—“in love.” “All those things you said to me,” she said in a half whisper, “on the terrace at the Ironworks—did you mean them?”

His golden eyes dulled. “Which things?”

That you loved me, she almost said, but thinking back—he hadn’t said that, had he? Not the words themselves. The implication had been there. And the truth of the fact, that they loved each other, was something she knew as clearly as she knew her own name.

“You kept asking me if I would love you if you were like Sebastian, like Valentine.”

“And you said then I wouldn’t be me. Look how wrong that turned out to be,” he said, bitterness coloring his voice. “What I did tonight—”

Clary moved toward him; he tensed, but didn’t move away. She took hold of the front of his shirt, leaned in closely, and said, enunciating each word clearly, “That wasn’t you.”

“Tell that to your mother,” he said. “Tell it to Luke, when they ask where *this* came from.” He touched her collarbone gently; the wound was healed now, but her skin, and the fabric of her dress, were still stained darkly with blood.

“I’ll tell them,” she said. “I’ll tell them it was my fault.”

He looked at her, gold eyes incredulous. “You can’t lie to them.”

“I’m not. I brought you back,” she said. “You were dead, and I brought you back. *I* upset the balance, not you. I opened the door for Lilith and her stupid ritual. I could have asked for anything, and I asked for you.” She tightened her grip on his shirt, her fingers white with cold and pressure. “And I would *do it again*. I love you, Jace Wayland—Herondale—Lightwood—whatever you want to call yourself. I don’t care. I love you and I will always love you, and pretending it could be any other way is just a waste of time.”

A look of such pain crossed his face that Clary felt her heart tighten. Then he reached out and took her face between his hands. His palms were warm against her cheeks.

“Remember when I told you,” he said, his voice as soft as she had ever heard it, “that I didn’t know if there was a God or not, but either way, we were completely on our own? I still don’t know the answer; I only knew that there was such a thing as faith, and that I didn’t deserve to have it. And then there was you. You changed everything I believed in. You know that line from Dante that I quoted to you in the park? *‘L’amor che move il sole e l’altre stelle’?*”

Her lips curled a little at the sides as she looked up at him. “I still don’t speak Italian.”

“It’s a bit of the very last verse from *Paradiso*—Dante’s *Paradise*. ‘*My will and my desire were turned by love, the love that moves the sun and the other stars.*’ Dante was trying to explain faith, I think, as an overpowering love, and maybe it’s blasphemous, but that’s how I think of the way that I love you. You came into my life and suddenly I had one truth to hold on to—that I loved you, and you loved me.”

Though he seemed to be looking at her, his gaze was distant, as if fixed on something far away.

“Then I started to have the dreams,” he went on. “And I thought maybe I’d been wrong. That I didn’t deserve you. That I didn’t deserve to be perfectly happy—I mean, God, who deserves *that*? And after tonight—”

“Stop.” She had been clutching his shirt; she loosened her grip now, flattening her hands against his chest. His heart was racing under her fingertips; his cheeks flushed, and not just from the cold. “Jace. Through everything that happened tonight, I knew one thing. That it wasn’t you hurting me. It wasn’t you doing these things. I have an absolute incontrovertible belief that you are *good*. And that will never change.”

Jace took a deep, shuddering breath. “I don’t even know how to try to deserve that.”

“You don’t have to. I have enough faith in you,” she said, “for both of us.”

His hands slid into her hair. The mist of their exhaled breath rose between them, a white cloud. “I missed you so much,” he said, and kissed her, his mouth gentle on hers, not desperate and hungry the way it had been the last few times he had kissed her, but familiar and tender and soft.

She closed her eyes as the world seemed to spin around her like a pinwheel. Sliding her hands up his chest, she stretched upward as far as she could, wrapping her arms around his neck, rising up on her toes to meet his mouth with hers. His fingers skimmed down her body, over skin and satin, and she shivered, leaning into him, and she was sure they both tasted like blood and ashes and salt, but it didn’t matter; the world,

the city, and all its lights and life seemed to have narrowed down to this, just her and Jace, the burning heart of a frozen world.

He drew away first, reluctantly. She realized why a moment later. The sound of honking cars and screeching tires from the street below was audible, even up here. “The Clave,” he said resignedly—though he had to clear his throat to get the words out, Clary was pleased to hear. His face was flushed, as she imagined hers was. “They’re here.”

With her hand in his Clary looked over the edge of the roof wall and saw that a number of long black cars had drawn up in front of the scaffolding. People were piling out. It was hard to recognize them from this height, but Clary thought she saw Maryse, and several other people dressed in gear. A moment later Luke’s truck roared up to the curb and Jocelyn leaped out. Clary would have known it was her, just from the way she moved, at a greater distance than this one.

Clary turned to Jace. “My mom,” she said. “I’d better get downstairs. I don’t want her coming up here and seeing—and seeing *him*.” She jerked her chin toward Sebastian’s coffin.

He stroked her hair back from her face. “I don’t want to let you out of my sight.”

“Then, come with me.”

“No. Someone should stay up here.” He took her hand, turned it over, and dropped the Morgenstern ring into it, the chain pooling like liquid metal. The clasp had bent when she’d torn it off, but he’d managed to push it back into shape. “Please take it.”

Her eyes flicked down, and then, uncertainly, back up to his face. “I wish I understood what it meant to you.”

He shrugged slightly. “I wore it for a decade,” he said. “Some part of me is in it. It means I trust you with my past and all the secrets that past carries. And besides”—lightly he touched one of the stars engraved around the rim—“‘the love that moves the sun and all the other stars.’ Pretend that that’s what the stars stand for, not Morgenstern.”

In answer she dropped the chain back over her head, feeling the ring settle in its accustomed place, below her collarbone. It felt like a puzzle piece clicking back into place. For a moment their eyes locked in wordless communication, more intense in some ways than their physical contact had been; she held the image of him in her mind in that moment as if she were memorizing it—the tangled golden hair, the shadows cast by his lashes, the rings of darker gold inside the light amber of his eyes. “I’ll be right back,” she said. She squeezed his hand. “Five minutes.”

“Go on,” he said roughly, releasing her hand, and she turned and went back down the path. The moment she stepped away from him, she was cold again, and by the time she reached the doors to the building, she was freezing. She paused as she opened the door, and looked back at him, but he was only a shadow, backlit by the glow of the New York skyline. *The love that moves the sun and all the other stars*, she thought, and then, as if in answering echo, she heard Lilith’s words. *The kind of love that can burn down the world or raise it up in glory*. A shiver ran through her, and not just from the cold. She looked for Jace, but he had vanished into the shadows; she turned and headed back inside, the door sliding shut behind her.



Alec had gone upstairs to look for Jordan and Maia, and Simon and Isabelle were alone together, sitting side by side on the green chaise longue in the lobby. Isabelle held Alec’s witchlight in her hand, illuminating the room with a nearly spectral glow, sparking dancing motes of fire from the pendant chandelier.

She had said very little since her brother had left them together. Her head was bent, her dark hair falling forward, her gaze on her hands. They were delicate hands, long-fingered, but calloused as her brothers’ were. Simon had never noticed before, but she wore a silver ring on her right hand, with a pattern of flames around the band of it, and a carved *L* in the center. It reminded him of the ring Clary wore around her neck, with its design of stars.

“It’s the Lightwood family ring,” she said, noticing where his gaze was fixed. “Every family has an emblem. Ours is fire.”

It suits you, he thought. Izzy *was* like fire, in her flaming scarlet dress, with her moods as changeable as sparks. On the roof he’d half-thought she’d strangle him, her arms around his neck as she called him every name under the sun while clutching him like she’d never let him go. Now she was staring off into the distance, as untouchable as a star. It was all very disconcerting.

You love them so, Camille had said, *your Shadowhunter friends. As the falcon loves the master who binds and blinds it.*

“What you told us,” he said, a little halting, watching Isabelle wind a strand of her hair around her forefinger, “up there on the roof—that you hadn’t known that Clary and Jace were missing, that you’d come here for me—was that true?”

Isabelle looked up, tucking the strand of hair behind her ear. “Of course it’s true,” she said indignantly. “When we saw you were gone from the party—and you’ve been in danger for days, Simon, and what with Camille escaping—” She caught herself up short. “And Jordan’s responsible for you. He was freaking out.”

“So it was his idea to come looking for me?”

Isabelle turned to look at him for a long moment. Her eyes were fathomless and dark. “I was the one who noticed you were gone,” she said. “I was the one who wanted to find you.”

Simon cleared his throat. He felt oddly light-headed. “But why? I thought you hated me now.”

It had been the wrong thing to say. Isabelle shook her head, her dark hair flying, and moved a little away from him on the settee. “Oh, Simon. Don’t be dense.”

“Iz.” He reached out and touched her wrist, hesitantly. She didn’t move away, just watched him. “Camille said something to me in the Sanctuary. She said that Shadowhunters didn’t care about Downworlders, just used them. She said the

Nephilim would never do for me what I did for them. But you did. You came for me. You came for *me*.”

“Of course I did,” she said, in a muffled little voice. “When I thought something had happened to you—”

He leaned toward her. Their faces were inches from each other. He could see the reflected sparks of the chandelier in her black eyes. Her lips were parted, and Simon could feel the warmth of her breath. For the first time since he had become a vampire, he could feel heat, like an electrical charge passing between them. “Isabelle,” he said. Not Iz, not Izzy. *Isabelle*. “Can I—”

The elevator *pinged*; the doors opened, and Alec, Maia, and Jordan spilled out. Alec looked suspiciously at Simon and Isabelle as they sprang apart, but before he could say anything, the double doors of the lobby flew wide, and Shadowhunters poured into the room. Simon recognized Kadir and Maryse, who immediately flew across the room to Isabelle and caught her by the shoulders, demanding to know what had happened.

Simon got to his feet and edged away, feeling uncomfortable—and was nearly knocked down by Magnus, racing across the room to get to Alec. He didn’t seem to see Simon at all. *After all, in a hundred, two hundred, years, it’ll be just you and me. We’ll be all that’s left*, Magnus had said to him in the Sanctuary. Feeling unutterably lonely among the milling crowd of Shadowhunters, Simon pressed himself back against the wall in the vain hope that he wouldn’t be noticed.



Alec looked up just as Magnus reached him, caught him, and pulled him close. His fingers traced over Alec’s face as if checking for bruises or damage; under his breath, he was muttering, “How could you—go off like this and not even tell me—I could have helped you—”

“Stop it.” Alec pulled away, feeling mutinous.

Magnus checked himself, his voice sobering. “I’m sorry,” he said. “I shouldn’t have left the party. I should have stayed with you. Camille’s gone anyway. No one’s got the slightest

idea where she went, and since you can't Track vampires . . ."

He shrugged.

Alec pushed away the image of Camille in his mind, chained to the pipe, looking at him with those fierce green eyes. "Never mind," he said. "She doesn't matter. I know you were just trying to help. I'm not angry with you for leaving the party, anyway."

"But you were angry," said Magnus. "I knew you were. That's why I was so worried. Running off and putting yourself in danger just because you're angry with me—"

"I'm a Shadowhunter," Alec said. "Magnus, this is what I *do*. It's not about you. Next time fall in love with an insurance adjuster or—"

"Alexander," said Magnus. "There isn't going to be a next time." He leaned his forehead against Alec's, gold-green eyes staring into blue.

Alec's heartbeat sped up. "Why not?" he said. "You live forever. Not everyone does."

"I know I said that," said Magnus. "But, Alexander—"

"Stop calling me that," said Alec. "Alexander is what my parents call me. And I suppose it's very advanced of you to have accepted my mortality so fatalistically—everything dies, blah, blah—but how do you think that makes me *feel*? Ordinary couples can *hope*—hope to grow old together, hope to live long lives and die at the same time, but we can't hope for that. I don't even know what it is you want."

Alec wasn't sure what he'd expected in response—anger or defensiveness or even humor—but Magnus's voice only dropped, cracking slightly when he said, "Alex—Alec. If I gave you the impression I had accepted the idea of your death I can only apologize. I tried to, I thought I had—and yet still I pictured having you for fifty, sixty more years. I thought I might be ready then to let you go. But it's you, and I realize now that I won't be any more ready to lose you than I am right now." He put his hands gently to either side of Alec's face. "Which is not at all."

“So what do we do?” Alec whispered.

Magnus shrugged, and smiled suddenly; with his messy black hair and the gleam in his gold-green eyes, he looked like a mischievous teenager. “What everyone does,” he replied. “Like you said. Hope.”



Alec and Magnus had begun kissing in the corner of the room, and Simon wasn't quite sure where to look. He didn't want them to think he was staring at them during what was clearly a private moment, but wherever else he looked, he met the glaring eyes of Shadowhunters. Despite the fact that he'd fought with them in the bank against Camille, none of them looked at him with particular friendliness. It was one thing for Isabelle to accept him and to care about him, but Shadowhunters en masse were another thing entirely. He could tell what they were thinking. “Vampire, Downworlder, enemy” was written all over their faces. It came as a relief when the doors burst open again and Jocelyn came flying in, still wearing her blue dress from the party. Luke was only a few steps behind her.

“Simon!” she cried as soon as she caught sight of him. She ran over to him, and to his surprise she hugged him fiercely before letting him go. “Simon, where's Clary? Is she—”

Simon opened his mouth, but no sound came out. How could he explain to Jocelyn, of all people, what had happened that night? Jocelyn, who would be horrified to know that so much of Lilith's evil, the children she had murdered, the blood she had spilled, had all been in the service of making more creatures like Jocelyn's own dead son, whose body even now lay entombed on the rooftop where Clary was with Jace?

I can't tell her any of this, he thought. *I can't*. He looked past her at Luke, whose blue eyes rested on him expectantly. Behind Clary's family he could see the Shadowhunters crowding around Isabelle as she presumably recounted the events of the evening.

“I—,” he began helplessly, and then the elevator doors opened again, and Clary stepped out. Her shoes were gone, her

lovely satin dress in bloody rags, bruises already fading on her bare arms and legs. But she was smiling—radiant even, happier than Simon had seen her look in weeks.

“Mom!” she exclaimed, and then Jocelyn had flown at her and was hugging her. Clary smiled at Simon over her mother’s shoulder. Simon glanced around the room. Alec and Magnus were still wrapped up in each other, and Maia and Jordan had vanished. Isabelle was still surrounded by Shadowhunters, and Simon could hear gasps of horror and amazement rise from the group surrounding her as she recounted her story. He suspected some part of her was enjoying it. Isabelle did love being the center of attention, no matter what the cause.

He felt a hand come down on his shoulder. It was Luke. “Are *you* all right, Simon?”

Simon looked up at him. Luke looked as he always did: solid, professorial, utterly reliable. Not even the least bit put out that his engagement party had been disrupted by a sudden dramatic emergency.

Simon’s father had died so long ago that he barely remembered him. Rebecca recalled bits about him—that he had a beard, and would help her build elaborate towers out of blocks—but Simon didn’t. It was one of the things he’d thought he always had in common with Clary, that had bonded them: both with dead fathers, both brought up by strong single women.

Well, at least one of those things had turned out to be true, Simon thought. Though his mother had dated, he’d never had a consistent fatherly presence in his life, other than Luke. He supposed that in a way, he and Clary had shared Luke. And the wolf pack looked up to Luke for guidance, as well. For a bachelor who’d never had children, Simon thought, Luke had an awful lot of kids to look after.

“I don’t know,” Simon said, giving Luke the honest answer he’d like to think he’d have given his own father. “I don’t think so.”

Luke turned Simon to face him. “You’re covered in blood,” he said. “And I’m guessing it’s not yours, because . . .” He

gestured toward the Mark on Simon's forehead. "But hey." His voice was gentle. "Even covered in blood and with the Mark of Cain on you, you're still Simon. Can you tell me what happened?"

"It's not my blood, you're right," Simon said hoarsely. "But it's also kind of a long story." He tilted his head back to look up at Luke; he'd always wondered if maybe he'd have another growth spurt some day, grow a few more inches than the fifteen he was now, be able to look Luke—not to mention Jace—straight in the eye. But that would never happen now. "Luke," he said. "Do you think it's possible to do something so bad, even if you didn't mean to do it, that you can never come back from it? That no one can forgive you?"

Luke looked at him for a long, silent moment. Then he said, "Think of someone you love, Simon. *Really* love. Is there anything they could ever do that would mean you would stop loving them?"

Images flashed through Simon's mind, like the pages of a flip-book: Clary, turning to smile at him over her shoulder; his sister, tickling him when he was just a little kid; his mother, asleep on the sofa with the coverlet pulled up to her shoulders; Izzy—

He shut the thoughts off hastily. Clary hadn't done anything so terrible that he needed to dredge up forgiveness for her; none of the people he was picturing had. He thought of Clary, forgiving her mother for having stolen her memories. He thought of Jace, what he had done on the roof, how he had looked afterward. He had done what he had done without volition of his own, but Simon doubted Jace would be able to forgive himself, regardless. And then he thought of Jordan—not forgiving himself for what he had done to Maia, but forging ahead anyway, joining the Praetor Lupus, making a life out of helping others.

"I bit someone," he said. The words came out of his mouth, and he wished he could swallow them back. He braced himself for Luke's look of horror, but it didn't come.

“Did they live?” Luke said. “This person that you bit. Did they survive?”

“I—” How to explain about Maureen? Lilith had ordered her away, but Simon was sure they hadn’t seen the last of her. “I didn’t kill her.”

Luke nodded once. “You know how werewolves become pack leaders,” he said. “They have to kill the old pack leader. I’ve done that twice. I have the scars to prove it.” He drew the collar of his shirt aside slightly, and Simon saw the edge of a thick white scar that looked ragged, as if his chest had been clawed. “The second time it was a calculated move. Cold-blooded killing. I wanted to become the leader, and that was how I did it.” He shrugged. “You’re a vampire. It’s in your nature to want to drink blood. You’ve held out a long time without doing it. I know you can walk in the sun, Simon, and so you pride yourself on being a normal human boy, but you’re still what you are. Just like I am. The more you try to crush your true nature, the more it will control you. Be what you are. No one who really loves you will stop.”

Simon said hoarsely, “My mom—”

“Clary told me what happened with your mother, and that you’ve been crashing with Jordan Kyle,” said Luke. “Look, your mother will come around, Simon. Like Amatis did, with me. You’re still her son. I’ll talk to her, if you want me to.”

Simon shook his head silently. His mother had always liked Luke. Dealing with the fact that Luke was a werewolf would probably make things worse, not better.

Luke nodded as if he understood. “If you don’t want to go back to Jordan’s, you’re more than welcome to stay on my sofa tonight. I’m sure Clary would be glad to have you around, and we can talk about what to do about your mother tomorrow.”

Simon squared his shoulders. He looked at Isabelle across the room, the gleam of her whip, the shine of the pendant at her throat, the flutter of her hands as she talked. Isabelle, who wasn’t afraid of anything. He thought of his mother, the way she had backed away from him, the fear in her eyes. He’d been

hiding from the memory, running from it, ever since. But it was time to stop running. “No,” he said. “Thanks, but I think I don’t need a place to crash tonight. I think . . . that I’m going to go home.”



Jace stood alone on the roof, looking out over the city, the East River a silvery-black snake twining between Brooklyn and Manhattan. His hands, his lips, still felt warm from Clary’s touch, but the wind off the river was icy, and the warmth was fading fast. Without a jacket the air cut through the thin material of his shirt like the blade of a knife.

He took a deep breath, sucking the cold air into his lungs, and let it out slowly. His whole body felt tense. He was waiting for the sound of the elevator, the doors opening, the Shadowhunters flooding out into the garden. They would be sympathetic at first, he thought, worried about him. Then, as they understood what had happened—then would come the shrinking away, the meaningful looks exchanged when they thought he wasn’t watching. He had been possessed—not just by a demon, but by a Greater Demon—had acted against the Clave, had threatened and hurt another Shadowhunter.

He thought about how Jocelyn would look at him when she heard what he’d done to Clary. Luke might understand, forgive. But Jocelyn. He had never been able to bring himself to speak to her honestly, to say the words he thought might reassure her. *I love your daughter, more than I ever thought it was possible to love anything. I would never hurt her.*

She would just look at him, he thought, with those green eyes that were so like Clary’s. She would want more than that. She would want to hear him say what he wasn’t sure was true.

I am nothing like Valentine.

Aren’t you? The words seemed carried on the cold air, a whisper meant only for his ears. *You never knew your mother. You never knew your father. You gave your heart to Valentine when you were a child, as children do, and made yourself a part of him. You cannot cut that away from yourself now with one clean slice of a blade.*

His left hand was cold. He looked down and saw, to his shock, that somehow he had picked up the dagger—his real father’s etched silver dagger—and was holding it in his hand. The blade, though eaten away by Lilith’s blood, was whole again, and shining like a promise. A cold that had nothing to do with the weather began to spread through his chest. *How many times had he woken up like this, gasping and sweating, the dagger in his hand? And Clary, always Clary, dead at his feet.*

But Lilith was dead. It was over. He tried to slide the dagger into his belt, but his hand didn’t seem to want to obey the command his mind was giving it. He felt a sense of stinging heat across his chest, a searing pain. Looking down, he saw that the bloody line that had split Lilith’s mark in half, where Clary had slashed him with the dagger, had healed. The mark gleamed redly against his chest.

Jace stopped trying to shove the dagger into his belt. His knuckles turned white as his grip tightened on the hilt, his wrist twisting, desperately trying to turn the blade on himself. His heart was pounding. He had accepted no *iratzes*. How had the mark healed so fast? If he could gash it again, disfigure it, even temporarily—

But his hand wouldn’t obey him. His arm stayed stiffly at his side as his body turned, against his own will, toward the pedestal where Sebastian’s body lay.

The coffin had begun to glow, with a cloudy greenish light—almost a witchlight glow, but there was something painful about this light, something that seemed to pierce the eye. Jace tried to take a step back, but his legs wouldn’t move. Icy sweat trickled down his back. A voice whispered at the back of his mind.

Come here.

It was Sebastian’s voice.

Did you think you were free because Lilith is gone? The vampire’s bite woke me; now her blood in my veins compels you.

Come here.

Jace tried to dig in his heels, but his body betrayed him, carrying him forward, though his conscious mind strained against it. Even as he tried to hang back, his feet moved him down the path, toward the coffin. The painted circle flashed green as he moved across it, and the coffin seemed to answer with a second flash of emerald light. And then he was standing over it, looking down.

Jace bit down hard on his lip, hoping the pain might shock him out of the dream state he was in. It didn't work. He tasted his own blood as he stared down at Sebastian, who floated like a drowned corpse in the water. *Those are pearls that were his eyes.* His hair was colorless seaweed, his closed eyelids blue. His mouth had the cold, hard set of his father's mouth. It was like looking at a young Valentine.

Without his volition, absolutely against his will, Jace's hands began to rise. His left hand laid the edge of the dagger against the inside of his right palm, where life and love lines crisscrossed each other.

Words spilled from his own lips. He heard them as if from an immense distance. They were in no language he knew or understood, but he knew what they were—ritual chanting. His mind was screaming at his body to stop, but it appeared to make no difference. His left hand came down, the knife clenched in it. The blade sliced a clean, sure, shallow cut across his right palm. Almost instantly it began to bleed. He tried to draw back, tried to pull his arm away, but it was as if he were encased in cement. As he watched in horror, the first blood drops splashed onto Sebastian's face.

Sebastian's eyes flew open. They were black, blacker than Valentine's, as black as the demon's who had called herself his mother. They fixed on Jace, like great dark mirrors, giving him back his own face, twisted and unrecognizable, his mouth shaping the words of the ritual, spilling forth in a meaningless babble like a river of black water.

The blood was flowing more freely now, turning the cloudy liquid inside the coffin a darker red. Sebastian moved. The

bloody water shifted and spilled as he sat up, his black eyes fixed on Jace.

The second part of the ritual. His voice spoke inside Jace's head. *It is almost complete.*

Water ran off him like tears. His pale hair, pasted to his forehead, seemed to have no color at all. He raised one hand and held it out, and Jace, against the cry inside his own mind, held out the dagger, blade forward. Sebastian slid his hand along the length of the cold, sharp blade. Blood sprang up in a line across his palm. He knocked the dagger aside and took Jace's hand, gripping it with his own.

It was the last thing Jace had expected. He couldn't move to pull away. He felt each of Sebastian's cold fingers as they wrapped his hand, pressing their bleeding cuts together. It was like being gripped by cold metal. Ice began to spread up his veins from his hand. A shudder passed over him, and then another, powerful physical tremors so painful it felt as if his body were being turned inside out. He tried to scream—

And the cry died in his throat. He looked down at his and Sebastian's hands, clenched together. Blood ran through their fingers and down their wrists, as elegant as red lacework. It glittered in the cold electric light of the city. It moved not like liquid, but like moving red wires. It wrapped their hands together in a scarlet binding.

A peculiar sense of peace stole over Jace. The world seemed to fall away, and he was standing on the peak of a mountain, the world spread out before him, everything in it his for the taking. The lights of the city around him were no longer electric, but were the light of a thousand diamond-like stars. They seemed to shine down on him with a benevolent glow that said, *This is good. This is right. This is what your father would have wanted.*

He saw Clary in his mind's eye, her pale face, the fall of her red hair, her mouth as it moved, shaping the words *I'll be right back. Five minutes.*

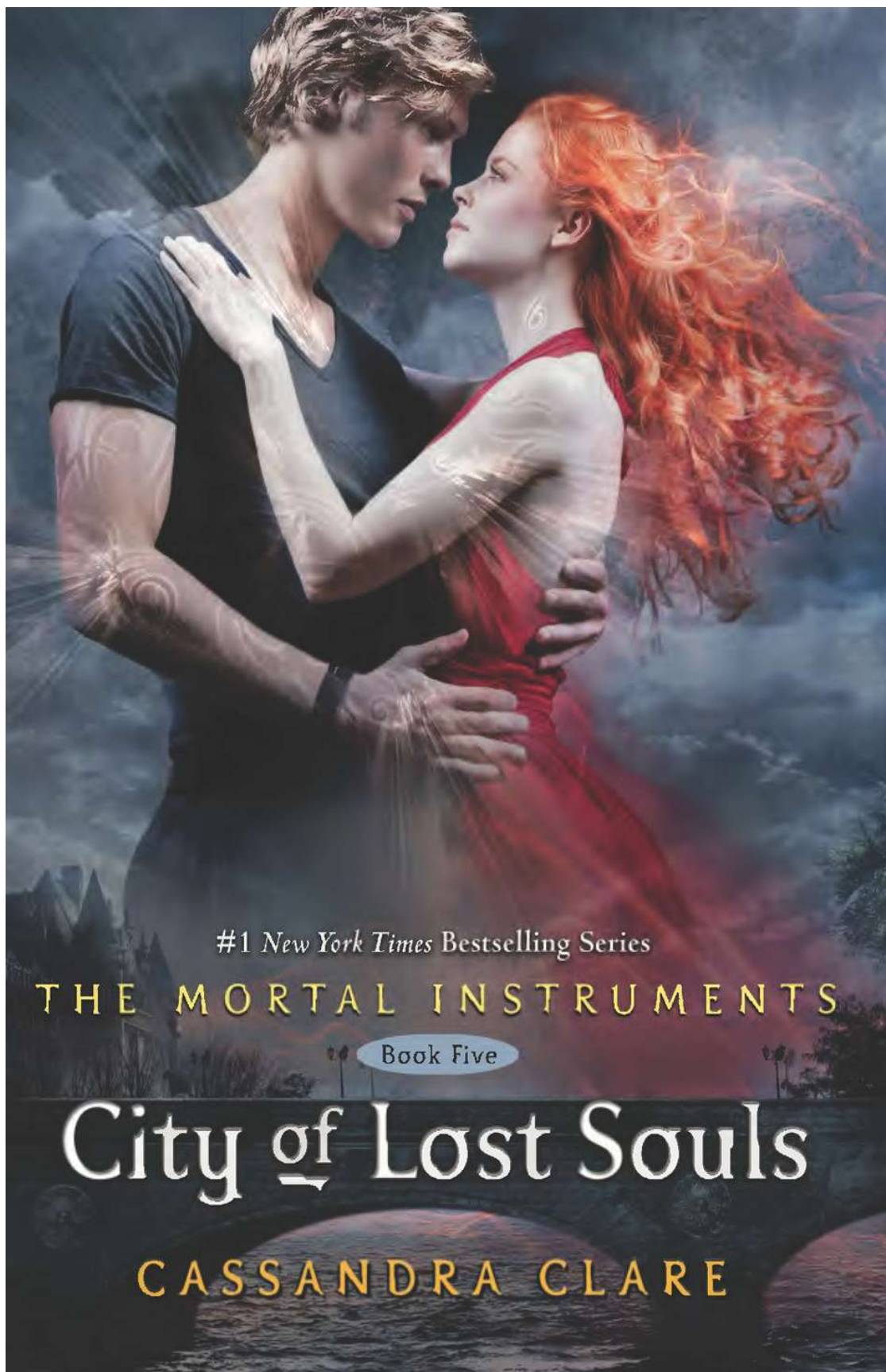
And then her voice faded as another spoke over it, drowning it out. The image of her in his mind receded,

vanishing imploringly into the darkness, as Eurydice had vanished when Orpheus had turned to look at her one last time. Her saw her, her white arms held out to him, and then the shadows closed over her and she was gone.

A new voice spoke in Jace's head now, a familiar voice, once hated, now oddly welcome. Sebastian's voice. It seemed to run through his blood, through the blood that passed through Sebastian's hand into his, like a fiery chain.

We are one now, little brother, you and I, Sebastian said.

We are one.



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**For Nao,
Tim, David,
and Ben**



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*No man chooses evil because it is evil.
He only mistakes it for happiness, the good he seeks.*

—Mary Wollstonecraft

PROLOGUE

Simon stood and stared numbly at the front door of his house.

He'd never known another home. This was the place his parents had brought him back to when he was born. He had grown up within the walls of the Brooklyn row house. He'd played on the street under the leafy shade of the trees in the summer, and had made improvised sleds out of garbage can lids in the winter. In this house his family had sat shivah after his father had died. Here he had kissed Clary for the first time.

He had never imagined a day when the door of the house would be closed to him. The last time he had seen his mother, she had called him a monster and prayed at him that he would go away. He had made her forget that he was a vampire, using glamour, but he had not known how long the glamour would last. As he stood in the cold autumn air, staring in front of him, he knew it had not lasted long enough.

The door was covered with signs—Stars of David splashed on in paint, the incised shape of the symbol for *Chai*, life. Tefillin were bound to the doorknob and knocker. A *hamsa*, the Hand of God, covered the peephole.

Numbly he put his hand to the metal mezuzah affixed to the right side of the doorway. He saw the smoke rise from the place where his hand touched the holy object, but he felt nothing. No pain. Only a terrible empty blankness, rising slowly into cold rage.

He kicked the bottom of the door and heard the echo through the house. "Mom!" he shouted. "Mom, it's me!"

There was no reply—only the sound of the bolts being turned on the door. His sensitized hearing had recognized his mother's footsteps, her breathing, but she said nothing. He could smell acrid fear and panic even through the wood.

“Mom!” His voice broke. “Mom, this is ridiculous! Let me in! It’s *me*, Simon!”

The door juddered, as if she had kicked it. “Go away!” Her voice was rough, unrecognizable with terror. “Murderer!”

“I don’t kill people.” Simon leaned his head against the door. He knew he could probably kick it down, but what would be the point? “I told you. I drink animal blood.”

“You killed my son,” she said. “You killed him and put a monster in his place.”

“I *am* your son—”

“You wear his face and speak with his voice, but you are not him! You’re not Simon!” Her voice rose to almost a scream. “Get away from my house before I kill you, monster!”

“Becky,” he said. His face was wet; he put his hands up to touch it, and they came away stained: His tears were bloody. “What have you told Becky?”

“*Stay away from your sister.*” Simon heard a clattering from inside the house, as if something had been knocked over.

“Mom,” he said again, but this time his voice wouldn’t rise. It came out as a hoarse whisper. His hand had begun to throb. “I need to know—is Becky there? Mom, open the door. Please —”

“*Stay away from Becky!*” She was backing away from the door; he could hear it. Then came the unmistakeable squeal of the kitchen door swinging open, the creak of the linoleum as she walked on it. The sound of a drawer being opened. Suddenly he imagined his mother grabbing for one of the knives.

Before I kill you, monster.

The thought rocked him back on his heels. If she struck out at him, the Mark would rise. It would destroy her as it had destroyed Lilith.

He dropped his hand and backed up slowly, stumbling down the steps and across the sidewalk, fetching up against the trunk of one of the big trees that shaded the block. He stood

where he was, staring at the front door of his house, marked and disfigured with the symbols of his mother's hate for him.

No, he reminded himself. She didn't hate him. She thought he was dead. What she hated was something that didn't exist. *I am not what she says I am.*

He didn't know how long he would have stood there, staring, if his phone hadn't begun to ring, vibrating his coat pocket.

He reached for it reflexively, noticing that the pattern from the front of the mezuzah—interlocked Stars of David—was burned into the palm of his hand. He switched hands and put the phone to his ear. "Hello?"

"Simon?" It was Clary. She sounded breathless. "Where are you?"

"Home," he said, and paused. "My mother's house," he amended. His voice sounded hollow and distant to his own ears. "Why aren't you back at the Institute? Is everyone all right?"

"That's just it," she said. "Just after you left, Maryse came back down from the roof where Jace was supposed to be waiting. There was no one there."

Simon moved. Without quite realizing he was doing it, like a mechanical doll, he began walking up the street, toward the subway station. "What do you mean, there was no one there?"

"Jace was gone," she said, and he could hear the strain in her voice. "And so was Sebastian."

Simon stopped in the shadow of a bare-branched tree. "But Sebastian was dead. He's dead, Clary—"

"Then you tell me why his body isn't there, because it isn't," she said, her voice finally breaking. "There's nothing up there but a lot of blood and broken glass. They're both gone, Simon. Jace is gone. . . ."

Part One

No Evil Angel



*Love is a familiar. Love is a devil. There is no evil angel but
Love.*

—William Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*

TWO WEEKS LATER

1

THE LAST COUNCIL

“How much longer will the verdict take, do you think?”

Clary asked. She had no idea how long they’d been waiting, but it felt like ten hours. There were no clocks in Isabelle’s black and hot-pink powder-puff bedroom, just piles of clothes, heaps of books, stacks of weapons, a vanity overflowing with sparkling makeup, used brushes, and open drawers spilling lacy slips, sheer tights, and feather boas. It had a certain backstage-at-*La-Cage-aux-Folles* design aesthetic, but over the past two weeks Clary had spent enough time among the glittering mess to have begun to find it comforting.

Isabelle, standing over by the window with Church in her arms, stroked the cat’s head absently. Church regarded her with baleful yellow eyes. Outside the window a November storm was in full bloom, rain streaking the windows like clear paint. “Not much longer,” she said slowly. She wasn’t wearing any makeup, which made her look younger, her dark eyes bigger. “Five minutes, probably.”

Clary, sitting on Izzy’s bed between a pile of magazines and a rattling stack of seraph blades, swallowed hard against the bitter taste in her throat. *I’ll be back. Five minutes.*

That had been the last thing she had said to the boy she loved more than anything else in the world. Now she thought it might be the last thing she would ever get to say to him.

Clary remembered the moment perfectly. The roof garden. The crystalline October night, the stars burning icy white against a cloudless black sky. The paving stones smeared with black runes, spattered with ichor and blood. Jace’s mouth on hers, the only warm thing in a shivering world. Claspings the Morgenstern ring around her neck. *The love that moves the sun and all the other stars.* Turning to look for him as the elevator

took her away, sucking her back down into the shadows of the building. She had joined the others in the lobby, hugging her mother, Luke, Simon, but some part of her, as it always was, had still been with Jace, floating above the city on that rooftop, the two of them alone in the cold and brilliant electric city.

Maryse and Kadir had been the ones to get into the elevator to join Jace on the roof and to see the remains of Lilith's ritual. It was another ten minutes before Maryse returned, alone. When the doors had opened and Clary had seen her face—white and set and frantic—she had known.

What had happened next had been like a dream. The crowd of Shadowhunters in the lobby had surged toward Maryse; Alec had broken away from Magnus, and Isabelle had leaped to her feet. White bursts of light cut through the darkness like the soft explosions of camera flashes at a crime scene as, one after another, seraph blades lit the shadows. Pushing her way forward, Clary heard the story in broken pieces—the rooftop garden was empty; Jace was gone. The glass coffin that had held Sebastian had been smashed open; glass was lying everywhere in fragments. Blood, still fresh, dripped down the pedestal on which the coffin had sat.

The Shadowhunters were making plans quickly, to spread out in a radius and search the area around the building. Magnus was there, his hands sparking blue, turning to Clary to ask if she had something of Jace's they could track him with. Numbly, she gave him the Morgenstern ring and retreated into a corner to call Simon. She had only just closed the phone when the voice of a Shadowhunter rang out above the rest. "Tracking? That'll work only if he's still alive. With that much blood it's not very likely—"

Somehow that was the last straw. Prolonged hypothermia, exhaustion, and shock took their toll, and she felt her knees give. Her mother caught her before she hit the ground. There was a dark blur after that. She woke up the next morning in her bed at Luke's, sitting bolt upright with her heart going like a trip-hammer, sure she had had a nightmare.

As she struggled out of bed, the fading bruises on her arms and legs told a different story, as did the absence of her ring.

Throwing on jeans and a hoodie, she staggered out into the living room to find Jocelyn, Luke, and Simon seated there with somber expressions on their faces. She didn't even need to ask, but she did anyway: "Did they find him? Is he back?"

Jocelyn stood up. "Sweetheart, he's still missing—"

"But not dead? They haven't found a body?" She collapsed onto the couch next to Simon. "No—he's not dead. I'd *know*."

She remembered Simon holding her hand while Luke told her what they did know: that Jace was still gone, and so was Sebastian. The bad news was that the blood on the pedestal had been identified as Jace's. The good news was that there was less of it than they had thought; it had mixed with the water from the coffin to give the impression of a greater volume of blood than there had really been. They now thought it was quite possible he had survived whatever had happened.

"But what happened?" she demanded.

Luke shook his head, blue eyes somber. "Nobody knows, Clary."

Her veins felt as if her blood had been replaced with ice water. "I want to help. I want to do something. I don't want to just sit here while Jace is missing."

"I wouldn't worry about that," Jocelyn said grimly. "The Clave wants to see you."

Invisible ice cracked in Clary's joints and tendons as she stood up. "Fine. Whatever. I'll tell them anything they want if they'll find Jace."

"You'll tell them anything they want because they have the Mortal Sword." There was despair in Jocelyn's voice. "Oh, baby. I'm so sorry."

And now, after two weeks of repetitive testimony, after scores of witnesses had been called, after she had held the Mortal Sword a dozen times, Clary sat in Isabelle's bedroom and waited for the Council to rule on her fate. She couldn't help but remember what it had felt like to hold the Mortal Sword. It was like tiny fishhooks embedded in your skin, pulling the truth out of you. She had knelt, holding it, in the

circle of the Speaking Stars and had heard her own voice telling the Council everything: how Valentine had raised the Angel Raziel, and how she had taken the power of controlling the Angel from him by erasing his name in the sand and writing hers over it. She had told them how the Angel had offered her one wish, and she had used it to raise Jace from the dead; she told them how Lilith had possessed Jace and Lilith had planned to use Simon's blood to resurrect Sebastian, Clary's brother, whom Lilith regarded as a son. How Simon's Mark of Cain had ended Lilith, and they had thought Sebastian had been ended too, no longer a threat.

Clary sighed and flipped her phone open to check the time. "They've been in there for an hour," she said. "Is that normal? Is it a bad sign?"

Isabelle dropped Church, who let out a yowl. She came over to the bed and sat down beside Clary. Isabelle looked even more slender than usual—like Clary, she'd lost weight in the past two weeks—but elegant as always, in black cigarette pants and a fitted gray velvet top. Mascara was smudged all around Izzy's eyes, which should have made her look like a racoon but just made her look like a French film star instead. She stretched her arms out, and her electrum bracelets with their rune charms jingled musically. "No, it's not a bad sign," she said. "It just means they have a lot to talk over." She twisted the Lightwood ring on her finger. "You'll be fine. You *didn't* break the Law. That's the important thing."

Clary sighed. Even the warmth of Isabelle's shoulder next to hers couldn't melt the ice in her veins. She knew that technically she had broken no Laws, but she also knew the Clave was furious at her. It was illegal for a Shadowhunter to raise the dead, but not for the Angel to do it; nevertheless it was such an enormous thing she had done in asking for Jace's life back that she and Jace had agreed to tell no one about it.

Now it was out, and it had rocked the Clave. Clary knew they wanted to punish her, if only because her choice had had such disastrous consequences. In some way she wished they *would* punish her. Break her bones, pull her fingernails out, let the Silent Brothers root through her brain with their bladed

thoughts. A sort of devil's bargain—her own pain for Jace's safe return. It would have helped her guilt over having left Jace behind on that rooftop, even though Isabelle and the others had told her a hundred times she was being ridiculous—that they had all thought he was perfectly safe there, and that if Clary had stayed, she would probably now be missing too.

"Quit it," Isabelle said. For a moment Clary wasn't sure if Isabelle was talking to her or to the cat. Church was doing what he often did when dropped—lying on his back with all four legs in the air, pretending to be dead in order to induce guilt in his owners. But then Isabelle swept her black hair aside, glaring, and Clary realized she was the one being told off, not the cat.

"Quit what?"

"Morbidly thinking about all the horrible things that are going to happen to you, or that you wish would happen to you because you're alive and Jace is . . . missing." Isabelle's voice jumped, like a record skipping a groove. She never spoke of Jace as being dead or even gone—she and Alec refused to entertain the possibility. And Isabelle had never reproached Clary once for keeping such an enormous secret. Throughout everything, in fact, Isabelle had been her staunchest defender. Meeting her every day at the door to the Council Hall, she had held Clary firmly by the arm as she'd marched her past clumps of glaring, muttering Shadowhunters. She had waited through endless Council interrogations, shooting dagger glances at anyone who dared look at Clary sideways. Clary had been astonished. She and Isabelle had never been enormously close, both of them being the sort of girls who were more comfortable with boys than other female companionship. But Isabelle didn't leave her side. Clary was as bewildered as she was grateful.

"I can't help it," Clary said. "If I were allowed to patrol—if I were allowed to do *anything*—I think it wouldn't be so bad."

"I don't know." Isabelle sounded weary. For the past two weeks she and Alec had been exhausted and gray-faced from sixteen-hour patrols and searches. When Clary had found out she was banned from patrolling or searching for Jace in any

way until the Council decided what to do about the fact that she had brought him back from the dead, she had kicked a hole in her bedroom door. “Sometimes it feels so futile,” Isabelle added.

Ice crackled up and down Clary’s bones. “You mean you think he’s dead?”

“No, I don’t. I mean I think there’s no way they’re still in New York.”

“But they’re patrolling in other cities, right?” Clary put a hand to her throat, forgetting that the Morgenstern ring no longer hung there. Magnus was still trying to track Jace, though no tracking had yet worked.

“Of course they are.” Isabelle reached out curiously and touched the delicate silver bell that hung around Clary’s neck now, in place of the ring. “What’s that?”

Clary hesitated. The bell had been a gift from the Seelie Queen. No, that wasn’t quite right. The Queen of the faeries didn’t give *gifts*. The bell was meant to signal the Seelie Queen that Clary wanted her help. Clary had found her hand wandering to it more and more often as the days dragged on with no sign of Jace. The only thing that stopped Clary was the knowledge that the Seelie Queen never gave anything without the expectation of something terrible in return.

Before Clary could reply to Isabelle, the door opened. Both girls sat up ramrod straight, Clary clutching one of Izzy’s pink pillows so hard that the rhinestones on it dug into the skin of her palms.

“Hey.” A slim figure stepped into the room and shut the door. Alec, Isabelle’s older brother, was dressed in Council wear—a black robe figured with silver runes, open now over jeans and a long-sleeved black T-shirt. All the black made his pale skin look paler, his crystal-blue eyes bluer. His hair was black and straight like his sister’s, but shorter, cut just above his jawline. His mouth was set in a thin line.

Clary’s heart started to pound. Alec didn’t look happy. Whatever the news was, it couldn’t be good.

It was Isabelle who spoke. “How did it go?” she said quietly. “What’s the verdict?”

Alec sat down at the vanity table, swinging himself around the chair to face Izzy and Clary over the back. At another time it would have been comical—Alec was very tall, with long legs like a dancer, and the way he folded himself awkwardly around the chair made it look like dollhouse furniture.

“Clary,” he said. “Jia Penhallow handed down the verdict. You’re cleared of any wrongdoing. You broke no Laws, and Jia feels that you’ve been punished enough.”

Isabelle exhaled an audible breath and smiled. For just a moment a feeling of relief broke through the layer of ice over all of Clary’s emotions. She wasn’t going to be punished, locked up in the Silent City, trapped somewhere where she couldn’t help Jace. Luke, who as the representative of the werewolves on the Council had been present for the verdict, had promised to call Jocelyn as soon as the meeting ended, but Clary reached for her phone anyway; the prospect of giving her mother good news for a change was too tempting.

“Clary,” Alec said as she flipped her phone open. “Wait.”

She looked at him. His expression was still as serious as an undertaker’s. With a sudden sense of foreboding, Clary put her phone back down on the bed. “Alec—what is it?”

“It wasn’t your verdict that took the Council so long,” said Alec. “There was another matter under discussion.”

The ice was back. Clary shivered. “Jace?”

“Not exactly.” Alec leaned forward, folding his hands along the back of the chair. “A report came in early this morning from the Moscow Institute. The wardings over Wrangel Island were smashed through yesterday. They’ve sent a repair team, but having such important wards down for so long—that’s a Council priority.”

Wards—which served, as Clary understood it, as a sort of magical fence system—surrounded Earth, put there by the first generation of Shadowhunters. They could be bypassed by demons but not easily, and kept out the vast majority of them,

preventing the world from being flooded by a massive demon invasion. She remembered something that Jace had said to her, what felt like years ago: *There used to be only small demon invasions into this world, easily contained. But even in my lifetime more and more of them have spilled in through the wardings.*

“Well, that’s bad,” Clary said. “But I don’t see what it has to do with—”

“The Clave has its priorities,” Alec interrupted. “Searching for Jace and Sebastian has been top priority for the past two weeks. But they’ve scoured everything, and there’s no sign of either of them in any Downworld haunt. None of Magnus’s tracking spells have worked. Elodie, the woman who brought up the real Sebastian Verlac, confirmed that no one’s tried to get in touch with her. That was a long shot, anyway. No spies have reported any unusual activity among the known members of Valentine’s old Circle. And the Silent Brothers haven’t been able to figure out exactly what the ritual Lilith performed was supposed to do, or whether it succeeded. The general consensus is that Sebastian—of course, they call him Jonathan when they talk about him—kidnapped Jace, but that’s not anything we didn’t know.”

“So?” Isabelle said. “What does that mean? More searching? More patrolling?”

Alec shook his head. “They’re not discussing expanding the search,” he said quietly. “They’re de-prioritizing it. It’s been two weeks and they haven’t found anything. The specially commissioned groups brought over from Idris are going to be sent home. The situation with the ward is taking priority now. Not to mention that the Council has been in the middle of delicate negotiations, updating the Laws to allow for the new makeup of the Council, appointing a new Consul and Inquisitor, determining different treatment of Downworlders—they don’t want to be thrown completely off track.”

Clary stared. “They don’t want Jace’s disappearance to throw them off the track of changing a bunch of stupid old Laws? They’re *giving up*?”

“They’re not giving up—”

“*Alec*,” Isabelle said sharply.

Alec took a breath and put his hands up to cover his face. He had long fingers, like Jace’s, scarred like Jace’s were as well. The eye Mark of the Shadowhunters decorated the back of his right hand. “Clary, for you—for *us*—this has always been about searching for Jace. For the Clave it’s about searching for Sebastian. Jace as well, but primarily Sebastian. He’s the danger. He destroyed the wards of Alicante. He’s a mass murderer. Jace is . . .”

“Just another Shadowhunter,” said Isabelle. “We die and go missing all the time.”

“He gets a little extra for being a hero of the Mortal War,” said Alec. “But in the end the Clave was clear: The search will be kept up, but right now it’s a waiting game. They expect Sebastian to make the next move. In the meantime it’s third priority for the Clave. If that. They expect us to go back to normal life.”

Normal life? Clary couldn’t believe it. A normal life without Jace?

“That’s what they told us after Max died,” said Izzy, her black eyes tearless but burning with anger. “That we’d get over our grief faster if we just went back to normal life.”

“It’s supposed to be good advice,” said Alec from behind his fingers.

“Tell that to Dad. Did he even come back from Idris for the meeting?”

Alec shook his head, dropping his hands. “No. If it’s any consolation, there were a lot of people at the meeting speaking out angrily on behalf of keeping the search for Jace up at full strength. Magnus, obviously, Luke, Consul Penhallow, even Brother Zachariah. But at the end of the day it wasn’t enough.”

Clary looked at him steadily. “Alec,” she said. “Don’t you feel anything?”

Alec's eyes widened, their blue darkening, and for a moment Clary remembered the boy who had hated her when she'd first arrived at the Institute, the boy with bitten nails and holes in his sweaters and a chip on his shoulder that had seemed immovable. "I know you're upset, Clary," he said, his voice sharp, "but if you're suggesting that Iz and I care less about Jace than you do—"

"I'm not," Clary said. "I'm talking about your *parabatai* connection. I was reading about the ceremony in the *Codex*. I know being *parabatai* ties the two of you together. You can sense things about Jace. Things that will help you when you're fighting. So I guess I mean . . . can you sense if he's still alive?"

"Clary." Isabelle sounded worried. "I thought you didn't . . ."

"He's alive," Alec said cautiously. "You think I'd be this functional if he weren't alive? There's definitely something fundamentally *wrong*. I can feel that much. But he's still breathing."

"Could the 'wrong' thing be that he's being held prisoner?" said Clary in a small voice.

Alec looked toward the windows, the sheeting gray rain. "Maybe. I can't explain it. I've never felt anything like it before."

"But he's alive."

Alec looked at her directly then. "I'm sure of it."

"Then screw the Council. We'll find him ourselves," Clary said.

"Clary . . . if that were possible . . . don't you think we already would have—," Alec began.

"We were doing what the Clave wanted us to do before," said Isabelle. "Patrols, searches. There are other ways."

"Ways that break the Law, you mean," said Alec. He sounded hesitant. Clary hoped he wasn't going to repeat the Shadowhunters' motto when it came to the Law: *Sed lex, dura*

lex. “The Law is harsh, but it is the Law.” She didn’t think she could take it.

“The Seelie Queen offered me a favor,” Clary said. “At the fireworks party in Idris.” The memory of that night, how happy she’d been, made her heart contract for a moment, and she had to stop and regain her breath. “And a way to contact her.”

“The Queen of the Fair Folk gives nothing for free.”

“I know that. I’ll take whatever debt it is on my shoulders.” Clary remembered the words of the faerie girl who had handed her the bell. *You would do anything to save him, whatever it cost you, whatever you might owe to Hell or Heaven, would you not?* “I just want one of you to come with me. I’m not good with translating faerie-speak. At least if you’re with me you can limit whatever the damage is. But if there’s anything she can do—”

“I’ll go with you,” Isabelle said immediately.

Alec looked at his sister darkly. “We already talked to the Fair Folk. The Council questioned them extensively. And they can’t lie.”

“The Council asked them if they knew where Jace and Sebastian were,” Clary said. “Not if they’d be willing to look for them. The Seelie Queen knew about my father, knew about the angel he summoned and trapped, knew the truth about my blood and Jace’s. I think there’s not much that happens in this world that she *doesn’t* know about.”

“It’s true,” said Isabelle, a little animation entering into her voice. “You know you have to ask faeries the exact right things to get useful information out of them, Alec. They’re very hard to question, even if they do have to tell the truth. A favor, though, is different.”

“And its potential for danger is literally unlimited,” said Alec. “If Jace knew I let Clary go to the Seelie Queen, he’d—”

“I don’t care,” Clary said. “He’d do it for me. Tell me he wouldn’t. If I were missing—”

“He’d burn the whole world down till he could dig you out of the ashes. I know,” Alec said, sounding exhausted. “Hell, you think I *don’t* want to burn down the world right now? I’m just trying to be . . .”

“An older brother,” said Isabelle. “I get it.”

Alec looked as if he were fighting for control. “If something happened to you, Isabelle—after Max, and Jace—”

Izzy got to her feet, went across the room, and put her arms around Alec. Their dark hair, precisely the same color, mixed together as Isabelle whispered something into her brother’s ear; Clary watched them with not a little envy. She had always wanted a brother. And she had one now. Sebastian. It was like always wanting a puppy for a pet and being handed a hellhound instead. She watched as Alec tugged his sister’s hair affectionately, nodded, and released her. “We should all go,” he said. “But I have to tell Magnus, at least, what we’re doing. It wouldn’t be fair not to.”

“Do you want to use my phone?” Isabelle asked, offering the battered pink object to him.

Alec shook his head. “He’s waiting downstairs with the others. You’ll have to give Luke some kind of excuse too, Clary. I’m sure he’s expecting you to go home with him. And he says your mother’s been pretty sick about this whole thing.”

“She blames herself for Sebastian’s existence.” Clary got to her feet. “Even though she thought he was dead all those years.”

“It’s not her fault.” Isabelle pulled her golden whip down from where it hung on the wall and wrapped it around her wrist so that it looked like a ladder of shining bracelets. “No one blames her.”

“That never matters,” said Alec. “Not when you blame yourself.”

In silence, the three of them made their way through the corridors of the Institute, oddly crowded now with other Shadowhunters, some of whom were part of the special commissions that had been sent out from Idris to deal with the

situation. None of them really looked at Isabelle, Alec, or Clary with much curiosity. Initially Clary had felt so much as if she were being stared at—and had heard the whispered words “Valentine’s daughter” so many times—that she’d started to dread coming to the Institute, but she’d stood up in front of the Council enough times now that the novelty had worn off.

They took the elevator downstairs; the nave of the Institute was brightly lit with witchlight as well as the usual tapers and was filled with Council members and their families. Luke and Magnus were sitting in a pew, talking to each other; beside Luke was a tall, blue-eyed woman who looked just like him. She had curled her hair and dyed the gray brown, but Clary still recognized her—Luke’s sister, Amatis.

Magnus got up at the sight of Alec and came over to talk to him; Izzy appeared to recognize someone else across the pews and darted away in her usual manner, without pausing to say where she was going. Clary went to greet Luke and Amatis; both of them looked tired, and Amatis was patting Luke’s shoulder sympathetically. Luke rose to his feet and hugged Clary when he saw her. Amatis congratulated Clary on being cleared by the Council, and she nodded; she felt only half-there, most of her numb and the rest of her responding on autopilot.

She could see Magnus and Alec out of the corner of her eye. They were talking, Alec leaning in close to Magnus, the way couples often seemed to curve into each other when they spoke, in their own contained universe. She was happy to see them happy, but it hurt, too. She wondered if she would ever have that again, or ever even want it again. She remembered Jace’s voice: *I don’t even want to want anyone but you.*

“Earth to Clary,” said Luke. “Do you want to head home? Your mother is dying to see you, and she’d love to catch up with Amatis before she goes back to Idris tomorrow. I thought we could have dinner. You pick the restaurant.” He was trying to hide the concern in his voice, but Clary could hear it. She hadn’t been eating much lately, and her clothes had started to hang more loosely on her frame.

“I don’t really feel like celebrating,” she said. “Not with the Council de-prioritizing the search for Jace.”

“Clary, it doesn’t mean they’re going to stop,” said Luke.

“I know. It’s just—It’s like when they say a search and rescue mission is now a search for bodies. That’s what it sounds like.” She swallowed. “Anyway, I was thinking of going to Taki’s for dinner with Isabelle and Alec,” she said. “Just . . . to do something normal.”

Amatis squinted toward the door. “It’s raining pretty hard out there.”

Clary felt her lips stretch into a smile. She wondered if it looked as false as it felt. “I won’t melt.”

Luke folded some money into her hand, clearly relieved she was doing something as normal as going out with friends. “Just promise to eat something.”

“Okay.” Through the twinge of guilt, she managed a real half smile in his direction before she turned away.



Magnus and Alec were no longer where they had been a moment ago. Glancing around, Clary saw Izzy’s familiar long black hair through the crowd. She was standing by the Institute’s large double doors, talking to someone Clary couldn’t see. Clary headed toward Isabelle; as she drew closer, she recognized one of the group, with a slight shock of surprise, as Aline Penhallow. Her glossy black hair had been cut stylishly just above her shoulders. Standing next to Aline was a slim girl with pale white-gold hair that curled in ringlets; it was drawn back from her face, showing that the tips of her ears were slightly pointed. She wore Council robes, and as Clary came closer she saw that the girl’s eyes were a brilliant and unusual blue-green, a color that made Clary’s fingers yearn for her Prismacolor pencils for the first time in two weeks.

“It must be weird, with your mother being the new Consul,” Isabelle was saying to Aline as Clary joined them. “Not that

Jia isn't *much* better than—Hey, Clary. Aline, you remember Clary.”

The two girls exchanged nods. Clary had once walked in on Aline kissing Jace. It had been awful at the time, but the memory held no sting now. She'd be relieved to walk in on Jace kissing someone else at this point. At least it would mean he was alive.

“And this is Aline's *girlfriend*, Helen Blackthorn.” Isabelle said with heavy emphasis. Clary shot her a glare. Did Isabelle think she was an idiot? Besides, she remembered Aline telling her that she'd kissed Jace only as an experiment to see if any guy were her type. Apparently the answer had been no. “Helen's family runs the Los Angeles Institute. Helen, this is Clary Fray.”

“Valentine's daughter,” Helen said. She looked surprised and a little impressed.

Clary winced. “I try not to think about that too much.”

“Sorry. I can see why you wouldn't.” Helen flushed. Her skin was very pale, with a slight sheen to it, like a pearl. “I voted for the Council to keep prioritizing the search for Jace, by the way. I'm sorry we were overruled.”

“Thanks.” Not wanting to talk about it, Clary turned to Aline. “Congratulations on your mother being made Consul. That must be pretty exciting.”

Aline shrugged. “She's busy a lot more now.” She turned to Isabelle. “Did you know your dad put his name in for the Inquisitor position?”

Clary felt Isabelle freeze beside her. “No. No, I didn't know that.”

“I was surprised,” Aline added. “I thought he was pretty committed to running the Institute here—” She broke off, looking past Clary. “Helen, I think your brother is trying to make the world's biggest puddle of melted wax over there. You might want to stop him.”

Helen blew out an exasperated breath, muttered something about twelve-year-old boys, and vanished into the crowd just

as Alec pushed his way forward. He greeted Aline with a hug—Clary forgot, sometimes, that the Penhallows and the Lightwoods had known each other for years—and looked at Helen in the crowd. “Is that your girlfriend?”

Aline nodded. “Helen Blackthorn.”

“I heard there’s some faerie blood in that family,” said Alec.

Ah, Clary thought. That explained the pointed ears. Nephilim blood was dominant, and the child of a faerie and a Shadowhunter would be a Shadowhunter as well, but sometimes the faerie blood could express itself in odd ways, even generations down the line.

“A little,” said Aline. “Look, I wanted to thank you, Alec.”

Alec looked bewildered. “What for?”

“What you did in the Hall of Accords,” Aline said. “Kissing Magnus like that. It gave me the push I needed to tell my parents . . . to come out to them. And if I hadn’t done that, I don’t think, when I met Helen, I would have had the nerve to say anything.”

“Oh.” Alec looked startled, as if he’d never considered what impact his actions might have had on anyone outside his immediate family. “And your parents—were they good about it?”

Aline rolled her eyes. “They’re sort of ignoring it, like it might go away if they don’t talk about it.” Clary remembered what Isabelle had said about the Clave’s attitude toward its gay members. *If it happens, you don’t talk about it*. “But it could be worse.”

“It could definitely be worse,” said Alec, and there was a grim edge to his voice that made Clary look at him sharply.

Aline’s face melted into a look of sympathy. “I’m sorry,” she said. “If your parents aren’t—”

“They’re fine with it,” Isabelle said, a little too sharply.

“Well, either way. I shouldn’t have said anything right now. Not with Jace missing. You must all be so worried.” She took

a deep breath. “I know people have probably said all sorts of stupid things to you about him. The way they do when they don’t really know what to say. I just—I wanted to tell you something.” She ducked away from a passer-by with impatience and moved closer to the Lightwoods and Clary, lowering her voice. “Alec, Izzy—I remember once when you guys came to see us in Idris. I was thirteen and Jace was—I think he was twelve. He wanted to see Brocelind Forest, so we borrowed some horses and rode there one day. Of course, we got lost. Brocelind’s impenetrable. It got darker and the woods got thicker and I was terrified. I thought we’d die there. But Jace was never scared. He was never anything but sure we’d find our way out. It took hours, but he did it. He got us out of there. I was so grateful but he just looked at me like I was crazy. Like of course he’d get us out. Failing wasn’t an option. I’m just saying—he’ll find his way back to you. I know it.”

Clary didn’t think she’d ever seen Izzy cry, and she was clearly trying not to now. Her eyes were suspiciously wide and shining. Alec was looking at his shoes. Clary felt a wellspring of misery wanting to leap up inside her but forced it down; she couldn’t think about Jace when he was twelve, couldn’t think about him lost in the darkness, or she’d think about him now, lost somewhere, trapped somewhere, needing her help, expecting her to come, and she’d break. “Aline,” she said, seeing that neither Isabelle nor Alec could speak. “Thank you.”

Aline flashed a shy smile. “I mean it.”

“Aline!” It was Helen, her hand firmly clamped around the wrist of a younger boy whose hands were covered with blue wax. He must have been playing with the tapers in the huge candelabras that decorated the sides of the nave. He looked about twelve, with an impish grin and the same shocking blue-green eyes as his sister, though his hair was dark brown. “We’re back. We should probably go before Jules destroys the whole place. Not to mention that I have no idea where Tibs and Livvy have gone.”

“They were eating wax,” the boy—Jules—supplied helpfully.

“Oh, God,” Helen groaned, and then looked apologetic. “Never mind me. I’ve got six younger brothers and sisters and one older. It’s always a zoo.”

Jules looked from Alec to Isabelle and then at Clary. “How many brothers and sisters have you got?” he asked.

Helen paled. Isabelle said, in a remarkably steady voice, “There are three of us.”

Jules’s eyes stayed on Clary. “You don’t look alike.”

“I’m not related to them,” Clary said. “I don’t have any brothers or sisters.”

“None?” Disbelief registered in the boy’s tone, as if she’d told him she had webbed feet. “Is that why you look so sad?”

Clary thought of Sebastian, with his ice-white hair and black eyes. *If only*, she thought. *If only I didn’t have a brother, none of this would have happened.* A little throb of hatred went through her, warming her icy blood. “Yes,” she said softly. “That’s why I’m sad.”

2

THORNS

Simon was waiting for Clary, Alec, and Isabelle outside the Institute, under an overhang of stone that only just protected him from the worst of the rain. He turned as they came out through the doors, and Clary saw that his dark hair was pasted to his forehead and neck. He pushed it back and looked at her, a question in his eyes.

“I’m cleared,” she said, and as he started to smile, she shook her head. “But they’re de-prioritizing the search for Jace. I—I’m pretty sure they think he’s dead.”

Simon looked down at his wet jeans and T-shirt (a wrinkled gray ringer tee that said CLEARLY I HAVE MADE SOME BAD DECISIONS on the front in block lettering). He shook his head. “I’m sorry.”

“The Clave can be like that,” Isabelle said. “I guess we shouldn’t have expected anything else.”

“*Basia coquum*,” Simon said. “Or whatever their motto is.”

“It’s ‘*Descensus Averno facilis est.*’ ‘The descent into hell is easy,’” said Alec. “You just said ‘Kiss the cook.’”

“Dammit,” said Simon. “I knew Jace was screwing with me.” His wet brown hair fell back into his eyes; he flicked it away with a gesture impatient enough that Clary caught a flashing glimpse of the silvery Mark of Cain on his forehead. “Now what?”

“Now we go see the Seelie Queen,” said Clary. As she touched the bell at her throat, she explained to Simon about Kaelie’s visit to Luke and Jocelyn’s reception, and her promises to Clary about the Seelie Queen’s help.

Simon looked dubious. “The red-headed lady with the bad attitude who made you kiss Jace? I didn’t like her.”

“*That’s* what you remember about her? That she made Clary kiss Jace?” Isabelle sounded annoyed. “The Seelie Queen is dangerous. She was just playing around that time. Usually she likes to drive at least a few humans to screaming madness every day before breakfast.”

“I’m not human,” Simon said. “Not anymore.” He looked at Isabelle only briefly, dropped his gaze, and turned to Clary. “You want me with you?”

“I think it would be good to have you there. Daylighter, Mark of Cain—some things have to impress even the Queen.”

“I wouldn’t bet on it,” said Alec.

Clary glanced past him and asked, “Where’s Magnus?”

“He said it would be better if he didn’t come. Apparently he and the Seelie Queen have some kind of history.”

Isabelle raised her eyebrows.

“Not that kind of history,” said Alec irritably. “Some kind of feud. Though,” he added, half under his breath, “the way he got around before me, I wouldn’t be surprised.”

“Alec!” Isabelle dropped back to talk to her brother, and Clary opened her umbrella with a snap. It was one Simon had bought her years ago at the Museum of Natural History and had a pattern of dinosaurs on the top. She saw his expression change to one of amusement as he recognized it.

“Shall we walk?” he inquired, and offered his arm.



The rain was coming down steadily, creating small rills out of the gutters and splashing water up from the wheels of passing taxis. It was odd, Simon thought, that although he didn’t feel cold, the sensation of being wet and clammy was still irritating. He shifted his gaze slightly, looking at Alec and Isabelle over his shoulder; Isabelle hadn’t really met his eyes since they’d come out of the Institute, and he wondered what she was thinking. She seemed to want to talk to her brother,

and as they paused at the corner of Park Avenue, he heard her say, “So, what do you think? About Dad putting his name in for the Inquisitor position.”

“I think it sounds like a boring job.” Isabelle was holding an umbrella. It was clear plastic, decorated with decals of colorful flowers. It was one of the girliest things Simon had ever seen, and he didn’t blame Alec for ducking out from under it and taking his chances with the rain. “I don’t know why he’d want it.”

“I don’t care if it’s *boring*,” Isabelle whisper-hissed. “If he takes it, he’ll be in Idris all the time. Like, *all the time*. He can’t run the Institute and be the Inquisitor. He can’t have two jobs at once.”

“If you’ve noticed, Iz, he’s in Idris all the time anyway.”

“Alec—” The rest of what she said was lost as the light changed and traffic surged forward, spraying icy water up onto the pavement. Clary dodged a geyser of it and nearly knocked into Simon. He took her hand to steady her.

“Sorry,” she said. Her hand felt small and cold in his. “Wasn’t really paying attention.”

“I know.” He tried to keep the worry out of his voice. She hadn’t really been “paying attention” to anything for the past two weeks. At first she’d cried, and then been angry—angry that she couldn’t join the patrols looking for Jace, angry at the Council’s endless grilling, angry that she was being kept virtually a prisoner at home because she was under suspicion from the Clave. Most of all she’d been angry at herself for not being able to come up with a rune that would help. She would sit at her desk at night for hours, her stele clutched so tightly in whitening fingers that Simon was afraid it would snap in half. She’d try to force her mind to present her with a picture that would tell her where Jace was. But night after night nothing happened.

She looked older, he thought as they entered the park through a gap in the stone wall on Fifth Avenue. Not in a bad way, but she was different from the girl she’d been when they had walked into the Pandemonium Club on that night that had

changed everything. She was taller, but it was more than that. Her expression was more serious, there was more grace and force in the way she walked, her green eyes were less dancing, more focused. She was starting to look, he realized with a jolt of surprise, like Jocelyn.

Clary paused in a circle of dripping trees; the branches blocked most of the rain here, and Isabelle and Clary leaned their umbrellas against the trunks of nearby trees. Clary unclasped the chain around her neck and let the bell slide into her palm. She looked around at all of them, her expression serious. “This is a risk,” she said, “and I’m pretty sure if I take it, I can’t go back from it. So if any of you don’t want to come with me, it’s all right. I’ll understand.”

Simon reached out and put his hand over hers. There was no need to think. Where Clary went, he went. They had been through too much for it to be any other way. Isabelle followed suit, and lastly Alec; rain dripped off his long black lashes like tears, but his expression was resolute. The four of them held hands tightly.

Clary rang the bell.



There was a sensation as if the world were spinning—not the same sensation as being flung through a Portal, Clary thought, into the heart of a maelstrom, but more as if she were sitting on a merry-go-round that had begun to spin faster and faster. She was dizzy and gasping when the sensation stopped suddenly and she was standing still again, her hand clasped with Isabelle’s, Alec’s, and Simon’s.

They released one another, and Clary glanced around. She had been here before, in this dark brown, shining corridor that looked as if it had been carved out of a tiger’s eye gemstone. The floor was smooth, worn down by the passage of thousands of years’ worth of faerie feet. Light came from glinting chips of gold in the walls, and at the end of the passage was a multicolored curtain that swayed back and forth as if moved by wind, though there was no wind here underground. As Clary drew near to it, she saw that it was sewed out of

butterflies. Some of them were still alive, and their struggles made the curtain flutter as if in a stiff breeze.

She swallowed back the acid taste in her throat. “Hello?” she called. “Is anyone there?”

The curtain rustled aside, and the faerie knight Meliorn stepped out into the hallway. He wore the white armor Clary remembered, but there was a sigil over his left breast now—the four Cs that also decorated Luke’s Council robes, marking him as a member. There was a scar, also, on Meliorn’s face that was new, just under his leaf-colored eyes. He regarded her frigidly. “One does not greet the Queen of the Seelie Court with the barbarous human ‘hello,’” he said, “as if you were hailing a servant. The proper address is ‘Well met.’”

“But we haven’t met,” said Clary. “I don’t even know if she’s here.”

Meliorn looked at her with scorn. “If the Queen were not present and ready to receive you, ringing the bell would not have brought you. Now come: follow me, and bring your companions with you.”

Clary turned to gesture at the others, then followed Meliorn through the curtain of tortured butterflies, hunching her shoulders in the hopes that no part of their wings would touch her.

One by one the four of them stepped into the Queen’s chamber. Clary blinked in surprise. It looked entirely different from how it had the last time she’d been here. The Queen reclined on a white and gold divan, and all around her stretched a floor made of alternating squares of black and white, like a great checkerboard. Strings of dangerous-looking thorns hung from the ceiling, and on each thorn was impaled a will-o’-the-wisp, its normally blinding light flickering as it died. The room shimmered in their glow.

Meliorn went to stand beside the Queen; other than him the room was empty of courtiers. Slowly the Queen sat up straight. She was as beautiful as ever, her dress a diaphanous mixture of silver and gold, her hair like rosy copper as she arranged it gently over one white shoulder. Clary wondered

why she was bothering. Of all of them there, the only one likely to be moved by her beauty was Simon, and he hated her.

“Well met, Nephilim, Daylighter,” she said, inclining her head in their direction. “Daughter of Valentine, what brings you to me?”

Clary opened her hand. The bell shone there like an accusation. “You sent your handmaiden to tell me to ring this if I ever needed your help.”

“And you told me you wanted nothing from me,” said the Queen. “That you had everything you desired.”

Clary thought back desperately to what Jace had said when they had had an audience with the Queen before, how he had flattered and charmed her. It was as if he had suddenly acquired a whole new vocabulary. She glanced back over her shoulder at Isabelle and Alec, but Isabelle only made an irritable motion at her, indicating that she should keep going.

“Things change,” Clary said.

The Queen stretched her legs out luxuriously. “Very well. What is it you want from me?”

“I want you to find Jace Lightwood.”

In the silence that followed, the sound of the will-o'-the-wisps, crying in their agony, was softly audible. At last the Queen said, “You must think us powerful indeed if you believe the Fair Folk can succeed where the Clave has failed.”

“The Clave wants to find Sebastian. I don’t care about Sebastian. I want *Jace*,” Clary said. “Besides, I already know you know more than you’re letting on. You predicted this would happen. No one else knew, but I don’t believe you sent me that bell when you did—the same night Jace disappeared—without knowing something was brewing.”

“Perhaps I did,” said the Queen, admiring her shimmering toenails.

“I’ve noticed the Fair Folk often say ‘*perhaps*’ when there is a truth they want to hide,” Clary said. “It keeps you from having to give a straight answer.”

“Perhaps so,” said the Queen with an amused smile.

“‘Mayhap’ is a good word too,” Alec suggested.

“Also ‘perchance,’” Izzy said.

“I see nothing wrong with ‘maybe,’” said Simon. “A little modern, but the gist of the idea comes across.”

The Queen waved away their words as if they were annoying bees buzzing around her head. “I do not trust you, Valentine’s daughter,” she said. “There was a time I wanted a favor from you, but that time is over. Meliorn has his place on the Council. I am not sure there is anything you can offer me.”

“If you thought that,” said Clary, “you never would have sent the bell.”

For a moment their eyes locked. The Queen was beautiful, but there was something behind her face, something that made Clary think of the bones of a small animal, whitening in the sun. At last the Queen said, “Very well. I may be able to help you. But I will desire recompense.”

“Shocker,” Simon muttered. He had his hands jammed into his pockets and was looking at the Queen with loathing.

Alec laughed.

The Queen’s eyes flashed. A moment later Alec staggered back with a cry. He was holding his hands out before him, gaping, as the skin on them wrinkled and his hands curved inward, bent, the joints swollen. His back hunched, his hair graying, his blue eyes fading and sinking into deep wrinkles. Clary gasped. Where Alec had been, an old man, bent and white-haired, stood trembling.

“How swift mortal loveliness does fade,” the Queen gloated. “Look at yourself, Alexander Lightwood. I give you a glimpse of yourself in a mere threescore years. What will your warlock lover say then of your beauty?”

Alec’s chest was heaving. Isabelle stepped quickly to his side and took his arm. “Alec, it’s nothing. It’s a glamour.” She turned on the Queen. “Take it off him! *Take it off!*”

“If you and yours will speak to me with more respect, then I might consider it.”

“We will,” Clary said quickly. “We apologize for any rudeness.”

The Queen sniffed. “I rather miss your Jace,” she said. “Of all of you, he was the prettiest and the best-mannered.”

“We miss him too,” said Clary in a low voice. “We didn’t mean to be ill-mannered. We humans can be difficult in our grief.”

“Hmph,” said the Queen, but she snapped her fingers and the glamour fell from Alec. He was himself again, though white-faced and stunned-looking. The Queen shot him a superior look, and turned her attention to Clary.

“There is a set of rings,” said the Queen. “They belonged to my father. I desire the return of these objects, for they are faerie-made and possess great power. They allow us to speak to one another, mind to mind, as your Silent Brothers do. At present I have it on good authority that they are on display in the Institute.”

“I remember seeing something like that,” Izzy said slowly. “Two faerie-work rings in a glass case on the second floor of the library.”

“You want me to steal something from the Institute?” Clary said, surprised. Of all the favors she might have guessed the Queen would ask for, this one wasn’t high on the list.

“It is not theft,” said the Queen, “to return an item to its rightful owners.”

“And then you’ll find Jace for us?” said Clary. “And don’t say ‘perhaps.’ What will you do exactly?”

“I will assist you in finding him,” said the Queen. “I give you my word that my help would be invaluable. I can tell you, for instance, why all of your tracking spells have been for naught. I can tell you in what city he is most likely to be found —”

“But the Clave questioned you,” interrupted Simon. “How did you lie to them?”

“They never asked the correct questions.”

“*Why* lie to them?” demanded Isabelle. “Where is your allegiance in all this?”

“I have none. Jonathan Morgenstern could be a powerful ally if I do not make him an enemy first. Why endanger him or earn his ire at no benefit to ourselves? The Fair Folk are an old people; we do not make hasty decisions but first wait to see in what direction the wind blows.”

“But these rings mean enough to you that if we get them, you’ll risk making him angry?” Alec asked.

But the Queen only smiled, a lazy smile, ripe with promise. “I think that is quite enough for today,” she said. “Return to me with the rings and we will speak again.”

Clary hesitated, turning to look at Alec, and then Isabelle. “You’re all right with this? Stealing from the Institute?”

“If it means finding Jace,” Isabelle said.

Alec nodded. “Whatever it takes.”

Clary turned back to the Queen, who was watching her with an expectant gaze. “Then, I think we have ourselves a bargain.”

The Queen stretched and gave a contented smile. “Fare thee well, little Shadowhunters. And a word of warning, though you have done nothing to deserve it. You might well consider the wisdom of this hunt for your friend. For as is often the happenstance with that which is precious and lost, when you find him again, he may well not be quite as you left him.”



It was nearly eleven when Alec reached the front door of Magnus’s apartment in Greenpoint. Isabelle had persuaded Alec to come to Taki’s for dinner with Clary and Simon, and though he had protested, he was glad he had. He had needed a few hours to settle his emotions after what had happened in the

Seelie Court. He did not want Magnus to see how badly the Queen's glamour had shaken him.

He no longer had to ring the bell for Magnus to buzz him upstairs. He had a key, a fact he was obscurely proud of. He unlocked the door and headed upstairs, passing Magnus's first-floor neighbor as he did so. Though Alec had never seen the occupants of the first-floor loft, they seemed to be engaged in a tempestuous romance. Once there had been a bunch of someone's belongings strewn all over the landing with a note attached to a jacket lapel addressed to "A lying liar who lies." Right now there was a bouquet of flowers taped to the door with a card tucked among the blooms that read I'M SORRY. That was the thing about New York: you always knew more about your neighbors' business than you wanted to.

Magnus's door was cracked slightly open, and the sounds of music playing softly wafted out into the hall. Today it was Tchaikovsky. Alec felt his shoulders relax as the door of the apartment shut behind him. He could never be quite sure how the place was going to look—it was minimalist right now, with white couches, red stacking tables, and stark black-and-white photos of Paris on the walls—but it had begun to feel increasingly familiar, like home. It smelled like the things he associated with Magnus: ink, cologne, Lapsang Souchong tea, the burned-sugar smell of magic. He scooped up Chairman Meow, who was dozing on a windowsill, and made his way into the study.

Magnus looked up as Alec came in. He was wearing what for Magnus was a somber ensemble—jeans and a black T-shirt with rivets around the collar and cuffs. His black hair was down, messy and tangled as if he'd run his hands through it multiple times in annoyance, and his cat's eyes were heavy-lidded with tiredness. He dropped his pen when Alec appeared, and grinned. "The Chairman likes you."

"He likes anyone who scratches behind his ears," Alec said, shifting the dozing cat so that his purring seemed to rumble through Alec's chest.

Magnus leaned back in his chair, the muscles in his arms flexing as he yawned. The table was strewn with pieces of

paper covered in small, cramped handwriting and drawings—the same pattern over and over, variations on the design that had been splattered across the floor of the rooftop from which Jace had disappeared. “How was the Seelie Queen?”

“Same as usual.”

“Raging bitch, then?”

“Pretty much.” Alec gave Magnus the condensed version of what had happened in the faerie court. He was good at that—keeping things short, not a word wasted. He never understood people who chattered on incessantly, or even Jace’s love of overcomplicated wordplay.

“I worry about Clary,” said Magnus. “I worry she’s getting in over her little red head.”

Alec set Chairman Meow down on the table, where he promptly curled up into a ball and went back to sleep. “She wants to find Jace. Can you blame her?”

Magnus’s eyes softened. He hooked a finger into the top of Alec’s jeans and pulled him closer. “Are you saying you’d do the same thing if it were me?”

Alec turned his face away, glancing at the paper Magnus had just set aside. “You looking at these again?”

Looking a little disappointed, Magnus let Alec go. “There’s got to be a key,” he said. “To unlocking them. Some language I haven’t looked at yet. Something ancient. This is old black magic, very dark, not like anything I’ve ever seen before.” He looked at the paper again, his head tilted to the side. “Can you hand me that snuffbox over there? The silver one, on the edge of the table.”

Alec followed the line of Magnus’s gesture and saw a small silver box perched on the opposite side of the big wooden table. He reached over and picked it up. It was like a miniature metal chest set on small feet, with a curved top and the initials *W.S.* picked out in diamonds across the top.

W, he thought. *Will?*

Will, Magnus had said when Alec had asked him about the name Camille had taunted him with. *Dear God, that was a long time ago.*

Alec bit his lip. “What is this?”

“It’s a snuffbox,” said Magnus, not looking up from his papers. “I told you.”

“Snuff? As in snuffing people out?” Alec eyed it.

Magnus looked up and laughed. “As in tobacco. It was very popular around the seventeenth, eighteenth century. Now I use the box to keep odds and ends in.”

He held out his hand, and Alec gave the box up. “Do you ever wonder,” Alec began, and then started again. “Does it bother you that Camille’s out there somewhere? That she got away?” *And that it was my fault?* Alec thought but didn’t say. There was no need for Magnus to know.

“She’s always been out there somewhere,” said Magnus. “I know the Clave isn’t terribly pleased, but I’m used to imagining her living her life, not contacting me. If it ever bothered me, it hasn’t in a long time.”

“But you did love her. Once.”

Magnus ran his fingers over the diamond insets in the snuffbox. “I thought I did.”

“Does she still love you?”

“I don’t think so,” Magnus said dryly. “She wasn’t very pleasant the last time I saw her. Of course that could be because I’ve got an eighteen-year-old boyfriend with a stamina rune and she doesn’t.”

Alec sputtered. “As the person being objectified, I . . . object to that description of me.”

“She always was the jealous type.” Magnus grinned. He was awfully good at changing the subject, Alec thought. Magnus had made it clear that he didn’t like talking about his past love life, but somewhere during their conversation, Alec’s sense of familiarity and comfort, his feeling of being at home, had vanished. No matter how young Magnus looked—and

right now, barefoot, with his hair sticking up, he looked about eighteen—uncrossable oceans of time divided them.

Magnus opened the box, took out some tacks, and used them to fix the paper he had been looking at to the table. When he glanced up and saw Alec's expression, he did a double take. "Are you okay?"

Instead of replying, Alec reached down and took Magnus's hands. Magnus let Alec pull him to his feet, a questioning look in his eyes. Before he could say anything, Alec drew him closer and kissed him. Magnus made a soft, pleased sound, and gripped the back of Alec's shirt, rucking it up, his fingers cool on Alec's spine. Alec leaned into him, pinning Magnus between the table and his own body. Not that Magnus seemed to mind.

"Come on," Alec said against Magnus's ear. "It's late. Let's go to bed."

Magnus bit his lip and glanced over his shoulder at the papers on the table, his gaze fixed on ancient syllables in forgotten languages. "Why don't you go on ahead?" he said. "I'll join you—five minutes."

"Sure." Alec straightened up, knowing that when Magnus was deep in his studies, five minutes could easily become five hours. "I'll see you there."



"Shhh."

Clary put her finger to her lips before motioning for Simon to go before her through the front door of Luke's house. All the lights were off, and the living room was dark and silent. She shooed Simon toward her room and headed into the kitchen to grab a glass of water. Halfway there she froze.

Her mother's voice was audible down the hall. Clary could hear the strain in it. Just like losing Jace was Clary's worst nightmare, she knew that her mother was living her worst nightmare too. Knowing that her son was alive and out there in the world, capable of anything, was ripping her apart from the inside out.

“But they cleared her, Jocelyn,” Clary overheard Luke reply, his voice dipping in and out of a whisper. “There won’t be any punishment.”

“All of it is my fault.” Jocelyn sounded muffled, as if she had buried her head against Luke’s shoulder. “If I hadn’t brought that . . . creature into the world, Clary wouldn’t be going through this now.”

“You couldn’t have known . . .” Luke’s voice faded off into a murmur, and though Clary knew he was right, she had a brief, guilty flash of rage against her mother. Jocelyn should have killed Sebastian in his crib before he’d ever had a chance to grow up and ruin all their lives, she thought, and was instantly horrified at herself for thinking it. She turned and swung back toward the other end of the house, darting into her bedroom and closing the door behind her as if she were being followed.

Simon, who had been sitting on the bed playing with his DS, looked up at her in surprise. “Everything okay?”

She tried to smile at him. He was a familiar sight in this room—they’d slept over at Luke’s often enough when they were growing up. She’d done what she could to make this room hers instead of a spare room. Photos of herself and Simon, the Lightwoods, herself with Jace and with her family, were stuck haphazardly into the frame of the mirror over the dresser. Luke had given her a drawing board, and her art supplies were sorted neatly into a stack of cubbyholes beside it. She had tacked up posters of her favorite animes: *Fullmetal Alchemist*, *Rurouni Kenshin*, *Bleach*.

Evidence of her Shadowhunter life lay scattered about as well—a fat copy of *The Shadowhunter’s Codex* with her notes and drawings scribbled into the margins, a shelf of books on the occult and paranormal, her stele atop her desk, and a new globe, given to her by Luke, that showed Idris, bordered in gold, in the center of Europe.

And Simon, sitting in the middle of her bed, cross-legged, was one of the few things that belonged both to her old life and her new one. He looked at her with his eyes dark in his

pale face, the glimmer of the Mark of Cain barely visible on his forehead.

“My mom,” she said, and leaned against the door. “She’s really not doing well.”

“Isn’t she relieved? I mean about you being cleared?”

“She can’t get past thinking about Sebastian. She can’t get past blaming herself.”

“It wasn’t her fault, the way he turned out. It was Valentine’s.”

Clary said nothing. She was recalling the awful thing she had just thought, that her mother should have killed Sebastian when he was born.

“Both of you,” said Simon, “blame yourselves for things that aren’t your fault. You blame yourself for leaving Jace on the roof—”

She jerked her head up and looked at him sharply. She wasn’t aware she’d ever said she blamed herself for that, though she did. “I never—”

“You do,” he said. “But I left him, Izzy left him, Alec left him—and Alec’s his *parabatai*. There’s no way we could have known. And it might have been worse if you’d stayed.”

“Maybe.” Clary didn’t want to talk about it. Avoiding Simon’s gaze, she headed into the bathroom to brush her teeth and pull on her fuzzy pajamas. She avoided looking at herself in the mirror. She hated how pale she looked, the shadows under her eyes. She was strong; she wasn’t going to fall apart. She had a plan. Even if it was a little insane, and involved robbing the Institute.

She brushed her teeth and was pulling her wavy hair back into a ponytail as she left the bathroom, just catching Simon slipping back into his messenger bag a bottle of what was almost surely the blood he’d bought at Taki’s.

She came forward and ruffled his hair. “You can keep the bottles in the fridge, you know,” she said. “If you don’t like it room temperature.”

“Ice-cold blood is worse than room temperature, actually. Warm is best, but I think your mom would balk at me heating it up in saucepans.”

“Does Jordan care?” Clary asked, wondering if in fact Jordan even still remembered Simon lived with him. Simon had been at her house every night for the past week. In the first few days after Jace had disappeared, she hadn’t been able to sleep. She had piled five blankets over herself, but she’d been unable to get warm. Shivering, she would lie awake imagining her veins sluggish with frozen blood, ice crystals weaving a coral-like shining net around her heart. Her dreams were full of black seas and ice floes and frozen lakes and Jace, his face always hidden from her by shadows or a breath of cloud or his own shining hair as he turned away from her. She would fall asleep for minutes at a time, always waking up with a sick drowning feeling.

The first day the Council had interrogated her, she’d come home and crawled into bed. She’d lain there wide awake until there’d been a knock on her window and Simon had crawled inside, nearly tumbling onto the floor. He’d climbed onto the bed and stretched out beside her without a word. His skin had been cold from the outside, and he’d smelled like city air and oncoming winter chill.

She had touched her shoulder to his, dissolving a tiny part of the tension that clamped her body like a clenched fist. His hand had been cold, but it had been familiar, like the texture of his corduroy jacket against her arm.

“How long can you stay?” she had whispered into the darkness.

“As long as you want.”

She’d turned on her side to look at him. “Won’t Izzy mind?”

“She’s the one who told me I should come over here. She said you weren’t sleeping, and if having me with you will make you feel better, I can stay. Or I could just stay until you fall asleep.”

Clary had exhaled her relief. “Stay all night,” she’d said. “Please.”

He had. That night she had had no bad dreams.

As long as he was there, her sleep was dreamless and blank, a dark ocean of nothingness. A painless oblivion.

“Jordan doesn’t really care about the blood,” Simon said now. “His whole thing is about me being comfortable with what I am. Get in touch with your inner vampire, blah, blah.”

Clary slid next to him onto the bed and hugged a pillow. “Is your inner vampire different from your . . . outer vampire?”

“Definitely. He wants me to wear midriff-baring shirts and a fedora. I’m fighting it.”

Clary smiled faintly. “So your inner vampire is Magnus?”

“Wait, that reminds me.” Simon dug around in his messenger bag and produced two volumes of manga. He waved them triumphantly before handing them to Clary. “*Magical Love Gentleman* volumes fifteen and sixteen,” he said. “Sold out everywhere but Midtown Comics.”

She picked them up, looking at the colorful back-to-front covers. Once upon a time she would have waved her arms in fangirl joy; now it was all she could do to smile at Simon and thank him, but he had done it for her, she reminded herself, the gesture of a good friend. Even if she couldn’t even imagine distracting herself with reading right now. “You’re awesome,” she said, bumping him with her shoulder. She lay down against the pillows, the manga books balanced on her lap. “And thanks for coming with me to the Seelie Court. I know it brings up sucky memories for you, but—I’m always better when you’re there.”

“You did great. Handled the Queen like a pro.” Simon lay down next to her, their shoulders touching, both of them looking up at the ceiling, the familiar cracks in it, the old glow-in-the-dark paste-on stars that no longer shed light. “So you’re going to do it? Steal the rings for the Queen?”

“Yes.” She let out her held breath. “Tomorrow. There’s a local Conclave meeting at noon. Everyone’ll be in it. I’m

going in then.”

“I don’t like it, Clary.”

She felt her body tighten. “Don’t like what?”

“You having anything to do with faeries. Faeries are liars.”

“They *can*’t lie.”

“You know what I mean. ‘Faeries are misleaders’ sounds lame, though.”

She turned her head and looked at him, her chin against his collarbone. His arm came up automatically and circled her shoulders, pulling her against him. His body was cool, his shirt still damp from the rain. His usually stick-straight hair had dried in windblown curls. “Believe me, I don’t like getting mixed up with the Court. But I’d do it for you,” she said. “And you’d do it for me, wouldn’t you?”

“Of course I would. But it’s still a bad idea.” He turned his head and looked at her. “I know how you feel. When my father died—”

Her body tightened. “Jace isn’t dead.”

“I know. I wasn’t saying that. It’s just—You don’t need to say you’re better when I’m there. I’m always there with you. Grief makes you feel alone, but you’re not. I know you don’t believe in—in religion—the same way I do, but you can believe you’re surrounded by people who love you, can’t you?” His eyes were wide, hopeful. They were the same dark brown they had always been, but different now, as if another layer had been added to their color, the same way his skin seemed both poreless and translucent at the same time.

I believe it, she thought. *I’m just not sure it matters*. She knocked her shoulder gently against his again. “So, do you mind if I ask you something? It’s personal but important.”

A note of wariness crept into his voice. “What is it?”

“With the whole Mark of Cain thing, does that mean if I accidentally kick you during the night, I get kicked in the shins seven times by an invisible force?”

She felt him laugh. “Go to sleep, Fray.”

3

BAD ANGELS

“Man, I thought you’d forgotten you lived here,” Jordan said the moment Simon walked into the living room of their small apartment, his keys still dangling in his hand. Jordan was usually to be found sprawled out on their futon, his long legs dangling over the side, the controller for their Xbox in his hand. Today he *was* on the futon, but he was sitting up straight, his broad shoulders hunched forward, his hands in the pockets of his jeans, the controller nowhere to be seen. He sounded relieved to see Simon, and in a moment Simon realized why.

Jordan wasn’t alone in the apartment. Sitting across from him in a nubbly orange velvet armchair—none of Jordan’s furniture matched—was Maia, her wildly curling hair contained in two braids. The last time Simon had seen her, she’d been glamorously dressed for a party. Now she was back in uniform: jeans with frayed cuffs, a long-sleeved T-shirt, and a caramel leather jacket. She looked as uncomfortable as Jordan did, her back straight, her gaze straying to the window. When she saw Simon, she clambered gratefully to her feet and gave him a hug. “Hey,” she said. “I just stopped by to see how you were doing.”

“I’m fine. I mean, as fine as I could be with everything going on.”

“I didn’t mean about the whole Jace thing,” she said. “I meant about *you*. How are you holding up?”

“Me?” Simon was startled. “I’m all right. Worried about Isabelle and Clary. You know the Clave was investigating her —”

“And I heard she got cleared. That’s good.” Maia let him go. “But I was thinking about you. And what happened with your mom.”

“How did you know about that?” Simon shot Jordan a look, but Jordan shook his head, almost imperceptibly. He hadn’t told.

Maia pulled on a braid. “I ran into Eric, of all people. He told me what happened and that you’d backed out of Millenium Lint’s gigs for the past two weeks because of it.”

“Actually, they changed their name,” Jordan said. “They’re Midnight Burrito now.”

Maia shot Jordan an irritated look, and he slid down a little in his seat. Simon wondered what they’d been talking about before he’d gotten home. “Have you talked to anyone else in your family?” Maia asked, her voice soft. Her amber eyes were full of concern. Simon knew it was churlish, but there was something about being looked at like that that he didn’t like. It was as if her concern made the problem real, when otherwise he could pretend it wasn’t happening.

“Yeah,” he said. “Everything’s fine with my family.”

“Really? Because you left your phone here.” Jordan picked it up from the side table. “And your sister’s been calling you about every five minutes all day. And yesterday.”

A cold feeling spread through Simon’s stomach. He took the phone from Jordan and looked at the screen. Seventeen missed calls from Rebecca.

“Crap,” he said. “I was hoping to avoid this.”

“Well, she’s your sister,” said Maia. “She was going to call you eventually.”

“I know, but I’ve been sort of fending her off—leaving messages when I knew she wouldn’t be there, that kind of thing. I just . . . I guess I was avoiding the inevitable.”

“And now?”

Simon set the phone down on the windowsill. “Keep avoiding it?”

“Don’t.” Jordan took his hands out of his pockets. “You should talk to her.”

“And say what?” The question came out more sharply than Simon had intended.

“Your mother must have told her something,” said Jordan. “She’s probably worried.”

Simon shook his head. “She’ll be coming home for Thanksgiving in a few weeks. I don’t want her to get mixed up in what’s going on with my mom.”

“She’s already mixed up in it. She’s your family,” said Maia. “Besides, *this*—what’s going on with your mom, all of it—this is your life now.”

“Then, I guess I want her to stay out of it.” Simon knew he was being unreasonable, but he didn’t seem to be able to help it. Rebecca was—special. Different. From a part of his life that had so far remained untouched by all this weirdness. Maybe the only part.

Maia threw her hands up and turned to Jordan. “Say something to him. You’re his Praetorian guard.”

“Oh, come on,” said Simon before Jordan could open his mouth. “Are either of you in touch with your parents? Your families?”

They exchanged quick looks. “No,” Jordan said slowly, “but neither of us had good relationships with them *before*—”

“I rest my case,” said Simon. “We’re all orphans. Orphans of the storm.”

“You can’t just ignore your sister,” insisted Maia.

“Watch me.”

“And when Rebecca comes home and your house looks like the set of *The Exorcist*? And your mom has no explanation for where you are?” Jordan leaned forward, his hands on his knees. “Your sister will call the police, and your mom will end up committed.”

“I just don’t think I’m ready to hear her voice,” Simon said, but he knew he’d lost the argument. “I have to head back out, but I promise, I’ll text her.”

“Well,” Jordan said. He was looking at Maia, not Simon, as he said it, as if he hoped she’d notice he’d made progress with Simon and be pleased. Simon wondered if they’d been seeing each other at all during the past two weeks when he’d been largely absent. He would have guessed no from the awkward way they’d been sitting when he’d come in, but with these two it was hard to be sure. “It’s a start.”



The rattling gold elevator stopped at the third floor of the Institute; Clary took a deep breath and stepped out into the hallway. The place was, as Alec and Isabelle had promised her it would be, deserted and quiet. The traffic on York Avenue outside was a soft murmur. She imagined she could hear the brush of dust motes against one another as they danced in the window light. Along the wall were the pegs where the residents of the Institute hung their coats when they came inside. One of Jace’s black jackets still dangled from a hook, the sleeves empty and ghostly.

With a shiver she set off down the hallway. She could remember the first time Jace had taken her through these corridors, his careless light voice telling her about Shadowhunters, about Idris, about the whole secret world she had never known existed. She had watched him as he’d talked—covertly, she’d thought, but she knew now that Jace noticed everything—watching the light glint off his pale hair, the quick movements of his graceful hands, the flex of the muscles in his arms as he’d gestured.

She reached the library without encountering another Shadowhunter and pushed the door open. The room still gave her the same shiver it had the first time she’d seen it. Circular because it was built inside a tower, the library had a second floor gallery, railed, that ran along the midpoint of the walls, just above the rows of bookshelves. The desk Clary still thought of as Hodge’s rested in the center of the room, carved from a single slab of oak, the wide surface rested on the backs

of two kneeling angels. Clary half-expected Hodge to stand up behind it, his keen-eyed raven, Hugo, perched on his shoulder.

Shaking off the memory, she headed quickly for the circular staircase at the far end of the room. She was wearing jeans and rubber-soled sneakers, and a soundless rune was carved into her ankle; the silence was almost eerie as she bounded up the steps and onto the gallery. There were books up here too, but they were locked away behind glass cases. Some looked very old, their covers frayed, their bindings reduced to a few strings. Others were clearly books of dark or dangerous magic—*Unspeakable Cults*, *The Demon's Pox*, *A Practical Guide to Raising the Dead*.

Between the locked bookshelves were glass display cases. Each held something of rare and beautiful workmanship—a delicate glass flacon whose stopper was an enormous emerald; a crown with a diamond in the center that did not look as if it would fit any human head; a pendant in the shape of an angel whose wings were clockwork cogs and gears; and in the last case, just as Isabelle had promised, a pair of gleaming golden rings shaped like curling leaves, the faerie work as delicate as baby's breath.

The case was locked, of course, but the Opening rune—Clary biting her lip as she drew it, careful not to make it too powerful lest the glass case burst apart and bring people running—unsnappped the lock. Carefully she eased the case open. It was only as she slid her stele back into her pocket that she hesitated.

Was this really her? Stealing from the Clave to pay the Queen of the Fair Folk, whose promises, as Jace had told her once, were like scorpions, with a barbed sting in the tail?

She shook her head as if to clear the doubts away—and froze. The door to the library was opening. She could hear the creak of wood, muffled voices, footsteps. Without another thought she dropped to the ground, flattening herself against the cold wooden floor of the gallery.

“You were right, Jace,” came a voice—coolly amused, and horribly familiar—from below. “The place is deserted.”

The ice that had been in Clary's veins seemed to crystallize, freezing her in place. She could not move, could not breathe. She had not felt a shock this intense since she had seen her father run a sword through Jace's chest. Very slowly she inched toward the edge of the gallery and looked down.

And bit down on her lip savagely to keep herself from screaming.

The sloping roof above rose to a point and was set with a glass skylight. Sunlight poured down through the skylight, lighting a portion of the floor like a spotlight on a stage. She could see that the chips of glass and marble and bits of semiprecious stone that were inlaid in the floor formed a design—the Angel Raziel, the cup and the sword. Standing directly on one of the Angel's outspread wings was Jonathan Christopher Morgenstern.

Sebastian.

So this was what her brother looked like. *Really* looked like, alive and moving and animated. A pale face, all angles and planes, tall and slim in black gear. His hair was silvery white, not dark as it had been when she had first seen him, dyed to match the color of the real Sebastian Verlac's. His own pale color suited him better. His eyes were black and snapping with life and energy. The last time she'd seen him, floating in a glass coffin like Snow White, one of his hands had been a bandaged stump. Now that hand was whole again, with a silver bracelet glittering on the wrist, but nothing visible showed that it had ever been damaged—and more than damaged, had been *missing*.

And there beside him, golden hair shimmering in the pale sunlight, was Jace. Not Jace as she had imagined him so often over the past two weeks—beaten or bleeding or suffering or starving, locked away in some dark cell, screaming in pain or calling out for her. This was Jace as she remembered him, when she let herself remember—flushed and healthy and vibrant and beautiful. His hands were careless in the pockets of his jeans, his Marks visible through his white T-shirt. Over it was thrown an unfamiliar tan suede jacket that brought out the gold undertones to his skin. He tipped his head back, as if

enjoying the feeling of sun on his face. "I'm always right, Sebastian," he said. "You ought to know that about me by now."

Sebastian gave him a measured look, and then a smile. Clary stared. It had every appearance of being a real smile. But what did she know? Sebastian had smiled at her before, and that had turned out to be one big lie. "So where are the books on summoning? Is there any order to the chaos here?"

"Not really. It's not alphabetized. It follows Hodge's special system."

"Isn't he the one I killed? Inconvenient, that," said Sebastian. "Perhaps I should take the upstairs level and you the downstairs."

He moved toward the staircase that led up to the gallery. Clary's heart began to pound with fear. She associated Sebastian with murder, blood, pain, and terror. She knew that Jace had fought him and won once but had nearly died in the process himself. In a hand-to-hand fight she would never beat her brother. Could she fling herself from the gallery railing to the floor without breaking a leg? And if she did, what would happen then? What would Jace do?

Sebastian had his foot on the lowest step when Jace called out to him, "Wait. They're here. Filed under 'Magic, Nonlethal.'"

"Nonlethal? Where's the fun in that?" Sebastian purred, but he took his foot off the step and moved back toward Jace. "This is quite a library," he said, reading off titles as he passed them. "*The Care and Feeding of Your Pet Imp. Demons Revealed.*" He plucked that one off the shelf and let out a long, low chuckle.

"What is it?" Jace looked up, his mouth curving upward. Clary wanted to run downstairs and throw herself at him so badly that she bit down on her lip again. The pain was acid sharp.

"It's pornography," said Sebastian. "Look. Demons . . . revealed."

Jace came up behind him, resting one hand on Sebastian's arm for balance as he read over his shoulder. It was like watching Jace with Alec, someone he was so comfortable with, he could touch them without thinking about it—but horrible, backward, inside out. “Okay, how can you *tell*?”

Sebastian shut the book and hit Jace lightly on the shoulder with it. “Some things I know more about than you. Did you get the books?”

“I got them.” Jace scooped up a stack of heavy-looking tomes from a nearby table. “Do we have time to go by my room? If I could get some of my stuff . . .”

“What do you want?”

Jace shrugged. “Clothes mostly, some weapons.”

Sebastian shook his head. “Too dangerous. We need to get in and out fast. Only emergency items.”

“My favorite jacket is an emergency item,” Jace said. It was so much like hearing him talk to Alec, to any of his friends. “Much like myself, it is both snugly *and* fashionable.”

“Look, we have all the money we could want,” said Sebastian. “*Buy* clothes. And you’ll be ruling this place in a few weeks. You can run your favorite jacket up the flagpole and fly it like a pennant.”

Jace laughed, that soft rich sound Clary loved. “I’m warning you, that jacket is sexy. The Institute could go up in sexy, sexy flames.”

“Be good for the place. Too dismal right now.” Sebastian grabbed the back of Jace’s current jacket with a fist and pulled him sideways. “Now we’re going. Hold on to the books.” He glanced down at his right hand, where a slim silver ring glittered; with the hand that wasn’t holding on to Jace, he used his thumb to twist the ring.

“Hey,” Jace said. “Do you think—” He broke off, and for a moment Clary thought that it was because he had looked up and seen her—his face was tilted upward—but even as she sucked in her breath, they both vanished, fading like mirages against the air.

Slowly Clary lowered her head onto her arm. Her lip was bleeding where she had bitten it; she could taste the blood in her mouth. She knew she should get up, move, run away. She wasn't supposed to be here. But the ice in her veins had grown so cold, she was terrified that if she moved, she would shatter.



Alec woke to Magnus's shaking his shoulder. "Come on, sweet pea," he said. "Time to rise and face the day."

Alec unfolded himself groggily out of his nest of pillows and blankets and blinked at his boyfriend. Magnus, despite having gotten very little sleep, looked annoyingly chipper. His hair was wet, dripping onto the shoulders of his white shirt and making it transparent. He wore jeans with holes in them and fraying hems, which usually meant he was planning to spend the day without leaving his apartment.

"Sweet pea'?" Alec said.

"I was trying it out."

Alec shook his head. "No."

Magnus shrugged. "I'll keep at it." He held out a chipped blue mug of coffee fixed the way Alec liked it—black, with sugar. "Wake up."

Alec sat up, rubbing at his eyes, and took the mug. The first bitter swallow sent a tingle of energy through his nerves. He remembered lying awake the night before and waiting for Magnus to come to bed, but eventually exhaustion had overtaken him and he had fallen asleep at around five a.m. "I'm skipping the Council meeting today."

"I know, but you're supposed to meet your sister and the others in the park by Turtle Pond. You told me to remind you."

Alec swung his legs over the side of the bed. "What time is it?"

Magnus took the mug gently out of his hand before the coffee spilled and set it on the bedside table. "You're fine. You've got an hour." He leaned forward and pressed his lips against Alec's; Alec remembered the first time they had ever

kissed, here in this apartment, and he wanted to wrap his arms around his boyfriend and pull him close. But something held him back.

He stood up, disentangling himself, and went over to the bureau. He had a drawer where his clothes were. A place for his toothbrush in the bathroom. A key to the front door. A decent amount of real estate to take up in anyone's life, and yet he couldn't shake the cold fear in his stomach.

Magnus had rolled onto his back on the bed and was watching Alec, one arm crooked behind his head. "Wear that scarf," he said, pointing to a blue cashmere scarf hanging on a peg. "It matches your eyes."

Alec looked at it. Suddenly he was filled with hate—for the scarf, for Magnus, and most of all for himself. "Don't tell me," he said. "The scarf's a hundred years old, and it was given to you by Queen Victoria right before she died, for special services to the Crown or something."

Magnus sat up. "What's gotten into you?"

Alec stared at him. "Am I the newest thing in this apartment?"

"I think that honor goes to Chairman Meow. He's only two."

"I said newest, not youngest," Alec snapped. "Who's *W.S.*? Is it Will?"

Magnus shook his head like there was water in his ears. "What the hell? You mean the snuffbox? *W.S.* is Woolsey Scott. He—"

"Founded the Praetor Lupus. I know." Alec pulled on his jeans and zipped them up. "You mentioned him before, and besides, he's a historical figure. And his snuffbox is in your junk drawer. What else is in there? Jonathan Shadowhunter's toenail clippers?"

Magnus's cat eyes were cold. "Where is all this coming from, Alexander? I don't lie to you. If there's anything about me you want to know, you can ask."

“Bull,” Alec said bluntly, buttoning his shirt. “You’re kind and funny and all those great things, but what you’re not is forthcoming, *sweet pea*. You can talk all day about other people’s problems, but you won’t talk about yourself or your history, and when I do ask, you wriggle like a worm on a hook.”

“Maybe because you can’t ask me about my past without picking a fight about how I’m going to live forever and you’re not,” Magnus snapped. “Maybe because immortality is rapidly becoming the third person in our relationship, Alec.”

“Our relationship isn’t supposed to *have* a third person.”

“Exactly.”

Alec’s throat tightened. There were a thousand things he wanted to say, but he had never been good with words like Jace and Magnus were. Instead he grabbed the blue scarf off its peg and wrapped it defiantly around his neck.

“Don’t wait up,” he said. “I might patrol tonight.”

As he slammed out of the apartment, he heard Magnus yell after him, “And that scarf, I’ll have you know, is from the *Gap*! I got it *last year*!”

Alec rolled his eyes and jogged down the stairs to the lobby. The single bulb that usually lit the place was out, and the space was so dim that for a moment he didn’t see the hooded figure slipping toward him from the shadows. When he did, he was so startled that he dropped his key chain with a rattling clang.

The figure glided toward him. He could tell nothing about it—not age or gender or even species. The voice that came from beneath the hood was crackling and low. “I have a message for you, Alec Lightwood,” it said. “From Camille Belcourt.”



“Do you want to patrol together tonight?” Jordan asked, somewhat abruptly.

Maia turned to look at him in surprise. He was leaning back against the kitchen counter, his elbows on the surface behind

him. There was an unconcern about his posture that was too studied to be sincere. That was the problem with knowing someone so well, she thought. It was very hard to pretend around them, or to ignore it when they were pretending, even when it would be easier.

“Patrol together?” she echoed. Simon was in his room, changing clothes; she’d told him she’d walk to the subway with him, and now she wished she hadn’t. She knew she should have contacted Jordan since the last time she’d seen him, when, rather unwisely, she’d kissed him. But then Jace had vanished and the whole world seemed to have blown into pieces and it had given her just the excuse she’d needed to avoid the whole issue.

Of course, not thinking about the ex-boyfriend who had broken your heart and turned you into a werewolf was a lot easier when he wasn’t standing right in front of you, wearing a green shirt that hugged his leanly muscled body in all the right places and brought out the hazel color of his eyes.

“I thought they were canceling the patrol searches for Jace,” she said, looking away from him.

“Well, not canceling so much as cutting down. But I’m Praetor, not Clave. I can look for Jace on my own time.”

“Right,” she said.

He was playing with something on the counter, arranging it, but his attention was still on her. “Do you, you know . . . You used to want to go to college at Stanford. Do you still?”

Her heart skipped a beat. “I haven’t thought about college since . . .” She cleared her throat. “Not since I Changed.”

His cheeks flushed. “You were—I mean, you always wanted to go to California. You were going to study history, and I was going to move out there and surf. Remember?”

Maia shoved her hands into the pockets of her leather jacket. She felt as if she ought to be angry, but she wasn’t. For a long time she had blamed Jordan for the fact that she’d stopped dreaming of a human future, with school and a house and a family, maybe, someday. But there were other wolves in

the police station pack who still pursued their dreams, their art. Bat, for instance. It had been her own choice to stop her life short. “I remember,” she said.

His cheeks flushed. “About tonight. No one’s searched the Brooklyn Navy Yard, so I thought . . . but it’s never much fun doing it on my own. But if you don’t want to . . .”

“No,” she said, hearing her own voice as if it were someone else’s. “I mean, sure. I’ll go with you.”

“Really?” His hazel eyes lit up, and Maia cursed herself inwardly. She shouldn’t get his hopes up, not when she wasn’t sure how she felt. It was just so hard to believe that he cared that much.

The Praetor Lupus medallion gleamed at his throat as he leaned forward, and she smelled the familiar scent of his soap, and under that—wolf. She flicked her eyes up toward him, just as Simon’s door opened and he came out, shrugging on a hoodie. He stopped dead in his doorway, his eyes moving from Jordan to Maia, his eyebrows slowly rising.

“You know, I can make it to the subway on my own,” he said to Maia, a faint smile tugging the corner of his mouth. “If you want to stay here . . .”

“No.” Maia hastily took her hands out of her pockets, where they had been balled into nervous fists. “No, I’ll come with you. Jordan, I’ll—I’ll see you later.”

“Tonight,” he called after her, but she didn’t turn around to look at him; she was already hurrying after Simon.



Simon trudged alone up the low rise of the hill, hearing the shouts of the Frisbee players in the Sheep Meadow behind him, like distant music. It was a bright November day, crisp and windy, the sun lighting what remained of the leaves on the trees to brilliant shades of scarlet, gold, and amber.

The top of the hill was strewn with boulders. You could see how the park had been hacked out of what had once been a wilderness of trees and stone. Isabelle sat atop one of the boulders, wearing a long dress of bottle-green silk with an

embroidered black and silver coat over it. She looked up as Simon strode toward her, pushing her long, dark hair out of her face. “I thought you’d be with Clary,” she said as he drew closer. “Where is she?”

“Leaving the Institute,” he said, sitting down next to Isabelle on the rock and shoving his hands into his Windbreaker pockets. “She texted. She’ll be here soon.”

“Alec’s on his way—,” she began, and broke off as his pocket buzzed. Or, more accurately, the phone in his pocket buzzed. “I think someone’s messaging you.”

He shrugged. “I’ll check it later.”

She gave him a look from under her long eyelashes. “Anyway, I was saying, Alec’s on his way too. He had to come all the way from Brooklyn, so—”

Simon’s phone buzzed again.

“All right, that’s it. If you’re not getting it, I will.” Isabelle leaned forward, against Simon’s protests, and slipped her hand into his pocket. The top of her head brushed his chin. He smelled her perfume—vanilla—and the scent of her skin underneath. When she pulled the phone out and drew back, he was both relieved and disappointed.

She squinted at the screen. “Rebecca? Who’s *Rebecca*?”

“My sister.”

Isabelle’s body relaxed. “She wants to meet you. She says she hasn’t seen you since—”

Simon swiped the phone out of her hand and flipped it off before shoving it back into his pocket. “I know, I know.”

“Don’t you want to see her?”

“More than—more than almost anything else. But I don’t want her to *know*. About me.” Simon picked up a stick and threw it. “Look what happened when my mom found out.”

“So set up a meeting with her somewhere public. Where she can’t freak out. Far from your house.”

“Even if she can’t freak out, she can still look at me like my mother did,” Simon said in a low voice. “Like I’m a monster.”

Isabelle touched his wrist lightly. “My mom tossed out Jace when she thought he was Valentine’s son and a spy—then she regretted it horribly. My mom and dad are coming around to Alec’s being with Magnus. Your mom will come around too. Get your sister on your side. That’ll help.” She tilted her head a little. “I think sometimes siblings understand more than parents. There’s not the same weight of expectations. I could never, ever cut Alec off. No matter what he did. Never. Or Jace.” She squeezed his arm, then dropped her hand. “My little brother died. I won’t ever see him again. Don’t put your sister through that.”

“Through what?” It was Alec, coming up the side of the hill, kicking dried leaves out of his path. He was wearing his usual ratty sweater and jeans, but a dark blue scarf that matched his eyes was wrapped around his throat. Now, that had to have been a gift from Magnus, Simon thought. No way would Alec have thought to buy something like that himself. The concept of matching seemed to be beyond him.

Isabelle cleared her throat. “Simon’s sister—”

She got no further than that. There was a blast of cold air, bringing with it a swirl of dead leaves. Isabelle put her hand up to shield her face from the dust as the air began to shimmer with the unmistakable translucence of an opening Portal, and Clary appeared before them, her stele in one hand and her face wet with tears.

4

AND IMMORTALITY

“And you’re totally sure it was Jace?” Isabelle asked, for what seemed to Clary like the forty-seventh time.

Clary bit down on her already sore lip and counted to ten. “It’s me, Isabelle,” she said. “You honestly think I wouldn’t recognize *Jace*?” She looked up at Alec standing over them, his blue scarf fluttering like a pennant in the wind. “Could you mistake someone else for Magnus?”

“No. Not ever,” he said without missing a beat. His blue eyes were troubled, dark with worry. “I just—I mean, of course we’re asking. It doesn’t make any sense.”

“He could be a hostage,” said Simon, leaning back against a boulder. The autumn sunlight turned his eyes the color of coffee grounds. “Like, Sebastian is threatening him that if Jace doesn’t go along with his plans, Sebastian will hurt someone he cares about.”

All eyes went to Clary, but she shook her head in frustration. “You didn’t see them together. Nobody acts like that when they’re a hostage. He seemed totally happy to be there.”

“Then he’s possessed,” Alec said. “Like he was by Lilith.”

“That was what I thought at first. But when he was possessed by Lilith, he was like a robot. He just kept saying the same things over and over. But this was *Jace*. He was making jokes like Jace does. Smiling like him.”

“Maybe he has Stockholm syndrome,” Simon suggested. “You know, when you get brainwashed and start sympathizing with your captor.”

“It takes *months* to develop Stockholm syndrome,” Alec objected. “How did he look? Hurt, or sick in any way? Can you describe them both?”

It wasn’t the first time he’d asked. The wind blew dry leaves around their feet as Clary told them again how Jace had looked—vibrant and healthy. Sebastian, too. They had seemed completely calm. Jace’s clothes had been clean, stylish, ordinary. Sebastian had been wearing a long black wool trench coat that had looked expensive.

“Like an evil Burberry ad,” Simon said when she was done.

Isabelle shot him a look. “Maybe Jace has a plan,” she said. “Maybe he’s tricking Sebastian. Trying to get into his good graces, figure out what his plans are.”

“You’d think that if he were doing that, he’d have figured out a way to tell us about it,” Alec said. “Not to leave us panicking. That’s too cruel.”

“Unless he couldn’t risk sending a message. He’d believe we would trust him. We *do* trust him.” Isabelle’s voice rose, and she shivered, wrapping her arms around herself. The trees lining the gravel path they stood on rattled their bare branches.

“Maybe we *should* tell the Clave,” Clary said, hearing her own voice as if from a distance. “This is—I don’t see how we can handle this on our own.”

“We can’t tell the Clave.” Isabelle’s voice was hard.

“Why not?”

“If they think he’s cooperating with Sebastian, the mandate will be to kill him on sight,” Alec said. “That’s the Law.”

“Even if Isabelle’s right? Even if he’s just playing along with Sebastian?” Simon said, a note of doubt in his voice. “Trying to get on his side to get information?”

“There’s no way to prove it. And if we claimed it was what he’s doing, and that got back to Sebastian, he’d probably kill Jace,” said Alec. “If Jace is possessed, the Clave will kill him themselves. We can’t tell them anything.” His voice was hard.

Clary looked at him in surprise; Alec was normally the most rule-abiding of them all.

“This is Sebastian we’re talking about,” said Izzy. “There’s no one the Clave hates more, except Valentine, and he’s dead. But practically everyone knows someone who died in the Mortal War, and Sebastian’s the one who took the wards down.”

Clary scuffed at the gravel underfoot with her sneaker. The whole situation seemed like a dream, like she might wake up at any moment. “Then, what next?”

“We talk to Magnus. See if he has any insight.” Alec tugged on the corner of his scarf. “He won’t go to the Council. Not if I ask him not to.”

“He’d better not,” said Isabelle indignantly. “Otherwise, worst boyfriend *ever*.”

“I said he wouldn’t—”

“Is there any point now?” Simon said. “In seeing the Seelie Queen? Now that we know Jace is possessed, or maybe hiding out on purpose—”

“You don’t miss an appointment with the Seelie Queen,” Isabelle said firmly. “Not if you value your skin the way it is.”

“But she’ll just take away the rings from Clary and we won’t learn anything,” Simon argued. “We know more now. We have different questions for her now. She won’t answer them, though. She’ll just answer the old ones. That’s how faeries *work*. They don’t do favors. It’s not like she’s going to let us go talk to Magnus and then come back.”

“It doesn’t matter.” Clary rubbed her hands across her face. They came away dry. At some point her tears had stopped coming, thank God. She hadn’t wanted to face the Queen looking like she’d just been bawling her eyes out. “I never got the rings.”

Isabelle blinked. “What?”

“After I saw Jace and Sebastian, I was too shaken to get them. I just raced out of the Institute and Portaled here.”

“Well, we can’t see the Queen, then,” said Alec. “If you didn’t do what she asked you to, she’ll be furious.”

“She’ll be more than furious,” said Isabelle. “You saw what she did to Alec last time we went to the Court. And that was just a glamour. She’ll probably turn Clary into a lobster or something.”

“She knew,” Clary said. “She said, ‘When you find him again, he may well not be quite as you left him.’” The Seelie Queen’s voice drifted through Clary’s head. She shivered. She could understand why Simon hated faeries so much. They always knew exactly the right words that would lodge like a splinter in your brain, painful and impossible to ignore or remove. “She’s just playing around with us. She wants those rings, but I don’t think there’s any chance she’ll really help us.”

“Okay,” Isabelle said doubtfully. “But if she knew that much, she might know more. And who else is going to be able to help us, since we can’t go to the Clave?”

“Magnus,” Clary said. “He’s been trying to decode Lilith’s spell all this time. Maybe if I tell him what I saw, it’ll help.”

Simon rolled his eyes. “It’s a good thing we know the person who’s dating Magnus,” he said. “Otherwise, I get the feeling we’d all just lie around all the time wondering what the hell to do next. Or try to raise the money to hire Magnus by selling lemonade.”

Alec looked merely irritated by this comment. “The only way you could raise enough money to hire Magnus by selling lemonade is if you put meth in it.”

“It’s an expression. We are all aware that your boyfriend is expensive. I just wish we didn’t have to go running to him with every problem.”

“So does he,” said Alec. “Magnus has another job today, but I’ll talk to him tonight and we can all meet at his loft tomorrow morning.”

Clary nodded. She couldn’t even imagine getting up the next morning. She knew the sooner they talked to Magnus the

better, but she felt drained and exhausted, as if she'd left pints of her blood on the library floor in the Institute.

Isabelle had moved closer to Simon. "I guess that leaves us the rest of the afternoon," she said. "Should we go to Taki's? They'll serve you blood."

Simon glanced over at Clary, clearly worried. "Do you want to come?"

"No, it's okay. I'll grab a cab back to Williamsburg. I should spend some time with my mom. All of this stuff with Sebastian has her falling apart already, and now . . ."

Isabelle's black hair flew in the wind as she whipped her head back and forth. "You can't tell her what you saw. Luke's on the Council. He can't keep it from them, and you can't ask her to keep it from him."

"I know." Clary looked at the three anxious gazes fixed on her. *How had this happened?* she thought. She, who had never kept secrets from Jocelyn—not real ones, anyway—was about to go home and hide something enormous from both her mother and Luke. Something she could talk about only with people like Alec and Isabelle Lightwood and Magnus Bane, people that six months ago she hadn't known existed. It was strange how your world could shift on its axis and everything you trusted could invert itself in what seemed like no time at all.

At least she still had Simon. Constant, permanent Simon. She kissed him on the cheek, waved her good-bye to the others, and turned away, aware that all three of them were watching her worriedly as she strode away across the park, the last of the dead fall leaves crunching under her sneakers as if they were tiny bones.



Alec had lied. It wasn't Magnus who had something to do that afternoon. It was himself.

He knew what he was doing was a mistake, but he couldn't help himself: it was like a drug, this needing to know more.

And now, here he was, underground, holding his witchlight and wondering just what the hell he was doing.

Like all New York subway stations, this one smelled of rust and water, metal and decay. But unlike any other station Alec had ever been in, it was eerily quiet. Aside from the marks of water damage, the walls and platform were clean. Vaulted ceilings, punctuated by the occasional chandelier, rose above him, the arches patterned in green tile. The nameplate tiles on the wall read CITY HALL in block lettering.

The City Hall subway station had been out of use since 1945, though the city still kept it in order as a landmark; the 6 train ran through it on occasion to make a turnaround, but no one ever stood on this platform. Alec had crawled through a hatch in City Hall Park surrounded by dogwood trees to reach this place, dropping down a distance that would probably have broken a mundane's legs. Now he stood, breathing in the dusty air, his heart rate quickening.

This was where the letter the vampire subjugate had handed him in Magnus's entryway had directed him to go. At first he had determined he would never use the information. But he had not been able to bring himself to throw it away. He had balled it up and shoved it into his jeans pocket, and all through the day, even in Central Park, it had eaten at the back of his mind.

It was like the whole situation with Magnus. He couldn't seem to help worrying at it the way one might worry at a diseased tooth, knowing you were making the situation worse but not being able to stop. Magnus had done nothing wrong. It wasn't his fault he was hundreds of years old, and that he had been in love before. But it corroded Alec's peace of mind just the same. And now, knowing both more and less about Jace's situation than he had yesterday—it was too much. He needed to talk to someone, go somewhere, *do something*.

So here he was. And here *she* was, he was sure of it. He moved slowly down the platform. The ceiling vaulted overhead, a central skylight letting in light from the park above, four lines of tiles radiating out from it like a spider's legs. At the end of a platform was a short staircase, which led

up into gloom. Alec could detect the presence of a glamour: any mundane looking up would see a concrete wall, but he saw an open doorway. Silently, he headed up the steps.

He found himself in a gloomy, low-ceilinged room. An amethyst-glass skylight let in a little light. In a shadowy corner of the room sat an elegant velvet sofa with an arched, gilded back, and on the sofa sat Camille.

She was as beautiful as Alec remembered, though she had not been at her best the last time he had seen her, filthy and chained to a pipe in a building under construction. She wore a neat black suit now with high-heeled red shoes, and her hair spilled down her shoulders in waves and curls. She had a book open on her lap—*La Place de l'Étoile* by Patrick Modiano. He knew enough French to translate the title. “*The Place of the Star*.”

She looked at Alec as if she had expected to see him.

“Hello, Camille,” he said.

She blinked slowly. “Alexander Lightwood,” she said. “I recognized your footsteps on the stairs.”

She put the back of her hand against her cheek and smiled at him. There was something distant about her smile. It had all the warmth of dust. “I don’t suppose you have a message from Magnus for me.”

Alec said nothing.

“Of course not,” she said. “Silly me. As if he knows where you are.”

“How did you know it was me?” he said. “On the stairway.”

“You’re a Lightwood,” she said. “Your family never gives up. I knew you wouldn’t let well enough alone after what I said to you that night. The message today was just to prod your memory.”

“I didn’t need to be reminded of what you promised me. Or were you lying?”

“I would have said anything to get free that night,” she said. “But I wasn’t lying.” She leaned forward, her eyes bright and dark at the same time. “You are Nephilim, of the Clave and Council. There is a price on my head for murdering Shadowhunters. But I already know you have not come here to bring me to them. You want answers.”

“I want to know where Jace is,” he said.

“You want to know that,” she said. “But you know there’s no reason I’d have the answer, and I don’t. I’d give it to you if I did. I know he was taken by Lilith’s son, and I have no reason to have any loyalty to her. She is gone. I know there have been patrols out looking for me, to discover whatever I might know. I can tell you now, I know nothing. I would tell you where your friend is if I knew. I have no reason to further antagonize the Nephilim.” She ran a hand through her thick blond hair. “But that’s not why you’re here. Admit it, Alexander.”

Alec felt his breath quicken. He had thought of this moment, lying awake at night beside Magnus, listening to the warlock breathing, hearing his own breaths, numbering them out. Each breath a breath closer to aging and dying. Each night spinning him closer to the end of everything.

“You said you knew a way to make me immortal,” said Alec. “You said you knew a way Magnus and I could be together forever.”

“I did, didn’t I? How interesting.”

“I want you to tell it to me now.”

“And I will,” she said, setting down her book. “For a price.”

“No price,” said Alec. “I freed you. Now you’ll tell me what I want to know. Or I’ll give you to the Clave. They’ll chain you on the roof of the Institute and wait for sunrise.”

Her eyes went hard and flat. “I do not care for threats.”

“Then give me what I want.”

She stood up, brushing her hands down the front of her jacket, smoothing the wrinkles. “Come and take it from me, Shadowhunter.”

It was as if all the frustration, panic, and despair of the past weeks exploded out of Alec. He leaped for Camille, just as she started for him, her fang teeth snapping outward.

Alec barely had time to draw his seraph blade from his belt before she was on him. He had fought vampires before; their swiftness and force was stunning. It was like fighting the leading edge of a tornado. He threw himself to the side, rolled onto his feet, and kicked a fallen ladder in her direction; it stopped her briefly enough for him to lift the blade and whisper, “*Nuriel*.”

The light of the seraph blade shot up like a star, and Camille hesitated—then flung herself at him again. She attacked, ripping her long nails along his cheek and shoulder. He felt the warmth and wetness of blood. Spinning, he slashed at her, but she rose into the air, darting just out of reach, laughing and taunting him.

He ran for the stairs leading down to the platform. She rushed after him; he dodged aside, spun, and pushed off the wall into the air, leaping toward her just as she dived. They collided in midair, her screaming and slashing at him, him keeping a firm hold on her arm, even as they crashed to the ground, almost getting the wind knocked out of him. Keeping her earthbound was the key to winning the fight, and he silently thanked Jace, who had made him practice flips over and over in the training room until he could use almost any surface to get himself airborne for at least a moment or two.

He slashed with the seraph blade as they rolled across the floor, and she deflected his blows easily, moving so fast she was a blur. She kicked at him with her high heels, stabbing his legs with their points. He winced and swore, and she responded with an impressive torrent of filth that involved his sex life with Magnus, *her* sex life with Magnus, and there might have been more had they not reached the center of the room, where the skylight above beamed a circle of sunshine

onto the floor. Seizing her wrist, Alec forced Camille's hand down, into the light.

She screamed as enormous white blisters appeared on her skin. Alec could feel the heat from her bubbling hand. Fingers laced with hers, he jerked her hand upright, back into the shadows. She snarled and snapped at him. He elbowed her in the mouth, splitting her lip. Vampire blood—shimmering bright red, brighter than human blood—dripped from the corner of her mouth.

“Have you had enough?” he snarled. “Do you want more?” He began to force her hand back toward the sunlight. It had already begun to heal, the red, blistered skin fading to pink.

“No!” She gasped, coughed, and began to tremble, her whole body spasming. After a moment he realized she was *laughing*—laughing up at him through the blood. “That made me feel alive, little Nephilim. A good fight like that—I should thank you.”

“Thank me by giving me the answer to my question,” Alec said, panting. “Or I’ll ash you. I’m sick of your games.”

Her lips stretched into a smile. Her cuts had healed already, though her face was still bloody. “There is no way to make you immortal. Not without black magic or turning you into a vampire, and you have rejected both options.”

“But you said—you said there was another way we could be together—”

“Oh, there is.” Her eyes danced. “You may not be able to give yourself immortality, little Nephilim, at least not on any terms that would be acceptable to you. *But you can take Magnus’s away.*”



Clary sat in her bedroom at Luke's, a pen clutched in her hand, a piece of paper spread out on the desk in front of her. The sun had gone down, and the desk light was on, blazing down on the rune she had just begun.

It had started to come to her on the L train home as she'd stared unseeingly out the window. It was nothing that had ever

existed before, and she had rushed home from the station while the image was still fresh in her mind, brushing away her mother's inquiries, closing herself in her room, putting pen to paper—

A knock came on the door. Quickly Clary slid the paper she was drawing on under a blank sheet as her mother came into the room.

"I know, I know," Jocelyn said, holding up a hand against Clary's protest. "You want to be left alone. But Luke made dinner, and you should eat."

Clary gave her mother a look. "So should you." Jocelyn, like her daughter, was given to loss of appetite under stress, and her face looked hollow. She should have been preparing for her honeymoon now, getting ready to pack her bags for somewhere beautiful and far away. Instead the wedding was postponed indefinitely, and Clary could hear her crying through the walls at night. Clary knew that kind of crying, born out of anger and guilt, a crying that said *This is all my fault*.

"I'll eat if you will," Jocelyn said, forcing a smile. "Luke made pasta."

Clary turned her chair around, deliberately angling her body to block her mother's view of her desk. "Mom," she said. "There was something I wanted to ask you."

"What is it?"

Clary bit the end of her pen, a bad habit she'd had since she started to draw. "When I was in the Silent City with Jace, the Brothers told me that there's a ceremony performed on Shadowhunters at birth, a ceremony that protects them. That the Iron Sisters and the Silent Brothers have to perform it. And I was wondering . . ."

"If the ceremony was ever performed on you?"

Clary nodded.

Jocelyn exhaled and pushed her hands through her hair. "It was," she said. "I arranged it through Magnus. A Silent Brother was present, someone sworn to secrecy, and a female

warlock who took the place of the Iron Sister. I almost didn't want to do it. I didn't want to think you could be in danger from the supernatural after I'd hidden you so carefully. But Magnus talked me into it, and he was right."

Clary looked at her curiously. "Who was the female warlock?"

"Jocelyn!" It was Luke calling from the kitchen. "The water's boiling over!"

Jocelyn dropped a quick kiss on Clary's head. "Sorry. Culinary emergency. See you in five?"

Clary nodded as her mother hurried from the room, then turned back to her desk. The rune she had been creating was still there, teasing the edge of her mind. She began to draw again, completing the design she had started. As she finished, she sat back and stared at what she'd made. It looked a little like the Opening rune but wasn't. It was a pattern as simple as a cross and as new to the world as a just-born baby. It held a sleeping threat, a sense that it had been born out of her rage and guilt and impotent anger.

It was a powerful rune. But though she knew exactly what it meant and how it could be used, she couldn't think of a single way in which it could possibly be helpful in the current situation. It was like having your car break down on a lonely road, rooting desperately around in the trunk, and triumphantly pulling out an electrical extension cord instead of jumper cables.

She felt as if her own power was laughing at her. With a curse, she dropped her pen onto the desk and put her face in her hands.



The inside of the old hospital had been carefully whitewashed, lending an eerie glow to each of the surfaces. Most of the windows were boarded up, but even in the dim light Maia's enhanced sight could pick out details—the sifted dusting of plaster along the bare hallway floors, the marks where construction lights had been put in, bits of wiring glued to the

walls by clumps of paint, mice scrabbling in the darkened corners.

A voice spoke from behind her. "I've searched the east wing. Nothing. What about you?"

Maia turned. Jordan stood behind her, wearing dark jeans and a black sweater half-zipped over a green T-shirt. She shook her head. "Nothing in the west wing either. Some pretty rickety staircases. Nice architectural detailing, if that sort of thing interests you."

He shook his head. "Let's get out of here, then. This place gives me the creeps."

Maia agreed, relieved not to be the one who had to say it. She fell into step beside Jordan as they made their way down a set of stairs whose banister was so flaked with crumbling plaster that it resembled snow. She wasn't sure why exactly she'd agreed to patrol with him, but she couldn't deny that they made a decent team.

Jordan was easy to be with. Despite what had happened between them just before Jace had disappeared, he was respectful, keeping his distance without making her feel awkward. The moonlight was bright on both of them as they came out of the hospital and into the open space in front of it. It was a great white marble building whose boarded-over windows looked like blank eyes. A crooked tree, shedding its last leaves, hunched before the front doors.

"Well, that was a waste of time," said Jordan. Maia looked over at him. He was staring at the old naval hospital, which was how she preferred it. She liked looking at Jordan when he wasn't looking at her. That way she could watch the angle of his jawline, the way his dark hair curled against the back of his neck, the curve of his collarbone under the V of his T-shirt, without feeling like he expected anything from her for looking.

He'd been a pretty hipster boy when she'd met him, all angles and eyelashes, but he was older-looking now, with scarred knuckles and muscles that moved smoothly under his close-fitting green T-shirt. He still had the olive tone to his

skin that echoed his Italian heritage, and the hazel eyes she remembered, though they had the gold-ringed pupils of lycanthropy now. The same pupils she saw when she looked in the mirror every morning. The pupils she had because of him.

“Maia?” He was looking at her quizzically. “What do you think?”

“Oh.” She blinked. “I, ah—No, I don’t think there was much point in searching the hospital. I mean, to be honest, I can’t see why they sent us down here at all. The Brooklyn Navy Yard? Why would Jace be here? It’s not like he had a thing for boats.”

Jordan’s expression went from quizzical to something much darker. “When bodies wind up in the East River, a lot of times they wash up here. The navy yard.”

“You think we’re looking for a *body*?”

“I don’t know.” With a shrug he turned and started walking. His boots rustled in the dry, choppy grass. “Maybe at this point I’m just searching because it feels wrong to give up.”

His pace was slow, unhurried; they walked shoulder to shoulder, nearly touching. Maia kept her eyes fixed on the Manhattan skyline across the river, a wash of brilliant white light reflecting in the water. As they neared the shallow Wallabout Bay, the arch of the Brooklyn Bridge came into view, and the lit-up rectangle of the South Street Seaport across the water. She could smell the polluted miasma of the water, the dirt and diesel of the navy yard, the scent of small animals moving in the grass.

“I don’t think Jace is dead,” she said finally. “I think he doesn’t want to be found.”

At that, Jordan did look at her. “Are you saying we shouldn’t be looking?”

“No.” She hesitated. They had come out by the river, near a low wall; she trailed her hand along the top of it as they walked. There was a narrow strip of asphalt between them and the water. “When I ran away to New York, I didn’t want to be found. But I would have liked the idea that someone was

looking for me as hard as everyone's looking for Jace Lightwood."

"Did you like Jace?" Jordan's voice was neutral.

"Like him? Well, not like *that*."

Jordan laughed. "I didn't mean like that. Although, he seems to be generally considered stunningly attractive."

"Are you going to pull that straight-guy thing where you pretend that you can't tell whether other guys are attractive or not? Jace, the hairy guy at the deli on Ninth, they all look the same to you?"

"Well, the hairy guy has that mole, so I think Jace comes out slightly ahead. If you like that whole chiseled, blond, Abercrombie-and-Fitch-wishes-they-could-afford-me thing." He looked at her through his eyelashes.

"I always liked dark-haired boys," she said in a low voice.

He looked at the river. "Like Simon."

"Well—yeah." Maia hadn't thought about Simon that way in a while. "I guess so."

"And you like musicians." He reached up and pulled a leaf off a low-hanging branch overhead. "I mean, I'm a singer, and Bat was a DJ, and Simon—"

"I like music." Maia pushed her hair back from her face.

"What else do you like?" Jordan tore at the leaf in his fingers. He paused and hoisted himself up to sit on the low wall, swinging around to face her. "I mean, is there anything you like so much you think you might want to do it for, like, a living?"

She looked at him in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"Do you remember when I got these?" He unzipped his sweater and shrugged it off. The shirt he wore underneath was short-sleeved. Wrapped around each of his biceps were the Sanskrit words of the Shanti Mantras. She remembered them well. Their friend Valerie had inked them, after hours, for free, in her tattoo shop in Red Bank. Maia took a step toward him.

With him sitting and her standing, they were nearly eye to eye. She reached out and hesitantly ran her fingers around the letters inked on his left arm. His eyes fluttered shut at her touch.

“Lead us from the unreal to the real,” she read aloud. *“Lead us from darkness to light. Lead us from death to immortality.”* His skin felt smooth under her fingertips. “From the Upanishads.”

“They were your idea. You were the one who was always reading. You were the one who knew everything. . . .” He opened his eyes and looked at her. His eyes were shades lighter than the water behind him. “Maia, whatever you want to do, I’ll help you. I’ve saved up a lot of my salary from the Praetor. I could give it to you. . . . It could cover your tuition to Stanford. Well, most of it. If you still wanted to go.”

“I don’t know,” she said, her mind whirling. “When I joined the pack, I thought you couldn’t be a werewolf and anything else. I thought it was just about living in the pack, not really having an identity. I felt safer that way. But Luke, he has a life. He owns a bookstore. And you, you’re in the Praetor. I guess . . . you can be more than one thing.”

“You always have been.” His voice was low, throaty. “You know, what you said earlier—that when you ran away you would have liked to think someone was looking for you.” He took a deep breath. “I was looking for you. I never stopped.”

She met his hazel eyes. He didn’t move, but his hands, gripping his knees, were white-knuckled. Maia leaned forward, close enough to see the faint stubble along his jaw, to smell the scent of him, wolf-smell and toothpaste and boy. She placed her hands over his. “Well,” she said. “You found me.”

Their faces were only inches away from each other. She felt his breath against her lips before he kissed her, and she leaned into it, her eyes closing. His mouth was as soft as she remembered, his lips brushing hers gently, sending shivers all through her. She raised her arms to wind them around his neck, to slide her fingers under his curling dark hair, to lightly

touch the bare skin at the nape of his neck, the edge of the worn collar of his shirt.

He pulled her closer. He was shaking. She felt the heat of his strong body against hers as his hands slid down her back. “Maia,” he whispered. He started to lift the hem of her sweater, his fingers gripping the small of her back. His lips moved against hers. “I love you. I never stopped loving you.”

You’re mine. You’ll always be mine.

Her heart hammering, she jerked away from him, pulling her sweater down. “Jordan—stop.”

He looked at her, his expression dazed and worried. “I’m sorry. Was that not any good? I haven’t kissed anyone but you, not since . . .” He trailed off.

She shook her head. “No, it’s just—I can’t.”

“All right,” he said. He looked very vulnerable, sitting there, dismay written all over his face. “We don’t have to do anything—”

She groped for words. “It’s just too much.”

“It was only a kiss.”

“You said you loved me.” Her voice shook. “You offered to give me your savings. I can’t take that from you.”

“Which?” he said, hurt sparking in his voice. “My money, or the love part?”

“Either. I just can’t, okay? Not with you, not right now.” She started to back away. He was staring after her, his lips parted. “Don’t follow me, please,” she said, and turned to hurry back the way they had come.

5

VALENTINE'S SON

She was dreaming of icy landscapes again. Bitter tundra that stretched in all directions, ice floes drifting out on the black waters of the Arctic sea, snow-capped mountains, and cities carved out of ice whose towers sparkled like the demon towers of Alicante.

In front of the frozen city was a frozen lake. Clary was skidding down a steep slope, trying to reach the lake, though she was not sure why. Two dark figures stood out in the center of the frozen water. As she neared the lake, skidding on the surface of the slope, her hands burning from contact with the ice, and snow filling her shoes, she saw that one was a boy with black wings that spread out from his back like a crow's. His hair was as white as the ice all around them. Sebastian. And beside Sebastian was Jace, his gold hair the only color in the frozen landscape that was not black or white.

As Jace turned away from Sebastian and began to walk toward Clary, wings burst from his back, white-gold and shimmering. Clary slid the last few feet to the frozen surface of the lake and collapsed to her knees, exhausted. Her hands were blue and bleeding, her lips cracked, her lungs seared with each icy breath.

"Jace," she whispered.

And he was there, lifting her to her feet, his wings wrapping around her, and she was warm again, her body thawing from her heart down through her veins, bringing her hands and feet to life with half-painful, half-pleasurable tingles. "Clary," he said, stroking her hair tenderly. "Can you promise me that you won't scream?"



Clary's eyes opened. For a moment she was so disoriented that the world seemed to swing around her like the view from a moving carousel. She was in her bedroom at Luke's—the familiar futon beneath her, the wardrobe with its cracked mirror, the strip of windows that looked out onto the East River, the radiator spitting and hissing. Dim light spilled through the windows, and a faint red glow came from the smoke alarm over the closet. Clary was lying on her side, under a heap of blankets, and her back was deliciously warm. An arm was draped along her side. For a moment, in the half-conscious dizzy space between waking and sleeping, she wondered if Simon had crawled in the window while she slept and lain down beside her, the way they used to sleep in the same bed together when they were children.

But Simon had no body heat.

Her heart skittered in her chest. Now entirely awake, she twisted around under the covers. Beside her was Jace, lying on his side, looking down at her, his head propped on his hand. Dim moonlight made a halo out of his hair, and his eyes glittered gold like a cat's. He was fully dressed, still wearing the short-sleeved white T-shirt she had seen him in earlier that day, and his bare arms were twined with runes like climbing vines.

She sucked in a startled breath. Jace, *her* Jace, had never looked at her like that. He had looked at her with desire, but not with this lazy, predatory, *consuming* look that made her heart pulse unevenly in her chest.

She opened her mouth—to say his name or to scream, she wasn't sure, and she never got the chance to find out; Jace moved so fast she didn't even see it. One moment he was lying beside her, and the next he was on top of her, one hand clamped down over her mouth. His legs straddled her hips; she could feel his lean, muscled body pressed against hers.

"I'm not going to hurt you," he said. "I'd never hurt you. But I don't want you screaming. I need to talk to you."

She glared at him.

To her surprise he laughed. His familiar laugh, hushed to a whisper. “I can read your expressions, Clary Fray. The minute I take my hand off your mouth, you’re going to yell. Or use your training and break my wrists. Come on, promise me you won’t. Swear on the Angel.”

This time she rolled her eyes.

“Okay, you’re right,” he said. “You can’t exactly swear with my hand over your mouth. I’m going to take it off. And if you yell—” He tilted his head to the side; pale gold hair fell across his eyes. “I’ll disappear.”

He took his hand away. She lay still, breathing hard, the pressure of his body on hers. She knew he was faster than her, that there was no move she could make that he wouldn’t outpace, but for the moment he seemed to be treating their interaction as a game, something playful. He bent closer to her, and she realized her tank top had pulled up, and she could feel the muscles of his flat, hard stomach against her bare skin. Her face flushed.

Despite the heat in her face, it felt as if cold needles of ice were running up and down her veins. “What are you doing here?”

He drew back slightly, looking disappointed. “That isn’t really an answer to my question, you know. I was expecting more of a ‘Hallelujah Chorus.’ I mean, it’s not every day your boyfriend comes back from the dead.”

“I already knew you weren’t dead.” She spoke through numb lips. “I saw you in the library. With—”

“Colonel Mustard?”

“Sebastian.”

He let his breath out in a low chuckle. “I knew you were there too. I could feel it.”

She felt her body tighten. “You let me think you were gone,” she said. “Before that. I thought you—I really thought there was a chance you were—” She broke off; she couldn’t say it. *Dead*. “It’s unforgivable. If I’d done that to you—”

“Clary.” He leaned down over her again; his hands were warm on her wrists, his breath soft in her ear. She could feel everywhere that their bare skin touched. It was horribly distracting. “I had to do it. It was too dangerous. If I’d told you, you would have had to choose between telling the Council I was still alive—and letting them hunt me—and keeping a secret that would make you an accomplice in their eyes. Then, when you saw me in the library, I had to wait. I needed to know if you still loved me, if you would go to the Council or not about what you’d seen. You didn’t. I had to know you cared more about me than the Law. You do, don’t you?”

“I don’t know,” she whispered. “I don’t know. Who are you?”

“I’m still Jace,” he said. “I still love you.”

Hot tears welled up in her eyes. She blinked, and they spilled down her face. Gently he ducked his head and kissed her cheeks, and then her mouth. She tasted her own tears, salty on his lips, and he opened her mouth with his, carefully, gently. The familiar taste and feel of him washed over her, and she leaned into him for a split second, her doubts subsumed in her body’s blind, unreasoning recognition of the need to keep him close, to keep him *there*—just as the door of her bedroom opened.

Jace let go of her. Clary instantly jerked away from him, scrambling to pull down her tank top. Jace stretched himself into a sitting position with unhurried, lazy grace, and grinned up at the person standing in the doorway. “Well, well,” Jace said. “You may have the worst timing since Napoléon decided the dead of winter was the right moment to invade Russia.”

It was Sebastian.

Close up, Clary could more clearly see the differences in him since she had known him in Idris. His hair was paper white, his eyes black tunnels fringed by lashes as long as spider’s legs. He wore a white shirt, the sleeves pulled up, and she could see a red scar ringing his right wrist, like a ridged

bracelet. There was a scar across the palm of his hand, too, looking new and harsh.

“That’s my sister you’re defiling there, you know,” he said, moving his black gaze to Jace. There was amusement in his expression.

“Sorry.” Jace didn’t sound sorry. He was leaning back against the blankets, catlike. “We got carried away.”

Clary sucked in a breath. It sounded harsh in her own ears. “Get *out*,” she said, to Sebastian.

He leaned against the door frame, elbow and hip, and she was struck by the similarity in movement between him and Jace. They didn’t look alike, but they *moved* alike. As if—

As if they’d been trained to move by the same person.

“Now,” he said, “is that any way to talk to your big brother?”

“Magnus should have left you a coatrack,” Clary spat.

“Oh, you remember that, do you? I thought we had a pretty good time that day.” He smirked a little, and Clary, with a sick drop in her stomach, remembered how he had taken her to the burned remains of her mother’s house, how he had kissed her among the rubble, knowing all along who they really were to each other and delighting in the fact that she didn’t.

She glanced sideways at Jace. He knew perfectly well that Sebastian had kissed her. Sebastian had taunted him with it, and Jace had nearly killed him. But he didn’t look angry now; he looked amused, and mildly annoyed to have been interrupted.

“We should do it again,” Sebastian said, examining his nails. “Have some family time.”

“I don’t care what you think. You’re not my brother,” Clary said. “You’re a murderer.”

“I really don’t see how those things cancel each other out,” said Sebastian. “It’s not like they did in the case of dear old Dad.” His gaze drifted lazily back to Jace. “Normally I’d hate to get in the way of a friend’s love life, but I really don’t care

for standing out here in this hallway indefinitely. Especially since I can't turn on any lights. It's boring."

Jace sat up, tugging his shirt down. "Give us five minutes."

Sebastian sighed an exaggerated sigh and swung the door shut. Clary stared at Jace. "What the *f—*"

"Language, Fray." Jace's eyes danced. "Relax."

Clary jabbed her hand toward the door. "You heard what he said. About that day he kissed me. He *knew* I was his sister. Jace—"

Something flashed in his eyes, darkening their gold, but when he spoke again, it was as if her words had hit a Teflon surface and bounced off, making no impression.

She drew back from him. "Jace, aren't you listening to anything I'm saying?"

"Look, I understand if you're uncomfortable with your brother waiting outside in the hallway. I wasn't *planning* on kissing you." He grinned in a way that at another time she would have found adorable. "It just seemed like a good idea at the time."

Clary scrambled out of the bed, staring down at him. She reached for the robe that hung on the post of her bed and wrapped it around herself. Jace watched, making no move to stop her, though his eyes shone in the dark. "I—I don't even understand. First you disappear, and now you come back with *him*, acting like I'm not even supposed to notice or care or *remember—*"

"I told you," he said. "I had to be sure of you. I didn't want to put you in the position of knowing where I was while the Clave was still investigating you. I thought it would be hard for you—"

"*Hard* for me?" She was almost breathless with rage. "Tests are hard. Obstacle courses are hard. You disappearing like that practically killed me, Jace. And what do you think you've done to Alec? Isabelle? Maryse? Do you know what it's been like? Can you imagine? Not knowing, the searching—"

That odd look passed over his face again, as if he were hearing her but not hearing her at the same time. “Oh, yes, I was going to ask.” He smiled like an angel. “*Is everyone looking for me?*”

“Is everyone—” She shook her head, pulling the robe closer. Suddenly she wanted to be covered up in front of him, in front of all that familiarity and beauty and that lovely predatory smile that said he was willing to do whatever with her, *to her*, no matter who was waiting in the hall.

“I was hoping they’d put up flyers like they do for lost cats,” he said. “*Missing, one stunningly attractive teenage boy. Answers to ‘Jace,’ or ‘Hot Stuff.’*”

“You did not just say that.”

“You don’t like ‘Hot Stuff’? You think ‘Sweet Cheeks’ might be better? ‘Love Crumpet’? Really, that last one’s stretching it a bit. Though, technically, my family *is* British—”

“Shut up,” she said savagely. “And get out.”

“I . . .” He looked taken aback, and she remembered how surprised he’d been outside the Manor, when she’d pushed him away. “All right, fine. I’ll be serious. Clarissa, I’m here because I want you to come with me.”

“Come where with you?”

“Come with me,” he said, and then hesitated, “and Sebastian. And I’ll explain everything.”

For a moment she was frozen, her eyes locked on his. Silvery moonlight outlined the curves of his mouth, the shape of his cheekbones, the shadow of his lashes, the arch of his throat. “The last time I ‘came with you somewhere,’ I wound up knocked unconscious and dragged into the middle of a black magic ceremony.”

“That wasn’t me. That was Lilith.”

“The Jace Lightwood I know wouldn’t be in the same room with Jonathan Morgenstern without killing him.”

“I think you’ll find that would be self-defeating,” Jace said lightly, shoving his feet into his boots. “We are bound, he and

I. Cut him and I bleed.”

“Bound? What do you mean, *bound*?”

He tossed his light hair back, ignoring her question. “This is bigger than you understand, Clary. He has a plan. He’s willing to work, to sacrifice. If you’d give me a chance to explain—”

“He killed Max, Jace,” she said. “Your little brother.”

He flinched, and for a moment of wild hope she thought she’d broken through to him—but his expression smoothed over like a wrinkled sheet pulled tight. “That was—it was an accident. Besides, Sebastian’s just as much my brother.”

“No.” Clary shook her head. “He’s not your brother. He’s mine. God knows, I wish it weren’t true. He should never have been born—”

“How can you say that?” Jace demanded. He swung his legs out of the bed. “Have you ever considered that maybe things aren’t so black and white as you think?” He bent over to grab his weapons belt and buckle it on. “There was a war, Clary, and people got hurt, but—things were different then. Now I know Sebastian would never harm anyone I loved intentionally. He’s serving a greater cause. Sometimes there’s collateral damage—”

“Did you just call your own brother *collateral damage*?” Her voice rose in an incredulous half shout. She felt as if she could barely breathe.

“Clary, you’re not listening. This is important—”

“Like what Valentine thought he was doing was important?”

“Valentine was wrong,” he said. “He was right that the Clave was corrupt but wrong about how to go about fixing things. But Sebastian is right. If you’d just hear us out—”

“Us,” she said. “God. Jace . . .” He was staring at her from the bed, and even as she felt her heart breaking, her mind was racing, trying to remember where she had left her stele, wondering if she could get to the X-Acto knife in the drawer

of her nightstand. Wondering if she could bring herself to use it if she did.

“Clary?” Jace tilted his head to the side, studying her face. “You do—you still love me, don’t you?”

“I love Jace Lightwood,” she said. “I don’t know who *you* are.”

His face changed, but before he could speak, a scream shattered the silence. A scream, and the sound of breaking glass.

Clary knew the voice instantly. It was her mother.

Without another glance at Jace, she yanked the bedroom door open and bolted down the hallway, into the living room. The living room in Luke’s house was large, divided from the kitchen by a long counter. Jocelyn, in yoga pants and a frayed T-shirt, her hair pulled back in a messy bun, stood by the counter. She had clearly come into the kitchen for something to drink. A glass lay shattered at her feet, the water soaking into the gray carpeting.

All the color had drained from her face, leaving her as pale as bleached sand. She was staring across the room, and even before Clary turned her head, she knew what her mother was looking at.

Her son.

Sebastian was leaning against the living room wall, near the door, with no expression on his angular face. He lowered his eyelids and looked at Jocelyn through his lashes. Something about his posture, the look of him, could have stepped out of Hodge’s photograph of Valentine at seventeen years old.

“Jonathan,” Jocelyn whispered. Clary stood frozen, even as Jace burst out of the hallway, took in the scene in front of him in one moment, and came to a halt. His left hand was at his weapons belt; his slim fingers were inches from the hilt of one of his daggers, but Clary knew it would take him less than seconds to free it.

“I go by ‘Sebastian’ now,” said Clary’s brother. “I concluded that I wasn’t interested in keeping the name you and

my father gave me. Both of you betrayed me, and I would prefer as little association with you as possible.”

Water spread out from the pool of broken glass at Jocelyn’s feet in a dark ring. She took a step forward, her eyes searching, running up and down Sebastian’s face. “I thought you were dead,” she whispered. “*Dead*. I saw your bones turned to ashes.”

Sebastian looked at her, his black eyes quiet and narrow. “If you were a real mother,” he said, “a good mother, you would have known I was alive. There was a man once who said that mothers carry the key of our souls with them all our lives. But you threw mine away.”

Jocelyn made a sound in the back of her throat. She was leaning against the counter for support. Clary wanted to run to her, but her feet felt frozen to the ground. Whatever was happening between her brother and her mother, it was something that had nothing to do with her.

“Don’t tell me you aren’t even a little glad to see me, Mother,” Sebastian said, and though his words were pleading, his voice was flat. “Aren’t I everything you could want in a son?” He spread his arms wide. “Strong, handsome, looks just like dear old Dad.”

Jocelyn shook her head, her face gray. “What do you want, Jonathan?”

“I want what everyone wants,” said Sebastian. “I want what’s owed to me. In this case the Morgenstern legacy.”

“The Morgenstern legacy is blood and devastation,” said Jocelyn. “We are not Morgensterns here. Not me, and not my daughter.” She straightened up. Her hand was still gripping the counter, but Clary could see some of the old fire returning to her mother’s expression. “If you go now, Jonathan, I won’t tell the Clave you were ever here.” Her eyes flicked to Jace. “Or you. If they knew you were cooperating, they would kill you both.”

Clary moved to stand in front of Jace, reflexively. He looked past her, over her shoulder, at her mother. “You care if I

die?” Jace said.

“I care about what it would do to my daughter,” said Jocelyn. “And the Law *is* hard—*too* hard. What has happened to you—maybe it can be undone.” Her eyes moved back to Sebastian. “But for you—my Jonathan—it’s much too late.”

The hand that had been gripping the counter swept forward, holding Luke’s long-handled *kindjal* blade. Tears shone on Jocelyn’s face. But her grip on the knife was steady.

“I look just like him, don’t I?” Sebastian said, not moving. He seemed barely to notice the knife. “Valentine. That’s why you’re looking at me like that.”

Jocelyn shook her head. “You look like you always did, from the moment I first saw you. You look like a demon thing.” Her voice was aching sad. “I’m so sorry.”

“Sorry for what?”

“For not killing you when you were born,” she said, and came out from behind the counter, spinning the *kindjal* in her hand.

Clary tensed, but Sebastian didn’t move. His dark eyes followed his mother as she came toward him. “Is that what you want?” he said. “For me to die?” He opened his arms, as if he meant to embrace Jocelyn, and took a step forward. “Go ahead. Commit filicide. I won’t stop you.”

“*Sebastian*,” said Jace. Clary shot him an incredulous look. Did he actually sound *concerned*?

Jocelyn moved another step forward. The knife was a blur in her hand. When it came to a stop, the tip was pointed directly at Sebastian’s heart.

Still, he didn’t move.

“Do it,” he said softly. He cocked his head to the side. “Or can you bring yourself to? You could have killed me when I was born. But you didn’t.” His voice lowered. “Maybe you know that there is no such thing as conditional love for a child. Maybe if you loved me enough, you could save me.”

For a moment they stared at each other, mother and son, ice-green eyes meeting coal-black ones. There were sharp lines at the corners of Jocelyn's mouth that Clary could have sworn hadn't been there two weeks ago. "You're pretending," she said, her voice shaking. "You don't feel anything, Jonathan. Your father taught you to feign human emotion the way one might teach a parrot to repeat words. It doesn't understand what it's saying, and neither do you. I wish—oh, God, I wish—that you did. But—"

Jocelyn brought the blade up in a swift, clean, cutting arc. A perfectly placed blow, it should have driven up under Sebastian's ribs and into his heart. It would have, if he had not moved even faster than Jace; he spun away and back, and the tip of the blade cut only a shallow slash along his chest.

Beside Clary, Jace sucked in his breath. She whirled to look at him. There was a spreading red stain across the front of his shirt. He touched his hand to it; his fingertips came away bloody. *We are bound. Cut him and I bleed.*

Without another thought Clary darted across the room, throwing herself between Jocelyn and Sebastian. "Mom," she gasped. "Stop."

Jocelyn was still holding the knife, her eyes on Sebastian. "Clary, get out of the way."

Sebastian began to laugh. "Sweet, isn't it?" he said. "A little sister defending her big brother."

"I'm not defending *you*." Clary kept her eyes fixed on her mother's face. "Whatever happens to Jonathan happens to Jace. Do you understand, Mom? If you kill him, Jace dies. He's already bleeding. Mom, please."

Jocelyn was still gripping the knife, but her expression was uncertain. "Clary . . ."

"Gracious, how awkward," Sebastian observed. "I'll be interested to see how you resolve this. After all, I've got no reason to leave."

"Yes, actually," came a voice from the hallway, "you do."

It was Luke, barefoot and in jeans and an old sweater. He looked tousled, and oddly younger without his glasses. He also had a sawed-off shotgun balanced at his shoulder, the barrel trained directly on Sebastian. “This is a Winchester twelve-gauge pump-action shotgun. The pack uses it to put down wolves who’ve gone rogue,” he said. “Even if I don’t kill you, I can blow your leg off, Valentine’s son.”

It was as if everyone in the room took a quick gasp of breath all at once—everyone except Luke. And Sebastian, who, a grin splitting his face in half, turned and walked toward Luke, as if oblivious of the gun. “*Valentine’s son,*” he said. “Is that really how you think of me? Under other circumstances you could have been my godfather.”

“Under other circumstances,” said Luke, sliding his finger onto the trigger, “you could have been human.”

Sebastian stopped in his tracks. “The same could be said of you, werewolf.”

The world seemed to have slowed down. Luke sighted along the barrel of the rifle. Sebastian stood smiling.

“Luke,” Clary said. It was like one of those dreams, a nightmare where she wanted to scream but all that would scrape past her throat was a whisper. “Luke, *don’t do it.*”

Her stepfather’s finger tightened on the trigger—and then Jace exploded into movement, launching himself from beside Clary, flipping over the sofa, and slamming into Luke just as the shotgun went off.

The shot flew wide; one of the windows shattered outward as the bullet struck it. Luke, knocked off balance, staggered back. Jace yanked the gun from his hands and threw it. It hurtled through the broken window, and Jace turned back toward the older man.

“Luke—,” he began.

Luke hit him.

Even knowing everything she knew, the shock of it, seeing Luke, who had stood up for Jace countless times to her mother, to Maryse, to the Clave—Luke, who was basically

gentle and kind—seeing him actually strike Jace across the face was as if he had hit Clary instead. Jace, totally unprepared, was thrown backward into the wall.

And Sebastian, who had so far shown no real emotion beyond mockery and disgust, snarled—snarled and drew from his belt a long, thin dagger. Luke's eyes widened, and he began to twist away, but Sebastian was faster than him—faster than anyone else Clary had ever seen. Faster than Jace. He drove the dagger into Luke's chest, twisting it hard before jerking it back out, red to the hilt. Luke fell back against the wall—then slid down it, leaving a smear of blood behind as Clary stared in horror.

Jocelyn screamed. The sound was worse than the sound of the bullet shattering the window, though Clary heard it as if it came from a distance away, or underwater. She was staring at Luke, who had collapsed to the floor, the carpet around him rapidly turning red.

Sebastian raised the dagger again—and Clary flung herself at him, slamming as hard as she could into his shoulder, trying to knock him off balance. She barely moved him, but he did drop the dagger. He turned on her. He was bleeding from a split lip. Clary didn't know why, not until Jace swung into her field of vision and she saw the blood on his mouth where Luke had hit him.

"Enough!" Jace grabbed Sebastian by the back of the jacket. He was pale, not looking at Luke, or at Clary, either. "Stop it. This isn't why we came here."

"Let me go—"

"No." Jace reached around Sebastian and grabbed his hand. His eyes met Clary's. His lips shaped words—there was a flash of silver, the ring on Sebastian's finger—and then both of them were gone, winking out of existence between one breath and another. Just as they vanished, a streak of something metallic shot through the air where they had been standing, and buried itself in the wall.

Luke's *kindjal*.

Clary turned to look at her mother, who had thrown the knife. But Jocelyn wasn't looking at Clary. She was darting to Luke's side, dropping to her knees on the bloody carpet, and pulling him up into her lap. His eyes were closed. Blood trickled from the corners of his mouth. Sebastian's silver dagger, smeared with more blood, lay a few feet away.

"Mom," Clary whispered. "Is he—"

"The dagger was silver." Jocelyn's voice shook. "He won't heal fast like he should, not without special treatment." She touched Luke's face with her fingertips. His chest was rising and falling, Clary saw with relief, if shallowly. She could taste tears burning in the back of her throat and for a moment was amazed at her mother's calm. But then this was the woman who had once stood in the ashes of her home, surrounded by the blackened bodies of her family, including her parents and son, and had gone on from that. "Get some towels from the bathroom," her mother said. "We have to stop the bleeding."

Clary staggered to her feet and went almost blindly into Luke's small, tiled bathroom. There was a gray towel hanging from the back of the door. She yanked it down, went back into the living room. Jocelyn was holding Luke in her lap with one hand; the other hand held a cell phone. She dropped it and reached for the towel as Clary came in. Folding it in half, she laid it over the wound in Luke's chest and pressed down. Clary watched as the edges of the gray towel began to turn scarlet with blood.

"Luke," Clary whispered. He didn't move. His face was an awful gray color.

"I just called his pack," Jocelyn said. She didn't look at her daughter; Clary realized Jocelyn had not asked her a single question about Jace and Sebastian, or why she and Jace had emerged from her bedroom, or what they had been doing there. She was entirely focused on Luke. "They have some members patrolling the area. As soon as they get here, we have to leave. Jace will come back for you."

"You don't know that—," Clary began, whispering past her dry throat.

“I do,” said Jocelyn. “Valentine came back for me after fifteen years. That’s what the Morgenstern men are like. They don’t ever give up. He’ll come for you again.”

Jace isn’t Valentine. But the words died on Clary’s lips. She wanted to drop to her knees and take Luke’s hand, hold it tightly, tell him she loved him. But she remembered Jace’s hands on her in the bedroom and didn’t. This was her fault. She didn’t deserve to get to comfort Luke, or herself. She deserved the pain, the guilt.

The scrape of footsteps sounded on the porch, the low murmur of voices. Jocelyn’s head jerked up. The pack.

“Clary, go and get your things,” she said. “Take what you think you’ll need but not more than you can carry. We’re not coming back to this house.”

6

NO WEAPON IN THIS WORLD

Little flakes of early snow had begun to fall from the steel-gray sky like feathers as Clary and her mother hurried along Greenpoint Avenue, their heads bent against the chill wind coming off the East River.

Jocelyn had not spoken a word since they had left Luke at the disused police station that served as pack headquarters. The whole thing had been a blur—the pack carrying their leader in, the healing kit, Clary and her mother struggling to get a glimpse of Luke as the wolves seemed to close ranks against them. She knew why they couldn't take him to a mundane hospital, but it had been hard, beyond hard, to leave him there in the whitewashed room that served as their infirmary.

It wasn't that the wolves didn't *like* Jocelyn or Clary. It was that Luke's fiancée and her daughter weren't part of the pack. They never would be. Clary had looked around for Maia, for an ally, but she hadn't been there. Eventually Jocelyn had sent Clary out to wait in the corridor since the room had been too crowded, and Clary had slumped on the floor, cradling her knapsack on her lap. It had been two in the morning, and she had never felt so alone. If Luke died . . .

She could barely remember a life without him. Because of him and her mother, she knew what it was like to be loved unconditionally. Luke swinging her up to perch her in the fork of an apple tree on his farm upstate was one of her earliest memories. In the infirmary he had been taking rattling breaths while his third in command, Bat, had unpacked the healing kit. People were supposed to take rattling breaths when they died, she'd remembered. She couldn't remember the last thing she'd

said to Luke. Weren't you supposed to remember the last thing you said to someone before they died?

When Jocelyn had come out of the infirmary at last, looking exhausted, she'd held out a hand to Clary and had helped her up off the floor.

"Is he . . . ," Clary had begun.

"He's stabilized," Jocelyn had said. She'd looked up and down the hallway. "We should go."

"Go where?" Clary had been bewildered. "I thought we'd stay here, with Luke. I don't want to leave him."

"Neither do I." Jocelyn had been firm. Clary had thought of the woman who'd turned her back on Idris, on everything she'd ever known, and had walked away from it to start a new life alone. "But we can't lead Jace and Jonathan here either. It's not safe for the pack, or Luke. And this is the first place Jace will look for you."

"Then where . . . ," Clary had started, but she'd realized, even before she'd finished her own sentence, and had shut her mouth. Where did they ever go when they needed help these days?

Now there was a sugary dusting of white along the cracked pavement of the avenue. Jocelyn had put on a long coat before they'd left the house, but beneath it she still wore the clothes that were stained with Luke's blood. Her mouth was set, her gaze unwavering on the road before her. Clary wondered if this was how her mother had looked walking out of Idris, her boots clogged with ashes, the Mortal Cup hidden in her coat.

Clary shook her head to clear it. She was being fanciful, imagining things she hadn't been present to see, her mind skittering away, perhaps, from the awfulness of what she just *had* seen.

Unbidden, the image of Sebastian driving the knife into Luke came into her head, and the sound of Jace's familiar and beloved voice saying "*collateral damage*."

For as is often the happenstance with that which is precious and lost, when you find him again, he may well not be quite as

you left him.

Jocelyn shivered and flipped her hood up to cover her hair. White flakes of snow had already begun to mix with the bright red strands. She was still silent, and the street, lined with Polish and Russian restaurants in between barbershops and beauty parlors, was deserted in the white and yellow night. A memory flashed before the backs of Clary's eyelids—a real one this time, not a wisp of imagination. *Her mother was hurrying her down a night-black street between piles of heaped and dirty snow. A lowering sky, gray and leaden . . .*

She had seen the image before, the first time the Silent Brothers had dug into her mind. She realized what it was now. Her memory of a time her mother had taken her to Magnus's to have her memories altered. It must have been in the dead of winter, but she recognized Greenpoint Avenue in the memory.

The redbrick warehouse Magnus lived in rose above them. Jocelyn pushed open the glass doors to the entryway, and they crowded inside, Clary trying to breathe through her mouth as her mother pushed the buzzer for Magnus one, two, and three times. At last the door opened and they hurried up the stairs. The door to Magnus's apartment was open, and the warlock was leaning against the architrave, waiting for them. He was wearing canary-yellow pajamas, and on his feet were green slippers with alien faces, complete with sproingy antennae. His hair was a tangled, curly, spiky mass of black, and his gold-green eyes blinked tiredly at them.

"Saint Magnus's Home for Wayward Shadowhunters," he said in a deep voice. "Welcome." He threw an arm wide. "Spare bedrooms are that way. Wipe your boots on the mat." He stepped back into the apartment, letting them pass through in front of him before shutting the door. Today the place was done up in a sort of faux-Victorian decor, with high-backed sofas and large gilt mirrors everywhere. The pillars were strung with lights in the shape of flowers.

There were three spare rooms down a short corridor off the main living room; at random Clary chose one on the right. It was painted orange, like her old bedroom in Park Slope, and had a sofa bed and a small window that looked out on the

darkened windows of a closed diner. Chairman Meow was curled up on the bed, nose tucked under his tail. She sat down beside him and petted his ears, feeling the purring that vibrated through his small furry body. As she stroked him, she caught sight of the sleeve of her sweater. It was stained dark and crusted with blood. Luke's blood.

She stood up and yanked the sweater off violently. From her backpack she took a clean pair of jeans and a black V-necked thermal shirt and changed into them. She glanced at herself briefly in the window, which showed her a pale reflection, her hair hanging limply, damp with snow, her freckles standing out like paint splotches. Not that it mattered what she looked like. She thought of Jace kissing her—it felt like days ago instead of hours—and her stomach hurt as if she'd swallowed tiny knives.

She held on to the edge of the bed for a long moment until the pain subsided. Then she took a deep breath and went back out into the living room.

Her mother was seated on one of the gilt-backed chairs, her long artist's fingers wrapped around a mug of hot water with lemon. Magnus was slumped on a hot-pink sofa, his green slippers up on the coffee table. "The pack stabilized him," Jocelyn was saying in an exhausted voice. "They don't know for how long, though. They thought there might have been silver powder on the blade, but it appears to be something else. The tip of the knife—" She glanced up, saw Clary, and fell silent.

"It's okay, Mom. I'm old enough to hear what's wrong with Luke."

"Well, they don't know exactly what it is," Jocelyn said softly. "The tip of the blade Sebastian used broke off against one of his ribs and lodged in the bone. But they can't retrieve it. It . . . moves."

"It moves?" Magnus looked puzzled.

"When they tried to dig it out, it burrowed into the bone and nearly snapped it," Jocelyn said. "He's a werewolf, he

heals fast, but it's in there gashing up his internal organs, keeping the wound from closing."

"Demon metal," said Magnus. "Not silver."

Jocelyn leaned forward. "Do you think you can help him? Whatever it costs, I'll pay—"

Magnus stood up. His alien slippers and rumpled bed-head seemed extremely incongruous given the gravity of the situation. "I don't know."

"But you healed Alec," said Clary. "When the Greater Demon wounded him . . ."

Magnus had begun to pace. "I knew what was wrong with him. I *don't* know what kind of demon metal this is. I could experiment, try different healing spells, but it won't be the fastest way to help him."

"What's the fastest way?" Jocelyn said.

"The Praetor," said Magnus. "The Wolf Guard. I knew the man who founded it—Woolsey Scott. Because of certain . . . incidents, he was fascinated with minutiae about the way demon metals and demon drugs act on lycanthropes, the same way the Silent Brothers keep records of the ways Nephilim can be healed. Over the years the Praetor have become very closed-off and secretive, unfortunately. But a member of the Praetor could access their information."

"Luke's not a member," Jocelyn said. "And their roster is secret—"

"But Jordan," said Clary. "Jordan's a member. He can find out. I'll call him—"

"*I'll* call him," said Magnus. "I can't get into Praetor headquarters, but I can pass on a message that ought to hold some extra weight. I'll be back." He padded off to the kitchen, the antennae on his slippers waving gently like seaweed in a current.

Clary turned back to her mother, who was staring down at her mug of hot water. It was one of her favorite restoratives, though Clary could never figure out why anyone would want

to drink warm sour water. The snow had soaked her mother's hair, and now that it was drying, it was beginning to curl, like Clary's did in humid weather.

"Mom," Clary said, and her mother looked up. "That knife you threw—back at Luke's—was it at Jace?"

"It was at Jonathan." She would never call him Sebastian, Clary knew.

"It's just . . ." Clary took a deep breath. "It's almost the same thing. You saw. When you stabbed Sebastian, Jace started to bleed. It's like they're—mirrored in some way. Cut Sebastian, Jace bleeds. Kill him, and Jace dies."

"Clary." Her mother rubbed her tired eyes. "Can we not discuss this now?"

"But you said you think he'll come back for me. Jace, I mean. I need to know that you won't hurt him—"

"Well, you can't know that. Because I won't promise it, Clary. I can't." Her mother looked at her with unflinching eyes. "I saw the two of you come out of your bedroom."

Clary flushed. "I don't want to—"

"To what? Talk about it? Well, too bad. You brought it up. You're lucky I'm not in the Clave anymore, you know. How long have you known where Jace was?"

"I *don't* know where he is. Tonight is the first time I've talked to him since he disappeared. I *saw* him in the Institute with Seb—with Jonathan, yesterday. I told Alec and Isabelle and Simon. But I couldn't tell anyone else. If the Clave got hold of him—I can't let that happen."

Jocelyn raised her green eyes. "And why not?"

"Because he's Jace. Because I love him."

"He's *not* Jace. That's just it, Clary. He's not who he was. Can't you see that—"

"Of course I can see it. I'm not stupid. But I have faith. I saw him possessed before, and I saw him break free of it. I

think Jace is still inside there somewhere. I think there's a way to save him."

"What if there isn't?"

"Prove it."

"You can't prove a negative, Clarissa. I understand that you love him. You always have loved him, too much. You think I didn't love your father? You think I didn't give him every chance? And look what came of that. Jonathan. If I hadn't stayed with your father, he wouldn't exist—"

"*Neither would I,*" said Clary. "In case you forgot, I came *after* my brother, not before." She looked at her mother, hard. "Are you saying it would be worth it never to have had me, if you could get rid of Jonathan?"

"No, I—"

There was the grating sound of keys in a lock, and the apartment door swung open. It was Alec. He wore a long leather duster open over a blue sweater, and there were white flakes of snow in his black hair. His cheeks were candy-apple red from the cold, but his face was otherwise pale.

"Where's Magnus?" he said. As he looked toward the kitchen, Clary saw a bruise on his jaw, below his ear, about the size of a thumbprint.

"Alec!" Magnus came skidding into the living room and blew a kiss to his boyfriend across the room. Having discarded his slippers, he was barefoot now. His cat's eyes shone as he looked at Alec.

Clary knew that look. That was herself looking at Jace. Alec didn't return the gaze, though. He was shucking off his coat and hanging it on a hook on the wall. He was visibly upset. His hands were trembling, his broad shoulders tightly set.

"You got my text?" Magnus asked.

"Yeah. I was only a few blocks away anyway." Alec looked at Clary, and then at her mother, anxiety and uncertainty warring in his expression. Though Alec had been invited to

Jocelyn's reception party, and had met her several times besides that, they did not by any measure know each other well. "It's true, what Magnus said? You saw Jace again?"

"And Sebastian," said Clary.

"But Jace," Alec said. "How was—I mean, how did he seem?"

Clary knew exactly what he was asking; for once she and Alec understood each other better than anyone else in the room. "He's not playing a trick on Sebastian," she replied softly. "He really has changed. He isn't like himself at all."

"How?" Alec demanded, with an odd blend of anger and vulnerability. "How is he different?"

There was a hole in the knee of Clary's jeans; she picked at it, scraping the skin underneath. "The way he talks—he believes in Sebastian. Believes in what he's doing, whatever that is. I reminded him that Sebastian killed Max, and he didn't even seem to care." Her voice cracked. "He said Sebastian was just as much his brother as Max was."

Alec whitened, the red spots on his cheeks standing out like bloodstains. "Did he say anything about me? Or Izzy? Did he ask about us?"

Clary shook her head, hardly able to stand the look on Alec's face. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see Magnus watching Alec too, his face almost blank with sadness. She wondered if he was jealous of Jace still, or just hurt on Alec's behalf.

"Why did he come to your house?" Alec shook his head. "I don't get it."

"He wanted me to come with him. To join him and Sebastian. I guess he wants their evil little duo to be an evil little trio." She shrugged. "Maybe he's lonely. Sebastian can't be the greatest company."

"We don't know that. He could be absolutely fantastic at Scrabble," said Magnus.

“He’s a murdering psychopath,” said Alec flatly. “And Jace knows it.”

“But Jace isn’t Jace right now—,” Magnus began, and broke off as the phone rang. “I’ll get that. Who knows who else might be on the run from the Clave and need a place to stay? It’s not like there are hotels in this city.” He padded off toward the kitchen.

Alec flung himself down on the sofa. “He’s working too hard,” he said, looking worriedly after his boyfriend. “He’s been up all night every night trying to decipher those runes.”

“Is the Clave employing him?” Jocelyn wanted to know.

“No,” Alec said slowly. “He’s doing it for me. Because of what Jace means to me.” He raised his sleeve, showing Jocelyn the *parabatai* rune on his inner forearm.

“You knew Jace wasn’t dead,” Clary said, her mind beginning to tick over thoughts. “Because you’re parabatai, because of that tie between you. But you said you felt something wrong.”

“Because he’s possessed,” Jocelyn said. “It’s changed him. Valentine said that when Luke became a Downworlder, he felt it. That sense of wrongness.”

Alec shook his head. “But when Jace was possessed by Lilith, I didn’t *feel* it,” he said. “Now I can feel something . . . wrong. Something off.” He looked down at his shoes. “You can feel it when your *parabatai* dies—like there was a cord tying you to something and it has snapped, and now you’re falling.” He looked at Clary. “I felt it, once, in Idris, during the battle. But it was so brief—and when I returned to Alicante, Jace was alive. I convinced myself I had imagined it.”

Clary shook her head, thinking of Jace and the blood-soaked sand by Lake Lyn. *You didn’t.*

“What I feel now is different,” he went on. “I feel like he’s absent from the world but not dead. Not imprisoned . . . Just not *here*.”

“That’s just it,” Clary said. “Both times I’ve seen him and Sebastian, they’ve vanished into thin air. No Portal, just one

minute they were here and the next they were gone.”

“When you talk about *there* or *here*,” said Magnus, coming back into the room with a yawn, “and this world and that world, what you’re talking about are dimensions. There are only a few warlocks who can do dimensional magic. My old friend Ragnor could. Dimensions don’t lie side by side—they’re folded together, like paper. Where they intersect, dimensional pockets can be created that prevent magic from being able to find you. After all, you’re not *here*—you’re *there*.”

“Maybe that’s why we can’t track him? Why Alec can’t feel him?” said Clary.

“Could be.” Magnus sounded almost impressed. “It would mean there’s literally no way to find them if they don’t want to be found. And no way to get a message back to us if you *did* find them. That’s complicated, expensive magic. Sebastian must have some connections—” The door buzzer sounded, and they all jumped. Magnus rolled his eyes. “Everyone calm down,” he said, and vanished into the entryway. He was back a moment later with a man wrapped in a long parchment-colored robe, the back and sides inked with patterns of runes in dark red-brown. Though his hood was up, shadowing his face, he looked completely dry, as if not a flake of snow had fallen on him. When he pushed the hood back, Clary was not at all surprised to see the face of Brother Zachariah.

Jocelyn set her mug down suddenly on the coffee table. She was looking at the Silent Brother. With his hood pushed back, you could see his dark hair, but his face was shadowed so that Clary could not see his eyes, only his high, rune-scarred cheekbones. “You,” Jocelyn said, her voice trailing off. “But Magnus told me that you would never—”

Unexpected events call for unexpected measures. Brother Zachariah’s voice floated out, touching the inside of Clary’s head; she knew from the expressions on the faces of the others that they could hear him too. *I will say nothing to the Clave or Council of anything that transpires tonight. If the chance comes before me to save the last of the Herondale bloodline, I*

consider that of higher importance than the fealty I render the Clave.

“So that’s settled,” Magnus said. He made a strange pair with the Silent Brother beside him, one of them pale and blanched in robes, the other in bright yellow pajamas. “Any new insight into Lilith’s runes?”

I have studied the runes carefully and listened to all the testimony given in the Council, said Brother Zachariah. I believe that her ritual was twofold. First she used the Daylighter’s bite to revive Jonathan Morgenstern’s consciousness. His body was still weak, but his mind and will were alive. I believe that when Jace Herondale was left alone on the roof with him, Jonathan drew on the power of Lilith’s runes and forced Jace to enter the enspelled circle that surrounded him. At that point Jace’s will would have been subject to his. I believe he would have drawn on Jace’s blood for the strength to rise and escape the roof, taking Jace with him.

“And somehow all that created a connection between them?” Clary said. “Because when my mother stabbed Sebastian, Jace started to bleed.”

Yes. What Lilith did was a sort of twinning ritual, not unlike our own parabatai ceremony but much more powerful and dangerous. The two are now bound inextricably. Should one die, the other will follow. No weapon in this world can wound only one of them.

“When you say they’re bound inextricably,” Alec said, leaning forward, “does that mean—I mean, Jace *hates* Sebastian. Sebastian murdered our brother.”

“And I don’t see how Sebastian can be all that fond of Jace, either. He was horribly jealous of him all his life. He thought Jace was Valentine’s favorite,” added Clary.

“Not to mention,” Magnus noted, “that Jace killed him. That would put anyone off.”

“It’s like Jace doesn’t remember that any of these things happened,” Clary said in frustration. “No, not like he doesn’t

remember them—like he doesn't believe them."

He remembers them. But the power of the binding is such that Jace's thoughts will pass over and around those facts, like water passing around rocks in a riverbed. It was like the spell that Magnus cast upon your mind, Clarissa. When you saw pieces of the Invisible World, your mind would reject them, turn away from them. There is no point reasoning with Jace about Jonathan. The truth cannot break their connection.

Clary thought of what had happened when she had reminded Jace that Sebastian had killed Max, how his face had temporarily furrowed in thought, then smoothed out as if he had forgotten what she had said as quickly as she'd said it.

Take some small comfort in the fact that Jonathan Morgenstern is as bound as your Jace is. He cannot harm or hurt Jace, nor would he want to, Zachariah added.

Alec threw his hands up. "So they love each other now? They're best friends?" The hurt and jealousy was plain in his tone.

No. They are each other now. They see as the other sees. They know the other is somehow indispensable to them. Sebastian is the leader, the primary of the two. What he believes, Jace will believe. What he wants, Jace will do.

"So he's possessed," Alec said flatly.

In a possession there is often some part of the person's original consciousness left intact. Those who have been possessed speak of watching their own actions from the outside, crying out but unable to be heard. But Jace is fully inhabiting his body and mind. He believes himself sane. He believes that this is what he wants.

"So what did he want from me?" Clary demanded in a shaking voice. "Why did he come to my room tonight?" She hoped her cheeks didn't burn. She tried to push back the memory of kissing him, the pressure of his body against hers in the bed.

He still loves you, said Brother Zachariah, and his voice was surprisingly gentle. *You are the central point about which*

his world spins. That has not changed.

“And that’s why we had to leave,” Jocelyn said tensely. “He’ll come back for her. We couldn’t stay at the police station. I don’t know where will be safe—”

“Here,” Magnus said. “I can put up wards that will keep Jace and Sebastian out.”

Clary saw relief flood her mother’s eyes. “Thank you,” Jocelyn said.

Magnus waved an arm. “It’s a privilege. I do love fending off angry Shadowhunters, especially of the possessed variety.”

He is not possessed, Brother Zachariah reminded them.

“Semantics,” said Magnus. “The question is, what are the two of them up to? What are they planning?”

“Clary said that when she saw them in the library, Sebastian told Jace he’d be running the Institute soon enough,” said Alec. “So they’re up to *something*.”

“Carrying on Valentine’s work, probably,” said Magnus. “Down with Downworlders, kill all recalcitrant Shadowhunters, blah blah.”

“Maybe.” Clary wasn’t sure. “Jace said something about Sebastian serving a greater cause.”

“The Angel only knows what that indicates,” Jocelyn said. “I was married to a zealot for years. I know what ‘a greater cause’ means. It means torturing the innocent, brutal murder, turning your back on your former friends, all in the name of something that you believe is bigger than yourself but is no more than greed and childishness dressed up in fanciful language.”

“Mom,” Clary protested, worried to hear Jocelyn sound so bitter.

But Jocelyn was looking at Brother Zachariah. “You said no weapon in this world can wound only one of them,” she said. “No weapon you know of . . .”

Magnus's eyes glowed suddenly, like a cat's when caught in a beam of light. "You think . . ."

"The Iron Sisters," said Jocelyn. "They are the experts on weapons and weaponry. They might perhaps have an answer."

The Iron Sisters, Clary knew, were the sister sect to the Silent Brothers; unlike their brethren, they did not have their mouths or eyes sewed shut but instead lived in almost total solitude in a fortress whose location was unknown. They were not fighters—they were creators, the hands who shaped the weapons, the steles, the seraph blades that kept the Shadowhunters alive. There were runes only they could carve, and only they knew the secrets of molding the silvery-white substance called *adamas* into demon towers, steles, and witchlight rune-stones. Rarely seen, they did not attend Council meetings or venture into Alicante.

It is possible, Brother Zachariah said after a long pause.

"If Sebastian could be killed—if there is a weapon that could kill him but leave Jace alive—does that mean Jace would be free of his influence?" Clary asked.

There was an even longer pause. Then, *Yes*, said Brother Zachariah. *That would be the most likely outcome.*

"Then, we should go to see the Sisters." Exhaustion hung on Clary like a cloak, weighting her eyes, souring the taste in her mouth. She rubbed her eyes, trying to scrub it away. "Now."

"I can't go," said Magnus. "Only female Shadowhunters can enter the Adamant Citadel."

"And you're not going," Jocelyn said to Clary in her sternest No-you-are-not-going-out-clubbing-with-Simon-after-midnight voice. "You're safer here, where you're warded."

"Isabelle," said Alec. "Isabelle can go."

"Do you have any idea where she is?" Clary said.

"Home, I'd imagine," said Alec, one shoulder lifting in a shrug. "I can call her—"

“I’ll take care of it,” Magnus said, smoothly removing his cell phone from his pocket and punching in a text with the skill of the long-practiced. “It’s late, and we don’t need to wake her up. Everyone needs rest. If I’m to send any of you through to the Iron Sisters, it will be tomorrow.”

“I’ll go with Isabelle,” Jocelyn said. “No one’s looking for me specifically, and it’s better that she not go alone. Even if I’m not technically a Shadowhunter, I was once. It’s only required that one of us be in good standing.”

“This isn’t fair,” Clary said.

Her mother didn’t even look at her. “Clary . . .”

Clary rose to her feet. “I’ve been practically a prisoner for the past two weeks,” she said in a shaking voice. “The Clave wouldn’t let me look for Jace. And now that he came to me—to *me*—you won’t even let me come with you to the Iron Sisters—”

“It isn’t *safe*. Jace is probably tracking you—”

Clary lost it. “Every time you try to keep me safe, you wreck my life!”

“No, the more involved you get with Jace the more *you* wreck your life!” her mother snapped back. “Every risk you’ve taken, every danger you’ve been in, is because of him! He held a knife to your throat, Clarissa—”

“That wasn’t him,” Clary said in the softest, deadliest voice she could imagine. “Do you think I’d stay for one second with a boy who threatened me with a knife, even if I loved him? Maybe you’ve been living too long in the mundane world, Mom, but *there is magic*. The person who hurt me wasn’t Jace. It was a demon wearing his face. And the person we’re looking for now isn’t Jace. But if he dies . . .”

“There’s no chance of getting Jace back,” said Alec.

“There may already be no chance,” said Jocelyn. “God, Clary, look at the evidence. You thought you and Jace were brother and sister! You sacrificed everything to save his life, and a Greater Demon used him to get to you! When are you

going to face the fact that the two of you are *not meant to be together*?”

Clary jerked back as if her mother had hit her. Brother Zachariah stood as still as a statue, as if no one were shouting at all. Magnus and Alec were staring; Jocelyn was red-cheeked, her eyes glittering with anger. Not trusting herself to speak, Clary spun on her heel, stalked down the hallway to Magnus’s spare bedroom, and slammed the door behind her.



“All right, I’m here,” Simon said. A cold wind was blowing across the flat expanse of the roof garden, and he stuffed his hands into the pockets of his jeans. He didn’t really feel the cold, but he felt like he ought to. He raised his voice. “I showed up. Where are you?”

The roof garden of the Greenwich Hotel—now closed, and therefore empty of people—was done up like an English garden, with carefully shaped dwarf box trees, elegantly scattered wicker and glass furniture, and Lillet umbrellas that flapped in the stiff wind. The trellises of climbing roses, bare in the cold, spider-webbed the stone walls that surrounded the roof, above which Simon could see a gleaming view of downtown New York. “I am here,” said a voice, and a slender shadow detached itself from a wicker armchair and rose. “I had begun to wonder if you were coming, Daylighter.”

“Raphael,” Simon said in a resigned voice. He walked forward, across the hardwood planks that wound between the flower borders and artificial pools lined with shining quartz. “I was wondering myself.”

As he came closer, he could see Raphael clearly. Simon had excellent night vision, and only Raphael’s skill at blending with the shadows had kept him hidden before. The other vampire was wearing a black suit, turned up at the cuffs to show the gleam of cuff links in the shape of chains. He still had the face of a little boy angel, though his gaze as he regarded Simon was cold. “When the head of the Manhattan vampire clan calls you, Lewis, you come.”

“And what would you do if I didn’t? Stake me?” Simon spread his arms wide. “Take a shot. Do whatever you want to me. Go nuts.”

“*Dios*, but you are boring,” said Raphael. Behind him, by the wall, Simon could see the chrome gleam of the vampire motorcycle he’d ridden to get here.

Simon lowered his arms. “You’re the one who asked me to meet you.”

“I have a job offer for you,” said Raphael.

“Seriously? You short-staffed at the hotel?”

“I need a bodyguard.”

Simon eyed him. “Have you been watching *The Bodyguard*? Because I am *not* going to fall in love with you and carry you around in my burly arms.”

Raphael looked at him sourly. “I would pay you extra money to remain entirely silent while you worked.”

Simon stared at him. “You’re serious, aren’t you?”

“I would not bother coming to see you if I were not serious. If I were in a joking mood, I would spend that time with someone I liked.” Raphael sat back down in the armchair. “Camille Belcourt is free in the city of New York. The Shadowhunters are entirely caught up with this stupid business with Valentine’s son and will not be bothered to track her down. She represents an immediate danger to me, for she wishes to reassert her control of the Manhattan clan. Most are loyal to me. Killing me would be the fastest way for her to put herself back at the top of the hierarchy.”

“Okay,” Simon said slowly. “But why me?”

“You are a Daylighter. Others can protect me during the night, but you can protect me in the day, when most of our kind are helpless. And you carry the Mark of Cain. With you between me and her, she would not dare to strike at me.”

“That’s all true, but I’m not doing it.”

Raphael looked incredulous. “Why not?”

The words exploded out of Simon. “Are you kidding? Because you have never done one single thing for me in the entire time since I became a vampire. Instead you have done your level best to make my life miserable and then end it. So—if you want it in vampire language—it affords me great pleasure, my liege, to say to you now: *Hell, no.*”

“It is not wise for you to make an enemy of me, Daylighter. As friends—”

Simon laughed incredulously. “Wait a second. Were we *friends*? That was friends?”

Raphael’s fang teeth snapped out. He was very angry indeed, Simon realized. “I know why you refuse me, Daylighter, and it is not out of some pretended sense of rejection. You are so involved with the Shadowhunters, you think you are one of them. We have seen you with them. Instead of spending your nights in the hunt, as you should, you spend them with Valentine’s daughter. You live with a werewolf. You are a disgrace.”

“Do you act like this with every job interview?”

Raphael bared his teeth. “You must decide if you are a vampire or a Shadowhunter, Daylighter.”

“I’ll take Shadowhunter, then. Because from what I’ve experienced of vampires, you mostly suck. No pun intended.”

Raphael stood up. “You are making a grave mistake.”

“I already told you—”

The other vampire waved a hand, cutting him off. “There is a great darkness coming. It will sweep the Earth with fire and shadow, and when it is gone, there will be no more of your precious Shadowhunters. We, the Night Children, will survive it, for we live in darkness. But if you persist in denying what you are, you too will be destroyed, and none shall lift a hand to help you.”

Without thinking, Simon raised his hand to touch the Mark on his forehead.

Raphael laughed soundlessly. “Ah, yes, the Angel’s brand upon you. In the time of darkness even the angels will be destroyed. Their strength will not aid you. And you had better pray, Daylighter, that you do not lose that Mark before the war comes. For if you do, there will be a line of enemies waiting their turn to kill you. And I will be at the head of it.”



Clary had been lying on her back on Magnus’s sofa bed for a long time. She had heard her mother come down the hall and go into one of the other spare bedroom, shutting the door behind her. Through her own door she could hear Magnus and Alec talking in low voices in the living room. She supposed she could wait for them to go to sleep, but Alec had said Magnus had been up until all hours lately studying the runes; even though Brother Zachariah appeared to have interpreted them, she couldn’t trust that Alec and Magnus would retire soon.

She sat up on the bed next to Chairman Meow, who made a fuzzy noise of protest, and rummaged in her backpack. She drew out of it a clear plastic box and flipped it open. There were her Prismacolor pencils, some stumps of chalk—and her stele.

She stood up, slipping the stele into her jacket pocket. Taking her phone off the desk, she texted MEET ME AT TAKI’S. She watched as the message went through, then tucked the phone into her jeans and took a deep breath.

This wasn’t fair to Magnus, she knew. He’d promised her mother he’d look after her, and that didn’t include her sneaking out of his apartment. But she had kept her mouth shut. She hadn’t promised anything. And besides, it was Jace.

You would do anything to save him, whatever it cost you, whatever you might owe to Hell or Heaven, would you not?

She took out her stele, set the tip to the orange paint of the wall, and began to draw a Portal.



The sharp banging noise woke Jordan out of a sound sleep. He bolted upright instantly and rolled out of bed to land in a crouch on the floor. Years of training with the Praetor had left him with fast reflexes and a permanent habit of sleeping lightly. A quick sight-scent scan told him the room was empty—just moonlight pooling on the floor at his feet.

The banging came again, and this time he recognized it. It was the sound of someone pounding on the front door. He usually slept in just his boxer shorts; yanking on jeans and a T-shirt, he kicked the door of his room open and strode out into the hallway. If this was a bunch of drunk college kids amusing themselves by knocking on all the doors in the building, they were about to get a faceful of angry werewolf.

He reached the door—and paused. The image came to him again, as it had in the hours it had taken him to fall asleep, of Maia running away from him at the navy yard. The look on her face when she'd pulled away from him. He'd pushed her too far, he knew, asked for too much, too fast. Blown it completely, probably. Unless—maybe she'd reconsidered. There had been a time when their relationship had been all passionate fights and equally passionate make-up sessions.

His heart pounding, he threw the door open. And blinked. On the doorstep stood Isabelle Lightwood, her long black glossy hair falling almost to her waist. She wore black suede knee-high boots, tight jeans, and a red silky top with her familiar red pendant around her throat, glittering darkly.

“Isabelle?” He couldn't hide the surprise in his voice, or, he suspected, the disappointment.

“Yeah, well, I wasn't looking for you, either,” she said, pushing past him into the apartment. She smelled of Shadowhunter—a smell like sun-warmed glass—and underneath that, a rosy perfume. “I was looking for Simon.”

Jordan squinted at her. “It's two in the morning.”

She shrugged. “He's a vampire.”

“But I'm not.”

“Ohhhhh?” Her red lips curled up at the corners. “Did I wake you up?” She reached out and flicked the top button on his jeans, the tip of her fingernail scraping across his flat stomach. He felt his muscles jump. Izzy was gorgeous, there was no denying that. She was also a little terrifying. He wondered how unassuming Simon managed to handle her at all. “You might want to button these all the way up. Nice boxers, by the by.” She moved past him, toward Simon’s bedroom. Jordan followed, buttoning his jeans and muttering about how there was nothing strange about having a pattern of dancing penguins on your underwear.

Isabelle ducked her head into Simon’s room. “He’s not here.” She slammed the door behind her and leaned back against the wall, looking at Jordan. “You did say it was two in the morning?”

“Yeah. He’s probably at Clary’s. He’s been sleeping there a lot lately.”

Isabelle bit her lip. “Right. Of course.”

Jordan was beginning to get that feeling he got sometimes, that he was saying something unfortunate, without knowing exactly what that thing was. “Is there a reason you came over here? I mean, did something happen? Is something wrong?”

“Wrong?” Isabelle threw up her hands. “You mean other than the fact that my brother has disappeared and has probably been brainwashed by the evil demon who murdered my *other* brother, and my parents are getting divorced and Simon is off with *Clary*—”

She stopped abruptly and stalked past him into the living room. He hurried after her. By the time he caught up, she was in the kitchen, rifling through the pantry shelves. “Do you have anything to drink? A nice Barolo? Sagrantino?”

Jordan took her by the shoulders and moved her gently out of the kitchen. “Sit,” he said. “I’ll get you some tequila.”

“Tequila?”

“Tequila’s what we have. That and cough syrup.”

Sitting down at one of the stools that lined the kitchen counter, she waved a hand at him. He would have expected her to have long red or pink fingernails, buffed to perfection, to match the rest of her, but no—she was a Shadowhunter. Her hands were scarred, the nails squared off and filed down. The Voyance rune shone blackly on her right hand. “Fine.”

Jordan grabbed the bottle of Cuervo, uncapped it, and poured her a shot. He pushed the glass across the counter. She downed it instantly, frowned, and slammed the glass down.

“Not enough,” she said, reached across the counter, and took the bottle out of his hand. She tilted her head back and swallowed once, twice, three times. When she set the bottle back down, her cheeks were flushed.

“Where’d you learn to drink like that?” He wasn’t sure if he should be impressed or frightened.

“The drinking age in Idris is fifteen. Not that anyone pays attention. I’ve been drinking wine mixed with water along with my parents since I was a kid.” Isabelle shrugged. The gesture lacked a little of her usual fluid coordination.

“Okay. Well, is there a message you want me to give Simon, or anything I can say or—”

“No.” She took another swig out of the bottle. “I got all liquored up and came over to talk to him, and of course he’s at Clary’s. Figures.”

“I thought you were the one who told him he ought to go over there in the first place.”

“Yeah.” Isabelle fiddled with the label on the tequila bottle. “I did.”

“So,” Jordan said, in what he thought was a reasonable tone. “Tell him to stop.”

“I can’t do that.” She sounded exhausted. “I owe her.”

Jordan leaned on the counter. He felt a little like a bartender in a TV show, dispensing sage advice. “What do you owe her?”

“Life,” Isabelle said.

Jordan blinked. This was a little beyond his bartending and advice-offering skills. “She saved your life?”

“She saved *Jace’s* life. She could have had anything from the Angel Raziel, and she saved my brother. I’ve only ever trusted a few people in my life. Really trusted. My mother, Alec, Jace, and Max. I lost one of them already. Clary’s the only reason I didn’t lose another.”

“Do you think you’ll ever be able to really trust someone you aren’t related to?”

“I’m not related to Jace. Not really.” Isabelle avoided his gaze.

“You know what I mean,” said Jordan, with a meaningful glance at Simon’s room.

Izzy frowned. “Shadowhunters live by an honor code, werewolf,” she said, and for a moment she was all arrogant Nephilim, and Jordan remembered why so many Downworlders disliked them. “Clary saved a Lightwood. I owe her my life. If I can’t give her that—and I don’t see how she has any use for it—I can give her whatever will make her less unhappy.”

“You can’t *give* her Simon. Simon’s a person, Isabelle. He goes where he wants.”

“Yeah,” she said. “Well, he doesn’t seem to mind going where she is, does he?”

Jordan hesitated. There was something about what Isabelle was saying that seemed off, but she wasn’t *completely* wrong either. Simon had with Clary an ease that he never seemed to show with anyone else. Having been in love with only one girl in his life, and having stayed in love with her, Jordan didn’t feel he was qualified to hand out advice on that front—though he remembered Simon warning him, with wryness, that Clary had “the nuclear bomb of boyfriends.” Whether there had been jealousy under that wryness, Jordan wasn’t sure. He wasn’t sure whether you could ever completely forget the first girl you loved either. Especially when she was right there in front of you, every day.

Isabelle snapped her fingers. “Hey, you. Are you even paying attention?” She tilted her head to the side, blowing dark strands of hair out of her face, and looked at him hard. “What’s going on with you and Maia, anyway?”

“Nothing.” The single word held volumes. “I’m not sure she’s ever going to stop hating me.”

“She might not, at that,” Isabelle said. “She’s got good reason.”

“Thanks.”

“I don’t do false reassurances,” Izzy said, and pushed the tequila bottle away from her. Her eyes, on Jordan, were lively and dark. “Come here, werewolf boy.”

She’d dropped her voice. It was soft, seductive. Jordan swallowed against a suddenly dry throat. He remembered seeing Isabelle in her red dress outside the Ironworks and thinking, *That’s the girl Simon was messing around on Maia with?* Neither of them was the sort of girl who gave the impression you could cheat on her and survive it.

And neither one of them was the sort of girl you said no to. Warily he moved around the counter toward Isabelle. He was a few steps away when she reached out and pulled him toward her by the wrists. Her hands slid up his arms, over the swell of his biceps, the muscles of his shoulders. His heartbeat quickened. He could feel the warmth coming off her and could smell her perfume and sweet tequila. “You’re gorgeous,” she said. Her hands slid around to flatten themselves against his chest. “You know that, right?”

Jordan wondered if she could feel his heart beating through his shirt. He knew the way girls looked at him on the street—boys, too, sometimes—knew what he saw in the mirror every day, but he never thought about it much. He had been so focused on Maia for so long that it never seemed to matter beyond whether *she* would still find him attractive if they ever saw each other again. He’d been chatted up plenty, but not often by girls who looked like Isabelle, and never by anyone so blunt. He wondered if she was going to kiss him. He hadn’t kissed anyone but Maia since he was fifteen. But Isabelle was

looking up at him, and her eyes were big and dark, and her lips were slightly parted and the color of strawberries. He wondered if they would taste like strawberries if he kissed her.

“And I just don’t care,” she said.

“Isabelle, I don’t think—Wait. *What?*”

“I should care,” she said. “I mean, there’s Maia to think about, so I probably wouldn’t just rip your clothes off blithely anyway, but the thing is, I don’t *want* to. Normally I would want to.”

“Ah,” Jordan said. He felt relief, and also the tiniest twinge of disappointment. “Well . . . that’s good?”

“I think about him *all the time*,” she said. “It’s awful. Nothing like this has ever happened to me before.”

“You mean Simon?”

“Scrawny little mundane bastard,” she said, and took her hands off Jordan’s chest. “Except he isn’t. Scrawny, anymore. Or a mundane. And I like spending time with him. He makes me laugh. And I like the way he smiles. You know, one side of his mouth goes up before the other one—Well, you live with him. You must have noticed.”

“Not really,” said Jordan.

“I miss him when he’s not around,” Isabelle confessed. “I thought . . . I don’t know, after what happened that night with Lilith, things changed between us. But now he’s with Clary all the time. And I can’t even be angry with her.”

“You lost your brother.”

Isabelle looked up at him. “What?”

“Well, he’s knocking himself out to make Clary feel better because she lost Jace,” said Jordan. “But Jace is your brother. Shouldn’t Simon be knocking himself out to make *you* feel better too? Maybe you’re not mad at her, but you could be mad at him.”

Isabelle looked at him for a long moment. “But we’re not anything,” she said. “He’s not my boyfriend. I just *like* him.”

She frowned. “Crap. I can’t believe I said that. I must be drunker than I thought.”

“I kind of figured it out from what you were saying before.” He smiled at her.

She didn’t smile back, but she lowered her lashes and looked up at him through them. “You’re not so bad,” she said. “If you want, I can say nice things to Maia about you.”

“No, thanks,” said Jordan, who wasn’t sure what Izzy’s version of nice things was, and feared finding out. “You know, it’s normal, when you’re going through a tough time, to want to be with the person you—” He was about to say “love,” realized she had never used the word, and switched gears. “Care about. But I don’t think Simon knows you feel that way about him.”

Her lashes fluttered back up. “Does he ever say anything about me?”

“He thinks you’re really strong,” Jordan said. “And that you don’t need him at all. I think he feels . . . superfluous to your life. Like, what can he give you when you’re already perfect? Why would you want a guy like him?” Jordan blinked; he hadn’t meant to run on like that, and he wasn’t sure how much of what he’d said applied to Simon, and how much to himself and Maia.

“So you mean I should tell him how I feel?” said Isabelle in a small voice.

“Yes. Definitely. Tell him how you feel.”

“Okay.” She grabbed for the tequila bottle and took a swig. “I’ll go over to Clary’s right now and I’ll tell him.”

A small flower of alarm blossomed in his chest. “You can’t. It’s practically three in the morning—”

“If I wait, I’ll lose my nerve,” she said, in that reasonable tone that only very drunk people ever employed. She took another swig out of the bottle. “I’ll just go over there, and I’ll knock on the window, and I’ll tell him how I feel.”

“Do you even know which window is Clary’s?”

She squinted. “Nooo.”

The horrible vision of a drunk Isabelle waking up Jocelyn and Luke floated through Jordan’s head. “Isabelle, *no*.” He reached up to take the tequila bottle from her, and she jerked it away from him.

“I think I’m changing my mind about you,” she said in a semi-threatening tone that would have been more frightening if she’d been able to focus her eyes on him directly. “I don’t think I like you so much after all.” She stood up, looked down at her feet with a surprised expression—and fell over backward. Only Jordan’s quick reflexes allowed him to catch her before she hit the floor.

7

A SEA CHANGE

Clary was on her third cup of coffee at Taki's when Simon finally walked in. He was in jeans, a red zip-up sweatshirt (why bother with wool coats when you didn't feel the cold?), and engineer boots. People turned to look at him as he wove his way through the tables toward her. Simon had cleaned up nicely since Isabelle had started getting on his case about his clothes, Clary thought as he headed toward her among the tables. There were flakes of snow caught in his dark hair, but where Alec's cheeks had been scarlet from the cold, Simon's remained colorless and pale. He slid into the booth across from her and looked at her, his dark eyes reflective and shining.

"You called?" he asked, making his voice deep and resonant so that he sounded like Count Dracula.

"Technically, I texted." She slid the menu across the table toward him, flipping it to the page for vampires. She'd glanced at it before, but the thought of blood pudding and blood milk shakes made her shudder. "I hope I didn't wake you up."

"Oh, no," he said. "You wouldn't believe where I was . . ." His voice trailed off as he saw the expression on her face. "Hey." His fingers were suddenly under her chin, lifting her head. The laughter was gone from his eyes, replaced by concern. "What happened? Is there more news about Jace?"

"Do you know what you want?" It was Kaelie, the blue-eyed faerie waitress who had given Clary the Queen's bell. She looked at Clary now and grinned, a superior grin that made Clary grit her teeth.

Clary ordered a piece of apple pie; Simon ordered a mix of hot chocolate and blood. Kaelie took the menus away, and Simon looked at Clary with concern. She took a deep breath

and told him about the night, every gritty detail—Jace’s appearance, what he had said to her, the confrontation in the living room, and what had happened to Luke. She told him what Magnus had said about dimensional pockets and other worlds, and how there was no way to track someone hidden in a dimensional pocket or get a message through to them. Simon’s eyes grew darker as she spoke, and by the end of the story, he had his head in his hands.

“Simon?” Kaelie had come and gone, leaving their food, which was untouched. Clary touched his shoulder. “What is it? Is it Luke—”

“It’s my fault.” He looked up at her, eyes dry. Vampires cried tears mixed with blood, she thought; she had read that somewhere. “If I hadn’t bitten Sebastian . . .”

“You did it for me. So I’d live.” Her voice was gentle. “You saved my life.”

“You’ve saved mine six or seven times. It seemed fair.” His voice cracked; she recalled him retching up Sebastian’s black blood, on his knees in the roof garden.

“Assigning blame doesn’t get us anywhere,” Clary said. “And this isn’t why I dragged you here, just to tell you what happened. I mean, I would have told you anyway, but I would have waited for tomorrow if it weren’t that . . .”

He looked at her warily and took a sip from his mug. “Weren’t that what?”

“I have a plan.”

He groaned. “I was afraid of that.”

“My plans are *not* terrible.”

“Isabelle’s plans are terrible.” He pointed a finger at her. “*Your* plans are suicidal. At best.”

She sat back, her arms crossed over her chest. “Do you want to hear it or not? You have to keep it a secret.”

“I would pluck out my own eyes with a fork before I would give away your secrets,” Simon said, then looked anxious. “Wait a second. Do you think that’s likely to be required?”

“I don’t know.” Clary covered her face with her hands.

“Just tell me.” He sounded resigned.

With a sigh she reached into her pocket and drew out a small velvet bag, which she upended on the table. Two gold rings fell out, landing with a soft clink.

Simon looked at them, puzzled. “You want to get married?”

“Don’t be an idiot.” She leaned forward, dropping her voice. “Simon, these are *the rings*. The ones the Seelie Queen wanted.”

“I thought you said you never got them—” He broke off, raising his eyes to her face.

“I lied. I did take them. But after I saw Jace in the library, I didn’t want to give them to the Queen anymore. I had a feeling we might need them sometime. And I realized she was never going to give us any useful information. The rings seemed more valuable than another round with the Queen.”

Simon caught them up in his hand, hiding them from sight as Kaelie passed by. “Clary, you can’t just take things the Seelie Queen wants and keep them for yourself. She’s a very dangerous enemy to have.”

She looked at him pleadingly. “Can we at least see if they work?”

He sighed and handed her one of the rings; it felt light but was as soft as real gold. She worried for a moment that it wouldn’t fit, but as soon as she slipped it onto her right index finger, it seemed to mold to the shape of her finger, until it sat perfectly in the space below her knuckle. She saw Simon glancing down at his right hand, and realized the same thing had happened to him.

“Now we talk, I guess,” he said. “Say something to me. You know, mentally.”

Clary turned to Simon, feeling absurdly as if she were being asked to perform in a play whose lines she hadn’t memorized. *Simon?*

Simon blinked. “I think—Could you do that again?”

This time Clary concentrated, trying to focus her mind on Simon—the Simon-ness of him, the shape of the way he thought, the feeling of hearing his voice, the sense of him close. His whispers, his secrets, the way he made her laugh. *So, she thought conversationally, now that I'm in your mind, want to see some naked mental pictures of Jace?*

Simon jumped. “I *heard* that! And, no.”

Excitement fizzed in Clary’s veins; it was *working*. “Think something back to me.”

It took less than a second. She heard Simon, the way she heard Brother Zachariah, a voice without sound inside her mind. *You’ve seen him naked?*

Well, not entirely. But I—

“Enough,” he said out loud, and though his voice was caught between amusement and anxiety, his eyes sparked. “They work. Holy crap. They really work.”

She leaned forward. “So can I tell you my idea?”

He touched the ring on his finger, feeling its delicate tracery, the leaf-veins carved under his fingertips. *Sure.*

She began to explain, but she hadn’t yet reached the end of her description when Simon interrupted, out loud this time. “No. Absolutely not.”

“Simon,” she said. “It’s a perfectly fine plan.”

“The plan where you follow Jace and Sebastian off to some unknown dimensional pocket and we use these rings to communicate so those of us over here in the *regular* dimension of Earth can track you down? That plan?”

“Yes.”

“No,” he said. “No, it isn’t.”

Clary sat back. “You don’t just get to say no.”

“This plan involves me! I get to say no! *No.*”

“Simon—”

Simon patted the seat beside him as if someone were sitting there. "Let me introduce you to my good friend No."

"Maybe we can compromise," she suggested, taking a bite of pie.

"No."

"SIMON."

"'No' is a magical word," he told her. "Here's how it goes. You say, 'Simon, I have an insane, suicidal plan. Would you like to help me carry it out?' And I say, '*Why, no.*'"

"I'll do it anyway," she said.

He stared at her across the table. "What?"

"I'll do it whether you help me or not," she said. "If I can't use the rings, I'll still follow Jace to wherever he is and try to get word back to you guys by sneaking away, finding telephones, whatever. If it's possible. I'm going to do it, Simon. I just have a better chance of surviving if you help me. And there's no risk to you."

"*I don't care about risk to me,*" he hissed, leaning forward across the table. "I care about what happens to you! Dammit, I'm practically indestructible. Let *me* go. You stay behind."

"Yes," Clary said, "Jace won't find that odd at all. You can just tell him you've always been secretly in love with him and you can't stand being parted."

"I could tell him I've given it thought and I completely agree with his and Sebastian's philosophy and decided to throw in my lot with theirs."

"You don't even know what their philosophy is."

"There is that. I might have better luck telling him I'm in love with him. Jace thinks everyone's in love with him anyway."

"But I," said Clary, "actually *am*."

Simon looked at her for a long time over the table, silently. "You're serious," he said finally. "You'd actually do this. Without me—without any safety net."

“There isn’t anything I wouldn’t do for Jace.”

Simon leaned his head back against the plastic booth seat. The Mark of Cain glowed a gentle silver against his skin. “Don’t say that,” he said.

“Wouldn’t you do anything for the people you love?”

“I’d do almost anything for you,” Simon said quietly. “I’d die for you. You know that. But would I kill someone else, someone innocent? What about a *lot* of innocent lives? What about the whole world? Is it really love to tell someone that if it came down to picking between them and every other life on the planet, you’d pick them? Is that—I don’t know, is that a moral sort of love at all?”

“Love isn’t moral or immoral,” said Clary. “It just is.”

“I know,” Simon said. “But the actions we take in the name of love, those are moral or immoral. And normally it wouldn’t matter. Normally—whatever I think of Jace being annoying—he’d never ask you to do anything that went against your nature. Not for him, not for anyone. But he isn’t exactly *Jace* anymore, is he? And I just don’t know, Clary. I don’t know what he might ask you to do.”

Clary leaned her elbow on the table, suddenly very tired. “Maybe he isn’t Jace. But he’s the closest thing to Jace I’ve got. There’s no way back to Jace without him.” She raised her eyes to Simon’s. “Or are you telling me it’s hopeless?”

There was a long silence. Clary could see Simon’s innate honesty warring with his desire to protect his best friend. Finally he said, “I’d never say that. I’m still Jewish, you know, even if I am a vampire. In my heart I remember and believe, even the words I can’t say. G—” He choked and swallowed. “He made a covenant with us, just like the Shadowhunters believe Raziel made a covenant with them. And we believe in his promises. Therefore you can never lose hope—*hatikva*—because if you keep hope alive, it will keep you alive.” He looked faintly embarrassed. “My rabbi used to say that.”

Clary slid her hand across the table and laid it atop Simon’s. He rarely talked about his religion with her or anyone, though

she knew he believed. “Does that mean you agree?”

He groaned. “I think it means you crushed my spirit and beat me down.”

“Fantastic.”

“Of course you realize you’re leaving me in the position of being the one to tell everyone—your mother, Luke, Alec, Izzy, Magnus . . .”

“I guess I shouldn’t have said there would be no risk to you,” Clary said meekly.

“That’s right,” said Simon. “Just remember, when your mother’s gnawing my ankle like a furious mama bear separated from her cub, I did it for you.”



Jordan had only just fallen back asleep when the banging on the front door came again. He rolled over and groaned. The clock by the bed said 4:00 a.m. in blinking yellow numbers.

More banging. Jordan rolled reluctantly to his feet, dragged on his jeans, and staggered out into the hallway. Blearily he jerked the door open. “Look—”

The words died on his lips. Standing in the hallway was Maia. She was wearing jeans and a caramel-colored leather jacket, and her hair was pulled up behind her head with bronze chopsticks. A single loose curl fell against her temple. Jordan’s fingers itched to reach out and tuck it behind her ear. Instead he jammed his hands into the pockets of his jeans.

“Nice shirt,” she said with a dry glance at his bare chest. There was a backpack slung over one of her shoulders. For a moment his heart jumped. Was she leaving town? Was she leaving town to get away from *him*? “Look, Jordan—”

“Who is it?” The voice behind Jordan was husky, as rumpled as the bed she’d probably just climbed out of. He saw Maia’s mouth drop open, and he looked back over his shoulder to see Isabelle, wearing only one of Simon’s T-shirts, standing behind him and rubbing at her eyes.

Maia's mouth snapped shut. "It's me," she said in a not particularly friendly tone. "Are you . . . visiting Simon?"

"What? No, Simon's not here." *Shut up, Isabelle*, Jordan thought frantically. "He's . . ." She gestured vaguely. "Out."

Maia's cheeks reddened. "It smells like a bar in here."

"Jordan's cheap tequila," said Isabelle with a wave of her hand. "You know . . ."

"Is that his shirt, too?" Maia inquired.

Isabelle glanced down at herself, and then back up at Maia. Belatedly she seemed to realize what the other girl was thinking. "Oh. No. Maia—"

"So first Simon cheated on me with you, and now you and Jordan—"

"Simon," Isabelle said, "also cheated on *me* with *you*. Anyway, nothing's going on with me and Jordan. I came over to see Simon, but he wasn't here so I decided to crash in his room. And I'm going back in there now."

"No," Maia said sharply. "Don't. Forget about Simon and Jordan. What I have to say, it's something you need to hear too."

Isabelle froze, one hand on Simon's door, her sleep-flushed face slowly paling. "Jace," she said. "Is that why you're here?"

Maia nodded.

Isabelle sagged against the door. "Is he—" Her voice cracked. She started again. "Have they found—"

"He came back," said Maia. "For Clary." She paused. "He had Sebastian with him. There was a fight, and Luke was injured. He's dying."

Isabelle made a dry little sound in her throat. "Jace? Jace hurt Luke?"

Maia avoided her eyes. "I don't know what happened exactly. Only that Jace and Sebastian came for Clary, and there was a fight. Luke was hurt."

“Clary—”

“Is all right. She’s at Magnus’s with her mother.” Maia turned to Jordan. “Magnus called me and asked me to come and see you. He tried to reach you, but he couldn’t. He wants you to put him in touch with the Praetor Lupus.”

“Put him in touch with . . .” Jordan shook his head. “You can’t just *call* the Praetor. It’s not like 1-800-WEREWOLF.”

Maia crossed her arms. “Well, how do you reach them, then?”

“I have a supervisor. He reaches me when he wants to, or I can call on him in an emergency—”

“This *is* an emergency.” Maia hooked her thumbs through the belt loops on her jeans. “Luke could die, and Magnus says the Praetor might have information that could help.” She looked at Jordan, her eyes big and dark. He ought to tell her, he thought. That the Praetor didn’t like getting mixed up in affairs of the Clave; that they kept to themselves and their mission—to help new Downworlders. That there was no guarantee they would agree to help, and every likelihood that they would resent the request.

But Maia was asking him. This was something he could do for her that might be a step down the long road of making it up to her for what he’d done before.

“Okay,” he said. “Then, we go to their headquarters and present ourselves in person. They’re out on the North Fork of Long Island. Pretty far from anywhere. We can take my truck.”

“Fine.” Maia hoisted her backpack higher. “I thought we might have to go somewhere; that’s why I brought my stuff.”

“Maia.” It was Isabelle. She hadn’t said anything in so long that Jordan had almost forgotten she was there; he turned and saw her leaning against the wall by Simon’s door. She was hugging herself as if she were cold. “Is he all right?”

Maia winced. “Luke? No, he—”

“Jace.” Isabelle’s voice was an indrawn breath. “Is Jace all right? Did they hurt him or catch him or—”

“He’s fine,” Maia said flatly. “And he’s gone. He disappeared with Sebastian.”

“And Simon?” Isabelle’s gaze flicked to Jordan. “You said he was with Clary—”

Maia shook her head. “He wasn’t. He wasn’t there.” Her hand was tight on the strap of her backpack. “But there’s one thing we know now, and you’re not going to like it. Jace and Sebastian are connected somehow. Hurt Jace, you hurt Sebastian. Kill him, and Sebastian dies. And vice versa. Straight from Magnus.”

“Does the Clave know?” Isabelle demanded instantly. “They didn’t tell the Clave, did they?”

Maia shook her head. “Not yet.”

“They’ll find out,” said Isabelle. “The whole pack knows. Someone will tell. Then it’ll be a manhunt. They’ll kill him just to kill Sebastian. They’ll kill him anyway.” She reached up and pushed her hands through her thick black hair. “I want my brother,” she said. “I want to see Alec.”

“Well, that’s good,” Maia said. “Because after Magnus called me, he sent a follow-up text. He said he had a feeling you’d be here, and he had a message for you. He wants you to go to his apartment in Brooklyn, right away.”



It was freezing out, so cold that even the *thermis* rune she’d put on herself—and the thin parka she’d swiped from Simon’s closet—weren’t doing much to keep Isabelle from shivering as she pushed open the door of Magnus’s apartment building and ducked inside.

After being buzzed up, she headed up the stairs, trailing her hand along the splintering banister. Part of her wanted to rush up the steps, knowing Alec was there and would understand what she was feeling. The other part of her, the part that had hidden her parents’ secret from her brothers all her life, wanted to curl up on the landing and be alone with her misery.

The part that hated relying on anyone else—because wouldn't they just let you down?—and was proud to say that Isabelle Lightwood didn't *need* anyone reminded herself that she was here because they had asked for her. *They* needed *her*.

Isabelle didn't mind being needed. Liked it, in fact. It was why it had taken her longer to warm up to Jace when he had first stepped through the Portal from Idris, a thin ten-year-old boy with haunted pale gold eyes. Alec had been delighted with him immediately, but Isabelle had resented his self-possession. When her mother had told her that Jace's father had been murdered in front of him, she'd imagined him coming to her tearfully, for comfort and even advice. But he hadn't seemed to need anyone. Even at ten years old he'd had a sharp, defensive wit and an acidic temperament. In fact, Isabelle had thought, dismayed, that he was just like her.

In the end it was Shadowhunting they had bonded over—a shared love of sharp-edged weapons, gleaming seraph blades, the painful pleasure of burning Marks, the thought-numbing swiftness of battle. When Alec had wanted to go out hunting alone with Jace, leaving Izzy behind, Jace had spoken up for her: “We need her with us; she's the best there is. Aside from me, of course.”

She had loved him just for that.

She was at the front door of Magnus's apartment now. Light poured through the crack under the door, and she heard murmuring voices. She pushed the door open, and a wave of warmth enveloped her. She stepped gratefully forward.

The warmth came from a fire leaping in the grated fireplace—though there were no chimneys in the building, and the fire had the blue-green tinge of enchanted flame. Magnus and Alec sat on one of the couches grouped near the fireplace. As she came in, Alec looked up and saw her, and sprang to his feet, hurrying barefoot across the room—he was wearing black sweatpants and a white T-shirt with a torn collar—to put his arms around her.

For a moment she stood still in the circle of his arms, hearing his heartbeat, his hands patting half-awkwardly up and

down her back, her hair. “Iz,” he said. “It’s going to be okay, Izzy.”

She pushed away from him, wiping at her eyes. God, she hated crying. “How can you say that?” she snapped. “How can anything possibly be okay after this?”

“Izzy.” Alec drew his sister’s hair over one shoulder and tugged gently at it. It reminded her of the years when she used to wear her hair in braids and Alec would yank on them, with considerably less gentleness than he was showing now. “Don’t go to pieces. We need you.” He dropped his voice. “Also, did you know you smell like tequila?”

She looked over at Magnus, who was watching them from the sofa with his unreadable cat’s eyes. “Where’s Clary?” she said. “And her mother? I thought they were here.”

“Asleep,” said Alec. “We thought they needed a rest.”

“And I don’t?”

“Did *you* just see your fiancé or your stepfather nearly murdered in front of your eyes?” Magnus inquired dryly. He was wearing striped pajamas with a black silk dressing gown thrown over them. “Isabelle Lightwood,” he said, sitting up and loosely clasping his hands in front of him. “As Alec said, we need you.”

Isabelle straightened up, putting her shoulders back. “Need me for what?”

“To go to the Iron Sisters,” said Alec. “We need a weapon that will divide Jace and Sebastian so that they can be hurt separately—Well, you know what I mean. So Sebastian can be killed without hurting Jace. And it’s a matter of time before the Clave knows that Jace isn’t Sebastian’s prisoner, that he’s working with him—”

“It’s not *Jace*,” Isabelle protested.

“It may not be Jace,” said Magnus, “but if he dies, your Jace dies right along with him.”

“As you know, the Iron Sisters will speak only to women,” said Alec. “And Jocelyn can’t go alone because she isn’t a

Shadowhunter anymore.”

“What about Clary?”

“She’s still in training. She won’t know the right questions to ask or the way to address them. But you and Jocelyn will. And Jocelyn says she’s been there before; she can help guide you once we Portal you to the edge of the wards around the Adamant Citadel. You’ll be going, both of you, in the morning.”

Isabelle considered it. The idea of finally having something to do, something definite and active and important, was a relief. She would have preferred a task that had something to do with killing demons or chopping off Sebastian’s legs, but this was better than nothing. The legends surrounding the Adamant Citadel made it sound like a forbidding, distant place, and the Iron Sisters were seen far more rarely than the Silent Brothers. Isabelle had never met one.

“When do we leave?” she said.

Alec smiled for the first time since she’d arrived, and reached to ruffle her hair. “That’s my Isabelle.”

“Quit it.” She ducked out from his reach and saw Magnus grinning at them from the sofa. He levered himself up and ran a hand through his already explosively spiky black hair.

“I’ve got three spare rooms,” he said. “Clary’s in one; her mother’s in the other. I’ll show you the third.”

The rooms all branched off a narrow, windowless hallway that led from the living room. Two of the doors were closed; Magnus drew Isabelle through the third, into a room whose walls were painted hot-pink. Black curtains hung from silver bars over the windows, secured by handcuffs. The bedspread had a print of dark red hearts on it.

Isabelle glanced around. She felt jittery and nervous and not in the least like going to sleep. “Nice handcuffs. I can see why you didn’t put Jocelyn in here.”

“I needed something to hold the curtains back.” Magnus shrugged. “Do you have anything to sleep in?”

Isabelle just nodded, not wanting to admit she'd brought Simon's shirt with her from his apartment. Vampires didn't really smell like anything, but the shirt still carried with it the faint, reassuring scent of his laundry soap. "It's kind of weird," she said. "You demanding I come over right away, only to put me to bed and tell me we're getting started tomorrow."

Magnus leaned against the wall by the door, his arms over his chest, and looked at her through slitted cat eyes. For a moment he reminded her of Church, only less likely to bite. "I love your brother," he said. "You know that, right?"

"If you want my permission to marry him, go right ahead," said Isabelle. "Autumn's a nice time for it too. You could wear an orange tux."

"He isn't happy," said Magnus, as if she hadn't spoken.

"Of course he isn't," Isabelle snapped. "Jace—"

"*Jace*," said Magnus, and his hands made fists at his sides. Isabelle stared at him. She had always thought that he didn't mind Jace; liked him, even, once the question of Alec's affections had been settled.

Out loud, she said, "I thought you and Jace were friends."

"It's not that," said Magnus. "There are some people—people the universe seems to have singled out for special destinies. Special favors and special torments. God knows we're all drawn toward what's beautiful and broken; *I* have been, but some people cannot be fixed. Or if they can be, it's only by love and sacrifice so great that it destroys the giver."

Isabelle shook her head slowly. "You've lost me. Jace is our brother, but for Alec—He's Jace's *parabatai*, too."

"I know about *parabatai*," said Magnus. "I've known *parabatai* so close they were almost the same person. Do you know what happens, when one of them dies, to the one who's left—"

"Stop it!" Isabelle clapped her hands over her ears, then lowered them slowly. "How dare you, Magnus Bane?" she said. "How dare you make this worse than it is."

“Isabelle.” Magnus’s hands loosened; he looked a little wide-eyed, as if his outburst had startled even him. “I am sorry. I forget, sometimes . . . that with all your self-control and strength, you possess the same vulnerability that Alec does.”

“There is nothing weak about Alec,” said Isabelle.

“No,” said Magnus. “To love as you choose, that takes strength. The thing is, I wanted you here for him. There are things I can’t do for him, can’t give him.” For a moment Magnus looked oddly vulnerable himself. “You have known Jace as long as he has. You can give him understanding I can’t. And he loves you.”

“Of course he loves me. I’m his sister.”

“Blood isn’t love,” said Magnus, and his voice was bitter. “Just ask Clary.”



Clary shot through the Portal as if through the barrel of a rifle and flew out the other end. She tumbled toward the ground and struck hard on her feet, sticking the landing at first. The pose lasted only a moment before, too dizzy from the Portal to concentrate, she overbalanced and hit the ground, her backpack cushioning her fall. She sighed—*someday* all the training really would kick in—and got to her feet, brushing dust from the seat of her jeans.

She was standing in front of Luke’s house. The river sparkled over her shoulder, the city rising behind it like a forest of lights. Luke’s house was just as they had left it, hours ago, locked and dark. Clary, standing on the dirt and stone path that led up to the front steps, swallowed hard.

Slowly she touched the ring on her right hand with the fingers of her left. *Simon?*

The reply came immediately. *Yeah?*

Where are you?

Walking toward the subway. Did you Portal home?

Luke's. If Jace comes like I think he will, this is where he'll come to.

A silence. Then, *Well, I guess you know how to get me if you need me.*

I guess I do. Clary took a deep breath. *Simon?*

Yeah?

I love you.

A pause. *I love you, too.*

And that was all. There was no click, as when you hung up a phone; Clary just sensed a severing of their connection, as if a cord had been cut inside her head. She wondered if this was what Alec meant when he talked about the breaking of the *parabatai* bond.

She moved toward Luke's house and slowly mounted the stairs. This was her home. If Jace was going to come back for her, as he had mouthed to her that he would, this is where he would come. She sat down on the top step, pulled her backpack onto her lap, and waited.



Simon stood in front of the refrigerator in his apartment and took a last swallow of cold blood as the memory of Clary's silent voice faded out of his mind. He had just gotten home, and the apartment was dark, the hum of the refrigerator loud, and the place smelled oddly of—tequila? Maybe Jordan had been drinking. His bedroom door was closed, anyway, not that Simon blamed him for being asleep; it was after four in the morning.

He shoved the bottle back into the fridge and headed for his room. It would be the first night he'd slept at home in a week. He'd grown used to having someone to share a bed with, a body to roll against in the middle of the night. He liked the way Clary fit against him, curled asleep with her head on her hand; and, if he had to admit it to himself, he liked that she couldn't sleep unless he was with her. It made him feel indispensable and needed—even if the fact that Jocelyn didn't appear to care whether he slept in her daughter's bed or not did

underscore that Clary's mother apparently regarded him as about as sexually threatening as a goldfish.

Of course, he and Clary had shared beds often, from the time they were five until they were about twelve. That might have had something to do with it, he mused, pushing his bedroom door open. Most of those nights they'd spent engaged in torrid activities, like having contests to see who could take the longest to eat a single Reese's Peanut Butter Cup. Or they'd sneaked in a portable DVD player and—

He blinked. His room looked the same—bare walls, stacked plastic shelves with his clothes on them, his guitar hanging on the wall, and a mattress on the floor. But on the bed was a single piece of paper—a white square against the frayed black blanket. The scrawled, looping hand was familiar. Isabelle's.

He picked it up and read:

Simon, I've been trying to call you, but it seems like your phone is turned off. I don't know where you are right now. I don't know if Clary's already told you what happened tonight. But I have to go to Magnus's and I'd really like you to be there.

I'm never scared, but I'm scared for Jace. I'm scared for my brother. I never ask you for anything, Simon, but I'm asking you now. Please come.

Isabelle.

Simon let the letter fall from his hand. He was out of the apartment and on his way down the steps before it had even hit the floor.



When Simon came into Magnus's apartment, it was quiet. There was a fire flickering in the grate, and Magnus sat in front of it on an overstuffed sofa, his feet up on the coffee table. Alec was asleep, his head in Magnus's lap, and Magnus was twirling strands of Alec's black hair between his fingers. The warlock's gaze, on the flames, was remote and distant, as if he were looking back into the past. Simon couldn't help but

remember what Magnus had said to him once, about living forever:

Someday you and I will be the only two left.

Simon shuddered, and Magnus looked up. “Isabelle called you over, I know,” he said, speaking in a low voice so as not to wake Alec. “She’s down the hall that way—the first bedroom on the left.”

Simon nodded and, with a salute in Magnus’s direction, headed off down the hall. He felt unusually nervous, as if he were prepping for a first date. Isabelle, to his recollection, had never demanded his help or his presence before, had never acknowledged that she needed him in any way.

He pushed open the door to the first bedroom on the left and stepped inside. It was dark, the lights off; if Simon hadn’t had vampire sight, he probably would have seen only blackness. As it was, he saw the outlines of a wardrobe, chairs with clothes thrown over them, and a bed, covers thrown back. Isabelle was asleep on her side, her black hair fanning out across the pillow.

Simon stared. He’d never seen Isabelle sleeping before. She looked younger than she usually did, her face relaxed, her long eyelashes brushing the tops of her cheekbones. Her mouth was slightly open, her feet curled up under her. She was wearing only a T-shirt—*his* T-shirt, a worn blue tee that said THE LOCH NESS MONSTER ADVENTURE CLUB: FINDING ANSWERS, IGNORING FACTS across the front.

Simon closed the door behind him, feeling more disappointed than he had expected. It hadn’t occurred to him that she’d already be asleep. He’d been wanting to talk to her, to hear her voice. He kicked his shoes off and lay down beside her. She certainly took up more real estate on the bed than Clary did. Isabelle was tall, almost his height, although when he put his hand on her shoulder, her bones felt delicate under his touch. He ran his hand down her arm. “Iz?” he said. “Isabelle?”

She murmured and turned her face into the pillow. He leaned closer—she smelled like alcohol and rose perfume.

Well, that answered that. He had been thinking about pulling her into his arms and kissing her gently, but “Simon Lewis, Molester of Passed-Out Women” wasn’t really the epitaph by which he wanted to be remembered.

He lay down flat on his back and stared at the ceiling. Cracked plaster, marked by water stains. Magnus really ought to get someone in here to do something about that. As if sensing his presence, Isabelle rolled sideways against him, her soft cheek against his shoulder. “Simon?” she said groggily.

“Yeah.” He touched her face lightly.

“You came.” She stretched her arm across his chest, moving so that her head fit against his shoulder. “I didn’t think you would.”

His fingers traced patterns on her arm. “Of course I came.”

Her next words were muffled against his neck. “Sorry I’m asleep.”

He smiled to himself, a little, in the dark. “It’s okay. Even if all you wanted was for me to come here and hold you while you sleep, I would have done it.”

He felt her stiffen, and then relax. “Simon?”

“Yeah?”

“Can you tell me a story?”

He blinked. “What kind of story?”

“Something where the good guys win and the bad guys lose. And stay dead.”

“So, like a fairy tale?” he said. He racked his brain. He knew only the Disney versions of fairy tales, and the first image that came to mind was Ariel in her seashell bra. He’d had a crush on her when he was eight. Not that this seemed like the time to mention it.

“No.” The word was an exhaled breath. “We *study* fairy tales in school. A lot of that magic is real—but, anyway. No, I want something I haven’t heard yet.”

“Okay. I’ve got a good one.” Simon stroked Isabelle’s hair, feeling her lashes flutter against his neck as she closed her eyes. “A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away . . .”



Clary didn’t know how long she’d been sitting on Luke’s front steps when the sun began to come up. It rose behind his house, the sky turning a dark pinkish-rose, the river a strip of steely blue. She was shivering, had been shivering so long that her whole body seemed to have contracted into a single hard shudder of cold. She had used two warming runes, but they hadn’t helped; she had a feeling the shivering was psychological as much as anything else.

Would he come? If he was still as much Jace inside as she thought he was, he would; when he had mouthed that he would come back for her, she had known that he had meant as soon as possible. Jace was not patient. And he didn’t play games.

But there was only so long she could wait. Eventually the sun would rise. The next day would begin, and her mother would be watching her again. She would have to give up on Jace, for at least another day, if not longer.

She shut her eyes against the brightness of the sunrise, resting her elbows on the step above and behind her. For just a moment she let herself float in the fantasy that everything was as it had been, that nothing had changed, that she would meet Jace this afternoon for practice, or tonight for dinner, and he would hold her and make her laugh the way he always did.

Warm tendrils of sunlight touched her face. Reluctantly her eyes fluttered open.

And he was there, walking toward her up the steps, as soundless as a cat, as always. He wore a dark blue sweater that made his hair look like sunlight. She sat up straight, her heart pounding. The brilliant sunshine seemed to outline him in light. She thought of that night in Idris, how the fireworks had streaked across the sky and she had thought of angels, falling in fire.

He reached her and held his hands out; she took them, and let him pull her to her feet. His pale gold eyes searched her face. "I wasn't sure you'd be here."

"Since when have you not been sure of me?"

"You were pretty angry before." He cupped the side of her face in his hand. There was a rough scar across his palm; she could feel it against her skin.

"So if I hadn't been here, what would you have done?"

He drew her close. He was shivering too, and the wind was blowing his curling hair, messy and bright. "How is Luke?"

At the sound of Luke's name, another shudder went through her. Jace, thinking she was cold, pulled her more tightly against him. "He'll be all right," she said guardedly. *It's your fault, your fault, your fault.*

"I never meant for him to get hurt." Jace's arms were around her, his fingers tracing a slow line up and down her spine. "Do you believe me?"

"Jace . . .," Clary said. "Why are you here?"

"To ask you again. To come with me."

She closed her eyes. "And you won't tell me where that is?"

"Faith," he said softly. "You have to have faith. But you also have to know—once you come with me, there's no going back. Not for a long time."

She thought of the moment when she'd stepped outside of Java Jones and seen him waiting for her there. Her life had changed in that moment in a way that could never be undone.

"There never has been any going back," she said. "Not with you." She opened her eyes. "We should go."

He smiled, as brilliant as the sun coming out from behind the clouds, and she felt his body relax. "You're sure?"

"I'm sure."

He leaned forward and kissed her. Reaching up to hold him, she tasted something bitter on his lips; then darkness came down like a curtain signaling the end of the act of a play.

Part Two

Certain Dark Things



I love you as one loves certain dark things

—Pablo Neruda, “Sonnet XVII”

8

FIRE TESTS GOLD

Maia had never been to Long Island, but when she thought of it at all, she'd always thought of it as being a lot like New Jersey—mostly suburban, a place where people who worked in New York or Philly actually lived.

She had dropped her bag into the back of Jordan's truck—startlingly unfamiliar. He'd driven a beaten-up red Toyota when they'd been dating, and it had always been littered with old, crumpled coffee cups and fast-food bags, the ashtray full of cigarettes smoked down to the filter. The cab of this truck was comparatively clean, the only detritus a stack of papers on the passenger seat. He moved them aside with no comment as she climbed in.

They hadn't spoken through Manhattan and onto the Long Island Expressway, and eventually Maia had dozed, her cheek against the cool glass of the window. She'd finally woken when they'd gone over a bump in the road, jolting her forward. She'd blinked, rubbing at her eyes.

"Sorry," Jordan had said ruefully. "I was going to let you sleep until we got there."

She'd sat up, looking around. They'd been driving down a two-lane blacktop road, the sky around them just beginning to lighten. There were fields on either side of the road, the occasional farmhouse or silo, clapboard houses set far back with picket fences around them.

"It's pretty," she'd said in surprise.

"Yeah." Jordan had changed gears, clearing his throat. "Since you're up anyway . . . Before we get to the Praetor House, can I show you something?"

She'd hesitated only a moment before nodding. And now here they were, bumping down a one lane dirt road, trees on either side. Most were leafless; the road was muddy, and Maia cranked the window down to smell the air. Trees, salt water, softly decaying leaves, small animals running through the high grass. She took another deep breath just as they bumped off the road and onto a small circular turnaround space. In front of them was the beach, stretching down to dark steel-blue water. The sky was almost lilac.

She looked over at Jordan. He was staring straight ahead. "I used to come here while I was training at the Praetor House," he said. "Sometimes just to look at the water and clear my head. The sunrises here . . . Every one is different, but they're all beautiful."

"Jordan."

He didn't look at her. "Yeah?"

"I'm sorry about before. About running off, you know, in the navy yard."

"It's fine." He let his breath out slowly, but she could tell by the tension in his shoulders, his hand gripping the gearshift, that it wasn't, not really. She tried not to look at the way the tension shaped the muscles in his arm, accenting the indentation of his bicep. "It was a lot for you to take in; I get that. I just . . ."

"I think we should take it slow. Work toward being friends."

"I don't want to be friends," he said.

She couldn't hide her surprise. "You don't?"

He moved his hands from the gearshift to the steering wheel. Warm air poured from the heater inside the car, mixing with the cooler air outside Maia's open window. "We shouldn't talk about this now."

"I want to," she said. "I want to talk about it now. I don't want to be stressing about *us* when we're in the Praetor House."

He slid down in his seat, chewing his lip. His tangled brown hair fell forward over his forehead. “Maia . . .”

“If you don’t want to be friends, then what are we? Enemies again?”

He turned his head, his cheek against the back of the car seat. Those eyes, they were just as she remembered, hazel with flecks of green and blue and gold. “I don’t want to be friends,” he said, “because I still love you. Maia, you know I haven’t even so much as kissed anyone since we broke up?”

“Isabelle . . .”

“Wanted to get drunk and talk about Simon.” He took his hands off the steering wheel, reached for her, then dropped them back into his lap, a defeated look on his face. “I’ve only ever loved you. Thinking about you got me through my training. The idea that I might be able to make it up to you someday. And I will, in any way that I can except for one.”

“You won’t be my friend.”

“I won’t be *just* your friend. I love you, Maia. I’m *in* love with you. I always have been. I always will be. Just being your friend would kill me.”

She looked out toward the ocean. The rim of the sun was just showing above the water, its rays lighting the sea in shades of purple and gold and blue. “It’s so beautiful here.”

“That’s why I used to come here. I couldn’t sleep, and I’d watch the sun come up.” His voice was soft.

“Can you sleep now?” She turned back to him.

He closed his eyes. “Maia . . . if you’re going to say no, you don’t want to be anything but friends with me, . . . just say it. Rip the Band-Aid off, okay?”

He looked braced, as if for a blow. His eyelashes cast shadows on his cheekbones. There were pale white scars on the olive skin of his throat, scars she had made. She unclipped her seat belt and scooted across the bench seat toward him. She heard his gasp of breath, but he didn’t move as she leaned in and kissed his cheek. She inhaled the scent of him. Same

soap, same shampoo, but no lingering scent of cigarettes. Same boy. She kissed across his cheek, to the corner of his mouth, and finally, edging even closer, set her mouth over his.

His lips opened under hers and he growled, low in his throat. Werewolves weren't gentle with each other, but his hands were light on her as he lifted her and set her on his lap, wrapping his arms around her as their kiss deepened. The feel of him, the warmth of his corduroy-covered arms around her, the beat of his heart, the taste of his mouth, the clash of lips, teeth, and tongue, stole her breath. Her hands slipped around the back of his neck, and she melted against him as she felt the soft thick curls of his hair, exactly the same as it had always been.

When they finally drew apart, his eyes were glassy. "I've been waiting for that for years."

She traced the line of his collarbone with a finger. She could feel her own heart beating. For a few moments they hadn't been two werewolves on a mission to a deadly secret organization—they'd been two teenagers, making out in a car on the beach. "Did it live up to your expectations?"

"It was much better." His mouth crooked up at the corner. "Does this mean . . ."

"Well," she said. "That's not the sort of thing you do with your friends, right?"

"Isn't it? I'll have to tell Simon. He's going to be seriously disappointed."

"*Jordan.*" She hit him lightly in the shoulder, but she was smiling, and so was he, an uncharacteristically big, goofy grin spreading over his face. She bent close and put her face against the crook of his neck, breathing him in along with the morning.



They were battling across the frozen lake, the icy city glowing like a lamp in the distance. The angel with the golden wings and the angel with the wings like black fire. Clary stood on the ice as blood and feathers fell around her. The golden feathers

burned like fire where they touched her skin, but the black feathers were as cold as ice.

Clary awoke with her heart pounding, tangled in a knot of blankets. She sat up, pushing the blankets to her waist. She was in an unfamiliar room. The walls were white plaster, and she was lying in a bed made of black wood, still wearing the clothes she'd worn the night before. She slid out of the bed, her bare feet hitting the cold stone floor, and looked around for her backpack.

She found it easily, propped on a black leather chair. There were no windows in the room; the only light came from a pendant glass light fixture overhead made of cut black glass. She swept her hand through the pack and realized to her annoyance, although without surprise, that someone had already gone through the contents. Her art box was gone, including her stele. All that remained was her hairbrush and a change of jeans and underwear. At least the gold ring was still on her finger.

She touched it lightly and *thought* at Simon. *I'm in.*

Nothing.

Simon?

There was no response. She swallowed back her uneasiness. She had no idea where she was, what time it was, or how long she'd been out cold. Simon could be asleep. She couldn't panic and assume the rings didn't work. She had to go on autopilot. Check out where she was, learn what she could. She'd try Simon again later.

She took a deep breath and tried to focus on her immediate surroundings. Two doors led off the bedroom. She tried the first, and found that it opened onto a small glass-and-chrome bathroom with a copper claw-footed bathtub. There were no windows in here either. She showered quickly and dried herself with a fluffy white towel, then changed into clean jeans and a sweater before padding back into the bedroom, picking up her shoes, and trying the second door.

Bingo. Here was the rest of the—house? Apartment? She was in a large room, half of which was devoted to a long glass table. More of the black pendant cut-glass lights hung from the ceiling, sending dancing shadows against the walls. Everything was very modern, from the black leather chairs to the large fireplace, framed in washed chrome. There was a fire blazing in it. So someone else must be home, or must have been very recently.

The other half of the room was taken up with a large television screen, a glossy black coffee table on which were scattered games and controllers, and low leather couches. A set of glass stairs led upward in a spiral. After a glance around Clary began to climb them. The glass was perfectly clear, and lent the impression that she was climbing an invisible staircase into the sky.

The second floor was much like the first—pale walls, black floor, a long corridor with doors opening off it. The first door led into what was clearly a master bedroom. A huge rosewood bed, hung with gauzy white curtains, took up most of the space. There were windows in here, tinted a dark blue. Clary went across the room to look out.

She wondered for a moment if she was back in Alicante. She was looking across a canal at another building, its windows covered in closed green shutters. The sky above was gray, the canal a dark greenish-blue, and there was a bridge visible just at her right, crossing the canal. Two people were standing on the bridge. One of them held a camera to his face and was industriously taking photos. Not Alicante, then. Amsterdam? Venice? She looked everywhere for a way to open the window, but there didn't appear to be one; she banged on the glass and shouted, but the bridge-crossers took no notice. After a few moments they moved on.

Clary turned back into the bedroom and went to one of the wardrobes, and threw it open. Her heart skipped a beat. The wardrobe was full of clothes—women's clothes. Gorgeous dresses—lace and satin and beads and flowers. The drawers held camisoles and underwear, tops in cotton and silk, skirts but no jeans or pants. There were even shoes lined up, sandals

and heels, and folded pairs of stockings. For a moment she just stared, wondering if there were another girl staying here, or if Sebastian had taken to cross-dressing. But the clothes all had the tags on them, and all of them were near her size. Not only that, she realized slowly, staring. They were exactly the shapes and colors that would suit her—blues and greens and yellows, cut for a petite frame. Eventually she drew out one of the simpler tops, a dark green cap-sleeved blouse with silk lacing up the front. After discarding her worn top on the floor, she shrugged the blouse on and glanced at the mirror hanging inside the wardrobe.

It fit perfectly. Made the most of her small figure, clinging to her waist, darkening the green of her eyes. She yanked the tag off, not wanting to see how much it had cost, and hurried out of the room, feeling a shiver run down her spine.

The next room was clearly Jace's. She knew it the minute she walked in. It smelled like him, like his cologne and soap and the scent of his skin. The bed was ebonized wood with white sheets and blankets, perfectly made. It was as neat as his room at the Institute. Books were stacked by his bed, the titles in Italian and French and Latin. The silver Herondale dagger with its pattern of birds was jammed into the plaster wall. When she looked closer, she could see that it was pinning a photograph in place. A photograph of herself and Jace, taken by Izzy. She remembered it, a clear day in early October, Jace sitting on the front steps of the Institute, a book on his lap. She was sitting a step above him, her hand on his shoulder, leaning forward to see what he was reading. His hand covered hers, almost absently, and he was smiling. She hadn't been able to see his face that day, hadn't known he was smiling like that, not until now. Her throat contracted, and she went out of the room, catching her breath.

She couldn't act like this, she told herself sternly. As if each sight of Jace the way he was now was a sucker punch to the gut. She had to pretend that it didn't matter, as if she noticed no difference. She went into the next room, another bedroom, much like the one before it, but this one was a mess—the bed a tangle of black silk sheets and comforter, a glass and steel desk covered with books and papers, boy clothes scattered

everywhere. Jeans and jackets and T-shirts and gear. Her eye fell on something that gleamed silver, propped on the nightstand near the bed. She moved forward, staring, unable to believe her eyes.

It was the small box of her mother's, the one with the initials *J.C.* on it. The one her mother used to take out every year, once a year, and weep over silently, the tears running down her face to splash onto her hands. Clary knew what was in the box—a lock of hair, as fine and white as dandelion fluff; scraps from a child's shirt; a baby shoe, small enough to fit inside the palm of her hand. Bits and pieces of her brother, a sort of collage of the child her mother had wanted to have, had dreamed of having, before Valentine had done what he had and turned his own son into a monster.

J.C.

Jonathan Christopher.

Her stomach twisted, and she backed up quickly out of the room—directly into a wall of living flesh. Arms came around her, wrapping her tight, and she saw that they were slim and muscular, downed with fine pale hair, and for a moment she thought it was Jace holding her. She began to relax.

“What were you doing in my room?” Sebastian said into her ear.



Isabelle had been trained to wake early every morning, rain or shine, and a slight hangover did nothing to prevent it from happening again. She sat up slowly and blinked down at Simon.

She'd never spent an entire night in a bed with anyone else, unless you counted crawling into her parents' bed when she was four and afraid of thunderstorms. She couldn't help staring at Simon as if he were some exotic species of animal. He lay on his back, his mouth slightly open, his hair in his eyes. Ordinary brown hair, ordinary brown eyes. His T-shirt was pulled up slightly. He wasn't muscular like a Shadowhunter. He had a smooth flat stomach but no six-pack,

and there was still a hint of softness to his face. What *was* it about him that fascinated her? He was plenty cute, but she had dated gorgeous faerie knights, sexy Shadowhunters. . . .

“Isabelle,” Simon said without opening his eyes. “Quit staring at me.”

Isabelle sighed irritably and swung herself out of bed. She rummaged in her bag for her gear, retrieved it, and headed out to find the bathroom.

It was halfway down the hall, and the door was just opening, Alec emerging in a cloud of steam. He had a towel around his waist and another around his shoulders and was rubbing energetically at his wet black hair. Isabelle supposed she shouldn’t be surprised to see him; he’d been trained to wake up early in the morning just like she had.

“You smell like sandalwood,” she said by way of greeting. She hated the smell of sandalwood. She liked sweet scents—vanilla, cinnamon, gardenia.

Alec looked at her. “We like sandalwood.”

Isabelle made a face. “Either that’s the royal ‘we’ or you and Magnus are turning into one of those couples that think they’re one person. ‘*We* like sandalwood.’ ‘*We* adore the symphony.’ ‘*We* hope you enjoy *our* Christmas present’—which, if you ask me, is just a cheap way of avoiding having to buy two gifts.”

Alec blinked wet lashes at her. “You’ll understand—”

“If you tell me I’ll understand when I’m in love, I’ll smother you with that towel.”

“And if you keep preventing me from going back to my room and getting dressed, I’ll get Magnus to summon up pixies to tie your hair in knots.”

“Oh, get out of my way.” Isabelle kicked at Alec’s ankle until he moved, unhurriedly, down the hall. She had the feeling if she turned around and looked at him he’d be sticking his tongue out at her, so she didn’t look. Instead she locked herself in the bathroom and turned on the shower, full steam. Then

she looked at the rack of shower products and said an unladylike word.

Sandalwood shampoo, conditioner, and soap. Ugh.

When she finally emerged, dressed in her gear and with her hair up, she found Alec, Magnus, and Jocelyn waiting for her in the living room. There were doughnuts, which she didn't want, and coffee, which she did. She poured a liberal amount of milk into it and sat back, looking at Jocelyn, who was also dressed—to Isabelle's surprise—in Shadowhunter gear.

It was odd, she mused. People often told her she looked like her mother, though she didn't see it herself, and she wondered now if it was in the same way that Clary looked like Jocelyn. The same color hair, yes, but also the same cast of features, the same tilt of the head, the same stubborn set to the jaw. The same sense that this person might look like a porcelain doll but was steel underneath. Although, Isabelle wished that, in the same way that Clary had gotten her mother's green eyes, she'd gotten Maryse and Robert's blue ones. Blue was so much more interesting than black.

"As with the Silent City, there is only one Adamant Citadel, but there are many doors through which one may find it," said Magnus. "The closest to us is the old Augustinian Monastery on Grymes Hill, in Staten Island. Alec and I will Portal with you there and wait for you to return, but we can't go with you all the way."

"I know," said Isabelle. "Because you're *boys*. Cooties."

Alec pointed a finger at her. "Take this seriously, Isabelle. The Iron Sisters aren't like the Silent Brothers. They're way less friendly and they don't like being bothered."

"I promise I'll be on my best behavior," Isabelle said, and set her empty coffee mug down on the table. "Let's go."

Magnus looked at her suspiciously for a moment, then shrugged. His hair was gelled up today into a million sharp points, and his eyes were smudged with black, making them look more catlike than ever. He moved past her to the wall, already murmuring in Latin; the familiar outline of a Portal, its

arcane door shape outlined with glittering symbols, began to take form. Wind rose, cool and sharp, blowing back the tendrils of Isabelle's hair.

Jocelyn stepped forward first, and walked through the Portal. It was a little like watching someone disappear into the side of a wave of water: A silvery haze seemed to swallow her in, dulling the color of her red hair as she vanished into it with a faint shimmer.

Isabelle went next. She was used to the stomach-dropping feeling of transportation by Portal. There was a soundless roar in her ears and no air in her lungs. She closed her eyes, then opened them again as the whirlwind released her and she fell into dry brush. She rose to her feet, brushing dead grass from her knees, and saw Jocelyn looking at her. Clary's mother opened her mouth—and closed it again as Alec appeared, dropping into the vegetation beside Isabelle, and then Magnus, the shimmering half-seen Portal closing behind him.

Even the trip through the Portal had not disarranged Magnus's hair spikes. He tugged on one proudly. "Check it out," he said to Isabelle.

"Magic?"

"Hair gel. \$3.99 at Ricky's."

Isabelle rolled her eyes at him and turned to take in her new surroundings. They stood atop a hill, its peak covered in dry brush and withered grass. Lower down were autumn-blackened trees, and in the far distance Isabelle saw cloudless sky and the top of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge connecting Staten Island to Brooklyn. As she turned, Isabelle saw the monastery behind her, rising out of the dull foliage. It was a large building of red brick, most of its windows smashed out or boarded over. It was tagged here and there with graffiti. Turkey vultures, disturbed by the travelers' arrival, circled the dilapidated bell tower.

Isabelle squinted at it, wondering if there was a glamour to be peeled off. If so, it was a strong one. Try as she might, she couldn't see anything but the ruinous building before her.

“There’s no glamour,” said Jocelyn, startling Isabelle. “What you see is what you get.”

Jocelyn trudged toward it, her boots crushing down the dry vegetation in front of her. After a moment Magnus shrugged and followed her, and Isabelle and Alec came after. There was no path; branches grew in tangles, dark against the clear air, and the foliage underfoot crackled with dryness. As they neared the building, Isabelle saw that patches of the dry grass were burned away where pentagrams and runic circles had been spray-painted into the grass.

“Mundanes,” said Magnus, lifting a branch out of Isabelle’s way. “Playing their little games with magic, not really understanding it. They’re often drawn to places like this—centers of power—without really knowing why. They drink and hang out and spray-paint the walls, like you could leave a human mark on magic. You can’t.” They had reached a boarded-up door in the brick wall. “We’re here.”

Isabelle looked hard at the door. Again there was no sense that a glamour covered it, although if she concentrated hard, a faint shimmer grew visible, like sunshine glancing off water. A look passed between Jocelyn and Magnus. Jocelyn turned to Isabelle. “You’re ready?”

Isabelle nodded, and without further ado Jocelyn stepped forward and vanished through the boards of the door. Magnus looked expectantly at Isabelle.

Alec leaned closer to her, and she felt the brush of his hand on her shoulder. “Don’t worry,” he said. “You’ll be fine, Iz.”

She raised her chin. “I know,” she said, and followed Jocelyn through the door.



Clary sucked in her breath, but before she could reply, there was a step on the stairs, and Jace appeared at the end of the hallway. Sebastian immediately let her go and spun her around. With a smile like a wolf’s, he ruffled her hair. “Good to see you, little sister.”

Clary was speechless. Jace, though, wasn't; he moved toward them soundlessly. He was wearing a black leather jacket, a white T-shirt and jeans, and was barefoot. "Were you *hugging* Clary?" He looked at Sebastian in amazement.

Sebastian shrugged. "She's my sister. I'm pleased to see her."

"*You* don't hug people," Jace said.

"I ran out of time to bake a casserole."

"It was nothing," Clary said, waving a dismissive hand at her brother. "I tripped. He was just keeping me from falling over."

If Sebastian was surprised to hear her defend him, he didn't show it. He was expressionless as she moved across the corridor, toward Jace, who kissed her on the cheek, his fingers cool against her skin. "What were you doing up here?" Jace asked.

"Looking for you." She shrugged. "I woke up and couldn't find you. I thought maybe you were asleep."

"I see you discovered the clothes stash." Sebastian indicated her shirt with a gesture. "Do you like them?"

Jace shot him a look. "We were out getting food," he said to Clary. "Nothing fancy. Bread and cheese. You want lunch?"

Which was how, several minutes later, Clary found herself installed at the big glass and steel table. From the comestibles spread out over the table, she figured that her second guess had been right. They were in Venice. There was bread, Italian cheeses, salami and prosciutto, grapes and fig jam, and bottles of Italian wine. Jace sat across from her, Sebastian at the head of the table. She was eerily reminded of the night she had met Valentine, at Renwick's in New York, how he had put himself between Jace and Clary at the head of a table, how he had offered them wine and told them they were brother and sister.

She sneaked a glance at her real brother now. She thought of how her mother had looked when she'd seen him. *Valentine*. But Sebastian wasn't a carbon copy of their father. She had seen pictures of Valentine when he was their age. Sebastian's

face tempered her father's hard features with her mother's prettiness; he was tall but less broad-shouldered, more lithe and catlike. He had Jocelyn's cheekbones and fine soft mouth, Valentine's dark eyes and white-blond hair.

He looked up then, as if he had caught her staring at him. "Wine?" He offered the bottle.

She nodded, though she had never much liked the taste of wine, and since Renwick's she had hated it. She cleared her throat as Sebastian filled the glass. "So," she said. "This place—is it yours?"

"It was our father's," said Sebastian, setting the bottle down. "Valentine's. It moves, in and out of worlds—ours and others. He used to use it as a retreat as well as a mode of travel. He brought me here a few times, showed me how to get in and out and how to make it travel."

"There's no front door."

"There is if you know how to find it," said Sebastian. "Dad was very clever about this place."

Clary looked at Jace, who shook his head. "He never showed it to me. I wouldn't have guessed it existed either."

"It's very . . . bachelor pad," Clary said. "I wouldn't have thought of Valentine as . . ."

"Owning a flat-screen TV?" Jace grinned at her. "Not that it gets channels, but you can watch DVDs on it. Back at the manor we had an old icebox powered by witchlight. Here he's got a Sub-Zero fridge."

"That was for Jocelyn," said Sebastian.

Clary looked up. "What?"

"All the modern stuff. The appliances. And the clothes. Like that shirt you're wearing. They were for our mother. In case she decided to come back." Sebastian's dark eyes met hers. She felt a little sick. *This is my brother, and we're talking about our parents.* She felt dizzy—too much happening too fast to take in, to process. She had never had time to think

about Sebastian as her living, breathing brother. By the time she'd found out who he really was, he'd been dead.

"Sorry if it's weird," Jace said apologetically, indicating her shirt. "We can buy you some other clothes."

Clary touched the sleeve lightly. The fabric was silky, fine, expensive. Well, that explained that—everything close to her size, everything in colors that suited her. Because she looked just like her mother.

She took a deep breath. "It's fine," she said. "It's just—What do you do exactly? Just travel around inside this apartment and . . ."

"See the world?" Jace said lightly. "There's worse things."

"But you can't do that forever."

Sebastian hadn't eaten much, but he'd drunk two glasses of wine. He was on his third, and his eyes were glittering. "Why not?"

"Well, because—because the Clave is looking for both of you, and you can't spend forever running and hiding . . ." Clary's voice trailed off as she looked from one of them to the other. They were sharing a look—the look of two people who knew something, together, that no one else did. It was not a look Jace had shared with someone else in front of her in a very long time.

Sebastian spoke softly and slowly. "Are you asking a question or making an observation?"

"She has a right to know our plans," Jace said. "She came here knowing she couldn't go back."

"A leap of faith," said Sebastian, running his finger around the rim of his glass. It was something Clary had seen Valentine do. "In *you*. She loves you. That's why she's here. Isn't it?"

"So what if it is?" Clary said. She supposed she could pretend there was another reason, but Sebastian's eyes were dark and sharp, and she doubted he'd believe her. "I trust Jace."

"But not me," Sebastian said.

Clary chose her next words with extreme care. “If Jace trusts you, then I want to trust you,” she said. “And you’re my brother. That counts for something.” The lie tasted bitter in her mouth. “But I don’t really know you.”

“Then, maybe you should spend a little time *getting* to know me,” Sebastian said. “And then we’ll tell you our plans.”

We’ll tell you. *Our* plans. In his mind there was a him and Jace; there was no Jace and Clary.

“I don’t like keeping her in the dark,” Jace said.

“We’ll tell her in a week. What difference does a week make?”

Jace gave him a look. “Two weeks ago you were dead.”

“Well, I wasn’t suggesting *two* weeks,” said Sebastian. “That would be insane.”

Jace’s mouth quirked up at the corner. He looked at Clary.

“I’m willing to wait for you to trust me,” she said, knowing it was the right, smart thing to say. Hating to say it. “However long it takes.”

“A week,” Jace said.

“A week,” agreed Sebastian. “And that means she stays here in the apartment. No communication with anyone. No unlocking the door for her, no going in and out.”

Jace leaned back. “What if I’m with her?”

Sebastian gave him a long look from under lowered eyelashes. His look was calculating. He was deciding what he was going to allow Jace to do, Clary realized. He was deciding how much leash to give his “brother.” “Fine,” he said at last, his voice rich with condescension. “If you’re with her.”

Clary looked down at her wineglass. She heard Jace reply in a murmur but couldn’t look at him. The idea of a Jace who was *allowed* to do things—Jace, who always did whatever he wanted—made her sick to her stomach. She wanted to get up and smash the wine bottle over Sebastian’s head, but she knew it was impossible. *Cut one, and the other bleeds.*

“How’s the wine?” It was Sebastian’s voice, an undercurrent of amusement plain in his tone.

She drained the glass, choking on the bitter flavor. “Delicious.”



Isabelle emerged in an alien landscape. A deep green plain swept out before her under a lowering gray-black sky. Isabelle pulled up the hood of her gear and peered out, fascinated. She had never seen such a great, overarching expanse of sky, or such a vast plain—it was shimmering, jewel-toned, the shade of moss. As Isabelle took a step forward, she realized it *was* moss, growing on and around the black rocks scattered across the coal-colored earth.

“It’s a volcanic plain,” Jocelyn said. She was standing beside Isabelle, and the wind was pulling red-gold strands of her hair out of its tightly pinned bun. She looked so much like Clary that it was eerie. “These were lava beds once. The whole area is probably volcanic to some degree. Working with *adamas*, the Sisters need incredible heat for their forges.”

“You’d think it would be a little warmer, then,” Isabelle muttered.

Jocelyn cast her a dry look, and started walking, in what seemed to Isabelle a randomly chosen direction. She scrambled to follow. “Sometimes you’re so much like your mother you astound me a little, Isabelle.”

“I take that as a compliment.” Isabelle narrowed her eyes. No one insulted her family.

“It wasn’t meant as an insult.”

Isabelle kept her eyes on the horizon, where the dark sky met the jewel-green ground. “How well did you know my parents?”

Jocelyn gave her a quick sideways look. “Well enough, when we were all in Idris together. I hadn’t seen them for years until recently.”

“Did you know them when they got married?”

The path Jocelyn was taking had begun to slant uphill, so her reply was slightly breathless. "Yes."

"Were they . . . in love?"

Jocelyn stopped short and turned to look at Isabelle. "Isabelle, what is this about?"

"Love?" Isabelle suggested, after a moment's pause.

"I don't know why you'd think I'd be an expert on that."

"Well, you managed to keep Luke hanging around for his whole life, basically, before you agreed to marry him. That's impressive. I wish I had that kind of power over a guy."

"You do," said Jocelyn. "Have it, I mean. And it isn't something to wish for." She pushed her hands up through her hair, and Isabelle felt a little jolt. For all that Jocelyn looked like her daughter, her thin long hands, flexible and delicate, were Sebastian's. Isabelle remembered slicing one of those hands off, in a valley in Idris, her whip cutting through skin and bone. "Your parents aren't perfect, Isabelle, because no one's perfect. They're complicated people. And they just lost a child. So if this is about your father staying in Idris—"

"My father cheated on my mother," Isabelle blurted out, and nearly covered her own mouth with her hand. She had kept this secret, kept it for years, and to say it out loud to Jocelyn seemed like a betrayal, despite everything.

Jocelyn's face changed. It held sympathy now. "I know."

Isabelle took a sharp breath. "Does everyone know?"

Jocelyn shook her head. "No. A few people. I was . . . in a privileged position to know. I can't say more than that."

"Who was it?" Isabelle demanded. "Who did he cheat on her with?"

"It was no one you know, Isabelle—"

"You don't know who I know!" Isabelle's voice rose. "And stop saying my name that way, as if I'm a little kid."

"It's not my place to tell you," Jocelyn said flatly, and began to walk again.

Isabelle scrambled after her, even as the path took a steeper turn upward, a wall of green rising to meet the thunderous sky. “I have every right to know. They’re my parents. And if you don’t tell me, I—”

She stopped, inhaling sharply. They had reached the top of the ridge, and somehow, in front of them, a fortress had sprung like a fast-blooming flower out of the ground. It was carved of white-silver *adamas*, reflecting the cloud-streaked sky. Towers topped with electrum reached toward the sky, and the fortress was surrounded by a high wall, also of *adamas*, in which was set a single gate, formed of two great blades plunged into the ground at angles, so that they resembled a monstrous pair of scissors.

“The Adamant Citadel,” said Jocelyn.

“Thanks,” Isabelle snapped. “I figured that out.”

Jocelyn made the noise that Isabelle was familiar with from her own parents. Isabelle was pretty sure it was parent-speak for “Teenagers.” Then Jocelyn started down the hill to the fortress. Isabelle, tired of scrambling, stalked ahead of her. She was taller than Clary’s mother and had longer legs, and saw no reason why she should wait for Jocelyn if the other woman was going to persist in treating her like a child. She stomped down the hill, crushing moss under her boots, ducked through the scissorlike gates—

And froze. She was standing on a small outcropping of rock. In front of her the earth dropped away into a vast chasm, at the bottom of which boiled a river of red-gold lava, encircling the fortress. Across the chasm, much too far to jump—even for a Shadowhunter—was the only visible entrance to the fortress, a closed drawbridge.

“Some things,” said Jocelyn at her elbow, “are not as simple as they first appear.”

Isabelle jumped, then glared. “So not the place to sneak up on someone.”

Jocelyn simply crossed her arms over her chest and raised her eyebrows. “Surely Hodge taught you the proper method of

approaching the Adamant Citadel,” she said. “After all, it is open to all female Shadowhunters in good standing with the Clave.”

“Of course he did,” said Isabelle haughtily, scrambling mentally to remember. *Only those with Nephilim blood . . .* She reached up and took one of the metal chopsticks from her hair. When she twisted its base, it popped and clicked and unfolded into a dagger with a Rune of Courage on the blade.

Isabelle raised her hands over the chasm. “*Ignis aurum probat,*” she said, and used the dagger to cut open her left palm; it was a swift searing pain, and blood ran from the cut, a ruby stream that splattered into the chasm below. There was a flash of blue light, and a creaking noise. The drawbridge was slowly lowering.

Isabelle smiled and wiped the blade of her knife on her gear. After another twist, it had become a slim metal chopstick again. She slid it back into her hair.

“Do you know what that means?” asked Jocelyn, her eyes on the lowering bridge.

“What?”

“What you just said. The motto of the Iron Sisters.”

The drawbridge was almost flat. “It means ‘Fire tests gold.’”

“Right,” said Jocelyn. “They don’t just mean forges and metalwork. They mean that adversity tests one’s strength of character. In difficult times, in dark times, some people shine.”

“Oh, yeah?” said Izzy. “Well, I’m sick of dark and difficult times. Maybe I don’t want to shine.”

The drawbridge crashed at their feet. “If you’re anything like your mother,” said Jocelyn, “you won’t be able to help it.”

9

THE IRON SISTERS

Alec raised the witchlight rune-stone high in his hand, brilliant light raying out from it, spotlighting now one corner of the City Hall station and then another. He jumped as a mouse squeaked, running across the dusty platform. He was a Shadowhunter; he had been in many dark places, but there was something about the abandoned air of this station that made a cold shiver run up his spine.

Perhaps it was the chill of disloyalty he had felt, slipping away from his guard post on Staten Island and heading down the hill to the ferry the moment Magnus had left. He hadn't thought about what he was doing; he'd just done it, as if he were on autopilot. If he hurried, he was sure he could be back before Isabelle and Jocelyn returned, before anyone realized he had ever been gone.

Alec raised his voice. "Camille!" he called. "Camille Belcourt!"

He heard a light laugh; it echoed off the walls of the station. Then she was there, at the top of the stairs, the brilliance of his witchlight rendering her a silhouette. "Alexander Lightwood," she said. "Come upstairs."

She vanished. Alec followed his darting witchlight up the steps, and found Camille where he had before, in the lobby of the station. She was dressed in the fashion of a bygone era—a long velvet dress nipped in at the waist, her hair dressed high in white-blond curls, her lips dark red. He supposed she was beautiful, though he wasn't the best judge of feminine appeal, and it didn't help that he hated her.

"What's with the costume?" he demanded.

She smiled. Her skin was very smooth and white, without dark lines—she had fed recently. “A masquerade ball downtown. I fed quite well. Why are you here, Alexander? Starved for good conversation?”

If he were Jace, Alec thought, he’d have a smart remark for that, some kind of pun or cleverly disguised put-down. Alec just bit his lip and said, “You told me to come back if I was interested in what you were offering.”

She ran a hand along the back of the divan, the only piece of furniture in the room. “And you’ve decided that you are.”

Alec nodded.

She chuckled. “You understand what you’re asking for?”

Alec’s heart was pounding. He wondered if Camille could hear it. “You said you could make Magnus mortal. Like me.”

Her full lips thinned. “I did,” she said. “I must admit, I doubted your interest. You left rather hastily.”

“Don’t play with me,” he said. “I don’t want what you’re offering that badly.”

“Liar,” she said casually. “Or you wouldn’t be here.” She moved around the divan, coming close to him, her eyes raking his face. “Up close,” she said, “you do not look so much like Will as I had thought. You have his coloring, but a different shape to your face . . . perhaps a slight weakness to your jaw —”

“Shut up,” he said. Okay, it wasn’t Jace-level wit, but it was something. “I don’t want to hear about Will.”

“Very well.” She stretched, languorously, like a cat. “It was many years ago, when Magnus and I were lovers. We were in bed together, after quite a passionate evening.” She saw him flinch, and grinned. “You know how it is with pillow talk. One reveals one’s weaknesses. Magnus spoke to me of a spell that existed, one that might be undertaken to rid a warlock of their immortality.”

“So why don’t I just find out what the spell is and do it?” Alec’s voice rose and cracked. “Why do I need you?”

“First, because you’re a Shadowhunter; you’ve no idea how to work a spell,” she said calmly. “Second, because if you do it, he’ll know it was you. If I do it, he will assume it is revenge. Spite on my part. And I do not care what Magnus thinks. But you do.”

Alec looked at her steadily. “And you’re going to do this for me as a favor?”

She laughed, like tinkling bells. “Of course not,” she said. “You do a favor for me, and I will do one for you. That is how these matters are conducted.”

Alec’s hand tightened around the witchlight rune-stone until the edges cut into his hand. “And what favor do you want from me?”

“It’s very simple,” she said. “I want you to kill Raphael Santiago.”



The bridge that crossed the crevasse surrounding the Adamant Citadel was lined with knives. They were sunk, point upward, at random intervals along the path, so that it was possible to cross the bridge only very slowly, by picking your way with dexterity. Isabelle had little trouble but was surprised to see how lightly Jocelyn, who hadn’t been an active Shadowhunter in fifteen years, made her way.

By the time Isabelle had reached the opposite side of the bridge, her *dexteritas* rune had vanished into her skin, leaving a faint white mark behind. Jocelyn was only a step behind her, and as aggravating as Isabelle found Clary’s mother, she was glad in a moment, when Jocelyn raised her hand and a witchlight rune-stone blazed forth, illuminating the space they stood in.

The walls were hewn from white-silver *adamas*, so that a dim light seemed to glow from within them. The floor was demon-stone as well, and carved into the center of it was a black circle. Inside the circle the symbol of the Iron Sisters was carved—a heart punctured through and through by a blade.

Whispering voices made Isabelle tear her gaze from the floor and look up. A shadow had appeared inside one of the smooth white walls—a shadow growing ever clearer, ever closer. Suddenly a portion of the wall slid back and a woman stepped out.

She wore a long, loose white gown, bound tightly at the wrists and under her breasts with silver-white cord—demon wire. Her face was both unwrinkled and ancient. She could have been any age. Her hair was long and dark, hanging in a thick braid down her back. Across her eyes and temples was an intricately curlicued tattooed mask, encircling both her eyes, which were the orange color of leaping flames.

“Who calls on the Iron Sisters?” she said. “Speak your names.”

Isabelle looked toward Jocelyn, who gestured that she should speak first. She cleared her throat. “I am Isabelle Lightwood, and this is Jocelyn Fr—Fairchild. We have come to ask your help.”

“Jocelyn *Morgenstern*,” said the woman. “Born Fairchild, but you cannot so easily erase the taint of Valentine from your past. Have you not turned your back on the Clave?”

“It is true,” said Jocelyn. “I am outcast. But Isabelle is a daughter of the Clave. Her mother—”

“Runs the New York Institute,” said the woman. “We are remote here but not without sources of information; I am no fool. My name is Sister Cleophas, and I am a Maker. I shape the *adamas* for the other sisters to carve. I recognize that whip you wind so cunningly around your wrist.” She indicated Isabelle. “As for that bauble about your throat—”

“If you know so much,” said Jocelyn, as Isabelle’s hand crept to the ruby at her neck, “then do you know why we are here? Why we have come to you?”

Sister Cleophas’s eyelids lowered and she smiled slowly. “Unlike our speechless brethren, we cannot read minds here in the Fortress. Therefore we rely upon a network of information, most of it very reliable. I assume this visit has something to do

with the situation involving Jace Lightwood—as his sister is here—and your son, Jonathan Morgenstern.”

“We have a conundrum,” said Jocelyn. “Jonathan Morgenstern plots against the Clave, like his father. The Clave has issued a death warrant against him. But Jace—Jonathan Lightwood—is very much loved by his family, who have done no wrong, and by my daughter. The conundrum is that Jace and Jonathan are bound, by very ancient blood magic.”

“Blood magic? What sort of blood magic?”

Jocelyn took Magnus’s folded notes from the pocket of her gear and handed them over. Cleophas studied them with her intent fiery gaze. Isabelle saw with a start that the fingers of her hands were very long—not elegantly long but grotesquely so, as if the bones had been stretched so that each hand resembled an albino spider. Her nails were filed to points, each tipped with electrum.

She shook her head. “The Sisters have little to do with blood magic.” The flame color of her eyes seemed to leap and then dim, and a moment later another shadow appeared behind the frosted-glass surface of the *adamas* wall. This time Isabelle watched more closely as a second Iron Sister stepped through. It was like watching someone emerge from a haze of white smoke.

“Sister Dolores,” said Cleophas, handing Magnus’s notes to the new arrival. She looked much like Cleophas—the same tall narrow form, the same white dress, the same long hair, though in this case her hair was gray, and bound at the ends of her two braids with gold wire. Despite her gray hair, her face was lineless, her fire-colored eyes bright. “Can you make sense of this?”

Dolores glanced over the pages briefly. “A twinning spell,” she said. “Much like our own *parabatai* ceremony, but its alliance is demonic.”

“What makes it demonic?” Isabelle demanded. “If the *parabatai* spell is harmless—”

“Is it?” said Cleophas, but Dolores shot her a quelling look.

“The *parabatai* ritual binds two individuals but leaves their wills free,” Dolores explained. “This binds two but makes one subordinate to the other. What the primary of the two believes, the other will believe; what the first one wants, the second will want. It essentially removes the free will of the secondary partner in the spell, and that is why it is demonic. For free will is what makes us Heaven’s creatures.”

“It also seems to mean that when one is wounded, the other is wounded,” said Jocelyn. “Might we presume the same about death?”

“Yes. Neither will survive the death of the other. This again is not part of our *parabatai* ritual, for it is too cruel.”

“Our question to you is this,” said Jocelyn. “Is there any weapon forged, or that you might create, that could harm one but not the other? Or that might cut them apart?”

Sister Dolores looked down at the notes, then handed them to Jocelyn. Her hands, like those of her colleague, were long and thin and as white as floss. “No weapon we have forged or could ever forge might do that.”

Isabelle’s hand tightened at her side, her nails cutting into her palm. “You mean there’s nothing?”

“Nothing in this world,” said Dolores. “A blade of Heaven or Hell might do it. The sword of the Archangel Michael, that Joshua fought with at Jericho, for it is infused with heavenly fire. And there are blades forged in the blackness of the Pit that might aid you, though how one might be obtained, I do not know.”

“And we would be prevented from telling you by the Law if we did know,” said Cleophas with asperity. “You understand, of course, that we will also have to tell the Clave about this visit of yours—”

“What about Joshua’s sword?” interrupted Isabelle. “Can you get that? Or can we?”

“Only an angel can gift you that sword,” said Dolores. “And to summon an angel is to be blasted with heavenly fire.”

“But Raziel—” Isabelle began.

Cleophas's lips thinned into a straight line. "Raziel left us the Mortal Instruments that he might be called upon in a time of direst need. That one chance was wasted when Valentine summoned him. We shall never be able to compel his might again. It was a crime to use the Instruments in that manner. The only reason that Clarissa Morgenstern escapes culpability is that it was her father who summoned him, not herself."

"My husband also summoned another angel," said Jocelyn. Her voice was quiet. "The angel Ithuriel. He kept him imprisoned for many years."

Both Sisters hesitated before Dolores spoke. "It is the bleakest of crimes to entrap an angel," she said. "The Clave could never approve it. Even if you could summon one, you could never force it to do your bidding. There is no spell for that. You could never get an angel to give you the archangel's sword; you can take by force from an angel, but there is no greater crime. Better that your Jonathan die than that an angel be so besmirched."

At that, Isabelle, whose temper had been rising, exploded. "That's the problem with you—all of you, the Iron Sisters and the Silent Brothers. Whatever they do to change you from Shadowhunters to what you are, it takes all the feelings out of you. We might be part angel, but we're part human, too. You don't understand love, or the things people do for love, or family—"

The flame leaped in Dolores's orange eyes. "I had a family," she said. "A husband and children, all murdered by demons. There was nothing left to me. I had always had a skill with shaping things with my hands, so I became an Iron Sister. The peace it has brought me is peace I think I would never have found elsewhere. It is for that reason I chose the name Dolores, "sorrow." So do not presume to tell us what we do or do not know about pain, or humanity."

"You don't know anything," Isabelle snapped. "You're as hard as demon-stone. No wonder you surround yourselves with it."

"Fire tempers gold, Isabelle Lightwood," said Cleophas.

“Oh, shut up,” Isabelle said. “You’ve been very unhelpful, both of you.”

She turned on the heel of her boot, spun away, and stalked back across the bridge, barely taking note of where the knives turned the path into a death trap, letting her body’s training guide her. She reached the other side and strode through the gates; only when she was outside them did she break down. Kneeling among the moss and volcanic rocks, under the great gray sky, she let herself shake silently, though no tears came.

It seemed ages before she heard a soft step beside her, and Jocelyn knelt and put her arms around her. Oddly, Isabelle found that she didn’t mind. Though she had never much liked Jocelyn, there was something so universally *motherly* in her touch that Isabelle leaned into it, almost against her own will.

“Do you want to know what they said, after you left?” Jocelyn asked, after Isabelle’s trembling had slowed.

“I’m sure something about how I’m a disgrace to Shadowhunters everywhere, *et cetera*.”

“Actually, Cleophas said you’d make an excellent Iron Sister, and if you were ever interested to let them know.” Jocelyn’s hand stroked her hair lightly.

Despite everything, Isabelle choked back a laugh. She looked up at Jocelyn. “Tell me,” she said.

Jocelyn’s hand stop moving. “Tell you what?”

“Who it was. That my father had the affair with. You don’t understand. Every time I see a woman my mother’s age, I wonder if it was her. Luke’s sister. The Consul. You—”

Jocelyn sighed. “It was Annamarie Highsmith. She died in Valentine’s attack on Alicante. I doubt you ever knew her.”

Isabelle’s mouth opened, then closed again. “I’ve never even heard her name before.”

“Good.” Jocelyn tucked a lock of Isabelle’s hair back. “Do you feel any better, now that you know?”

“Sure,” Isabelle lied, staring down at the ground. “I feel a lot better.”



After lunch Clary had returned to the downstairs bedroom with the excuse that she was exhausted. With the door firmly closed she had tried contacting Simon again, though she realized, given the time difference between where she was now—Italy—and New York, there was every chance he was asleep. At least she prayed he was asleep. It was far preferable to hope for that than to consider the possibility that the rings might not work.

She had been in the bedroom for only about half an hour when a knock sounded at the door. She called, “Come in,” moving to lean back on her hands, her fingers curled in as if she could hide the ring.

The door swung open slowly, and Jace looked down at her from the doorway. She remembered another night, summer heat, a knock on her door. *Jace. Clean, in jeans and a gray shirt, his washed hair a halo of damp gold. The bruises on his face were already fading from purple to faint gray, and his hands were behind his back.*

“Hey,” he said. His hands were in plain sight now, and he was wearing a soft-looking sweater the color of bronze that brought out the gold in his eyes. There were no bruises on his face, and the shadows she had almost grown used to seeing under his eyes were gone.

Is he happy like this? Really happy? And if he is, what are you saving him from?

Clary pushed away the tiny voice in her head and forced a smile. “What’s up?”

He grinned. It was a wicked grin, the kind that made the blood in Clary’s veins run a little faster. “You want to go on a date?”

Caught off guard, she stammered. “A wh-what?”

“A date,” Jace repeated. “Often ‘a boring thing you have to memorize in history class,’ but in this case, ‘an offer of an evening of blisteringly white-hot romance with yours truly.’”

“Really?” Clary was not sure what to make of this. “Blisteringly white-hot?”

“It’s me,” said Jace. “Watching me play Scrabble is enough to make most women swoon. Imagine if I actually put in some effort.”

Clary sat up and looked down at herself. Jeans, silky green top. She thought about the cosmetics in that odd shrine-like bedroom. She couldn’t help it; she was wishing for a little lip gloss.

Jace held his hand out. “You look gorgeous,” he said. “Let’s go.”

She took his hand and let him pull her to her feet. “I don’t know . . .”

“Come on.” His voice had that self-mocking, seductive tone she remembered from when they had first been getting to know each other, when he’d brought her up to the greenhouse to show her the flower that bloomed at midnight. “We’re in Italy. Venice. One of the most beautiful cities in the world. Shame not to see it, don’t you think?”

Jace pulled her forward, so she fell against his chest. The material of his shirt was soft under her fingers, and he smelled like his familiar soap and shampoo. Her heart took a sweeping dive inside her chest. “Or we could stay in,” he said, sounding a little breathless.

“So I can swoon watching you make a triple-word score?” With an effort she pulled back from him. “And spare me the jokes about scoring.”

“Dammit, woman, you read my mind,” he said. “Is there no filthy wordplay you can’t foresee?”

“It’s my special magical power. I can read your mind when you’re thinking dirty thoughts.”

“So, ninety-five percent of the time.”

She craned her head back to look up at him. “*Ninety-five* percent? What’s the other five percent?”

“Oh, you know, the usual—demons I might kill, runes I need to learn, people who’ve annoyed me recently, people who’ve annoyed me not so recently, ducks.”

“Ducks?”

He waved her question away. “All right. Now watch this.” He took her shoulders and turned her gently, so they were both facing the same way. A moment later—she wasn’t sure how—the walls of the room seemed to melt away around them, and she found herself stepping out onto cobblestones. She gasped, turning to look behind her, and saw only a blank wall, windows high up in an old stone building. Rows of similar houses lined the canal they stood beside. If she craned her head to the left, she could see in the distance that the canal opened out into a much larger waterway, lined with grand buildings. Everywhere was the smell of water and stone.

“Cool, huh?” Jace said proudly.

She turned and looked at him. “Ducks?” she said again.

A smile tugged the edge of his mouth. “I hate ducks. Don’t know why. I just always have.”



It was early morning when Maia and Jordan arrived at Praetor House, the headquarters of the Praetor Lupus. The truck clanked and bumped over the long white drive that swept through manicured lawns to the massive house that rose like the prow of a ship in the distance. Behind it Maia could see strips of trees, and behind that, the blue water of the Sound some distance away.

“This is where you did your training?” she demanded. “This place is gorgeous.”

“Don’t be fooled,” Jordan said with a smile. “This place is boot camp, emphasis on the ‘boot.’”

She looked sideways at him. He was still smiling. He had been, pretty much nonstop, since she’d kissed him down by the beach at dawn. Part of Maia felt as if a hand had lifted her up and dropped her back into her past, when she’d loved Jordan beyond anything she’d ever imagined, and part of her

felt totally adrift, as if she'd woken up in a completely foreign landscape, far from the familiarity of her everyday life and the warmth of the pack.

It was very peculiar. Not bad, she thought. Just . . . peculiar.

Jordan came to a stop at a circular drive in front of the house, which, up close, Maia could see was built of blocks of golden stone, the tawny color of a wolf pelt. Black double doors were set at the top of a massive stone staircase. In the center of the circular drive was a massive sundial, its raised face telling her that it was seven in the morning. Around the edge of the sundial, words were carved: I ONLY MARK THE HOURS THAT SHINE.

She unlocked her door and jumped down from the cab just as the doors of the house opened and a voice rang out: "Praetor Kyle!"

Jordan and Maia both looked up. Descending the stairs was a middle-aged man in a charcoal suit, his blond hair streaked with gray. Jordan, smoothing all expression from his face, turned to him. "Praetor Scott," he said. "This is Maia Roberts, of the Garroway pack. Maia, this is Praetor Scott. He runs the Praetor Lupus, pretty much."

"Since the 1800s the Scotts have always run the Praetor," said the man, glancing at Maia, who inclined her head, a sign of submission. "Jordan, I have to admit, we did not expect you back again so soon. The situation with the vampire in Manhattan, the Daylighter—"

"Is in hand," Jordan said hastily. "That's not why we're here. This concerns something quite different."

Praetor Scott raised his eyebrows. "Now you've piqued my curiosity."

"It's a matter of some urgency," said Maia. "Luke Garroway, our pack's leader—"

Praetor Scott gave her a sharp look, silencing her. Though he might have been packless, he was an alpha, that much was clear from his bearing. His eyes, under his thick eyebrows, were green-gray; around his throat, under the collar of his

shirt, sparkled the bronze pendant of the Praetor, with its imprint of a wolf's paw. "The Praetor chooses what matters it will regard as urgent," he said. "Nor are we a hotel, open to uninvited guests. Jordan took a chance in bringing you here, and he knows that. If he were not one of our most promising graduates, I might well send you both away."

Jordan hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his jeans and looked at the ground. A moment later Praetor Scott set his hand on Jordan's shoulder.

"But," he said, "you *are* one of our most promising graduates. And you look exhausted; I can see you were up all night. Come, and we'll discuss this in my office."

The office turned out to be down a long and winding hallway, elegantly paneled in dark wood. The house was lively with the sound of voices, and a sign saying HOUSE RULES was pinned to the wall beside a staircase leading up.

HOUSE RULES

- No shape-shifting in the hallways.
- No howling.
- No silver.
- Clothes must be worn at all times. ALL TIMES.
- No fighting. No biting.
- Mark all your food before you put it in the communal refrigerator.

The smell of cooking breakfast wafted through the air, making Maia's stomach grumble. Praetor Scott sounded amused. "I'll have someone make us up a plate of snacks if you're hungry."

"Thanks," Maia muttered. They had reached the end of a hallway, and Praetor Scott opened a door marked OFFICE.

The older werewolf's eyebrows drew together. "Rufus," he said. "What are you doing here?"

Maia peered past him. The office was a large room, comfortably messy. There was a rectangular picture window

that gave out onto wide lawns, on which groups of mostly young people were executing what looked like drill maneuvers, wearing black warm-up pants and tops. The walls of the room were lined with books about lycanthropy, many in Latin, but Maia recognized the word "*lupus*." The desk was a slab of marble set upon the statues of two snarling wolves.

In front of it were two chairs. In one of them sat a large man—a werewolf—hunched over, his hands gripped together. "Praetor," he said in a grating voice. "I had hoped to speak with you regarding the incident in Boston."

"The one in which you broke your assigned charge's leg?" the Praetor said dryly. "I will be speaking to you about it, Rufus, but not this moment. Something more pressing calls me."

"But, Praetor—"

"That will be all, Rufus," said Scott in the ringing tone of an alpha wolf whose orders were not to be challenged. "Remember, this is a place of rehabilitation. Part of that is learning to respect authority."

Muttering under his breath, Rufus rose from the chair. Only when he stood up did Maia realize, and react to, his enormous size. He towered over both her and Jordan, his black T-shirt straining over his chest, the sleeves about to split around his biceps. His head was closely shaved, his face scored with deep claw marks all across one cheek, like furrows dug in soil. He gave her a sour look as he stalked past them and out into the hall.

"Of course some of us," Jordan muttered, "are easier to rehabilitate than others."

As Rufus's heavy tread faded down the hall, Scott threw himself into the high-backed chair behind the desk and buzzed a joltingly modern-looking intercom. After requesting breakfast in a terse voice, he leaned back, hands clasped behind his head.

"I'm all ears," he said.

As Jordan recounted their story, and their request, to Praetor Scott, Maia couldn't keep her eyes and mind from wandering. She wondered what it would have been like to have been raised here, in this elegant house of rules and regulations, rather than with the comparatively lawless freedom of the pack. At some point a werewolf dressed all in black—it seemed to be the regulation outfit of the Praetor—came in with sliced roast beef, cheese, and protein drinks on a pewter tray. Maia eyed the breakfast with some dismay. It was true that werewolves needed more protein than normal people, much more, but roast beef for breakfast?

"You'll find," Praetor Scott said as Maia drank her protein shake gingerly, "that, in fact, refined sugar is harmful to werewolves. If you cease consuming it for a period of time, you will cease desiring it. Hasn't your pack leader told you that?"

Maia tried to imagine Luke, who liked to make pancakes in odd and amusing shapes, lecturing her about sugar, and failed. Now was not the time to mention that, though. "No, he has, of course," she said. "I tend to, ah, backslide in times of stress."

"I understand your concern for your pack leader," said Scott. A gold Rolex glinted on his wrist. "Normally we maintain a strict policy of noninterference regarding matters not related to new-fledged Downworlders. We do not, in fact, prioritize werewolves over other Downworlders, though only lycanthropes are allowed into the Praetor."

"But that's exactly why we do need your help," said Jordan. "Packs are by their nature always moving, transitional. They have no opportunity to build up things like libraries of stored knowledge. I'm not saying they don't have wisdom, but everything is an oral tradition and every pack knows different things. We could go from pack to pack, and maybe someone would know how to cure Luke, but we don't have *time*. Here"—he gestured at the books lining the walls—"is the closest thing werewolves have to, say, the archives of the Silent Brothers or the Spiral Labyrinth of the warlocks."

Scott looked unconvinced. Maia set her protein shake down. "And Luke isn't just any pack leader," she said. "He's

the lycanthrope's representative on the Council. If you helped cure him, you would know that the Praetor would always have a Council voice in their favor."

Scott's eyes glinted. "Interesting," he said. "Very well. I'll have a look through the books. It'll probably take a few hours. Jordan, I suggest that if you're going to drive back to Manhattan you get some rest. We don't need you wrapping your truck around a tree."

"I could drive—," Maia began.

"You look equally exhausted. Jordan, as you know, there will always be a room for you here at the Praetor House, even though you've graduated. And Nick is on assignment, so there's a bed for Maia. Why don't you both get some rest, and I'll call you down when I'm finished." He swiveled around in his chair to examine the books on the walls.

Jordan gestured to Maia that this was their cue to leave; she stood up, brushing crumbs off her jeans. She was halfway to the door when Praetor Scott spoke again.

"Oh, and Maia Roberts," he said, and his voice held a note of warning. "I hope you understand that when you make promises in other people's names, it falls upon your head to make sure they follow through."



Simon awoke still feeling exhausted, blinking in the darkness. The thick black curtains over the windows let in very little light, but his internal body clock told him it was daytime. That and the fact that Isabelle was gone, her side of the bed rumpled, the covers turned back.

Daytime, and he hadn't talked to Clary since she'd gone. He drew his hand out from under the covers and looked at the gold ring on his right hand. Delicate, it was etched with what were either designs or words in an alphabet he didn't know.

Clenching his jaw, he sat up and touched the ring. *Clary?*

The answer was immediate and clear. He nearly slid off the bed with relief. *Simon. Thank God.*

Can you talk?

No. He felt rather than heard a tense distraction in the voice of her mind. I'm glad you spoke to me, but now isn't good. I'm not alone.

But you're all right?

I'm fine. Nothing's happened yet. I'm trying to gather information. I promise I'll talk to you the moment I hear anything.

Okay. Take care of yourself.

You too.

And she was gone. Sliding his legs over the side of the mattress, Simon did his best to flatten his sleep-mussed hair, and went to see if anyone else was awake.

They were. Alec, Magnus, Jocelyn, and Isabelle sat around the table in Magnus's living room. While Alec and Magnus were in jeans, both Jocelyn and Isabelle wore gear, Isabelle with her whip wrapped around her right arm. She glanced up as he came in but didn't smile; her shoulders were tense, her mouth a thin line. They all had mugs of coffee in front of them.

"There's a reason the ritual of the Mortal Instruments was so complicated." Magnus made the sugar bowl float over to himself and dumped some of the white powder into his coffee. "Angels act at the behest of God, not human beings—not even Shadowhunters. Summon one, and you're likely to find yourself blasted with divine wrath. The whole point of the Mortal Instruments ritual wasn't that it allowed someone to summon Raziel. It was that it protected the summoner from the Angel's wrath once he *did* appear."

"Valentine—," Alec began.

"Yes, Valentine also summoned a very minor angel. And it never spoke to him, did it? Never gave him a sliver of help, though he harvested its blood. And even then he must have been using incredibly powerful spells just to bind it. My understanding is that he tied its life to the Wayland manor, so that when the angel died the manor collapsed to rubble." He

tapped a blue-painted fingernail on his mug. “And he damned himself. Whether you believe in Heaven and Hell or not, he damned himself surely. When he summoned Raziel, Raziel struck him down. Partly in revenge for what Valentine had done to his brother angel.”

“Why are we talking about summoning angels?” Simon asked, perching himself on the end of the long table.

“Isabelle and Jocelyn went to see the Iron Sisters,” said Alec. “Looking for a weapon that could be used on Sebastian that wouldn’t affect Jace.”

“And there isn’t one?”

“Nothing in this world,” said Isabelle. “A Heavenly weapon might do it, or something with a seriously demonic alliance. We were exploring the first option.”

“Summoning up an angel to give you a weapon?”

“It’s happened before,” said Magnus. “Raziel gave the Mortal Sword to Jonathan Shadowhunter. In the old stories, the night before the battle of Jericho, an angel appeared and gave Joshua a sword.”

“Huh,” said Simon. “I would have thought angels would have been all about peace, not weapons.”

Magnus snorted. “Angels are not just messengers. They are soldiers. Michael is said to have routed armies. They are not patient, angels. Certainly not with the vicissitudes of human beings. Anyone who tried to summon Raziel without the Mortal Instruments to protect them would probably be blasted to death on the spot. Demons are easier to summon. There are more of them, and many are weak. But then, a weak demon can help you only so much—”

“We can’t summon a demon,” said Jocelyn, aghast. “The Clave—”

“I thought you stopped caring what the Clave thought of you years ago,” Magnus said.

“It’s not just me,” said Jocelyn. “The rest of you. Luke. My daughter. If the Clave knew—”

“Well, they won’t know, will they?” said Alec, his usually gentle voice edged. “Unless you tell them.”

Jocelyn looked from Isabelle’s still face to Magnus’s inquiring one, to Alec’s stubborn blue eyes. “You’re really considering this? Summoning a demon?”

“Well, not just any demon,” said Magnus. “Azazel.”

Jocelyn’s eyes blazed. “*Azazel?*” Her eyes scanned the others, as if looking for support, but Izzy and Alec glanced down at their mugs, and Simon just shrugged.

“I don’t know who Azazel is,” he said. “Isn’t he the cat from *The Smurfs*?” He cast about, but Isabelle just looked up and rolled her eyes at him. *Clary?* he thought.

Her voice came through, tinged with alarm. *What is it? What’s happened? Did my mom find out I’m gone?*

Not yet, he thought back. *Is Azazel the cat from The Smurfs?*

There was a long pause. *That’s Azrael, Simon. And no more using the magic rings for Smurf questions.*

And she was gone. Simon glanced up from his hand and saw Magnus looking at him quizzically. “He’s not a cat, Sylvester,” he said. “He’s a Greater Demon. Lieutenant of Hell and Forger of Weapons. He was an angel who taught mankind how to make weapons, when before it had been knowledge only angels possessed. That caused him to fall, and now he is a demon. ‘And the whole earth has been corrupted by the works that were taught by Azazel. To him ascribe all sin.’”

Alec looked at Magnus in amazement. “How did you know all that?”

“He’s a friend of mine,” said Magnus, and, noting their expressions, sighed. “Okay, not really. But it is in the *Book of Enoch*.”

“Seems dangerous.” Alec frowned. “It sounds like he’s beyond a Greater Demon, even. Like Lilith.”

“Fortunately, he is already bound,” said Magnus. “If you summon him, his spirit form will come to you but his

corporeal self will remain bound to the jagged rocks of Duduael.”

“The jagged rocks of . . . Oh, whatever,” Isabelle said, winding her long dark hair into a bun. “He’s the demon of weapons. Fine. I say we give it a go.”

“I can’t believe you’re even considering this,” said Jocelyn. “I learned from watching my husband what dabbling in raising demons can do. Clary—” She broke off then, as if sensing Simon’s gaze on her, and turned. “Simon,” she said, “do you know, is Clary awake yet? We’ve been letting her sleep, but it’s almost eleven.”

Simon hesitated. “I don’t know.” This, he reasoned, was true. Wherever Clary was, she *could* be asleep. Even though he had just talked to her.

Jocelyn looked puzzled. “But weren’t you in the room with her?”

“No, I wasn’t. I was—” Simon broke off, realizing the hole he’d just dug himself. There were three spare bedrooms. Jocelyn had been in one, Clary the other. Which would obviously mean he must have slept in the third room with—

“Isabelle?” said Alec, his eyebrows raised. “You slept in Isabelle’s room?”

Isabelle waved a hand. “No need to worry, big brother. Nothing happened. Of course,” she added as Alec’s shoulders relaxed, “I was totally passed-out drunk, so he could really have done whatever he wanted and I wouldn’t have woken up.”

“Oh, please,” said Simon. “All I did was tell you the entire plot of *Star Wars*.”

“I don’t think I remember that,” said Isabelle, taking a cookie from the plate on the table.

“Oh, yeah? Who was Luke Skywalker’s best childhood friend?”

“Biggs Darklighter,” Isabelle said immediately, and then hit the table with the flat of her hand. “That is *so* cheating!” Still,

she grinned at him around her cookie.

“Ah,” said Magnus. “Nerd love. It is a beautiful thing, while also being an object of mockery and hilarity for those of us who are more sophisticated.”

“All right, that’s enough.” Jocelyn stood up. “I’m going to get Clary. If you’re going to raise a demon, I don’t want to be here, and I don’t want my daughter here either.” She headed toward the hallway.

Simon blocked her way. “You can’t do that,” he said.

Jocelyn looked at him with a set face. “I know you’re going to say that this is the safest place for us, Simon, but with a demon being raised, I just—”

“It’s not that.” Simon took a deep breath, which didn’t help, since his blood no longer processed oxygen. He felt slightly sick. “You can’t go wake her up because . . . because she isn’t here.”

10

THE WILD HUNT

Jordan's old room at the Praetor House looked like any dormitory room at any college. There were two iron-framed beds, each set against a different wall. Through the window separating them green lawns were visible three floors down. Jordan's side of the room was fairly bare—it looked as if he had taken most of his photographs and books with him to Manhattan—though there were some tacked-up pictures of beaches and the ocean, and a surfboard leaning against one wall. A little jolt went through Maia as she saw that on the bedside table was a gold-framed photo of her with Jordan, taken at Ocean City, the boardwalk and the beach behind them.

Jordan looked at the photograph and then at her, and blushed. He slung his bag onto his bed and stripped off his jacket, his back to her.

“When will your roommate be back?” she asked into the suddenly uncomfortable silence. She wasn't sure why they were both embarrassed. They certainly hadn't been when they'd been in the truck together, but now, here in Jordan's space, the years they had spent not speaking seemed to press them apart.

“Who knows? Nick's on assignment. They're dangerous. He might not come back.” Jordan sounded resigned. He tossed his jacket over the back of a chair. “Why don't you lie down? I'm going to take a shower.” He headed for the bathroom, which, Maia was relieved to see, was attached to his room. She didn't feel like dealing with one of those shared-bathroom-down-the-hall things.

“Jordan—,” she began, but he'd already closed the bathroom door behind him. She could hear water running.

With a sigh she kicked off her shoes and lay down on the absent Nick's bed. The blanket was dark blue plaid, and smelled like pinecones. She looked up and saw that the ceiling was wallpapered with photographs. The same laughing blond boy, who looked about seventeen, smiled down at her out of each picture. Nick, she guessed. He looked happy. Had Jordan been happy, here at the Praetor House?

She reached out and flipped the photograph of the two of them toward her. It had been taken years ago, when Jordan was skinny, with big hazel eyes that dominated his face. They had their arms around each other and looked sunburned and happy. Summer had darkened both their skins and put light streaks in Maia's hair, and Jordan had his head turned slightly toward her, as if he were going to say something or kiss her. She couldn't remember which. Not anymore.

She thought of the boy whose bed she was sitting on, the boy who might never come back. She thought of Luke, slowly dying, and of Alaric and Gretel and Justine and Theo and all the others of her pack who had lost their lives in the war against Valentine. She thought of Max, and of Jace, two Lightwoods lost—for, she had to admit in her heart, she didn't think they would ever get Jace back. And lastly and strangely she thought of Daniel, the brother she had never mourned for, and to her surprise she felt tears sting the backs of her eyes.

She sat up abruptly. She felt as if the world were tilting and she was clinging on helplessly, trying to keep from tumbling into a black abyss. She could feel the shadows closing in. With Jace lost and Sebastian out there, things could only get darker. There would only be more loss and more death. She had to admit, the most alive she'd felt in weeks had been those moments at dawn, kissing Jordan in his car.

As if she were in a dream, she found herself getting to her feet. She walked across the room and opened the door to the bathroom. The shower was a square of frosted glass; she could see Jordan's silhouette through it. She doubted he could hear her over the running water as she pulled off her sweater and shimmied out of her jeans and underwear. With a deep breath

she crossed the room, slid the shower door open, and stepped inside.

Jordan spun around, pushing the wet hair out of his eyes. The shower was running hot, and his face was flushed, making his eyes shine as if the water had polished them. Or maybe it wasn't just the water making the blood rise under his skin as his eyes took her in—all of her. She looked back at him steadily, not embarrassed, watching the way the Praetor Lupus pendant shone in the wet hollow of his throat, and the slide of the soap suds over his shoulders and chest as he stared at her, blinking water out of his eyes. He was beautiful, but then she had always thought so.

“Maia?” he said unsteadily. “Are you . . . ?”

“Shh.” She put her finger against his lips, drawing the shower door closed with her other hand. Then she stepped closer, wrapping both arms around him, letting the water wash both of them clean of the darkness. “Don't talk. Just kiss me.”

So he did.



“What in the name of the Angel do you mean Clary isn't there?” Jocelyn demanded, white-faced. “How do you know that, if you just woke up? Where has she gone?”

Simon swallowed. He had grown up with Jocelyn as almost a second mother to him. He was used to her protectiveness of her daughter, but she had always seen him as an ally in that, someone who would stand between Clary and the dangers of the world. Now she was looking at him like the enemy. “She texted me last night . . . ,” Simon began, then stopped as Magnus waved him over to the table.

“You might as well sit down,” he said. Isabelle and Alec were watching wide-eyed from either side of Magnus, but the warlock didn't look particularly surprised. “Tell us all what's going on. I have a feeling this is going to take a while.”

It did, though not as long as Simon might have hoped. When he was done explaining, hunched over on his chair and staring down at Magnus's scratched table, he lifted his head to

see Jocelyn fixing him with a green stare as cold as arctic water. “You let my daughter go off . . . with *Jace* . . . to some unfindable, untraceable place where none of us can reach her?”

Simon looked down at his hands. “I can reach her,” he said, holding up his right hand with the gold ring on the finger. “I told you. I heard from her this morning. She said she was fine.”

“You never should have let her leave in the first place!”

“I didn’t *let* her. She was going to go anyway. I thought she might as well have some kind of a lifeline, since it’s not like I could stop her.”

“To be fair,” said Magnus, “I don’t think anyone could. Clary does what she wants.” He looked at Jocelyn. “You can’t keep her in a cage.”

“I *trusted* you,” she snapped at Magnus. “How did she get out?”

“She made a Portal.”

“But you said there were wards—”

“To keep threats out, not to keep guests in. Jocelyn, your daughter isn’t stupid, and she does what she thinks is right. You can’t stop her. No one can stop her. *She is a great deal like her mother.*”

Jocelyn looked at Magnus for a moment, her mouth slightly open, and Simon realized that of course Magnus must have known Clary’s mother when she was young, when she betrayed Valentine and the Circle and nearly died in the Uprising. “She’s a little girl,” she said, and turned to Simon. “You’ve spoken to her? Using these—these rings? Since she left?”

“This morning,” said Simon. “She said she was fine. That everything was fine.”

Instead of seeming reassured, Jocelyn only looked angrier. “I’m sure that’s what she *said*. Simon, I can’t believe you allowed her to do this. You should have restrained her—”

“What, tied her up?” Simon said in disbelief. “Handcuffed her to the diner table?”

“If that’s what it took. You’re stronger than she is. I’m disappointed in—”

Isabelle stood up. “Okay, that’s enough.” She glared at Jocelyn. “It is totally and completely unfair to yell at Simon over something Clary decided to do *on her own*. And if Simon had tied her up for you, then what? Were you planning on keeping her tied up forever? You’d have to let her go eventually, and then what? She wouldn’t trust Simon anymore, and she already doesn’t trust you because you stole her memories. And that, if I recall, was because you were trying to protect her. Maybe if you hadn’t *protected* her so much, she would know more about what is dangerous and what isn’t, and be a little less secretive—and less reckless!”

Everyone stared at Isabelle, and for a moment Simon was reminded of something that Clary had said to him once—that Izzy rarely made speeches, but when she did, she made them *count*. Jocelyn was white around the lips.

“I’m going to the station to be with Luke,” she said. “Simon, I expect reports from you every twenty-four hours that my daughter is all right. If I don’t hear from you every night, I’m going to the Clave.”

And she stalked out of the apartment, slamming the door behind her so hard that a long crack appeared in the plaster beside it.

Isabelle sat back down, this time beside Simon. He said nothing to her but held out his hand, and she took it, slipping her fingers between his.

“So,” Magnus said finally, breaking the silence. “Who’s up for raising Azazel? Because we’re going to need a whole lot of candles.”



Jace and Clary spent the day wandering—through mazelike tiny streets than ran along canals whose water ranged from deep green to murky blue. They made their way among the

tourists in Saint Mark's Square, and over the Bridge of Sighs, and drank small, powerful cups of espresso at Caffè Florian. The disorienting maze of streets reminded Clary a bit of Alicante, though Alicante lacked Venice's feeling of elegant decay. There were no roads here, no cars, only twisting little alleys, and bridges arching over canals whose water was as green as malachite. As the sky overhead darkened to the deep blue of late autumn twilight, lights began to go on—in tiny boutiques, in bars and restaurants that seemed to appear out of nowhere and disappear again into shadow as she and Jace passed, leaving light and laughter behind.

When Jace asked Clary if she was ready for dinner, she nodded firmly, yes. She had begun to feel guilty that she had gotten no information out of him and that she was, actually, enjoying herself. As they crossed over a bridge to the Dorsoduro, one of the quieter sections of the city, away from the tourist throng, she determined that she would get *something* out of him that night, something worth relaying to Simon.

Jace held her hand firmly as they went over a final bridge and the street opened out into a great square on the side of an enormous canal the size of a river. The basilica of a domed church rose on their right. Across the canal more of the city lit the evening, throwing illumination onto the water, which shifted and glimmered with light. Clary's hands itched for chalk and pencils, to draw the light as it faded out of the sky, the darkening water, the jagged outlines of the buildings, their reflections slowly dimming in the canal. Everything seemed washed with a steely blueness. Somewhere church bells were chiming.

She tightened her hand on Jace's. She felt very far away here from everything in her life, distant in a way that she had not felt in Idris. Venice shared with Alicante the sense of being a place out of time, torn from the past, as if she had stepped into a painting or the pages of a book. But it was also a *real* place, one she had grown up knowing about, wanting to visit. She looked sidelong at Jace, who was gazing down the canal. The steely blue light was on him, too, darkening his eyes, the

shadows under his cheekbones, the lines of his mouth. When he caught her gaze on him, he looked over and smiled.

He led her around the church and down a flight of mossy steps to a path along the canal. Everything smelled of wet stone and water and dampness and years. As the sky darkened, something broke the surface of the canal water a few feet from Clary. She heard the splash and looked in time to see a green-haired woman rise from the water and grin at her; she had a beautiful face but sharklike teeth and a fish's yellow eyes. Pearls were wound through her hair. She sank again below the water, without a ripple.

"Mermaid," said Jace. "There are old families of them that have lived here in Venice a long, long time. They're a little odd. They do better in clean water, far out to sea, living on fish instead of garbage." He looked toward the sunset. "The whole city is sinking," he said. "It'll all be under water in a hundred years. Imagine swimming down into the ocean and touching the top of Saint Mark's Basilica." He pointed across the water.

Clary felt a flicker of sadness at the thought of all this beauty being lost. "Isn't there anything they can do?"

"To raise a whole city? Or hold back the ocean? Not much," Jace said. They had come to a set of stairs leading up. The wind came off the water and lifted his dark gold hair off his forehead, his neck. "All things tend toward entropy. The whole universe is moving outward, the stars pulling away from one another, God knows what falling through the cracks between them." He paused. "Okay, that sounded a little crazy."

"Maybe it was all the wine at lunch."

"I can hold my liquor." They turned a corner, and a fairyland of lights gleamed out at them. Clary blinked, her eyes adjusting. It was a small restaurant with tables set outside and inside, heat lamps wound with Christmas lights like a forest of magical trees between the tables. Jace detached himself from her long enough to get them a table, and soon they were sitting by the side of the canal, listening to the splash of water against stone and the sound of small boats bobbing up and down with the tide.

Tiredness was beginning to wash over Clary in waves, like the lap of water against the sides of the canal. She told Jace what she wanted and let him order in Italian, relieved when the waiter went away so she could lean forward and rest her elbows on the table, her head on her hands.

“I think I have jet lag,” she said. “Interdimensional jet lag.”

“You know, time *is* a dimension,” Jace said.

“Pedant.” She flicked a bread crumb from the basket on the table at him.

He grinned. “I was trying to remember all the deadly sins the other day,” he said. “Greed, envy, gluttony, irony, pedantry . . .”

“I’m pretty sure irony isn’t a deadly sin.”

“I’m pretty sure it is.”

“Lust,” she said. “Lust is a deadly sin.”

“And spanking.”

“I think that falls under lust.”

“I think it should have its own category,” said Jace. “Greed, envy, gluttony, irony, pedantry, lust, and spanking.” The white Christmas lights were reflected in his eyes. He looked more beautiful than he ever had, Clary thought, and correspondingly more distant, more hard to touch. She thought of what he had said about the city sinking, and the spaces between the stars, and remembered the lines of a Leonard Cohen song that Simon’s band used to cover, not very well. “*There is a crack in everything/That’s how the light gets in.*” There had to be a crack in Jace’s calm, some way she could reach through to the real him she believed was still in there.

Jace’s amber eyes studied her. He reached out to touch her hand, and it was only after a moment that Clary realized that his fingers were on her gold ring. “What’s that?” he said. “I don’t remember you having a faerie-work ring.”

His tone was neutral, but her heart skipped a beat. Lying straight to Jace’s face wasn’t something she had a lot of practice with. “It was Isabelle’s,” she said with a shrug. “She

was throwing out all the stuff that faerie ex-boyfriend of hers gave her—Meliorn—and I thought this was pretty, so she said I could have it.”

“And the Morgenstern ring?”

This seemed like a place to tell the truth. “I gave it to Magnus so he could try to track you with it.”

“*Magnus.*” Jace said the name as if it were a stranger’s, and exhaled a breath. “Do you still feel like you made the right decision? Coming with me here?”

“Yes. I’m happy to be with you. And—well, I always wanted to see Italy. I’ve never traveled much. Never been out of the country—”

“You were in Alicante,” he reminded her.

“Okay, other than visiting magical lands no one else can see, I haven’t traveled much. Simon and I had plans. We were going to go backpacking around Europe after we graduated high school . . .” Clary’s voice trailed off. “It sounds silly now.”

“No, it doesn’t.” He reached out and pushed a strand of hair behind her ear. “Stay with me. We can see the whole world.”

“I am with you. I’m not going anywhere.”

“Is there anything special you want to see? Paris? Budapest? The Leaning Tower of Pisa?”

Only if it falls on Sebastian’s head, she thought. “Can we travel to Idris? I mean, I guess, can the apartment travel there?”

“It can’t get past the wards.” His hand traced a path down her cheek. “You know, I really missed you.”

“You mean you haven’t been going on romantic dates with Sebastian while you’ve been away from me?”

“I tried,” Jace said, “but no matter how liquored up you get him, he just won’t put out.”

Clary reached for her glass of wine. She was starting to get used to the taste of it. She could feel it burning a path down

her throat, heating her veins, adding a dreamlike quality to the night. She was in Italy, with her beautiful boyfriend, on a beautiful night, eating delicious food that melted in her mouth. These were the kinds of moments that you remembered all your life. But it felt like touching only the edge of happiness; every time she looked at Jace, happiness slipped away from her. How could he be Jace and not-Jace, all at once? How could you be heartbroken and happy at the same time?



They lay in the narrow twin bed that was meant for only one person, wrapped together tightly under Jordan's flannel sheet. Maia lay with her head in the crook of his arm, the sun from the window warming her face and shoulders. Jordan was propped on his arm, leaning over her, his free hand running through her hair, pulling her curls out to their full length and letting them slide back through his fingers.

"I missed your hair," he said, and dropped a kiss onto her forehead.

Laughter bubbled up from somewhere deep inside her, that sort of laughter that came with the giddiness of infatuation. "Just my hair?"

"No." He was grinning, his hazel eyes lit with green, his brown hair thoroughly ruffled. "Your eyes." He kissed them, one after another. "Your mouth." He kissed that, too, and she hooked her fingers through the chain against his bare chest that held the Praetor Lupus pendant. "Everything about you."

She twisted the chain around her fingers. "Jordan . . . I'm sorry about before. About snapping at you about the money, and Stanford. It was just a lot to take in."

His eyes darkened, and he ducked his head. "It's not like I don't know how independent you are. I just . . . I wanted to do something nice for you."

"I know," she whispered. "I know you worry about me needing you, but I shouldn't be with you because I need you. I should be with you because I love you."

His eyes lit up—incredulous, hopeful. “You—I mean, you think it’s possible you could feel that way about me again?”

“I never stopped loving you, Jordan,” she said, and he caught her against him with a kiss so intense it was bruising. She moved closer to him, and things might have proceeded as they had in the shower if a sharp knock hadn’t come at the door.

“Praetor Kyle!” a voice shouted through the door. “Wake up! Praetor Scott wishes to see you downstairs in his office.”

Jordan, his arms around Maia, swore softly. Laughing, Maia ran her hand slowly up his back, tangling her fingers in his hair. “You think Praetor Scott can wait?” she whispered.

“I think he has a key to this room and he’ll use it if he feels like it.”

“That’s all right,” she said, brushing her lips against his ear. “We have lots of time, right? All the time we’ll ever need.”



Chairman Meow lay on the table in front of Simon, completely asleep, his four legs sticking straight into the air. This, Simon felt, was something of an achievement. Since he had become a vampire, animals tended not to like him; they avoided him if they could, and hissed or barked if he came too close. For Simon, who had always been an animal lover, it was a hard loss. But he supposed if you were already the pet of a warlock, perhaps you’d learned to accept weird creatures in your life.

Magnus, as it turned out, hadn’t been joking about the candles. Simon was taking a moment to rest and drink some coffee; it stayed down well, and the caffeine took the edge off the beginning prickles of hunger. All afternoon, they had been helping Magnus set the scene for raising Azazel. They had raided local bodegas for tea lights and prayer candles, which they had placed in a careful circle. Isabelle and Alec were scattering the floorboards outside the circle with a mixture of salt and dried belladonna as Magnus instructed them, reading

aloud from *Forbidden Rites, A Necromancer's Manual of the Fifteenth Century*.

"What have you done to my cat?" Magnus demanded, returning to the living room carrying a pot of coffee, with a circle of mugs floating around his head like a model of the planets rotating around the sun. "You drank his blood, didn't you? You *said* you weren't hungry!"

Simon was indignant. "I did not drink his blood. He's fine!" He poked the Chairman in the stomach. The cat yawned. "Second, you asked me if I was hungry when you were ordering pizza, so I said no, because I can't eat pizza. I was being polite."

"That doesn't give you the right to eat my cat."

"Your cat is fine!" Simon reached to pick up the tabby, who jumped indignantly to his feet and stalked off the table. "See?"

"Whatever." Magnus threw himself down in the seat at the head of the table; the mugs banged into place as Alec and Izzy straightened up, done with their task. Magnus clapped his hands. "Everyone! Gather around. It's time for a meeting. I'm going to teach you how to summon a demon."



Praetor Scott was waiting for them in the library, still in the same swivel chair, a small bronze box on the desk between them. Maia and Jordan sat down across from him, and Maia couldn't help wondering if it was written all over her face, what she and Jordan had been doing. Not that the Praetor was looking at them with much interest.

He pushed the box toward Jordan. "It's a salve," he said. "If applied to Garroway's wound, it should filter the poison from his blood and allow the demon steel to work its way free. He should heal in a few days."

Maia's heart leaped—finally some good news. She reached for the box before Jordan could, and opened it. It was indeed filled with a dark waxy salve that smelled sharply herbal, like crushed bay leaves.

"I—," Praetor Scott began, his eyes flicking to Jordan.

“She should take it,” said Jordan. “She’s close to Garroway and is part of the pack. They trust her.”

“Are you saying they don’t trust the Praetor?”

“Half of them think the Praetor is a fairy tale,” Maia said, adding “sir” as an afterthought.

Praetor Scott looked annoyed, but before he could say anything, the phone on his desk rang. He seemed to hesitate, then lifted the receiver to his ear. “Scott here,” he said, and then, after a moment, “Yes—yes, I think so.” He hung up, his mouth curving into a not entirely pleasant smile. “Praetor Kyle,” he said. “I’m glad you dropped in on us today of all days. Stay a moment. This matter somewhat concerns you.”

Maia was startled at this pronouncement, but not as startled as she was a moment later when a corner of the room began to shimmer and a figure appeared, slowly developing—it was like watching images appear on film in a darkroom—and the figure of a young boy took shape. His hair was dark brown, short and straight, and a gold necklace gleamed against the brown skin of his throat. He looked slight and ethereal, like a choirboy, but there was something in his eyes that made him seem much older than that.

“Raphael,” she said, recognizing him. He was ever so slightly transparent—a Projection, she realized. She’d heard of them but had never seen one up close.

Praetor Scott looked at her in surprise. “You know the head of the New York vampire clan?”

“We met once, in Brocelind Woods,” said Raphael, looking her over without much interest. “She is a friend of the Daylighter, Simon.”

“Your assignment,” Praetor Scott said to Jordan, as if Jordan could have forgotten.

Jordan’s forehead creased. “Has something happened to him?” he asked. “Is he all right?”

“This is not about him,” said Raphael. “It is about the rogue vampire, Maureen Brown.”

“Maureen?” Maia exclaimed. “But she’s only, what, thirteen?”

“A rogue vampire is a rogue vampire,” said Raphael. “And Maureen has been cutting quite a swath for herself through TriBeCa and the Lower East Side. Multiple injured and at least six kills. We’ve managed to cover them up, but . . .”

“She’s Nick’s assignment,” said Praetor Scott with a frown. “But he hasn’t been able to find a trace of her. We may need to send in someone with more experience.”

“I urge you to do so,” said Raphael. “If the Shadowhunters were not so concerned with their own . . . emergency at this juncture, they would surely have involved themselves by now. And the last thing the clan needs after the affair with Camille is a censuring by the Shadowhunters.”

“I take it Camille is still missing as well?” said Jordan. “Simon told us everything that happened the night Jace disappeared, and Maureen seemed to be doing Camille’s bidding.”

“Camille is not new-made and is therefore not our concern,” said Scott.

“I know, but—find her, and you may find Maureen, that’s all I’m saying,” said Jordan.

“If she were with Camille, she would not be killing at the rate she is,” said Raphael. “Camille would prevent her. She is bloodthirsty but she knows the Conclave, and the Law. She would keep Maureen and her activities out of their line of sight. No, Maureen’s behavior has all the hallmarks of a vampire gone feral.”

“Then, I think you’re right.” Jordan sat back. “Nick should have backup in dealing with her, or—”

“Or something might happen to him? If it does, perhaps it will help you focus more in future,” said Praetor Scott. “On your *own* assignment.”

Jordan’s mouth opened. “Simon wasn’t responsible for Turning Maureen,” he said. “I told you—”

Praetor Scott waved away his words. “Yes, I know,” he said, “or you would have been pulled from your assignment, Kyle. But your subject did bite her, and under your watch as well. And it was her association with the Daylighter, however distant, that led to her eventual Turning.”

“The Daylighter is dangerous,” said Raphael, his eyes shining. “It is what I have been saying all along.”

“He is not dangerous,” Maia said fiercely. “He has a good heart.” She saw Jordan glance at her a little, sidelong, so quickly that she wondered if she’d imagined it.

“Yap, yap, yap,” said Raphael dismissively. “You werewolves cannot focus on the matter at hand. I trusted you, Praetor, for new-fledged Downworlders are your department. But allowing Maureen to run wild reflects badly on my clan. If you do not find her soon, I will call up every vampire at my disposal. After all”—he smiled, and his delicate incisors shone—“in the end she is ours to kill.”



When the meal was over, Clary and Jace walked back to the apartment through a mist-shrouded evening. The streets were deserted and the canal water shone like glass. Rounding a corner, they found themselves beside a quiet canal, lined with shuttered houses. Boats bobbed gently on the curving water, each a half-moon of black.

Jace laughed softly and moved forward, his hand pulling out of Clary’s. His eyes were wide and golden in the lamplight. He knelt by the side of the canal, and she saw a flash of white-silver—a stele—and then one of the boats sprang free of its mooring chain and began to drift toward the center of the canal. Jace slid the stele back into his belt and leaped, landing lightly on the wooden seat at the front of the boat. He held his hand out to Clary. “Come on.”

She looked from him to the boat and shook her head. It was only a little bigger than a canoe, painted black, though the paint was damp and splintering. It looked as light and fragile as a toy. She imagined upending it and both of them being dumped into the ice-green canal. “I can’t. I’ll knock it over.”

Jace shook his head impatiently. "You can do it," he said. "I trained you." To demonstrate he took a step back. Now he was standing on the thin edge of the boat, just beside the oarlock. He looked at her, his mouth crooked in a half smile. By all the laws of physics, she thought, the boat, unbalanced, ought to have been toppling sideways into the water. But Jace balanced lightly there, back straight, as if he were made of nothing more than smoke. Behind him was the backdrop of water and stone, canal and bridges, not a single modern edifice in sight. With his bright hair and the way he carried himself, he could have been some Renaissance prince.

He held out a hand to her again. "Remember. You're as light as you want to be."

She remembered. Hours of training in how to fall, to balance, how to land like Jace did, as if you were a piece of ash sifting gently downward. She sucked her breath in and leaped, the green water flying by beneath her. She alighted in the bow of the boat, wobbling on the wooden seat, but steady.

She let out her breath in a whoosh of relief and heard Jace laugh as he leaped down to the flat bottom of the boat. It was leaky. A thin layer of water covered the wood. He was also nine inches taller than she was, so that with her standing on the seat in the bow, their heads were on a level.

He put his hands on her waist. "So," he said. "Where do you want to go now?"

She looked around. They had drifted far away from the bank of the canal. "Are we stealing this boat?"

"'Stealing' is such an ugly word," he mused.

"What do you want to call it?"

He picked her up and swung her around before putting her down. "An extreme case of window-shopping."

He pulled her closer, and she stiffened. Her feet skidded out from under her, and the two of them slid to the curved floor of the boat, which was flat and damp and smelled like water and wet wood.

Clary found herself resting on top of Jace, her knees on either side of his hips. Water was soaking into his shirt, but he didn't seem to mind. He threw his hands behind his head, folding them, his shirt pulling up. "You literally knocked me down with the strength of your passion," he observed. "Nice work, Fray."

"You only fell because you wanted to. I know you," she said. The moon shone down on them like a spotlight, like they were the only people under it. "You never slip."

He touched her face. "I may not slip," he said, "but I fall."

Her heart pounded, and she had to swallow before she could reply lightly, as if he were joking. "That may be your worst line of all time."

"Who says it's a line?"

The boat rocked, and she leaned forward, balancing her hands on his chest. Her hips pressed against his, and she watched his eyes as they widened, going from wickedly sparkling gold to dark, the pupil swallowing the iris. She could see herself and the night sky in them.

He propped himself up on one elbow, and slipped a hand around the back of her neck. She felt him arch up against her, lips brushing hers, but she drew back, not quite allowing the kiss. She wanted him, wanted him so much she felt hollow on the inside, as if desire had burned her clean through. No matter what her mind said—that this was not Jace, not *her Jace*, still her body remembered him, the shape and feel of him, the scent of his skin and hair, and wanted him *back*.

She smiled against his mouth as if she were teasing him, and rolled to the side, curling next to him in the wet bottom of the boat. He didn't protest. His arm curved around her, and the rocking of the boat beneath them was gentle and lulling. She wanted to put her head on his shoulder, but didn't.

"We're drifting," she said.

"I know. There's something I want you to see." Jace was looking up at the sky. The moon was a great white billow, like a sail; Jace's chest rose and fell steadily. His fingers tangled in

her hair. She lay still beside him, waiting and watching as the stars ticked by like an astrological clock, and she wondered what they were waiting for. At last she heard it, a long slow rushing noise, like water pouring through a broken dam. The sky darkened and churned as figures rushed across it. She could barely make them out through the clouds and the distance, but they seemed to be men, with long hair like cirrus clouds, riding horses whose hooves gleamed the color of blood. The sound of a hunting horn echoed across the night, and the stars shivered and the night folded in on itself as the men vanished behind the moon.

She let her breath out in a slow exhalation. “What was that?”

“The Wild Hunt,” said Jace. His voice sounded distant and dreamlike. “Gabriel’s Hounds. The Wild Host. They have many names. They are faeries who disdain the earthly Courts. They ride across the sky, pursuing an eternal hunt. On one night a year a mortal can join them—but once you’ve joined the Hunt, you can never leave it.”

“Why would anyone want to do that?”

Jace rolled and was suddenly on top of Clary, pressing her down into the bottom of the boat. She hardly noticed the damp; she could feel heat rolling off him in waves, and his eyes burned. He had a way of propping himself over her so that she wasn’t crushed but she could feel every part of him against her—the shape of his hips, the rivets in his jeans, the tracings of his scars. “There’s something appealing about the idea,” he said. “Of losing all your control. Don’t you think?”

She opened her mouth to answer, but he was already kissing her. She had kissed him so many times—soft gentle kisses, hard and desperate ones, brief brushes of the lips that said good-bye, and kisses that seemed to go on for hours—and this was no different. The way the memory of someone who had once lived in a house might linger even after they were gone, like a sort of psychic imprint, her body *remembered* Jace. Remembered the way he tasted, the slant of his mouth over hers, his scars under her fingers, the shape of his body

under her hands. She let go of her doubts and reached up to pull him toward her.

He rolled sideways, holding her, the boat rocking underneath them. Clary could hear the splash of water as his hands drifted down her side to her waist, his fingers lightly stroking the sensitive skin at the small of her back. She slid her hands into his hair and closed her eyes, wrapped in mist, the sound and smell of water. Endless ages went by, and there was only Jace's mouth on hers, the lulling motion of the boat, his hands on her skin. Finally, after what could have been hours or minutes, she heard the sound of someone shouting, an angry Italian voice, rising and cutting through the night.

Jace drew back, his look lazy and regretful. "We'd better go."

Clary looked up at him, dazed. "Why?"

"Because that's the guy whose boat we stole." Jace sat up, tugging his shirt down. "And he's about to call the police."

11

ASCRIBE ALL SIN

Magnus said that no electricity could be used during the summoning of Azazel, so the loft apartment was lit only by candlelight. The candles burned in a circle in the center of the room, all different heights and brightness, though they shared a similar blue-white flame.

Inside the circle, a pentagram had been drawn by Magnus, using a rowan stick that had burned the pattern of overlapping triangles into the floor. In between the spaces formed by the pentagram were symbols unlike anything Simon had seen before: not quite letters and not quite runes, they gave off a chilly sense of menace despite the heat of the candle flames.

It was dark outside the windows now, the sort of dark that came with the early sunsets of approaching winter. Isabelle, Alec, Simon, and finally, Magnus—who was chanting aloud from *Forbidden Rites*—each stood at one cardinal point around the circle. Magnus's voice rose and fell, the Latin words like a prayer, but one that was inverted and sinister.

The flames rose higher and the symbols carved into the floor began to burn black. Chairman Meow, who had been watching from a corner of the room, hissed and fled into the shadows. The blue-white flames rose, and now Simon could hardly see Magnus through them. The room was getting hotter, the warlock chanting faster, his black hair curling in the humid heat, sweat gleaming on his cheekbones. "*Quod tumeraris: per Jehovam, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Azazel!*"

There was a burst of fire from the center of the pentagram, and a thick black wave of smoke rose, dissipating slowly through the room, making everyone but Simon cough and

choke. It swirled like a whirlpool, coalescing slowly in the center of the pentagram into the figure of a man.

Simon blinked. He wasn't sure what he'd expected, but it wasn't this. A tall man with auburn hair, neither young nor old—an ageless face, inhuman and cold. Broad-shouldered, dressed in a well-cut black suit and shining black shoes. Around each wrist was a dark red groove, the marks of some sort of binding, rope or metal, that had cut into the skin over many years. In his eyes were leaping red flames.

He spoke. "Who summons Azazel?" His voice was like metal grinding on metal.

"I do." Magnus firmly shut the book he was holding. "Magnus Bane."

Azazel craned his head slowly toward Magnus. His head seemed to swivel unnaturally on his neck, like the head of a snake. "Warlock," he said. "I know who you are."

Magnus raised his eyebrows. "You do?"

"Summoner. Binder. Destroyer of the demon Marbas. Son of—"

"Now," said Magnus quickly. "There's no need to go into all of that."

"But there is." Azazel sounded reasonable, even amused. "If it is infernal assistance you require, why not summon your father?"

Alec was looking at Magnus with his mouth open. Simon felt for him. He didn't think any of them had ever assumed that Magnus even knew who his father was, beyond that he had been a demon who had tricked his mother into believing he was her husband. Alec clearly knew no more about it than the rest of them, which, Simon imagined, was probably something he wasn't too happy about.

"My father and I are not on the best of terms," said Magnus. "I would prefer not to involve him."

Azazel raised his hands. "As you say, *Master*. You hold me within the seal. What do you demand?"

Magnus said nothing, but it was clear from the expression on Azazel's face that the warlock was speaking to him silently, mind to mind. The flames leaped and danced in the demon's eyes, like eager children listening to a story. "Clever Lilith," the demon said at last. "To raise the boy from death, and secure his life by binding him to someone whom you cannot bear to kill. She was always better at manipulating human emotions than most of the rest of us. Perhaps because she was something close to human once."

"Is there a way?" Magnus sounded impatient. "To break the bond between them?"

Azazel shook his head. "Not without killing them both."

"Then, is there a way to harm Sebastian only, without hurting Jace?" It was Isabelle, eager; Magnus shot her a quelling look.

"Not with any weapon I might create, or have at my disposal," said Azazel. "I can craft only weapons whose alliance is demonic. A bolt of lightning from the hand of an angel, perhaps, might burn away what was evil in Valentine's son and either break their tie or cause it to become more benevolent in nature. If I might make a suggestion . . ."

"Oh," said Magnus, narrowing his cat's eyes, "please do."

"I can think of a simple solution that will separate the boys, keep yours alive, and neutralize the danger of the other one. And I will ask very little of you in return."

"You are *my* servant," Magnus said. "If you wish to leave this pentagram, you will do what I ask, and not demand favors in return."

Azazel hissed, and fire curled from his lips. "If I am not bound here, then I am bound there. It makes little difference to me."

"For this is Hell, nor am I out of it," said Magnus, with the air of someone quoting an old saying.

Azazel showed a metallic smile. "You may not be proud like old Faustus, warlock, but you are impatient. I am sure my

willingness to remain in this pentagram will outlast your desire to keep watch over me inside it.”

“Oh, I don’t know,” Magnus said. “I’ve always been fairly bold where decorating is concerned, and having you here does add that little extra touch of something to the room.”

“*Magnus*,” Alec said, clearly not thrilled at the idea of an immortal demon taking up residence in his boyfriend’s loft.

“Jealous, little Shadowhunter?” Azazel grinned at Alec. “Your warlock is not my type, and besides, I would hardly want to anger his—”

“Enough,” Magnus said. “Tell us what the ‘little’ thing you want in return for your plan is.”

Azazel templed his hands—hard workman’s hands, the color of blood, topped with black nails. “One happy memory,” he said. “From each of you. Something to amuse me while I am bound like Prometheus to his rock.”

“A *memory*?” said Isabelle in astonishment. “You mean it would vanish out of our heads? We wouldn’t be able to recall it anymore?”

Azazel squinted at her through the flames. “What are you, little one? A Nephilim? Yes, I would take your memory and it would become mine. You would no longer know that it had happened to you. Although, please do avoid giving me memories of demons you’ve slaughtered under the light of the moon. Not the sort of thing I enjoy. No, I want these memories to be . . . personal.” He grinned, and his teeth gleamed like an iron portcullis.

“I’m old,” Magnus said. “I have many memories. I would give one up, if needed. But I cannot speak for the rest of you. No one should be forced to give up something like this.”

“I’ll do it,” Isabelle said immediately. “For Jace.”

“I will too, of course,” said Alec, and then it was Simon’s turn. He thought suddenly of Jace, cutting his wrist and giving him his blood in the tiny room on Valentine’s boat. Risking his own life for Simon’s. It might have been for Clary’s sake at its heart, but it was still a debt. “I’m in.”

“Good,” Magnus said. “All of you, try to think of happy memories. They must be genuinely happy. Something that gives you pleasure in the recollection.” He shot a sour glance at the smug demon in the pentagram.

“I’m ready,” Isabelle said. She was standing with her eyes closed, her back straight as if braced for pain. Magnus moved toward her and laid his fingers against her forehead, murmuring softly.

Alec watched Magnus with his sister, his mouth tight, then shut his eyes. Simon shut his own too, hastily, and tried to summon up a happy memory—something to do with Clary? But so many of his memories of her were tinged now with his worry over her well-being. Something from when they were very young? An image swam to the forefront of his mind—a hot summer day at Coney Island, him on his father’s shoulders, Rebecca running behind them, trailing a handful of balloons. Looking up at the sky, trying to find shapes in the clouds, and the sound of his mother’s laughter. *No*, he thought, *not that. I don’t want to lose that—*

There was a cool touch on his forehead. He opened his eyes and saw Magnus lowering his hand. Simon blinked at him, his mind suddenly blank. “But I wasn’t thinking of anything,” he protested.

Magnus’s cat eyes were sad. “Yes, you were.”

Simon glanced around the room, feeling a little dizzy. The others looked the same, as if they were awakening from a strange dream; he caught Isabelle’s eye, the dark flutter of her lashes, and wondered what she had thought about, what happiness she had given away.

A low rumble from the center of the pentagram drew his gaze from Izzy. Azazel stood, as close to the edge of the pattern as he could, a slow growl of hunger coming from his throat. Magnus turned and looked at him, a look of disgust on his face. His hand was closed into a fist, and something seemed to be shining between his fingers as if he held a witchlight rune-stone. He turned and flung it, fast and sideways, into the center of the pentagram. Simon’s vampire

vision tracked it. It was a bead of light that expanded as it flew, expanded into a circle holding multiple images. Simon saw a piece of azure ocean, the corner of a satin dress that belled out as its wearer spun, a glimpse of Magnus's face, a boy with blue eyes—and then Azazel opened his arms and the circle of images vanished into his body, like a stray piece of trash sucked into the fuselage of a jet plane.

Azazel gasped. His eyes, which had been darting flickers of red flame, blazed like bonfires now, and his voice crackled when he spoke. "Ahhhh. Delicious."

Magnus spoke sharply. "Now for your side of the bargain."

The demon licked his lips. "The solution to your problem is this. You release me into the world, and I take Valentine's son and bring him living into Hell. He will not die, and therefore your Jace will live, but he will have left this world behind, and slowly their connection will burn away. You will have your friend back."

"And then what?" Magnus said slowly. "We release you into the world, and then you return and let yourself be bound again?"

Azazel laughed. "Of course not, foolish warlock. The price for the favor is my freedom."

"Freedom?" Alec spoke, sounding incredulous. "A Prince of Hell, set free in the world? We already gave you our memories—"

"The memories were the price you paid to hear my plan," said Azazel. "My freedom is what you will pay to have my plan enacted."

"That is a cheat, and you know it," said Magnus. "You ask for the impossible."

"So do you," said Azazel. "By all rights your friend is lost to you forever. 'For if a man vow a vow unto the Lord, or swear an oath to bind his soul with a bond, he shall not break his word.' And by the terms of Lilith's spell, their souls are bound, and both agreed."

"Jace would never agree—," Alec began.

“He said the words,” said Azazel. “Of his own will or under compunction, it does not matter. You are asking me to sever a bond only Heaven can sever. But Heaven will not help you; you know that as well as I. That is why men summon demons and not angels, is it not? This is the price you pay for my intervention. If you do not want to pay it, you must learn to accept what you’ve lost.”

Magnus’s face was pale and tight. “We will converse among ourselves and discuss whether your offer is acceptable. In the meantime *I banish you*.” He waved his hand, and Azazel vanished, leaving behind the smell of charred wood.

The four people in the room stared at one another incredulously. “What he is asking for,” Alec said finally, “it isn’t possible, is it?”

“Theoretically anything is possible,” said Magnus, staring ahead as if into an abyss. “But to loose a Greater Demon on the world—not just a Greater Demon, a Prince of Hell, second only to Lucifer himself—the destruction he could wreak—”

“Isn’t it possible,” Isabelle said, “that Sebastian could wreak just as much destruction?”

“Like Magnus said,” Simon put in bitterly, “anything’s possible.”

“There could be almost no greater crime in the eyes of the Clave,” said Magnus. “Whoever loosed Azazel upon the world would be a wanted criminal.”

“But if it were to destroy Sebastian . . .” Isabelle began.

“We don’t have proof Sebastian’s plotting anything,” said Magnus. “For all we know, all he wants is to settle down in a nice country house in Idris.”

“With Clary and Jace?” Alec said incredulously.

Magnus shrugged. “Who knows what he wants with them? Maybe he’s just lonely.”

“No way did he kidnap Jace off that roof because he’s desperately in need of a bromance,” said Isabelle. “He’s *planning something*.”

They all looked at Simon. “Clary’s trying to find out what. She needs some time. And don’t say ‘We don’t have time,’” he added. “She knows that.”

Alec raked a hand through his dark hair. “Fine, but we just wasted a whole day. A day we didn’t have. No more stupid ideas.” His voice was uncharacteristically sharp.

“Alec,” Magnus said. He put a hand on his boyfriend’s shoulder; Alec was standing still, staring angrily at the floor. “Are you okay?”

Alec looked at him. “Who are you again?”

Magnus gave a little gasp; he looked—for the first time Simon could remember—actually unnerved. It lasted only a moment, but it was there. “*Alexander*,” he said.

“Too soon to joke about the happy memory thing, I take it,” Alec said.

“You think?” Magnus’s voice soared. Before he could say anything else, the door swung open and Maia and Jordan came in. Their cheeks were red from the cold, and—Simon saw with a small start—Maia was wearing Jordan’s leather jacket.

“We just came from the station,” she said excitedly. “Luke hasn’t woken up yet, but it looks like he’s going to be all right —” She broke off, looking around at the still-glimmering pentagram, the clouds of black smoke, and the scorched patches on the floor. “Okay, *what* have you guys been doing?”



With the help of a glamour and Jace’s ability to swing himself one-armed up onto a curving old bridge, Clary and Jace escaped the Italian police without being arrested. Once they had stopped running, they collapsed against the side of a building, laughing, side by side, their hands interlinked. Clary felt a moment of pure sharp happiness and had to bury her head against Jace’s shoulder, reminding herself, in a hard internal voice, that *this wasn’t him*, before her laughter trailed off into silence.

Jace seemed to take her sudden quiet as a sign that she was tired. He held her hand lightly as they made their way back to

the street they'd started out from, the narrow canal with bridges on both ends. In between them Clary recognized the blank, featureless townhouse they'd left. A shudder ran over her.

"Cold?" Jace pulled her toward him and kissed her; he was so much taller than she was that he either had to bend down or pick her up; in this case he did the latter, and she suppressed a gasp as he swung her up and *through* the wall of the house. Setting her down, he kicked a door—which had appeared suddenly behind them—shut with a bang, and was about to shuck off his jacket when there was the sound of a stifled chuckle.

Clary pulled away from Jace as lights blazed up around them. Sebastian sat on the sofa, his feet up on the coffee table. His fair hair was tousled; his eyes were glossy black. He wasn't alone, either. There were two girls there, one on either side of him. One was fair, a little scantily dressed, in a glittering short skirt and spangled top. She had her hand splayed out across Sebastian's chest. The other was younger, softer-looking, with black hair cut short, a red velvet band around her head, and a lacy black dress.

Clary felt her nerves tighten. *Vampire*, she thought. She didn't know how she knew, but she did—whether it was the waxy white sheen of the dark-haired girl's skin or the bottomlessness of her eyes, or perhaps Clary was just learning to sense these things, the way Shadowhunters were supposed to. The girl knew she knew; Clary could tell. The girl grinned, showing her little pointed teeth, and then bent to run them over Sebastian's collarbone. His lids fluttered, fair eyelashes lowering over dark eyes. He looked up at Clary through them, ignoring Jace.

"Did you enjoy your little date?"

Clary wished she could say something rude, but instead she just nodded.

"Well, then, would you like to join us?" he said, indicating himself and the two girls. "For a drink?"

The dark-haired girl laughed and said something in Italian to Sebastian, her voice questioning.

“No,” said Sebastian. “*Lei è mia sorella.*”

The girl sat back, looking disappointed. Clary’s mouth was dry. Suddenly she felt Jace’s hand against hers, his callused fingertips rough. “I don’t think so,” he said. “We’re going upstairs. We’ll see you in the morning.”

Sebastian wiggled his fingers, and the Morgenstern ring on his hand caught the light, sparking like a signal fire. “*Ci vediamo.*”

Jace led Clary out of the room and up the glass stairs; only when they were in the corridor did she feel like she had gotten her breath back. This different Jace was one thing. Sebastian was something else. The sense of menace that rose off him was like smoke off a fire. “What did he say?” she asked. “In Italian?”

“He said, ‘No, she is my sister,’” said Jace. He did not say what the girl had asked Sebastian.

“Does he do this much?” she asked. They had stopped in front of Jace’s room, on the threshold. “Bring girls back?”

Jace touched her face. “He does what he wants, and I don’t ask,” he said. “He could bring a six-foot tall pink rabbit in a bikini back home with him if he wanted to. It’s not my business. But if you’re asking *me* if I’ve brought any girls back here, the answer is no. I don’t want anybody but you.”

It hadn’t been what she was asking, but she nodded anyway, as if reassured. “I don’t want to go back downstairs.”

“You can sleep in my room with me tonight.” His gold eyes were luminous in the dark. “Or you can sleep in the master bedroom. You know I wouldn’t ever ask you—”

“I want to be with you,” she said, surprising herself with her own vehemence. Maybe it was just that the idea of sleeping in that bedroom, where Valentine had once slept, where he had hoped to live again with her mother, was too much. Or maybe it was that she was tired, and she had only ever spent one night in the same bed as Jace, and they had

slept with only their hands touching, as if an unsheathed sword had lain between them.

“Give me a second to clean up the room. It’s a mess.”

“Yeah, when I was in there before, I think I might *actually have seen a fleck of dust on the windowsill*. You’d better get on that.”

He tugged a lock of her hair, running it through his fingers. “Not to actively work against my own interests, but do you need something to sleep in? Pajamas, or . . .”

She thought of the wardrobe full of clothes in the master bedroom. She was going to have to get used to the idea. Might as well start now. “I’ll get a nightgown.”

Of course, she thought several moments later, standing over an open drawer, the sort of nightgowns men bought because they wanted the women in their lives to wear them were not *necessarily* the kind of thing you might buy for yourself. Clary usually slept in a tank top and pajama shorts, but everything here was silky or lacy or barely there, or all three. She settled finally on a pale green silk shift that hit her midthigh. She thought of the red nails of the girl downstairs, the one with her hand on Sebastian’s chest. Her own nails were bitten, her toenails never decorated with much more than clear polish. She wondered what it would be like to be more like Isabelle, so aware of your own feminine power you could wield it as a weapon instead of gazing at it mystified, like someone presented with a housewarming gift they had no idea where to display.

She touched the gold ring on her finger for luck before heading into Jace’s bedroom. He was sitting on the bed, shirtless in black pajama bottoms, reading a book in the small pool of yellow light from the bedside lamp. She stood for a moment, watching him. She could see the delicate play of muscles under his skin as he turned the pages—and could see Lilith’s Mark, just over his heart. It didn’t look like the black lacework of the rest of his Marks; it was silvery-red, like blood-tinged mercury. It seemed not to belong on him.

The door slipped closed behind her with a click, and Jace looked up. Clary saw his face change. She might not have been such a big fan of the nightgown, but he definitely was. The look on his face made a shiver run over her skin.

“Are you cold?” He threw the covers back; she crawled in with him as he tossed the book onto the nightstand, and they slid together under the blanket, until they were facing each other. They had lain in the boat for what had seemed like hours, kissing, but this was different. That had been out in public, under the gaze of the city and the stars. This was a sudden intimacy, just the two of them under the blanket, their breath and the heat of their bodies mingling. There was no one to watch them, no one to stop them, no *reason* to stop. When he reached out and laid his hand against her cheek, she thought the thunder of her own blood in her ears might deafen her.

Their eyes were so close together, she could see the pattern of gold and darker gold in his irises, like a mosaic opal. She had been cold for so long, and now she felt as if she were burning and melting at the same time, dissolving into him—and they were barely touching. She found her gaze drawn to the places he was most vulnerable—his temples, his eyes, the pulse at the base of his throat, wanting to kiss him there, to feel his heartbeat against her lips.

His scarred right hand moved down her cheek, across her shoulder and side, stroking her in a single long caress that ended at her hip. She could see why men liked silk nightclothes so much. There was no friction; it was like sliding your hands across glass. “Tell me what you want,” he said in a whisper that couldn’t quite disguise the hoarseness in his voice.

“I just want you to hold me,” she said. “While I sleep. That’s all I want right now.”

His fingers, which had been stroking slow circles on her hip, stilled. “That’s all?”

It wasn’t what she wanted. What she wanted was to kiss him until she lost track of space and time and location, as she

had in the boat—to kiss him until she forgot who she was and why she was here. She wanted to use him like a drug.

But that was a very bad idea.

He watched her, restless, and she remembered the first time she had seen him and how she had thought he seemed deadly as well as beautiful, like a lion. *This is a test*, she thought. And maybe a dangerous one. “That’s all.”

His chest rose and fell. Lilith’s Mark seemed to pulse against the skin just over his heart. His hand tightened on her hip. She could hear her own breathing, as shallow as low tide.

He pulled her toward him, rolling her over until they lay tucked together like spoons, her back to him. She swallowed a gasp. His skin was hot against hers, as if he were slightly feverish. But his arms as they went around her were familiar. The two of them fit together, as always, her head under his chin, her spine against the hard muscles of his chest and stomach, her legs bent around his. “All right,” he whispered, and the feel of his breath against the back of her neck raised goose bumps over her body. “So we’ll sleep.”

And that was all. Slowly her body relaxed, the thudding of her heart slowing. Jace’s arms around her felt the way they always had. Comfortable. She closed her hands around his and shut her eyes, imagining their bed cut free of this strange prison, floating through space or on the surface of the ocean, just the two of them alone.

She slept like that, her head tucked under Jace’s chin, her spine fitted to his body, their legs entwined. It was the best sleep she had had in weeks.



Simon sat on the edge of the bed in Magnus’s spare room, staring down at the duffel bag in his lap.

He could hear voices from the living room. Magnus was explaining to Maia and Jordan what had happened that night, with Izzy occasionally interjecting a detail. Jordan was saying something about how they should order Chinese food so they

wouldn't starve; Maia laughed and said as long as it wasn't from the Jade Wolf, that would be fine.

Starving, Simon thought. He was getting hungry—hungry enough to have begun to feel it, like a pull on all his veins. It was a different kind of hunger than human hunger. He felt scraped out, a hollow emptiness inside. If you struck him, he thought, he would ring like a bell.

“Simon.” His door opened, and Isabelle slid inside. Her black hair was down and loose, almost reaching her waist. “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine.”

She saw the duffel bag on his lap, and her shoulders tensed. “Are you leaving?”

“Well, I wasn’t planning to stay forever,” Simon said. “I mean, last night was—different. You asked . . .”

“Right,” she said in an unnaturally bright voice. “Well, you can get a ride back with Jordan at least. Did you notice him and Maia, by the way?”

“Notice what about them?”

She lowered her voice. “Something *definitely* happened between them on their little road trip. They’re all couply now.”

“Well, that’s good.”

“Are you jealous?”

“Jealous?” he echoed, confused.

“Well, you and Maia . . .” She waved a hand, looking up at him through her lashes. “You were . . .”

“Oh. No. No, not at all. I’m glad for Jordan. This will make him really happy.” He meant it too.

“Good.” Isabelle looked up then, and he saw that her cheeks were rosy red, and not just from the cold. “Would you stay here tonight, Simon?”

“With you?”

She nodded, not looking at him. “Alec’s going out to get some more of his clothes from the Institute. He asked if I wanted to go back with him, but I—I’d rather stay here with you.” She raised her chin, looking at him directly. “I don’t want to sleep by myself. If I stay here, will you stay with me?” He could tell how much she hated to ask.

“Of course,” he said, as lightly as he possibly could, pushing the thought of his hunger out of his head, or trying to. The last time he had tried to forget to drink, it had ended with Jordan pulling him off a semiconscious Maureen.

But that was when he hadn’t eaten for days. This was different. He knew his limits. He was sure of it.

“Of course,” he said again. “That would be great.”



Camille smirked up at Alec from her divan. “So where does Magnus think you are now?”

Alec, who had put a plank of wood across two cinderblocks to form a sort of bench, stretched his long legs out and looked at his boots. “At the Institute, picking up clothes. I was going to go up to Spanish Harlem, but I came here instead.”

Her eyes narrowed. “And why is that?”

“Because I can’t do it. I can’t kill Raphael.”

Camille threw up her hands. “And why not? Have you some sort of personal bond with him?”

“I barely know him,” Alec said. “But killing him is deliberately breaking Covenant Law. Not that I haven’t broken Laws before, but there’s a difference between breaking them for good reasons and breaking them for selfish ones.”

“Oh, dear God.” Camille began to pace. “Spare me from Nephilim with consciences.”

“I’m sorry.”

Her eyes narrowed. “Sorry? I’ll *make* you—” She broke off. “Alexander,” she went on in a more composed voice.

“What of Magnus? If you continue as you have been, you will lose him.”

Alec watched her as she moved, catlike and composed, her face blank of anything now but a curious sympathy. “Where was Magnus born?”

Camille laughed. “You don’t even know that? My goodness. Batavia, if you must know.” She snorted at his look of incomprehension. “Indonesia. Of course, it was the Dutch East Indies then. His mother was a native, I believe; his father was some dull colonial. Well, not his *real* father.” Her lips curved into a smile.

“Who was his real father?”

“Magnus’s father? Why, a demon, of course.”

“Yes, but *which* demon?”

“How could it possibly matter, Alexander?”

“I get the feeling,” Alec went on stubbornly, “that he’s a pretty powerful, high-up demon. But Magnus won’t talk about him.”

Camille collapsed back onto the divan with a sigh. “Well, of course he won’t. One must preserve some mystery in one’s relationship, Alec Lightwood. A book that one has not read yet is always more exciting than a book one has memorized.”

“You mean I tell him too much?” Alec pounced on the morsel of advice. Somewhere here, inside this cold, beautiful shell of a woman, was someone who had shared a unique experience with him—of loving and being loved by Magnus. Surely she must know something, some secret, some key that would keep him from screwing everything up.

“Almost certainly. Although, you’ve been alive for such a short time that I can’t imagine how much there could be to say. Certainly you must be out of anecdotes.”

“Well, it seems clear to me that your policy of not telling him anything didn’t work out either.”

“I was not so invested in keeping him as you are.”

“Well,” Alec asked, knowing it was a bad idea but not being able to help it, “if you *had been* interested in keeping him, what would you have done differently?”

Camille sighed dramatically. “The thing that you are too young to understand is that we all hide things. We hide them from our lovers because we wish to present our best selves, but also because if it is real love, we expect our loved one to simply understand it, without needing to ask. In a true partnership, the kind that lasts through the ages, there is an unspoken communion.”

“B-but,” Alec stammered, “I would have thought he would have wanted me to open up. I mean, I have a hard time being open even with people I’ve known my whole life—like Isabelle, or Jace . . .”

Camille snorted. “That’s another thing,” she said. “You no longer need other people in your life once you have found your true love. No wonder Magnus feels he cannot open up to you, when you rely so heavily upon these other people. When love is true, you should meet each other’s every desire, every need—Are you listening, young Alexander? For my advice is precious, and not given often . . .”



The room was filled with translucent dawn light. Clary sat up, watching Jace as he slept. He was on his side, his hair a pale brass color in the bluish air. His cheek was pillowed on his hand, like a child’s. The star-shaped scar on his shoulder was revealed, and so were the patterns of old runes up and down his arms, back, and sides.

She wondered if other people would find the scars as beautiful as she did, or if she only saw them that way because she loved him and they were part of him. Each one told the story of a moment. Some had even saved his life.

He murmured in his sleep and turned over onto his back. His hand, the Voyance rune clear and black on the back of it, was splayed across his stomach, and above it was the one rune that Clary did not find beautiful: Lilith’s rune, the one that bound him to Sebastian.

It seemed to pulse, like Isabelle's ruby necklace, like a second heart.

Silent as a cat, she moved up the bed and onto her knees. She reached up and pulled the Herondale dagger from the wall. The photograph of her and Jace together fluttered free, spinning in the air before landing face-down on the floor.

She swallowed and looked back at him. Even now, he was so alive, he seemed to glow from inside, as if lit by inner fire. The scar on his chest pulsed its steady beat.

She lifted the knife.



Clary came awake with a start, her heart slamming against her rib cage. The room swung around her like a carousel: it was still dark, and Jace's arm was around her, his breath warm on the back of her neck. She could feel his heartbeat against her spine. She closed her eyes, swallowing against the bitter taste in her mouth.

It was a dream. Just a dream.

But there was no way she was getting back to sleep now. She sat up carefully, gently moving Jace's arm away, and climbed off the bed.

The floor was icy cold, and she winced as her bare feet touched it. She found the knob of the bedroom door in the half-light, and swung it open. And froze.

Though there were no windows in the hallway outside, it was lit by pendant chandeliers. Puddles of something that looked sticky and dark marred the floor. Along one white-painted wall was the clear mark of a bloody handprint. Blood spattered the wall at intervals leading to the stairs, where there was a single long, dark smear.

Clary looked toward Sebastian's room. It was quiet, the door shut, no light showing beneath it. She thought of the blond girl in the spangled top, looking up at him. She looked at the bloody handprint again. It was like a message, a hand thrust out, saying *Stop*.

And then Sebastian's door opened.

He stepped out. He was wearing a thermal shirt over black jeans, and his silver-white hair was rumpled. He was yawning; he did a double take when he saw her, and a look of genuine surprise passed over his face. "What are you doing up?"

Clary sucked in a breath. The air tasted metallic. "What am I doing? What are *you* doing?"

"Going downstairs to get some towels to clean up this mess," he said matter-of-factly. "Vampires and their games . . ."

"This doesn't look like the outcome of a *game*," Clary said. "The girl—the human girl who was with you—what happened to her?"

"She got a little frightened at the sight of fangs. Sometimes they do." At the look on her face, he laughed. "She came around. Even wanted more. She's asleep in my bed now, if you want to check and make sure she's alive."

"No . . . That's not necessary." Clary dropped her eyes. She wished she'd worn something besides this silk nightgown to bed. She felt undressed. "What about you?"

"Are you asking if I'm all right?" She hadn't been, but Sebastian looked pleased. He pulled the collar of his shirt aside, and she could see two neat puncture wounds just at his collarbone. "I could use an *iratze*."

Clary said nothing.

"Come downstairs," he said, and gestured for her to follow him as he padded past her, barefoot, and down the glass staircase. After a moment she did as he'd asked. He flicked on the lights as he went, so by the time they reached the kitchen, it was glowing with warm light. "Wine?" he said to her, pulling the refrigerator door open.

She settled herself on one of the counter stools, smoothing down her nightgown. "Just water."

She watched him as he poured two glasses of mineral water—one for her, one for him. His smooth economical

movements were like Jocelyn's, but the control with which he moved must have been instilled in him by Valentine. It reminded her of the way Jace moved, like a carefully trained dancer.

He pushed her water toward her with one hand, the other tipping his glass toward his lips. When he was done, he slammed the glass back down on the counter. "You probably know this, but fooling around with vampires certainly makes you thirsty."

"Why would I know that?" Her question came out sharper than intended.

He shrugged. "Figured you were playing some biting games with that Daylighter."

"Simon and I never played *biting games*," she said in a frozen tone. "In fact, I can't figure out why anyone would want vampires feeding on them on purpose. Don't you hate and despise Downworlders?"

"No," he said. "Don't mix me up with Valentine."

"Yeah," she muttered. "Tough mistake to make."

"It's not my fault I look exactly like him and you look like *her*." His mouth curled into an expression of distaste at the thought of Jocelyn. Clary scowled at him. "See, there you go. You're always looking at me like that."

"Like what?"

"Like I burn down animal shelters for fun and light my cigarettes with orphans." He poured another glass of water. As he turned his head from her, she saw that the puncture wounds at his throat were already beginning to heal over.

"You killed a child," she said sharply, knowing as she said it that she should be keeping her mouth shut, going along with the pretense that she didn't think Sebastian was a monster. But *Max*. He was alive in her head as if it were the first time she'd ever seen him, asleep on a sofa at the Institute with a book on his lap and his glasses askew on his small face. "That's not something you can be forgiven for, ever."

Sebastian drew in a breath. “So that’s it,” he said. “Cards on the table so soon, little sister?”

“What did you think?” Her voice sounded thin and tired to her own ears, but he flinched as if she’d snapped at him.

“Would you believe me if I told you it was an accident?” he said, setting his glass down on the counter. “I didn’t mean to kill him. Just to knock him out, so he wouldn’t tell—”

Clary silenced him with a look. She knew she couldn’t hide the hatred in her eyes: knew she should, knew it was impossible.

“I mean it. I meant to knock him out, like I did Isabelle. I misjudged my own strength.”

“And Sebastian Verlac? The real one? You killed him, didn’t you?”

Sebastian looked at his own hands as if they were strange to him: there was a silver chain holding a flat metal plate, like an ID bracelet, around his right wrist—hiding the scar where Isabelle had sliced his hand away. “He wasn’t supposed to fight back—”

Disgusted, Clary started to slide off the stool, but Sebastian caught at her wrist, pulling her toward him. His skin was hot against hers and she remembered, in Idris, the time his touch had burned her. “Jonathan Morgenstern killed Max. But what if I’m not the same person? Haven’t you noticed I won’t even use the same name?”

“Let me go.”

“You believe Jace is different,” Sebastian said quietly. “You believe he isn’t the same person, that my blood changed him. Don’t you?”

She nodded without speaking.

“Then, why is it so hard to believe it might go the other way? Maybe his blood changed me. Maybe I’m not the same person I was.”

“You stabbed Luke,” she said. “Someone I care about. Someone I love—”

“He was about to blow me to pieces with a shotgun,” said Sebastian. “You love him; I don’t know him. I was saving my life, and Jace’s. Do you really not understand that?”

“And maybe you’re just saying whatever you think you need to say to get me to trust you.”

“Would the person I used to be care if you trusted me?”

“If you wanted something.”

“Maybe I just want a sister.”

At that, her eyes flicked up to his—involuntary, disbelieving. “You don’t know what a family is,” she said. “Or what you’d do with a sister if you had one.”

“I do have one.” His voice was low. There were bloodstains at the collar of his shirt, just where it touched his skin. “I’m giving you a chance. To see that what Jace and I are doing is the right thing. Can you give me a chance?”

She thought of the Sebastian she had known in Idris. She had heard him sound amused, friendly, detached, ironic, intense, and angry. She had never heard him sound pleading.

“Jace trusts you,” he said. “But I don’t. He believes you love him enough to throw over everything you’ve ever valued or believed in to come and be with him. No matter what.”

Her jaw tightened. “And how do you know I wouldn’t?”

He laughed. “Because you’re *my* sister.”

“We’re nothing alike,” she spat, and saw the slow smile on his face. She bit back the rest of her words, but it was already too late.

“That’s what I would have said,” he said. “But come on, Clary. You’re here. You can’t go back. You’ve thrown your lot in with Jace. You might as well do it wholeheartedly. Be a part of what’s happening. Then you can make up your own mind about . . . me.”

Not looking at him but down at the marble floor, she nodded, very slightly.

He reached up and brushed away the hair that had fallen into her eyes, and the kitchen lights sparked off the bracelet he wore, the one she had noticed before, with letters etched into it. *Acheronta movebo*. Boldly she put her hand on his wrist. “What does this mean?”

He looked at her hand where it touched the silver on his wrist. “It means ‘Thus always to tyrants.’ I wear it to remind me of the Clave. It’s said this was shouted by the Romans who murdered Caesar before he could become a dictator.”

“Traitors,” said Clary, dropping her hand.

Sebastian’s dark eyes flashed. “Or fighters for freedom. History gets written by the winners, little sis.”

“And you intend to write this portion?”

He grinned at her, his dark eyes alight. “You bet I do.”

12

THE STUFF OF HEAVEN

When Alec returned to Magnus's apartment, all the lights were off, but the living room was glowing with a blue-white flame. It took him several moments to realize it was coming from the pentagram.

He kicked his shoes off by the door and padded as quietly as he could into the master bedroom. The room was dark, a strand of multicolored Christmas lights wrapped around the window frame the only illumination. Magnus was asleep on his back, the covers pulled up to his waist, his hand flat against his belly-button-free stomach.

Alec quickly stripped down to his boxers and climbed into bed, hoping not to wake Magnus. Unfortunately, he hadn't counted on Chairman Meow, who had tucked himself under the covers. Alec's elbow came down squarely on the cat's tail, and the Chairman yowled and darted off the bed, causing Magnus to sit up, blinking.

"What's going on?"

"Nothing," Alec said, silently cursing all cats. "I couldn't sleep."

"So you went out?" Magnus rolled onto his side and touched Alec's bare shoulder. "Your skin's cold, and you smell like nighttime."

"I was walking around," Alec said, glad it was too dim in the room for Magnus to really see his face. He knew he was a terrible liar.

"Around where?"

One must preserve some mystery in one's relationship, Alec Lightwood.

“Places,” Alec said airily. “You know. Mysterious places.”

“Mysterious places?”

Alec nodded.

Magnus flopped back against the pillows. “I see you went to Crazytown,” he muttered, closing his eyes. “Did you bring me anything back?”

Alec leaned over and kissed Magnus on the mouth. “Just that,” he said softly, drawing back, but Magnus, who had started to smile, already had hold of his arms.

“Well, if you’re going to wake me up,” he said, “you might as well make it worth my time,” and he pulled Alec down on top of him.



Considering they’d already spent one night in bed together, Simon hadn’t expected his second night with Isabelle to be quite so awkward. But then again, this time Isabelle was sober, and awake, and obviously expecting something from him. The problem was, he wasn’t sure exactly what.

He had given her a button-down shirt of his to wear, and he looked away politely while she climbed under the blanket and edged back against the wall, giving him plenty of space.

He didn’t bother changing, just took off his shoes and socks and crawled in next to her in his T-shirt and jeans. They lay side by side for a moment, and then Isabelle rolled against him, draping an arm awkwardly across his side. Their knees bumped together. One of Isabelle’s toenails scratched his ankle. He tried to move forward, and their foreheads knocked.

“Ouch!” Isabelle said indignantly. “Shouldn’t you be better at this?”

Simon was bewildered. “Why?”

“All those nights you’ve spent in Clary’s bed, wrapped in your beautiful platonic embraces,” she said, pressing her face against his shoulder so her voice was muffled. “I figured . . .”

“We just *slept*,” said Simon. He didn’t want to say anything about how Clary fit perfectly against him, about how being in a bed with her was as natural as breathing, about the way the scent of her hair reminded him of childhood and sunshine and simplicity and grace. That, he had a feeling, would not be helpful.

“I know. But I don’t just *sleep*,” Isabelle said irritably. “With anybody. I don’t stay the night usually at all. Like, ever.”

“You said you wanted to—”

“Oh, shut up,” she said, and kissed him. This was marginally more successful. He’d kissed Isabelle before. He loved the texture of her soft lips, the way his hands felt in her long, dark hair. But as she pressed herself against him, he also felt the warmth of her body, her long bare legs against him, the pulse of her blood—and the snap of his fang teeth as they came out.

He pulled back hastily.

“*Now* what is it? You don’t want to kiss me?”

“I do,” he tried to say, but his fangs were in the way. Isabelle’s eyes widened.

“Oh, you’re hungry,” she said. “When was the last time you had any blood?”

“Yesterday,” he managed to say, with some difficulty.

She lay back against his pillow. Her eyes were impossibly big and black and lustrous. “Maybe you should feed yourself,” she said. “You know what happens if you don’t.”

“I don’t have any blood with me. I’ll have to go back to the apartment,” Simon said. His fangs had already begun to retract.

Isabelle caught him by the arm. “You don’t have to drink cold animal blood. I’m right here.”

The shock of her words was like a pulse of energy zipping through his body, setting his nerves on fire. “You’re not serious.”

“Sure I am.” She started to unbutton the shirt she was wearing, baring her throat, her collarbone, the tracery of faint veins visible beneath her pale skin. The shirt fell open. Her blue bra covered a lot more than many bikinis might, but Simon still felt his mouth go dry. Her ruby flashed like a red stoplight below her collarbone. *Isabelle*. As if reading his mind, she reached up and drew her hair back, draping it over one shoulder, leaving the side of her throat naked. “Don’t you want . . . ?”

He caught her wrist. “Isabelle, don’t,” he said urgently. “I can’t control myself, can’t control it. I could hurt you, kill you.”

Her eyes shone. “You won’t. You can hold yourself back. You did with Jace.”

“I’m not *attracted* to Jace.”

“Not even a little?” she said hopefully. “Eensy bit? Because that would be kind of hot. Ah, well. Too bad. Look, attracted or not, you bit him when you were starving and dying, and you still held back.”

“I didn’t hold back with Maureen. Jordan had to pull me off.”

“You would have.” She took her finger and pressed it to his lips, then ran it down his throat, across his chest, coming to a stop where his heart had once beat. “I trust you.”

“Maybe you shouldn’t.”

“I’m a Shadowhunter. I can fight you off if I have to.”

“Jace didn’t fight me off.”

“Jace is in love with the idea of dying,” said Isabelle. “I’m *not*.” She slung her legs around his hips—she was amazingly flexible—and slid forward until she could brush her lips against his. He wanted to kiss her, wanted it so badly his whole body ached. He opened his mouth tentatively, touched his tongue to hers, and felt a sharp pain. His tongue had slid along the razor edge of his fang. He tasted his own blood and drew back abruptly, turning his face away from her.

“Isabelle, I *can't*.” He closed his eyes. She was warm and soft in his lap, teasing, torturous. His fangs ached painfully; his whole body felt like sharp wires were twisting through his veins. “*I don't want you to see me like this.*”

“Simon.” Gently she touched his cheek, turning his face toward her. “This is who you are—”

His fangs had retracted, slowly, but they still ached. He hid his face in his hands and spoke between his fingers. “You can't possibly want this. You can't possibly want *me*. My own mother threw me out of the house. I bit Maureen—she was only a kid. I mean, look at me, look what I am, where I live, what I do. I'm *nothing*.”

Isabelle stroked his hair lightly. He looked at her between his fingers. Up close he could see that her eyes weren't black but a very dark brown, flecked with gold. He was sure he could see pity in them. He didn't know what he expected her to say. Isabelle used boys and threw them away. Isabelle was beautiful and tough and perfect and didn't need anything. Least of all a vampire who wasn't even very good at being a vampire.

He could feel her breathing. She smelled sweet—blood, mortality, gardenias. “You're not nothing,” she said. “Simon. Please. Let me see your face.”

Reluctantly he lowered his hands. He could see her more clearly now. She looked soft and lovely in the moonlight, her skin pale and creamy, her hair like a black waterfall. She unlooped her hands from around his neck. “Look at these,” she said, touching the white scars of healed Marks that snowflaked her silvery skin—on her throat, on her arms, on the curves of her breasts. “Ugly, aren't they?”

“Nothing about you is ugly, Izzy,” said Simon, honestly shocked.

“Girls aren't supposed to be covered in scars,” Isabelle said matter-of-factly. “But they don't bother you.”

“They're part of you—No, of course they don't bother me.”

She touched his lips with her fingers. “Being a vampire is part of *you*. I didn’t ask you to come here last night because I couldn’t think of anyone else to ask. I want to be with you, Simon. It scares the hell out of me, but I do.”

Her eyes shimmered, and before he could wonder for more than a moment whether it was with tears, he had leaned forward and kissed her. This time it wasn’t awkward. This time she leaned into him, and he was suddenly under her, rolling her on top of him. Her long black hair fell down around them both like a curtain. She whispered to him softly as he ran his hands up her back. He could feel her scars under his fingertips, and he wanted to tell her he thought of them as ornaments, testaments to her bravery that only made her more beautiful. But that would have meant stopping kissing her, and he didn’t want to do that. She was moaning and moving in his arms; her fingers were in his hair as the two of them rolled sideways, and now she was under him, and his arms were full of the softness and warmth of her, and his mouth with the taste of her, and the scent of her skin, salt and perfume and . . . blood.

He stiffened again, all over, and Isabelle felt it. She caught hold of his shoulders. She was luminous in the darkness. “Go ahead,” she whispered. He could feel her heart, slamming against his chest. “I want you to.”

He closed his eyes, pressed his forehead to hers, tried to calm himself. His fangs were back, pushing into his lower lip, hard and painful. “No.”

Her long, perfect legs wrapped around him, her ankles locking, holding him to her. “I want you to.” Her breasts flattened against his chest as she arched up against him, baring her throat. The scent of her blood was everywhere, all over him, filling the room.

“Aren’t you scared?” he whispered.

“Yes. But I still want you to.”

“Isabelle—I can’t—”

He bit her.

His teeth slid, razor-sharp, into the vein at her throat like a knife slicing into the skin of an apple. Blood exploded into his mouth. It was like nothing he had experienced before. With Jace he had been barely alive; with Maureen the guilt had crushed him even as he had drunk from her. He had certainly never had the sense that either of the people he had bitten had *liked* it.

But Isabelle gasped, her eyes flying open and her body arcing up against him. She purred like a cat, stroking his hair, his back, little urgent movement of her hands saying *Don't stop, Don't stop*. Heat poured out of her, into him, lighting his body; he had never felt, imagined, anything else like it. He could feel the strong, sure beat of her heat, pounding through her veins into his, and for that moment it was as if he lived again, and his heart contracted with pure elation—

He broke away. He wasn't sure how, but he broke away and rolled onto his back, his fingers digging hard into the mattress at his sides. He was still shuddering as his fangs retracted. The room shimmered all around him, the way things did in the few moments after he drank human, living blood.

"Izzy . . . ," he whispered. He was afraid to look at her, afraid that now that his teeth were no longer in her throat, she would stare at him with revulsion or horror.

"What?"

"You didn't stop me," he said. It was half accusation, half hope.

"I didn't want to." He looked at her. She was on her back, her chest rising and falling fast, as if she'd been running. There were two neat puncture wounds in the side of her throat, and two thin lines of blood that ran down her neck to her collarbone. Obeying an instinct that seemed to run deep under the skin, Simon leaned forward and licked the blood from her throat, tasting salt, tasting Isabelle. She shuddered, her fingers fluttering in his hair. "Simon . . ."

He drew back. She was looking at him with her big dark eyes, very serious, her cheeks flushed. "I . . ."

“What?” For a wild moment he thought she was going to say ‘I love you,’ but instead she shook her head, yawned, and hooked her finger through one of the belt loops on his jeans. Her fingers played with the bare skin at his waist.

Somewhere Simon had heard that yawning was a sign of blood loss. He panicked. “Are you okay? Did I drink too much? Do you feel tired? Are—”

She scooted closer to him. “I am *fine*. You made yourself stop. And I’m a Shadowhunter. We replace blood at triple the rate a normal human being does.”

“Did you . . .” He could barely bring himself to ask. “Did you like it?”

“Yeah.” Her voice was husky. “I liked it.”

“Really?”

She giggled. “You couldn’t tell?”

“I thought maybe you were faking it.”

She raised herself up on one elbow and looked down at him with her glowing dark eyes—how could eyes be dark and bright at the same time? “I don’t fake things, Simon,” she said. “And I don’t lie, and I don’t pretend.”

“You’re a heartbreaker, Isabelle Lightwood,” he said, as lightly as he could with her blood still running through him like fire. “Jace told Clary once you’d walk all over me in high-heeled boots.”

“That was then. You’re different now.” She eyed him. “You’re not scared of me.”

He touched her face. “And you’re not scared of anything.”

“I don’t know.” Her hair fell forward. “Maybe you’ll break *my* heart.” Before he could say anything, she kissed him, and he wondered if she could taste her own blood. “Now shut up. I want to sleep,” she said, and she curled up against his side and closed her eyes.

Somehow, now, they fit, where they hadn’t before. Nothing was awkward, or poking into him, or banging against his leg.

It didn't feel like childhood and sunlight and gentleness. It felt strange and heated and exciting and powerful and . . . different. Simon lay awake, his eyes on the ceiling, his hand stroking Isabelle's silky black hair absently. He felt like he'd been caught up in a tornado and deposited somewhere very far away, where nothing was familiar. Eventually he turned his head and kissed Izzy, very lightly, on the forehead; she stirred and murmured but didn't open her eyes.



When Clary woke in the morning, Jace was still asleep, curled on his side, his arm outstretched just enough to touch her shoulder. She kissed his cheek and got to her feet. She was about to pad into the bathroom to take a shower when she was overcome by curiosity. She went quietly to the bedroom door and peered out.

The blood on the hallway wall was gone, the plaster unmarked. It was so clean she wondered if the whole thing had been a dream—the blood, the conversation in the kitchen with Sebastian, all of it. She took a step across the corridor, placed her hand against the wall where the bloody handprint had been —

“Good morning.”

She whirled. It was her brother. He had come out of his room soundlessly and was standing in the middle of the hall, regarding her with a crooked smile. He looked freshly showered; damp, his fair hair was the color of silver, almost metallic.

“You planning to wear that all the time?” he asked, eyeing her nightgown.

“No, I was just . . .” She didn't want to say she'd been checking to see if there was still blood in the hall. He just looked at her, amused and superior. Clary backed away. “I'm going to get dressed.”

He said something after her, but she didn't pause to hear what it was, just darted back into Jace's bedroom and closed the door behind her. A moment later she heard voices in the

hallway—Sebastian’s again, and a girl’s, speaking musical Italian. The girl from last night, she thought. The one he’d said was asleep in his room. It was only then that she realized how much she’d suspected he was lying.

But he’d been telling the truth. *I’m giving you a chance*, he’d said. *Can you give me a chance?*

Could she? This was Sebastian they were talking about. She mulled it over feverishly while she showered and dressed carefully. The clothes in the wardrobe, having been selected for Jocelyn, were so far from her usual style that it was hard to choose what to wear. She found a pair of jeans—designer, from the price tag still attached—and a dotted silk shirt with a bow at the neck that had a vintage feel she liked. She threw her own velvet jacket on over it and headed back to Jace’s room, but he was gone, and it wasn’t hard to guess where. The rattle of dishes, the sound of laughter, and the smell of cooking floated up from downstairs.

She took the glass stairs two at a time, but paused on the bottom step, looking into the kitchen. Sebastian was leaning against the refrigerator, arms crossed, and Jace was making something in a pan that involved onions and eggs. He was barefoot, his hair messy, his shirt buttoned haphazardly, and the sight of him made her heart turn over. She had never seen him like this, first thing in the morning, still with that warm golden aura of sleep clinging to him, and she felt a piercing sadness that all these firsts were happening with a Jace who wasn’t really *her* Jace.

Even if he did look happy, eyes shadow-free, laughing as he flipped the eggs in the pan and slid an omelet onto a plate. Sebastian said something to him, and Jace looked over at Clary and smiled. “Scrambled or fried?”

“Scrambled. I didn’t know you could make eggs.” She came down from the steps and over to the kitchen counter. Sun was streaming through the windows—despite the lack of clocks in the house, she guessed it was late morning—and the kitchen glittered in glass and chrome.

“Who can’t make eggs?” Jace wondered aloud.

Clary raised her hand—and at the same time so did Sebastian. She couldn't help a little jerk of surprise, and put her arm down hastily, but not before Sebastian had seen and grinned. He was always grinning. She wished she could slap it off his face.

She looked away from him and busied herself putting together a breakfast plate from what was on the table—bread, fresh butter, jam, and sliced bacon—the chewy, round kind. There was juice, too, and tea. They ate pretty well here, she thought. Although, if Simon was anything to go by, teenage boys were always hungry. She glanced toward the window—and did a double take. The view was no longer of a canal but of a hill rising in the distance, topped by a castle.

“Where are we now?” she asked.

“Prague,” said Sebastian. “Jace and I have an errand to do here.” He glanced out the window. “We should probably get going soon, in fact.”

She smiled sweetly at him. “Can I come with you?”

Sebastian shook his head. “No.”

“Why not?” Clary crossed her arms over her chest. “Is this some manly bonding thing I can't be a part of? Are you getting matching haircuts?”

Jace handed her a plate with scrambled eggs on it, but he was looking at Sebastian. “Maybe she could come,” he said. “I mean, this particular errand—it's not dangerous.”

Sebastian's eyes were like the woods in the Frost poem, dark and deep. They gave nothing away. “Anything can turn dangerous.”

“Well, it's your decision.” Jace shrugged, reached for a strawberry, popped it into his mouth, and sucked the juice off his fingers. Now that, Clary thought, was a clear and absolute difference between this Jace and hers. Her Jace had a ferocious and all-consuming curiosity about everything. He would never shrug and go along with someone else's plan. He was like the ocean ceaselessly throwing itself against a rocky shore, and this Jace was . . . a calm river, shining in the sun.

Because he's happy?

Clary's hand tensed on her fork, her knuckles whitening. She hated that little voice in her head. Like the Seelie Queen, it planted doubts where there shouldn't be doubts, asked questions that had no answer.

"I'm going to get my stuff." After grabbing another berry off the plate, Jace popped it into his mouth and shot upstairs. Clary craned her head up. The clear glass steps seemed invisible, making it look like he was flying upward, not running.

"You're not eating your eggs." It was Sebastian. He had come around the counter—still noiselessly, dammit—and was looking at her, his eyebrows raised. He had the faintest accent, a mixture of the accent of the people who lived in Idris and something more British. She wondered if he'd been hiding it before or if she just hadn't noticed.

"I don't actually like eggs," she confessed.

"But you didn't want to tell Jace that, because he seemed so pleased to be making you breakfast."

Since this was accurate, Clary said nothing.

"Funny, isn't it?" said Sebastian. "The lies good people tell. He'll probably make you eggs every day for the rest of your life now, and you'll choke them down because you can't tell him you don't like them."

Clary thought of the Seelie Queen. "Love makes liars of us all?"

"Exactly. Quick study, aren't you?" He took a step toward her, and an anxious tingle seared her nerves. He was wearing the same cologne Jace wore. She recognized the citrusy black-pepper scent, but on him it smelled different. Wrong, somehow. "We have that in common," Sebastian said, and began to unbutton his shirt.

She stood up hastily. "What are you doing?"

"Easy there, little sis." He popped the last button, and his shirt hung open. He smiled lazily. "You're the magical rune

girl, aren't you?"

Clary nodded slowly.

"I want a strength rune," he said. "And if you're the best, I want it from you. You wouldn't deny your big brother a rune, would you?" His dark eyes raked her. "Besides, you want me to give you a chance."

"And you want me to give *you* a chance," she said. "So I'll make you a deal. I'll give you a strength rune if you let me come with you on your errand."

He stripped the shirt the rest of the way off and dropped it onto the counter. "Deal."

"I don't have a stele." She didn't want to look at him, but it was hard not to. He seemed to be deliberately invading her personal space. His body was much like Jace's—hard, without any extra ounce of flesh anywhere, the muscles showing clearly under the skin. He was scarred like Jace too, though he was so pale that the white marks stood out less than they did against Jace's golden skin. On her brother they were like silver pen on white paper.

He drew a stele from his belt and handed it to her. "Use mine."

"All right," she said. "Turn around."

He did. And she swallowed back a gasp. His bare back was striped with ragged scars, one after the other, too even to be random accident.

Whip marks.

"Who did this to you?" she said.

"Who do you think? Our father," he said. "He used a whip made of demon metal, so no *iratze* could heal them. They're meant to remind me."

"Remind you of what?"

"Of the perils of obedience."

She touched one. It felt hot under her fingertips, as if newly made, and rough, where the skin around it was smooth. "Don't

you mean ‘disobedience’?”

“I mean what I said.”

“Do they hurt?”

“All the time.” Impatiently he glanced back over his shoulder. “What are you waiting for?”

“Nothing.” She set the tip of the stele to his shoulder blade, trying to keep her hand steady. Part of her mind raced, thinking how easy it would be to Mark him with something that would damage him, sicken him, twist his insides—but what would happen to Jace if she did? Shaking her hair out of her face, she carefully drew the *Fortis* rune at the juncture of shoulder blade and back, just where, if he were an angel, he would have wings.

When she was done, he turned and took the stele from her, then shrugged his shirt back on. She didn’t expect a thank-you—and didn’t get one. He rolled his shoulders back as he buttoned the shirt, and grinned. “You *are* good,” he said, but that was all.

A moment later the steps rattled, and Jace returned, shrugging on a suede jacket. He had clipped on his weapons belt too, and wore fingerless dark gloves.

Clary smiled at him with a warmth she didn’t feel. “Sebastian says I can come with you.”

Jace raised his eyebrows. “Matching haircuts for everyone?”

“I hope not,” said Sebastian. “I look terrible with curls.”

Clary glanced down at herself. “Do I need to change into gear?”

“Not really. This isn’t the sort of errand where we’re expecting to have to fight. But it’s good to be prepared. I’ll get you something from the weapons room,” said Sebastian, and vanished upstairs. Clary cursed herself silently for not having found the weapons room while she was searching. Surely it had something inside that could provide some sort of clue as to what they were planning—

Jace touched the side of her face, and she jumped. She'd nearly forgotten he was there. "You sure you want to do this?"

"Absolutely. I'm going stir-crazy in the house. Besides, you taught me to fight. I figure you'd want me to use it."

His lips quirked into a devilish grin; he brushed her hair back and murmured something into her ear about using what she'd learned from him. He leaned away as Sebastian joined them, his own jacket on and a weapons belt in his hand. There was a dagger thrust through it, and a seraph blade. He reached out to draw Clary close to him and pulled the belt around her waist, double-looping it and settling it low on her hips. She was too surprised to push him away and he was done before she had the chance; turning away, he moved toward the wall, where the outline of a doorway had appeared, shimmering like a doorway in a dream.

They stepped through it.



A soft knock on the library door made Maryse raise her head. It was a cloudy day, dim outside the library windows, and the green-shaded lamps cast small pools of light in the circular room. She couldn't say how long she'd been sitting behind the desk. Empty coffee mugs littered the surface in front of her.

She rose to her feet. "Come in."

There was a soft click as the door opened, but no sound of footsteps. A moment later a parchment-robed figure glided into the room, his hood raised, shadowing his face. *You called on us, Maryse Lightwood?*

Maryse rolled her shoulders back. She felt cramped and tired and old. "Brother Zachariah. I was expecting—Well. It doesn't matter."

Brother Enoch? He is senior to me, but I thought perhaps that your call might have something to do with the disappearance of your adoptive son. I have a particular interest in his well-being.

She looked at him curiously. Most Silent Brothers didn't editorialize, or speak of their personal feelings, if they had any.

Smoothing her tangled hair back, she stepped out from behind the desk. “Very well. I want to show you something.”

She had never really gotten used to the Silent Brothers, to the soundless way they moved, as if their feet didn’t touch the ground. Zachariah seemed to hover beside her as she led him across the library to a map of the world tacked to the north wall. It was a Shadowhunter map. It showed Idris in the center of Europe and the ward around it as a border of gold.

On a shelf below the map were two objects. One was a shard of glass crusted with dried blood. The other was a worn leather cuff bracelet, decorated with the rune for angelic power.

“These are—”

Jace Herondale’s cuff and Jonathan Morgenstern’s blood. I understood attempts to track them were unsuccessful?

“It isn’t tracking precisely.” Maryse straightened her shoulders. “When I was in the Circle, there was a mechanism Valentine used by which he could locate us all. Unless we were in certain protected places, he knew where we were at all times. I thought there was a chance he might have done the same to Jace when he was a child. He never seemed to have trouble finding him.”

What kind of mechanism do you speak of?

“A mark. Not one from the Gray Book. We all had it. I had nearly forgotten about it; after all, there was no way to get rid of it.”

If Jace had it, would he not know of it, and take steps to prevent you using it to find him?

Maryse shook her head. “It could be as small as a tiny, almost invisible white mark under his hair, as mine is. He would not have known he had it—Valentine wouldn’t have wanted to tell him.”

Brother Zachariah moved apart from her, examining the map. *And what has been the result of your experiment?*

“Jace has it,” Maryse said, but she did not sound pleased or triumphant. “I’ve seen him on the map. When he appears, the map flares, like a spark of light, in the location where he is; and his cuff flares at the same time. So I know it is him, and not Jonathan Morgenstern. Jonathan never appears on the map.”

And where is he? Where is Jace?

“I’ve seen him appear, just for a few seconds each time, in London, Rome, and Shanghai. Just a little while ago he flickered into existence in Venice, and then vanished again.”

How is he traveling so quickly between cities?

“By Portal?” She shrugged. “I don’t know. I just know that every time the map flickers, I know he’s alive . . . for now. And it’s like I can breathe again, just for a little while.” She shut her mouth decidedly, lest the other words come pouring out—how she missed Alec and Isabelle but could not bear to call them back to the Institute, where Alec at least would be expected to take responsibility in the manhunt for his own brother. How she still thought of Max every day and it was like someone had emptied her lungs of air, and she would catch at her heart, afraid she was dying. She could not lose Jace, too.

I can understand that. Brother Zachariah folded his hands in front of him. His hands looked young, not gnarled or bent, his fingers slender. Maryse often wondered how the Brothers aged and how long they lived, but that information was secret to their order. *There is little more powerful than the love of family. But what I do not know is why you chose to show this to me.*

Maryse took a shuddering breath. “I know I should show it to the Clave,” she said. “But the Clave knows of his bond with Jonathan now. They are hunting them both. They will kill Jace if they find him. And yet to keep it to myself is surely treason.” She hung her head. “I decided that telling you, the Brothers, was something I could bear. Then it is your choice whether to show it to the Clave. I—I can’t stand that it be mine.”

Zachariah was silent a long moment. Then his voice, gentle in her head, said, *Your map tells you that your son is still alive. If you give it to the Clave, I do not think it will help them much, besides telling them that he is traveling fast and is impossible to track. They know that already. You keep the map. I will not speak of it for now.*

Maryse looked at him in astonishment. “But . . . you are a servant of the Clave . . .”

I was once a Shadowhunter like you. I lived like you do. And like you, there were those I loved enough to put their welfare before anything else—any oath, any debt.

“Did you . . .” Maryse hesitated. “Did you ever have children?”

No. No children.

“I’m sorry.”

Do not be. And try not to let fear for Jace devour you. He is a Herondale, and they are survivors—

Something snapped inside Maryse. “He is not a Herondale. He is a Lightwood. Jace *Lightwood*. He’s my son.”

There was a long pause. Then, *I did not mean to imply otherwise*, said Brother Zachariah. He unclasped his thin hands and stepped back. *There is one thing you must be aware of. If Jace appears on the map for more than a few seconds at a time, you will have to tell the Clave. You should brace yourself for the possibility.*

“I don’t think I can,” she said. “They’ll send hunters after him. Set a trap for him. He’s just a boy.”

He was never just a boy, said Zachariah, and he turned to glide from the room. Maryse did not watch him go. She had returned to staring at the map.



Simon?

Relief opened like a flower in his chest. Clary’s voice, tentative but familiar, filled his head. He looked sideways.

Isabelle was still sleeping. Midday light was visible around the edges of the curtains.

Are you awake?

He rolled onto his back, stared up at the ceiling. *Of course I'm awake.*

Well, I wasn't sure. You're what, six, seven hours behind where I am. It's twilight here.

Italy?

We're in Prague now. It's pretty. There's a big river and a lot of buildings with spires. Looks a little like Idris from a distance. It's cold here, though. Colder than at home.

Okay, enough with the weather report. Are you safe? Where are Sebastian and Jace?

They're with me. I wandered off a little, though. I said I wanted to commune with the view from the bridge.

So I'm the view from the bridge?

She laughed, or at least he felt something that was like laughter in his head—a soft, nervous laughter. *I can't take too long. Though, they don't really seem to suspect anything. Jace . . . Jace definitely doesn't. Sebastian is harder to read. I don't think he trusts me. I searched his room yesterday, but there's nothing—I mean, nothing—to indicate what they're planning. Last night . . .*

Last night?

Nothing. It was odd, how she could be inside his head and he could still sense that she was hiding something. Sebastian has in his room the box my mom used to own. With his baby stuff in it. I can't figure out why.

Don't waste your time trying to figure out Sebastian, Simon told her. He's not worth it. Figure out what they're going to do.

I'm trying. She sounded irritable. Are you still at Magnus's?

Yeah. We've moved to phase two of our plan.

Oh, yeah? What was phase one?

Phase one was sitting around the table, ordering pizza, and arguing.

What's phase two? Sitting around the table drinking coffee and arguing?

Not exactly. Simon took a deep breath. *We raised the demon Azazel.*

Azazel? Her mental voice spiked upward; Simon almost clutched at his ears. *So that's what the stupid Smurf question was about. Tell me you're kidding.*

I'm not. It's a long story. He filled her in as best he could, watching Isabelle breathe as he did, watching the light outside the window grow brighter. We thought he could help us find a weapon that can hurt Sebastian without hurting Jace.

Yeah, but—demon-raising? Clary didn't sound convinced. *And Azazel is no ordinary demon. I'm the one with Team Evil over here. You're Team Good. Keep it in mind.*

You know nothing's that simple, Clary.

It was as if he could feel her sigh, a breath of air that passed over his skin, raising the hairs on the back of his neck. *I know.*



Cities and rivers, Clary thought as she took her fingers from the gold ring on her right hand and turned away from the view off Charles Bridge, back to Jace and Sebastian. They were on the other side of the old stone bridge, pointing off at something she couldn't see. The water below was the color of metal, sliding soundlessly around the bridge's ancient struts; the sky was the same color, pocked with black clouds.

The wind whipped at her hair and coat as she walked over to join Sebastian and Jace. They all set off again, the two boys conversing softly; she could have joined the conversation if she'd wanted to, she supposed, but there was something about the still loveliness of the city, its spires rising into mist in the distance, that made her want to be quiet, to look and to think on her own.

The bridge emptied out into a twisting cobblestone street lined with tourist shops, shops selling blood-red garnets and big chunks of golden Polish amber, heavy Bohemian glass, and wooden toys. Even at this hour, touts stood outside nightclubs, holding free passes or cards that would give you discounts on drinks; Sebastian gestured them aside impatiently, snapping his annoyance in Czech. The press of people was relieved when the street widened into an old medieval square. Despite the cold weather, it was filled with milling pedestrians and kiosks were selling sausages and hot, spiced cider. The three of them stopped for food and ate around a tall rickety table while the huge astronomical clock in the square's center began to chime the hour. Clanking machinery started up, and a circle of dancing wooden figures appeared from doors on either side of the clock—the twelve apostles, Sebastian explained as the figures whirled around and around.

“There’s a legend,” he said, leaning forward with his hands cupped around a mug of hot cider, “that the king had the eyes of the clock maker put out after this clock was finished, so he could never build anything as beautiful again.”

Clary shuddered and moved a little closer to Jace. He had been quiet since they’d left the bridge, as if lost in thought. People—girls, mainly—stopped to look at him as they passed, his hair bright and startling among the winter-dark colors of the Old Square. “That’s sadistic,” she said.

Sebastian ran his finger around the rim of his mug, and licked the cider off. “The past is another country.”

“Foreign country,” said Jace.

Sebastian looked at him with lazy eyes. “What?”

““The past is a foreign country: they do things differently there,”” Jace said. “That’s the whole quote.”

Sebastian shrugged and pushed his mug away. You got a euro for returning them to the stand where you bought the cider, but Clary suspected Sebastian couldn’t be bothered to fake good citizenship for a measly euro. “Let’s go.”

Clary wasn't finished with her cider, but she set it down anyway and followed as Sebastian led them away from the square, among a maze of narrow, twisting streets. Jace had corrected Sebastian, she thought. Certainly it had been over something minor, but wasn't Lilith's blood magic supposed to bind him to her brother in such a way that he thought everything Sebastian did was right? Could this be a sign—even a tiny sign—that the spell that connected them was starting to fade?

It was stupid to hope, she knew. But sometimes hope was all you had.

The streets grew narrower, darker. The clouds overhead had completely blocked out the lowering sun, and old-fashioned gas lamps burned here and there, illuminating the misty dimness. The streets had turned to cobblestones, and the sidewalks were narrowing, forcing them to walk in a line, as if they were picking their way across a narrow bridge. Only the sight of other pedestrians, appearing and disappearing out of the fog, made Clary feel that she had not stepped through some sort of warp in time into a dream city out of her own imagination.

Finally they reached an archway of stone that opened out into a small square. Most of the stores had turned off their lights, though across from them one was lit up. It said *ANTIQUARIAT* in gold letters, and the window was full of old display bottles of different substances, their peeling labels marked in Latin. Clary was surprised when Sebastian headed toward it. What use could they possibly have for old bottles?

She dismissed the thought when they stepped over the threshold. The store inside was dimly lit and smelled of mothballs, but it was stuffed, every cranny, with an incredible selection of junk—and not-junk. Beautiful celestial maps warred for space with salt and pepper shakers shaped like the figures from the clock in the Old Town Square. There were heaps of old tobacco and cigar tins, stamps mounted in glass, old cameras of East German and Russian design, a gorgeous cut-glass bowl in a deep emerald shade sitting side by side

with a stack of water-stained old calendars. An antique Czech flag hung from a mounting pole overhead.

Sebastian moved forward through the stacks toward a counter in the back of the store, and Clary realized that what she had taken for a mannequin was in fact an old man with a face as creased and wrinkled as an old bedsheet, leaning back against the counter with his arms crossed. The counter itself was glass-fronted and held heaps of vintage jewelry and sparkling glass beads, small chain purses with gem clasps, and rows of cuff links.

Sebastian said something in Czech, and the man nodded and indicated Clary and Jace with a jerk of his chin and a suspicious look. His eyes were, Clary saw, a dark red color. She narrowed her own eyes, concentrating hard, and began to strip the glamour from him.

It wasn't easy; it seemed to stick to him like flypaper. In the end she managed to pull it away only enough to see in flashes the real creature standing in front of her—tall and human-shaped, with gray skin and ruby-red eyes, a mouth full of pointed teeth that jutted every which way, and long, serpentine arms that ended in heads like an eel's—narrow, evil-looking, and toothy.

"A Vetis demon," Jace muttered in her ear. "They're like dragons. They like to stockpile sparkly things. Junk, jewels, it's all the same to them."

Sebastian was looking back over his shoulder at Jace and Clary. "They're my brother and sister," he said after a moment. "They are entirely to be trusted, Mirek."

A faint shudder ran under Clary's skin. She didn't like the idea of posing as Jace's sister, even for a demon's benefit.

"I don't like this," the Vetis demon said. "You said we would be dealing only with you, Morgenstern. And while I know Valentine had a daughter"—his head dipped toward Clary—"I also know he had only one son."

"He's adopted," said Sebastian breezily, gesturing toward Jace.

“Adopted?”

“I think you’ll find the definition of the modern family is really changing at an impressive pace these days,” said Jace.

The demon—Mirek—didn’t *look* impressed. “I don’t like this,” he said again.

“But you’ll like *this*,” said Sebastian, taking a pouch, tied at the top, from his pocket. He turned it upside down above the counter, and a clattering pile of bronze coins fell out, clinking together as they rolled across the glass. “Pennies from dead men’s eyes. A hundred of them. Now, do you have what we agreed on?”

One toothed hand felt its way across the counter and bit gently at a coin. The demon’s red eyes flickered over the pile. “That is all very well, but it is not enough to buy what you seek.” He gestured with an undulating arm, and above it appeared what looked to Clary like a hunk of rock crystal—only it was more luminous, more sheer, silvery, and beautiful. She realized with a jolt that it was the stuff seraph blades were made from. “Pure *adamas*,” Mirek said. “The stuff of Heaven. Priceless.”

Anger crackled across Sebastian’s face like lightning, and for a moment Clary saw the vicious boy underneath, the one who had laughed while Hodge lay dying. Then the look was gone. “But we agreed on a price.”

“We also agreed you would come alone,” said Mirek. His red eyes returned to Clary, and to Jace, who hadn’t moved but whose aspect had taken on the controlled stillness of a crouching cat’s. “I’ll tell you what else you can give me,” he said. “A lock of your sister’s pretty hair.”

“Fine,” Clary said, stepping forward. “You want a snip of my hair—”

“No!” Jace moved to block her. “He’s a dark magician, Clary. You have no idea what he could do with a lock of your hair or a bit of blood.”

“Mirek,” Sebastian said slowly, not looking at Clary. And in that moment she wondered, If Sebastian wanted to trade a

lock of her hair for the *adamas*, what was to stop him? Jace had objected, but he was also compelled to do what Sebastian asked of him. In the crunch, what would win out? The compulsion or Jace's feelings for her? "Absolutely not."

The demon blinked a slow lizardlike blink. "Absolutely not?"

"You will not touch a hair on my sister's head," said Sebastian. "Nor will you renege on our bargain. No one cheats Valentine Morgenstern's son. The agreed upon price, or—"

"Or what?" Mirek snarled. "Or I'll be sorry? You are not Valentine, little boy. Now, that was a man who inspired loyalty —"

"No," said Sebastian, sliding a seraph blade from the belt at his waist. "I am not Valentine. I do not intend to deal with demons as Valentine did. If I cannot have your loyalty, I will have your fear. Know that I am more powerful than my father ever was, and if you do not deal fairly with me, I will take your life, and have what I have come for." He raised the blade he held. "*Dumah*," he whispered, and the blade shot forth, shimmering like a column of fire.

The demon recoiled, snapping several words in a muddy-sounding language. Jace's hand already had a dagger in it. He called out to Clary, but not fast enough. Something struck her hard on the shoulder, and she fell forward, sprawling on the cluttered floor. She flipped over onto her back, fast, looked up —

And screamed. Looming over her was a massive snake—or at least it had a thick, scaled body and a head hooded like a cobra's, but its body was jointed, insectile, with a dozen skittering legs that ended in jagged claws. Clary fumbled for her weapons belt as the creature reared back, yellow venom dripping from its fangs, and struck.



Simon had fallen back asleep after "speaking" with Clary. When he awoke again, the lights were on, and Isabelle knelt on the edge of the bed, wearing jeans and a worn T-shirt she

must have borrowed from Alec. It had holes in the sleeves, and the stitching around the hem was coming undone. She had the collar pulled away from her throat and was using the tip of a stele to trace a rune onto the skin of her chest, just below her collarbone.

He raised himself up on his elbows. “What are you doing?”

“*Iratze*,” she said. “For this.” She tucked her hair back behind her ear, and he saw the two puncture wounds he’d made in the side of her throat. As she finished the rune, they smoothed over, leaving only the faintest white flecks behind.

“Are you . . . all right?” His voice came out in a whisper. Smooth. He was trying to bite back the other questions he wanted to ask. *Did I hurt you? Do you think I’m a monster now? Have I crept you out completely?*

“I’m fine. I slept a lot later than I normally ever do, but I think that’s probably a good thing.” Seeing his expression, Isabelle slid her stele into her belt. She crawled toward Simon with a catlike grace and positioned herself over him, her hair falling down around them. They were so close their noses touched. She looked at him unblinkingly. “Why are you so crazy?” she said, and he could feel her breath against his face, as soft as a whisper.

He wanted to pull her down and kiss her—not bite her, just kiss her—but at that exact moment the apartment door buzzer sounded. A second later, someone knocked on the bedroom door—banged on it, really, making it shake on its hinges.

“Simon. Isabelle.” It was Magnus. “Look, I don’t care if you’re asleep or doing unspeakable things to each other. Get dressed and come out to the living room. Now.”

Simon locked gazes with Isabelle, who looked as puzzled as he did. “What’s going on?”

“Just get out here,” Magnus said, and the sound of his retreating feet was loud as he stalked away from their room.

Isabelle rolled off Simon, much to his disappointment, and sighed. “What do you think it is?”

“No idea,” said Simon. “Emergency meeting of Team Good, I guess.” He’d found the phrase amusing when Clary had used it. Isabelle, though, just shook her head and sighed.

“I’m not sure there is any such thing as Team Good these days,” she said.

13

THE BONE CHANDELIER

As the serpent's head drove down toward Clary, a shining blur slashed across it, almost blinding her. A seraph blade, its shimmering knife edge slicing the demon's head cleanly off. The head crumpled, spraying venom and ichor; Clary rolled to one side, but some of the toxic substance splattered onto her torso. The demon vanished before its two halves could strike the floor. Clary bit down on her cry of pain and moved to get to her feet. A hand was suddenly thrust into her field of vision—an offer to pull her to her feet. *Jace*, she thought, but as she looked up, she realized she was staring at her brother.

“Come on,” said Sebastian, his hand still out. “There are more of them.”

She grabbed his hand and let him lift her to her feet. He was splattered with demon blood too—blackish-green stuff that burned where it touched, leaving scorched patches on his clothing. As she stared at him, one of the snake-headed things—Elapid demons, she realized belatedly, remembering an illustration in a book—reared up behind him, its neck flattening out like a cobra's. Without thinking, Clary grabbed his shoulder and shoved him out of the way, hard; he staggered back as the demon struck, and Clary rose to meet it with the dagger she had yanked from her belt. She turned her body aside as she drove the dagger home, avoiding the creature's fangs; its hiss turned to a gurgle as the blade sank in and she dragged it down, gutting the creature open the way someone might gut a fish. Burning demon blood exploded over her hand in a hot torrent. She screamed but kept her grip on the dagger as the Elapid winked out of existence.

She whirled around. Sebastian was fighting another of the Elapids by the door of the shop; Jace was fending off two next

to a display of antique ceramics. Shards of pottery littered the floor. Clary swung her arm back and threw the dagger, as Jace had taught her to. It soared through the air and struck one of the creatures in the side, sending it jittering and squeaking away from Jace. Jace whirled around and, seeing her, winked before reaching up to scissor off the head of the remaining Elapid demon. Its body collapsed as it vanished and Jace, splattered in black blood, grinned.

A surge of something went through Clary—a sense of buzzing elation. Both Jace and Isabelle had spoken to her of the high of battle, but she'd never really experienced it before. Now she did. She felt all-powerful, her veins humming, strength uncoiling from the base of her spine. Everything seemed to have slowed down around her. She watched as the injured Elapid demon spun and turned on her, racing toward her on its insectile feet, lips already curling back from its fangs. She stepped back, yanked the antique flag from its mounting place on the wall, and slammed the end of it into the Elapid's open, gaping mouth. The pole punched out through the back of the creature's skull, and the Elapid disappeared, taking the flag with it.

Clary laughed out loud. Sebastian, who had just finished off another demon, swung around at the noise, and his eyes widened. "Clary! Stop him!" he shouted, and she spun around to see Mirek, his hands fumbling at a door set into the back of the shop.

She broke into a run, yanking the seraph blade from her belt as she went. "*Nakir!*" she cried, vaulting up onto the counter, and she flung herself from the top of it as her weapon exploded into brightness. She landed on the Vetis demon, knocking him to the ground. One of his eel-like arms snapped at her, and she sliced it off with a sawing motion of her blade. More black blood sprayed. The demon looked at her with red, frightened eyes.

"Stop," he wheezed. "I could give you whatever you want ____"

"I *have* everything I want," she whispered, and drove her seraph blade down. It plunged into the demon's chest, and

Mirek disappeared with a hollow cry. Clary thumped to her knees on the carpet.

A moment later two heads appeared over the side of the counter, staring down at her—one golden-blond and one silver-blond. Jace and Sebastian. Jace was wide-eyed; Sebastian looked pale. “Name of the Angel, Clary,” he breathed. “The *adamas*—”

“Oh, that stuff you wanted? It’s right here.” It had rolled partly under the counter. Clary held it up now, a luminous chunk of silver, smeared where her bloody hands had touched it.

Sebastian swore with relief and grabbed the *adamas* out of her hands as Jace vaulted over the counter in a single movement and landed beside Clary. He knelt down and pulled her close, running his hands over her, his eyes dark with concern. She caught at his wrists.

“I’m all right,” she said. Her heart was pounding, her blood still singing in her veins. He opened his mouth to say something, but she leaned forward and put her hands on either side of his face, her nails digging in. “I feel *good*.” She looked at him, rumpled and sweaty and bloody as he was, and wanted to kiss him. She wanted—

“All right, you two,” said Sebastian. Clary pulled away from Jace and glanced up at her brother. He was grinning down at them, lazily spinning the *adamas* in one hand. “Tomorrow we use this,” he said, nodding toward it. “But tonight—once we’re cleaned up a little—we celebrate.”



Simon padded barefoot out into the living room, Isabelle behind him, to find a surprising tableau. The circle and the pentagram in the center of the floor were shining with a bright silver light, like mercury. Smoke rose from the center of it, a tall black-red column, tipped with white. The whole room smelled of burning. Magnus and Alec stood outside the circle, and with them Jordan and Maia, who—given the coats and hats they were wearing—looked as if they had just arrived.

“What’s going on?” Isabelle asked, stretching her long limbs with a yawn. “Why is everyone watching the Pentagon Channel?”

“Just hang on a second,” Alec said grimly. “You’ll see.”

Isabelle shrugged and added her gaze to the others’. As everyone watched, the white smoke began to swirl, fast and then faster, a mini-tornado that tore across the center of the pentagram, leaving words behind it spelled out in scorch marks:

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR DECISION YET?

“Huh,” Simon said. “Has it been doing that all morning?”

Magnus threw his arms up. He was wearing leather pants and a shirt with a zigzag metallic lightning bolt on it. “All night, too.”

“Just asking the same question over and over?”

“No, it says different things. Sometimes it swears. Azazel appears to be having some fun.”

“Can it hear us?” Jordan cocked his head to the side. “Hey, there, demon guy.”

The fiery letters rearranged themselves. HELLO, WEREWOLF.

Jordan took a step back and looked at Magnus. “Is this . . . normal?”

Magnus seemed deeply unhappy. “It is most decidedly not normal. I have never called up a demon as powerful as Azazel, but even so—I’ve been through the literature, and I can’t find an example of this happening before. It’s getting out of control.”

“Azazel must be sent back,” Alec said. “Like, permanently sent back.” He shook his head. “Maybe Jocelyn was right. No good can come from summoning demons.”

“I’m pretty sure I came from someone summoning a demon,” Magnus noted. “Alec, I’ve done this hundreds of times. I don’t know why this time would be different.”

“Azazel can’t get out, can he?” said Isabelle. “Of the pentagram, I mean.”

“No,” said Magnus, “but he shouldn’t be able to be doing any of the other things he’s doing either.”

Jordan leaned forward, his hands on his blue-jeaned knees. “What’s it like being in Hell, dude?” he asked. “Hot or cold? I’ve heard both.”

There was no reply.

“Good job, Jordan,” said Maia. “I think you annoyed him.”

Jordan poked at the edge of the pentagram. “Can it tell the future? So, pentagram, is our band going to make it big?”

“It’s a demon from Hell, not a Magic Eight Ball, Jordan,” said Magnus irritably. “And stay away from the borders of the pentagram. Summon a demon and trap it in a pentagram, and it can’t get out to harm you. But step into the pentagram, and you’ve put yourself in the demon’s range of power—”

At that moment the pillar of smoke began to coalesce. Magnus’s head whipped up, and Alec stood, almost knocking over his chair, as the smoke took on the form of Azazel. His suit formed first—a gray and silver pinstripe, with elegant cuffs—and then he seemed to fill it out, his flame eyes the last thing to appear. He looked around him in evident pleasure. “The gang’s all here, I see,” he said. “So, have you come to a decision?”

“We have,” said Magnus. “I don’t believe we’ll be requiring your services. Thanks anyway.”

There was a silence.

“You can go now.” Magnus wiggled his fingers in a goodbye wave. “Ta.”

“I don’t think so,” Azazel said pleasantly, whipping out his handkerchief and buffing his nails with it. “I think I’ll stay. I like it here.”

Magnus sighed and said something to Alec, who went to the table and returned carrying a book, which he handed to the warlock. Magnus flipped it open and began to read. “*Damned*

spirit, begone. Return thou to the realm of smoke and flame, of ash and—”

“That won’t work on me,” said the demon in a bored voice. “Go ahead and try, if you like. I’ll still be here.”

Magnus looked at him with eyes smoldering with rage. “You can’t force us to bargain with you.”

“I can try. It’s hardly as if I have anything better to occupy —”

Azazel broke off as a familiar shape streaked through the room. It was Chairman Meow, hot on the heels of what looked like a mouse. As everyone watched in surprise and horror, the small cat dashed through the outline of the pentagram—and Simon, acting on instinct rather than rational thought, jumped into the pentagram after him and scooped him up into his arms.

“Simon!” He knew without turning around that it was Isabelle, her cry reflexive. He turned to look at her as she clapped her hand over her mouth and looked at him with wide eyes. They were all staring. Izzy’s face was drained white with horror, and even Magnus looked unsettled.

Summon a demon and trap it in a pentagram, and it can’t get out to harm you. But step into the pentagram, and you’ve put yourself in the demon’s range of power.

Simon felt a tap on his shoulder. He dropped Chairman Meow as he turned, and the small cat streaked out of the pentagram and across the room to hide under a sofa. Simon looked up. The massive face of Azazel loomed over him. This close, he could see the cracks in the demon’s skin, like cracks in marble, and the flames deep in Azazel’s pitted eyes. When Azazel smiled, Simon saw that each of his teeth was tipped with a needle of iron.

Azazel exhaled. A cloud of hot sulfur spread around Simon. He was dimly aware of Magnus’s voice, rising and falling in a chant, and Isabelle screaming something as the demon’s hands clamped around his arms. Azazel lifted Simon off the ground so his feet were dangling in the air—and threw him.

Or tried to. His hands slipped off Simon; Simon dropped to the ground in a crouch as Azazel shot backward and seemed to hit an invisible barrier. There was a sound like stone shattering. Azazel slid to his knees, then painfully rose to his feet. He looked up with a roar, teeth flashing, and stalked toward Simon—who, realizing belatedly what was going on, reached up with a shaking hand and pushed the hair back from his forehead.

Azazel stopped in his tracks. His hands, the nails tipped with the same sharp iron as his teeth, curled in toward his sides. “Wanderer,” he breathed. “Is it you?”

Simon stayed frozen. Magnus was still chanting softly in the background, but everyone else was silent. Simon was afraid to look around, to catch the eye of any of his friends. Clary and Jace, he thought, had already seen the work of the Mark, its blazing fire. No one else had. No wonder they were wordless.

“No,” Azazel said, his fiery eyes narrowing. “No, you are too young, and the world too old. But who would dare place Heaven’s mark on a vampire? And why?”

Simon lowered his hand. “Touch me again and find out,” he said.

Azazel gave a rumbling sound—half laughter, half disgust. “I think not,” he said. “If you have been dabbling in bending the will of Heaven, even my freedom is not worth gambling for by allying my fate with yours.” He glanced around the room. “You are all madmen. Good luck, human children. You will need it.”

And he vanished in a burst of flame, leaving searing black smoke—and the stink of sulfur—behind.



“Hold still,” Jace said, taking the Herondale dagger in his hand and using the tip of it to slice Clary’s shirt open from the collar to the hem. He took the two halves of it and pushed them gingerly off her shoulders, leaving her sitting on the edge of the sink in just her jeans and a camisole. Most of the ichor and

venom had gotten on her jeans and coat, but the fragile silk shirt was trashed. Jace dropped it into the sink, where it sizzled in the water, and applied his stele to her shoulder, tracing the outlines of the healing rune lightly.

She closed her eyes, feeling the burn of the rune, and then a rush as the relief from pain spread up her arms and down her back. It was like Novocain, but without making her numb.

“Better?” Jace asked.

She opened her eyes. “Much.” It wasn’t perfect—the *irazte* didn’t have much effect on burns caused by demon venom, but those tended to heal quickly on Shadowhunter skin. As it was, they stung only a little, and Clary, still feeling the high of the battle, barely noticed it. “Your turn?”

He grinned and offered her the stele. They were in the back of the antiques store. Sebastian had gone to lock up and dim the lights up front, lest they attract mundane attention. He was excited about “celebrating” and when he had left them, had been debating whether to go back to the apartment and change, or straight to the nightclub in the Malá Strana.

If there was a part of Clary that felt the wrongness of it, the idea of celebrating anything, it was lost in the humming of her blood. Amazing that it had taken fighting alongside *Sebastian* of all people to flip the switch inside her that seemed to turn her Shadowhunter instincts on. She wanted to leap tall buildings in a single bound, do a hundred flips, learn to scissor her blades the way Jace did. Instead she took the stele from him and said, “Take your shirt off, then.”

He pulled it over his head, and she tried to look unaffected. He had a long cut along his side, angry purple-red along the edges, and the burns of demon blood across his collarbone and right shoulder. Still, he was the most beautiful person she had ever known. Pale gold skin, broad shoulders, narrow waist and hips, that thin line of golden hair that ran from his navel to the waistband of his jeans. She pulled her eyes away from him and set the stele to his shoulder, industriously carving into his skin what had to be the millionth healing rune he’d ever gotten.

“Good?” she asked when she was finished.

“Mmm-hmm.” He leaned in, and she could smell the scent of him—blood and charcoal, sweat, and the cheap soap they’d found by the sink. “I liked that,” he said. “Didn’t you? Fighting together like that?”

“It was . . . intense.” He was standing between her legs already; he moved closer, fingers looping into the waistband of her jeans. Her hands fluttered to his shoulders, and she saw the gleam of the gold leaf-ring on her finger. It sobered her slightly. *Don’t get distracted; don’t get lost in this. This isn’t Jace, isn’t Jace, isn’t Jace.*

His lips brushed hers. “I thought it was incredible. *You* were incredible.”

“Jace,” she whispered, and then there was a banging on the door. Jace let go of her in surprise, and she slid backward, knocking into the faucet, which immediately turned on, spraying them both with water. She yelped with surprise, and Jace burst out laughing, turning to throw the door open as Clary twisted around to turn the faucet off.

It was Sebastian, of course. He looked remarkably clean, considering what they’d been through. He’d discarded his stained leather jacket in favor of an antique military coat, which, thrown over his T-shirt, lent him a look of thrift-store chic. He was carrying something in his hands, something black and shiny.

He raised his eyebrows.

“Is there a reason you just threw my sister into the sink?”

“I was sweeping her off her feet,” said Jace, bending down to grab his shirt. He yanked it back on. Like Sebastian’s, his outerwear had sustained most of the damage, though there was a rip down the side of the shirt where a demon’s claw had slashed through.

“I brought you something to wear,” said Sebastian, handing the shiny black thing to Clary, who had wriggled out of the sink and was now standing, dripping soapy water onto the tiled floor. “It’s vintage. It looks about your size.”

Startled, Clary handed Jace back his stele and took the proffered garment. It was a dress—a slip, really—jet-black, with elaborately beaded straps and a lace hem. The straps were adjustable, and the fabric was stretchy enough that she suspected Sebastian was right, it probably *would* fit her. Part of her didn't like the idea of wearing something Sebastian had picked, but she couldn't exactly go out to a club in an unraveling camisole and a pair of soaking-wet jeans. "Thanks," she said finally. "All right, both of you get out of here while I change."

They left, closing the door behind them. She could hear them, raised boys' voices, and though she couldn't hear the words, she could tell they were joking with each other. Comfortably. Familiarly. It was so strange, she thought as she shucked off her jeans and cami and slipped the dress over her head. Jace, who hardly ever opened up to anyone, was laughing and joking around with Sebastian.

She turned to look at herself in the mirror. The black washed the color out of her skin, made her eyes look big and dark and her hair redder, her arms and legs long and thin and pale. Her eyes were smudged with dark shadow. The boots she had been wearing under her jeans added a certain toughness to the outfit. She wasn't sure if she looked pretty exactly, but she sure looked like she was someone who shouldn't be messed with.

She wondered if Isabelle would approve.

She unlocked the bathroom door and stepped out. She was in the dim back of the store, where all the junk that wasn't housed up front had been tossed carelessly. A velvet curtain separated it from the rest of the establishment. Jace and Sebastian were on the other side of the curtain, talking, though she still couldn't make out the words. She pulled the curtain aside and stepped out.

The lights were on, though the metal awning had been lowered over the glass front of the store, rendering the inside invisible to passersby. Sebastian was going through the stuff on the shelves, his long careful hands taking down object after

object, subjecting them to a cursory inspection, and placing them back on the shelf.

Jace was the first one to see Clary. She saw his eyes spark, and remembered the first time he had seen her dressed up, wearing Isabelle's clothes, on her way to Magnus's party. As they had then, his eyes traveled slowly from the boots, up her legs, hips, waist, chest, and came to rest on her face. He smiled lazily.

"I could point out that that's not a dress, that's underwear," he said, "but I doubt it would be in my best interest."

"Need I remind you," said Sebastian, "that *that is my sister?*"

"Most brothers would be delighted to see such a clean-cut gentleman as myself squiring their sisters about town," said Jace, grabbing an army jacket off one of the racks and sliding his arms into it.

"Squiring?" Clary echoed. "Next you'll be telling me you're a rogue and a rake."

"And then it's pistols at dawn," said Sebastian, striding toward the velvet curtain. "I'll be right back. I've got to wash the blood out of my hair."

"Fussy, fussy," Jace called after him with a grin, then reached for Clary and pulled her against him. His voice dropped to a low whisper. "Remember when we went to Magnus's party? You came out into the lobby with Isabelle, and Simon almost had an apoplectic fit?"

"Funny, I was thinking about the same thing." She tipped her head back to look up at him. "I don't remember you saying anything at the time about the way I looked."

His fingers slid under the straps of her slip dress, the tips brushing her skin. "I didn't think you liked me much. And I didn't think a detailed description of all the things I wanted to do to you, delivered in front of an audience, would have been the thing to change your mind."

"You didn't think I liked *you?*" Her voice rose incredulously. "Jace, when has a girl ever not liked you?"

He shrugged. “Doubtless the lunatic asylums of the world are filled with unfortunate women who have failed to see my charms.”

A question hovered on the tip of her tongue, one she had always wanted to ask him but never had. After all, what did it really matter what he’d done before he met her? As if he could read the expression on her face, his golden eyes softened slightly.

“I never cared what girls thought about me,” he said. “Not before you.”

Before you. Clary’s voice shook a little. “Jace, I wondered —”

“Your verbal foreplay is boring and annoying,” said Sebastian, reappearing around the velvet curtain, his silver hair damp and tousled. “Ready to go?”

Clary stepped free of Jace, blushing; Jace looked unruffled. “We’re the ones who’ve been waiting for you.”

“Looks like you found a way to pass the agonizing time. Now come on. Let’s go. I’m telling you, you’re going to *love* this place.”



“I am never getting my security deposit back,” said Magnus glumly. He sat on top of the table, among the pizza boxes and coffee mugs, watching as the rest of Team Good did their best to clean up the destruction left by Azazel’s appearance—the smoking holes poked into the walls, the sulfurous black goo dripping from the ceiling pipes, the ash and other grainy black substances ground into the floor. Chairman Meow was stretched across the warlock’s lap, purring. Magnus was off cleaning duty because he’d allowed his apartment to be half-destroyed; Simon was off cleaning duty because after the pentagram incident no one seemed to know quite what to make of him. He’d tried to talk to Isabelle, but she’d only shaken her mop at him in a threatening manner.

“I have an idea,” Simon said. He was sitting next to Magnus, his elbows on his knees. “But you’re not going to like

it.”

“I have a feeling you’re right, Sherwin.”

“Simon. My name is Simon.”

“Whatever.” Magnus waved a slender hand. “What’s your idea?”

“I’ve got the Mark of Cain,” said Simon. “That means nothing can kill me, right?”

“You can kill yourself,” Magnus said, somewhat unhelpfully. “As far as I know, inanimate objects can accidentally kill you. So if you were planning on teaching yourself the lambada on a greased platform over a pit full of knives, I wouldn’t.”

“There goes my Saturday.”

“But nothing else can kill you,” Magnus said. His eyes had drifted away from Simon, and he was watching Alec, who appeared to be battling a Swiffer. “Why?”

“What happened in the pentagram, with Azazel, made me think,” said Simon. “You said summoning angels is more dangerous than summoning demons, because they might smite down the person who summoned them, or scorch them with heavenly fire. But if *I* did it . . .” His voice trailed off. “Well, I’d be safe, wouldn’t I?”

That snapped Magnus’s attention back. “You? Summon an angel?”

“You could show me how,” said Simon. “I know I’m not a warlock, but Valentine did it. If he did it, shouldn’t I be able to? I mean, there are humans who can do magic.”

“I couldn’t promise you’d live,” Magnus said, but there was a spark of interest in his voice that belied the warning. “The Mark is Heaven’s protection, but does it protect you against Heaven itself? I don’t know the answer.”

“I didn’t think you did. But you agree that out of all of us I probably have the best chance, right?”

Magnus looked over at Maia, who was splashing dirty water at Jordan and laughing as he twisted away, yelping. She pushed her curling hair back, leaving a dark streak of dirt across her forehead. She looked young. “Yes,” Magnus said reluctantly. “Probably you do.”

“Who is your father?” asked Simon.

Magnus’s eyes went back to Alec. They were gold-green, as unreadable as the eyes of the cat he held on his lap. “Not my favorite topic, Smedley.”

“Simon,” said Simon. “If I’m going to die for you all, the least you could do is remember my name.”

“You’re not dying for me,” said Magnus. “If it weren’t for Alec, I’d be . . .”

“You’d be where?”

“I had a dream,” Magnus said, his eyes distant. “I saw a city all of blood, with towers made of bone, and blood ran in the streets like water. Maybe you can save Jace, Daylighter, but you can’t save the world. The darkness is coming. ‘A land of darkness, as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness.’ If it weren’t for Alec, I’d be gone from here.”

“Where would you go?”

“Hide. Wait for it to blow over. I’m not a hero.” Magnus picked up Chairman Meow and dumped him onto the floor.

“You love Alec enough to stick around,” said Simon. “That’s kind of heroic.”

“You loved Clary enough to wreck your whole life for her,” said Magnus with a bitterness that was not characteristic of him. “See where that got you.” He raised his voice. “All right, everybody. Get over here. Sheldon’s had an idea.”

“Who’s Sheldon?” said Isabelle.



The streets of Prague were cold and dark, and though Clary kept her ichor-burned coat wrapped around her shoulders, she

found the icy air cutting into the buzzing hum in her veins, muting the leftover high from the battle. She bought a cup of hot wine to keep the buzz going, wrapping her hands around it for warmth as she, Jace, and Sebastian lost themselves in a twisting labyrinth of ever narrower, ever darker ancient streets. There were no street signs or names, and no other pedestrians; the only constant was the moon moving through thick clouds overhead. At last a shallow flight of stone steps took them down into a tiny square, one side of which was lit by a flashing neon sign that said KOSTI LUSTR. Below the sign was an open door, a blank spot in the wall that looked like a missing tooth.

“What does that mean, ‘*Kosti Lustr*’?” Clary asked.

“It means ‘*The Bone Chandelier*.’ It’s the name of the nightclub,” said Sebastian, sauntering forward. His pale hair reflected the changing neon colors of the sign: hot red, cold blue, metallic gold. “You coming?”

A wall of sound and light hit Clary the moment she entered the club. It was a big, tightly packed space that looked like it had once been the interior of a church. She could still see stained-glass windows high up in the walls. Darting colored spotlights picked out the blissed-out faces of dancers in the churning crowd, lighting them up one at a time: hot pink, neon green, burning violet. There was a DJ booth along one wall, and trance music blasted from the speakers. The music pounded up through her feet, into her blood, vibrating her bones. The room was hot with the press of bodies and the smell of sweat and smoke and beer.

She was about to turn and ask Jace if he wanted to dance, when she felt a hand on her back. It was Sebastian. She tensed but didn’t pull away. “Come on,” he said into her ear. “We’re not staying up here with the hoi polloi.”

His hand was like iron pressing against her spine. She let him propel her forward, through the dancers; the crowd seemed to part to let them through, people looking up to glance at Sebastian, then dropping their gazes, backing away. The heat increased, and Clary was almost gasping by the time they reached the far side of the room. There was an archway

there that she hadn't noticed before. A set of worn stone steps led downward, curving away into darkness.

She glanced up as Sebastian took his hand away from her back. Light blazed around them. Jace had taken out his witchlight rune-stone. He grinned at her, his face all angles and shadows in the harsh, focused light.

““Easy is the descent,”” he said.

Clary shivered. She knew the whole phrase. *Easy is the descent into Hell.*

“Come on.” Sebastian jerked his head, and then he was moving downward, graceful and sure-footed, not worried about slipping on the age-smoothed stones. Clary followed a little more slowly. The air grew cooler as they went down, and the sound of the pounding music faded. She could hear their breathing, and see their shadows thrown, distorted and spindly, against the walls.

She heard the new music before they reached the bottom of the stairs. It had an even more insistent beat than the music in the club upstairs; it shot through her ears and into her veins and spun her around. She was almost dizzy by the time they reached the last of the stairs and stepped out into a massive room that stole her breath.

Everything was stone, the walls bumpy and uneven, the floor smooth beneath their feet. A massive statue of a black-winged angel rose along the far wall, its head lost in shadows far above, its wings dripping strings of garnets that looked like drops of blood. Explosions of color and light burst like cherry bombs throughout the room, nothing like the artificial light upstairs—these were beautiful, sparkling like fireworks, and every time one burst, it rained down a glittering shimmer onto the dancing crowd below. Huge marble fountains sprayed sparkling water; black rose petals drifted onto the surface. And far above everything, dangling down above the packed floor of dancers on a long golden cord, was a massive chandelier made of bones.

It was as intricate as it was gruesome. The main body of the chandelier was formed by spinal columns, fused together;

femurs and tibias dripped like decoration from the arms of the fixture, which swooped up to cradle human skulls, each holding a massive taper. Black wax dripped like demon blood to spatter on the dancers below, none of whom seemed to notice. And the dancers themselves—whirling and spinning and clapping—none of them were human.

“Werewolves and vampires,” said Sebastian, answering Clary’s unasked question. “In Prague they’re allies. This is where they . . . relax.” A hot breeze was blowing through the room, like desert wind; it lifted his silvery hair and blew it across his eyes, hiding their expression.

Clary wriggled out of her coat and held it pressed against her chest almost like a shield. She looked around with wide eyes. She could sense the nonhuman-ness of the others in the room, the vampires with their pallor and their swift and languid grace, the werewolves fierce and fast. Most were young, dancing close, writhing up and down each other’s bodies. “But—won’t they mind us being here? Nephilim?”

“They know me,” said Sebastian. “And they’ll know you’re with me.” He reached out and tugged the coat out of her grip. “I’ll go get that hung up for you.”

“Sebastian—,” But he was gone, into the crowd.

She looked at Jace beside her. He had his thumbs hooked into his belt and was looking around with casual interest. “Vampire coat check?” she said.

“Why not?” Jace smiled. “You’ll notice he didn’t offer to take my coat. Chivalry is dead, I tell you.” He tipped his head to the side at her quizzical expression. “Whatever. There’s probably someone he has to talk to here.”

“So this isn’t just for fun?”

“Sebastian never does anything just for fun.” Jace took her hands and pulled her toward him. “But I do.”



To Simon’s complete lack of surprise, no one was enthusiastic about his plan. There was a loud chorus of disapproval, followed by a clamor of voices trying to talk him out of it, and

questions, mostly directed at Magnus, about the safety of the whole enterprise. Simon rested his elbows on his knees and waited it out.

Eventually he felt a soft touch on his arm. He turned, and to his surprise it was Isabelle. She gestured at him to follow her.

They wound up in the shadows near one of the pillars as the argument raged behind them. Since Isabelle had initially been one of the loudest dissenters, he braced himself for her to yell at him. However, she only looked at him with her mouth tight. “Okay,” he said finally, hating the silence. “I guess you’re not pleased with me right now.”

“You *guess*? I’d kick your butt, vampire, but I don’t want to ruin my expensive new boots.”

“Isabelle—”

“I’m not your girlfriend.”

“Right,” Simon said, though he couldn’t help a twinge of disappointment. “I know that.”

“And I’ve never begrudged you the time you’ve spent with Clary. I even encouraged it. I know how much you care about her. And how much she cares about you. But this—this is an insane risk you’re talking about taking. Are you *sure*?”

Simon looked around—at Magnus’s messy apartment, the small group in the corner arguing about his fate. “This isn’t just about Clary.”

“Well, it isn’t about your mother, is it?” Isabelle said. “That she called you a monster? You don’t have anything to prove, Simon. That’s her problem, not yours.”

“It’s not like that. Jace saved my life. I owe him.”

Isabelle looked surprised. “You’re not doing this just to pay Jace back, are you? Because I think by now everyone’s pretty even.”

“No, not completely,” he said. “Look, we all know the situation. Sebastian can’t be running around loose. It isn’t safe. The Clave is right about that much. But if he dies, Jace dies. And if Jace dies, Clary . . .”

“She’ll survive,” Isabelle said, her voice quick and hard. “She’s tough and strong.”

“She’ll hurt. Maybe forever. I don’t want her to hurt like that. I don’t want *you* to hurt like that.”

Isabelle crossed her arms. “Of course not. But do you think she won’t be hurt, Simon, if something happens to *you*?”

Simon bit his lip. He actually hadn’t thought about it. Not like that. “What about you?”

“What about me?”

“Will you be hurt if something happens to me?”

She kept looking at him, her back straight, her chin steady. But her eyes were shining. “Yes.”

“But you want me to help Jace.”

“Yes. I want that, too.”

“You have to let me do this,” he said. “It’s not just for Jace, or for you and Clary, though you’re all a big part of it. It’s because I believe darkness is coming. I believe Magnus when he says it. I believe Raphael is truly afraid of a war. I believe we’re seeing a small piece of Sebastian’s plan, but I don’t think it’s any coincidence he took Jace with him when he went. Or that he and Jace are linked. He knows we need Jace to win a war. He knows what Jace is.”

Isabelle didn’t deny it. “You’re just as brave as Jace.”

“Maybe,” said Simon. “But I’m not Nephilim. I can’t do what he can do. And I don’t mean as much to as many people.”

“Special destinies and special torments,” Isabelle whispered. “Simon—you mean a lot to me.”

He reached out, and lightly cupped her cheek. “You’re a warrior, Iz. It’s what you do. It’s what you are. But if you can’t fight Sebastian because hurting him would hurt Jace, you can’t fight the war. And if you have to kill Jace to win the war, I think it’ll kill part of your soul. And I don’t want to see that, not if I could do something to change it.”

She swallowed. "It's not fair," she said. "That it has to be you—"

"This is my choice, to do this. Jace doesn't have a choice. If he dies, it's for something he didn't have anything to do with, not really."

Isabelle expelled a breath. She uncrossed her arms and took him by the elbow. "All right," she said. "Let's go."

She steered him back toward the group, who broke off their argument and stared when she cleared her throat, as if they hadn't quite realized the two of them had been missing until this moment.

"That's enough," she said. "Simon has made his decision, and it's his decision to make. He's going to summon Raziel. And we're going to help him in any way we can."



They danced. Clary tried to lose herself in the pounding beat of the music, the rush of blood in her veins, the way she had once been able to do at Pandemonium with Simon. Of course Simon had been a fairly terrible dancer, and Jace was an excellent dancer. She supposed it made sense. With all that trained fighting control and careful grace, there wasn't much he couldn't make his body do. When he flung his head back, his hair was dark with sweat, pasted to his temples, and the curve of his throat gleamed in the light of the bone chandelier.

She saw the way the other dancers looked at him—appreciation, speculation, predatory hunger. A possessiveness she couldn't name or control rose up inside her. She moved closer, sliding up his body the way she'd seen girls do on the dance floor before but had never had the nerve to try herself. She'd always been convinced she'd get her hair caught on someone's belt buckle, but things were different now. Her months of training didn't pay off just in a fight, but any time she had to use her body. She felt fluid, in control, in a way she never had before. She pressed her body against Jace's.

His eyes had been closed; he opened them just as an explosion of colored light lit up the darkness above them.

Metallic drops rained down on them; droplets were caught in Jace's hair and shimmering on his skin like mercury. He touched his fingers to a drop of silver liquid on his collarbone and showed it to her, his lips curving. "Do you remember what I told you that first time at Taki's? About faerie food?"

"I remember you said you ran down Madison Avenue naked with antlers on your head," said Clary, blinking silver drops off her lashes.

"I don't think that was ever proved to have actually been me." Only Jace could talk while he danced and not make it look awkward. "Well, this stuff"—and he flicked at the silvery liquid that mixed with his hair and skin, painting him in metal—"is like that. It'll get you . . ."

"High?"

He watched her with darkened eyes. "It can be fun." Another of the drifting flower-things burst above their head; this spatter was silver-blue, like water. Jace licked a drop off the side of his hand, studying her.

High. Clary had never done drugs, didn't even drink. Maybe if you counted the bottle of Kahlúa she and Simon had smuggled out of his mom's liquor cabinet and drunk when they'd been thirteen. They'd been heartily sick afterward; Simon had, in fact, thrown up in a hedge. It hadn't been worth it, but she did remember the sensation of being dizzy and giggly and happy for no reason.

When Jace lowered his hand, his mouth was stained with silver. He was still watching her, gold eyes dark under his long lashes.

Happy for no reason.

She thought of the way they had been together in the time after the Mortal War before Lilith had begun to possess him. He had been the Jace in the photograph on his wall then: so happy. They both had been happy. There had been no nagging doubt when she looked at him, none of this feeling of tiny knives under her skin, eroding the closeness between them.

She leaned up then, and kissed him, slowly and definitively, on the lips.

Her mouth exploded with a sweet-sour taste, a mixture of wine and candy. More of the silvery liquid rained down on them as she pulled away from him, licking her mouth deliberately. Jace was breathing hard; he reached for her, but she spun away, laughing.

She felt wild and free suddenly, and incredibly light. She knew there was something terribly important she was supposed to be doing, but she couldn't remember what it was, or why she had cared. The faces of the dancers around her no longer looked vulpine and faintly frightening, but darkly beautiful. She was in a great echoing cavern, and the shadows around her were painted with colors lovelier and brighter than any sunset. The angel statue that loomed above her seemed benevolent, a thousand times more so than Raziel and his cold white light, and a high singing note sounded from it, pure and clear and perfect. She spun, faster and faster, leaving behind grief, memories, loss, until she spun into a pair of arms that snaked around her from behind and held her tight. She looked down and saw scarred hands locked around her waist, slim beautiful fingers, the Voyance rune. Jace. She melted back against him, closing her eyes, letting her head fall into the curve of his shoulder. She could feel his heart beating against her spine.

No one else's heart beat like Jace's did, or ever could.

Her eyes flew open, and she spun around, her hands out to push him away. "Sebastian," she whispered. Her brother grinned down at her, silver and black like the Morgenstern ring.

"Clarissa," he said. "I want to show you something."

No. The word came and went, dissolving like sugar into liquid. She couldn't remember why she was supposed to say no to him. He was her brother; she should love him. He had brought her to this beautiful place. Perhaps he had done bad things, but that was a long time ago and she could no longer remember what they were.

“I can hear angels singing,” she said to him.

He chuckled. “I see you found out that silvery stuff isn’t just glitter.” He reached forward and stroked his forefinger across her cheekbone; it was silver when it came away, as if he had caught a painted tear. “Come along, angel girl.” He held out his hand.

“But Jace,” she said. “I lost him in the crowd—”

“He’ll find us.” Sebastian’s hand clamped around hers, surprisingly warm and comforting. She let him draw her toward one of the fountains in the middle of the room, and set her down on the wide marble edge. He sat down beside her, her hand still in his. “Look in the water,” he said. “Tell me what you see.”

She leaned over and looked into the smooth dark surface of the pool. She could see her own face reflected back at her, her eyes wide and wild, her eye makeup smudged like bruises, her hair tangled. And then Sebastian leaned over too, and she saw his face beside hers. The silver of his hair reflected in the water made her think of the moon on the river. She reached to touch its brilliance, and the water shivered apart, their reflections distorting, unrecognizable.

“What is it?” Sebastian said, and there was a low urgency in his voice.

Clary shook her head; he was being very silly. “I saw you and me,” she said in a chiding tone. “What else?”

He put his hand under her chin and turned her face toward him. His eyes were black, night-black, with only a ring of silver separating the pupil from the iris. “Don’t you see it? We’re the same, you and me.”

“The same?” She blinked at him. There was something very wrong with what he was saying, though she couldn’t say quite what. “No . . .”

“You’re my sister,” he said. “We have the same blood.”

“You have demon blood,” she said. “Lilith’s blood.” For some reason this struck her as funny, and she giggled. “You’re all dark, dark, dark. And Jace and I are light.”

“You have a dark heart in you, Valentine’s daughter,” he said. “You just won’t admit it. And if you want Jace, you had better accept it. Because he belongs to me now.”

“Then, who do you belong to?”

Sebastian’s lips parted; he said nothing. For the first time, Clary thought, he looked as if he had nothing to say. She was surprised; his words hadn’t meant much to her, and she’d merely been idly curious. Before she could say anything else, a voice above them said:

“What’s going on?” It was Jace. He looked from one of them to the other, his face unreadable. More of the shimmering stuff had gotten on him, silver drops clinging to the gold of his hair. “Clary.” He sounded annoyed. She pulled away from Sebastian and hopped to her feet.

“Sorry,” she said breathlessly. “I got lost in the crowd.”

“I noticed,” he said. “One second I was dancing with you, and the next you were gone and a very persistent werewolf was trying to get the buttons on my jeans undone.”

Sebastian chuckled. “Girl or boy werewolf?”

“Not sure. Either way, they could have used a shave.” He took Clary’s hand, lightly ringing her wrist with his fingers. “Do you want to go home? Or dance some more?”

“Dance some more. Is that all right?”

“Go ahead.” Sebastian leaned back, his hands braced behind him on the fountain’s edge, his smile like the edge of a straight razor. “I don’t mind watching.”

Something flashed across Clary’s vision: the memory of a bloody handprint. It was gone as soon as it had come, and she frowned. The night was too beautiful to think of ugly things. She looked back at her brother only for a moment before she let Jace lead her back through the crowd to its edge, near the shadows, where the press of bodies was lighter. Another ball of colored light burst above their heads as they went, scattering silver, and she tipped her head up, catching the salt-sweet drops on her tongue.

In the center of the room, beneath the bone chandelier, Jace stopped and she swung toward him. Her arms were around him, and she felt the silver liquid trickling down her face like tears. The fabric of his T-shirt was thin and she could feel the burn of his skin underneath. Her hands slid up under the hem, her nails scratching lightly over his ribs. Silver drops of liquid spangled his eyelashes as he lowered his glance to hers, leaned to whisper in her ear. His hands moved over her shoulders, down her arms. Neither of them were really dancing anymore: the hypnotic music went on around them, and the whirl of other dancers, but Clary barely noticed. A couple moving past laughed and made a derisive comment in Czech; Clary couldn't understand it, but suspected the gist was *Get a room*.

Jace made an impatient noise, and then he was moving through the crowd again, drawing her after him and into one of the shadowy alcoves that lined the walls.

There were dozens of these circular alcoves, each lined with a stone bench and provided with a velvet curtain that could be pulled closed to provide a modicum of privacy. Jace yanked the curtain shut and they crashed against each other like the sea against the shore. Their mouths collided and slid together; Jace lifted her up so she was pressed against him, his fingers twisting in the slippery material of her dress.

Clary was conscious of heat and softness, hands seeking and finding, yielding and pressure. Her hands under Jace's T-shirt, her fingernails clawing at his back, savagely pleased when he gasped. He bit down on her bottom lip and she tasted blood in her mouth, salt and hot. It was as if they wanted to cut each other apart, she thought, to climb inside each other's bodies and share their heartbeats, even if it killed them both.

It was dark in the alcove, so dark that Jace was only an outline of shadows and gold. His body pinned Clary's to the wall. His hands slid down along her body and reached the end of her dress, drawing it up along her legs.

"What are you doing?" she whispered. "Jace?"

He looked at her. The peculiar light in the club turned his eyes an array of fractured colors. His smile was wicked. "You

can tell me to stop whenever you want,” he said. “But you won’t.”



Sebastian drew aside the dusty velvet curtain that closed off the alcove, and smiled.

A bench ran around the inside of the small circular room, and a man sat there, leaning his elbows on a stone table. He had long black hair tied back, a scar or mark in the shape of a leaf on one cheek, and his eyes were as green as grass. He wore a white suit, and a handkerchief with green leaf embroidery peeked from one pocket.

“Jonathan Morgenstern,” Meliorn said.

Sebastian did not correct him. Faeries took great stock in names, and would never call him by anything but the name his father had chosen for him. “I wasn’t sure you would be here at the appointed time, Meliorn.”

“May I remind you that the Fair Folk do not lie,” said the knight. He reached up and twitched the curtain shut behind Sebastian. The pounding music outside was discreetly muffled, though by no means inaudible. “Come in, then, and seat yourself. Wine?”

Sebastian settled himself on the bench. “No, nothing.” Wine, like the faerie liquor, would only cloud his thoughts, and faeries seemed to have a higher tolerance. “I admit I was surprised when I received the message that you wished to meet here.”

“You above all should know that the Lady has a special interest in you. She knows of all your movements.” Meliorn took a sip of wine. “There was a great demonic disturbance here in Prague tonight. The Queen was concerned.”

Sebastian spread his arms out. “As you can see, I am unharmed.”

“A disturbance so great will surely win the attention of the Nephilim. In fact, if I am not mistaken, several of them already disport themselves without.”

“Without what?” Sebastian asked innocently.

Meliorn took another sip of wine and glared.

“Oh, right. I always forget the amusing way faeries talk. You mean there are Shadowhunters in the crowd outside, looking for me. I know that. I noticed them earlier. The Queen does not think much of me if she does not think I can handle a few Nephilim on my own.” Sebastian drew a dagger from his belt and twirled it, the very little light in the alcove sparking off the blade.

“I shall tell her you said so,” muttered Meliorn. “I must admit, I have no idea what attraction you hold for her. I have taken your measure and found it lacking, but I have not my lady’s taste.”

“Weighed in the balance and found wanting?” Amused, Sebastian leaned forward. “Let me break it down for you, faerie knight. I’m young. I’m pretty. And I’m willing to burn the whole world to the ground to get what I want.” His dagger traced a crack in the stone table. “Like myself, the Queen is content to play a long game. But what I desire to know is this: When the twilight of the Nephilim comes, will the Courts stand with or against me?”

Meliorn’s face was blank. “The Lady says she stands with you.”

Sebastian’s mouth curled at the corner. “That is excellent news.”

Meliorn snorted. “I always presumed the race of humans would end themselves,” he said. “Through a thousand years I have prophesied that you would be your own deaths. But I did not expect the end to come like this.”

Sebastian twirled the bright dagger between his fingers. “No one ever does.”



“Jace,” Clary whispered. “Jace, anyone could come in and see us.”

His hands didn't stop what they were doing. "They won't." He trailed a path of kisses down her neck, effectively scattering her thoughts. It was hard to hold on to what was real, with his hands on her, and her mind and memories in a whirl, and her fingers were so tightly bunched in Jace's shirt that she was sure she was going to rip the material.

The stone wall was cold against her back, but Jace was kissing her shoulder, easing the strap of her dress down. She was hot and cold and shivering. The world had fractured into bits, like the bright pieces inside a kaleidoscope. She was going to come apart under his hands.

"Jace—" She clung to his shirt. It was sticky, viscous. She glanced down at her hands and for a moment didn't comprehend what she saw there. Silver fluid, mixed with red.

Blood.

She looked up. Hanging upside-down from the ceiling above them, like a grisly piñata, was a human body, rope binding its ankles. Blood dripped from its cut throat.

Clary screamed, but the scream made no sound. She pushed at Jace, who stumbled back; there was blood in his hair, on his shirt, on her bare skin. She pulled up the straps of her dress and stumbled to the curtain that hid the alcove, yanking it open.

The statue of the angel was no longer quite as it had been. The black wings were bat's wings, the lovely, benevolent face twisted into a sneer. Dangling from the ceiling on twisted ropes were the slaughtered bodies of men, women, animals—slashed open, their blood dripping down like rain. The fountains pulsed blood, and what floated on top of the liquid was not flowers but open severed hands. The writhing, clawing dancers on the floor were drenched in blood. As Clary watched, a couple spun by, the man tall and pale, the woman limp in his arms, her throat torn, obviously dead. The man licked his lips and bent down for another bite, but before he did, he glanced at Clary and grinned, and his face was streaked with blood and silver. She felt Jace's hand on her arm, tugging her back, but she fought free of him. She was staring at the

glass tanks along the wall that she had thought held brilliant fish. The water was not clear but blackish and sludgy, and drowned human bodies floated in it, their hair spinning around them like the filaments of luminous jellyfish. She thought of Sebastian floating in his glass coffin. A scream rose in her throat, but she choked it back as silence and darkness overwhelmed her.

14

AS ASHES

Clary came back to consciousness slowly, with the dizzy sensation she recalled from that first morning in the Institute, when she had woken with no idea of where she was. Her whole body ached, and her head felt as if someone had smashed an iron barbell into it. She was lying on her side, her head pillowed on something rough, and there was a weight around her shoulder. Glancing down, she saw a slim hand, pressed protectively against her sternum. She recognized the Marks, the faint white scars, even the blue mapping of veins across his forearm. The weight inside her chest eased, and she sat up carefully, slipping out from under Jace's arm.

They were in his bedroom. She recognized the incredible neatness, the carefully made bed with its hospital corners. It still wasn't disarranged. Jace was asleep, propped up against the headboard, still in the same clothes he'd worn the night before. He even had his shoes on. He had clearly fallen asleep holding her, though she had no recollection of it. He was still splattered with the odd silvery substance from the club.

He stirred slightly, as if sensing that she was gone, and wrapped his free arm around himself. He didn't look injured or hurt, she thought, just exhausted, his long dark gold eyelashes curled in the hollow of the shadows beneath his eyes. He looked vulnerable asleep—a little boy. He could have been *her* Jace.

But he wasn't. She remembered the nightclub, his hands on her in the dark, the bodies and blood. Her stomach churned, and she put a hand over her mouth, swallowing down nausea. She felt sickened by what she remembered, and underneath the sickness was a nagging prickle, the sense that she was missing something.

Something important.

“Clary.”

She turned. Jace’s eyes were half-open; he was looking at her through his lashes, the gold of his eyes dulled with exhaustion. “Why are you awake?” he said. “It’s barely dawn.”

Her hands bunched in the tangle of blankets. “Last night,” she said, her voice uneven. “The bodies—the blood—”

“The what?”

“That’s what I saw.”

“I didn’t.” He shook his head. “Faerie drugs,” he said. “You knew . . .”

“It seemed so real.”

“I’m sorry.” His eyes closed. “I wanted to have fun. It’s supposed to make you happy. Make you see pretty things. I thought we would have fun together.”

“I saw blood,” she said. “And dead people floating in tanks —”

He shook his head, his lashes fluttering down. “None of it was real . . .”

“Even what happened with you and me—?” Clary broke off, because his eyes were closed, his chest rising and falling steadily. He was asleep.

She rose to her feet, not looking at Jace, and went into the bathroom. She stood looking at herself in the mirror, numbness spreading through her bones. She was covered in smears of silvery residue. It reminded her of the time a metallic pen had burst inside her backpack, ruining everything in it. One of her bra straps had snapped, probably where Jace had yanked on it the night before. Her eyes were surrounded with smeared black stripes of mascara, and her skin and hair were sticky with silver.

Feeling faint and sick, she stripped off the slip dress and her underwear, tossing them into the wastebasket before crawling

into the hot water.

She washed her hair over and over again, trying to get the dried silver gunk out. It was like trying to wash out oil paint. The scent of it lingered too, like the water from a vase after the flowers have rotted, faint and sweet and spoiled on her skin. No amount of soap seemed to be able to get rid of it.

Finally convinced she was as clean as she was going to get, she dried off and went to the master bedroom to get dressed. It was a relief to climb back into jeans and boots and slip on a comfortable cotton sweater. It was only then, as she pulled on her second boot, that the nagging feeling returned, the feeling that she was missing something. She froze.

Her ring. The gold ring that let her speak to Simon.

It was gone.

Frantically she searched for it, tearing through the wastebasket to see if the ring had gotten caught on her dress, then searching every inch of Jace's room while he slept peacefully on. She combed through the carpet, the bedclothes, checking the nightstand drawers.

At last she sat back, her heart slamming against her chest, a sick feeling in her stomach.

The ring was gone. Lost, somewhere, somehow. She tried to remember the last time she'd seen it. Surely it had flashed on her hand while she'd wielded that dagger against the Elapid demons. Had it fallen off in the junk store? In the nightclub?

She dug her nails into her blue-jeaned thighs until the pain made her gasp. *Focus*, she told herself. *Focus*.

Maybe the ring had fallen from her finger somewhere else in the apartment. Probably Jace had carried her upstairs at some point. It was a small chance, but every chance had to be explored.

She rose to her feet and went as soundlessly as she could out into the hallway. She moved toward Sebastian's room, and hesitated. She couldn't imagine why the ring would be in there, and waking him up would only be counterproductive.

She turned around and made her way down the stairs instead, walking carefully to mask the sound of her boots.

Her mind was racing. With no way to contact Simon, what was she going to do? She needed to tell him about the antiques shop, the *adamas*. She should have talked to him sooner. She wanted to punch the wall, but she forced her mind to slow down, to consider her options. Sebastian and Jace were beginning to trust her; if she could get away from them briefly, on a busy city street, she could use a pay phone to *call* Simon. She could duck into an Internet café and e-mail him. She knew more about mundane technology than they did. Losing the ring didn't mean it was over.

She would *not* give up.

Her mind was so occupied with thoughts of what to do next that at first she didn't see Sebastian. Fortunately, he had his back to her. He stood in the living room, facing the wall.

Already at the bottom of the staircase, Clary froze, then darted across the floor and flattened herself against the half wall that separated the kitchen from the larger room. There was no reason to panic, she told herself. She lived here. If Sebastian saw her, she could say she had come downstairs for a glass of water.

But the chance to observe him without his knowledge was too tempting. She turned her body slightly, peering over and around the kitchen counter.

Sebastian still had his back to her. He had changed his clothes since the nightclub. The army jacket was gone; he wore a button-down shirt and jeans. As he turned, and his shirt lifted, she could see that his weapon belt was slung around his waist. As he raised his right hand, she saw that he held his stele—and there was something about the way he held it, just for a moment, with a careful thoughtfulness, that reminded her of the way her mother held a paintbrush.

She closed her eyes. It felt like fabric snagging on a hook, the jerk inside her heart when she recognized something in Sebastian that reminded her of her mother or herself. That

reminded her that however much of his blood was poison, just as much was the same blood that ran in her own veins.

She opened her eyes again, in time to see a doorway form in front of Sebastian. He reached for a scarf that hung on a peg on the wall, and stepped out into darkness.

Clary had a split second to decide. Stay and search the rooms, or follow Sebastian and see where he was going. Her feet made the choice before her mind did. Spinning away from the wall, she darted through the dark opening of the door moments before it closed behind her.



The room Luke was lying in was lit only by the streetlights' glow, which came through the slatted windows. Jocelyn knew she could have asked for a light, but she preferred it like this. The darkness hid the extent of his injuries, the pallor of his face, the sunken crescents beneath his eyes.

In fact, in the dimness he looked very like the boy she had known in Idris before the Circle had been formed. She remembered him in the school yard, skinny and brown-haired, with blue eyes and nervous hands. He'd been Valentine's best friend, and because of that, no one had ever really looked at him. Even she hadn't, or she would not have been so enormously blind as to miss his feelings for her.

She remembered the day of her wedding to Valentine, the sun bright and clear through the crystal roof of the Accords Hall. She'd been nineteen and Valentine twenty, and she remembered how unhappy her parents had been that she'd chosen to marry so young. Their disapproval had seemed like nothing to her—they didn't understand. She'd been so sure there would never be anyone for her but Valentine.

Luke had been his best man. She remembered his face as she walked down the aisle—she had looked at him only briefly before turning her full attention to Valentine. She remembered thinking that he must not have been well, that he looked as if he were in pain. And later, in Angel Square, as the guests milled about—most of the members of the Circle were there, from Maryse and Robert Lightwood, already married, to

barely fifteen Jeremy Pontmercy—and she stood with Luke and Valentine, someone made the old joke about how if the groom hadn't showed up, the bride would have had to marry the best man. Luke had been wearing evening clothes, with the gold runes for good luck in marriage on them, and he had looked very handsome, but while everyone else had laughed, he'd gone terribly white. *He must really hate the idea of marrying me*, she'd thought. She remembered touching his shoulder with a laugh.

"Don't look like that," she'd teased. "I know we've known each other forever, but I promise you'll never have to marry me!"

And then Amatis had come up, dragging a laughing Stephen with her, and Jocelyn had forgotten all about Luke, the way he had looked at her—and the odd way Valentine had looked at *him*.

She glanced over at Luke now and started in her chair. His eyes were open, for the first time in days, and fixed on her.

"Luke," she breathed.

He looked puzzled. "How long—have I been asleep?"

She wanted to throw herself onto him, but the thick bandages still wrapped around his chest held her back. She caught at his hand instead and put it against her cheek, her fingers interlocking with his. She closed her eyes and, as she did, felt tears slip from under her lids. "About three days."

"Jocelyn," he said, sounding really alarmed now. "Why are we at the station? Where's Clary? I really don't remember—"

She lowered their interlaced hands and, in as steady a voice as she could manage, told him what had happened—about Sebastian and Jace, and the demon metal embedded in his side, and the help of the Praetor Lupus.

"Clary," he said immediately, when she was finished. "We have to go after her."

Drawing his hand from hers, he started to struggle into a sitting position. Even in the dim light she could see his pallor deepen as he winced with pain.

“That’s not possible. Luke, lie back down, please. Don’t you think if there were any way to go after her, I would have?”

He swung his legs over the side of the bed so he was sitting up; then, with a gasp, he leaned back on his hands. He looked awful. “But the danger—”

“Do you think I haven’t thought about the danger?” Jocelyn put her hands on his shoulders and pushed him gently back against the pillows. “Simon’s been in contact with me every night. She’s all right. She is. And you’re in no shape to do anything about it. Killing yourself won’t help her. Please trust me, Luke.”

“Jocelyn, I can’t just lie here.”

“You can,” she said, standing up. “And you will, if I have to sit on you myself. What on earth is wrong with you, Lucian? Are you out of your mind? I’m terrified about Clary, and I’ve been terrified about you, too. Please don’t do this—don’t do this to me. If anything happened to you—”

He looked at her with surprise. There was already a red stain on the white bandages that wrapped his chest, where his movements had pulled his wound open. “I . . .”

“What?”

“I’m not used to you loving me,” he said.

There was a meekness to his words that she didn’t associate with Luke, and she stared at him for a moment before she said, “Luke. Lie back down, please.”

As a sort of compromise he leaned further back against the pillows. He was breathing hard. Jocelyn darted to the nightstand, poured him a glass of water, and, returning, thrust it into his hand. “Drink it,” she said. “Please.”

Luke took the glass, his blue eyes following her as she sat back down in the chair beside his bed, from which she had barely moved for so many hours that she was surprised she and the chair hadn’t become one. “You know what I was thinking about?” she asked. “Just before you woke up?”

He took a sip of the water. “You looked very far away.”

“I was thinking about the day I married Valentine.”

Luke lowered the glass. “The worst day of my life.”

“Worse than the day you got bitten?” she asked, folding her legs up under her.

“Worse.”

“I didn’t know,” she said. “I didn’t know how you felt. I wish I had. I think things would have been different.”

He looked at her incredulously. “How?”

“I wouldn’t have married Valentine,” she said. “Not if I’d known.”

“You would—”

“I wouldn’t,” she said sharply. “I was too stupid to realize how you felt, but I was also too stupid to realize how *I* felt. I’ve always loved you. Even if I didn’t know it.” She leaned forward and kissed him gently, not wanting to hurt him; then she put her cheek against his. “Promise me you won’t put yourself in danger. Promise.”

She felt his free hand in her hair. “I promise.”

She leaned back, partly satisfied. “I wish I could go back in time. Fix everything. Marry the right guy.”

“But then we wouldn’t have Clary,” he reminded her. She loved the way he said “we,” so casually, as if there were no doubt at all in his mind that Clary was his daughter.

“If you’d been there more while she was growing up . . .” Jocelyn sighed. “I just feel like I did everything wrong. I was so focused on protecting her that I think I protected her too much. She rushes headlong into danger without thinking. When we were growing up, we saw our friends die in battle. She never has. And I wouldn’t want that for her, but sometimes I worry that she doesn’t believe she *can* die.”

“Jocelyn.” Luke’s voice was soft. “You raised her to be a good person. Someone with values, who believes in good and evil and strives to be good. Like you always have. You can’t raise a child to believe the opposite of what you do. I don’t

think she doesn't believe she can die. I think, just like you always did, she believes there are things worth dying *for*."



Clary crept after Sebastian through a network of narrow streets, keeping to the shadows close beside the buildings. They were no longer in Prague—that much was immediately clear. The roads were dark, the sky above was the hollow blue of very early morning, and the signs hung above the shops and stores she passed were all in French. As were the street signs: RUE DE LA SEINE, RUE JACOB, RUE DE L'ABBAYE.

As they moved through the city, people passed her like ghosts. The occasional car rumbled by, trucks backed up to stores, making early-morning deliveries. The air smelled like river water and trash. She was fairly sure where they were already, but then a turn and an alley took them to a wide avenue, and a signpost loomed up out of the misty darkness. Arrows pointed in different directions, showing the way to the Bastille, to Notre Dame, and to the Latin Quarter.

Paris, Clary thought, slipping behind a parked car as Sebastian crossed the street. *We're in Paris*.

It was ironic. She'd always wanted to go to Paris with someone who knew the city. Had always wanted to walk its streets, to see the river, to paint the buildings. She'd never imagined this. Never imagined creeping after Sebastian, across the Boulevard Saint Germain, past a bright yellow *bureau de poste*, up an avenue where the bars were closed but the gutters were full of beer bottles and cigarette butts, and down a narrow street lined with houses. Sebastian stopped before one, and Clary froze as well, flat against a wall.

She watched as he raised a hand and punched a code into a box set beside the door, her eyes following the movements of his fingers. There was a click; the door opened and he slipped through. The moment it closed, she darted after him, pausing to key in the same code—X235—and waiting to hear the soft sound that meant the door was unlocked. When the sound came, she wasn't sure if she was more relieved or surprised. *It shouldn't be this easy*.

A moment later she stood inside a courtyard. It was square, surrounded on all sides by ordinary-looking buildings. Three staircases were viewable through open doors. Sebastian, however, had disappeared.

So it wasn't going to be that easy.

She moved forward into the courtyard, conscious as she did so that she was bringing herself out of sheltering shadow and into the open, where she could be seen. The sky was lightening with every passing moment. The knowledge that she was visible prickled the back of her neck, and she ducked into the shadow of the first stairwell she encountered.

It was plain, with wooden stairs leading up and down, and a cheap mirror on the wall in which she could see her own pale face. There was a distinct smell of rotting garbage, and she wondered for a moment if she were near where the trash bins were stored, before her tired mind clicked over and she realized: The stink was the presence of demons.

Her tired muscles started to shake, but she tightened her hands into fists. She was painfully conscious of her lack of weaponry. She took a deep breath of the stinking air and began to make her way down the steps.

The smell grew stronger and the air darker as she made her way downstairs, and she wished for a stele and a night-vision rune. But there was nothing to be done about it. She kept going as the staircase curved around and around, and she was suddenly grateful for the lack of light as she stepped in a patch of something sticky. She clutched for the banister and tried to breathe through her mouth. The darkness thickened, until she was walking blind, her heart pounding so loudly she was sure it must be announcing her presence. The streets of Paris, the ordinary world, seemed eons away. There was only the darkness and herself, going down and down and down.

And then—light flared in the distance, a tiny point, like the tip of a match bursting into flame. She moved closer to the banister, almost crouching, as the light grew. She could see her own hand now, and the outline of the steps below her. There

were only a few more. She reached the bottom of the stairs and glanced around.

Any resemblance to an ordinary apartment building was gone. Somewhere along the way the wooden stairs had turned into stone, and she stood now in a small, stone-walled room lit by a torch that gave off a sickly greenish light. The floor was rock, polished smooth, and carved with multiple strange symbols. She edged around them as she crossed the room to the only other exit, a curved stone arch, at the apex of which was set a human skull between the *V* of two enormous ornamental crossed axes.

Through the archway she could hear voices. They were too distant for her to make out what they were saying, but they were voices nonetheless. *This way*, they seemed to say. *Follow us*.

She stared up at the skull, and its empty eyes gazed back at her mockingly. She wondered where she was—if Paris was still above her or if she had stepped into another world entirely, the way one did when one entered the Silent City. She thought of Jace, whom she had left sleeping in what now seemed like another life.

She was doing this for him, she reminded herself. To get him back. She stepped through the arch into the corridor beyond, instinctively flattening herself against the wall. Soundlessly she crept along, the voices growing louder and louder. It was dim in the hall but not lightless. Every few feet another greenish torch burned, giving off a charred odor.

A door opened suddenly in the wall to her left, and the voices grew louder.

“ . . . *not like his father*,” one said, the words as raspy as sandpaper. “*Valentine would not deal with us at all. He would make slaves of us. This one will give us this world.*”

Very slowly Clary peered around the edge of the doorway.

The room was bare, smooth-walled, and empty of all furniture. Inside it was a group of demons. They were lizardlike, with hard green-brown skin, but each had a set of

six octopuslike legs that made a dry, skittering sound as they moved. Their heads were bulbous, alien, set with faceted black eyes.

She swallowed bile. She was reminded of the Ravener that had been one of the first demons she'd ever seen. Something about the grotesque combination of lizard, insect, and alien made her stomach turn. She pressed closer to the wall, listening hard.

"That is, if you trust him." It was hard to tell which of them was talking. Their legs clenched and unclenched as they moved, raising and lowering their bulbous bodies. They didn't seem to have mouths but clusters of small tentacles that vibrated as they spoke.

"The Great Mother trusted him. He is her child."

Sebastian. Of course they were talking about Sebastian.

"He is also Nephilim. They are our great enemies."

"They are his enemies as well. He bears the blood of Lilith."

"But the one he calls his companion bears the blood of our enemies. He is of the angels." The word was spat with such hate that Clary felt it like a slap.

"Lilith's child assures us he has him well in hand, and indeed he seems obedient."

A dry, insectile chuckle. *"You young ones are too consumed with worry. The Nephilim have long kept this world from us. Its riches are great. We will drink it dry and leave it as ashes. As for the angel boy, he will be the last of his kind to die. We will burn him on a pyre until he is only golden bones."*

Rage rose in Clary. She sucked in a breath—a tiny sound, but a sound. The demon nearest her jerked its head up. For a moment Clary froze, trapped in the glare of its mirrored black eyes.

Then she turned and ran. Ran, back toward the entryway and the stairs and their path up into darkness. She could hear commotion behind her, the creatures screaming, and then the

slithering, skittering noise of them coming after her. She cast one glance over her shoulder and realized she wasn't going to make it. Despite her head start, they were almost on her.

She could hear her own harsh breathing, sawing in and out, as she reached the archway, spun, and leaped to catch hold of it with her hands. She swung herself forward with all her force, her booted feet driving into the first of the demons, knocking it backward as it shrilled loudly. Still dangling, she caught at the handle of one of the crossed axes below the skull and yanked.

Stuck fast, it didn't move.

She closed her eyes, gripped it tighter, and with all her strength, *pulled*.

The axe came away from the wall with a rending sound, showering down rocks and mortar. Unbalanced, Clary fell, and landed in a crouch, the axe held out in front of her. It was heavy, but she barely felt it. It was happening again, what had happened in the junk shop. The slowing of time, the increased intensity of sensation. She could feel every whisper of the air against her skin, every unevenness of the ground under her feet. She braced herself as the first of the demons scuttled through the doorway and reared back like a tarantula, its legs pawing the air above her. Beneath the tentacles on its face were a pair of long, dripping fangs.

The axe in her hand seemed to swing forward of its own accord, sinking deep into the creature's chest. She immediately remembered Jace telling her not to go for the chest wound but for the decapitation. Not all demons had hearts. But in this case she was lucky. She had struck either the heart or some other vital organ. The creature thrashed and squealed; blood bubbled up around the wound, and then it vanished, leaving her to reel back a step, her ichor-slicked weapon in her hand. The demon's blood was black and stinking, like tar.

As the next one lunged for her, she ducked low, swinging out with the axe and slicing through several of its legs. Howling, it tipped sideways like a broken chair; already the next demon was trampling over its body, trying to get to her.

She swung again, her axe burying itself in the creature's face. Ichor sprayed and she darted backward, pressing herself up against the stairwell. If one of them got around behind her, she was dead.

Maddened, the demon whose face she'd slashed open lurched at her again; she swung out with her axe, severing one of its legs, but another leg wrapped itself around her wrist. Hot agony shot up her arm. She screamed and tried to wrench her hand back, but the demon's grip was too strong. It felt as if thousands of hot needles were stabbing into her skin. Still screaming, she drove out with her left arm, slamming her fist into the creature's face, where her axe had already sliced it. The demon gave a hiss and loosed its grip fractionally; she wrenched her hand free just as it reared back—

And out of nowhere a shimmering blade drove down, burying itself in the demon's skull. As she stared, the demon vanished, and she saw her brother, a blazing seraph blade in his hand, ichor splattered across his white shirtfront. Behind him the room was empty save for the body of one of the demons, still twitching, but with black fluid pouring from its severed leg stumps like oil from a smashed car.

Sebastian. She stared at him in amazement. Had he just saved her life?

"Get away from me, Sebastian," she hissed.

He didn't seem to hear her. "Your arm."

She glanced down at her right wrist, still throbbing in agony. A thick band of saucer-shaped wounds encircled it where the demon's suckers had fastened themselves to her skin. Already the wounds were darkening, turning a sickening blue-black.

She looked back up at her brother. His white hair looked like a halo in the darkness. Or it might have been the fact that her vision was going. Light was haloing around the green torch on the wall too, and around the seraph blade burning in Sebastian's hand. He was talking, but his words were blurred, indistinct, as if he were speaking underwater.

“ . . . deadly poison,” he was saying. “What the hell were you thinking, Clarissa?” His voice faded out, and back in again. She struggled to focus. “ . . . to fight off six Dahak demons with an ornamental axe—”

“Poison,” she repeated, and for a moment his face came clear again, the lines of strain around his mouth and eyes pronounced and startling. “So I guess you didn’t save my life after all, did you?”

Her hand spasmed, and the axe slid out of her grip, clattering to the ground. She felt her sweater catch on the rough wall as she began to slide down it, wanting nothing more than to lie on the floor. But Sebastian wouldn’t let her rest. His arms were under hers, lifting her up, and then he was carrying her, her good arm slung around his neck. She wanted to struggle away from him, but her energy had deserted her. She felt a stinging pain on the inside of her elbow, a burn—the touch of a stele. Numbness spread through her veins. The last thing she saw before she closed her eyes was the face of the skull in the archway. She could have sworn its hollow eyes were full of laughter.

15

MAGDALENA

Nausea and pain came and went in ever-tightening whirlpools. Clary could see only a blur of colors around her: she was conscious that her brother was carrying her, every one of his steps slamming into her skull like an ice pick. She was aware that she was clinging to him and the strength of his arms a comfort—that it was bizarre that anything about Sebastian would be a comfort, and that he seemed to be taking care not to jostle her too much as he walked. Very distantly, she knew that she was gasping for breath, and she heard her brother say her name.

Then everything went silent. For a moment she thought that was the end of it: she had died, died battling demons, the way most Shadowhunters did. Then she felt another pricking burn on the inside of her arm, and a surge of what felt like ice spilling through her veins. She squeezed her eyes shut against the pain, but the cold of whatever Sebastian had done to her was like having a glass of water dashed in her face. Slowly, the world ceased its spinning, the whirlpools of nausea and pain lessening until they were only ripples in the tide of her blood. She could breathe again.

With a gasp, she opened her eyes.

Blue sky.

She was lying on her back, staring up at an endlessly blue sky, touched with cottony clouds, like the painted sky on the ceiling of the infirmary in the Institute. She stretched out her aching arms. The right one still bore the marks of her bracelet of injuries, though they were fading to a light pink. On her left arm was an *iratze*, paling to invisibility, and there was a *mendelin* for pain in the crook of her elbow.

She took a deep breath. Autumn air, tinged with the smell of leaves. She could see the tops of trees, hear the murmur of traffic, and—

Sebastian. She heard a low chuckle and realized she wasn't just lying down, she was lying propped against her brother. Sebastian, who was warm and breathing, and whose arm cradled her head. The rest of her was stretched out along a slightly damp wooden bench.

She jerked upright. Sebastian laughed again; he was sitting at the end of a park bench with elaborate iron armrests. His scarf was folded up in his lap, where she'd been lying, and the arm that hadn't been cradling her head was stretched out along the back of the bench. He had unbuttoned his white shirt to hide the ichor stains. Beneath it he wore a plain gray T-shirt. The silver bracelet glittered on his wrist. His black eyes studied her with amusement as she scooted as far away from him on the bench as she could get.

"Good thing you're so short," he said. "If you were much taller, carrying you would have been extremely inconvenient."

She kept her voice steady with an effort. "Where are we?"

"The *Jardin du Luxembourg*," he said. "The Luxembourg Gardens. It's a very nice park. I had to take you somewhere you could lie down, and the middle of the street didn't seem like a good idea."

"Yeah, there's a word for leaving someone to die in the middle of the street. Vehicular manslaughter."

"That's two words, and I think it's only vehicular manslaughter, technically, if you run them over yourself." He rubbed his hands together as if to warm them. "Anyway, why would I leave you to die in the middle of the street after I went through all that effort to save your life?"

She swallowed, and looked down at her arm. The wounds were even more faded now. If she hadn't known to look for them, she probably wouldn't have noticed them at all. "Why did you?"

"Why did I what?"

“Save my life.”

“You’re my sister.”

She swallowed. In the morning light his face had some color in it. There were faint burns along his neck where demon ichor had splashed him. “You never cared that I was your sister before.”

“Didn’t I?” His black eyes flicked up and down her. She remembered when Jace had come into her house after she’d fought the Ravener demon and she’d been dying of the poison. He’d cured her just as Sebastian had, and carried her out the same way. Maybe they were more alike than she had ever wanted to think, even before the spell that had bound them. “Our father’s dead,” he said. “There are no other relatives. You and I, we are the last. The last of the Morgensterns. You are my only chance for someone whose blood runs in my veins too. Someone like me.”

“You knew I was following you,” she said.

“Of course I did.”

“And you let me.”

“I wanted to see what you would do. And I admit I didn’t think you would follow me down there. You’re braver than I thought.” He picked up the scarf from his lap and drew it around his neck. The park was beginning to fill up, with tourists clutching maps, parents with children in hand, old men sitting on other benches like this one, smoking pipes. “You would never have won that fight.”

“I might have.”

He grinned, a quick sideways grin, as if he couldn’t help it. “Maybe.”

She scuffed her boots in the grass, which was wet with dew. She wasn’t going to thank Sebastian. Not for anything. “Why are you dealing with demons?” she demanded. “I listened to them talking about you. I know what you’re doing—”

“No, you don’t.” The grin was gone, the superior tone back. “First, those weren’t the demons I was dealing with. Those

were their guards. That's why they were in a separate room and why I wasn't there. Dahak demons aren't that smart, though they are mean and tough and defensive. So it's not like they were really informed about what was going on. They were just repeating gossip they'd heard from their masters. Greater Demons. *That* was who I was meeting with."

"And that's supposed to make me feel better?"

He leaned toward her across the bench. "I'm not trying to make you feel better. I'm trying to tell you the truth."

"No wonder you look like you're having an allergy attack," she said, though it wasn't precisely true. Sebastian looked annoyingly tranquil, though the set of his jaw and the pulse in his temple told her he wasn't as calm as he pretended. "The Dahak said you were going to give this world to the demons."

"Now, does that sound like something I'd do?"

She just looked at him.

"I thought you said you were going to give me a chance," he said. "I'm not who I was when you met me in Alicante." His gaze was clear. "Besides, I'm not the only person you've ever met who believed in Valentine. He was my father. Our father. It's not easy to doubt the things you've grown up believing."

Clary crossed her arms over her chest; the air was fresh but cold, with a wintery snap in it. "Well, that's true."

"Valentine was wrong," he said. "He was so obsessed with the wrongs he believed the Clave had done to him that he could see nothing past proving himself right to them. He wanted the Angel to rise and tell them that he was Jonathan Shadowhunter returned, that he was their leader and his way was the right way."

"It didn't exactly happen like that."

"I know what happened. Lilith spoke to me of it." He said this offhandedly, as if conversations with the mother of all warlocks were something everyone had every once in a while. "Do not fool yourself into thinking that what happened was because the Angel has great compassion, Clary. Angels are as

cold as icicles. Raziel was angered because Valentine had forgotten the mission of all Shadowhunters.”

“Which is?”

“To kill demons. That is our mandate. Surely you must have heard that more and more demons have been spilling into our world in recent years? That we have no idea how to keep them out?”

An echo of words came back to her, something Jace had said to her what seemed like a lifetime ago, the first time they had ever visited the Silent City. *We might be able to block them from coming here, but nobody’s even been able to figure out how to do that. In fact, more and more of them are coming through. There used to be only small demon invasions into this world, easily contained. But even in my lifetime more and more of them have spilled in through the wardings. The Clave is always having to dispatch Shadowhunters, and a lot of times they don’t come back.*

“A great war with demons is coming, and the Clave is woefully unprepared,” said Sebastian. “That much my father was correct about. They are too set in their ways to hear warnings or to change. I do not wish the destruction of Downworlders as Valentine did, but I worry that the Clave’s blindness will doom this world that Shadowhunters protect.”

“You want me to believe you care if this world is destroyed?”

“Well, I do live here,” Sebastian said, more mildly than she would have expected. “And sometimes extreme situations call for extreme measures. To destroy the enemy it can be necessary to understand him, even to treat with him. If I can make those Greater Demons trust me, then I can lure them here, where they can be destroyed, and their followers as well. That ought to turn back the tide. Demons will know that this world is not as easy pickings as they imagined it.”

Clary shook her head. “And you’re going to do this with what, just you and Jace? You’re pretty impressive, don’t get me wrong, but even the two of you—”

Sebastian stood up. “You really don’t imagine I could have thought this through, do you?” He looked down at her, the fall wind blowing his white hair across his face. “Come with me. I want to show you something.”

She hesitated. “Jace—”

“Is still asleep. Trust me, I know.” He held out his hand. “Come with me, Clary. If I can’t make you believe I have a plan, maybe I can prove it to you.”

She stared at him. Images tumbled through her mind like shaken confetti: the junk shop in Prague, her gold leaf-ring falling away into darkness, Jace holding her in the alcove in the club, the glass tanks of dead bodies. Sebastian with a seraph blade in his grip.

Prove it to you.

She took his hand and let him pull her to her feet.



It was decided, though not without a great deal of arguing, that in order for the summoning of Raziel to take place, Team Good would need to find a fairly secluded location. “We can’t summon a sixty-foot angel in the middle of Central Park,” Magnus observed dryly. “People might notice, even in New York.”

“Raziel’s sixty feet tall?” Isabelle said. She was slumped down in an armchair she had pulled up to the table. There were rings under her dark eyes; she—like Alec, Magnus, and Simon—was exhausted. They had all been awake for hours, poring through books of Magnus’s so old that their pages were as thin as onionskin. Both Isabelle and Alec could read Greek and Latin, and Alec had a better knowledge of demon languages than Izzy did, but there were still many only Magnus could understand. Maia and Jordan, realizing they could be more help elsewhere, had left for the police station to check on Luke. Meanwhile, Simon had tried to make himself useful in other ways—getting food and coffee, copying down symbols as Magnus instructed, fetching more paper and pencils, and

even feeding Chairman Meow, who had thanked him by coughing up a hair ball on the floor of Magnus's kitchen.

"Actually, he's only fifty-nine feet tall, but he likes to exaggerate," said Magnus. Tiredness was not improving his temper. His hair was sticking straight up, and there were smudges of glitter on the backs of his hands where he had rubbed his eyes. "He's an angel, Isabelle. Haven't you ever studied *anything*?"

Isabelle clicked her tongue in annoyance. "Valentine raised an angel in his cellar. I don't see why you need all this space —"

"Because Valentine is just WAY MORE AWESOME than me," snapped Magnus, dropping his pen. "Look—"

"Don't shout at my sister," said Alec. He said it quietly, but with force behind the words. Magnus looked at him in surprise. Alec continued, "Isabelle, the size of angels, when they appear in the earthly dimension, varies depending on their power. The angel Valentine summoned was of a lower rank than Raziel. And if you were to summon an angel of an even higher rank, Michael, or Gabriel—"

"I couldn't make a spell that would bind them, even momentarily," said Magnus in a subdued voice. "We're summoning Raziel in part because we're hoping that as the creator of Shadowhunters, he will have a special compassion—or, really, any compassion—for your situation. He's also of about the right rank. A less powerful angel might not be able to help us, but a more powerful angel . . . well, if something went wrong . . ."

"It might not just be me who dies," said Simon.

Magnus looked pained, and Alec glanced down at the papers strewn across the table. Isabelle put her hand on top of Simon's. "I can't believe we're actually sitting here talking about summoning an angel," she said. "My whole life we've sworn on the Angel's name. We know our power comes from angels. But the idea of seeing one . . . I can't really imagine it. When I try to think about it, it's too big an idea."

A silence fell across the table. There was a darkness in Magnus's eyes that made Simon wonder if he had ever seen an angel. He wondered whether he ought to ask, but was saved deciding by the buzzing of his cell phone.

"One second," he muttered, and got to his feet. He flipped the phone open and leaned against one of the loft's pillars. It was a text—several—from Maia.

GOOD NEWS! LUKE IS AWAKE AND TALKING. IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING TO BE OKAY.

Relief poured over Simon in a wave. Finally, good news. He flipped the phone shut and reached for the ring on his hand. *Clary?*

Nothing.

He swallowed his nerves. She was probably asleep. He looked up to find all three of the people at the table staring at him.

"Who called?" Isabelle asked.

"It was Maia. She says Luke's up and talking. That he's going to be okay." There was a chatter of relieved voices, but Simon was still staring down at the ring on his hand. "She gave me an idea."

Isabelle had been on her feet, heading toward him; at that, she paused, looking worried. Simon supposed he didn't blame her. His ideas had been downright suicidal of late. "What is it?" she said.

"What do we need to summon Raziel? How much space?" Simon asked.

Magnus paused over a book. "A mile around at least. Water would be good. Like Lake Lyn—"

"Luke's farm," Simon said. "Upstate. An hour or two away. It should be shut up now, but I know how to get there. And there's a lake. Not as big as Lyn, but . . ."

Magnus closed the book he was holding. "That's not a bad idea, Seamus."

“A few hours?” Isabelle said, looking up at the clock. “We could be there by—”

“Oh, no,” said Magnus. He pushed the book away from him. “While your enthusiasm is boundless and impressive, Isabelle, I’m too exhausted to properly cast the summoning spell at the moment. And this isn’t something I want to take risks with. I think we can all agree.”

“So when?” Alec asked.

“We need a few hours sleep at least,” Magnus said. “I say we leave early afternoon. Sherlock—sorry, *Simon*—call and see if you can borrow Jordan’s truck in the meantime. And now . . .” He pushed his papers to the side. “I’m going to sleep. Isabelle, Simon, you’re more than welcome to use the spare room again if you like.”

“Different spare rooms would be better,” Alec muttered.

Isabelle looked at Simon with questioning dark eyes, but he was already reaching into his pocket for his phone. “Okay,” he said. “I’ll be back by noon, but for now there’s something important I have to do.”



In the daylight Paris was a city of narrow, curving streets that opened out into wide avenues, mellow golden buildings with slate-colored roofs, and a glittering river that sliced across it like a dueling scar. Sebastian, despite his claim that he was going to prove to Clary that he had a plan, didn’t say much as they made their way up a street lined with art galleries and stores selling dusty old books, to reach the Quai des Grands Augustins by the river’s edge.

There was a cool wind coming off the Seine, and she shivered. Sebastian unwound the scarf from around his neck and handed it to her. It was a heathery black and white tweed, still warm from being wrapped around his neck.

“Don’t be stupid,” he said. “You’re cold. Put it on.”

Clary wound it around her neck. “Thanks,” she said reflexively, and winced.

There. She had thanked Sebastian. She waited for a bolt of lightning to shoot out of the clouds and strike her dead. But nothing happened.

He gave her an odd look. “You all right? You look like you’re going to sneeze.”

“I’m fine.” The scarf smelled like citrusy cologne and boy. She wasn’t sure what she’d thought it would smell like. They started to walk again. This time Sebastian slowed his pace, walking alongside her, pausing to explain that neighborhoods in Paris were numbered, and they were crossing from the sixth into the fifth, the Latin Quarter, and that the bridge they could see spanning the river in the distance was the Pont Saint-Michel. There were a lot of young people walking past them, Clary noticed; girls her age or older, impossibly stylish in tight-fitting pants and sky-high heels, long hair blowing in the wind off the Seine. Quite a few of them stopped to give Sebastian appreciative glances, which he didn’t seem to notice.

Jace, she thought, would have noticed. Sebastian *was* striking, with his icy white hair and black eyes. She had thought he was handsome the first time she’d met him, and he’d had his hair dyed black then; it hadn’t suited him, really. He looked better like this. The pallor of his hair gave his skin some color, drew your eyes to the flush along his high cheekbones, the graceful shape of his face. His eyelashes were incredibly long, a shade darker than his hair, and curled slightly, just like Jocelyn’s—*so* unfair. Why hadn’t she gotten the curling lashes in the family? And why didn’t he have a single freckle? “So,” she said abruptly, cutting him off in the middle of a sentence, “what are we?”

He gave her a sidelong look. “What do you mean, ‘What are we?’”

“You said we’re the last of the Morgensterns. Morgenstern is a German name,” said Clary. “So, what are we, German? What’s the story? Why aren’t there any more but us?”

“You don’t know anything about Valentine’s family?” Incredulity tinged Sebastian’s voice. He had stopped next to

the wall that ran along the Seine, beside the pavement. “Didn’t your mother ever tell you anything?”

“She’s your mother too, and no, she didn’t. Valentine’s not her favorite topic.”

“Shadowhunter names are compounded,” said Sebastian slowly, and he climbed up on top of the wall. He reached a hand down, and after a moment she let him take hers and pull her up onto the wall beside him. The Seine ran gray-green below them, fly-speck tourist boats chugging by at a leisurely pace. “Fairchild, Light-wood, White-law. ‘Morgenstern’ means ‘morning star.’ It’s a German name, but the family was Swiss.”

“Was?”

“Valentine was an only child,” Sebastian said. “His father—our grandfather—was killed by Downworlders, and our great-uncle died in a battle. He didn’t have any children. This”—he reached out and touched her hair—“is from the Fairchild side. There’s English blood there. I look more like the Swiss side. Like Valentine.”

“Do you know anything about our grandparents?” Clary asked, fascinated despite herself.

Sebastian dropped his hand and leaped down off the wall. He held his hand up for her, and she took it, balancing as she leaped down. For a moment she collided with his chest, hard and warm beneath his shirt. A passing girl shot her an amused, jealous look, and Clary pulled back hastily. She wanted to shout after the girl that Sebastian was her brother, and that she hated him anyway. She didn’t.

“I know nothing about our maternal grandparents,” he said. “How could I?” His smile was crooked. “Come. I want to show you a favorite place of mine.”

Clary hung back. “I thought you were going to prove to me that you had a plan.”

“All in due time.” Sebastian started to walk, and after a moment she followed him. *Find out his plan. Make nice until you do.* “Valentine’s father was a lot like him,” Sebastian went

on. “He put his faith in strength. ‘We are God’s chosen warriors.’ That’s what he believed. Pain made you strong. Loss made you powerful. When he died . . .”

“Valentine changed,” Clary said. “Luke told me.”

“He loved his father and he hated him. Something you might understand from knowing Jace. Valentine raised us as his father had raised him. You always return to what you know.”

“But Jace,” Clary said. “Valentine taught him more than just fighting. He taught him languages, and how to play the piano—”

“That was Jocelyn’s influence.” Sebastian said her name unwillingly, as if he hated the sound of it. “She thought Valentine ought to be able to talk about books, art, music—not just killing things. He passed that on to Jace.”

A wrought iron blue gate rose to their left. Sebastian ducked under it and beckoned Clary to follow him. She didn’t have to duck but went after him, her hands stuffed into her pockets. “What about you?” she asked.

He held up his hands. They were unmistakably her mother’s hands—dexterous, long-fingered, meant for holding a brush or a pen. “I learned to play the instruments of war,” he said, “and paint in blood. I am not like Jace.”

They were in a narrow alley between two rows of buildings made of the same golden stone as many of the other buildings of Paris, their roofs sparkling copper-green in the sunlight. The street underfoot was cobblestone, and there were no cars or motorcycles. To her left was a café, a wooden sign dangling from a wrought iron pole the only clue that there was any commercial business on this winding street.

“I like it here,” Sebastian said, following her gaze, “because it’s as if you were in a past century. No noise of cars, no neon lights. Just—peaceful.”

Clary stared at him. *He’s lying*, she thought. *Sebastian doesn’t have thoughts like this. Sebastian, who tried to burn Alicante to the ground, doesn’t care about “peaceful.”*

She thought then of where he'd grown up. She'd never seen it, but Jace had described it to her. A small house—a cottage, really—in a valley outside Alicante. The nights would have been silent there and the sky full of stars at night. But would he miss that? *Could* he? Was that the sort of emotion you could have when you weren't really even human?

It doesn't bother you? she wanted to say. *Being in the place the real Sebastian Verlac grew up and lived, until you ended his life? Walking these streets, bearing his name, knowing that somewhere, his aunt is grieving for him? And what did you mean when you said he wasn't supposed to fight back?*

His black eyes regarded her thoughtfully. He had a sense of humor, she knew; there was a streak of mordant wit in him that was sometimes not unlike Jace's. But he didn't smile.

"Come on," he said then, breaking off her reverie. "This place has the best hot chocolate in Paris."

Clary wasn't sure how she'd know if this were true or not, given that this was the first time she'd ever been to Paris, but once they sat down, she had to admit the hot chocolate was excellent. They made it at your table—which was small and wooden, as were the old-fashioned high-backed chairs—in a blue ceramic pot, using cream, chocolate powder, and sugar. The result was a cocoa so thick your spoon could stand up in it. They had croissants, too, and dunked them into the chocolate.

"You know, if you want another croissant, they'll bring you one," said Sebastian, leaning back in his chair. They were the youngest people in the place by decades, Clary noticed. "You're attacking that one like a wolverine."

"I'm hungry." She shrugged. "Look, if you want to talk to me, talk. Convince me."

He leaned forward, his elbows on the table. She was reminded of looking into his eyes the night before, of noticing the silver ring around the iris of his eye. "I was thinking about what you said last night."

“I was hallucinating last night. I don’t remember what I said to you.”

“You asked me who I belonged to,” said Sebastian.

Clary paused with her cup of chocolate halfway to her mouth. “I did?”

“Yeah.” His eyes studied her face intently. “And I don’t have an answer.”

She set her cup down, feeling suddenly, intensely uncomfortable. “You don’t have to belong to anyone,” she said. “It’s just a figure of speech.”

“Well, let me ask you something now,” Sebastian said. “Do you think you can forgive me? I mean, do you think forgiveness is possible for someone like me?”

“I don’t know.” Clary gripped the edge of the table. “I—I mean, I don’t know much about forgiveness as a religious concept, just your garden-variety kind of forgiving people.” She took a deep breath, knowing she was babbling. It was something in the steadiness of Sebastian’s dark gaze on her, as if he actually expected her to give him the answers to questions no one else could answer. “I know you have to do things, to earn forgiveness. Change yourself. Confess, repent—and make amends.”

“Amends,” Sebastian echoed.

“To make up for what you’ve done.” She looked down at her mug. There was no making up for the things Sebastian had done, not in any way that made sense.

“*Ave atque vale*,” Sebastian said, looking down at his mug of chocolate.

Clary recognized the traditional words Shadowhunters spoke over their dead. “Why are you saying that? I’m not dying.”

“You know it’s from a poem,” he said. “By Catullus. ‘*Frater, ave atque vale*.’ ‘Hail and farewell, my brother.’ He speaks of ashes, of the rites of the dead, and his own grief for his brother. I was taught the poem young, but I didn’t *feel* it—

either his grief, or his loss, or even the wondering what it would be like to die and to have no one grieve you.” He looked up at her sharply. “What do you think it would have been like if Valentine had brought you up along with me? Would you have loved me?”

Clary was very glad she had put her cup down, because if she hadn’t, she would have dropped it. Sebastian was looking at her not with any shyness or the sort of natural awkwardness that might be attendant on such a bizarre question, but as if she were a curious, foreign life-form.

“Well,” she said. “You’re my brother. I would have loved you. I would have . . . had to.”

He kept looking at her with the same still, intent gaze. She wondered if she should ask him if he thought that meant he would have loved her, too. Like a sister. But she had a feeling he had no idea what that meant.

“But Valentine didn’t bring me up,” she said. “In fact, I killed him.”

She wasn’t sure why she said it. Maybe she wanted to see if it was possible to upset him. After all, Jace had told her once that he thought Valentine might have been the only thing Sebastian had ever cared about.

But he didn’t blanch. “Actually,” he said, “the Angel killed him. Though it was because of you.” His fingers traced patterns on the worn tabletop. “You know, when I first met you, in Idris, I had hopes—I had thought you would be like me. And when you were nothing like me, I hated you. And then, when I was brought back, and Jace told me what you did, I realized that I had been wrong. You *are* like me.”

“You said that last night,” Clary said. “But I’m not—”

“You killed our father,” he said. His voice was soft. “And *you don’t care*. Never given it a second thought, have you? Valentine beat Jace bloody for the first ten years of his life, and Jace still misses him. Grieved for him, though they share no blood at all. But he was your father and you killed him and you’ve never missed a night of sleep over it.”

Clary stared at him with her mouth open. It was unfair. So unfair. Valentine had never been a father to her—hadn't loved her—had been a monster who'd had to die. She had killed him because she'd had no choice.

Unbidden in her mind rose the image of Valentine, driving his blade into Jace's chest, then holding him as he died. Valentine had wept over the son he'd murdered. But she had never cried for her father. Had never even considered it.

"I'm right, aren't I?" said Sebastian. "Tell me I'm wrong. Tell me you're not like me."

Clary stared down at her cup of chocolate, now cold. She felt like a vortex had opened up inside her head and was sucking away her thoughts and words. "I thought you thought *Jace* was like you," she said finally in a choked voice. "I thought that's why you wanted him with you."

"I need Jace," said Sebastian. "But in his heart he's not like me. You are." He stood up. He must have paid the bill at some point; Clary couldn't remember. "Come with me."

He held his hand out. She stood up without taking it and retied his scarf mechanically; the chocolate she had drunk felt like acid churning in her stomach. She followed Sebastian out of the café and into the alley, where he stood looking up at the blue sky overhead.

"I'm not like Valentine," Clary said, stopping next to him. "Our mother—"

"*Your* mother," he said, "hated me. Hates me. You saw her. She tried to kill me. You want to tell me you take after your mother, fine. Jocelyn Fairchild is ruthless. She always has been. She pretended to love our father for months, years maybe, so she could gather enough information on him to betray him. She engineered the Uprising and watched all her husband's friends *slaughtered*. She stole your memories. Have you forgiven her? And when she ran from Idris, do you honestly think she ever planned to take me with her? She must have been relieved at the thought that I was dead—"

“She wasn’t!” Clary snapped. “She had a box that had your baby things in it. She used to take it out and cry over it. Every year on your birthday. I know you have it in your room.”

Sebastian’s thin, elegant lips twisted. He turned away from her and started walking down the alley. “Sebastian!” Clary called after him. “Sebastian, *wait*.” She wasn’t sure why she wanted him to come back. Admittedly, she had no idea where she was or how to find her way back to the apartment, but it was more than that. She wanted to stand and fight, to prove she wasn’t what he said she was. She raised her voice to a shout: “*Jonathan Christopher Morgenstern!*”

He stopped and turned slowly, looking back over his shoulder at her.

She walked toward him, and he watched her walk, his head cocked to the side, his black eyes narrow. “I bet you don’t even know my middle name,” she said.

“Adele.” There was a musicality to the way he said it, a familiarity that made her uncomfortable. “Clarissa Adele.”

She reached his side. “Why Adele? I never knew.”

“I don’t know myself,” he said. “I know Valentine never wanted you to be called Clarissa Adele. He wanted you to be called Seraphina, after his mother. Our grandmother.” He turned around and started walking again, and this time she kept pace. “After our grandfather was killed, she died—heart attack. Died of grief, Valentine always said.”

Clary thought of Amatis, who had never gotten over her first love, Stephen; of Stephen’s father, who had died of grief; of the Inquisitor, her whole life dedicated to revenge. Of Jace’s mother, cutting her wrists when her husband died. “Before I met the Nephilim, I would have said it was impossible to die of grief.”

Sebastian chuckled dryly. “We don’t form attachments like mundanes do,” he said. “Well, sometimes, surely. Not everyone is the same. But the bonds between us tend to be intense and unbreakable. That’s why we do so badly with others not of our kind. Downworlders, mundanes—”

“My mother’s marrying a Downworlder,” Clary said, stung. They had paused in front of a square stone building with blue painted shutters, almost at the end of the alley.

“He was Nephilim once,” said Sebastian. “And look at our father. Your mother betrayed him and left him, and he still spent the rest of his life waiting to find her again and convince her to come back to him. That whole closet full of clothes—” He shook his head.

“But Valentine told Jace that love is a weakness,” said Clary. “That it would destroy you.”

“Wouldn’t you think that, if you spent half your life chasing a woman even though she hated your guts, because you couldn’t forget about her? If you had to remember that the person you loved best in the world stabbed you in the back and twisted the knife?” He leaned in for a moment, close enough that when he spoke, his breath stirred her hair. “Maybe you are more like your mother than our father. But what difference does it make? You have ruthlessness in your bones and ice in your heart, Clarissa. Don’t tell me any differently.”

He spun away before she could answer him, and mounted the front step of the blue-shuttered house. A strip of electric buzzers ran down the side of the wall beside the door, each with a name hand-scrawled on a placard beside it. He pressed the button beside the name Magdalena, and waited. Eventually a scratchy voice came through the speaker:

“Qui est là?”

“C’est le fils et la fille de Valentine,” he said. *“Nous avons rendez-vous?”*

There was a pause, and then the buzzer sounded. Sebastian yanked the door open—and held it open, politely letting Clary go before him. The stairs were wooden, as worn and smooth as the side of a ship. They trudged up them in silence to the top floor, where the door was propped slightly open onto the landing. Sebastian went through first, and Clary followed.

She found herself in a large, airy light space. The walls were white, as were the curtains. Through one window she

could see the street beyond, lined with restaurants and boutiques. Cars whizzed by, but the sound of them didn't seem to penetrate inside the apartment. The floor was polished wood, the furniture white-painted wood or upholstered couches with colorful throw pillows. A section of the apartment was set up as a sort of studio. Light poured down from a skylight onto a long wooden table. There were easels, cloths tossed over them to obscure their contents. A paint-stained smock hung from a hook on the wall.

Standing by the table was a woman. Clary would have guessed her age at about Jocelyn's, if there had not been several factors obscuring her age. She wore a shapeless black smock that hid her body; only her white hands and her face and throat were visible. On each of her cheeks was carved a thick black rune, running from the outside corner of her eye to her lips. Clary had not seen the runes before, but she could sense their meaning—power, skill, workmanship. The woman had thick long auburn hair, falling in waves to her waist, and her eyes, when she raised them, were a peculiar flat orange color, like a dying flame.

The woman clasped her hands in front of her smock loosely. In a nervous, melodic voice, she said, "*Tu dois être Jonathan Morgenstern. Et elle, c'est ta sœur? Je pensais que —*"

"I am Jonathan Morgenstern," Sebastian said. "And this is my sister, yes. Clarissa. Please speak English in front of her. She doesn't understand French."

The woman cleared her throat. "My English is rusty. It has been years since I used it."

"It seems good enough to me. Clarissa, this is Sister Magdalena. Of the Iron Sisters."

Clary was startled into speech. "But I thought the Iron Sisters never left their fortress—"

"They don't," said Sebastian. "Unless they are disgraced by having their part in the Uprising discovered. Who do you think armed the Circle?" He smiled at Magdalena mirthlessly. "The

Iron Sisters are Makers, not fighters. But Magdalena fled the Fortress before her part in the Uprising could be discovered.”

“I had not seen another Nephilim in fifteen years until your brother contacted me,” said Magdalena. It was hard to tell who she was looking at while she spoke; her featureless eyes seemed to wander, but she was clearly not blind. “Is it true? Do you have the . . . material?”

Sebastian reached into a pouch hanging from his weapons belt and took from it a chunk of what looked like quartz. He set it down on the long table, and a stray shaft of sunlight, passing across the skylight, lit it seemingly from within. Clary caught her breath. It was the *adamas* from the junk shop in Prague.

Magdalena drew in a hissing breath.

“Pure *adamas*,” said Sebastian. “No rune has ever touched it.”

The Iron Sister came around the table and laid her hands upon the *adamas*. Her hands, also scarred with multiple runes, trembled. “*Adamas pur*,” she whispered. “It has been years since I touched the holy material.”

“It is all yours to craft with,” said Sebastian. “When you are done, I shall pay you in more of it. That is, if you believe you can create what I asked for.”

Magdalena drew herself up. “Am I not an Iron Sister? Did I not take the vows? Do my hands not shape the stuff of Heaven? I can deliver what I promised, Valentine’s son. Never doubt it.”

“Good to hear.” There was a trace of humor in Sebastian’s voice. “I will return tonight, then. You know how to summon me if you need to.”

Magdalena shook her head. All her attention was back on the glassine substance, the *adamas*. She stroked it with her fingers. “Yes. You may go.”

Sebastian nodded and took a step back. Clary hesitated. She wanted to seize the woman, ask her what Sebastian had demanded she do, ask her why she would ever have broken

Covenant Law to work beside Valentine. Magdalena, as if sensing her hesitation, looked up and smiled thinly.

“The two of you,” she said, and for a moment Clary thought she was going to say that she did not understand why they were together, that she had heard that they hated each other, that Jocelyn’s daughter was a Shadowhunter while Valentine’s son was a criminal. But she only shook her head. “*Mon Dieu,*” she said, “but you look just like your parents.”

16

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

When Clary and Sebastian returned to the apartment, the living room was empty, but there were dishes in the sink where there hadn't been before.

"I thought you said Jace was asleep," she said to Sebastian, a note of accusation in her voice.

Sebastian shrugged. "He was when I said it." There was light mockery in his voice but no serious unkindness. They had walked back from Magdalena's together mostly in silence, but not a bad sort of silence. Clary had let her mind wander, only jerked back to reality on occasion by the realization that it was Sebastian she was walking beside. "I'm pretty sure I know where he is."

"In his room?" Clary started for the stairs.

"No." He moved in front of her. "Come on. I'll show you."

He headed up the stairs at a rapid pace and into the master bedroom, Clary on his heels. As she watched in puzzlement, he tapped the side of the wardrobe. It slid away, revealing a set of stairs behind it. Sebastian cast a smirk over his shoulder at her as she came up behind him. "You're kidding," she said. "Secret stairs?"

"Don't tell me that's the strangest thing you've seen today." He took the stairs two at a time, and Clary, though bone-weary, followed him. The stairs curved around and opened out into a wide room with a polished wooden floor and high walls. All manner of weapons hung from the walls, just as they did in the training room in the Institute—*kindjals* and *chakhrams*, maces and swords and daggers, crossbows and brass knuckles, throwing stars and axes and samurai swords.

Training circles were neatly painted on the floor. In the center of them stood Jace, his back to the door. He was shirtless and barefoot, in black warm-up pants, a knife in each of his hands. An image flashed in her head: Sebastian's bare back, scarred with unmistakable whip stripes. Jace's was smooth, pale gold skin over muscle, marked only with the typical scars of a Shadowhunter—and the scratches her own nails had made last night. She felt herself flush, but her mind was still on the question: why would Valentine have whipped one boy but not the other?

"Jace," she said.

He turned. He was clean. The silvery fluid was gone, and his gold hair was almost bronze-dark, pasted damply to his head. His skin glistened with sweat. The expression on his face was guarded. "Where were you?"

Sebastian went to the wall and began to examine the weapons there, running his bare hand along the blades. "I thought Clary might want to see Paris."

"You could have left me a note," said Jace. "It isn't as if our situation is the safest, Jonathan. I'd rather not have to worry about Clary—"

"I followed him," Clary said.

Jace turned and looked at her, and for a moment she caught a glimpse, in his eyes, of the boy in Idris who had shouted at her for spoiling all his careful plans to keep her safe. But this Jace was different. His hands didn't shake when he looked at her, and the pulse in his throat stayed steady. "You did what?"

"I followed Sebastian," she said. "I was awake and I wanted to see where he was going." She put her hands into her jeans pockets and looked at him defiantly. His eyes took her in, from her wind-mussed hair to her boots, and she felt the blood rise up in her face. Sweat shone along his collarbones, and the ridges of his stomach muscles. His workout pants were folded over at the waist, showing the *V* of his hip bones. She remembered what it had felt like to have his arms around her, to be pressed close enough against him that she could feel every detail of his bones and muscles against her body—

She felt a wave of embarrassment so acute, it was dizzying. What made it worse was that Jace didn't seem in the least bit awkward, or as if the previous night had affected him as much as it had her. He seemed only . . . annoyed. Annoyed, and sweaty, and hot.

"Yeah, well," he said, "the next time you decide to sneak out of our magically warded apartment through a door that shouldn't really exist, leave a note."

She raised her eyebrows. "Are you being sarcastic?"

He threw one of his knives into the air and caught it. "Possibly."

"I took Clary to see Magdalena," Sebastian said. He had taken a throwing star down from the wall and was examining it. "We brought the *adamas*."

Jace had tossed the second knife into the air; he missed catching it this time, and it stuck point-down into the floor. "You did?"

"I did," Sebastian said. "And I told Clary the plan. I told her that we were planning to lure Greater Demons here so we could destroy them."

"But not how you planned to accomplish that," Clary said. "You never told me *that* part."

"I thought it would be better to tell you with Jace here," said Sebastian. He snapped his wrist forward suddenly, and the throwing star flew toward Jace, who blocked it with a swift flick of his knife. It clattered to the ground. Sebastian whistled. "Fast," he commented.

Clary whirled on her brother. "You could have hurt him—"

"Anything that injures him injures me," said Sebastian. "I was showing you how much I trust him. Now I want you to trust *us*." His black eyes bored into her. "*Adamas*," he said. "The stuff I brought to the Iron Sister today. Do you know what's made out of it?"

"Of course. Seraph blades. The demon towers of Alicante. Steles . . ."

“And the Mortal Cup.”

Clary shook her head. “The Mortal Cup is gold. I’ve seen it.”

“*Adamus* dipped in gold. The Mortal Sword, too, has a hilt of the stuff. They say it’s the material the palaces of Heaven are built from. And it isn’t easy to get hold of. Only the Iron Sisters can work the stuff, and only they’re supposed to have access to it.”

“So why did you give some to Magdalena?”

“So she could make a second Cup,” said Jace.

“A second Mortal Cup?” Clary looked from one of them to the other, incredulous. “But you can’t just do that. Just make another Mortal Cup. If you could, the Clave wouldn’t have panicked so much when the original Mortal Cup went missing. Valentine wouldn’t have needed it so badly—”

“It’s a cup,” said Jace. “However crafted, it will always be a cup until the Angel voluntarily pours his blood into it. That’s what makes it what it is.”

“And you think you can get Raziel to voluntarily pour his blood into a second cup for you?” Clary couldn’t keep the razor edge of disbelief from her voice. “Good luck.”

“It’s a trick, Clary,” said Sebastian. “You know how everything has an alliance? Seraphic or demonic? What the demons believe is that we want the demonic equivalent of Raziel. A demon great in power who will mix his blood with ours and create a new race of Shadowhunters. Ones not bound by the Law, or the Covenant, or the rules of the Clave.”

“You told them you want to make . . . backward Shadowhunters?”

“Something like that.” Sebastian laughed, raking fingers through his fair hair. “Jace, do you want to help me explain?”

“Valentine was a zealot,” said Jace. “He was wrong about a lot of things. He was wrong to consider killing Shadowhunters. He was wrong about Downworlders. But he wasn’t wrong about the Clave or the Council. Every Inquisitor

we've had has been corrupt. The Laws handed down by the Angel are arbitrary and nonsensical, and their punishments are worse. 'The Law is hard, but it is the Law.' How many times have you heard that? How many times have we had to duck and avoid the Clave and its Laws even when we were trying to save them? Who put me in prison?—the Inquisitor. Who put *Simon* in prison? The Clave. Who would have let him burn?"

Clary's heart had started to pound. Jace's voice, so familiar, saying these words, made her bones feel weak. He was right and also wrong. As Valentine had been. But she wanted to believe him in a way she hadn't wanted to believe Valentine.

"Fine," she said. "I understand the Clave is corrupt. But I don't see what that has to do with making deals with demons."

"Our mandate is to destroy demons," said Sebastian. "But the Clave has been pouring all its energy into other tasks. The wards have been weakening, and more and more demons have been spilling into earth, but the Clave turns a blind eye. We have opened a gate in the far north, on Wrangel Island, and we will lure demons through it with the promise of this Cup. Only, when they pour their blood into it, they will be destroyed. I have made deals like this with several Greater Demons. When Jace and I have killed them, the Clave will see we are a power to be reckoned with. They will have to listen to us."

Clary stared. "Killing Greater Demons isn't that easy."

"I did it earlier today," said Sebastian. "Which is incidentally why neither of us is going to get in trouble for killing all those bodyguard demons. I killed their master."

Clary looked from Jace to Sebastian and back again. Jace's eyes were cool, interested; Sebastian's gaze was more intense. It was as if he were trying to see into her head. "Well," she said slowly. "That's a lot to take in. And I don't like the idea of you putting yourselves in that kind of danger. But I'm glad you trusted me enough to tell me."

"I told you," Jace said. "I told you she'd understand."

"I never said she wouldn't." Sebastian didn't take his eyes off Clary's face.

She swallowed hard. "I didn't sleep much last night," she said. "I need to rest."

"Too bad," said Sebastian. "I was going to ask if you wanted to climb the Eiffel Tower." His eyes were dark, unreadable; she couldn't tell if he was joking or not. Before she could say anything in reply, Jace's hand slid into hers.

"I'll go with you," he said. "I didn't sleep that well myself." He nodded at Sebastian. "See you for dinner."

Sebastian made no reply. They were nearly to the steps when Sebastian called out: "Clary."

She turned around, drawing her hand out of Jace's. "What?"

"My scarf." He held out his hand for it.

"Oh. Right." Taking a few steps toward him, she tugged with nervous fingers at the knotted cloth around her throat. After a moment of watching her, Sebastian made an impatient noise and stalked across the room toward her, his long legs covering the space between them quickly. She stiffened as he put his hand to her throat and deftly undid the knot with a few motions, then unwrapped the scarf. She thought for a moment that he lingered before unwrapping it fully, his fingers brushing her throat—

She remembered him kissing her on the hill by the burned remains of the Fairchild manor, and how she had felt as if she were falling, into a dark and abandoned place, lost and terrified. She backed up hastily, and the scarf fell away from her neck as she turned. "Thanks for lending it to me," she said, and darted back to follow Jace down the stairs, not looking behind to see her brother watch her go, holding the scarf, a quizzical expression on his face.



Simon stood among the dead leaves and looked up the path; once more the human impulse to take a deep breath came on him. He was in Central Park, near the Shakespeare Garden. The trees had lost the last of their autumn luster, the gold and

green and red turning to brown and black. Most of the branches were bare.

He touched the ring on his finger again. *Clary?*

Again there was no reply. His muscles felt as tense as strung wires. It had been too long since he had been able to raise her using the ring. He told himself over and over that she could be sleeping, but nothing could untie the terrible knot of tension in his stomach. The ring was his only connection to her, and right now it felt like nothing more than a hunk of dead metal.

He dropped his hands to his sides and moved forward, up the path, past the statues and the benches inscribed with verses from Shakespeare's plays. The path turned a curving right, and suddenly he could see her, sitting up ahead on a bench, looking away from him, her dark hair in a long braid down her back. She was very still, waiting. Waiting for him.

Simon straightened his back and walked toward her, even though every step felt as if it were weighted with lead.

She heard him as he approached and turned around, her pale face going even paler as he sat down beside her. "Simon," she said on an exhale of breath. "I wasn't sure you'd come."

"Hi, Rebecca," he said.

She held out her hand, and he took it, silently thanking the forethought that had made him put on gloves that morning, so that if he touched her she wouldn't feel the chill of his skin. It hadn't been that long since he'd seen her last—maybe four months—but already she seemed like the photograph of someone he'd known a long time ago, even though everything about her was familiar—her dark hair; her brown eyes, the same shape and color as his own; the spatter of freckles across her nose. She wore jeans, a bright yellow parka, and a green scarf with big yellow cotton flowers. Clary called Becky's style "hippie-chic"; about half her clothes came from vintage stores, and the other half she sewed herself.

As he squeezed her hand, her dark eyes filled with tears. "Si," she said, and put her arms around him and hugged him.

He let her, patting her arms, her back, clumsily. When she pulled back, wiping at her eyes, she frowned. “God, your face is cold,” she said. “You should wear a scarf.” She looked at him accusingly. “Anyway, where have you *been*?”

“I told you,” he said. “I was staying with a friend.”

She gave a short bark of laughter. “Okay, Simon, that so doesn’t cut it,” she said. “What the hell is going on?”

“Becks . . .”

“I called home about Thanksgiving,” Rebecca said, staring straight ahead at the trees. “You know, what train I should take, that sort of thing. And you know what Mom said? She said not to come home, there wasn’t going to be any Thanksgiving. So I called you. *You* didn’t pick up. I called Mom to find out where you were. She hung up on me. Just—hung up on me. So I came home. That’s when I saw the religious weirdness all over the door. I freaked out on Mom, and she told me you were *dead*. Dead. My own brother. She said you were dead and a monster took your place.”

“What did you do?”

“I got the hell out of there,” said Rebecca. Simon could tell she was trying to sound tough, but there was a thin, frightened edge to her voice. “It was pretty clear Mom had lost it.”

“Oh,” Simon said. Rebecca and his mother had always shared a fraught relationship. Rebecca liked to refer to his mother as “nuts” or “the crazy lady.” But it was the first time he’d had the sense she really meant it.

“Damn right, *oh*,” Rebecca snapped. “I was frantic. I texted you every five minutes. Finally I get that crap text from you about staying with a friend. Now you want to meet me here. What the hell, Simon? How long has this been going on?”

“How long has what been going on?”

“What do you think? Mom being totally mental.” Rebecca’s small fingers picked at her scarf. “We have to do something. Talk to someone. Doctors. Get her on meds or something. I didn’t know what to *do*. Not without you. You’re my brother.”

“I can’t,” Simon said. “I mean, I can’t help you.”

Her voice softened. “I know it sucks and you’re just in high school, but, Simon, we have to make these decisions together.”

“I mean I can’t help you get her on meds,” he said. “Or take her to the doctor. Because she’s right. I am a monster.”

Rebecca’s mouth dropped open. “Has she brainwashed you?”

“No—”

Her voice wobbled. “You know, I thought maybe she’d *hurt* you—the way she was talking—but then I thought, *No, she’d never do that, no matter what.* But if she did—if she laid a finger on you, Simon, so help me—”

Simon couldn’t take it anymore. He stripped off his glove and held his hand out to his sister. His sister, who’d held his hand on the beach when he was too small to toddle into the ocean unassisted. Who’d mopped blood off him after soccer practice, and tears off him after their father had died and their mother was a zombie lying in her room staring at the ceiling. Who’d read to him in his race-car-shaped bed when he still wore footie pajamas. *I am the Lorax. I speak for the trees.* Who once accidentally shrunk all his clothes in the wash so they were doll-size, when she was trying to be domestic. Who packed his lunch when their mother didn’t have time. *Rebecca*, he thought. The last tie he had to cut.

“Take my hand,” he said.

She took it, and winced. “You’re so cold. Have you been sick?”

“You could say that.” He looked at her, willing her to sense something wrong with him, *really* wrong, but she only looked back at him with trusting brown eyes. He bit back a flare of impatience. It wasn’t her fault. She didn’t know. “Take my pulse,” he said.

“I don’t know how to take someone’s pulse, Simon. I’m an art history major.”

He reached over and moved her fingers up to his wrist. “Press down. Do you feel anything?”

For a moment she was still, her bangs swinging over her forehead. “No. Am I supposed to?”

“Becky—” He pulled his wrist back in frustration. There was nothing else for it. There was only one way. “Look at me,” he said, and when her eyes swung up to his face, he let his fangs snap out.

She screamed.

She screamed, and fell off the bench onto the hard-packed dirt and leaves. Several passersby looked at them curiously, but it was New York, and they didn’t stop or stare, just kept moving.

Simon felt wretched. This was what he’d wanted, but it was different actually looking at her crouching there, so pale that her freckles stood out like ink blots, her hand over her mouth. Just like it had been with his mother. He remembered telling Clary there was no worse feeling than not trusting the people you loved; he’d been wrong. Having the people you loved be afraid of you was worse. “Rebecca,” he said, and his voice broke. “Becky—”

She shook her head, her hand still over her mouth. She was sitting in the dirt, her scarf trailing in the leaves. Under other circumstances it might have been funny.

Simon got down off the bench and knelt down next to her. His fangs were gone, but she was looking at him as if they were still there. Very hesitantly he reached out and touched her on the shoulder. “Becks,” he said. “I would never hurt you. I would never hurt Mom, either. I just wanted to see you one last time to tell you I’m going away and you won’t need to see me again. I’ll leave you both alone. You can have Thanksgiving. I won’t show up. I won’t try to stay in touch. I won’t—”

“Simon.” She grabbed his arm, and then she was pulling him toward her, like a fish on a line. He half-fell against her, and she hugged him, her arms around him, and the last time

she'd hugged him like this was the day of their father's funeral, when he'd cried in that way one cried when it didn't seem like it was ever going to stop. "I don't want to never see you again."

"Oh," Simon said. He sat back in the dirt, so surprised that his mind had gone blank. Rebecca put her arms around him again, and he let himself lean against her, even though she was slighter than he was. She had held him up when they'd been children, and she could do it again. "I thought you wouldn't."

"Why?" she said.

"I'm a vampire," he said. It was weird, hearing it like that, out loud.

"So there are vampires?"

"And werewolves. And other, weirder stuff. This just—happened. I mean, I got attacked. I didn't choose it, but it doesn't matter. This is me now."

"Do you . . ." Rebecca hesitated, and Simon sensed that this was the big question, the one that really mattered. "Bite people?"

He thought about Isabelle, then pushed the mental image hastily away. *And I bit a thirteen-year-old girl. And a dude. It's not as weird as it sounds.* No. Some things were not his sister's business. "I drink blood out of bottles. Animal blood. I don't hurt people."

"Okay." She took a deep breath. "Okay."

"Is it? Okay, I mean?"

"Yeah. I love you," she said. She rubbed his back awkwardly. He felt something damp on his hand and looked down. She was crying. One of her tears had splashed onto his fingers. Another one followed, and he closed his hand around it. He was shivering, but not from cold; still, she pulled off her scarf and wrapped it around them both. "We'll figure it out," she said. "You're my little brother, you dumb idiot. I love you no matter what."

They sat together, shoulder to shoulder, looking off into the shadowy spaces between the trees.



It was bright in Jace's bedroom, midday sunlight pouring through the open windows. The moment Clary walked in, the heels of her boots clicking on the hardwood floor, Jace closed the door and locked it behind her. There was a clatter as he dropped the knives onto his bedside table. She began to turn, to ask him if he was all right, when he caught her around the waist and pulled her against him.

The boots gave her extra height, but he still had to bend down to kiss her. His hands, on her waist, lifted her up and against him—a second later his mouth was on hers and she forgot all issues of height and awkwardness. He tasted like salt and fire. She tried to shut out everything but sensation—the familiar smell of his skin and sweat, the chill of his damp hair against her cheek, the shape of his shoulders and back under her hands, the way her body fit to his.

He pulled her sweater over her head. Her T-shirt was short-sleeved, and she felt the heat coming off him against her skin. His lips parted hers, and she felt herself coming apart as his hand slid down to the top button on her jeans.

It took all the self-control she had to catch at his wrist with her hand, and hold it still. "Jace," she said. "Don't."

He drew away, enough for her to see his face. His eyes were glassy, unfocused. His heart pounded against hers. "Why?"

She squeezed her eyes shut. "Last night—if we hadn't—if I hadn't fainted, then I don't know what would have happened, and we were in the middle of a room full of people. Do you really think I want my first time with you—or *any* time with you—to be in front of a bunch of strangers?"

"That wasn't our fault," he said, pushing his fingers softly through her hair. The scarred palm of his hand scratched her cheek lightly. "That silver stuff was faerie drugs, I told you. We were high. But I'm sober now, and you're sober now . . ."

“And Sebastian’s upstairs, and I’m exhausted, and . . .” *And this would be a terrible, terrible idea that both of us would regret.* “And I don’t feel like it,” she lied.

“You don’t feel like it?” Disbelief colored his voice.

“I’m sorry if no one’s ever said that to you before, Jace, but, no. I don’t feel like it.” She looked pointedly down at his hand, still at the waistband of her jeans. “And now I feel like it even less.”

He raised both eyebrows, but instead of saying anything he simply let go of her.

“Jace . . .”

“I’m going to go take a cold shower,” he said, backing away from her. His face was blank, unreadable. When the bathroom door slammed shut behind him, she walked over to the bed—neatly made up, no residual silver on the coverlet—and sank down, putting her head in her hands. It wasn’t as if she and Jace never fought; she’d always thought they argued about as much as normal couples did, usually good-naturedly, and they’d never been angry with each other in any significant way. But there was something about the coldness at the back of this Jace’s eyes that shook her, something far off and unreachable that made it harder than ever to push away the question always at the back of her mind: *Is any of the real Jace still in there? Is there anything left to save?*



*Now this is the Law of the Jungle,
as old and as true as the sky,
And the Wolf that shall keep it may prosper,
but the Wolf that shall break it must die.
As the creeper that girdles the tree trunk,
the Law runneth forward and back;
For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf,
and the strength of the Wolf is the Pack.*

Jordan stared blindly at the poem tacked to the wall of his bedroom. It was an old print that he'd found in a used-book store, the words surrounded by an elaborate border of leaves. The poem was by Rudyard Kipling, and it so neatly encapsulated the rules by which werewolves lived, the Law that bound their actions, that he wondered if Kipling hadn't been a Downworlder himself, or at least known about the Accords. Jordan had felt compelled to buy the print and stick it up on his wall, though he'd never been one for poetry.

He'd been pacing his apartment for the last hour, sometimes taking his phone out to see if Maia had texted, in between bouts of opening the refrigerator and staring into it to see if anything worth eating had appeared. It hadn't, but he didn't want to go out to get food in case she came to the apartment while he was out. He also took a shower, cleaned up the kitchen, tried to watch TV and failed, and started the process of organizing all his DVDs by color.

He was restless. Restless in the way he sometimes got before the full moon, knowing the Change was coming, feeling the pull of the tides in his blood. But the moon was waning, not waxing, and it wasn't the Change making him feel like crawling out of his skin. It was Maia. It was being without her, after almost two solid days in her company, never more than a few feet away from her.

She'd gone without him to the police station, saying that now wasn't the time to upset the pack with a nonmember, even though Luke was healing. There was no need for Jordan to come, she'd argued, since all she had to do was ask Luke if it was all right for Simon and Magnus to visit the farm tomorrow, and then she'd call up to the farm and warn any of the pack who might be staying up there to clear off the property. She was right, Jordan knew. There *was* no reason for him to go with her, but the moment she was gone, the restlessness kicked up inside him. Was she leaving because she was sick of being with him? Had she rethought and decided she'd been right about him before? And what was going on between them? Were they dating? *Maybe you should have asked her before you slept together, genius*, he told himself, and realized he was standing in front of the refrigerator again.

Its contents hadn't changed—bottles of blood, a defrosting pound of ground beef, and a dented apple.

The key turned in the front door lock, and he jumped away from the refrigerator, spinning around. He looked down at himself. He was barefoot, in jeans and an old T-shirt. Why hadn't he taken the time while she'd been away to shave, look better, put on some cologne or *something*? He ran his hands quickly through his hair as Maia came into the living room, dropping his spare set of keys onto the coffee table. She had changed clothes, into a soft pink sweater and jeans. Her cheeks were pink from the cold, her lips red and her eyes bright. He wanted to kiss her so badly it hurt.

Instead he swallowed. "So—how did it go?"

"Fine. Magnus can use the farm. I already texted him." She strolled over to him and leaned her elbows on the counter. "I also told Luke what Raphael said about Maureen. I hope that's okay."

Jordan was puzzled. "Why'd you think he needed to know?"

She seemed to deflate. "Oh, God. Don't tell me I was supposed to keep it a secret."

"No—I was just wondering—"

"Well, if there really is a rogue vampire cutting her way through Lower Manhattan, the pack should know. It's their territory. Besides, I wanted his advice about whether we should tell Simon or not."

"What about *my* advice?" He was playing at sounding hurt, but there was a little part of him that meant it. They'd discussed it before, whether Jordan should tell his assignment that Maureen was out there and killing, or whether it would just be another burden to add to everything Simon was dealing with now. Jordan had come down on the side of not telling him—what could he do about it, anyway?—but Maia hadn't been so sure.

She jumped up on top of the counter and swung around to face him. Even sitting down, she was taller than him this way,

her brown eyes sparkling down into his. “I wanted *grown-up* advice.”

He grabbed hold of her swinging legs and ran his hands up the seams of her jeans. “I’m eighteen—not grown-up enough for you?”

She put her hands on his shoulders and flexed them, as if testing his muscles. “Well, you’ve definitely *grown* . . .”

He pulled her down from the counter, catching her around the waist and kissing her. Fire sizzled up and down his veins as she kissed him back, her body melting against his. He slid his hands up into her hair, knocking her knitted cap off and letting her curls spring free. He kissed her neck as she pulled his shirt up over his head and ran her hands all over him—shoulders, back, arms, purring in her throat like a cat. He felt like a helium balloon—high from kissing her, and light with relief. So she wasn’t done with him after all.

“Jordy,” she said. “Wait.”

She almost never called him that, unless it was serious. His heartbeat, already wild, speeded up further. “What’s wrong?”

“It’s just—if every time we see each other, we fall into bed—and I know I started it, I’m not blaming you or anything—It’s just that maybe we should *talk*.”

He stared at her, at her big dark eyes, the fluttery pulse in her throat, the flush on her cheeks. With an effort he spoke evenly. “Okay. What do you want to talk about?”

She just looked at him. After a moment she shook her head and said, “Nothing.” She locked her hands behind his head and pulled him close, kissing him hard, fitting her body against his. “Nothing at all.”



Clary didn’t know how long it was before Jace came out of the bathroom, toweling off his wet hair. She looked up at him from where she was still sitting on the edge of the bed. He was sliding a blue cotton T-shirt on over smooth golden skin marked with white scars.

She darted her eyes away as he came across the room and sat down next to her on the bed, smelling strongly of soap.

“I’m sorry,” he said.

Now she did look at him, in surprise. She had wondered if he were capable of being sorry, in his current state. His expression was grave, a little curious, but not insincere.

“Wow,” she said. “That cold shower must have been brutal.”

His lips quirked up at the side, but his expression grew serious again almost immediately. He put his hand under her chin. “I shouldn’t have pushed you. It’s just—ten weeks ago, just holding each other would have been unthinkable.”

“I know.”

He cupped her face in his hands, his long fingers cool against her cheeks, tilting her face up. He was looking down at her, and everything about him was so familiar—the pale gold irises of his eyes, the scar on his cheek, the full lower lip, the slight chip in his tooth that saved his looks from being so perfect that they were annoying—and yet somehow it was like coming back to a house she had lived in as a child, and knowing that though the exterior might look the same, a different family lived there now. “I never cared,” he said. “I wanted you anyway. I always wanted you. Nothing mattered to me but you. Not ever.”

Clary swallowed. Her stomach fluttered, not just with the usual butterflies she felt around Jace but with real uneasiness.

“But Jace. That’s not true. You cared about your family. And—I always thought you were proud of being Nephilim. One of the angels.”

“Proud?” he said. “To be half angel, half human—you’re always conscious of your own inadequacy. You’re not an angel. You’re not beloved of Heaven. Raziel doesn’t care about us. We can’t even pray to him. We pray to nothing. We pray *for* nothing. Remember when I told you I thought I had demon blood, because it explained why I felt the way I did about you? It was a relief in a way, thinking that. I’ve never

been an angel, never even close. Well,” he added. “Maybe the fallen kind.”

“Fallen angels are demons.”

“I don’t want to be Nephilim,” said Jace. “I want to be something else. Stronger, faster, better than human. But different. Not subservient to the Laws of an angel who couldn’t care less about us. Free.” He ran his hand through a curl of her hair. “I’m happy now, Clary. Doesn’t that make a difference?”

“I thought we were happy together,” Clary said.

“I’ve always been happy with you,” he said. “But I never thought I deserved it.”

“And now you do?”

“And now that feeling’s gone,” he said. “All I know is that I love you. And for the first time, that’s good enough.”

She closed her eyes. A moment later he was kissing her again, very softly this time, his mouth tracing the shape of hers. She felt herself go pliant under his hands. She sensed it as his breathing quickened and her own pulse jumped. His hands stroked down through her hair, over her back, to her waist. His touch was comforting—the feel of his heartbeat against hers like familiar music—and if the key was slightly different, with her eyes closed, she couldn’t tell. Their blood was the same, under the skin, she thought, as the Seelie Queen had said; her heart raced when his did, had nearly stopped when his had. If she had to do it all again, she thought, under the pitiless gaze of Raziel, she would have done the same thing.

This time he drew back, letting his fingers linger on her cheek, her lips. “I want what you want,” he said. “Whenever you want it.”

Clary felt a shudder go down her spine. The words were simple, but there was a dangerous and seductive invitation to the fall of his voice: *Whatever you want, whenever you want it.* His hand smoothed down her hair, to her back, lingering at her

waist. She swallowed. There was only so much that she was going to be able to hold back.

“Read to me,” she said suddenly.

He blinked down at her. “What?”

She was looking past him, at the books on his nightstand. “It’s a lot to process,” she said. “What Sebastian said, what happened last night, everything. I need to sleep, but I’m too keyed up. When I was young and I couldn’t sleep, my mother used to read to me to relax me.”

“And I remind you of your mother now? I have got to look into a manlier cologne.”

“No, it’s just—I thought it would be nice.”

He scooted back against the pillows, reaching for the stack of books by the bed. “Anything particular you want to hear?” With a flourish he picked up the book on top of the stack. It looked old, leather-bound, the title stamped in gold on the front. *A Tale of Two Cities*. “Dickens is always promising . . .”

“I’ve read that before. For school,” Clary recalled. She scooted up on the pillows beside Jace. “But I don’t remember any of it, so I wouldn’t mind hearing it again.”

“Excellent. I’ve been told I have a lovely, melodic reading voice.” He flipped the book open to the front page, where the title was printed in ornate script. Across from it was a long dedication, the ink faded now and barely legible, though Clary could make out the signature: *With hope at last, William Herondale*.

“Some ancestor of yours,” Clary said, brushing her finger against the page.

“Yes. Odd that Valentine had it. My father must have given it to him.” Jace opened to a random page and began to read:

“He unshaded his face after a little while, and spoke steadily. ‘Don’t be afraid to hear me. Don’t shrink from anything I say. I am like one who died young. All my life might have been.’

“No, Mr. Carton. I am sure that the best part of it might still be; I am sure that you might be much, much worthier of yourself.”

“Oh, I do remember this story now,” Clary said. “Love triangle. She picks the boring guy.”

Jace chuckled softly. “Boring to you. Who can say what got Victorian ladies hot beneath the petticoats?”

“It’s true, you know.”

“What, about the petticoats?”

“No. That you have a lovely reading voice.” Clary turned her face against his shoulder. It was times like this, more than when he was kissing her, that hurt—times when he could have been her Jace. As long as she kept her eyes closed.

“All that, and abs of steel,” Jace said, turning another page. “What more could you ask for?”

17

V ALEDICTION

*As I strolled down along the quay
All in the lateness of the day
I heard a lovely maiden say:
“Alack, for I can get no play.”
A minstrel boy heard what she said
And straight he rushed to her aid . . .*

“Do we have to keep listening to this wail-ey music?” Isabelle demanded, her booted foot tapping against the dashboard of Jordan’s truck.

“I happen to like this wail-ey music, my girl, and since I’m driving, *I* get to choose,” Magnus said loftily. He was indeed driving. Simon had been surprised that he knew how, though he wasn’t sure why. Magnus had been alive for ages. Surely he had found time to squeeze in a few weeks of driver’s ed. Although Simon couldn’t help wondering what birth date was on his license.

Isabelle rolled her eyes, probably because there wasn’t enough room to do much else in the cab of the truck, with all four of them crammed together on the bench seat. Simon honestly hadn’t expected her to come. He hadn’t expected anyone to come to the farm with him but Magnus, though Alec had insisted on coming as well (much to Magnus’s annoyance, as he considered the whole enterprise “too dangerous”), and then, just as Magnus had revved up the engine on the truck, Isabelle had come banging down the stairs of his apartment building and thrown herself through the front door, panting and out of breath. “I’m coming too,” she’d announced.

And that was that. No one could budge or dissuade her. She wouldn't look at Simon as she insisted, or explain why she wanted to come, but she did, and here she was. She was wearing jeans and a purple suede jacket she must have stolen out of Magnus's closet. Her weapons belt was slung around her slim hips. She was mashed up against Simon, whose other side was crushed against the car door. A strand of her hair was flying free and tickling his face.

"What is this, anyway?" Alec said, frowning at the CD player, which was playing music, although without a CD in it. Magnus had simply tapped the sound system with a blue-flashing finger, and it had started playing. "Some faerie band?"

Magnus didn't answer, but the music swelled louder.

*To mirror went she straightaway
And did her ebon hair array
And for her gown she much did pay.
Then down she walked along the street,
A handsome lad she chanced to meet,
And sore by dawn were her dainty feet,
But all the boys were gay.*

Isabelle snorted. "All the boys *are* gay. In this truck, anyway. Well, not you, Simon."

"You noticed," said Simon.

"I think of myself as a freewheeling bisexual," added Magnus.

"Please never say those words in front of my parents," said Alec. "Especially my father."

"I thought your parents were okay with you, you know, coming out," Simon said, leaning around Isabelle to look at Alec, who was—as he often was—scowling, and pushing his floppy dark hair out of his eyes. Aside from the occasional exchange, Simon had never talked to Alec much. He wasn't an easy person to get to know. But, Simon admitted to himself,

his own recent estrangement from his mother made him more curious about Alec's answer than he would have been otherwise.

"My mother seems to have accepted it," Alec said. "But my father—no, not really. Once he asked me what I thought had turned me gay."

Simon felt Isabelle tense next to him. "*Turned* you gay?" She sounded incredulous. "Alec, you didn't tell me that."

"I hope you told him you were bitten by a gay spider," said Simon.

Magnus snorted; Isabelle looked confused. "I've read Magnus's stash of comics," said Alec, "so I actually know what you're talking about." A small smile played around his mouth. "So would that give me the proportional gayness of a spider?"

"Only if it was a *really* gay spider," said Magnus, and he yelled as Alec punched him in the arm. "Ow, okay, never mind."

"Well, whatever," said Isabelle, obviously annoyed not to get the joke. "It's not like Dad's ever coming back from Idris, anyway."

Alec sighed. "Sorry to wreck your vision of our happy family. I know you want to think Dad's fine with me being gay, but he's not."

"But if you don't *tell* me when people say things like that to you, or do things to hurt you, then how can I help you?" Simon could feel Isabelle's agitation vibrating through her body. "How can I—"

"Iz," Alec said tiredly. "It's not like it's one big bad thing. It's a lot of little invisible things. When Magnus and I were traveling, and I'd call from the road, Dad never asked how he was. When I get up to talk in Clave meetings, no one listens, and I don't know if that's because I'm young or if it's because of something else. I saw Mom talking to a friend about her grandchildren and the second I walked into the room they shut up. Irina Cartwright told me it was a pity no one would ever

inherit my blue eyes now.” He shrugged and looked toward Magnus, who took a hand off the wheel for a moment to place it on Alec’s. “It’s not like a stab wound you can protect me from. It’s a million little paper cuts every day.”

“Alec,” Isabelle began, but before she could say anything more, the sign for the turnoff loomed up ahead: a wooden placard in the shape of an arrow with the words THREE ARROWS FARM painted on it in block lettering. Simon remembered Luke kneeling on the farmhouse floor, painstakingly spelling out the words in black paint, while Clary added the—now weather-faded and almost invisible—pattern of flowers along the bottom.

“Turn left,” he said, flinging his arm out and nearly hitting Alec. “Magnus, we’re here.”



It had taken several chapters of Dickens before Clary had finally succumbed to exhaustion and fallen asleep against Jace’s shoulder. Half in dream and half in reality, she recalled him carrying her downstairs and laying her down in the bedroom she’d woken up in her first day in the apartment. He had drawn the curtains and closed the door after him as he left, shutting the room into darkness, and she had fallen asleep to the sound of his voice in the hallway, calling for Sebastian.

She dreamed of the frozen lake again, and of Simon crying out for her, and of a city like Alicante, but the demon towers were made of human bones and the canals ran with blood. She woke twisted in her sheets, her hair a mass of tangles and the light outside the window dimmed to a twilight darkness. At first she thought that the voices outside her door were part of the dream, but as they grew louder, she raised her head to listen, still groggy and half-tangled in the webbing of sleep.

“Hey, little brother.” It was Sebastian’s voice, floating under her door from the living room. “Is it done?”

There was a long silence. Then Jace’s voice, oddly flat and colorless. “It’s done.”

Sebastian's breath drew in sharply. "And the old lady—she did as we asked? Made the Cup?"

"Yes."

"Show it to me."

A rustle. Silence. Jace said, "Look, take it if you want it."

"No." There was a curious thoughtfulness in Sebastian's tone. "You hold on to it for the moment. You did the work of getting it back, after all. Didn't you?"

"But it was your plan." There was something in Jace's voice, something that made Clary lean forward and press her ear to the wall, suddenly desperate to hear more. "And I executed it, just as you wanted. Now, if you don't mind—"

"I do mind." There was a rustle. Clary imagined Sebastian standing up, looking down at Jace from the inch or so that divided them in height. "There's something wrong. I can tell. I can read you, you know."

"I'm tired. And there was a lot of blood. Look, I just need to clean myself off, and to sleep. And . . ." Jace's voice died.

"And to see my sister."

"I'd like to see her, yes."

"She's asleep. Has been for hours."

"Do I need to ask your permission?" There was a razored edge to Jace's voice, something that reminded Clary of the way he had once spoken to Valentine. Something she had not heard in the way he spoke to Sebastian in a long time.

"No." Sebastian sounded surprised, almost caught off guard. "I suppose if you want to barge in there and gaze wistfully at her sleeping face, go right ahead. I'll never understand why—"

"No," Jace said. "You never will."

There was silence. Clary could so clearly picture Sebastian staring after Jace, a quizzical look on his face, that it took her a moment before she realized that Jace must be coming to her room. She had only time to throw herself flat on the bed and

shut her eyes before the door opened, letting in a slice of yellow-white light that momentarily blinded her. She made what she hoped was a realistic waking-up noise and rolled over, her hand over her face. “What . . . ?”

The door shut. The room was in darkness again. She could see Jace only as a shape that moved slowly toward her bed, until he was standing over her, and she couldn’t help remembering another night when he had come to her room while she slept. *Jace standing by the head of her bed, still wearing his white mourning clothes, and there was nothing light or sarcastic or distant in the way he was looking down at her. “I’ve been wandering around all night—I couldn’t sleep—and I kept finding myself walking here. To you.”*

He was only an outline now, an outline with bright hair that shone in the faint light that filtered from beneath the door. “Clary,” he whispered. There was a thump, and she realized he had fallen to his knees by the side of her bed. She didn’t move, but her body tightened. His voice was a whisper. “Clary, it’s me. It’s *me*.”

Her eyelids fluttered open, wide, and their gazes met. She was staring at Jace. Kneeling beside her bed, his eyes were level with hers. He wore a long dark woolen coat, buttoned all the way to the throat, where she could see black Marks—Soundless, Agility, Accuracy—like a sort of necklace against his skin. His eyes were very gold and very wide, and as if she could see through them, she saw *Jace*—her Jace. The Jace who had lifted her in his arms when she was dying of Ravener poison; the Jace who had watched her hold Simon against the rising daylight over the East River; the Jace who had told her about a little boy and the falcon his father had killed. The Jace she loved.

Her heart seemed to stop altogether. She couldn’t even gasp.

His eyes were full of urgency and pain. “Please,” he murmured. “Please believe me.”

She believed him. They carried the same blood, loved the same way; this was *her* Jace, as much as her hands were her

own hands, her heart her own heart. But—“*How?*”

“Clary, shh—”

She began to struggle into a sitting position, but he reached out and pushed her back against the bed by her shoulders. “We can’t talk now. I have to go.”

She grabbed for his sleeve, felt him wince. “*Don’t leave me.*”

He dropped his head for just a moment; when he looked up again, his eyes were dry but the expression in them silenced her. “Wait a few moments after I go,” he whispered. “Then slip out and up to my room. Sebastian can’t know we’re together. Not tonight.” He dragged himself to his feet, his eyes pleading. “Don’t let him hear you.”

She sat up. “Your stele. Leave me your stele.”

Doubt flickered in his eyes; she held his gaze steadily, then put her hand out. After a moment he reached into his pocket and took out the dully glowing implement; he laid it in her palm. For a moment their skin touched, and she shuddered—just a brush of the hand from this Jace was almost as powerful as all the kissing and tearing at each other they had done in the club the other night. She knew he felt it too, for he jerked his hand away and began to back toward the door. She could hear his breath, ragged and swift. He fumbled behind himself for the knob and let himself out, his eyes on her face until the very last moment, when the door closed between them with a decided *click*.

Clary sat in the darkness, stunned. Her blood felt as if it had thickened in her veins and her heart was having to work double time to keep beating. *Jace. My Jace.*

Her hand tightened on the stele. Something about it, its cold hardness, seemed to focus and sharpen her thoughts. She looked down at herself. She was wearing a tank top and pajama shorts; there were goose bumps on her arms, but not because it was cold. She set the tip of the stele to her inner arm and drew it slowly down the skin, watching as a Soundless rune spiraled across her pale, blue-veined skin.

She opened the door just a crack. Sebastian was gone, off to sleep most likely. There was music playing faintly from the television set—something classical, the sort of piano music Jace liked. She wondered if Sebastian appreciated music, or any sort of art. It seemed such a *human* capacity.

Despite her concern about where he'd gone, her feet were carrying her toward the passage that led to the kitchen—and then she was through the living room and dashing up the glass steps, her feet making no noise as she reached the top and sprinted down the hall to Jace's room. Then she was jerking open the door and sliding inside, the door clicking shut behind her.

The windows were open, and through them she could see rooftops and a curving slice of moon, a perfect Paris night. Jace's witchlight rune-stone sat on the nightstand beside his bed. It glowed with a dull energy that cast further illumination through the room. It was enough light for Clary to see Jace, standing between the two long windows. He had shrugged off the long black coat, which lay in a crumpled heap at his feet. She realized immediately why he had not taken it off when he'd come into the house, why he had kept it buttoned all the way to his throat. Because beneath it he wore only a gray button-down shirt, and jeans—and they were sticky and soaked with blood. Parts of the shirt were in ribbons, as if they had been slashed with a very sharp blade. His left sleeve was rolled up, and there was a white bandage wrapped around his forearm—he must have just done it—already darkening at the edges with blood. His feet were bare, his shoes kicked off, and the floor where he stood was splattered with blood, like scarlet tears. She set the stele down on his bedside table with a click.

"Jace," she said softly.

It suddenly seemed insane that there was this much space between them, that she was standing across the room from Jace, and that they weren't touching. She started toward him, but he held up a hand to ward her off.

"Don't." His voice cracked. Then his fingers went to the buttons on his shirt, undoing them, one by one. He shrugged

the bloodstained garment off his shoulders and let it fall to the ground.

Clary stared. Lilith's rune was still in place, over his heart, but instead of shimmering red-silver it looked as if the hot tip of a poker had been dragged across the skin, charring it. She put her hand up to her own chest involuntarily, her fingers splaying over her heart. She could feel its beating, hard and fast. "Oh."

"Yeah. Oh," Jace said flatly. "This won't last, Clary. Me being myself again, I mean. Only as long as this hasn't healed."

"I—I wondered," Clary stammered. "Before—while you were sleeping—I thought about cutting the rune like I did when we fought Lilith. But I was afraid Sebastian would feel it."

"He would have." Jace's golden eyes were as flat as his voice. "He didn't feel this because it was made with a *pugio*—a dagger seethed in angel blood. They're incredibly rare; I've never even seen one in real life before." He ran his fingers through his hair. "The blade turned to hot ash after it touched me, but it did the damage it needed to do."

"You were in a fight. Was it a demon? Why didn't Sebastian go with—"

"Clary." Jace's voice was barely a whisper. "This—it'll take longer than an ordinary cut to heal . . . but not forever. And then I'll be *him* again."

"How much time? Before you go back to the way you were?"

"I don't know. I just don't know. But I wanted—I *needed* to be with you, like this, like myself, for as long as I could." He held out a hand to her stiffly, as if unsure of its reception. "Do you think you could—"

She was already running across the room to him. She threw her arms around his neck. He caught her and swung her up, burying his face in the crook of her neck. She breathed him in like air. He smelled of blood and sweat and ashes and Marks.

“It’s you,” she whispered. “It’s really you.”

He drew back to look at her. With his free hand he traced her cheekbone gently. She had missed that, his gentleness. It was one of the things that had made her fall in love with him in the first place—realizing that this scarred, sarcastic boy was gentle with the things he loved.

“I missed you,” she said. “I missed you so much.”

He closed his eyes as if the words hurt. She put her hand to his cheek. He leaned his head into her palm, his hair tickling her knuckles, and she realized his face was wet too.

The boy never cried again.

“It’s not your fault,” she said. She kissed his cheek with the same tenderness he had showed her. She tasted salt—blood and tears. He still hadn’t spoken, but she could feel the wild beat of his heart against her chest. His arms were tight around her, as if he never meant to let go. She kissed his cheekbone, his jaw, and finally his mouth, a light press of lips on lips.

There was none of the frenzy there had been in the nightclub. It was a kiss meant to give solace, to say everything there was no time to say. He kissed her back, hesitant at first, then with greater urgency, his hand stealing up into her hair, winding the tresses between his fingers. Their kisses deepened slowly, softly, the intensity growing between them as it always did, like a blaze that started with a single match and flared into wildfire.

She knew how strong he was, but she still felt a shock as he carried her to the bed and laid her down gently among the scattered pillows, sliding his body over hers, one smooth gesture that reminded her what all those Marks on his body were *for*. Strength. Grace. Lightness of touch. She breathed his breath as they kissed, each kiss drawn out now, lingering, exploratory. Her hands drifted over him, his shoulders, the muscles of his arms, his back. His bare skin felt like hot silk under her palms.

When his hands found the hem of her tank top, she stretched her arms out, arching her back, wanting every barrier

between them gone. The moment it was off, she pulled him back against her, their kisses fiercer now, as if they were struggling to reach some hidden place inside each other. She wouldn't have thought they could get any closer, but somehow as they kissed, they wound themselves into each other like intricate thread, each kiss hungrier, deeper than the last.

Their hands moved quickly over each other, and then more slowly, uncovering and unhurried. She dug her fingers into his shoulders when he kissed her throat, her collarbones, the star-shaped mark on her shoulder. She grazed his scar too, with the backs of her knuckles, and kissed the wounded Mark Lilith had made on his chest. She felt him shudder, wanting her, and she knew she was on the very brink of where there was no going back, and she didn't care. She knew what it was like to lose him now. She knew the black empty days that came after. And she knew that if she lost him again, she wanted this to remember. To hold on to. That she had been as close to him once as you could be to another person. She locked her ankles around the small of his back, and he groaned against her mouth, a soft, low, helpless sound. His fingers dug into her hips.

"Clary." He pulled away. He was shaking. "I can't . . . If we don't stop now, we won't be able to."

"Don't you want to?" She looked up at him in surprise. He was flushed, tousled, his fair hair a darker gold where sweat had pasted it to his forehead and temples. She could feel his heart stuttering inside his chest.

"Yes, it's just I've never—"

"You haven't?" She was surprised. "Done this before?"

He took a deep breath. "I have." His eyes searched her face, as if he were looking for judgment, disapprobation, even disgust. Clary looked back at him evenly. It was what she had assumed, anyway. "But not when it mattered." He touched her cheek with his fingers, feather-light. "I don't even know how . . ."

Clary laughed softly. "I think it's just been established that you do."

“That’s not what I meant.” He caught her hand and brought it to his face. “I want you,” he said, “more than I have ever wanted anything in my life. But I . . .” He swallowed. “Name of the Angel. I’m going to kick myself for this later.”

“Don’t say you’re trying to protect me,” she said fiercely. “Because I—”

“It’s not that,” he said. “I’m not being self-sacrificing. I’m . . . jealous.”

“You’re—jealous? Of who?”

“Myself.” His face twisted. “I hate the thought of him being with you. *Him*. That other me. The one Sebastian controls.”

She felt her face start to burn. “At the club . . . last night . . .”

He dropped his head to her shoulder. A little bewildered, she stroked his back, feeling the scratches where her fingernails had torn his skin at the nightclub. The specific memory made her blush even harder. So did the knowledge that he could have gotten rid of the scratches with an *iratze* if he’d wanted to. But he hadn’t. “I remember *everything* about last night,” he said. “And it makes me crazy, because it was me but it wasn’t. When we’re together, I want it to be the real you. The real me.”

“Isn’t that what we are now?”

“Yes.” He raised his head, kissed her mouth. “But for how long? I could turn back into *him* any minute. I couldn’t do that to you. To us.” His voice was bitter. “I don’t even know how you can stand it, being around this *thing* that isn’t me—”

“Even if you go back to being that in five minutes,” she said, “it would have been worth it, just to be with you like this again. Not to have it end on that rooftop. Because this is you, and even that other you—there’s pieces of the real you in there. It’s like I’m looking through a blurred window at you, but it’s *not* the real you. And at least I know now.”

“What do you mean?” His hands tightened on her shoulders. “What do you mean at least you know?”

She took a deep breath. “Jace, when we were first together, like really *together*, you were so happy for that first month. And everything we did together was funny and fun and amazing. And then it was like it just started draining out of you, all that happiness. You didn’t want to be with me or look at me—”

“I was afraid I was going to *hurt* you. I thought I was losing my mind.”

“You didn’t smile or laugh or joke. And I’m not blaming you. Lilith was creeping into your mind, controlling you. Changing you. But you have to remember—I know how stupid this sounds—I never had a boyfriend before. I thought maybe it was normal. That maybe you were just getting tired of me.”

“I couldn’t—”

“I’m not asking for reassurance,” she said. “I’m telling you. When you’re—like you are, controlled—you seem *happy*. I came here because I wanted to save you.” Her voice dropped. “But I started to wonder what I was saving you from. How I could bring you back to a life you seemed so unhappy with.”

“Unhappy?” He shook his head. “I was lucky. So, so lucky. And I couldn’t see it.” His eyes met hers. “I love you,” he said. “And you make me happier than I ever thought I could be. And now that I know what it’s like to be someone else—to lose myself—I want my life back. My family. You. All of it.” His eyes darkened. “I want it *back*.”

His mouth came down on hers, with bruising pressure, their lips open, hot and hungry, and his hands gripped her waist—and then the sheets on either side of her, almost tearing them. He pulled back, panting. “We *can’t*—”

“Then quit kissing me!” she gasped. “In fact—” She ducked out from under his grip, grabbing for her tank top. “I’ll be right back.”

She pushed past him and darted into the bathroom, locking the door behind her. She flicked on the light, and stared at herself in the mirror. She looked wild-eyed, her hair tangled,

her lips swollen from kisses. She blushed and pulled her top back on, splashing cold water on her face, twisting her hair back into a knot. When she had convinced herself she no longer looked like the ravished maiden from the cover of a romance novel, she went for the hand towels—nothing romantic about *that*—grabbing one and wetting it down, then rubbing it with soap.

She came back out into the bedroom. Jace was sitting on the edge of the bed, in jeans and a clean, unbuttoned shirt, his tousled hair outlined by moonlight. He looked like a statue of an angel. Only, angels weren't usually streaked with blood.

She moved to stand in front of him. "All right," she said. "Take off your shirt."

Jace raised his eyebrows.

"I'm not going to attack you," she said impatiently. "I can take the sight of your naked chest without swooning."

"Are you sure?" he asked, obediently sliding the shirt off his shoulders. "Because viewing my naked chest has caused many women to seriously injure themselves stampeding to get to me."

"Yeah, well, I don't see anyone here but me. And I just want to clean the blood off you." He leaned back obediently on his hands. Blood had soaked through the shirt he'd been wearing and streaked his chest and the flat planes of his stomach, but as she ran her fingers carefully over him, she could feel that most of his cuts were shallow. The *iratze* he'd put on himself earlier was already causing them to fade.

He turned his face up to her, eyes shut, as she ran the damp washcloth over his skin, blood pinking the white cotton. She scrubbed at the dried streaks on his neck, wrung out the cloth, dunked it in the glass of water on the nightstand, and went to work on his chest. He sat with his head tilted back, watching her as the cloth glided over the muscles of his shoulders, the smooth line of arms, forearms, hard chest scarred with white lines, the black of permanent Marks.

"Clary," he said.

“Yes?”

The humor had gone from his voice. “I won’t remember this,” he said. “When I’m back—like I was, under *his* control, I won’t remember being myself. I won’t remember being with you, or talking to you like this. So just tell me—are they all right? My family? Do they know—”

“What’s happened to you? A little. And no, they’re not all right.” His eyes closed. “I could lie to you,” she said. “But you should know. They love you so much, and they want you back.”

“Not like this,” he said.

She touched his shoulder. “Are you going to tell me what happened? How you got these cuts?”

He took a deep breath, and the scar on his chest stood out, livid and dark. “I killed someone.”

She felt the shock of his words go through her body like the recoil of a gun. She dropped the bloody towel, then bent down to retrieve it. When she looked up, he was staring down at her. In the moonlight the lines of his face were fine and sharp and sad. “Who?” she asked.

“You met her,” Jace went on, each word like a weight. “The woman you went to visit with Sebastian. The Iron Sister. Magdalena.” He twisted away from her and reached back to retrieve something tangled among the blankets of the bed. The muscles in his arms and back moved under the skin as he took hold of it and turned back to Clary, the object gleaming in his hand.

It was a clear, glassine chalice—an exact replica of the Mortal Cup, except that instead of being gold, it was carved of silvery-white *adamas*.

“Sebastian sent me—sent *him*—to get this from her tonight,” Jace said. “And he also gave me the order to kill her. She wasn’t expecting it. She wasn’t expecting any violence, just payment and exchange. She thought we were on the same side. I let her hand me the Cup, and then I took my dagger and I—” He inhaled sharply, as if the memory hurt. “I stabbed her.

I meant it to be through the heart, but she turned and I missed by inches. She staggered back and grabbed for her worktable—there was powdered *adamas* on it—she threw it at me. I think she meant to blind me. I turned my head away, and when I looked back she had an *aegis* in her hand. I think I knew what it was. The light of it seared my eyes. I cried out as she drove it toward my chest—I felt a searing pain in the Mark, and then the blade shattered.” He looked down and gave a mirthless laugh. “The funny thing is, if I’d been wearing gear, this wouldn’t have happened. I didn’t because I didn’t think it was worth the bother. I didn’t think she could hurt me. But the *aegis* burned the Mark—Lilith’s Mark—and suddenly I was back in myself, standing there over this dead woman with a bloody dagger in my hand and the Cup in the other.”

“I don’t understand. Why did Sebastian tell you to kill her? She was going to *give* the Cup to you. To Sebastian. She said —”

Jace expelled a ragged breath. “Do you remember what Sebastian said about that clock in Old Town Square? In Prague?”

“That the king had the clock maker’s eyes put out after he made it, so he could never make anything as beautiful again,” Clary said. “But I don’t see—”

“Sebastian wanted Magdalena dead so she could never make anything like this again,” said Jace. “And so she could never tell.”

“Tell what?” She put her hand up, took hold of Jace’s chin, and drew his face down so that he was looking at her. “Jace, *what is Sebastian really planning on doing?* The story he told in the training room, about wanting to raise demons so he could destroy them—”

“Sebastian wants to raise demons all right.” Jace’s voice was grim. “One demon in particular. Lilith.”

“But Lilith’s dead. Simon destroyed her.”

“Greater Demons don’t die. Not really. Greater Demons inhabit the spaces between worlds, the great Void, the

emptiness. What Simon did was shatter her power, send her in shreds back to the nothingness she came from. But she'll slowly reform there. Be reborn. It would take centuries, but not if Sebastian helps her."

A cold feeling was growing in the pit of Clary's stomach. "Helps her how?"

"By summoning her back to this world. He wants to mix her blood and his in a cup and create an army of dark Nephilim. He wants to be Jonathan Shadowhunter reincarnated, but on the side of the demons, not the angels."

"An army of dark Nephilim? The two of you are tough, but you're not exactly an army."

"There are about forty or fifty Nephilim who either were once loyal to Valentine, or hate the current direction of the Clave and are open to hearing what Sebastian has to say. He's been in contact with them. When he raises Lilith, they'll be there." Jace took a deep breath. "And after that? With the power of Lilith behind him? Who knows who else will join his cause? He *wants* a war. He's convinced he'll win it, and I'm not sure he won't. For every dark Nephilim he makes, he will grow in power. Add that to the demons he's already made allegiances with, and I don't know if the Clave is prepared to withstand him."

Clary dropped her hand. "Sebastian never changed. Your blood never changed him. He's exactly like he always was." Her eyes flicked up to Jace's. "But you. You lied to me, too."

"*He* lied to you."

Her mind was whirling. "I know. I know that Jace isn't you —"

"*He* thinks it's for your good and you'll be happier in the end, but he did lie to you. And I would never do that."

"The *aegis*," Clary said. "If it can hurt you but Sebastian can't feel it, could it kill him but not hurt you?"

Jace shook his head. "I don't think so. If I had an *aegis*, I might be willing to try, but—no. Our life forces are tied together. An injury is one thing. If he were to die . . ." His

voice hardened. “You know the easiest way to end this. Put a dagger in my heart. I’m surprised you didn’t do it while I was sleeping.”

“Could you? If it were me?” Her voice shook. “I believed there was a way to make this right. I still believe it. Give me your stele, and I’ll make a Portal.”

“You can’t make a Portal from inside here,” said Jace. “It won’t work. The only way in and out of this apartment is through the wall downstairs, by the kitchen. It’s the only place you can move the apartment from, too.”

“Can you move us to the Silent City? If we go back, the Silent Brothers can figure out a way to separate you from Sebastian. We’ll tell the Clave his plan so they’ll be prepared —”

“I could move us to one of the entrances,” Jace said. “And I will. I’ll go. We’ll go together. But just so there won’t be any untruth between us, Clary, you have to know that they’ll kill me. After I tell them what I know, they’ll kill me.”

“Kill you? No, they wouldn’t—”

“Clary.” His voice was gentle. “As a good Shadowhunter I ought to *volunteer* to die to stop what Sebastian is going to do. As a good Shadowhunter, I would.”

“But none of this is your fault.” Her voice rose, and she forced it back down, not wanting Sebastian, downstairs, to hear. “You can’t help what’s been done to you. You’re a victim in this. It’s not *you*, Jace; it’s someone else, someone wearing your face. You shouldn’t be punished—”

“It’s not a matter of punishment. It’s practicality. Kill me, Sebastian dies. It’s no different from sacrificing myself in battle. It’s all well and good to say I didn’t choose this. It has happened. And what I am now, myself, will be gone again soon enough. And, Clary, I know it doesn’t make sense, but I remember it—I remember all of it. I remember walking with you in Venice, and that night at the club, and sleeping in this bed with you, and don’t you get it? I *wanted this*. This is all I *ever* wanted, to live with you like this, be with you like this.

What am I supposed to think, when the worst thing that has ever happened to me gives me exactly what I want? Maybe Jace Lightwood can see all the ways this is wrong and messed-up, but Jace Wayland, Valentine's son . . . loves this life." His eyes were wide and gold as he looked at her, and she was reminded of Raziel, of his gaze that seemed to hold all the wisdom and all the sadness in the world. "And that's why I have to go," he said. "Before this wears off. Before I'm *him* again."

"Go where?"

"To the Silent City. I have to turn myself in—and the Cup, too."

Part Three

All Is Changed



*All changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.*

—William Butler Yeats, “Easter, 1916”

18

RAZIEL

“Clary?”

Simon sat on the back porch steps of the farmhouse, looking down the path that led through the apple orchard and down to the lake. Isabelle and Magnus were on the path, Magnus glancing toward the lake and then up at the low mountains ringing the area. He was making notes in a small book with a pen whose end glowed a sparkling blue-green. Alec stood a little distance away, looking up at the trees lining the ridge of hills that separated the farmhouse from the road. He seemed to be standing as far from Magnus as he could while remaining in earshot. It seemed to Simon—the first to admit that he was not that observant about these things—that despite the joking around in the car, a perceptible distance had come between Magnus and Alec recently, one he couldn’t quite put a finger on, but he knew it was there.

Simon’s right hand was cradled in his left, his fingers circling the gold ring on his finger.

Clary, please.

He’d been trying to reach her every hour since he’d gotten the message from Maia about Luke. He’d gotten nothing. Not a flicker of response.

Clary, I’m at the farmhouse. I’m remembering you here, with me.

It was an unseasonably warm day, and a faint wind rustled the last of the leaves in the tree branches. After spending too long wondering what sort of clothes you were supposed to wear to meet angels in—a suit seemed excessive, even if he did have one left over from Jocelyn and Luke’s engagement party—he was in jeans and a T-shirt, his arms bare in the

sunlight. He had so many happy sunlit memories attached to this place, this house. He and Clary had come up here with Jocelyn almost every summer for as long as he could remember. They would swim in the lake. Simon would tan brown, and Clary's fair skin would burn over and over. She'd get a million more freckles on her shoulders and arms. They'd play "apple baseball" in the orchard, which was messy and fun, and Scrabble and poker in the farmhouse, which Luke always won.

Clary, I'm about to do something stupid and dangerous and maybe suicidal. Is it so bad I want to talk to you one last time? I'm doing this to keep you safe, and I don't even know if you're alive for me to help you. But if you were dead, I'd know, wouldn't I? I'd feel it.

"All right. Let's go," Magnus said, appearing at the foot of the steps. He eyed the ring on Simon's hand, but made no comment.

Simon stood up and brushed off his jeans, then led the way down the wandering path through the orchard. The lake sparkled up ahead like a cold blue coin. As they neared it, Simon could see the old dock sticking out into the water, where once they had tied up kayaks before a big piece of the dock had broken off and drifted away. He thought he could almost hear the lazy hum of bees and feel the weight of summer on his shoulders. As they reached the lake's edge, he twisted around and looked up at the farmhouse, white-painted clapboard with green shutters and an old covered sunporch with tired white wicker furniture on it.

"You really liked it here, huh?" Isabelle said. Her black hair snapped like a banner in the breeze off the lake.

"How can you tell?"

"Your expression," she said. "Like you're remembering something good."

"It was good," Simon said. He reached up to push his glasses up his nose, remembered he no longer wore them, and lowered his hand. "I was lucky."

She looked down at the lake. She was wearing small gold hoop earrings; one was tangled in a bit of her hair, and Simon wanted to reach over and free it, to touch the side of her face with his fingers. “And now you’re not?”

He shrugged. He was watching Magnus, who was holding what looked like a long, flexible rod and drawing in the wet sand at the lake’s edge. He had the spell book open and was chanting as he drew. Alec was watching him, with the expression of someone watching a stranger.

“Are you scared?” Isabelle asked, moving slightly closer to Simon. He could feel the warmth of her arm against his.

“I don’t know. So much of being scared is the physical feeling of it. Your heart speeding up, sweating, your pulse racing. I don’t get any of that.”

“That’s too bad,” Isabelle murmured, looking at the water. “Guys getting all sweaty is hot.”

He shot her a half smile; it was harder than he thought it would be. Maybe he was scared. “That’s enough of your sass and back talk, missy.”

Isabelle’s lip quivered as if she were about to smile. Then she sighed. “You know what it never even crossed my mind I wanted?” she said. “A guy who could make me laugh.”

Simon turned toward her, reaching for her hand, not caring for the moment that her brother was watching. “Izzy . . .”

“All right,” Magnus called out. “I’m done. Simon, over here.”

They turned. Magnus was standing inside the circle, which was glowing with a faint white light. It was really two circles, a slightly smaller one inside a larger one, and in the space between the circles, dozens of symbols had been scrawled. They, too, glowed, a steely blue-white like the reflection off the lake.

Simon heard Isabelle’s soft intake of breath, and he stepped away before he could look at her. It would just make it all harder. He moved forward, over the border of the circle, into its center, beside Magnus. Looking out from the center of the

circle was like looking through water. The rest of the world seemed wavering and indistinct.

“Here.” Magnus shoved the book into his hands. The paper was thin, covered in scrawled runes, but Magnus had taped a printout of the words, spelled out phonetically, over the incantation itself. “Just sound these out,” he muttered. “It should work.”

Holding the book against his chest, Simon slipped off the gold ring that connected him to Clary, and handed it to Magnus. “If it doesn’t,” he said, wondering where his strange calm was coming from, “someone should take this. It’s our only link to Clary, and what she knows.”

Magnus nodded and slid the ring onto his finger. “Ready, Simon?”

“Hey,” said Simon. “You remembered my name.”

Magnus shot him an unreadable glance from his green-gold eyes, and stepped outside the circle. Immediately he was blurry and indistinct too. Alec joined him on one side, Isabelle on the other; Isabelle was hugging her elbows, and even through the wavering air Simon could tell how unhappy she looked.

Simon cleared his throat. “I guess you guys had better go.”

But they didn’t move. They seemed to be waiting for him to say something else.

“Thanks for coming here with me,” he said finally, having racked his brain for something meaningful to say; they seemed to be expecting it. He wasn’t the sort who made big farewell speeches or bid people dramatic good-byes. He looked at Alec first. “Um, Alec. I always liked you better than I liked Jace.” He turned to Magnus. “Magnus, I wish I had the nerve to wear the kind of pants you do.”

And last, Izzy. He could see her watching him through the haze, her eyes as black as obsidian.

“Isabelle,” Simon said. He looked at her. He saw the question in her eyes, but there seemed nothing he could say in front of Alec and Magnus, nothing that would encompass what

he felt. He moved back, toward the center of the circle, bowing his head. “Good-bye, I guess.”

He thought they spoke back to him, but the wavering haze between them blurred their words. He watched as they turned, retreating up the path through the orchard, back toward the house, until they had become dark specks. Until he could no longer see them at all.

He couldn’t quite fathom not talking to Clary one last time before he died—he couldn’t even remember the last words they’d exchanged. And yet if he closed his eyes, he could hear her laughter drifting over the orchard; he could remember what it had been like, before they had grown up and everything had changed. If he died here, perhaps it would be appropriate. Some of his best memories were here, after all. If the Angel struck him down with fire, his ashes could sift through the apple orchard and over the lake. Something about the idea seemed peaceful.

He thought of Isabelle. Then of his family—his mother, his father, and Becky. *Clary*, he thought lastly. *Wherever you are, you’re my best friend. You’ll always be my best friend.*

He raised the spell book and began to chant.



“No!” Clary stood up, dropping the wet towel. “Jace, you can’t. They’ll kill you.”

He reached for a fresh shirt and shrugged it on, not looking at her as he did up the buttons. “They’ll try to separate me from Sebastian first,” he said, though he didn’t sound as if he quite believed it. “If that doesn’t work, *then* they’ll kill me.”

“Not good enough.” She reached for him, but he turned away from her, jamming his feet into boots. When he turned back, his expression was grim.

“I don’t have a choice, Clary. This is the right thing to do.”

“It’s insane. You’re safe here. You can’t throw away your life—”

“Saving myself is treason. It’s putting a weapon into the hands of the enemy.”

“Who cares about treason? Or the Law?” she demanded. “I care about *you*. We’ll figure this out together—”

“*We* can’t figure this out.” Jace pocketed the stele on the nightstand, then caught up the Mortal Cup. “Because I’m only going to be *me* for a little while longer. I love you, Clary.” He tilted her face up and kissed her, lingeringly. “Do this for me,” he whispered.

“I absolutely will not,” she said. “I will not try to help you get yourself killed.”

But he was already striding toward the door. He drew her with him, and they stumbled down the corridor, speaking in whispers.

“This is crazy,” Clary hissed. “Putting yourself in the path of danger—”

He blew out an exasperated breath. “As if you don’t.”

“Right, and it makes you *furious*,” she whispered as she raced after him down the staircase. “Remember what you said to me in Alicante—”

They had reached the kitchen. He put the Cup down on the counter, reaching for his stele. “I had no right to say that,” he told her. “Clary, this is what we *are*. We’re Shadowhunters. This is what we do. There are risks we take that aren’t just the risks you find in battle.”

Clary shook her head, clutching both his wrists. “I won’t let you.”

A look of pain crossed his face. “Clarissa—”

She drew a deep breath, barely able to believe what she was about to do. But in her mind was the image of the morgue in the Silent City, of Shadowhunter bodies stretched out on marble slabs, and she could not bear for Jace to be one of them. Everything she had done—coming here, enduring everything she had endured, had been to save his life, and not just for herself. She thought of Alec and Isabelle, who had

helped her, and Maryse, who loved him, and almost without knowing she was about to do it, she raised her voice and called out:

“Jonathan!” she screamed. “Jonathan Christopher Morgenstern!”

Jace’s eyes widened into circles. “Clary—” he began, but it was too late already. She had let go of him and was backing away. Sebastian might already be coming; there was no way to tell Jace that it wasn’t that she trusted Sebastian but that Sebastian was the only weapon she had at her disposal that could possibly make him stay.

There was a flash of movement, and Sebastian was there. He hadn’t bothered with running down the stairs, just flipped himself over the side and landed between them. His hair was sleep-mussed; he wore a dark T-shirt and black pants, and Clary wondered distractedly if he slept in his clothes. He glanced between Clary and Jace, his black eyes taking in the situation. “Lovers’ spat?” he inquired. Something glinted in his hand. A knife?

Clary’s voice shook. “His rune’s damaged. Here.” She put her hand over her heart. “He’s trying to go back, to give himself up to the Clave—”

Sebastian’s hand shot out and grabbed the Cup out of Jace’s hand. He slammed it down on the kitchen counter. Jace, still white with shock, watched him; he didn’t move a muscle as Sebastian stepped close and took Jace by the front of the shirt. The top buttons on the shirt popped open, baring his collar, and Sebastian slashed the point of his stele across it, gashing an *iratze* into the skin. Jace bit down on his lip, his eyes full of hatred as Sebastian released him and took a step back, stele in hand.

“Honestly, Jace,” he said. “The idea that you thought you could get away with something like this just knocks me out.”

Jace’s hands tightened into fists as the *iratze*, black as charcoal, began to sink into his skin. His words were eked out, breathless: “Next time . . . you want to be knocked out . . . I’d be happy to help you. Maybe with a brick.”

Sebastian made a *tsk* noise. “You’ll thank me later. Even you have to admit this death wish of yours is a little extreme.”

Clary expected Jace to snap back at him again. But he didn’t. His gaze traveled slowly across Sebastian’s face. For that moment there was only the two of them in the room, and when Jace spoke, his words came cold and clear. “I won’t remember this later,” he said. “But you will. That person who acts like your friend—” He took a step forward, closing the space between himself and Sebastian. “That person who acts like they *like* you. That person isn’t real. This is real. This is me. And I hate you. I will always hate you. And there is no magic and no spell in this world or any other that will ever change that.”

For a moment the grin on Sebastian’s face wavered. But Jace didn’t. Instead, he tore his gaze from Sebastian and looked at Clary. “I need you to know,” he said, “the truth—I didn’t tell you all the truth.”

“The truth is dangerous,” said Sebastian, holding the stele before him like a knife. “Be careful what you say.”

Jace winced. His chest was rising and falling rapidly; it was clear that the healing of the rune on his chest was causing him physical pain. “The plan,” he said. “To raise Lilith, to make a new Cup, to create a dark army—that wasn’t Sebastian’s plan. *It was mine.*”

Clary froze. “What?”

“Sebastian knew what he wanted,” said Jace. “But I figured out how he could do it. A new Mortal Cup—I gave him that idea.” He jerked in pain; she could imagine what was happening under the cloth of his shirt: the skin knitting together, healing, Lilith’s rune whole and shining once again. “Or, should I say, *he* did. That thing that looks like me but isn’t? He’ll burn down the world if Sebastian wants him to, and laugh while he’s doing it. That’s what you’re saving, Clary. *That*. Don’t you understand? I’d rather be dead—”

His voice choked off as he doubled over. The muscles in his shoulders tightened as ripples of what looked like pain went through him. Clary remembered holding him in the Silent City

as the Brothers rooted through his mind for answers—Now he looked up, his expression bewildered.

His eyes shifted first not to her but to Sebastian. She felt her heart plummet, though she knew this was only her own doing.

“What’s going on?” Jace said.

Sebastian grinned at him. “Welcome back.”

Jace blinked, looking momentarily confused—and then his gaze seemed to slide inward, the way it did whenever Clary tried to bring up something that he couldn’t process—Max’s murder, the war in Alicante, the pain he was causing his family.

“Is it time?” he said.

Sebastian made a show of looking at his watch. “Just about. Why don’t you go on ahead and we’ll follow? You can start getting things ready.”

Jace glanced around. “The Cup—where is it?”

Sebastian took it off the kitchen counter. “Right here. Feeling a little absentminded?”

Jace’s mouth curled at the corner, and he grabbed the Cup back. Good-naturedly. There was no sign of the boy who had stood in front of Sebastian moments ago and told him he hated him. “All right. I’ll meet you there.” He turned to Clary, who was still frozen in shock, and kissed her cheek. “And you.”

He drew back and winked at her. There was affection in his eyes, but it didn’t matter. This was not her Jace, very clearly not her Jace, and she watched numbly as he crossed the room. His stele flashed, and a door opened in the wall; she caught a glimpse of sky and rocky plain, and then he stepped through it and was gone.

She dug her nails into her palms.

That thing that looks like me but isn’t? He’ll burn down the world if Sebastian wants him to, and laugh while he’s doing it. That’s what you’re saving, Clary. That. Don’t you understand? I’d rather be dead.

Tears burned at the back of her throat, and it was all she could do to hold them off as her brother turned to her, his black eyes very bright. “You called for me,” he said.

“He wanted to give himself up to the Clave,” she whispered, not sure who she was defending herself to. She had done what she’d had to, used the only weapon at hand, even if it was one she despised. “They would have killed him.”

“You called for *me*,” he said again, and took a step toward her. He reached out and lifted a long lock of her hair away from her face, tucking it back behind her ear. “He told you, then? The plan? All of it?”

She fought back a shiver of revulsion. “Not all of it. I don’t know what’s happening tonight. What did Jace mean ‘It’s time’?”

He leaned down and kissed her forehead; she felt the kiss burn, like a brand between her eyes. “You’ll find out,” he said. “You’ve earned the right to be there, Clarissa. You can watch it all from your place at my side, tonight, at the Seventh Sacred Site. *Both* of Valentine’s children, together . . . at last.”



Simon kept his eyes on the paper, chanting out the words Magnus had written for him. They had a rhythm to them that was like music, light and sharp and fine. He was reminded of reading aloud his haftarah portion during his bar mitzvah, though he had known what the words meant then, and now he didn’t.

As the chant went on, he felt a tightening around him, as if the air were becoming denser and heavier. It pressed down on his chest and shoulders. The air was growing warmer as well. If he were human, the heat might have been unbearable. As it was, he could feel the burn of it on his skin, singeing his eyelashes, his shirt. He kept his eyes fixed on the paper in front of him as a bead of blood ran from his hairline to drip onto the paper.

And then he was done. The last of the words—“Raziel”—was spoken, and he lifted his head. He could feel blood

running down his face. The haze around him had cleared, and in front of him he saw the water of the lake, blue and sparkling, as untroubled as glass.

And then it exploded.

The center of the lake turned gold, then black. Water rushed away from it, pouring toward the edges of the lake, flying into the air until Simon was staring at a ring of water, like a circle of unbroken waterfalls, all shimmering and pouring upward and downward, the effect bizarre and strangely beautiful. Water droplets shivered down onto him, cooling his burning skin. He tipped his head back, just as the sky went black—all the blue of it gone, eaten up in a sudden shock of darkness and clamoring gray clouds. The water splashed back down into the lake, and from its center, the greatest density of its silver, rose a figure all of gold.

Simon's mouth went dry. He had seen countless paintings of angels, believed in them, had heard Magnus's warning. And still he felt as if he had been struck through with a spear as before him a pair of wings unfolded. They seemed to span the sky. They were vast, white and gold and silver, the feathers of them set with burning golden eyes. The eyes regarded him with scorn. Then the wings lifted, scattering clouds before them, and folded back, and a man—or the shape of a man, towering and many stories tall, unfolded itself and rose.

Simon's teeth had started to chatter. He wasn't sure why. But waves of power, of something more than power—of the elemental force of the universe—seemed to roll off the Angel as he rose to his full height. Simon's first and rather bizarre thought was that it looked as if someone had taken Jace and blown him up to the size of a billboard. Only he didn't quite look like Jace at all. He was gold all over, from his wings to his skin to his eyes, which had no whites at all, only a sheen of gold like a membrane. His hair was gold and looked cut from pieces of metal that curled like wrought ironwork. He was alien and terrifying. Too much of anything could destroy you, Simon thought. Too much darkness could kill, but too much light could blind.

Who dares to summon me? The Angel spoke in Simon's mind, in a voice like great bells sounding.

Tricky question, Simon thought. If he were Jace, he could say "one of the Nephilim," and if he were Magnus, he could say he was one of Lilith's children and a High Warlock. Clary and the Angel had already met, so he supposed they'd just chum it up. But he was Simon, without any titles to his name or any great deeds in his past. "Simon Lewis," he said finally, setting the spell book down and straightening up. "Night's Child, and . . . your servant."

My servant? Raziel's voice was frozen with icy disapproval. *You summon me like a dog and dare to call yourself my servant? You shall be blasted from this world, that your fate may serve as a warning to others not to do likewise. It is forbidden for my own Nephilim to summon me. Why should it be different for you, Daylighter?*

Simon supposed he should not be shocked that the Angel knew what he was, but it was startling nevertheless, as startling as the Angel's size. Somehow he had thought Raziel would be more human. "I—"

Do you think because you carry the blood of one of my descendants, I must show you mercy? If so, you have gambled and lost. The mercy of Heaven is for the deserving. Not for those who break our Covenant Laws.

The Angel raised a hand, his finger pointed directly at Simon.

Simon braced himself. This time he did not try to say the words, only thought them. *Hear, O Israel! The Lord is our God, the Lord is one—*

What Mark is that? Raziel's voice was confounded. *On your forehead, child.*

"It is the Mark," Simon stammered. "The first Mark. The Mark of Cain."

Raziel's great arm lowered slowly. *I would kill you, but the Mark prevents it. That Mark was meant to be set between your*

brows by Heaven's hand, yet I know it was not. How can this be?

The Angel's obvious bafflement emboldened Simon. "One of your children, the Nephilim," he said. "One especially gifted. She set it there, to protect me." He took a step closer to the edge of the circle. "Raziel, I came to ask a favor of you, in the name of those Nephilim. They face a grave danger. One of their own has—has been turned to darkness, and he threatens all the rest. They need your help."

I do not intervene.

"But you did intervene," Simon said. "When Jace was dead, you brought him back. Not that we're not all really happy about that, but if you hadn't, none of this would be happening. So in a way it rests on you to set it right."

I may not be able to kill you, Raziel mused. But there is no reason I should give you what you want.

"I haven't even said what I want," said Simon.

You want a weapon. Something that can sever Jonathan Morgenstern from Jonathan Herondale. You would kill the one and preserve the other. Easiest of course to simply kill both. Your Jonathan was dead, and perhaps death longs for him still, and he for it. Has that ever crossed your mind?

"No," said Simon. "I know we're not much compared to you, but we don't kill our friends. We try to save them. If Heaven didn't want it that way, we ought never have been given the ability to love." He shoved his hair back, baring the Mark more fully. "No, you don't need to help me. But if you don't, there's nothing stopping me from calling you up again and again, now that I know you can't kill me. Think of it as me leaning against your Heavenly doorbell . . . forever."

Raziel, incredibly, seemed to chuckle at that. *You are stubborn*, he said. *A veritable warrior of your people, like him whose name you bear, Simon Maccabeus. And as he gave everything for his brother Jonathan, so shall you give everything for your Jonathan. Or are you not willing?*

“It’s not just for him,” said Simon, a little dazed. “But, yes, whatever you want. I will give it to you.”

If I give you what you want, will you also vow never to bother me again?

“I don’t think,” said Simon, “that that will be a problem.”

Very well, said the Angel. I will tell you what I desire. I desire that blasphemous Mark on your forehead. I would take the Mark of Cain from you, for it was never your place to carry it.

“I—but if you take the Mark, then you can kill me,” Simon said. “Isn’t it the only thing standing between me and your Heavenly wrath?”

The Angel paused to consider for a moment. *I shall swear not to harm you. Whether you bear the Mark or not.*

Simon hesitated. The Angel’s expression turned thunderous. *The vow of an Angel of Heaven is the most sacred there is. Do you dare to distrust me, Downworlder?*

“I . . .” Simon paused for an excruciating moment. His eyes were filled with the memory of Clary standing on her tiptoes as she pressed the stele to his forehead; the first time he had seen the Mark work, when he had felt like the conductor for a lightning bolt, sheer energy passing through him with deadly force. It was a curse, one that had terrified him and made him an object of desire and fear. He had hated it. And yet now, faced with giving it up, the thing that made him special . . .

He swallowed hard. “Fine. Yes. I agree.”

The Angel smiled, and his smile was terrible, like looking directly into the sun. *Then I swear not to harm you, Simon Maccabeus.*

“Lewis,” Simon said. “My last name is Lewis.”

But you are of the blood and faith of the Maccabees. Some say the Maccabees were Marked by the hand of God. In either case you are a warrior of Heaven, Daylighter, whether you like it or not.

The Angel moved. Simon's eyes watered, for Raziel seemed to draw the sky with him like a cloth, in swirls of black and silver and cloud-white. The air around him shuddered. Something flashed overhead like the glint of light off metal, and an object struck the sand and rocks beside Simon with a metallic clatter.

It was a sword—nothing special to look at either, a beaten-up-looking old iron sword with a blackened hilt. The edges were ragged, as if acid had eaten at them, though the tip was sharp. It looked like something that an archeological dig might have turned up, that hadn't been properly cleaned yet.

The Angel spoke. *Once when Joshua was near Jericho, he looked up and saw a man standing before him with a drawn sword in his hand. Joshua went to him and said, "Are you one of us, or one of our adversaries?" He replied, "Neither, but as commander of the army of the Lord, I have now come."*

Simon glanced down at the unprepossessing object at his feet. "And that's *this* sword?"

It is the sword of the Archangel Michael, commander of the armies of Heaven. It possesses the power of Heaven's fire. Strike your enemy with this, and it will burn the evil out of him. If he is more evil than good, more Hell's than Heaven's, it will also burn the life from him. It will most certainly sever his bond with your friend—and it can harm only one of them at a time.

Simon bent down and picked the sword up. It sent a shock through his hand, up his arm, into his motionless heart. Instinctively he raised it, and the clouds above seemed to part for a moment, a ray of light arcing down to strike the dull metal of the sword and make it sing.

The Angel looked down upon him with cold eyes. *The name of the sword cannot be spoken by your meager human tongue. You may call it Glorious.*

"I . . .," Simon began. "Thank you."

Do not thank me. I would have killed you, Daylighter, but your Mark, and now my vow, prevent it. The Mark of Cain was

meant to be placed upon you by God, and it was not. It shall be wiped from your brow, its protection removed. And if you call upon me again, I will not help you.

Instantly the beam of light shining down from the clouds intensified, striking the sword like a whip of fire, surrounding Simon in a cage of brilliant light and heat. The sword burned; he cried out and fell to the ground, pain lancing through his head. It felt as if someone were jabbing a red hot needle between his eyes. He covered his face, burying his head in his arms, letting the pain wash over him. It was the worst agony he had felt since the night he had died.

It faded slowly, ebbing like the tide. He rolled onto his back, staring up, his head still aching. The black clouds were beginning to roll back, showing a widening strip of blue; the Angel was gone, the lake surging under the growing light as if the water were boiling.

Simon began to sit up slowly, his eyes squinted painfully against the sun. He could see someone racing down the path from the farmhouse to the lake. Someone with long black hair, and a purple jacket that flew out behind her like wings. She hit the end of the path and leaped onto the lakeside, her boots kicking up puffs of sand behind her. She reached him and threw herself down, wrapping her arms around him. "Simon," she whispered.

He could feel the strong, steady beat of Isabelle's heart.

"I thought you were dead," she went on. "I saw you fall down, and—I thought you were dead."

Simon let her hold him, propping himself up on his hands. He realized he was listing like a ship with a hole in the side, and tried not to move. He was afraid that if he did, he would fall over. "I *am* dead."

"I *know*," Izzy snapped. "I mean more dead than usual."

"Iz." He raised his face to hers. She was kneeling over him, her legs around his, her arms around his neck. It looked uncomfortable. He let himself fall back into the sand, taking her with him. He thumped down onto his back in the cold sand

with her on top of him and stared up into her black eyes. They seemed to take up the whole sky.

She touched his forehead in wonder. “Your Mark’s gone.”

“Raziel took it away. In exchange for the sword.” He gestured toward the blade. Up at the farmhouse, he could see two dark specks standing in front of the sunporch, watching them. Alec and Magnus. “It’s the Archangel Michael’s sword. It’s called Glorious.”

“Simon . . .” She kissed his cheek. “You did it. You got the Angel. You got the sword.”

Magnus and Alec had started down the path to the lake. Simon closed his eyes, exhausted. Isabelle leaned over him, her hair brushing the sides of his face. “Don’t try to talk.” She smelled like tears. “You’re not cursed anymore,” she whispered. “You’re not cursed.”

Simon linked his fingers with hers. He felt as if he were floating on a dark river, the shadows closing in around him. Only her hand anchored him to earth. “I know.”

19

LOVE AND BLOOD

Methodically and carefully Clary was tearing Jace's room apart. She was still in her tank top, though she'd pulled on a pair of jeans; her hair was scraped behind her head in a messy bun, and her nails were powdered with dust. She had searched under his bed, in all the drawers and cabinets, crawled under the wardrobe and desk, and looked in the pockets of all his clothes for a second stele, but she had found nothing.

She had told Sebastian she was exhausted, that she needed to go upstairs and lie down; he had seemed distracted and had waved her away. Images of Jace's face kept flashing behind her eyelids every time she shut her eyes—the way he had looked at her, betrayed, as if he didn't know her anymore.

But there was no point dwelling on that. She could sit on the edge of the bed and cry into her hands, thinking about what she had done, but it would do no one any good. She owed it to Jace, to herself, to keep moving. Searching. If she could just find a stele—

She was lifting the mattress off the bed, searching the space between it and the box springs, when a knock came on the door.

She dropped the mattress, though not before discerning that there was nothing under it. She tightened her hands into fists, took a deep breath, stalked to the door and threw it open.

Sebastian stood on the threshold. For the first time he was wearing something other than black and white. The same black trousers and boots, admittedly, but he also wore a scarlet leather tunic, intricately worked with gold and silver runes, and held together by a row of metal clasps across the front.

There were hammered silver bracelets on each of his wrists, and he wore the Morgenstern ring.

She blinked at him. “Red?”

“Ceremonial,” he replied. “Colors mean different things to Shadowhunters than they do to humans.” He said the word “humans” with contempt. “You know the old Nephilim children’s rhyme, don’t you?”

*Black for hunting through the night
For death and sorrow, the color’s white.
Gold for a bride in her wedding gown,
And red to call enchantment down.”*

“Shadowhunters get married in gold?” Clary said. Not that she cared particularly, but she was trying to wedge her body into the gap between the door and the frame so that he couldn’t look behind her and see the mess she’d made out of Jace’s normally neat room.

“Sorry to crush your dreams of a white wedding.” He grinned at her. “Speaking of which, I brought you something to wear.”

He drew his hand out from behind his back. He was holding a folded item of clothing. She took it from him and let it unroll. It was a long, drifting column of scarlet fabric with an odd golden sheen to the material, like the edge of a flame. The straps were gold.

“Our mother used to wear this to Circle ceremonies before she betrayed our father,” he said. “Put it on. I want you to wear it tonight.”

“Tonight?”

“Well, you can hardly go to the ceremony in what you’re wearing now.” His eyes raked her, from her bare feet to the tank top clinging to her body with sweat, to her dusty jeans. “How you look tonight—the impression you make on our new acolytes—is important. Put it on.”

Her mind was whirling. *The ceremony tonight. Our new acolytes.* “How much time do I have—to get ready?” she asked.

“An hour perhaps,” he said. “We should be at the sacred site by midnight. The others will be gathering there. It wouldn’t do to be late.”

An hour. Heart hammering, Clary threw the garment across the bed, where it glimmered like chain mail. When she turned back, he was still in the doorway, a half smile on his face, as if he intended to wait there while she changed.

She moved to shut the door. He caught her wrist. “Tonight,” he said, “you call me Jonathan. Jonathan Morgenstern. Your brother.”

A shudder ran over her whole body, and she dropped her eyes, hoping he couldn’t see the hatred in them. “Whatever you say.”

The moment he was gone she reached for one of Jace’s leather jackets. She slipped it on, taking comfort in the warmth and the familiar smell of him. She slid her feet into shoes and crept out into the hallway, wishing for a stele and a new Soundless rune. She could hear water running downstairs and Sebastian’s off-key whistling, but her own footsteps still sounded like cannon explosions in her ears. She crept along, keeping close to the wall, until she reached Sebastian’s door and slid inside.

It was dim, the only illumination the ambient city light coming from the windows, whose curtains were pulled back. It was a mess, just as it had been the first time she’d been in it. She started with his closet, stuffed full of expensive clothes—silk shirts, leather jackets, Armani suits, Bruno Magli shoes. On the floor of the closet was a white shirt, wadded up and stained with blood—blood old enough to have dried to brown. Clary looked at it for a long moment and shut the closet door.

She set herself to the desk next, pulling out drawers, rifling through papers. She’d rather hoped for something simple, like a lined piece of notebook paper with MY EVIL PLAN written across the top, but no luck. There were dozens of papers with complex numerical and alchemical figuring on them, and even a piece of stationery that began *My beautiful one* in Sebastian’s cramped handwriting. She spared a moment to

wonder who on earth Sebastian's beautiful one could be—she hadn't thought of him as someone who ever had romantic feelings about anyone—before turning to the nightstand by his bed.

She pulled open the drawer. Inside was a stack of notes. On top of them, something glimmered. Something circular and metallic.

Her faerie ring.



Isabelle sat with her arm around Simon as they drove back toward Brooklyn. He was exhausted, his head throbbing, his body pierced with aches. Though Magnus had given him back his ring at the lake, he had been unable to reach Clary with it. Worst of all, he was hungry. He liked how close Isabelle was sitting to him, the way she rested her hand just above the crook of his elbow, tracing patterns there, sometimes sliding her fingers down to his wrist. But the scent of her—perfume and blood—made his stomach growl.

It was starting to grow dark outside, the late-autumn sunset coming soon on the heels of the day, dimming the interior of the truck's cab. Alec's and Magnus's voices were murmurs in the shadows. Simon let his eyes flutter closed, seeing the Angel printed against the back of his lids, a burst of white light.

Simon! Clary's voice exploded inside his head, jerking him instantly awake. *Are you there?*

A sharp gasp escaped his lips. *Clary? I was so worried—*

Sebastian took my ring away from me. Simon, there may not be much time. I have to tell you. They have a second Mortal Cup. They plan to raise Lilith and create an army of dark Shadowhunters—ones with the same power as the Nephilim but allied to the demon world.

"You're kidding me," Simon said. It took him a moment to realize he'd spoken aloud; Isabelle stirred against him, and Magnus looked over curiously.

"You all right there, vampire?"

“It’s Clary,” Simon said. All three of them looked at him with identical astonished expressions. “She’s trying to talk to me.” He slapped his hands over his ears, slumping down in his seat and trying to concentrate on her words. *When are they going to do it?*

Tonight. Soon. I don’t know where we are exactly—but it’s about ten p.m. here.

Then you’re about five hours ahead of us. Are you in Europe?

I can’t even guess. Sebastian mentioned something called the Seventh Sacred Site. I don’t know what that is, but I’ve found some of his notes and apparently it’s an ancient tomb. It looks like a sort of doorway, and demons can be summoned through it.

Clary, I’ve never heard of anything like that—

But Magnus or the others might. Please, Simon. Tell them as quickly as you can. Sebastian’s going to resurrect Lilith. He wants war, a total war with the Shadowhunters. He has about forty or fifty Nephilim ready to follow him. They’ll be there. Simon, he wants to burn the world down. We have to do anything we can to stop him.

If things are that dangerous, you need to get yourself out of there.

She sounded tired. I’m trying. But it might be too late.

Simon was dimly aware that everyone else in the truck was staring at him, concern on their faces. He didn’t care. Clary’s voice in his mind was like a rope tossed over a chasm, and if he could grip his end of it, maybe he could pull her to safety, or at least keep her from slipping away.

Clary, listen. I can’t tell you how, it’s too long a story, but we have a weapon. It can be used on either Jace or Sebastian without hurting the other, and according to the . . . person who gave it to us, it might be able to cut them apart.

Cut them apart? How?

He said it would burn all the evil out of the one we used it on. So if we used it on Sebastian, I'm guessing, it would burn away the bond between them because the bond is evil. Simon felt his head throb, and hoped he sounded more confident than he did. I'm not sure. It's very powerful, anyway. It's called Glorious.

And you'd use it on Sebastian? It would burn them apart without killing them?

Well, that's the idea. I mean, there is some chance it would destroy Sebastian. It would depend on if there's any good left in him. "If he's more Hell's than Heaven's" I think is what the Angel said—

The Angel? Her alarm was palpable. *Simon, what have you —*

Her voice broke off, and Simon was suddenly filled with a clamor of emotion—surprise, anger, terror. Pain. He cried out, sitting bolt upright.

Clary?

But there was only silence, ringing in his head.

Clary! he cried out, and then, aloud, he said: "Damn. She's gone again."

"What happened?" Isabelle demanded. "Is she all right? What's going on?"

"I think we have a lot less time than we thought," Simon said in a voice much calmer than he felt. "Magnus, pull the truck over. We have to talk."



"So," Sebastian said, filling the doorway as he looked down at Clary. "Would it be déjà vu if I asked you what you were doing in my room, little sister?"

Clary swallowed against her suddenly dry throat. The light in the hallway was bright behind Sebastian, turning him into a silhouette. She couldn't see the expression on his face. "Looking for you?" she hazarded.

“You’re sitting on my bed,” he said. “Did you think I was under it?”

“I . . .”

He walked into the room—sauntered, really, as if he knew something she didn’t. Something no one else knew. “So why were you looking for me? And why haven’t you changed for the ceremony?”

“The dress,” she said. “It—doesn’t fit.”

“Of course it fits,” he said, sitting down on the bed beside her. He turned to face her, his back to the headboard. “Everything else in that room fits you. This should fit you too.”

“It’s silk and chiffon. It doesn’t stretch.”

“You’re a skinny little thing. It shouldn’t have to.” He took her right wrist, and she curled her fingers in, desperately trying to hide the ring. “Look, my fingers go right around your wrist.”

His skin felt hot against hers, sending sharp prickles through her nerves. She remembered the way, in Idris, his touch had burned her like acid. “The Seventh Sacred Site,” she said, not looking at him. “Is that where Jace went?”

“Yes. I sent him ahead. He’s readying things for our arrival. We’ll meet him there.”

Her heart dived inside her chest. “He’s not coming back?”

“Not before the ceremony.” She caught the curling edge of Sebastian’s smile. “Which is good, because he’d be so disappointed when I told him about *this*.” He slid his hand swiftly over hers, uncurling her fingers. The gold ring blazed there, like a signal fire. “Did you think I wouldn’t recognize faerie work? Do you think the Queen is such a fool that she would send you off to retrieve these for her without knowing you would keep them for yourself? She *wanted* you to bring this here, where I would find it.” He jerked the ring off her finger with a smirk.

“You’ve been in contact with the Queen?” Clary demanded. “How?”

“With this ring,” Sebastian purred, and Clary remembered the Queen saying in her high sweet voice, *Jonathan Morgenstern could be a powerful ally. The Fair Folk are an old people; we do not make hasty decisions but wait to see in what direction the wind blows first.* “Do you really think she’d let you get your hands on something that would let you communicate with your little friends without her being able to listen in? Since I took it from you, I’ve spoken to her, she’s spoken to me—you were a fool to trust her, little sister. She likes to be on the winning side of things, the Seelie Queen. And that side will be ours, Clary. *Ours.*” His voice was low and soft. “Forget them, your Shadowhunter friends. Your place is with us. With *me*. Your blood cries out for power, like mine does. Whatever your mother may have done to twist your conscience, you know who you are.” His hand caught at her wrist again, pulling her toward him. “Jocelyn made all the wrong decisions. She sided with the Clave against her family. This is your chance to rectify her mistake.”

She tried to pull her arm back. “Let me go, Sebastian. I mean it.”

His hand slid up from her wrist, encircling her upper arm with his fingers. “You’re such a little thing. Who’d think you were such a spitfire? Especially in bed.”

She leaped to her feet, jerking away from him. “*What* did you just say?”

He rose as well, his lips curving up at the corners. He was so much taller than she was, almost exactly as much taller as Jace was. He leaned in close to her when he spoke, and his voice was low and rough. “Everything that marks Jace, marks me,” he said. “Down to your fingernails.” He was grinning. “Eight parallel scratches on my back, little sister. Are you saying you didn’t put them there?”

A soft explosion went off in her head, like a dull firework of rage. She looked at his laughing face, and she thought of Jace, and of Simon, and the words they’d just exchanged. If

the Queen really could eavesdrop on her conversations, then she might know about Glorious already. But Sebastian didn't know. Couldn't know.

She snatched the ring from his hand, and threw it to the ground. She heard him give a shout, but she'd already brought her foot down on it, feeling it give way, the gold smashing to powder.

He looked at her incredulously as she drew her foot back. "You—"

She drew back her right hand, the strongest one, and drove her fist into his stomach.

He was taller, broader, and stronger than she was, but she had the element of surprise. He doubled over, choking, and she snatched the stele from his weapons belt. Then she ran.



Magnus jerked the wheel to the side so fast that the tires screeched. Isabelle shrieked. They bumped up onto the shoulder of the road, under the shadow of a copse of partly leafless trees.

The next thing Simon knew, the doors were open and everyone was tumbling out onto the blacktop. The sun was going down, and the headlights of the truck were on, lighting them all with an eerie glow.

"All right, vampire boy," said Magnus, shaking his head hard enough to shed glitter. "What the *hell* is going on?"

Alec leaned against the truck as Simon explained, repeating the conversation with Clary as accurately as he could before the whole thing flew out of his head.

"Did she say anything about getting her and Jace out of there?" Isabelle asked when he was done, her face pale in the yellowish glow from the headlights.

"No," said Simon. "And Iz—I don't think Jace wants to get out. He wants to be where he is."

Isabelle crossed her arms and looked down at her boots, her black hair sweeping across her face.

“What’s this Seventh Sacred Site business?” said Alec. “I know about the seven wonders of the world, but seven sacred sites?”

“They’re more in the interest of warlocks than Nephilim,” said Magnus. “Each is a place where ley lines converge, forming a matrix—a sort of net within which magical spells are amplified. The seventh is a stone tomb in Ireland, at Poll na mBrón; the name means ‘the cavern of sorrows.’ It’s in a very bleak, uninhabited area called the Burren. A good place to raise a demon, if it’s a big one.” He tugged at a spike of hair. “This is bad. Really bad.”

“You think he could do it? Make—dark Shadowhunters?” Simon asked.

“Everything has an alliance, Simon. The alliance of the Nephilim is seraphic, but if it were demonic, they’d still be as strong, as powerful as they are now. But they would be dedicated to the eradication of mankind instead of its salvation.”

“We have to get there,” Isabelle said. “We have to stop them.”

“‘Him,’ you mean,” said Alec. “We have to stop him. Sebastian.”

“Jace is his ally now. You have to accept that, Alec,” Magnus said. A light misty drizzle had begun to fall. The drops gleamed like gold in the headlights’ glow. “Ireland is five hours ahead. They’re doing the ceremony at midnight. It’s five o’clock here. We have an hour and a half—two hours, at most—to stop them.”

“Then, we shouldn’t be waiting. We should be going,” Isabelle said, a tinge of panic in her voice. “If we’re going to stop him—”

“Iz, there are only four of us,” Alec said. “We don’t even know what kind of numbers we’re up against—”

Simon glanced at Magnus, who was watching Alec and Isabelle argue with a peculiarly detached expression.

“Magnus,” Simon said. “Why didn’t we just Portal to the farm? You Portaled half of Idris to Brocelind Plain.”

“I wanted to give you enough time to change your mind,” said Magnus, not taking his eyes off his boyfriend.

“But we can Portal from here,” Simon said. “I mean, you could do that for us.”

“Yeah,” Magnus said. “But like Alec says, we don’t know what we’re up against in terms of numbers. I’m a pretty powerful warlock, but Jonathan Morgenstern is no ordinary Shadowhunter, and neither is Jace, for that matter. And if they succeed in raising Lilith—she’ll be a lot weaker than she was, but she’s still Lilith.”

“But she’s dead,” said Isabelle. “Simon killed her.”

“Greater Demons don’t die,” said Magnus. “Simon . . . scattered her between worlds. It will take a long time for her to re-form and she will be weak for years. Unless Sebastian calls her up again.” He pushed a hand through his wet, spiked hair.

“We have the sword,” Isabelle said. “We can take out Sebastian. We have Magnus, and Simon—”

“We don’t even know if the sword will work,” said Alec. “And it won’t do us much good if we can’t get to Sebastian. And Simon isn’t even Mr. Indestructible anymore. He can be killed just like the rest of us.”

They all looked at Simon. “We have to try,” he said. “Look—we don’t know how many are going to be there, no. We have a little time. Not a lot, but enough—if we Portal—to grab some reinforcements.”

“Reinforcements from where?” Isabelle demanded.

“I’ll go to Maia and Jordan back at the apartment,” said Simon, his mind quickly ticking over possibilities. “See if Jordan can get any assistance from the Praetor Lupus. Magnus, go to the downtown police station, see about enlisting whatever members of the pack are around. Isabelle and Alec —”

“You’re splitting us up?” Isabelle demanded, her voice rising. “What about fire-messages, or—”

“No one’s going to trust a fire-message about something like this,” said Magnus. “And besides, fire-messages are for Shadowhunters. Do you really want to communicate this information to the Clave via fire-message instead of going to the Institute yourself?”

“Fine.” Isabelle stalked around to the side of the car. She yanked the door open, but didn’t get inside: instead she reached in, and drew out Glorious. It shone in the dim light like a bolt of dark lightning, the words carved on the blade flickering in the car light: *Quis ut Deus?*

The rain was starting to paste Isabelle’s black hair to her neck. She looked formidable as she walked back to rejoin the group. “Then we leave the car here. We split up, but we meet back at the Institute in an hour. That’s when we leave, whoever we have with us.” She met each of her companion’s eyes, one by one, daring them to challenge her. “Simon, take this.”

She held out Glorious to him, hilt-forward.

“Me?” Simon was startled. “But I don’t—I haven’t really used a sword before.”

“You called it down,” Isabelle said, her dark eyes glossy in the rain. “The Angel gave it to you, Simon, and you will be the one who carries it.”



Clary dashed down the hallway and hit the steps with a clatter, racing for the downstairs and for the spot on the wall that Jace had told her was the only entrance and exit from the apartment.

She had no illusions that she could escape. She needed only a few moments to do what had to be done. She heard Sebastian’s boots loud on the glass staircase behind her, and put on a burst of speed, almost slamming into the wall. She jammed the stele into it point-first, drawing frantically: *a pattern as simple as a cross, new to the world—*

Sebastian's fist closed on the back of her jacket, jerking her backward, the stele flying out of her hand. She gasped as he swung her up off her feet and slammed her into the wall, knocking the breath out of her. He glanced at the mark she had made on the wall, and his lips curled into a sneer.

"The Opening rune?" he said. He leaned forward and hissed into her ear. "And you didn't even finish it. Not that it matters. Do you really think there's a place on this earth you could go where I couldn't find you?"

Clary responded with an epithet that would have gotten her kicked out of class at St. Xavier's. Just as he started to laugh, she raised her hand and slapped him across the face so hard, her fingers stung. In his surprise he loosened his grip on her, and she jerked away from him and flipped herself over the table, making for the downstairs bedroom, which at least had a lock on the door—

And he was in front of her, grabbing the lapels of her jacket and swinging her around. Her feet went out from under her, and she would have fallen if he hadn't pinned her to the wall with his body, his arms to either side, making a cage around her.

His grin was diabolical. Gone was the stylish boy who'd strolled by the Seine with her and drunk hot chocolate and talked about belonging. His eyes were all black, no pupil, like tunnels. "What's wrong, little sis? You look upset."

She could barely catch her breath. "Cracked . . . my . . . nail polish slapping your . . . worthless face. See?" She showed him her finger—just one of them.

"Cute." He snorted. "You know how I knew you'd betray us? How I knew you wouldn't be able to help it? Because you're too much like me."

He pressed her back harder against the wall. She could feel his chest rise and fall against hers. She was at eye level with the straight, sharp line of his collarbone. His body felt like a prison around hers, pinning her in place. "I'm nothing like you. Let me go—"

“You’re everything like me,” he growled into her ear. “You infiltrated us. You faked friendship, faked caring.”

“I never had to fake caring about *Jace*.”

She saw something flash in his eyes then, a dark jealousy, and she wasn’t even sure who he was jealous of. He put his lips against her cheek, close enough that she felt them move against her skin when he spoke. “You screwed us over,” he murmured. His hand was around her left arm like a vise; slowly he began to move it down. “Probably literally screwed Jace over—”

She couldn’t help it, she flinched. She felt him inhale sharply. “You did,” he said. “You slept with him.” He sounded almost betrayed.

“It’s none of your business.”

He caught at her face, turning her to look at him, fingers digging into her chin. “You can’t *screw* someone into being good. Nicely heartless move, though.” His lovely mouth curved into a cold smile. “You know he doesn’t remember any of it, right? Did he show you a good time, at least? Because I would have.”

She tasted bile in her throat. “You’re my brother.”

“Those words don’t mean anything where we’re concerned. We aren’t human. Their rules don’t apply to us. Stupid laws about what DNA can be mixed with what. Hypocritical, really, considering. We’re already experiments. The rulers of ancient Egypt used to marry their siblings, you know. Cleopatra married her brother. Strengthens the bloodline.”

She looked at him with loathing. “I knew you were crazy,” she said. “But I didn’t realize you were absolutely, spectacularly out of your goddamned mind.”

“Oh, I don’t think there’s anything crazy about it. Who do we belong with but each other?”

“Jace,” she said. “I belong with Jace.”

He made a dismissive noise. “You can have Jace.”

“I thought you needed him.”

“I do. But not for what you need him for.” His hands were suddenly on her waist. “We can share him. I don’t care what you do. As long as you know you belong to me.”

She raised her hands, meaning to shove him away. “I don’t belong to you. I belong to *me*.”

The look in his eyes froze her in place. “I think you know better than that,” he said, and brought his mouth down on hers, hard.

For a moment she was back in Idris, standing in front of the burned Fairchild manor, and Sebastian was kissing her, and she felt as if she were falling into darkness, into a tunnel that had no end. At the time she’d thought there was something wrong with her. That she couldn’t kiss anyone but Jace. That she was broken.

Now she knew better. Sebastian’s mouth moved on hers, as hard and cold as a razor-slice in the dark, and she raised herself up on the tips of her toes, and bit down hard on his lip.

He yelled and spun away from her, his hand to his mouth. She could taste his blood, bitter copper; it dripped down his chin as he stared at her with incredulous eyes. “You—”

She whirled and kicked him, hard, in the stomach, hoping it was still sore from where she’d punched him before. As he doubled up, she shot by him, running for the stairs. She was halfway there when she felt him grab her by the back of her collar. He swung her around as if he were swinging a baseball bat, and flung her at the wall. She hit it hard and sank to her knees, the breath knocked out of her.

Sebastian started toward her, his hands flexing at his sides, his eyes shimmering black like a shark’s. He looked terrifying; Clary knew she ought to be frightened, but a cold, glassy detachment had come over her. Time seemed to have slowed. She remembered the fight in the junk shop in Prague, how she had disappeared into her own world where each movement was as precise as the movement of a watch. Sebastian reached down toward her, and she pushed up, off the ground, sweeping her legs sideways, knocking his feet out from under him.

He fell forward, and she rolled out of the way, bouncing to her feet. She didn't bother trying to run this time. Instead she grabbed the porcelain vase off the table and, as Sebastian rose to his feet, swung it at his head. It shattered, spraying water and leaves, and he staggered back, blood blooming against his white-silver hair.

He snarled and sprang at her. It was like being slammed by a wrecking ball. Clary flew backward, smashing through the glass tabletop, and hit the ground in an explosion of shards and agony. She screamed as Sebastian landed on top of her, driving her body down into the shattered glass, his lips drawn back in a snarl. He brought his arm down backhanded and cracked her across the face. Blood blinded her; she choked on the taste of it in her mouth, and its salt stung her eyes. She jerked up her knee, catching him in the stomach, but it was like kicking a wall. He grabbed her hands, forcing them down by her sides.

"Clary, Clary, Clary," he said. He was gasping. At least she'd winded him. Blood ran in a slow trickle from a gash on the side of his head, staining his hair scarlet. "Not bad. You weren't much of a fighter back in Idris."

"Get off me—"

He moved his face close to hers. His tongue darted out. She tried to jerk away but couldn't move fast enough as he licked the blood off the side of her face, and grinned. The grin split his lip, and more blood ran in a trickle down his chin. "You asked me who I belong to," he whispered. "I belong to *you*. Your blood is my blood, your bones my bones. The first time you saw me, I looked familiar, didn't I? Just like you looked familiar to me."

She gaped at him. "You're out of your mind."

"It's in the Bible," he said. "The Song of Solomon. 'Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck.'" His fingers brushed her throat, looping into the chain there, the chain that had held the Morgenstern ring. She wondered if he would crush her windpipe. "'I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh,

saying, Open to me, my sister, my love.” His blood dripped onto her face. She held herself still, her body humming with the effort, as his hand slipped from her throat, along her side, to her waist. His fingers slid inside the waistband of her jeans. His skin was hot, burning; she could feel that he wanted her.

“You don’t love me,” she said. Her voice was thin; he was crushing the air from her lungs. She remembered what her mother had said, that every emotion Sebastian showed was a pretense. Her thoughts were clear as crystal; she silently thanked the battle euphoria for doing what it had to do and keeping her focused while Sebastian sickened her with his touch.

“And you don’t care that I’m your brother,” he said. “I know how you felt about Jace, even when you thought he was your brother. You can’t lie to me.”

“Jace is better than you.”

“No one’s better than me.” He grinned, all white teeth and blood. ““A garden enclosed is my sister,”” he said. ““A spring shut up, a fountain sealed.’ But not anymore, right? Jace took care of that.” He fumbled at the button on her jeans, and she took advantage of his distraction to seize up a good-size triangular piece of glass from the ground and slam the jagged edge of it into his shoulder.

The glass slid along her fingers, slicing them open. He yelled, jerking back, but more in surprise than pain; the gear protected him. She slashed the glass down harder, this time into his thigh, and when he reared back, she drove her other elbow into his throat. He went sideways, choking, and she rolled, pinning him under her as she yanked the bloody glass free of his leg. She drove the shard down toward the pulsing vein in his neck—and stopped.

He was laughing. He lay under her, and he was laughing, his laughter vibrating up through her own body. His skin was spattered with blood—her blood, dripping down on him, his own blood where she had cut him, his silver-white hair matted with it. He let his arms fall to either side of him, outstretched like wings, a broken angel, fallen out of the sky.

He said, “Kill me, little sister. Kill me, and you kill Jace, too.”

She brought the glass shard down.

20

A DOOR INTO THE DARK

Clary screamed aloud in pure frustration as the shard of glass embedded itself in the wooden floor, inches from Sebastian's throat.

She felt him laugh underneath her. "You can't do it," he said. "You can't kill me."

"To hell with you," she snarled. "I can't kill *Jace*."

"Same thing," he said, and, sitting up so fast she barely saw him move, he belted her across the face with enough force to send her skidding across the glass-strewn floor. Her slide was arrested when she hit the wall, gagged, and coughed blood. She buried her head against her forearm, the taste and smell of her own blood everywhere, sickening and metallic. A moment later Sebastian's hand was fisted in her jacket and he was hauling her to her feet.

She didn't fight him. What was the point? Why fight someone when they were willing to kill you and they knew you weren't willing to kill, or even seriously wound, them? They'd always win. She stood still as he examined her. "Could be worse," he said. "Looks like the jacket kept you from any real damage."

Real damage? Her body felt like it had been sliced all over with thin knives. She glared at him through her eyelashes as he swung her up into his arms. It was like it had been in Paris, when he'd carried her away from the Dahak demons, but then she had been—if not grateful, at least confused, and now she was filled with a boiling hatred. She kept her body tense while he carried her upstairs, his boots ringing on the glass. She was trying to forget she was touching him, that his arm was under her thighs, his hands possessive on her back.

I will kill him, she thought. *I will find a way, and I will kill him.*

He walked into Jace's room and dumped her onto the floor. She staggered back a step. He caught her and ripped the jacket off her. Underneath she was wearing only a T-shirt. It was shredded as if she'd run a cheese grater over it, and stained everywhere with blood.

Sebastian whistled.

"You're a mess, little sister," he said. "Better get in the bathroom and wash some of that blood off."

"No," she said. "Let them see me like this. Let them see what you had to do to get me to come with you."

His hand shot out and grabbed her under the chin, forcing her face up to his. Their faces were inches apart. She wanted to close her eyes but refused to give him the satisfaction; she stared back at him, at the loops of silver in his black eyes, the blood on his lip where she'd bitten him. "You belong to me," he said again. "And I will have you by my side, however I have to force you to be there."

"Why?" she demanded, rage as bitter on her tongue as the taste of blood. "What do you care? I know you can't kill Jace, but you could kill me. Why don't you just *do* it?"

Just for a moment, his eyes went distant, glassy, as if he were seeing something invisible to her. "This world will be consumed by hellfire," he said. "But I will bring you and Jace safely through the flames if you only do what I ask. It is a grace I extend to no one else. Do you not see how foolish you are to reject it?"

"Jonathan," she said. "Don't you see how impossible it is to ask me to fight by your side when you want to *burn down the world*?"

His eyes refocused on her face. "But why?" It was almost plaintive. "Why is this world so precious to you? You *know* that there are others." His own blood was very red against his stark white skin. "Tell me you love me. Tell me you love me and will fight with me."

"I'll never love you. You were wrong when you said we have the same blood. Your blood is poison. Demon poison." She spat the last words.

He only smiled, his eyes glowing darkly. She felt something burn on her upper arm, and she jumped before she realized it was a stele; he was tracing an *iratze* on her skin. She hated him even as the pain faded. His bracelet clanked on his wrist as he moved his hand skillfully, completing the rune.

"I knew you lied," she said to him suddenly.

"I tell so many lies, sweetheart," he said. "Which one specifically?"

"Your bracelet," she said. "'*Acheronta movebo.*' It doesn't mean 'Thus always to tyrants.' That's '*sic semper tyrannis.*' This is from Virgil. '*Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.*' 'If I cannot move Heaven, I will raise Hell.'"

"Your Latin's better than I thought."

"I learn fast."

"Not fast enough." He released his grip on her chin. "Now get into the bathroom and clean yourself up," he said, shoving her backward. He grabbed her mother's ceremonial dress off the bed and dumped it into her arms. "Time grows short, and my patience wears thin. If you're not out in ten minutes, I'll come in after you. And trust me, you won't like that."



"I'm starving," Maia said. "I feel like I haven't eaten in days." She pulled the refrigerator door open and peered in. "Oh, yuck."

Jordan pulled her back, wrapping his arms around her, and nuzzled the back of her neck. "We can order food. Pizza, Thai, Mexican, whatever you want. As long as it doesn't cost more than twenty-five dollars."

She turned around in his arms, laughing. She was wearing one of his shirts; it was a little too big on him, and on her it hung nearly to her knees. Her hair was pulled up in a knot at the back of her neck. "Big spender," she said.

“For you, anything.” He lifted her up by the waist and set her on one of the counter stools. “You can have a taco.” He kissed her. His lips were sweet, slightly minty from toothpaste. She felt the buzz in her body that came from touching him, that started at the base of her spine and shot through all her nerves.

She giggled against his mouth, wrapping her arms around his neck. A sharp ringing cut through the humming in her blood as Jordan pulled away, frowning. “My phone.” Hanging on to her with one hand, he fumbled behind himself on the counter until he found it. It had stopped ringing, but he lifted it anyway, frowning. “It’s the Praetor.”

The Praetor never called, or at least rarely. Only when something was of deadly importance. Maia sighed and leaned back. “Take it.”

He nodded, already lifting the phone to his ear. His voice was a soft murmur in the back of her consciousness as she jumped down from the counter and went to the refrigerator, where the take-out menus were pinned. She riffled through them until she found the menu for the local Thai place she liked, and turned around with it in her hand.

Jordan was now standing in the middle of the living room, white-faced, with his phone forgotten in his hand. Maia could hear a tinny, distant voice coming from it, saying his name.

Maia dropped the menu and hurried across the room to him. She took the phone out of his hand, disconnected the call, and set it on the counter. “Jordan? What happened?”

“My roommate—Nick—you remember?” he said, disbelief in his hazel eyes. “You never met him but—”

“I saw the photos of him,” she said. “Has something happened?”

“He’s dead.”

“How?”

“Throat torn out, all his blood gone. They think he tracked his assignment down and she killed him.”

“Maureen?” Maia was shocked. “But she was just a little girl.”

“She’s a vampire now.” He took a ragged breath. “Maia . . .”

She stared at him. His eyes were glassy, his hair tousled. A sudden panic rose inside her. Kissing and cuddling and even sex were one thing. Comforting someone when they were stricken with loss was something else. It meant commitment. It meant caring. It meant you wanted to ease their pain, and at the same time you were thanking God that whatever the bad thing was that had happened, it hadn’t happened to *them*.

“Jordan,” she said softly, and reaching up on her toes, she put her arms around him. “I’m sorry.”

Jordan’s heart beat hard against hers. “Nick was only seventeen.”

“He was a Praetor, like you,” she said softly. “He knew it was dangerous. *You’re* only eighteen.” He tightened his grip on her but said nothing. “Jordan,” she said. “I love you. I love you and I’m sorry.”

She felt him freeze. It was the first time she’d said the words since a few weeks before she’d been bitten. He seemed to be holding his breath. Finally he let it out with a gasp.

“Maia,” he croaked. And then, unbelievably, before he could say another word—her phone rang.

“Never mind,” she said. “I’ll ignore it.”

He let her go, his face soft, bemused with grief and amazement. “No,” he said. “No, it could be important. You go ahead.”

She sighed and went to the counter. It had stopped ringing by the time she reached it, but there was a text message blinking on the screen. She felt her stomach muscles tighten.

“What is it?” Jordan asked, as if he had sensed her sudden tension. Maybe he had.

“A 911. An emergency.” She turned to him, holding the phone. “A call to battle. It went out to everyone in the pack.

From Luke—and Magnus. We have to leave right away.”



Clary sat on the floor of Jace’s bathroom, her back against the tile of the tub, her legs stretched out in front of her. She had cleaned the blood from her face and body, and rinsed her bloody hair in the sink. She was wearing her mother’s ceremonial dress, rucked up to her thighs, and the tiled floor was cold against her bare feet and calves.

She looked down at her hands. They ought to look different, she thought. But they were the same hands she’d always had, thin fingers, squared-off nails—you didn’t want long nails when you were an artist—and freckles on the backs of the knuckles. Her face looked the same too. All of her seemed the same, but she wasn’t. These past few days had changed her in ways she couldn’t quite yet fully comprehend.

She stood up and looked at herself in the mirror. She was pale, between the flame colors of her hair and the dress. Bruises decorated her shoulders and throat.

“Admiring yourself?” She hadn’t heard Sebastian open the door, but there he was, smirking intolerably as always, propped against the frame of the doorway. He was wearing a kind of gear she had never seen before: the usual tough material, but in a scarlet color like fresh blood. He had also added an accessory to his outfit—a recurved crossbow. He held it casually in one hand, though it must have been heavy. “You look lovely, sister. A fitting companion for me.”

She bit back her words with the taste of blood that still lingered in her mouth, and walked toward him. He caught at her arm as she tried to squeeze past him in the doorway. His hand ran over her bare shoulder. “Good,” he said. “You’re not Marked here. I hate it when women ruin their skin with scars. Keep the Marks on your arms and legs.”

“I’d rather you didn’t touch me.”

He snorted, and swung the crossbow up. A bolt was fitted to it, ready to fire. “Walk,” he said. “I’ll be right behind you.”

It took every ounce of effort she had not to flinch away from him. She turned and walked toward the door, feeling a burning between her shoulder blades where she imagined the arrow of the crossbow was trained. They moved like that down the glass stairs and through the kitchen and living room. He grunted at the sight of Clary's scrawled rune on the wall, reached around her, and under his hand a doorway appeared. The door itself swung open onto a square of darkness.

The crossbow jabbed Clary hard in the back. "Move."

Taking a deep breath, she stepped out into the shadows.



Alec slammed his hand against the button in the small cage elevator, and slumped back against the wall. "How much time do we have?"

Isabelle checked the glowing screen of her mobile phone. "About forty minutes."

The elevator lurched upward. Isabelle cast a covert glance at her brother. He looked tired—dark circles were under his eyes. Despite his height and strength, Alec, with his blue eyes and soft black hair almost to his collar, looked more delicate than he was. "I'm fine," he said, answering her unspoken question. "You're the one who's going to be in trouble for staying away from home. I'm over eighteen. I can do what I want."

"I texted Mom every night and told her I was with you and Magnus," Isabelle said as the elevator came to a stop. "It's not like she didn't know where I was. And speaking of Magnus . . ."

Alec reached across her and pulled the elevator's inside cage door open. "What?"

"Are you two okay? I mean, getting along all right?"

Alec shot her an incredulous look as he stepped out into the entryway. "Everything's going to hell in a handbasket, and you want to know about my relationship with Magnus?"

“I’ve always wondered about that expression,” Isabelle said thoughtfully as she hurried after her brother down the hallway. Alec had long, long legs and, though she was fast, it was hard to keep up with him when he wanted it to be. “Why a handbasket? What *is* a handbasket, and why is it a particularly good form of transportation?”

Alec, who had been Jace’s *parabatai* long enough to have learned to ignore conversational tangents, said, “Magnus and I are okay, I guess.”

“Uh-oh,” Isabelle said. “Okay, you guess? I know what it means when you say that. What happened? Did you have a fight?”

Alec was tapping his fingers against the wall as they raced along, a sure sign that he was uncomfortable. “Quit trying to meddle around in my love life, Iz. What about you? Why aren’t you and Simon a couple? You obviously like him.”

Isabelle let out a squawk. “I am *not* obvious.”

“You are, actually,” Alec said, sounding as if it surprised him, too, now that he thought about it. “Gazing at him all moony-eyed. The way you freaked out at the lake when the Angel appeared—”

“I thought Simon was dead!”

“What, *more* dead?” said Alec unkindly. Seeing the expression on his sister’s face, he shrugged. “Look, if you like him, fine. I just don’t see why you’re not dating.”

“Because he doesn’t like *me*.”

“Of course he does. Guys always like you.”

“Forgive me if I think your opinion is biased.”

“Isabelle,” Alec said, and now there was kindness in his voice, the tone she associated with her brother—love and exasperation mixed together. “You know you’re gorgeous. Guys have chased you since . . . forever. Why would Simon be different?”

She shrugged. “I don’t know. But he is. I figure the ball is in his court. He knows how I feel. But I don’t think he’s

rushing to do anything about it.”

“To be fair, it’s not like he doesn’t have anything else going on.”

“I know, but—he’s always been like this. Clary—”

“You think he’s still in love with Clary?”

Isabelle chewed her lip. “I—not exactly. I think she’s the one thing he still has from his human life, and he can’t let her go. And as long as he doesn’t let her go, I don’t know if there’s room for me.”

They had almost reached the library. Alec looked sideways at Isabelle through his lashes. “But if they’re just friends—”

“Alec.” She held up her hand, indicating that he should be quiet. Voices were coming from the library, the first one strident and immediately recognizable as their mother’s:

“What do you mean she’s missing?”

“No one’s seen her in two days,” said another voice—soft, female, and slightly apologetic. “She lives alone, so people weren’t sure—but we thought, since you know her brother—”

Without a pause Alec straight-armed the door of the library open. Isabelle ducked past him to see her mother sitting behind the massive mahogany desk in the center of the room. In front of her stood two familiar figures: Aline Penhallow, dressed in gear, and beside her Helen Blackthorn, her curly hair in disarray. Both of them turned, looking surprised, as the door opened. Helen, beneath her freckles, was pale; she was also in gear, which drained the color out of her skin even more.

“Isabelle,” said Maryse, rising to her feet. “Alexander. What’s happened?”

Aline reached for Helen’s hand. Silver rings flashed on both their fingers. The Penhallow ring, with its design of mountains, glinted on Helen’s finger, while the intertwined thorn pattern of the Blackthorn family ring adorned Aline’s. Isabelle felt her eyebrows go up; exchanging family rings was serious business. “If we’re intruding, we can go—” Aline began.

“No, stay,” said Izzy, striding forward. “We might need you.”

Maryse settled back into her chair. “So,” she said. “My children grace me with their presence. Where have you two been?”

“I told you,” Isabelle said. “We were at Magnus’s.”

“Why?” Maryse demanded. “And I’m not asking you, Alexander. I’m asking my daughter.”

“Because the Clave stopped looking for Jace,” said Isabelle. “But we didn’t.”

“And Magnus was willing to help,” Alec added. “He’s been up all these nights, searching through spell books, trying to figure out where Jace might be. He even raised the—”

“No.” Maryse put up a hand to silence him. “Don’t tell me. I don’t want to know.” The black phone on her desk started to ring. They all stared at it. A black phone call was a call from Idris. No one moved to answer it, and in a moment it was silent. “Why are you here?” Maryse demanded, turning her attention back to her offspring.

“We were looking for Jace—,” Isabelle began again.

“It’s the Clave’s job to do that,” Maryse snapped. She looked tired, Isabelle noticed, the skin stretched thin under her eyes. Lines at the corners of her mouth drew her lips into a frown. She was thin enough that the bones of her wrists seemed to protrude. “Not yours.”

Alec slammed his hand down on the desk, hard enough to make the drawers rattle. “Would you *listen* to us? The Clave didn’t find Jace, but we did. And Sebastian right along with him. And now we know what they’re planning, and we have”—he glanced at the clock on the wall—“barely any time to stop them. Are you going to help or not?”

The black phone rang again. Again Maryse didn’t even move to answer it. She was looking at Alec, her face white with shock. “You did what?”

“We know where Jace is, Mom,” said Isabelle. “Or at least, where he’s going to be. And what he’s going to do. We know Sebastian’s plan, and he has to be stopped. Oh, and we know how we can kill Sebastian but not Jace—”

“Stop.” Maryse shook her head. “Alexander, explain. Concisely, and without hysteria. Thank you.”

Alec launched into the story—leaving out, Isabelle thought, all the *good* parts, which was how he managed to summarize things so neatly. As abbreviated as his rendition was, both Aline and Helen were gaping by the end of it. Maryse stood very still, her features immobile. When Alec was done, she said in a hushed voice:

“Why have you done these things?”

Alec looked taken aback.

“For Jace,” Isabelle said. “To get him back.”

“You realize that by putting me in this position, you give me no choice but to notify the Clave,” said Maryse, her hand resting on the black phone. “I wish you hadn’t come here.”

Isabelle’s mouth went dry. “Are you seriously mad at us for finally telling you what’s going on?”

“If I notify the Clave, they will send all their reinforcements. Jia will have no choice but to give them instructions to kill Jace on sight. Do you have any idea how many Shadowhunters Valentine’s son has following him?”

Alec shook his head. “Maybe forty, it sounds like.”

“Say we brought twice as many as that. We could be fairly confident of defeating his forces, but what kind of chance would Jace have? There’s almost no certainty he’d make it through alive. They’ll kill him just to be sure.”

“Then, we can’t tell them,” said Isabelle. “We’ll go ourselves. We’ll do this without the Clave.”

But Maryse, looking at her, was shaking her head. “The Law says we have to tell them.”

“I don’t care about the Law—,” Isabelle began angrily. She caught sight of Aline looking at her, and slammed her mouth shut.

“Don’t worry,” Aline said. “I’m not going to say anything to my mother. I owe you guys. Especially you, Isabelle.” She tightened her jaw, and Isabelle remembered the darkness under a bridge in Idris, and her whip tearing into a demon, its claws locked onto Aline. “And besides, Sebastian killed my cousin. The *real* Sebastian Verlac. I have my own reasons to hate him, you know.”

“Regardless,” said Maryse. “If we do not tell them, we will be breaking the Law. We could be sanctioned, or worse.”

“Worse?” said Alec. “What are we talking about here? Exile?”

“I don’t know, Alexander,” said his mother. “It would be up to Jia Penhallow, and whoever wins the Inquisitor’s position, to decide our punishment.”

“Maybe it’ll be Dad,” muttered Izzy. “Maybe he’ll go easy on us.”

“If we fail to notify them of this situation, Isabelle, there is no chance your father will make Inquisitor. None,” said Maryse.

Isabelle took a deep breath. “Could we get our Marks stripped?” she said. “Could we . . . lose the Institute?”

“Isabelle,” said Maryse. “We could lose *everything*.”



Clary blinked, her eyes adjusting to the darkness. She stood on a rocky plain, whipped by wind, with nothing to break the force of the gale. Patches of grass grew up between slabs of gray rock. In the far distance bleak, scree-covered karst hills rose, black and iron against the night sky. There were lights up ahead. Clary recognized the bobbing white glare of witchlight as the door of the apartment swung shut behind them.

There was the sound of a dull explosion. Clary whirled around to see that the door had vanished; there was a charred

patch of dirt and grass, still smoldering, where it had been. Sebastian was staring at it in absolute astonishment. “What—”

She laughed. A dark glee rose in her at the look on his face. She had never seen him shocked like that, his pretenses gone, his expression naked and horrified.

He swung the crossbow back up, inches from her chest. If he fired it at this distance, the bolt would tear through her heart, killing her instantly. “What have you done?”

Clary gazed at him with dark triumph. “That rune. The one you thought was an unfinished Opening rune. It wasn’t. It just wasn’t anything you’d ever seen before. It was a rune I created.”

“A rune for *what*?”

She remembered putting the stele to the wall, the shape of the rune she had invented on the night when Jace had come to her at Luke’s house. “Destroying the apartment the second someone opened the door. The apartment’s gone. You can’t use it again. No one can.”

“*Gone*?” The crossbow shook; Sebastian’s lips were twitching, his eyes wild. “You *bitch*. You little—”

“Kill me,” she said. “Go ahead. And explain it to Jace afterward. *I dare you*.”

He looked at her, his chest heaving up and down, his fingers trembling on the trigger. Slowly he slid his hand away from it. His eyes were small and furious. “There are worse things than dying,” he said. “And I will do them all to you, little sister, once you’ve drunk from the Cup. *And you will like it*.”

She spat at him. He jabbed her hard, agonizingly, in the chest with the tip of the bow. “Turn around,” he snarled, and she did, dizzy with a mixture of terror and triumph as he prodded her down a rocky slope. She was wearing thin slippers, and she felt every pebble and crack in the rocks. As they neared the witchlight, Clary saw the scene laid out before them.

In front of her, the ground rose to a low hill. Atop the hill, facing north, was a massive ancient stone tomb. It reminded her slightly of Stonehenge: there were two narrow standing stones that held up a flat capstone, making the whole assemblage resemble a doorway. In front of the tomb a flat sill stone, like the floor of a stage, stretched across the shale and grass. Grouped before the flat stone was a half-circle of about forty Nephilim, robed in red, carrying witchlight torches. Within their half-circle, against the dark ground, blazed a blue-white pentagram.

Atop the flat stone stood Jace. He wore scarlet gear like Sebastian; they had never looked so alike.

Clary could see the brightness of his hair even from a distance. He was pacing the edge of the flat sill stone, and as they grew closer, Clary driven ahead by Sebastian, she could hear what he was saying.

“ . . . gratitude for your loyalty, even over these last difficult years, and grateful for your belief in our father, and now in his sons. And his daughter.”

A murmur ran around the square. Sebastian shoved Clary forward, and they moved through the shadows, and then climbed up onto the stone behind Jace. Jace saw them and inclined his head before turning back to the crowd; he was smiling. “You are the ones who will be saved,” he said. “A thousand years ago the Angel gave us his blood, to make us special, to make us warriors. But it was not enough. A thousand years have passed, and still we hide in the shadows. We protect mundanes we do not love from forces of which they remain ignorant, and an ancient, ossified Law prevents us from revealing ourselves as their saviors. We die in our hundreds, unthanked, unmourned but by our own kind, and without recourse to the Angel who created us.” He moved closer to the edge of the rock platform. The Shadowhunters before it were standing in a half-circle. His hair looked like pale fire. “Yes. I dare to say it. The Angel who created us will not aid us, and we are alone. More alone even than the mundanes, for as one of their great scientists once said, they are like children playing with pebbles on the seashore, while

all around them the great ocean of truth lies undiscovered. But we know the truth. We are the saviors of this earth, *and we should be ruling it.*”

Jace was a good speaker, Clary thought with a sort of pain at her heart, in the same way that Valentine had been. She and Sebastian were behind him now, facing the plain and the crowd on it; she could feel the stares of the gathered Shadowhunters on both of them.

“Yes. Ruling it.” He smiled, a lovely easy smile, full of charm, edged with darkness. “Raziel is cruel and indifferent to our sufferings. It is time to turn from him. Turn to Lilith, Great Mother, who will give us power without punishment, leadership without the Law. Our birthright is power. It is time to claim it.”

He looked sideways with a smile as Sebastian moved forward. “And now I’ll let you hear the rest of it from Jonathan, whose dream this is,” said Jace smoothly, and he retreated, letting Sebastian slide easily into his place. He took another step back, and now he was beside Clary, his hand reaching down to twine with hers.

“Good speech,” she muttered. Sebastian was speaking; she ignored him, focusing on Jace. “Very convincing.”

“You think? I was going to start off ‘Friends, Romans, evildoers . . .’ but I didn’t think they’d see the humor.”

“You think they’re evildoers?”

He shrugged. “The Clave would.” He looked away from Sebastian, down at her. “You look beautiful,” he said, but his voice was oddly flat. “What happened?”

She was caught off guard. “What do you mean?”

He opened his jacket. Underneath he was wearing a white shirt. It was stained at the side and the sleeve with red. She noticed he was careful to turn away from the crowd as he showed her the blood. “I feel what he feels,” he said. “Or did you forget? I had to *iratze* myself without anyone noticing. It felt like someone was slicing my skin with a razor blade.”

Clary met his gaze. There was no point lying, was there? There was no going back, literally or figuratively. “Sebastian and I had a fight.”

His eyes searched her face. “Well,” he said, letting his jacket fall closed, “I hope you’ve worked it out, whatever it was.”

“Jace . . . ,” she began, but he had given his attention to Sebastian now. His profile was cold and clear in the moonlight, like a silhouette cut out of dark paper. In front of them Sebastian, who had set down his crossbow, raised his arms. “Are you with me?” he cried.

A murmur ran around the square, and Clary tensed. One of the group of Nephilim, an older man, threw his hood back and scowled. “Your father made us many promises. None were fulfilled. Why should we trust you?”

“Because I will bring you the fulfillment of my promises now. Tonight,” Sebastian said, and from his tunic he drew the imitation Mortal Cup. It glowed softly white under the moon.

The murmuring was louder now. Under its cover Jace said, “I hope this goes smoothly. I feel like I didn’t sleep last night at all.”

He was facing the crowd and the pentagram, a look of keen interest on his face. His face was delicately angular in the witchlight. She could see the scar on his cheek, the hollows at his temples, the lovely shape of his mouth. *I won’t remember this*, he had said. *When I’m back—like I was, under his control, I won’t remember being myself.* And it was true. He had forgotten every detail. Somehow, though she had known it, had seen him forget, the pain of the reality was acute.

Sebastian stepped down off the rock and moved toward the pentagram. At the edge of it he began to chant. “*Abyssum invoco. Lilith invoco. Mater mea, invoco.*”

He drew a thin dagger from his belt. Tucking the Cup into the curve of his arm, he used the edge of the blade to slice into his palm. Blood welled, black in the moonlight. He slid the

knife back into his belt and held his bleeding hand over the Cup, still chanting in Latin.

It was now or never. “Jace,” Clary whispered. “I know this isn’t really you. I know there’s a part of you that can’t be all right with this. Try to remember who you are, Jace Lightwood.”

His head whipped around, and he looked at her in astonishment. “What are you talking about?”

“Please try to remember, Jace. I love you. You love me—”

“I do love you, Clary,” he said, an edge to his voice. “But you said you understood. This is it. The culmination of everything we’ve worked toward.”

Sebastian flung the contents of the Cup into the center of the pentagram. “*Hic est enim calix sanguinis mei.*”

“Not *we*,” Clary whispered. “I’m not part of this. Neither are you—”

Jace inhaled sharply. For a moment Clary thought it was because of what she’d said—that maybe, somehow, she was breaking through his shell—but she followed his gaze and saw that a spinning ball of fire had appeared in the center of the pentagram. It was about the size of a baseball, but as she gazed, it grew, elongating and shaping itself, until at last it was the outline of a woman, made all of flames.

“Lilith,” Sebastian said in a ringing voice. “As you called me forth, now I call you. As you gave me life, so I give life to you.”

Slowly the flames darkened. She stood before them all now, Lilith, half again the height of an ordinary human, stripped naked with her black hair waterfaling down her back to her ankles. Her body was as gray as ash, fissured with black lines like volcanic lava. She turned her eyes to Sebastian, and they were writhing black snakes.

“My child,” she breathed.

Sebastian seemed to glow, like witchlight himself—pale skin, pale hair, and his clothes looked black in the moonlight.

“Mother, I have called you up as you wished of me. Tonight you will not just be my mother but mother to a new race.” He indicated the waiting Shadowhunters, who were motionless, probably with shock. It was one thing to know a Greater Demon was going to be called, another to see one in the flesh. “The Cup,” he said, and held it out to her, its pale white rim stained with his blood.

Lilith chuckled. It sounded like massive stones grinding against one another. She took the Cup and, as casually as one might pick an insect off a leaf, tore a gash in her ashy gray wrist with her teeth. Very slowly, sludgy black blood trickled forth, spattering into the Cup, which seemed to change, darkening under her touch, its clear translucence turning to mud. “As the Mortal Cup has been to the Shadowhunters, both a talisman and a means of transformation, so shall this Infernal Cup be to you,” she said in her charred, windblown voice. She knelt, holding out the Cup to Sebastian. “Take of my blood and drink.”

Sebastian took the Cup from her hands. It had turned black now, a shimmering black like hematite.

“As your army grows, so shall my strength,” Lilith hissed. “Soon I will be strong enough to truly return—and we shall share the fire of power, my son.”

Sebastian inclined his head. “We proclaim you Death, my mother, and profess your resurrection.”

Lilith laughed, raising her arms. Fire licked up her body, and she launched herself into the air, exploding into a dozen spinning particles of light that faded like the embers of a dying fire. When they were gone completely, Sebastian kicked at the pentagram, breaking its continuity, and raised his head. There was an awful smile on his face.

“Cartwright,” he said. “Bring forth the first.”

The crowd parted, and a robed man pushed forward, a stumbling woman at his side. A chain bound her to his arm, and long, tangled hair hid her face from view. Clary tensed all over. “Jace, what is this? What’s going on?”

“Nothing,” he said, looking ahead absently. “No one’s going to be hurt. Just changed. Watch.”

Cartwright, whose name Clary dimly remembered from her time in Idris, put his hand on his captive’s head and forced her to their knees. Then he bent and took hold of her hair, jerking her head up. She looked up at Sebastian, blinking in terror and defiance, her face clearly outlined by the moon.

Clary sucked in her breath. “*Amatis.*”

21

RAISING HELL

Luke's sister looked up, her blue eyes, so much like Luke's, fastening on Clary. She seemed dizzied, shocked, her expression a little unfocused as if she'd been drugged. She tried to start to her feet, but Cartwright shoved her back down. Sebastian started toward them, the Cup in his hand.

Clary scrambled forward, but Jace caught her by the arm, pulling her back. She kicked at him, but he'd already swung her up into his arms, his hand over her mouth. Sebastian was speaking to Amatis in a low, hypnotic voice. She shook her head violently, but Cartwright caught her by her long hair and jerked her head back. Clary heard her cry out, a thin sound over the wind.

Clary thought of the night she'd stayed up watching Jace's chest rise and fall, thinking how she could end all this with a single knife blow. But *all this* hadn't had a face, a voice, a plan. Now that it wore Luke's sister's face, now that Clary knew the plan, it was too late.

Sebastian had one hand fisted in the back of Amatis's hair, the Cup jammed against her mouth. As he forced the contents down her throat, she retched and coughed, black fluid dripping down her chin.

Sebastian yanked the Cup back, but it had done its work. Amatis made an awful hacking sound, her body jerking upright. Her eyes bulged, turning as dark as Sebastian's. She slapped her hands over her face, a wail escaping her, and Clary saw in astonishment that the Voyance rune was fading from her hand—fading to pallor—and then it was gone.

Amatis dropped her hands. Her expression had smoothed and her eyes were blue again. They fastened on Sebastian.

“Release her,” Clary’s brother said to Cartwright, his gaze on Amatis. “Let her come to me.”

Cartwright snapped the chain binding him to Amatis and stepped back, a curious mixture of apprehension and fascination on his face.

Amatis remained still a moment, her hands lolling at her sides. Then she stood and walked over to Sebastian. She knelt before him, her hair brushing the dirt. “Master,” she said. “How may I serve you?”

“Rise,” Sebastian said, and Amatis rose from the ground gracefully. She seemed to have a new way of moving, all of a sudden. All Shadowhunters were adroit, but she moved now with a silent grace that Clary found oddly chilling. She stood straight in front of Sebastian. For the first time Clary saw that what she had taken for a long white dress was a nightgown, as if she had been awakened and spirited out of bed. What a nightmare, to wake up here, among these hooded figures, in this bitter, abandoned place. “Come here to me,” Sebastian beckoned, and Amatis stepped toward him. She was a head shorter than him at least, and she craned her head up as he whispered to her. A cold smile split her face.

Sebastian raised his hand. “Would you like to fight Cartwright?”

Cartwright dropped the chain he had been holding, his hand going to his weapons belt through the gap in his cloak. He was a young man, with fairish hair, and a wide, square-jawed face. “But I—”

“Surely some demonstration of her power is in order,” said Sebastian. “Come, Cartwright, she is a woman, and older than you are. Are you afraid?”

Cartwright looked bewildered, but he drew a long dagger from his belt. “Jonathan—”

Sebastian’s eyes flashed. “Fight him, Amatis.”

Her lips curved. “I would be delighted to,” she said, and sprang. Her speed was astonishing. She leaped into the air and swung her foot forward, knocking the dagger from his grip.

Clary watched in astonishment as she darted up his body, driving her knee into his stomach. He staggered back, and she slammed her head into his, spinning around his body to jerk him hard by the back of his robes, yanking him to the ground. He landed at her feet with a sickening crack, and groaned in pain.

“And *that’s* for dragging me out of my bed in the middle of the night,” Amatis said, and wiped the back of her hand across her lip, which was bleeding slightly. A faint murmur of strained laughter went around the crowd.

“And there you see it,” said Sebastian. “Even a Shadowhunter of no particular skill or strength—your pardon, Amatis—can become stronger, swifter, than their seraphically allied counterparts.” He slammed one fist into the opposite palm. “Power. *Real* power. Who is ready for it?”

There was a moment of hesitation, and then Cartwright stumbled to his feet, one hand curved protectively over his stomach. “I am,” he said, shooting a venomous look at Amatis, who only smiled.

Sebastian held up the Infernal Cup. “Then, come forward.”

Cartwright moved toward Sebastian, and as he did, the other Shadowhunters broke formation, surging toward the place where Sebastian stood, forming a ragged line. Amatis stood serenely to the side, her hands folded. Clary stared at her, willing the older woman to look at her. It was Luke’s sister. If things had gone as planned, she would have been Clary’s step-aunt now.

Amatis. Clary thought of her small canal house in Idris, the way she had been so kind, the way she had loved Jace’s father so much. *Please look at me,* she thought. *Please show me you’re still yourself.* As if Amatis had heard her silent prayer, she raised her head and looked directly at Clary.

And smiled. Not a kind smile or a reassuring smile. Her smile was dark and cold and quietly amused. It was the smile of someone who would watch you drown, Clary thought, and not lift a finger to help. It was not Amatis’s smile. It was not Amatis at all. Amatis was gone.

Jace had taken his hand from her mouth, but she felt no desire to scream. No one here would help her, and the person standing with his arms around her, prisoning her with his body, wasn't Jace. The way that clothes retained the shape of their owner even if they had not been worn for years, or a pillow kept the outline of the head of the person who had once slept there even if they were long dead, that was all he was. An empty shell she had filled with her wishes and love and dreams.

And in doing so she had done the real Jace a terrible wrong. In her quest to save him, she had almost forgotten who she was saving. And she remembered what he had said to her during those few moments when he had been himself. *I hate the thought of him being with you.* Him. *That other me.* Jace had known they were two different people—that himself with the soul scraped out wasn't himself at all.

He had tried to turn himself over to the Clave, and she hadn't let him. She hadn't listened to what he'd wanted. She had made the choice for him—in a moment of flight and panic, but she had made it—not realizing that her Jace would rather die than be like this, and that she'd been not so much saving his life as damning him to an existence he would despise.

She sagged against him, and Jace, taking her sudden shift as an indicator that she wasn't fighting him anymore, loosened his grip on her. The last of the Shadowhunters was in front of Sebastian, reaching eagerly for the Infernal Cup as he held it out. "Clary—," Jace began.

She never found out what he would have said. There was a cry, and the Shadowhunter reaching for the Cup staggered back, an arrow in his throat. In disbelief Clary whipped her head around and saw, standing on top of the stone dolmen, Alec, in gear, holding his bow. He grinned in satisfaction and reached back over his shoulder for another arrow.

And then, coming from behind him, the rest of them poured out onto the plain. A pack of wolves, running low to the ground, their brindled fur shining in the variegated light. Maia and Jordan were among them, she guessed. Behind them

walked familiar Shadowhunters in an unbroken line: Isabelle and Maryse Lightwood, Helen Blackthorn and Aline Penhallow, and Jocelyn, her red hair visible even at a distance. With them was Simon, the hilt of a silver sword protruding over the curve of his shoulder, and Magnus, hands crackling with blue fire.

Her heart leaped in her chest. “I’m here!” she called out to them. “*I’m here!*”



“Can you see her?” Jocelyn demanded. “Is she there?”

Simon tried to focus on the milling darkness ahead of him, his vampire senses sharpening at the distinct scent of blood. Different kinds of blood, mixing together—Shadowhunter blood, demon blood, and the bitterness of Sebastian’s blood. “I see her,” he said. “Jace has hold of her. He’s pulling her behind that line of Shadowhunters there.”

“If they’re loyal to Jonathan like the Circle was to Valentine, they’ll make a wall of bodies to protect him, and Clary and Jace along with him.” Jocelyn was all cold maternal fury, her green eyes burning. “We’re going to have to break through it to get to them.”

“What we need to get to is Sebastian,” said Isabelle. “Simon, we’ll hack a path for you. You get to Sebastian and run him through with Glorious. Once he falls—”

“The others will probably scatter,” said Magnus. “Or, depending on how tied they are to Sebastian, they might die or collapse along with him. We can hope, at least.” He craned his head back. “Speaking of hope, did you see that shot Alec got off with his bow? That’s my boyfriend.” He beamed and wiggled his fingers; blue sparks shot from them. He shone all over. Only Magnus, Simon thought resignedly, would have access to sequined battle armor.

Isabelle uncurled her whip from around her wrist. It shot out in front of her, a lick of golden fire. “Okay, Simon,” she said. “Are you ready?”

Simon's shoulders tightened. They were still some distance from the line of the opposing army—he didn't know how else to think of them—who were holding their line in their red robes and gear, their hands bristling with weapons. Some of them were exclaiming out loud in confusion. He couldn't hold back a grin.

"Name of the Angel, Simon," said Izzy. "What's there to smile about?"

"Their seraph blades don't work anymore," said Simon. "They're trying to figure out why. Sebastian just shouted at them to use other weapons." A cry came up from the line as another arrow swooped down from the tomb and buried itself in the back of a burly red-robed Shadowhunter, who collapsed forward. The line jerked and opened slightly, like a fracture in a wall. Simon, seeing his chance, dashed forward, and the others rushed with him.

It was like diving into a black ocean at night, an ocean filled with sharks and viciously toothed sea creatures colliding against one another. It was not the first battle Simon had ever been in, but during the Mortal War he had been newly Marked with the Mark of Cain. It hadn't quite begun working yet, though many demons had reeled back upon seeing it. He had never thought he would miss it, but he missed it now, as he tried to shove forward through the tightly packed Shadowhunters, who hacked at him with blades. Isabelle was on one side of him, Magnus on the other, protecting him—protecting Glorious. Isabelle's whip sang out strong and sure, and Magnus's hands spat fire, red and green and blue. Lashes of colored fire struck the dark Nephilim, burning them where they stood. Other Shadowhunters screamed as Luke's wolves slunk among them, nipping and biting, leaping for their throats.

A dagger shot out with astonishing speed and sliced at Simon's side. He cried out but kept going, knowing the wound would knit itself together in seconds. He pushed forward—

And froze. A familiar face was before him. Luke's sister, Amatis. As her eyes settled on him, he saw the recognition in

them. What was she doing here? Had she come to fight alongside them? But—

She lunged at him, a darkly gleaming dagger in her hand. She was *fast*—but not so fast that his vampire reflexes couldn't have saved him, if he hadn't been too astonished to move. Amatis was Luke's sister; he knew her; and that moment of disbelief might have been the end of him if Magnus hadn't jumped in front of him, shoving him backward. Blue fire shot from Magnus's hand, but Amatis was faster than the warlock, too. She spun away from the blaze and under Magnus's arm, and Simon caught the flash of moonlight off the blade of her knife. Magnus's eyes widened in shock as her midnight-colored blade drove downward, slicing through his armor. She jerked it back, the blade now slick with reflective blood; Isabelle screamed as Magnus collapsed to his knees. Simon tried to turn toward him, but the surge and pressure of the fighting crowd was carrying him away. He cried out Magnus's name as Amatis bent over the fallen warlock and raised the dagger a second time, aiming for his heart.



“Let go of me!” Clary shouted, writhing and kicking as she did her best to wrench herself out of Jace's grip. She could see almost nothing above the surging crowd of red-clad Shadowhunters that stood in front of her, Jace, and Sebastian, blocking her family and friends. The three of them were a few feet behind the line of battle; Jace was holding her tightly as she struggled, and Sebastian, to the side of them, was watching events unfold with a look of dark fury on his face. His lips were moving. She couldn't tell if he was swearing, praying, or chanting the words of a spell. “Let go of me, you—”

Sebastian turned, a frightening expression on his face, somewhere between a grin and a snarl. “Shut her up, Jace.”

Jace, still gripping Clary, said, “Are we just going to stand back here and let them protect us?” He jerked his chin toward the line of Shadowhunters.

“Yes,” Sebastian said. “We are too important to risk getting hurt, you and I.”

Jace shook his head. "I don't like it. There are too many on the other side." He craned his neck to look out over the crowd. "What about Lilith? Can you summon her back, have her help us?"

"What, right here?" There was contempt in Sebastian's tone. "No. Besides, she's too weak now to be of much help. Once she could have smote down an army, but that piece of scum Downworlder with his Mark of Cain scattered her essence through the voids between the worlds. It was all she could do to appear and give us her blood."

"Coward," Clary spat at him. "You turned all these people into your slaves and you won't even fight to protect them—"

Sebastian raised his hand as if he meant to backhand her across the face. Clary wished he would, wished Jace could be there to see it happen when he did, but a smirk flashed across Sebastian's mouth instead. He lowered his hand. "And if Jace let you go, I suppose you'd fight?"

"Of course I would—"

"*On what side?*" Sebastian took a quick step toward her, raising the Infernal Cup. She could see what was inside it. Though many had drunk from it, the blood had remained at the same level. "Lift her head up, Jace."

"No!" She redoubled her efforts to get away. Jace's hand slipped beneath her chin, but she thought she felt hesitation in his touch.

"Sebastian," he said. "Not—"

"*Now,*" Sebastian said. "There's no need for us to remain here. *We* are the important ones, not these cannon fodder. We've proved the Infernal Cup works. That's what matters." He seized the front of Clary's dress. "But it will be much easier to escape," he said, "without this one kicking and screaming and punching every step of the way."

"We can make her drink later—"

"No," Sebastian snarled. "Hold her still." And he raised the Cup and jammed it against Clary's lips, trying to pry open her mouth. She fought him, gritting her teeth. "Drink," Sebastian

said in a vicious whisper, so low she doubted Jace could hear it. “I told you by the end of this night you would do whatever I wanted. *Drink.*” His black eyes darkened, and he dug the Cup in, slicing her bottom lip.

She tasted blood as she reached behind her, grabbing Jace’s shoulders, using his body to push off against as she kicked out with her legs. She felt the seam rip on her dress as it split up the side and her feet slammed solidly against Sebastian’s rib cage. He staggered back with the wind knocked out of him, just as she jerked her head back, hearing the solid *crack* as her skull connected with Jace’s face. He yelled and loosened his grip on her enough for her to tear free. She ripped away from him and plunged into the battle without looking back.



Maia raced along the rocky ground, starlight raking its cool fingers through her coat, the strong scents of battle assailing her sensitive nose—blood, sweat, and the burned-rubber stench of dark magic.

The pack had spread out widely over the field, leaping and killing with deadly teeth and claws. Maia kept close to Jordan’s side, not because she needed his protection but because she had discovered that side by side they fought better and more effectively. She had been in only one battle before, on Brocelind Plain, and that had been a chaotic whirl of demons and Downworlders. There were many fewer combatants here on the Burren, but the dark Shadowhunters were formidable, swinging their swords and daggers with a swift, frightening force. Maia had seen one slender man use a short-bladed dagger to whip the head off a wolf who’d been in midleap; what had collapsed to the ground was a headless human body, bloody and unrecognizable.

Even as she thought it, one of the scarlet-robed Nephilim loomed up in front of them, a double-edged sword gripped in his hands. The blade was stained red-black under the moonlight. Jordan, beside Maia, snarled, but she was the one who launched herself at the man. He ducked away, slashing out with his sword. She felt a sharp pain in her shoulder and hit the ground on all four paws, pain stabbing through her.

There was a clatter, and she knew she had knocked the man's sword from his hand. She growled in satisfaction and spun around, but Jordan was already leaping for the Nephilim's throat—

And the man caught him by the neck, out of the air, as if he were catching hold of a rebellious puppy. "Downworlder scum," he spat, and though it wasn't the first time Maia had heard such insults, something about the icy hatred of his tone made her shudder. "You should be a coat. I should be *wearing* you."

Maia sank her teeth into his leg. Coppery blood exploded into her mouth as the man shouted in pain and staggered back, kicking at her, his hold on Jordan slipping. Maia gripped him tight as Jordan lunged again, and this time the Shadowhunter's shout of rage was cut short as the werewolf's claws tore his throat open.



Amatis drove the knife toward Magnus's heart—just as an arrow whistled through the air and thumped into her shoulder, knocking her aside with such force that she spun halfway around and fell face-forward to the rocky ground. She was screaming, a noise quickly drowned out by the clash of weapons all around them. Isabelle knelt down by Magnus's side; Simon, glancing up, saw Alec on the stone tomb, standing frozen with the bow in his hands. He was probably too far away to see Magnus clearly; Isabelle had her hands against the warlock's chest, but Magnus—Magnus, who was always so kinetic, so bursting with energy—was utterly still under Isabelle's ministrations. She looked up and saw Simon staring at them; her hands were red with blood, but she shook her head at him violently.

"*Keep going!*" she shouted. "*Find Sebastian!*"

With a wrench Simon turned himself around and plunged back into the battle. The tight line of red-clad Shadowhunters had started to come undone. The wolves were darting here and there, herding the Shadowhunters away from one another. Jocelyn was sword to sword with a snarling man whose free

arm dripped blood—and Simon realized something bizarre as he staggered forward, pushing his way through the narrow gaps between skirmishes: *None of the red-clad Nephilim were Marked.* Their skin was bare of decoration.

They were also, he realized—seeing out of the corner of his eye one of the enemy Shadowhunters lunging for Aline with a swinging mace, only to be gutted by Helen, darting in from the side—much faster than any Nephilim he had seen before, other than Jace and Sebastian. They moved with the swiftness of vampires, he thought, as one of them slashed at a leaping wolf, slitting its belly open. The dead werewolf crashed to the ground, now the corpse of a stocky man with curling fair hair. *Not Maia or Jordan.* Relief swamped him, and then guilt; he staggered forward, the smell of blood thick around him, and again he missed the Mark of Cain. If he had still borne it, he thought, he could have burned all these enemy Nephilim to the ground where they stood—

One of the dark Nephilim rose up in front of him, swinging a single-edged broadsword. Simon ducked, but he didn't need to. The man was barely halfway through the swing when an arrow caught him in the neck and he went down, gurgling blood. Simon's head jerked up, and he saw Alec, still atop the tomb; his face was a stony mask, and he was firing off arrows with machinelike precision, his hand reaching back mechanically to grasp one, fit it to the bow, and let fly. Each one struck a target, but Alec barely seemed to notice. By the time the arrow was flying, he was reaching for another one. Simon heard another one whistle by him and slam into a body as he darted forward, making for a cleared section of the battlefield—

He froze. There she was. Clary, a tiny figure fighting her way through the crowd bare-handed, kicking and pushing to get past. She wore a torn red dress, and her hair was a tangled mass and when she saw him, a look of incredulous amazement crossed her face. Her lips shaped his name.

Just behind her was Jace. His face was bloody. The crowd parted as he plunged through it, letting him by. Behind him, in the gap left by his passing, Simon could see a shimmer of red

and silver—a familiar figure, topped now with white-gilt hair like Valentine’s.

Sebastian. Still hiding behind the last line of defense of dark Shadowhunters. Seeing him, Simon reached over his shoulder and hauled Glorious from its sheath. A moment later a surge in the crowd hurled Clary toward him. Her eyes were nearly black with adrenaline, but her joy at seeing him was plain. Relief spilled through Simon, and he realized he’d been wondering if she was still herself, or changed, as Amatis had been.

“*Give me the sword!*” she cried, her voice almost drowned out by the clang of metal on metal. She thrust her arm forward to take it, and in that moment she was no longer Clary, his friend since childhood, but a Shadowhunter, an avenging angel who belonged with that sword in her hand.

He held it out to her, hilt first.



Battle was like a whirlpool, Jocelyn thought, cutting her way through the pressing crowd, slashing out with Luke’s *kindjal* at any spot of red that she saw. Things came at you and then surged away so quickly that all one was really aware of was a sense of uncontrollable danger, the struggle to stay alive and not drown.

Her eyes flicked frantically through the mass of fighters, searching for her daughter, for a glimpse of red hair—or even for a sight of Jace, because where he was, Clary would be too. There were boulders strewn across the plain, like icebergs in an unmoving sea. She scrambled up the rough edge of one, trying to get a better view of the battlefield, but she could make out only close-pressed bodies, the flash of weapons, and the dark, low-running shapes of wolves among the fighters.

She turned to scramble back down the boulder—

Only to find someone waiting for her at the bottom. Jocelyn came up short, staring.

He wore scarlet robes, and there was a livid scar along one of his cheeks, a relic of some battle unknown to her. His face

was pinched and no longer young, but there was no mistaking him. “Jeremy,” she said slowly, her voice barely audible over the clamor of the fighting. “Jeremy Pontmercy.”

The man who had once been the youngest member of the Circle looked at her out of bloodshot eyes. “Jocelyn Morgenstern. Have you come to join us?”

“Join you? Jeremy, no—”

“You were in the Circle once,” he said, stepping closer to her. A long dagger with an edge like a straight razor hung from his right hand. “You were one of us. And now we follow your son.”

“I broke with you when you followed my husband,” said Jocelyn. “Why do you think I’d follow you now that my son leads you?”

“Either you stand with us or against us, Jocelyn.” His face hardened. “You cannot stand against your own son.”

“Jonathan,” she said softly. “He is the greatest evil Valentine ever committed. I could never stand with him. In the end, I never stood with Valentine. So what hope do you have of convincing me now?”

He shook his head. “You misunderstand me,” he said. “I mean you cannot stand against him. Against us. The Clave cannot. They are not prepared. Not for what we can do. Are *willing* to do. Blood will run in the streets of every city. The world will burn. Everything you know will be destroyed. And we will rise from the ashes of your defeat, the phoenix triumphant. This is your only chance. I doubt your son will give you another.”

“Jeremy,” she said. “You were so young when Valentine recruited you. You could come back, come back even to the Clave. They would be lenient—”

“I can never come back to the Clave,” he said with a hard satisfaction. “Don’t you understand? Those of us who stand with your son, we are Nephilim no longer.”

Nephilim no longer. Jocelyn began to reply, but before she could speak, blood burst from his mouth. He crumpled, and as

he did, Jocelyn saw, standing behind him bearing a broadsword, Maryse.

The two women looked at each other for a moment over Jeremy's body. Then Maryse turned and walked back toward the battle.



The moment Clary's fingers closed around the hilt, the sword exploded with a golden light. Fire blazed down the blade from the tip, illuminating words carved blackly into the side—*Quis ut Deus?*—and making the hilt shine as if it contained the light of the sun. She nearly dropped it, thinking it had caught on fire, but the flame seemed contained inside the sword, and the metal was cool beneath her palms.

Everything after that seemed to happen very slowly. She turned, the sword blazing in her grip. Her eyes searched the crowd desperately for Sebastian. She couldn't see him, but she knew he was behind the tight knot of Shadowhunters she had punched through to get here. Gripping the sword, she moved toward them, only to find her way blocked.

By Jace.

"Clary," he said. It seemed impossible that she could hear him; the sounds around them were deafening: screams and growls, the clatter of metal on metal. But the sea of fighting figures seemed to have fallen away from them on either side like the Red Sea parting, leaving a clear space around her and Jace.

The sword burned, slippery in her grip. "Jace. Get out of the way."

She heard Simon, behind her, shout something; Jace was shaking his head. His golden eyes were flat, unreadable. His face was bloody; she had cracked her head against his cheekbone, and the skin was swelling and darkening. "Give me the sword, Clary."

"No." She shook her head, backing up a step. Glorious lit the space they stood in, lit the trampled, blood-smeared grass around her, and lit Jace as he moved toward her. "Jace. I can

separate you from Sebastian. I can kill him without hurting you—”

His face twisted. His eyes were the same color as the fire in the sword, or they were reflecting it back, she wasn't sure which, and as she looked at him she realized it didn't matter. She was seeing Jace and not-Jace: her memories of him, the beautiful boy she'd met first, reckless with himself and others, learning to care and be careful. She remembered the night they had spent together in Idris, holding hands across the narrow bed, and the bloodstained boy who had looked at her with haunted eyes and confessed to being a murderer in Paris. “*Kill him?*” Jace-who-wasn't-Jace demanded now. “Are you out of your mind?”

And she remembered that night by Lake Lyn, Valentine driving the sword into him, and the way her own life had seemed to bleed out with his blood.

She had watched him die, there on the beach in Idris. And afterward, when she had brought him back, he had crawled to her and looked down at her with those eyes that burned like the Sword, like the incandescent blood of an angel.

I was in the dark, he had said. There was nothing there but shadows, and I was a shadow. And then I heard your voice.

But that voice blurred into another, more recent one: Jace facing down Sebastian in the living room of Valentine's apartment, telling her that he would rather die than live like this. She could hear him now, speaking, telling her to give him the sword, that if she didn't, he would take it from her. His voice was harsh, impatient, the voice of someone talking to a child. And she knew in that moment that just as he wasn't Jace, the Clary he loved wasn't her. It was a memory of her, blurred and distorted: the image of someone docile, obedient; someone who didn't understand that love given without free will or truthfulness wasn't love at all.

“Give me the sword.” His hand was out, his chin raised, his tone imperious. “Give it to me, Clary.”

“You want it?”

She raised Glorious, the way he had taught her to, balancing the weight of it, though it felt heavy in her hand. The flame in it grew brighter, until it seemed to reach upward and touch the stars. Jace was only the sword's length away from her, his golden eyes incredulous. Even now he couldn't believe she might hurt him, really hurt him. Even now.

She took a deep breath. "Take it."

She saw his eyes blaze up the way they had that day by the lake, and then she drove the sword into him, just as Valentine had done. She understood now that this was the way it had to be. He had died like this, and she had ripped him back from death. And now it had come again.

You cannot cheat death. In the end it will have its own.

Glorious sank into his chest, and she felt her bloody hand slide on the hilt as the blade ground against the bones of his rib cage, driving through him until her fist thumped against his body and she froze. He hadn't moved, and she was pressed up against him now, gripping Glorious as blood began to spill from the wound in his chest.

There was a scream—a sound of rage and pain and terror, the sound of someone being brutally torn apart. *Sebastian*, Clary thought. Sebastian, screaming as his bond with Jace was severed.

But Jace. Jace didn't make a sound. Despite everything, his face was calm and peaceful, the face of a statue. He looked down at Clary, and his eyes shone, as if he were filling with light.

And then he began to burn.



Alec didn't remember scrambling down from the top of the stone tomb, or pushing his way across the stony plain among the litter of fallen bodies: dark Shadowhunters, dead and wounded werewolves. His eyes were seeking out only one person. He stumbled and nearly fell; when he looked up, his gaze scanning the field in front of him, he saw Isabelle, kneeling beside Magnus on the stony ground.

It felt like there was no air in his lungs. He had never seen Magnus so pale, or so still. There was blood on his leather armor, and blood on the ground beneath him. But it was impossible. Magnus had lived so long. He was permanent. A fixture. In no world Alec's imagination could conjure did Magnus die before he did.

"Alec." It was Izzy's voice, swimming up toward him as if through water. "Alec, he's breathing."

Alec let his own breath out in a shaking gasp. He held a hand out to his sister. "Dagger."

She handed him one silently. She had never paid as much attention as he had in field first aid classes; she had always said runes would do the job. He slit open the front of Magnus's leather armor and then the shirt beneath it, his teeth gritted. It could be that the armor was all that was holding him together.

He peeled back the sides gingerly, surprised at the steadiness of his own hands. There was a good deal of blood, and a wide stab wound under the right side of Magnus's ribs. But from the rhythm of Magnus's breathing, it was clear his lungs hadn't been punctured. Alec yanked off his jacket, wadded it up, and pressed it against the still-bleeding wound.

Magnus's eyes fluttered open. "Ouch," he said feebly. "Quit leaning on me."

"*Raziel*," Alec breathed thankfully. "You're all right." He slipped his free hand under Magnus's head, his thumb stroking Magnus's bloody cheek. "I thought . . ."

He looked up to glance at his sister before he said anything too embarrassing, but she had slipped quietly away.

"I saw you fall," Alec said quietly. He bent down and kissed Magnus lightly on the mouth, not wanting to hurt him. "I thought you were dead."

Magnus smiled crookedly. "What, from that scratch?" He glanced down at the reddening jacket in Alec's hand. "Okay, a deep scratch. Like, from a really, really big cat."

"Are you delirious?" Alec said.

“No.” Magnus’s eyebrows drew together. “Amatis was aiming for my heart, but she didn’t get anything vital. The problem is that the blood loss is sapping my energy and my ability to heal myself.” He took a deep breath that ended in a cough. “Here, give me your hand.” He raised his hand, and Alec twined their fingers together, Magnus’s palm hard against his. “Do you remember, the night of the battle on Valentine’s ship, when I needed some of your strength?”

“Do you need it again now?” Alec said. “Because you can have it.”

“I always need your strength, Alec,” Magnus said, and closed his eyes as their intertwined fingers began to shine, as if between them they held the light of a star.



Fire exploded up through the hilt of the angel’s sword and along the blade. The flame shot through Clary’s arm like a bolt of electricity, knocking her to the ground. Heat lightning sizzled up and down her veins, and she curled up in agony, clutching herself as if she could keep her body from blowing to pieces.

Jace fell to his knees. The sword still pierced him, but it was burning now, with a white-gold flame, and the fire was filling his body like colored water filling a clear glass pitcher. Golden flame shot through him, turning his skin translucent. His hair was bronze; his bones were hard, shining tinder visible through his skin. Glorious itself was burning away, dissolving in liquid drops like gold melting in a crucible. Jace’s head was thrown back, his body arched like a bow as the conflagration raged through him. Clary tried to pull herself toward him across the rocky ground, but the heat radiating from his body was too much. His hands clutched at his chest, and a river of golden blood slipped through his fingers. The stone on which he knelt was blackening, cracking, turning to ash. And then Glorious burned up like the last of a bonfire, in a shower of sparks, and Jace collapsed forward, onto the stones.

Clary tried to stand, but her legs buckled under her. Her veins still felt as if fire were shooting through them, and pain was darting across the surface of her skin like the touch of hot pokers. She pulled herself forward, bloodying her fingers, hearing her ceremonial dress rip, until she reached Jace.

He was lying on his side with his head pillowed on one arm, the other arm flung out wide. She crumpled beside him. Heat radiated from his body as if he were a dying bed of coals, but she didn't care. She could see the rip in the back of his gear where Glorious had torn through it. There were ashes from the burned rocks mixed in with the gold of his hair, and blood.

Moving slowly, every movement hurting as if she were old, as if she had aged a year for every second Jace had burned, she pulled him toward her, so he was on his back on the bloodstained and blackened stone. She looked at his face, no longer gold but still, and still beautiful.

Clary laid her hand against his chest, where the red of his blood stood out against the darker red of his gear. She had felt the edges of the blade grind against the bones of his ribs. She had seen his blood spill through his fingers, so much blood that it had stained the rocks beneath him black and had stiffened the edges of his hair.

And yet. *Not if he's more Heaven's than Hell's.*

"Jace," she whispered. All around them were running feet. The shattered remains of Sebastian's small army was fleeing across the Burren, dropping their weapons as they went. She ignored them. "*Jace.*"

He didn't move. His face was still, peaceful under the moonlight. His eyelashes threw dark, spidering shadows against the tops of his cheekbones.

"Please," she said, and her voice felt as if it were scraping out of her throat. When she breathed, her lungs burned. "Look at me."

Clary closed her eyes. When she opened them again, her mother was kneeling down beside her, touching her shoulder.

Tears were running down Jocelyn's face. But that couldn't be—Why would her mother be crying?

"Clary," her mother whispered. "Let him go. He's dead."

In the distance Clary saw Alec kneeling beside Magnus. "No," Clary said. "The sword—it burns away what's evil. He could still live."

Her mother ran a hand down her back, her fingers tangling in Clary's filthy curls. "Clary, no . . ."

Jace, Clary thought fiercely, her hands curling around his arms. *You're stronger than this. If this is you, really you, you'll open your eyes and look at me.*

Suddenly Simon was there, kneeling on the other side of Jace, his face smeared with blood and grime. He reached for Clary. She whipped her head up to glare at him, at him and her mother, and saw Isabelle coming up behind them, her eyes wide, moving slowly. The front of her gear was stained with blood. Unable to face Izzy, Clary turned away, her eyes on the gold of Jace's hair.

"Sebastian," Clary said, or tried to say. Her voice came out as a croak. "Someone should go after him." *And leave me alone.*

"They're looking for him now." Her mother leaned in, anxious, her eyes wide. "Clary, let him go. Clary, baby . . ."

"Let her be," Clary heard Isabelle say sharply. She heard her mother's protest, but everything they were doing seemed to be going on at a great distance, as if Clary were watching a play from the last row. Nothing mattered but Jace. Jace, burning. Tears scalded the backs of her eyes. "Jace, goddamit," she said, her voice ragged. *"You are not dead."*

"Clary," Simon said gently. "It was a chance . . ."

Come away from him. That was what Simon was asking, but she couldn't. She wouldn't. "Jace," she whispered. It was like a mantra, the way he had once held her at Renwick's and chanted her name over and over. "Jace *Lightwood* . . ."

She froze. There. A movement so tiny, it was hardly a movement at all. The flutter of an eyelash. She leaned forward, almost overbalancing, and pressed her hand against the torn scarlet material over his chest, as if she could heal the wound she had made. She felt instead—so wonderful that for a moment it made no sense to her, could not possibly be—under her fingertips, the rhythm of his heart.

EPILOGUE

At first, Jace was conscious of nothing. Then there was darkness, and within the darkness, a burning pain. It was as if he'd swallowed fire, and it choked him and burned his throat. He gasped desperately for air, for a breath that would cool the fire, and his eyes flew open.

He saw darkness and shadows—a dimly lit room, known and unknown, with rows of beds and a window letting in hollow blue light, and he was in one of the beds, blankets and sheets pulled down and tangled around his body like ropes. His chest hurt as if a dead weight lay on it, and his hand scrabbled to find what it was, encountering only a thick bandage wrapped around his bare skin. He gasped again, another cooling breath.

“Jace.” The voice was familiar to him as his own, and then there was a hand gripping his, fingers interlacing with his own. With a reflex born out of years of love and familiarity, he gripped back.

“Alec,” he said, and he was almost shocked at the sound of his own voice in his ears. It hadn't changed. He felt as if he had been scorched, melted, and recreated like gold in a crucible—but as what? Could he really be himself again? He looked up at Alec's anxious blue eyes, and knew where he was. The infirmary at the Institute. Home. “I'm sorry . . .”

A slim, callused hand stroked his cheek, and a second familiar voice said, “Don't apologize. You have nothing to apologize for.”

He half-closed his eyes. The weight on his chest was still there: half a wound and half guilt. “Izzy.”

Her breath caught. “It really is you, right?”

“Isabelle,” Alec began, as if to warn her not to upset Jace, but Jace touched her hand. He could see Izzy's dark eyes shining in the dawn light, her face full of hopeful expectancy. This was the Izzy only her family knew, loving and worried.

“It’s me,” he said, and cleared his throat. “I could understand if you didn’t believe me, but I swear on the Angel, Iz, it’s me.”

Alec said nothing, but his grip on Jace’s hand tightened. “You don’t need to swear,” he said, and with his free hand touched the *parabatai* rune near his collarbone. “I know. I can feel it. I don’t feel like I’m missing a part of me anymore.”

“I felt it too.” Jace took a ragged breath. “Something missing. I felt it, even with Sebastian, but I didn’t know what it was I was missing. But it was you. My *parabatai*.” He looked at Izzy. “And you. My sister. And . . .” His eyelids burned suddenly with a scorching light: the wound on his chest throbbed, and he saw *her* face, lit by the blaze of the sword. A strange burning spread through his veins, like white fire. “Clary. Please tell me—”

“She’s completely all right,” Isabelle said hastily. There was something else in her voice—surprise, unease.

“You swear. You’re not just telling me that because you don’t want to upset me.”

“*She* stabbed *you*,” Isabelle pointed out.

Jace gave a strangled laugh; it hurt. “She saved me.”

“She did,” Alec agreed.

“When can I see her?” Jace tried not to sound too eager.

“It really *is* you,” Isabelle said, her voice amused.

“The Silent Brothers have been in and out, checking on you,” said Alec. “On this”—he touched the bandage on Jace’s chest—“and to see if you were awake yet. When they find out you are, they’ll probably want to talk to you before they let you see Clary.”

“How long have I been out cold?”

“About two days,” said Alec. “Since we got you back from the Burren and were pretty sure you weren’t going to die. Turns out it’s not that easy to completely heal a wound made by an archangel’s blade.”

“So what you’re saying is that I’m going to have a scar.”

“A big ugly one,” said Isabelle. “Right across your chest.”

“Well, damn,” said Jace. “And I was relying on that money from the topless underwear modeling gig I had lined up, too.” He spoke wryly, but he was thinking that it was right, somehow, that he have a scar: that he *should* be marked by what had happened to him, physically as well as mentally. He had almost lost his soul, and the scar would serve to remind him of the fragility of will, and the difficulty of goodness.

And of darker things. Of what lay ahead, and what he could not allow to happen. His strength was returning; he could feel it, and he would bend all of it against Sebastian. Knowing that, he felt suddenly lighter, a little of the weight gone from his chest. He turned his head, enough to look into Alec’s eyes.

“I never thought I’d fight on the opposite side of a battle from you,” he said hoarsely. “Never.”

“And you never will again,” Alec said, his jaw set.

“Jace,” Isabelle said. “Try to stay calm, all right? It’s just . . .”

Now what? “Is something else wrong?”

“Well, you’re glowing a bit,” Isabelle said. “I mean, just a smidge. Of the glowing.”

“*Glowing?*”

Alec raised the hand that held Jace’s. Jace could see, in the darkness, a faint shimmer across his forearm that seemed to trace the lines of his veins like a map. “We think it’s a leftover effect from the archangel’s sword,” he said. “It’ll probably fade soon, but the Silent Brothers are curious. Of course.”

Jace sighed and let his head fall back against the pillow. He was too exhausted to muster up much interest in his new, illuminated state. “Does that mean you have to go?” he asked. “Do you have to get the Brothers?”

“They instructed us to get them when you woke,” said Alec, but he was shaking his head, even as he spoke. “But not if you don’t want us to.”

"I feel tired," Jace confessed. "If I could sleep a few more hours . . ."

"Of course. Of course you can." Isabelle's fingers pushed his hair back, out of his eyes. Her tone was firm, absolute: fierce as a mother bear protecting her cub.

Jace's eyes began to close. "And you won't leave me?"

"No," Alec said. "No, we won't ever leave you. You know that."

"Never." Isabelle took his hand, the one Alec wasn't holding, and pressed it fiercely. "Lightwoods, all together," she whispered. Jace's hand was suddenly damp where she was holding it, and he realized she was crying, her tears splashing down—crying for him, because she loved him; even after everything that had happened, she still loved him.

They both did.

He fell asleep like that, with Isabelle on one side of him and Alec on the other, as the sun came up with the dawn.



"What do you mean, I still can't see him?" demanded Clary. She was sitting on the edge of the couch in Luke's living room, the cord of the phone wrapped so tightly around her fingers that the tips had turned white.

"It's been only three days, and he was unconscious for two of them," said Isabelle. There were voices behind her, and Clary strained her ears to hear who was talking. She thought she could pick out Maryse's voice, but was she talking to Jace? Alec? "The Silent Brothers are still examining him. They still say no visitors."

"Screw the Silent Brothers."

"No thanks. There's strong and silent, and then there's just freaky."

"Isabelle!" Clary sat back against the squashy pillows. It was a bright fall day, and sunlight streamed in through the living room windows, though it did nothing to lighten her

mood. “I just want to know that he’s all right. That he isn’t injured permanently, and he hasn’t swollen up like a melon—”

“Of course he hasn’t swollen up like a melon, don’t be ridiculous.”

“I wouldn’t know. I wouldn’t know because no one will tell me anything.”

“He’s all right,” Isabelle said, though there was something in her voice that told Clary she was holding something back. “Alec’s been sleeping in the bed next to his, and Mom and I have been taking turns staying with him all day. The Silent Brothers haven’t been *torturing* him. They just need to know what he knows. About Sebastian, the apartment, everything.”

“But I can’t believe Jace wouldn’t call me if he could. Not unless this is because he doesn’t want to see me.”

“Maybe he doesn’t,” Isabelle said. “It could have been that whole thing where you stabbed him.”

“*Isabelle—*”

“I was just kidding, believe it or not. Name of the Angel, Clary, can’t you show some patience?” Isabelle sighed. “Never mind. I forgot who I was talking to. Look, Jace said—not that I’m supposed to repeat this, mind you—that he needed to talk to you in person. If you could just wait—”

“That’s all I have been doing,” Clary said. “Waiting.” It was true. She’d spent the past two nights lying in her room at Luke’s house, waiting for news about Jace and reliving the last week of her life over and over in excruciating detail. The Wild Hunt; the antiques store in Prague; fountains full of blood; the tunnels of Sebastian’s eyes; Jace’s body against hers; Sebastian jamming the Infernal Cup against her lips, trying to pry them apart; the bitter stench of demon ichor. Glorious blazing up her arm, spearing through Jace like a bolt of fire, the beat of his heart under her fingertips. He hadn’t even opened his eyes, but Clary had screamed that he was alive, that his heart was beating, and his family had descended on them, even Alec, half-holding up an exceptionally pale Magnus. “All

I do is go around and around inside my own head. It's making me crazy."

"And that's where we're in agreement. You know what, Clary?"

"What?"

There was a pause. "You don't need *my* permission to come here and see Jace," Isabelle said. "You don't need anyone's permission to do anything. You're Clary Fray. You go charging into every situation without knowing how the hell it's going to turn out, and then you get through it on sheer guts and craziness."

"Not where my personal life is concerned, Iz."

"Huh," said Isabelle. "Well, maybe you should." And she put the phone down.

Clary stared at her receiver, hearing the distant tinny buzz of the dial tone. Then, with a sigh, she hung up and headed into her bedroom.

Simon was sprawled on the bed, his feet on her pillows, his chin propped on his hands. His laptop was propped open at the foot of the bed, frozen on a scene from *The Matrix*. He looked up as she came in. "Any luck?"

"Not exactly." Clary went over to her closet. She'd already dressed for the possibility that she might see Jace today, in jeans and a soft blue sweater she knew he liked. She pulled a corduroy jacket on and sat down on the bed beside Simon, sliding her feet into boots. "Isabelle won't tell me anything. The Silent Brothers don't want Jace to have visitors, but whatever. I'm going over anyway."

Simon closed the laptop and rolled over onto his back. "That's my brave little stalker."

"Shut up," she said. "Do you want to come with me? See Isabelle?"

"I'm meeting Becky," he said. "At the apartment."

"Good. Give her my love." She finished lacing her boots and reached forward to brush Simon's hair away from his

forehead. “First I had to get used to you with that Mark on you. Now I have to get used to you without it.”

His dark brown eyes traced her face. “With or without it, I’m still just me.”

“Simon, do you remember what was written on the blade of the sword? Of Glorious?”

“*Quis ut Deus.*”

“It’s Latin,” she said. “I looked it up. It means *Who is like God?* It’s a trick question. The answer is no one—no one is like God. Don’t you see?”

He looked at her. “See what?”

“You said it. *Deus.* God.”

Simon opened his mouth, and then closed it again. “I . . .”

“I know Camille told you that she could say God’s name because she didn’t believe in God, but I think it has to do with what you believe about yourself. If you believe you’re damned, then you are. But if you don’t . . .”

She touched his hand; he squeezed her fingers briefly and released them, his face troubled. “I need some time to think about this.”

“Whatever you need. But I’m here if you need to talk.”

“And I’m here if *you* do. Whatever happens with you and Jace at the Institute . . . you know you can always come over to my place if you want to talk.”

“How’s Jordan?”

“Pretty good,” said Simon. “He and Maia are definitely together now. They’re in that ooky stage where I feel like I should be giving them space all the time.” He crinkled up his nose. “When she’s not there, he frets about how he feels insecure because she’s dated a bunch of dudes and he’s spent the past three years doing military-style training for the Praetor and pretending he was asexual.”

“Oh, come on. I doubt she cares about that.”

“You know men. We have delicate egos.”

“I wouldn’t describe Jace’s ego as delicate.”

“No, Jace’s is sort of the antiaircraft artillery tank of male egos,” Simon admitted. He was lying with his right hand splayed across his stomach, and the gold faerie ring glittered on his finger. Since the other had been destroyed, it no longer seemed to have any powers, but Simon wore it anyway. Impulsively Clary bent down and kissed his forehead.

“You’re the best friend anyone could ever have, you know that?” she said.

“I did know that, but it’s always nice to hear it again.”

Clary laughed and stood up. “Well, we might as well walk to the subway together. Unless you want to hang around here with the ’rents instead of in your cool downtown bachelor pad.”

“Right. With my lovelorn roommate and my sister.” He slid off the bed and followed her as she walked out into the living room. “You’re not just going to Portal?”

She shrugged. “I don’t know. It seems . . . wasteful.” She crossed the hall and, after knocking quickly, stuck her head into the master bedroom. “Luke?”

“Come on in.”

She went in, Simon beside her. Luke was sitting up in bed. The bulk of the bandage that wrapped his chest was visible as an outline beneath his flannel shirt. There was a stack of magazines on the bed in front of him. Simon picked one up. “*Sparkle Like an Ice Princess: The Winter Bride*,” he read out loud. “I don’t know, man. I’m not sure a tiara of snowflakes would be the best look for you.”

Luke glanced around the bed and sighed. “Jocelyn thought wedding planning might be good for us. Return to normalcy and all that.” There were shadows under his blue eyes. Jocelyn had been the one to break the news to him about Amatis, while he was still at the police station. Though Clary had greeted him with hugs when he’d come home, he hadn’t mentioned his sister once, and neither had she. “If it was up to me, I would

elope to Vegas and have a fifty-dollar pirate-themed wedding with Elvis presiding.”

“I could be the wench of honor,” Clary suggested. She looked at Simon expectantly. “And you could be . . .”

“Oh, no,” he said. “I am a hipster. I am too cool for themed weddings.”

“You play D and D. You’re a geek,” she corrected him fondly.

“Geek is chic,” Simon declared. “Ladies love nerds.”

Luke cleared his throat. “I assume you came in here to tell me something?”

“I’m heading over to the Institute to see Jace,” Clary said. “Do you want me to bring you anything back?”

He shook his head. “Your mother’s at the store, stocking up.” He leaned over to ruffle her hair, and winced. He was healing, but slowly. “Have fun.”

Clary thought of what she was probably facing at the Institute—an angry Maryse, a wearied Isabelle, an absent Alec, and a Jace who didn’t want to see her—and sighed. “You bet.”



The subway tunnel smelled like the winter that had finally come to the city—cold metal, dank, wet dirt, and a faint hint of smoke. Alec, walking along the tracks, saw his breath puff out in front of his face in white clouds, and he jammed his free hand into the pocket of his blue peacoat to keep it warm. The witchlight he held in his other hand illuminated the tunnel—green and cream-colored tiles, discolored with age, and sprung wiring, dangling like spiderwebs from the walls. It had been a long time since this tunnel had seen a moving train.

Alec had gotten up before Magnus had woken, again. Magnus had been sleeping late; he was resting from the battle at the Burren. He had used a great deal of energy to heal himself, but he wasn’t entirely well yet. Warlocks were immortal but not invulnerable, and “a few inches higher and

that would have been it for me,” Magnus had said ruefully, examining the knife wound. “It would have stopped my heart.”

There had been a few moments—minutes, even—when Alec had truly thought Magnus was dead. And after so much time spent worrying that he would grow old and die before Magnus did. What a bitter irony it would have been. The sort of thing he deserved, for seriously contemplating the offer Camille had made him, even for a second.

He could see light up ahead—the City Hall station, lit by chandeliers and skylights. He was about to douse his witchlight when he heard a familiar voice behind him.

“Alec,” it said. “Alexander Gideon Lightwood.”

Alec felt his heart lurch. He turned around slowly. “Magnus?”

Magnus moved forward, into the circle of illumination cast by Alec’s witchlight. He looked uncharacteristically somber, his eyes shadowed. His spiky hair was rumpled. He wore only a suit jacket over a T-shirt, and Alec couldn’t help wondering if he was cold.

“Magnus,” Alec said again. “I thought you were asleep.”

“Evidently,” Magnus said.

Alec swallowed hard. He had never seen Magnus angry, not really. Not like this. Magnus’s cat eyes were remote, impossible to read. “Did you follow me?” Alec asked.

“You could say that. It helped that I knew where you were going.” Moving stiffly, Magnus took a folded square of paper from his pocket. In the dim light, all Alec could see was that it was covered with a careful, flourishing handwriting. “You know, when she told me you’d been here—told me about the bargain she’d struck with you—I didn’t believe her. I didn’t *want* to believe her. But here you are.”

“Camille *told* you—”

Magnus held up a hand to cut him off. “Just stop,” he said wearily. “Of course she told me. I warned you she was a master at manipulation and politics, but you didn’t listen to

me. Who do you think she'd rather have on her side—me or you? You're eighteen years old, Alexander. You're not exactly a powerful ally."

"I already told her," Alec said. "I wouldn't kill Raphael. I came here and told her the bargain was off, I wouldn't do it—"

"You had to come all the way here, to this abandoned subway station, to deliver that message?" Magnus raised his eyebrows. "You don't think you could have delivered essentially the same message by, perhaps, staying away?"

"It was—"

"And even if you did come here—unnecessarily—and tell her the deal was off," Magnus went on in a deadly calm voice, "why are you here *now*? Social call? Just visiting? Explain it to me, Alexander, if there's something I'm missing."

Alec swallowed. Surely there must be a way to explain. That he had been coming down here, visiting Camille, because she was the only person he could talk to about Magnus. The only person who knew Magnus, as he did, not just as the High Warlock of Brooklyn but as someone who could love and be loved back, who had human frailties and peculiarities and odd, irregular currents of mood that Alec had no idea how to navigate without advice. "Magnus—" Alec took a step toward his boyfriend, and for the first time that he remembered, Magnus moved away from him. His posture was stiff and unfriendly. He was looking at Alec the way he'd look at a stranger, a stranger he didn't like very much.

"I'm so sorry," Alec said. His voice sounded scratchy and uneven to his own ears. "I never meant—"

"I was thinking about it, you know," Magnus said. "That's part of why I wanted the Book of the White. Immortality can be a burden. You think of the days that stretch out before you, when you have been everywhere, seen everything. The one thing I hadn't experienced was growing old with someone—someone I loved. I thought perhaps it would be you. But that does not give you the right to make the length of my life *your choice* and not mine."

“I know.” Alec’s heart raced. “I know, and I wasn’t going to do it—”

“I’ll be out all day,” Magnus said. “Come and get your things out of the apartment. Leave your key on the dining room table.” His eyes searched Alec’s face. “It’s over. I don’t want to see you again, Alec. Or any of your friends. I’m tired of being their pet warlock.”

Alec’s hands had begun to shake, hard enough that he dropped his witchlight. The light winked out, and he fell to his knees, scrabbling on the ground among the trash and the dirt. At last something lit up before his eyes, and he rose to see Magnus standing before him, the witchlight in his hand. It shone and flickered with a strangely colored light.

“It shouldn’t light up like that,” Alec said automatically. “For anyone but a Shadowhunter.”

Magnus held it out. The heart of the witchlight was glowing a dark red, like the coal of a fire.

“Is it because of your father?” Alec asked.

Magnus didn’t reply, only tipped the rune-stone into Alec’s palm. As their hands touched, Magnus’s face changed. “You’re freezing cold.”

“I am?”

“Alexander . . .” Magnus pulled him close, and the witchlight flickered between them, its color changing rapidly. Alec had never seen a witchlight rune-stone do that before. He put his head against Magnus’s shoulder and let Magnus hold him. Magnus’s heart didn’t beat like human hearts did. It was slower, but steady. Sometimes Alec thought it was the steadiest thing in his life.

“Kiss me,” Alec said.

Magnus put his hand to the side of Alec’s face and gently, almost absently, ran his thumb along Alec’s cheekbone. When he bent to kiss him, he smelled like sandalwood. Alec clutched the sleeve of Magnus’s jacket, and the witchlight, held between their bodies, flared up in colors of rose and blue and green.

It was a slow kiss, and a sad one. When Magnus drew away, Alec found that somehow he was holding the witchlight alone; Magnus's hand was gone. The light was a soft white.

Softly, Magnus said, "*Aku cinta kamu.*"

"What does that mean?"

Magnus disentangled himself from Alec's grip. "It means I love you. Not that that changes anything."

"But if you love me—"

"Of course I do. More than I thought I would. But we're still done," Magnus said. "It doesn't change what you did."

"But it was just a mistake," Alec whispered. "One mistake ____"

Magnus laughed sharply. "One mistake? That's like calling the maiden voyage of the *Titanic* a minor boating accident. Alec, you tried to shorten my life."

"It was just—She offered, but I thought about it and I couldn't go through with it—I couldn't do that to you."

"But you had to think about it. And you never mentioned it to me." Magnus shook his head. "You didn't trust me. You never have."

"I do," Alec said. "I will—I'll try. Give me another chance ____"

"No," Magnus said. "And if I might give you a piece of advice: Avoid Camille. There is a war coming, Alexander, and you don't want your loyalties to be in question. Do you?"

And with that he turned and walked away, his hands in his pockets—walking slowly, as if he were injured, and not just from the cut in his side. But he was walking away just the same. Alec watched him until he moved beyond the glow of the witchlight and out of sight.



The inside of the Institute had been cool in the summer, but now, with winter well and truly here, Clary thought, it was warm. The nave was bright with rows of candelabras, and the

stained-glass windows glowed softly. She let the front door swing shut behind her and headed for the elevator. She was halfway up the center aisle when she heard someone laughing.

She turned. Isabelle was sitting in one of the old pews, her long legs slung over the back of the seats in front of her. She wore boots that hit her midthigh, slim jeans, and a red sweater that left one shoulder bare. Her skin was traced with black designs; Clary remembered what Sebastian had said about not liking it when women disfigured their skin with Marks, and shivered inside. “Didn’t you hear me saying your name?” Izzy demanded. “You really can be astonishingly single-minded.”

Clary stopped and leaned against a pew. “I wasn’t ignoring you on purpose.”

Isabelle swung her legs down and stood up. The heels on her boots were high, making her tower over Clary. “Oh, I know. That’s why I said ‘single-minded,’ not ‘rude.’”

“Are you here to tell me to go away?” Clary was pleased by the fact that her voice didn’t shake. She wanted to see Jace. She wanted to see him more than anything else. But after what she’d been through this past month, she knew that what mattered was that he was alive, and that he was himself. Everything else was secondary.

“No,” Izzy said, and started moving toward the elevator. Clary fell into step beside her. “I think the whole thing is ridiculous. You saved his life.”

Clary swallowed against the cold feeling in her throat. “You said there were things I didn’t understand.”

“There are.” Isabelle punched the elevator button. “Jace can explain them to you. I came down because I thought there were a few other things you should know.”

Clary listened for the familiar creak, rattle, and groan of the old cage elevator. “Like?”

“My dad’s back,” Isabelle said, not meeting Clary’s eyes.

“Back for a visit, or back for good?”

“For good.” Isabelle sounded calm, but Clary remembered how hurt she had been when they’d found out Robert had been trying for the Inquisitor position. “Basically, Aline and Helen saved us from getting in real trouble for what happened in Ireland. When we came to help you, we did it without telling the Clave. My mom was sure that if we told them they’d send fighters to kill Jace. She couldn’t do it. I mean, this is our family.”

The elevator arrived with a rattle and a crash before Clary could say anything. She followed the other girl inside, fighting the strange urge to give Isabelle a hug. She doubted Izzy would like it.

“So Aline told the Consul—who is, after all, her mother—that there hadn’t been any time to notify the Clave, that she’d been left behind with strict orders to call Jia, but there’d been some malfunction with the telephones and it hadn’t worked. Basically, she lied her butt off. Anyway, that’s our story, and we’re sticking to it. I don’t think Jia believed her, but it doesn’t matter; it’s not like Jia wants to punish Mom. She just had to have some kind of story she could grab on to so she didn’t *have* to sanction us. After all, it’s not like the operation was a disaster. We went in, got Jace out, killed most of the dark Nephilim, and got Sebastian on the run.”

The elevator stopped rising and came to a crashing halt.

“Got Sebastian on the run,” Clary repeated. “So we have no idea where he is? I thought maybe since I destroyed his apartment—the dimensional pocket—he could be tracked.”

“We’ve tried,” said Isabelle. “Wherever he is, he’s still beyond or outside tracking capabilities. And according to the Silent Brothers, the magic that Lilith worked—Well, he’s strong, Clary. Really strong. We have to assume he’s out there, with the Infernal Cup, planning his next move.” She pulled the cage door of the elevator open and stepped out. “Do you think he’ll come back for you—or Jace?”

Clary hesitated. “Not right away,” she said finally. “For him we’re the last parts of the puzzle. He’ll want everything set up first. He’ll want an army. He’ll want to be ready. We’re

like . . . the prizes he gets for winning. And so he doesn't have to be alone."

"He must be really lonely," Isabelle said. There was no sympathy in her voice; it was only an observation.

Clary thought of him, of the face that she'd been trying to forget, that haunted her nightmares and waking dreams. *You asked me who I belonged to.* "You have no idea."

They reached the stairs that led to the infirmary. Isabelle paused, her hand at her throat. Clary could see the square outline of her ruby necklace beneath the material of her sweater. "Clary . . ."

Clary suddenly felt awkward. She straightened the hem of her sweater, not wanting to look at Isabelle.

"What's it like?" Isabelle said abruptly.

"What's *what* like?"

"Being in love," Isabelle said. "How do you know you are? And how do you know someone else is in love with you?"

"Um . . ."

"Like Simon," Isabelle said. "How could you tell he was in love with you?"

"Well," said Clary. "He said so."

"He said so."

Clary shrugged.

"And before that, you had no idea?"

"No, I really didn't," said Clary, recalling the moment. "Izzy . . . if you have feelings for Simon, or if you want to know if he has feelings for you . . . maybe you should just *tell* him."

Isabelle fiddled with some nonexistent lint on her cuff. "Tell him what?"

"How you feel about him."

Isabelle looked mutinous. "I shouldn't have to."

Clary shook her head. “God. You and Alec, you’re so alike —”

Isabelle’s eyes widened. “We are not! We are totally not alike. I date around; he’s never dated before Magnus. He gets jealous; I don’t—”

“Everyone gets jealous.” Clary spoke with finality. “And you’re both so *stoic*. It’s love, not the Battle of Thermopylae. You don’t have to treat everything like it’s a last stand. You don’t have to keep everything inside.”

Isabelle threw her hands up. “Suddenly you’re an expert?”

“I’m not an expert,” Clary said. “But I do know Simon. If you don’t say something to him, he’s going to assume it’s because you’re not interested, and he’ll give up. He *needs* you, Iz, and you need him. He just also needs you to be the one to say it.”

Isabelle sighed and whirled to begin mounting the steps. Clary could hear her muttering as she went. “This is your fault, you know. If you hadn’t broken his heart—”

“Isabelle!”

“Well, you did.”

“Yeah, and I seem to remember that when he got turned into a rat, you were the one who suggested we leave him in rat form. Permanently.”

“I did not.”

“You did—” Clary broke off. They had reached the next floor, where a long corridor stretched in both directions. Before the double doors of the infirmary stood the parchment-robed figure of a Silent Brother, hands folded, face cast down in a meditative stance.

Isabelle indicated him with an exaggerated wave. “There you go,” she said. “Good luck getting past him to see Jace.” And she walked off down the corridor, her boots clicking on the wooden floor.

Clary sighed inwardly and reached for the stele in her belt. She doubted there was a glamour rune that could fool a Silent

Brother, but perhaps, if she could get close enough to use a sleep rune on his skin . . .

Clary Fray. The voice in her head was amused, and also familiar. It had no sound, but she recognized the shape of the thoughts, the way you might recognize the way someone laughed or breathed.

“Brother Zachariah.” Resignedly she slid the stele back in place and moved closer to him, wishing Isabelle had stayed with her.

I presume you are here to see Jonathan, he said, lifting his head from the meditative stance. His face was still in shadow beneath the hood, though she could see the shape of an angular cheekbone. *Despite the orders of the Brotherhood.*

“Please call him Jace. It’s too confusing otherwise.”

‘Jonathan’ is a fine old Shadowhunter name, the first of names. The Herondales have always kept names in the family

“He wasn’t named by a Herondale,” Clary pointed out. “Though he has a dagger of his father’s. It says *S.W.H.* on the blade.”

Stephen William Herondale.

Clary took another step toward the doors, and toward Zachariah. “You know a lot about the Herondales,” she said. “And of all the Silent Brothers, you seem the most human. Most of them never show any emotion. They’re like statues. But you seem to feel things. You remember your life.”

Being a Silent Brother is life, Clary Fray. But if you mean I remember my life before the Brotherhood, I do.

Clary took a deep breath. “Were you ever in love? Before the Brotherhood? Was there ever anyone you would have died for?”

There was a long silence. Then:

Two people, said Brother Zachariah. *There are memories that time does not erase, Clarissa. Ask your friend Magnus*

Bane, if you do not believe me. Forever does not make loss forgettable, only bearable.

“Well, I don’t have forever,” said Clary in a small voice. “Please let me in to see Jace.”

Brother Zachariah did not move. She still could not see his face, only a suggestion of shadows and planes beneath the hood of his robe. Only his hands, clasped in front of him.

“*Please,*” Clary said.



Alec swung himself up onto the platform at the City Hall subway station and stalked toward the stairs. He had blocked out the image of Magnus walking away from him with one thought, and one only:

He was going to kill Camille Belcourt.

He strode up the stairs, drawing a seraph blade from his belt as he went. The light here was wavering and dim—he emerged onto the mezzanine below City Hall Park, where tinted glass skylights let in the wintery light. He tucked the witchlight into his pocket and raised the seraph blade.

“*Amriel,*” he whispered, and the sword blazed up, a bolt of lightning from his hand. He lifted his chin, his gaze sweeping the lobby. The high-backed sofa was there, but Camille was not on it. He’d sent her a message saying he was coming, but after the way she’d betrayed him, he supposed he shouldn’t be surprised that she hadn’t remained to see him. In a fury he stalked across the room and kicked the sofa, hard; it went over with a crash of wood and a puff of dust, one of the legs snapped off.

From the corner of the room came a tinkling silver laugh.

Alec whirled, the seraph blade blazing in his hand. The shadows in the corners were thick and deep; even Amriel’s light could not penetrate them. “Camille?” he said, his voice dangerously calm. “Camille Belcourt. Come out here *now.*”

There was another giggle, and a figure stepped forth from the darkness. But it was not Camille.

It was a girl—probably no older than twelve or thirteen—very thin, wearing a pair of ragged jeans and a pink, short-sleeved T-shirt with a glittery unicorn on it. She wore a long pink scarf as well, its ends dabbled in blood. Blood masked the lower half of her face, and stained the hem of her shirt. She looked at Alec with wide, happy eyes.

“I know you,” she breathed, and as she spoke, he saw her needle incisors flash. *Vampire*. “Alec Lightwood. You’re a friend of Simon’s. I’ve seen you at the concerts.”

He stared at her. Had he seen her before? Perhaps—the flicker of a face among the shadows at a bar, one of those performances Isabelle had dragged him to. He couldn’t be sure. But that didn’t mean he didn’t know who she was.

“Maureen,” he said. “You’re Simon’s Maureen.”

She looked pleased. “I am,” she said. “I’m Simon’s Maureen.” She looked down at her hands, which were gloved in blood, as if she’d plunged them into a pool of the stuff. And not human blood, either, Alec thought. The dark, ruby-red blood of vampires. “You’re looking for Camille,” she said in a singsong voice. “But she isn’t here anymore. Oh, no. She’s gone.”

“She’s gone?” Alec demanded. “What do you mean she’s gone?”

Maureen giggled. “You know how vampire law works, don’t you? Whoever kills the head of a vampire clan becomes its leader. And Camille was the head of the New York clan. Oh, yes, she was.”

“So—someone killed her?”

Maureen burst into a happy peal of laughter. “Not just *someone*, silly,” she said. “It was me.”



The arched ceiling of the infirmary was blue, painted with a rococo pattern of cherubs trailing gold ribbons, and white drifting clouds. Rows of metal beds lined the walls to the left and right, leaving a wide aisle down the middle. Two high

skylights let in the clear wintery sunlight, though it did little to warm the chilly room.

Jace was seated on one of the beds, leaning back against a pile of pillows he had swiped from the other beds. He wore jeans, frayed at the hems, and a gray T-shirt. He had a book balanced on his knees. He looked up as Clary came into the room, but said nothing as she approached his bed.

Clary's heart had begun to pound. The silence felt still, almost oppressive; Jace's eyes followed her as she reached the foot of his bed and stopped there, her hands on the metal footboard. She studied his face. So many times she'd tried to draw him, she thought, tried to capture that ineffable quality that made Jace himself, but her fingers had never been able to get what she saw down on paper. It was there now, where it had not been when he was controlled by Sebastian—whatever you wanted to call it, soul or spirit, looking out of his eyes.

She tightened her hands on the footboard. "Jace . . ."

He tucked a lock of pale gold hair behind his ear. "It's—did the Silent Brothers tell you it was okay to be in here?"

"Not exactly."

The corner of his mouth twitched. "So did you knock them out with a two-by-four and break in? The Clave looks darkly on that sort of thing, you know."

"Wow. You really don't put anything past me, do you?" She moved to sit down on the bed next to him, partly so that they would be on the same level and partly to disguise the fact that her knees were shaking.

"I've learned not to," he said, and set his book aside.

She felt the words like a slap. "I didn't want to hurt you," she said, and her voice came out as almost a whisper. "I'm sorry."

He sat up straight, swinging his legs over the edge of the bed. They were not far from each other, sharing the same bed, but he was holding himself back; she could tell. She could tell that there were secrets at the back of his light eyes, could feel his hesitation. She wanted to reach her hand out, but she kept

herself still, kept her voice steady. “I never meant to hurt you. And I don’t just mean at the Burren. I mean from the moment you—the real *you*—told me what you wanted. I should have listened, but all I thought about was saving you, getting you away. I didn’t listen to you when you said you wanted to turn yourself over to the Clave, and because of it, we both almost wound up like Sebastian. And when I did what I did with Glorious—Alec and Isabelle, they must have told you the blade was meant for Sebastian. But I couldn’t get to him through the crowd. I just couldn’t. And I thought of what you told me, that you’d rather die than live under Sebastian’s influence.” Her voice caught. “The *real* you, I mean. I couldn’t ask you. I had to guess. You have to know it was awful to hurt you like that. To know that you could have died and it would have been my hand that held the sword that killed you. I would have wanted to die, but I risked your life because I thought it was what you would have asked for, and after I’d betrayed you once, I thought I owed it to you. But if I was wrong . . .” She paused, but he was silent. Her stomach turned over, a sick, wrenching flip. “Then, I’m sorry. There’s nothing I can do to make it up to you. But I wanted you to know. That I’m sorry.”

She halted again, and this time the silence stretched out between them, longer and longer, a thread pulled impossibly tight.

“You can talk now,” she blurted finally. “In fact, it would be really great if you did.”

Jace was looking at her incredulously. “Let me get this straight,” he said. “You came here to apologize to *me*?”

She was taken aback. “Of course I did.”

“Clary,” he said. “You saved my life.”

“I stabbed you. With a *massive* sword. You caught on *fire*.”

His lips twitched, almost imperceptibly. “Okay,” he said. “So maybe our problems aren’t like other couples’.” He lifted a hand as if he meant to touch her face, then put it down hastily. “I heard you, you know,” he said more softly. “Telling me I wasn’t dead. Asking me to open my eyes.”

They looked at each other in silence for what was probably moments but felt like hours to Clary. It was so good to see him like this, completely himself, that it almost erased the fear that this was all going to go horribly wrong in the next few minutes. Finally Jace spoke.

“Why do you think I fell in love with you?”

It was the last thing she would have expected him to say. “I don’t—That’s not a fair thing to ask.”

“Seems fair to me,” he said. “Do you think I don’t know you, Clary? The girl who walked into a hotel full of vampires because her best friend was there and needed saving? Who made a Portal and transported herself to Idris because she hated the idea of being left out of the action?”

“You yelled at me for that—”

“I was yelling at myself,” he said. “There are ways in which we’re so alike. We’re reckless. We don’t think before we act. We’ll do anything for the people we love. And I never thought how scary that was for the people who loved *me* until I saw it in you and it terrified me. How could I protect you if you wouldn’t let me?” He leaned forward. “That, by the way, is a rhetorical question.”

“Good. Because I don’t need protecting.”

“I knew you’d say that. But the thing is, sometimes you do. And sometimes I do. We’re meant to protect each other, but not from *everything*. Not from the truth. That’s what it means to love someone but let them be themselves.”

Clary looked down at her hands. She wanted to reach out and touch him so badly. It was like visiting someone in jail, where you could see them so clearly and so close, but there was unbreakable glass separating you.

“I fell in love with you,” he said, “because you were one of the bravest people I’d ever known. So how could I ask you to stop being brave just because I loved you?” He ran his hands through his hair, making it stick up in loops and curls that Clary ached to smooth down. “You came for me,” he said. “You saved me when almost everyone else had given up, and

even the people who hadn't given up didn't know what to do. You think I don't know what you went through?" His eyes darkened. "How do you imagine I could possibly be angry with you?"

"Then, why haven't you wanted to see me?"

"Because . . ." Jace exhaled. "Okay, fair point, but there's something you don't know. The sword you used, the one Raziel gave to Simon . . ."

"Glorious," said Clary. "The Archangel Michael's sword. It was destroyed."

"Not destroyed. It went back where it came from once the heavenly fire consumed it." Jace smiled faintly. "Otherwise our Angel would have had some serious explaining to do once Michael found out his buddy Raziel had lent out his favorite sword to a bunch of careless humans. But I digress. The sword . . . the way it burned . . . that was no ordinary fire."

"I guessed that." Clary wished Jace would hold out his arm and draw her against him. But he seemed to want to keep space between them, so she stayed where she was. It felt like an ache in her body, to be this close to him and not be able to touch him.

"I wish you hadn't worn that sweater," Jace muttered.

"What?" She glanced down. "I thought you liked this sweater."

"I do," he said, and shook his head. "Never mind. That fire—it was Heaven's fire. The burning bush, the fire and brimstone, the pillar of fire that went before the children of Israel—that's the fire we're talking about. 'For a fire is kindled in mine anger, and shall burn unto the lowest hell, and shall consume the earth with her increase, and set on fire the foundations of the mountains.' That's the fire that burned away what Lilith had done to me." He reached for the hem of his shirt and drew it up. Clary sucked in her breath, for above his heart, on the smooth skin of his chest, there was no more Mark—and only a healed white scar where the sword had gone in.

She reached her hand out, wanting to touch him, but he drew back, shaking his head. She felt the hurt expression flash across her face before she could hide it as he rolled his shirt back down. “Clary,” he said. “That fire—it’s still inside me.”

She stared at him. “What do you mean?”

He took a deep breath and held his hands out, palms down. She looked at them, slim and familiar, the Voyance rune on his right hand faded with white scars layered over it. As they both watched, his hands began to shake slightly—and then, under Clary’s incredulous eyes, to turn transparent. Like the blade of Glorious when it had begun to burn, his skin seemed to turn to glass, glass that trapped within it a gold that moved and darkened and *burned*. She could see the outline of his skeleton through the transparency of his skin, golden bones connected by tendons of fire.

She heard him inhale sharply. He looked up then, and met her eyes with his. His eyes were gold. They had always been gold, but she could swear that now that gold lived and burned as well. He was breathing hard, and there was sweat shining on his cheeks and collarbones.

“You’re right,” Clary said. “Our problems really aren’t like other people’s problems.”

Jace stared at her incredulously. Slowly he closed his hands into fists, and the fire vanished, leaving only his ordinary, familiar, unharmed hands behind. Half-choking on a laugh, he said, “*That’s* what you have to say?”

“No. I have a lot more to say. *What’s* going on? Are your hands weapons now? Are you the Human Torch? What on earth—”

“I don’t know what the human torch is, but—All right, look, the Silent Brothers have told me that I carry the heavenly fire inside me now. Inside my veins. In my soul. When I first woke up, I felt like I was breathing in fire. Alec and Isabelle thought it was just a temporary effect of the sword, but when it didn’t go away and the Silent Brothers were called in, Brother Zachariah said he didn’t know how temporary it would be.

And I burned him—he was touching my hand when he said it, and I felt a jolt of energy go through me.”

“A bad burn?”

“No. Minor. But still—”

“That’s why you won’t touch me,” Clary realized aloud. “You’re afraid you’ll burn me.”

He nodded. “No one’s ever seen anything like this, Clary. Not before. Not ever. The sword didn’t kill me. But it left this—this piece of something deadly inside me. Something so powerful it would probably kill an ordinary human, maybe even an ordinary Shadowhunter.” He took a deep breath. “The Silent Brothers are working on how I might control it, or get rid of it. But as you might imagine, I’m not their first priority.”

“Because Sebastian is. You heard I destroyed that apartment. I know he has other ways of getting around, but . . .”

“That’s my girl. But he has backups. Other hiding places. I don’t know what they are. He never told me.” He leaned forward, close enough that she could see the changing colors in his eyes. “Since I woke up, the Silent Brothers have been with me practically every minute. They had to perform the ceremony on me again, the one that gets performed on Shadowhunters when they’re born to keep them safe. And then they went into my mind. Searching, trying to pull out any snippet of information about Sebastian, anything I might know and not remember I knew. But—” Jace shook his head in frustration. “There just isn’t anything. I knew his plans through the ceremony at the Burren. Beyond that, I have no idea what he’s going to do next. Where he might strike. They do know he’s been working with demons, so they’re shoring up the wards, especially around Idris. But I feel like there’s one useful thing we might have gotten out of all this—some secret knowledge on my part—and we don’t even have that.”

“But if you did know anything, Jace, he would just change his plans,” Clary objected. “He knows he lost you. You two were tied together. I heard him scream when I stabbed you.” She shivered. “It was this horrible lost sound. He really did

care about you in some strange way, I think. And even though the whole thing was awful, both of us got something out of it that might turn out to be useful.”

“Which is . . . ?”

“We understand him. I mean, as much as anyone can ever understand him. And that’s not something he can erase with a change of plans.”

Jace nodded slowly. “You know who else I feel like I understand now? My father.”

“Valen—no,” Clary said, watching his expression. “You mean Stephen.”

“I’ve been looking at his letters. The things in the box Amatis gave me. He wrote a letter to me, you know, that he meant me to read after he died. He told me to be a better man than he was.”

“You are,” Clary said. “In those moments in the apartment when you were *you*, you cared about doing the right thing more than you cared about your own life.”

“I know,” Jace said, glancing down at his scarred knuckles. “That’s the strange thing. I *know*. I had so much doubt about myself, always, but now I know the difference. Between myself and Sebastian. Between myself and Valentine. Even the difference between the two of them. Valentine honestly believed he was doing the right thing. He hated demons. But to Sebastian, the creature he thinks of as his mother is one. He would happily rule a race of dark Shadowhunters who did the bidding of demons, while the ordinary humans of this world were slaughtered for the demons’ pleasure. Valentine still believed it was the mandate of Shadowhunters to protect human beings; Sebastian thinks they’re cockroaches. And he doesn’t want to protect anyone. He only wants what he wants at the moment he wants it. And the only real thing he ever feels is annoyance when he’s thwarted.”

Clary wondered. She had seen Sebastian looking at Jace, even at herself, and knew there was some part of him as echoingly lonely as the blackest void of space. Loneliness

drove him as much as a desire for power—loneliness and a need to be loved without any corresponding understanding that love was something you earned. But all she said was, “Well, let’s get with the thwarting, then.”

A smile ghosted across his face. “You know I want to beg you to stay out of this, right? It’s going to be a vicious battle. More vicious than I think the Clave even begins to understand.”

“But you’re not going to do that,” Clary said. “Because that would make you an idiot.”

“You mean because we need your rune powers?”

“Well, that, and—Did you not listen to anything you just said? That whole business about protecting each other?”

“I will have you know I practiced that speech. In front of a mirror before you got here.”

“So what do *you* think it meant?”

“I’m not sure,” Jace admitted, “but I know I look damn good delivering it.”

“God, I forgot how annoying the un-possessed you is,” Clary muttered. “Need I remind you that you said that you have to accept you can’t protect me from everything? The only way that we can protect each other is if we *are together*. If we face things together. If we trust each other.” She looked him directly in the eye. “I shouldn’t have stopped you from going to the Clave by calling for Sebastian. I should respect the decisions you make. And you should respect mine. Because we’re going to be together a long time, and that’s the only way it’s going to work.”

His hand inched toward her on the blanket. “Being under Sebastian’s influence,” he said, hoarsely. “It seems like a bad dream to me, now. That insane place—those closets of clothes for your mother—”

“So you remember.” She almost whispered it.

His fingertips touched hers, and she almost jumped. Both of them held their breath while he touched her; she didn’t move,

watching as his shoulders slowly relaxed and the anxious look left his face. “I remember everything,” he said. “I remember the boat in Venice. The club in Prague. That night in Paris, when I was myself.”

She felt the blood rush up under her skin, making her face burn.

“In some ways, we’ve been through something no one else can ever understand but the two of us,” he said. “And it made me realize. We are always and absolutely better together.” He raised his face to hers. He was pale, and fire flickered in his eyes. “I am going to kill Sebastian,” he said. “I am going to kill him for what he did to me, and what he did to you, and what he did to Max. I am going to kill him because of what he has done, and what he will do. The Clave wants him dead, and they will hunt him. But I want my hand to be the one that cuts him down.”

She reached out then, and put her hand on his cheek. He shuddered, and half-closed his eyes. She had expected his skin to be warm, but it was cool to the touch. “And what if I’m the one who kills him?”

“My heart is your heart,” he said. “My hands are your hands.”

His eyes were the color of honey and slid as slowly as honey over her body as he looked her up and down as if for the first time since she’d come into the room, from her windblown hair to her booted feet, and back again. When their gaze met again, Clary’s mouth was dry.

“Do you remember,” he said, “when we first met and I told you I was ninety percent sure putting a rune on you wouldn’t kill you—and you slapped me in the face and told me it was for the other ten percent?”

Clary nodded.

“I always figured a demon would kill me,” he said. “A rogue Downworlder. A battle. But I realized then that I just might die if I didn’t get to kiss you, and soon.”

Clary licked her dry lips. “Well, you did,” she said. “Kiss me, I mean.”

He reached up and took a curl of her hair between his fingers. He was close enough that she could feel the warmth of his body, smell his soap and skin and hair. “Not enough,” he said, letting her hair slip through his fingers. “If I kiss you all day every day for the rest of my life, it won’t be enough.”

He bent his head. She couldn’t help tilting her own face up. Her mind was full of the memory of Paris, holding on to him as if it would be the last time she ever held him, and it almost had been. The way he had tasted, felt, breathed. She could hear him breathing now. His eyelashes tickled her cheek. Their lips were millimeters apart and then not apart at all, they brushed lightly and then with firmer pressure; they leaned in to each other—

And Clary felt a spark—not painful, more like a fillip of mild static electricity—pass between them. Jace drew quickly away. He was flushed. “We may need to work on that.”

Clary’s mind was still whirling. “Okay.”

He was staring straight ahead, still breathing hard. “I have something I want to give you.”

“I gathered that.”

At that he jerked his gaze back to hers and—almost reluctantly—grinned. “Not that.” He reached down into the collar of his shirt and drew out the Morgenstern ring on its chain. He pulled it over his head and, leaning forward, dropped it lightly into her hand. It was warm from his skin. “Alec got it back from Magnus for me. Will you wear it again?”

Her hand closed around it. “Always.”

His grin softened to a smile, and, daring, she put her head on his shoulder. She felt his breath catch, but he didn’t move. At first he sat still, but slowly the tension drained from his body and they leaned together. It wasn’t hot and heavy, but it was companionable and sweet.

He cleared his throat. “You know this means that what we did—what we almost did in Paris—”

“Going to the Eiffel Tower?”

He tucked a lock of hair behind her ear. “You never let me off the hook for a single minute, do you? Never mind. It’s one of the things I love about you. Anyway, that *other* thing we almost did in Paris—that’s probably off the table for a while. Unless you want that whole baby-I’m-on-fire-when-we kiss thing to become freakishly literal.”

“No kissing?”

“Well, *kissing*, probably. But as for the rest of it . . .”

She brushed her cheek lightly against his. “It’s okay with me if it’s okay with you.”

“Of course it’s not okay with me. I’m a teenage boy. As far as I’m concerned, this is the worst thing that’s happened since I found out why Magnus was banned from Peru.” His eyes softened. “But it doesn’t change what we are to each other. It’s like there’s always been a piece of my soul missing, and it’s inside *you*, Clary. I know I told you once that whether God exists or not, we’re on our own. But when I’m with you, I’m not.”

She closed her eyes so he wouldn’t see her tears—happy tears, for the first time in a long time now. Despite everything, despite the fact that Jace’s hands remained carefully together in his lap, Clary felt a sense of relief so overwhelming that it drowned out everything else—the worry about where Sebastian was, the fear of an unknown future—everything receded into the background. None of it mattered. They were together, and Jace was himself again. She felt him turn his head and lightly kiss her hair.

“I *really* wish you hadn’t worn that sweater,” he muttered into her ear.

“It’s good practice for you,” she replied, her lips moving against his skin. “Tomorrow, fishnets.”

Against her side, warm and familiar, she felt him laugh.

— — — — —

“Brother Enoch,” said Maryse, rising from behind her desk. “Thank you for joining me and Brother Zachariah here on such short notice.”

Is this in regards to Jace? Zachariah inquired, and if Maryse had not known better, she would have imagined a tinge of anxiety in his mental voice. *I have checked in on him several times today. His condition has not changed.*

Enoch shifted within his robes. *And I have been looking through the archives and the ancient documentation on the topic of Heaven’s fire. There is some information about the manner in which it may be released, but you must be patient. There is no need to call on us. Should we have news, we will call on you.*

“This is not about Jace,” said Maryse, and she moved around the desk, her heels clicking on the stone floor of the library. “This is about something else entirely.” She glanced down. A rug had been carelessly tossed across the floor, where no rug usually rested. It did not lie flat but was draped over an irregular humped shape. It obscured the delicate pattern of tiles that outlined the shape of the Cup, the Sword, and the Angel. She reached down, took hold of a corner of the rug, and yanked it aside.

The Silent Brothers did not gasp, of course; they could make no sound. But a cacophony filled Maryse’s mind, the psychic echo of their shock and horror. Brother Enoch took a step back, while Brother Zachariah raised one long-fingered hand to cover his face, as if he could block his ruined eyes from the sight before him.

“It was not here this morning,” said Maryse. “But when I returned this afternoon, it awaited me.”

At the very first glimpse she had thought that some kind of large bird had found its way into the library and died, perhaps breaking its neck against one of the tall windows. But as she had moved closer, the truth of what she was looking at had dawned on her. She said nothing of the visceral shock of despair that had gone through her like an arrow, or the way she

had staggered to the window and been sick out of it the moment she'd realized what she was looking at.

A pair of white wings—not quite white, really, but an amalgamation of colors that shifted and flickered as she looked at it: pale silver, streaks of violet, dark blue, each feather outlined in gold. And then, there at the root, an ugly gash of sheared-off bone and sinew. Angel's wings—angel's wings that had been sliced from the body of a living angel. Angelic ichor, the color of liquid gold, smeared the floor.

Atop the wings was a folded piece of paper, addressed to the New York Institute. After splashing water on her face, Maryse had taken the letter and read it. It was short—one sentence—and was signed with a name in a handwriting oddly familiar to her, for in it there was the echo of Valentine's cursive, the flourishes of his letters, the strong, steady hand. But it was not Valentine's name. It was his son's.

Jonathan Christopher Morgenstern.

She held it out now to Brother Zachariah. He took it from her fingers and opened it, reading, as she had, the single word of Ancient Greek scrawled in elaborate script across the top of the page.

Erchomai, it said.

I am coming.

NOTES

Magnus's Latin invocation on page 237 that raises Azazel, beginning "*Quod tumeraris: per Jehovam, Gehennam,*" is taken from *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus* by Christopher Marlowe.

The snippets of the ballad Magnus listens to in the car on pages 391–393 are taken with permission from "Alack, for I Can Get No Play" by Elka Cloke. elkacloke.com

The T-shirt CLEARLY I HAVE MADE SOME BAD DECISIONS is inspired by my friend Jeph Jacques's comic at questionablecontent.net. The T-shirts can be purchased at topatoco.com. The idea of *Magical Love Gentleman* also belongs to him.

And now, a sneak peek of the first book in Cassandra Clare's Infernal Devices trilogy, the prequel to the Mortal Instruments series.



Travel back to Victorian London with an earlier generation of Shadowhunters.

London. April, 1878.

The demon exploded in a shower of ichor and guts.

William Herondale jerked back the dagger he was holding, but it was too late: The viscous acid of the demon's blood had already begun to eat away at the shining blade. He swore and tossed the weapon aside; it landed in a filthy puddle and commenced smoldering like a doused match. The demon itself, of course, had vanished—dispatched back to whatever hellish world it had come from, though not without leaving a mess behind.

“Jem!” Will called, turning around. “Where are you? Did you see that? Killed it with one blow! Not bad, eh?”

But there was no answer to Will's shout. Will was positive his hunting partner had been standing behind him in the damp and crooked street a few moments before, guarding his back, but now Will was alone in the shadows. He frowned in annoyance—it was much less fun showing off without Jem to show off *to*. Will glanced behind him, to where the street narrowed into a passage that gave onto the black, heaving water of the Thames in the distance. Through the gap he could see the dark outlines of docked ships, a forest of masts like a leafless orchard. No Jem there; perhaps he had gone back to

Narrow Street in search of better illumination. With a shrug Will headed back the way he had come.

Narrow Street cut across Limehouse, between the docks beside the river and the cramped slums spreading west toward Whitechapel. It was as narrow as its name suggested, lined with warehouses and lopsided wooden buildings. At the moment it was deserted; even the drunks staggering home from the Grapes up the road had found somewhere to collapse for the night. Will liked Limehouse, liked the feeling of being on the edge of the world, where ships left each day for unimaginably far ports. That the area was a sailor's haunt, and consequently full of gambling hells, opium dens, and brothels, didn't hurt either. It was easy to lose yourself in a place like this. He didn't even mind the smell of it—smoke and dirt, rope and tar, foreign spices mixed with the river-water smell of the Thames.

Looking up and down the empty street, he scrubbed the sleeve of his coat across his face, trying to rub away the ichor that stung and burned his skin. The cloth came away stained green and black. There was a cut on the back of his hand too, a nasty one. He could use a healing rune. One of Charlotte's, preferably. She was particularly good at drawing *iratzes*.

A shape detached itself from the shadows and moved toward Will. He started forward, then paused. It wasn't Jem, but rather a mundane beat policeman wearing a bell-shaped helmet, a heavy overcoat, and a puzzled expression. He stared at Will, or rather *through* Will. However accustomed Will had become to glamour, it was always strange to be looked through as if he weren't there. Will was seized with the sudden urge to grab the policeman's truncheon and watch while the man flapped around, trying to figure out where it had gone; but Jem had scolded him the few times he'd done that before, and while Will never really could understand Jem's objections to the whole enterprise, it wasn't worth making him upset.

With a shrug and a blink, the policeman moved past Will, shaking his head and muttering something under his breath about swearing off the gin before he truly started seeing things. Will stepped aside to let the man pass, then raised his

voice to a shout: “James Carstairs! Jem! Where are you, you disloyal bastard?”

This time a faint reply answered him. “Over here. Follow the witchlight.”

Will moved toward the sound of Jem’s voice. It seemed to be coming from a dark opening between two warehouses: A faint gleam was visible within the shadows, like the darting light of a will-o’-the-wisp. “Did you hear me before? That Shax demon thought it could get me with its bloody great pincers, but I cornered it in an alley—”

“Yes, I heard you.” The young man who appeared at the mouth of the alley was pale in the lamplight—paler even than he usually was, which was quite pale indeed. He was bare-headed, which drew the eye immediately to his hair. It was an odd bright silver color, like an untarnished shilling. His eyes were the same silver, and his fine-boned face was angular, the slight curve of his eyes the only clue to his heritage.

There were dark stains across his white shirtfront, and his hands were thickly smeared with red.

Will tensed. “You’re bleeding. What happened?”

Jem waved away Will’s concern. “It’s not my blood.” He turned his head back toward the alley behind him. “It’s hers.”

Will glanced past his friend into the thicker shadows of the alley. In the far corner of it was a crumpled shape—only a shadow in the darkness, but when Will looked closely, he could make out the shape of a pale hand, and a wisp of fair hair.

“A dead woman?” Will asked. “A mundane?”

“A girl, really. Not more than fourteen.”

At that, Will cursed with great volume and fluency. Jem waited patiently for him to be done.

“If we’d only happened along a little earlier,” Will said finally. “That bloody demon—”

“That’s the peculiar thing. I don’t think this is the demon’s work.” Jem frowned. “Shax demons are parasites, brood

parasites. It would have wanted to drag its victim back to its lair to lay eggs in her skin while she was still alive. But this girl—she was stabbed, repeatedly. And I don't think it was here, either. There simply isn't enough blood in the alley. I think she was attacked elsewhere, and she dragged herself here to die of her injuries."

Will's mouth tightened. "But the Shax demon—"

"I'm telling you, I don't think it *was* the Shax. I think the Shax was pursuing her—hunting her down for something, or someone, else."

"Shaxes have a keen sense of scent," Will allowed. "I've heard of warlocks using them to follow the tracks of the missing. And it did seem to be moving with an odd sort of purpose." He looked past Jem, at the pitiful smallness of the crumpled shape in the alley. "You didn't find the weapon, did you?"

"Here." Jem drew something from inside his jacket—a knife, wrapped in white cloth. "It's a sort of misericord, or hunting dagger. Look how thin the blade is."

Will took it. The blade was indeed thin, ending in a handle made of polished bone. Both blade and hilt were stained with dried blood. With a frown he wiped the flat of the knife across the rough fabric of his sleeve, scraping it clean until a symbol, burned into the blade, became visible. Two serpents, each biting the other's tail, forming a perfect circle.

"*Ouroboros*," Jem said, leaning in close to stare at the knife. "A double one. Now, what do you think that means?"

"The end of the world," said Will, still looking at the dagger, a small smile playing about his mouth, "and the beginning."

Jem frowned. "I understand the symbology, William. I meant, what do you think its presence on the dagger signifies?"

The wind off the river was ruffling Will's hair; he brushed it out of his eyes with an impatient gesture and went back to studying the knife. "It's an alchemical symbol, not a warlock

or Downworlder one. That usually means humans—the foolish mundane sort who think trafficking in magic is the ticket for gaining wealth and fame.”

“The sort who usually end up a pile of bloody rags inside some pentagram.” Jem sounded grim.

“The sort who like to lurk about the Downworld parts of our fair city.” After wrapping the handkerchief around the blade carefully, Will slipped it into his jacket pocket. “D’you think Charlotte will let me handle the investigation?”

“Do *you* think you can be trusted in Downworld? The gambling hells, the dens of magical vice, the women of loose morals . . .”

Will smiled the way Lucifer might have smiled moments before he fell from Heaven. “Would tomorrow be too early to start looking, do you think?”

Jem sighed. “Do what you like, William. You always do.”

Southampton. May.

Tessa could not remember a time when she had not loved the clockwork angel. It had belonged to her mother once, and her mother had been wearing it when she’d died. After that it had sat in her mother’s jewelry box until her brother, Nathaniel, had taken it out one day to see if it was still in working order.

The angel was no bigger than Tessa’s pinky finger, a tiny statuette made of brass, with folded bronze wings no larger than a cricket’s. It had a delicate metal face with shut crescent eyelids, and hands crossed over a sword in front. A thin chain that looped beneath the wings allowed the angel to be worn around the neck like a locket.

Tessa knew the angel was made out of clockwork because if she lifted it to her ear, she could hear the sound of its machinery, like the sound of a watch. Nate had exclaimed in surprise that it was still working after so many years, and he had looked in vain for a knob or a screw, or some other method by which the angel might be wound. But there had been nothing to find. With a shrug he’d given the angel to Tessa. From that moment, she had never taken it off; even at

night the angel lay against her chest as she slept, its constant *tick-tock, tick-tock* like the beating of a second heart.

She held it now, clutched between her fingers, as the *Main* nosed its way between other massive steamships to find a spot at the Southampton dock. Nate had insisted that she come to Southampton instead of Liverpool, where most transatlantic steamers arrived. He had claimed it was because Southampton was a much pleasanter place to arrive at, so Tessa couldn't help being a little disappointed by this, her first sight of England. It was drearily gray. Rain drummed down onto the spires of a distant church, while black smoke rose from the chimneys of ships and stained the already dull-colored sky. A crowd of people in dark clothes, holding umbrellas, stood on the docks. Tessa strained to see if her brother was among them, but the mist and spray from the ship were too thick for her to make out any individual in great detail.

Tessa shivered. The wind off the sea was chilly. All of Nate's letters had claimed that London was beautiful, the sun shining every day. Well, Tessa thought hopefully, the weather there was better than it was here, because she had no warm clothes with her, nothing more substantial than a woolen shawl that had belonged to Aunt Harriet and a pair of thin gloves. She had sold most of her clothes to pay for her aunt's funeral, secure in the knowledge that her brother would buy her more when she arrived in London to live with him.

A shout went up. The *Main*, its shining black-painted hull gleaming wet with rain, had anchored, and tugs were plowing their way through the heaving gray water, ready to carry baggage and passengers to the shore. Passengers streamed off the ship, clearly desperate to feel land under their feet. So different from their departure from New York, Tessa thought. The sky had been blue then, and a brass band had been playing. Though with no one there to wish her good-bye, it had not been a merry occasion.

Hunching her shoulders, Tessa joined the disembarking crowd. Drops of rain stung her unprotected head and neck like pinpricks from icy little needles, and her hands inside their insubstantial gloves were clammy and wet. Reaching the quay,

she looked around eagerly, searching for a sight of Nate. It had been nearly two weeks since she'd spoken to a soul, having kept almost entirely to herself on board the *Main*. It would be wonderful to have her brother to talk to again.

He wasn't there. The wharves were heaped with stacks of luggage and all sorts of boxes and cargo, even mounds of fruit and vegetables that were wilting and dissolving in the rain. A steamer was departing for Le Havre nearby, and damp-looking sailors swarmed close by Tessa, shouting in French. She tried to move aside, only to be almost trampled by a throng of disembarking passengers hurrying for the shelter of the railway station.

But Nate was nowhere to be seen.

"You are Miss Gray?" The voice was guttural, heavily accented. A man had moved to stand in front of Tessa. He was tall, and was wearing a sweeping black coat and a tall hat, its brim collecting rainwater like a cistern. His eyes were peculiarly bulging, almost protuberant like a frog's, and his skin was as rough-looking as scar tissue. Tessa had to fight the urge to cringe away from him. But he knew her name. Who here would know her name except someone who knew Nate, too?

She nodded. "Yes?"

"Your brother sent me. Come with me."

"Where is Nate?" Tessa demanded, but the man was already walking away. His stride was uneven, as if he had a limp from an old injury. After a moment Tessa gathered up her skirts and hurried after him.

He wound through the crowd, moving ahead with purposeful speed. People jumped aside, muttering about his rudeness as he shouldered past, with Tessa nearly running to keep up. He turned abruptly around a pile of boxes and came to a halt in front of a large, gleaming black coach. Gold letters had been painted across its side, but the rain and mist were too thick for Tessa to read them clearly.

The door of the carriage opened, and a woman leaned out. She wore an enormous plumed hat that hid her face. “Miss Theresa Gray?”

Tessa nodded. The bulging-eyed man hurried to help the woman out of the carriage—and then another woman, following after her. Each of them immediately opened an umbrella and raised it, sheltering themselves from the rain. Then they fixed their eyes on Tessa.

They were an odd pair, the women. One was very tall and thin, with a bony, pinched face. Colorless hair was scraped into a chignon at the back of her head. She wore a dress of brilliant violet silk, already spattered here and there with splotches of rain, and matching violet gloves. The other woman was short and plump, with small eyes sunk deep into her head; the bright pink gloves stretched over her large hands made them look like colorful paws.

“Theresa Gray,” said the shorter of the two. “What a delight to make your acquaintance at last. I am Mrs. Black, and this is my sister, Mrs. Dark. Your brother sent us to accompany you to London.”

Tessa—damp, cold, and baffled—clutched her wet shawl tighter around herself. “I don’t understand. Where’s Nate? Why didn’t he come himself?”

“He was unavoidably detained by business in London. Mortmain’s couldn’t spare him. He sent ahead a note for you, however.” Mrs. Black held out a rolled-up bit of paper, already dampened with rain.

Tessa took it and turned away to read it. It was a short note from her brother apologizing for not being at the docks to meet her, and letting her know that he trusted Mrs. Black and Mrs. Dark—I call them the Dark Sisters, Tessie, for obvious reasons, and they seem to find the name agreeable!—to bring her safely to his house in London. They were, his note said, his landladies as well as trusted friends, and they had his highest recommendation.

That decided her. The letter was certainly from Nate. It was in his handwriting, and no one else ever called her Tessie. She

swallowed hard and slipped the note into her sleeve, turning back to face the sisters. “Very well,” she said, fighting down her lingering sense of disappointment—she had been so looking forward to seeing her brother. “Shall we call a porter to fetch my trunk?”

“No need, no need.” Mrs. Dark’s cheerful tone was at odds with her pinched gray features. “We’ve already arranged to have it sent on ahead. It would hardly fit in the carriage anyway.” She snapped her fingers at the bulging-eyed man, who swung himself up into the driver’s seat at the front of the carriage. She placed her hand on Tessa’s shoulder. “Come along, child; let’s get you out of the rain.”

As Tessa moved toward the carriage, propelled by Mrs. Dark’s bony grip, the mist cleared, revealing the gleaming golden image painted on the side of the door. The words “The Pandemonium Club” curled intricately around two snakes biting each other’s tails, forming a circle. Tessa frowned. “What does that mean?”

“Nothing you need worry about,” said Mrs. Black, who had already climbed inside and had her skirts spread out across one of the comfortable-looking seats. The inside of the carriage was richly decorated with plush purple velvet bench seats facing each other, and gold tasseled curtains hanging in the windows.

Mrs. Dark helped Tessa up into the carriage, then clambered in behind her. As Tessa settled herself on the bench seat, Mrs. Black reached to shut the carriage door behind her sister, closing out the gray sky. Her teeth gleamed in the dimness as if they were made out of metal. “Do settle in, Theresa. We’ve a long ride ahead of us.”

Tessa put a hand to the clockwork angel at her throat, taking comfort in its steady ticking as the carriage lurched forward into the rain.

CASSANDRA CLARE

is the #1 *New York Times* bestselling author of the Mortal Instruments series and the Infernal Devices trilogy. She was born overseas and spent her early years traveling around the world with her family and several trunks of books. Cassandra lives in western Massachusetts with her husband, their cats, and these days, even more books. Visit her online at cassandraclare.com.

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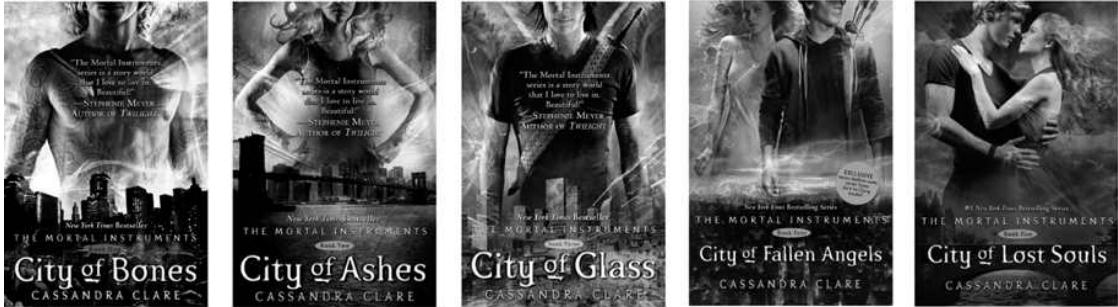
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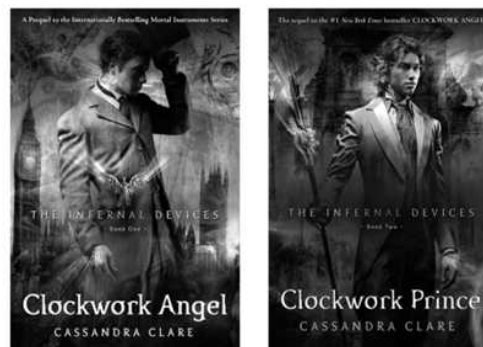


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First Margaret K. McElderry Books paperback edition February 2008

The Library of Congress has cataloged the hardcover edition as follows:

Clare, Cassandra.

City of bones / Cassandra Clare.

p. cm.—(The mortal instruments ; bk. one)

Summary: Suddenly able to see demons and the Shadowhunters who are dedicated to returning them to their own dimension, fifteen-year-old Clary Fray is drawn into this bizarre world when her mother disappears and Clary herself is almost killed by a monster.

ISBN 978-1-4169-1428-0 (hc)

[1. Demonology—Fiction. 2. Supernatural—Fiction. 3. Horror stories.]

I. Title. II. Series: Clare, Cassandra. Mortal instruments ; bk 1.

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Also available in a hardcover edition.

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First paperback edition March 2009

The Library of Congress has cataloged the hardcover edition as follows:

Clare, Cassandra.

City of ashes / Cassandra Clare.

p. cm.—(The mortal instruments; bk. two) Summary: Sixteen-year-old Clary continues trying to make sense of the swiftly changing events and relationships in her life as she becomes further involved with the Shadowhunters and their pursuit of demons and discovers some terrifying truths about her parents, her brother Jace, and her boyfriend Simon.

ISBN 978-1-4169-1429-7 (hc)

[1. Supernatural—Fiction. 2. Demonology—Fiction. 3. Magic—Fiction.

4. New York (NY.)—Fiction.] I. Title.

PZ7.C5265Cga 2008

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ISBN 978-1-4169-7224-2 (pbk)

ISBN 978-1-4391-6384-9 (eBook)

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Also available in a Margaret K. McElderry Books hardcover edition

Book design by Mike Rosamilia

First Margaret K. McElderry Books paperback edition August 2010

The Library of Congress has cataloged the hardcover edition as follows:

Clare, Cassandra.

City of Glass / Cassandra Clare.—1st ed.

p. cm.—(The mortal instruments ; bk. 3)

ISBN 978-1-4169-1430-3 (hardcover)

Summary: Still pursuing a cure for her mother's enchantment, Clary uses all her powers and ingenuity to get into Idris, the forbidden country of the secretive Shadowhunters, and to its capital, the City of Glass, where with the help of a newfound friend, Sebastian, she uncovers important truths about her family's past that will help save not only her mother but all those that she holds most dear.

[1. Supernatural—Fiction. 2. Demonology—Fiction. 3. Magic—Fiction. 4. Vampires—Fiction. 5. New York (N.Y.)—Fiction.] I. Title.

PZ7.C5265Ckg 2009

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ISBN 978-1-4169-7225-9 (pbk)

ISBN 978-1-4391-5842-5 (eBook)

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Book design by Mike Rosamilia

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data Clare, Cassandra. City of fallen angels / Cassandra Clare.—1st ed.

p. cm.—(The mortal instruments ; bk. 4)

Summary: As mysterious murders threaten the new peace between Shadowhunters and Downworlders, only Simon, the Daylighter vampire, can help bring both groups together.

ISBN 978-1-4424-0354-3 (hardcover)

ISBN 978-1-4424-0356-7 (eBook)

[1. Supernatural—Fiction. 2. Vampires—Fiction. 3. Demonology—Fiction. 4. Magic—Fiction. 5. New York (N.Y.)—Fiction.] I. Title.

PZ7.C5265Cj 2011

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Book design by Mike Rosamilia

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data Clare, Cassandra.

City of lost souls / Cassandra Clare.—1st ed.

p. cm.—(The mortal instruments ; bk. 5)

Summary: When Jace vanishes with Sebastian, Clary and the Shadowhunters struggle to piece together their shattered world and Clary infiltrates the group planning the world's destruction.

ISBN 978-1-4424-1686-4 (hardcover)

ISBN 978-1-4424-1688-8 (eBook)

[1. Supernatural—Fiction. 2. Demonology—Fiction. 3. Magic—Fiction. 4. Vampires—Fiction. 5. New York (N.Y.)—Fiction. 6. Horror stories.] I. Title.

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City of Bones

City of Ashes

City of Glass

City of Fallen Angels

City of Lost Souls

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Clockwork Prince