You should know where my heart belongs

by onefootintheboilinghotlava

Summary

Post-2A finale:
So Jace kept delaying to tell Clary they were not siblings, until she found out in her own terms. Clary stormed to Jace and asked for explanation......

Notes

1st Edit:
THIS IS NOT COMPLETE!!! I WILL UPLOAD THE REST ON 15/03/2017 (BEFORE 16/03/2017!) I SWEAR I WILL NOT LEAVE THE FEW WHO HAVE READ IT HANGING!!! BUT IF U WANNA READ ON RIGHT NOW, JUST KNOW THAT, OKAY?

2nd Edit:
Okay so I added more, but this is still not complete (missing the final Clace moment!) but mostly done. (This is GMT+8 2017-03-15 23:00 right now) I will upload the rest before GMT +2 hits 16/03)
3nd Edit:
So I finally finished it, hope you all enjoy this. Also...I never read the books only read about it? And somehow I don't mind using Herondale here? I apologise for the confusing tags, but please know I'm just as confused to which to use here as well.

See the end of the work for more notes.

‘I thought Simon and you were having date night, or whatever it is that you two spend time doing…’ Jace greeted, as Clary stormed into the sparring area in the Institute. Clary did not answer, as she picked up a staff and pointed towards Jace. He picked up another one and posed in defence, ready for Clary to strike.

The redhead swirled and stroke, again and again. All of the hits were harsh enough that Jace needed to focus on blocking each and every move, but not tough enough for him to not able to catch a breath.

‘Your dear little vampire did something piss you off?’ Jace was going to joke, to see if it relives Clary’s tension in her posture, but it only seemed to have the opposite effect and caused the redhead to change tactics and started to attack from more varied angles. Still, Jace could see it was pure anger or frustration that directed Clary’s move and it was nothing he couldn’t handle. However long Clary had spent in training in the last months, Jace had been training since he was born. If it was Alec or Izzy, he would strike them against the wall and let it be done. Maybe getting a little more cocky to force his siblings to really get real with him, but this was Clary. So Jace entertained her and continued blocking her attacks without turning up the notch of his own attack.

They went on for rounds and rounds, until Clary was getting out of breath. Jace slowed down his acts, as he saw the redhead was struggling a little. He threw down his own staff and used bare hand to receive one last strike from Clary and threw down her staff as well.

‘What’s wrong? You never miss a date night with Simon and you don’t ever use a staff against me in training.’ Jace stepped close to Clary, just within her reach but not actually touching her. Clary looked up from the floor, sternness clear in her eyes.

‘How long have you known?’ She asked in a calm voice that did not match with the rest of her facial and physical expression.

‘Known about what?’ Not that he was so naive to not know what she might be referring to.

‘That we are not siblings, that you aren’t Valentine’s son nor Jocelyn’s son?’

Under Clary’s blazing gaze and accusing tone, Jace thought about avoiding it for one second but he knew nothing ever came out of it when he lied to her. He shrugged and answered.

‘Since Valentine said I wasn’t his son when he was holding the soul sword against me.’

‘Were you ever planning on telling me?’

‘I was.’
'Then why haven’t you? Why did I have to find out from Simon, who just overheard Luke running some background checks on someone called Celine Herondale, who was on the phone with Magnus talking about tracking your family history? Not to mention it’s been months since Valentine was arrested!'

Clary finally allowed the anger bled through her speech, her questioning.

‘…it was just never the right timing.’

‘Never the right timing? Jace, is that the best you can pull up with? I treated you like a brother all this time and you never said a word to correct me or anything? Why? Why didn’t you tell me?’

‘What did you want me to say “Oh morning Clary, turns out I’m not your brother after all, good day”? Or “I am not your brother but I still don’t know who my parents are, haha”? Would it matter anyway? You’re dating Simon and you know who your parents are, that’s all you need to know, isn’t it?’

Jace was exasperated. It was clear to almost everyone else they both knew that he was still in love with her all this time, even Simon knew. He just found it impossible that out of all people, Clary would be asking him why did he hide the truth when she was still with Simon.

‘I could’ve helped…I could…I don’t know, just do something! We’ve been there with each other all this time, why do you feel like hiding this from me?’

‘I am fine. I’m freaking glad I am not related to Valentine in any way! So there’s nothing you need to help me in that regard. So, why do you think? Why else would I keep this from you, my ex-girlfriend and not-sister?’

Finally, Jace let it all out. It had been months and months of pining and feeling lost. He could remedy what he had with Maryse and the rest of the Lightwoods. He had Alec and Izzy, even Magnus by his side. Magnus offered to help him track down his real family after Alec let it slip of him not being Valentine’s son. He had time to read about the Herondale, ran over what might have happened to them when Valentine experimented on him as a fetus with Luke and Robert. He would like to think he had made some progress with everything that had happened. Yet the one thing he could never remedy was not having Clary with him, not the way he wanted, desired it to be.

‘How would you want me to tell you? After me admitting that you’re my weakness when I was in City of Bones, thinking we were siblings? And then seeing you kissing Simon right outside the Institute, when I am still irrevocably in love with you? How could I and how would I wreck this up for you?’ Jace laid down his final line, breath still panting from letting his thought ran wild. He took in the girl he had been so love with right there. Her eyes blinking wide, expression unreadable yet she did not respond a word.

‘Look, now you know I am not your brother and everything. Think whatever you will of me, but I’m done.’ Seeing Clary without a response, it wiped out every tiny hope Jace might hold previously that the redhead would return to him. He turned around and left the sparring room, sparing one last glance at Clary’s back before he closed the door behind him.
Jace should not feel this familiar with coming to Magnus’ loft whenever he felt something off. Yet with his parabatai always at the loft and Magnus’ understanding behind all his snarking, he felt welcomed and comfortable there. He walked up the stairs and knocked on the door. It swung open and the grey tabby that Magnus insisted he adopted meowed at him, leading him into the loft.

‘Hey little guy, is Magnus or Alec around?’

‘Well well well, what do we have here? A fearless shadowhunter talking to a kitten. What a sight to behold for the world.’ Magnus’ voice rang through the glass door, as he entered from the balcony.

‘When will Alec be back?’ Magnus hummed at Jace for a few moments before answering.

‘He texted me just a minute ago that he just finished the paperwork at the Institute, and typed “I can’t wait to take off your…”’

‘Okay alright, enough! That means he will be back within ten minutes. He misses your ass like crazy and I highly consider knowing about this also makes me insane enough. I should not spend so much time with you two.’

‘I’ll let you know no one can resist this ass, Jonathan. What’s wrong anyway, you’d usually be sparring at the Institute, not lounging around with Tibby here.’

‘Clary happened.’ Magnus paused a moment.

‘Ah so biscuit finally found out…’ Magnus gave a light squeeze on Jace’s shoulder, as he looked up to Magnus.

‘Not that I’m complimenting you, blondie. But I gotta say, you’ve been brighter than biscuit for quite some while and I’m impressed. However lost you feel like, I think biscuit has less of a clue with herself than you do. Regardless, you deserve to have someone and that’s all I can say before I got fed up with your obnoxiousness. Since you’re gonna steal my boyfriend for a while, you owe me one. With that, Magnus flickered his fingers and disappeared into the portal.

Jace huffed at the remaining mist from the portal. Never let the warlock know how much Jace was thankful to him, to what he had come to mean to Alec and for trusting Jace enough to leave him alone at his loft.

True to his estimation, Alec opened the door within nine minutes and was putting his hands at the hem of his shirt until he heard Jace.

‘Stop what you’re doing, Alec. Your boyfriend is not around right now.’ However Alec had gotten used with Jace crashing into him and Magnus being in various compromised positions, his blush remained.

‘Then where is he?’

‘He…figured I need to talk to you and left us alone. I think?’ Alec walked towards the couch and sat next to Jace. He gave an overall glance at his parabatai and paused for a moment.

‘Alright then. What’s wrong?’

‘Clary found out.’
‘And she lashed out?’

‘Pretty much…She kept pushing and asking me, that I actually told her out loud I am still in love with her but she didn’t give me any response. So I guess, that’s it.’

The two parabatais stared at each other in silence, communicating without literal words. No matter how much Jace’s heart was breaking from Clary’s silent rejection, his mind was clear enough to be grateful of Alec, his parabatai that would never leave him alone.

Isabelle had just changed into her nightwear when someone knocked on her door. She could recognise the pattern to be Clary and answered the door. The redhead strider in, leaving Isabelle to close the door behind her.

‘Izzy, do you know?’ The redhead collapsed on the armchair and sounded broken. Izzy sat on the armrest and took a closer look to Clary.

‘Know about what?’

‘That Jace is not my brother and…he has always been in love with me?’ Clary’s tone mixed with pleading in her voice and Izzy took pity. She knew how it felt to be with someone while knowing someone else there was breaking for you. She nodded and Clary broke into tears. She only hesitated a moment before wrapping the redhead in her arms, letting her lean on her shoulder.

‘Izzy…I don’t know…I didn’t know…Simon’s been so wonderful and supportive and everything I needed but…ever since Valentine told us Jace is my brother, I could only suppress everything until I forgot about them. So I could be fair with Simon, so I could face Jace as usual. How am I supposed to know……’

Memories flashed in Clary’s mind, from the moment Valentine revealed himself in front of Jace and herself. How Jace had time and time again admitted to her that he needed her around but he couldn’t handle the fact that they were siblings. How he had to make sure Clary was safe from Valentine even when he was locked up in the City of Bones. How he rushed to her aid almost every single time she needed help. How he respected her relationship with Simon, and even grew to be friends with Simon himself. Her brain hurt from everything she tried not to think about from all these months flooding back front and centre in her mind.

‘Clary…Clary! Wake up!’ Izzy’s voice sounded urgent in her ears, as she blinked open her eyes and found herself lying on Izzy’s bed, instead of the armchair.

‘You fainted for a few moments.’ Izzy explained slowly, seeing Clary had regained consciousness.

‘How do you feel right now?’ She continued to ask, knowing it would be better for Clary to have something to lead her thoughts, instead of letting her mind ran free at the moment.

‘I feel…a little dizzy and confused…I don’t know how to deal with Jace…and Simon…’ At the mention of their names, tears swelled up Clary’s eyes once more, as if it spurred her into panic.

‘Slow down…one thing at a time…Jace has had months to get used with the fact, you don’t. So take your time…one thought at a time, okay?’

Somehow Izzy’s voice smoothed her mind.
‘Okay…so how has it been with Simon?’

‘Simon…he’s been good to me. He makes me feel happy, he’s always been there. It is fun to be with him.’

‘Okay…that sounds wonderful. What about Jace? How did it feel when you first got to know him? When you two first kissed?’ Clary had to close her eyes at the question, as she recalled every warm memory she had with Jace.

‘It was like a lightening strike through me when we kissed, he is annoying but he’s so loyal and… I can trust him and he gets me, every step of the way. There’s…always chemistry. He keeps me in check, it’s like however alike we are in nature or not, his presence can set me calm.’

Hearing this, Izzy knew Magnus and Alec had been right. (She’d have loved to say that she was right, but she did think Simon and Clary would work well enough together, while Magnus was quite determined that somehow Jace and Clary bore more potential together, than Clary and Simon. And oh well, you can’t win against a centuries-old warlock, right?)

She gently swept through Clary’s hair, giving her some comfort before proceeding.

‘Okay…so what happened tonight? How did you find out?’

‘Simon and I always…well started to have regular date nights, as you already know. I was working on a painting earlier at the studio. I finished it earlier than I expected, so I was at the coffeeshop an hour before, just to get some inspiration for the next painting or something. Simon suggested we go to a coffeeshop for old time’s sake last week, and said it’s a perfect place for him to say something important to me. So I was at the coffeeshop and waiting, when Simon texted me, telling me once more he had something important to tell me? I was confused for a while, until he rushed into the coffeeshop.’ Clary took another breath, finally sitting up from the bed as Izzy sat beside her.

‘And he was in all Simon’s frantic mood and almost shouted to me “Jace isn’t your brother”. I think I was startled too much by him that I just froze there……’ The scene came back clearly to Clary’s mind.

She froze there, as Simon seemed to be jumping up and down but she couldn’t see his movement. (What with his vampire speed and all, he could pace all he wanted and no mundane would notice.)

‘What? Who said it? Valentine said it to Jace and I that we are siblings!’ She asked just as frantically, once she could speak once more.

‘Well I don’t know, but Valentine lies, right? I just knew that one moment I was delivering takeout for Luke, since he was too busy at the station. The next I was standing in front of the station and overheard him on the phone with Magnus. I wasn’t gonna pay attention originally, not until he said “Jace would be glad to know more about his mother regardless”. So I got curious and heard that they were searching for something that belonged to Celine Herondale and whatnot. I think I just threw down Luke’s lunch with my speed and sprinted out of there. I ran to Magnus’ loft, thinking it’d be easier to ask him. But once I uttered the word “Celine Herondale”, he shushed me and gave me his “pitying” look and just “Fledgling, this is none of your business and I suggest you stay out of it”.

Simon finally paused to take a breath.

‘And then I ran all the way here to meet you.’ Only then, he slumped down on the armchair at the
coffeeshop.

Her mind was whirling a storm inside. Luke and Magnus…she trusted them. She knew for sure they wouldn’t keep anything from her, when it was important to her. Yet most of all, she knew Jace would tell her. They were there together, when Valentine told them, revealed to them. Somewhere in her heart was just screaming why would Jace not tell her, after everything.

She stared blankly at Simon as she stood up.

‘Simon, I gotta ask Jace.’ And then she turned and ran back to the Institute. Thus she missed Simon looking at her leaving and whispered.

‘I was going to tell you that we weren’t having as much chemistry…’

‘You didn’t even talk to Simon any further and just ran for Jace?’ Izzy enquired.

‘I…yeah’ I wasn’t thinking clearly…’ Clary sounded like she just realized she should have stayed and talked a little more with Simon.

‘It’s alright. You were shocked, you’re allowed to not think clearly.’ Izzy petted on her shoulder.

‘No……but I didn’t think about Simon. I was just focused on why Jace wouldn’t tell me for so long, I was…I was thinking that once Jace and I aren’t siblings, we could get back together…So, I was so angry at Jace, for not wanting to tell me, for not wanting us to get back together…I didn’t think about Simon, Izzy……How horrible am I…’ Clary finally turned to face Izzy.

‘Hey hey, one thing at a time. Simon and you have known each other for so long, you guys will work it out. That little guy isn’t going anywhere, alright? So what happened when you came to find Jace?’

‘I sparred with him and questioned him. And I was just so so so mad with him and I couldn’t even react when he said…he said…’ Once again, Clary bursted into crying as every word Jace said finally registered in her mind. Taking in the fact that Jace had loved her so much, and held it in for so long all on his own, only to have herself standing there without a word.

Izzy held Clary in her arms. It was no hard guess to what Jace would’ve said to Clary under such circumstances. Jace was her brother anyhow, she knew more than enough about how loyal and devoted he was to the ones he deemed worthy of it. Jace was literal fierce in every way possible with his emotions and Izzy had always loved that of him. She could almost vividly imagine the scene unfolding before her eyes, when Clary confronted Jace earlier. Once Clary could control her tears, she flipped down from the bed with her eyes wide.

‘I have to find Jace right now. I have to let him know that I…’ Izzy quickly followed her and held onto her wrist, not letting her go.

‘Clary, calm down. You’ve already ran away twice today. You need time to think about what you really want to say, be it to Jace or to Simon. You can’t just rush into it anymore, okay? It’s just gonna hurt either of them and yourself more. Stay here and sleep, okay? You will find them tomorrow and figure all this out.’ Izzy’s gaze was firm and determined, as Clary had seen so many times when she went towards another battle. They stood there until Clary finally relented.
‘You’re right Izzy. I rush towards things and people too much.’

‘Come on, I have another set of clothes for you. You can sleep here tonight, a different environment should do you some good right now. I have some more paperworks to finish and no shift tomorrow anyway. Just take your rest, you deserve it.’ Izzy let go of her hands, and picked another set of pyjamas from her closet and handed it to Clary, pointing towards the bathroom. Clary nodded and smiled at Izzy, as she went into the washroom.

Izzy picked up her phone and saw there was a few messages waiting for her. One was from Magnus, asking if biscuit was with her, which she simply replied a ‘yes’. The one other that caught her attention though, was from Simon. It was a recorded video, and Izzy pressed ‘start’.

‘Hey, sorry to bother you Izzy. But I figured Clary would go to you after finding Jace and have an epic make-out of the century or something…I also know my best friend, she’d freak out about her relationship with me, or something…Could you maybe tell her that I’m fine? I mean, obviously I am not fine, like fine? But I can handle it. Her reaction, when she just ran all the way back to the Institute, without asking me for a lift? It was clear enough to me. Besides, even without the enhanced sight I gained as a vampire, I could see how much Jace and her care about each other. I was going to tell Clary that maybe we should take some time from our relationship, because Maia and I were talking the other day. And we were comparing how we felt about our relationships and sparks and everything. Somehow…when she described all the chemistry she’d feel with her partners at times, I thought about Clary and I. We do click and I do feel sparks whenever I look at her and everything. But when we were together? When we spend time together? She feels like someone comfortable, who’s always known me and never challenge me for more. When even Maia, or Raphael, challenged me to be better, to be truer to who I really am…I wanted to tell Clary maybe we should talk more about our relationship, even before I overheard Luke’s phone call with Magnus. So…if Clary is making out with Jace right now or something, please let her know that it is alright. She’s always my best friend and she always figure out a way. Besides, I think they kick ass together would always be a sight to behold. Thanks, Izzy!’

She couldn’t help but grinned at the ever understanding Simon, especially when she heard Clary coming out of the washroom and probably overheard the last few sentences of Simon’s video.

‘In that case, I think all you need to think about is to have a good night sleep now and what should you say to Jace tomorrow.’ Izzy grinned at the stunned Clary. Clary walked towards her and laid down on Izzy’s bed.

‘Why do I feel like everyone was just waiting on me to react? Like I am slower to catch on with everything than any of you?’ She pondered out loud, as she stared at the ceiling.

‘Clary, that’s because we were and more often than not, you can be rather oblivious. You are lucky it doesn’t transfer to you being a shadowhunter, or a rune-creator.’ Clary huffed at Izzy’s remark.

‘Thank you, Izzy. For everything really.’

‘You just need some girls’ time and as long as you treat my brother right, you don’t have to say thank you, not to me.’
‘I swear to whatever deity up there, you shadowhunters need to figure out your own shit before noon. I should not be asked to answer the freaking door at ten o’clock in the morning, Alexander.’ Magnus grumbled as the doorbell rang for over five times and had woken the couple up.

‘Magnus, just get back to sleep. I’ll deal with whoever is out there and you’ll cook me the blueberry pancake later?’ Alec, the ever understanding and loving boyfriend, offered.

‘You’re the best and I can give you something better than blueberry pancake, if you come back naked to our bed later.’ Magnus smirked before he stuffed his head against the pillow once more. Alec spared one more loving glance at his boyfriend before putting on some clothes and walked out of Magnus and his room.

He was a little startled when he got to the living room. Still, he opened the front door and walked outside, instead of letting Clary inside Magnus’ loft.

‘What are you doing here?’

‘I am here to talk to Jace.’ Alec’s face turned a little more sour at the mention of Jace.

‘What do you want with him? As much as you’re my friend, I just got drunk with him last night, to comfort him from your rejection. I would not let you near him, not right now.’

For once in her life, Clary was intimidated by Alec’s words and expression. Still, she knew she had to get Alec to understand.

‘Alec…I know, I know what I did to him yesterday, but that’s why I’m here. I didn’t mean to reject him, I was in shock and I couldn’t respond. I…I do love him back. I need him to know that it wasn’t me rejecting him. Please…’ Clary pleaded. She knew that she had to convince Alec somehow, after all he was Jace’s parabatai. If she doesn’t sit well with Alec, after everything they all had gone through, she couldn’t get to Jace.

Alec crossed his arms in front and frowned.

‘Then what about Simon? You just gonna break up with him, now that Jace is available again? What if one day, who knows, it comes back that Jace and you are siblings or even uncles or whatever again?’ His tone harsh, protective of his parabatai. His words shook Clary, still she had to know her heart this time. So she took a moment to compose her answer. She had long learnt that rash answers would never sit well with Alec Lightwood.

‘Alec…this is my mistake, my flaw that I covered too well of how I feel, just because I want Jace around. I got startled and froze in place when Simon and Jace talked to me, because I buried my real feelings for Jace so deep that my mind couldn’t catch up back. I thought, if I could act normal with Jace and even start another relationship, Jace could stay in my life. I thought tuning everything to “normal” was the way to keep him close by. Only now, I know that I do love Jace, no matter what. Even if somehow we’re blood-related once again, I will know that I still love him, as I would in a relationship.’

Alec gave an overall glance on her, making Clary beg.

‘Alec, please is this enough for you? To let me talk to Jace in person? I need to see him and tell him myself.’

‘I cannot be the judge of that.’

Alec faced against her and turned the knob on the door, as he answered. Clary followed him in and
right behind the door stood Jace himself.

‘I’ll leave you two alone. Magnus does not like being interrupted in the mornings.’ Alec nodded at his parabatai, then disappeared into the room he shared with Magnus.

‘Jace…I am so so sorry. I shouldn’t have left you hanging. I should’ve known better…’ Clary stepped closer to the man she had loved so much.

‘Did you mean it? That even if we find out once more we’re related, you know you are in love with me?’ Jace did not move from his position, yet his fists were loosened.

‘I mean every word of it. You get me in a way no one else could. You challenge me every step of the way, to be better, while you stand there supporting me. You rush to me every time I might be in danger, whether or not we’re talking to each other. I never want to lose you, in any way that matters. I love you.’

Jace took a step forward, reaching for Clary’s hands.

‘Clary Fray, you are never going to lose me.’ A hint of hope and light returned to Jace’s face, as he held Clary closer to him, so that they stood chest to chest with each other. He leaned down, touching Clary’s forehead. She closed her eyes and leaned in, like this was all instincts to her and her body.

‘I love you, too.’ Jace whispered the words to her before finally kissing on her lips. It started off chaste, just to reassure each other that this was real, that they could have this. Until Jace’s hands shifted to holding tight around Clary’s waist, while Clary responded with her hands sliding up his back. Clary opened her lips, letting his tongue devour into her. They got lost in each other, knowing that they would never actually be lost.

Meanwhile inside Magnus and Alec’s room, Magnus flipped Alec onto his back.

‘Well, it seems they will be at it for a while and I can’t make pancakes with these two out there, so… we’re just gonna have sex until we can get out of this room.’ Magnus smirked, as he hovered over Alec. His thighs trapping Alec’s hips, as his hand flicked on his nipple, earning him a moan from the shadowhunter.

‘You know I’m never gonna say no to that, Magnus.’ Alec laughed, right before Magnus’ lips came crashing down and stopped any more words from his mouth.

End Notes

So thanks for waiting on me for over a day to finish this <3 Those seven kudos that appeared before I finished this! I’m so so so grateful! I hope you are mostly satisfied with this? Kudos and comments are always very very welcomed and let me knowwwww about how you imagine Clace getting back together after the finale!!! (i never knew I love Jace so much until the final few episodes of 2A...)
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!